Who actually cares? Part II! (Prompts)

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Part 2 of Prompts

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Who actually cares? Part II! (Prompts)

by GoldenEmpire

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These stories are all about the gays (please don't leave straight prompts I still ain't about that life) but if you wanna give me a m/m/f threesome with a guy still bottoming I'll take that. You know, I'm expanding my horizons.

These stories feature;

- Homosexuals
- Bisexuals
- Transgender people
- Sex
- Death
- Violence
- Dub-con
- Non-con
- Bullying
- Rape Attempts
- Rape
- Suicidal Thoughts
- Depression
- Self Harm
- Threesomes
- Foursomes
- Pseudo Incest
- Violence
- Swearing (if this bothers you you're still too young to read this)

MAIN CHARACTERS (AKA boys);

Alabaster C Torrington, 6'2, Son of Hecate -
Apollo, 6'0, God of the Sun, Poetry and Music -

Castor, 5'9, Son of Dionysus -
Charles Beckendorf, 6'4, Son of Hephaestus -

Clovis, 4'4, Son of Hypnos -
Connor Stoll, 5'10, Son of Hermes -

Cupid, 5'9, God of (Erotic) Love -
Ethan Nakamura, 5'9, Son of Nemesis -

Frank Zhang, 6'3, Son of Mars -
Jason Grace, 6'0, Son of Jupiter -

Leo Valdez, 5'6, Son of Hephaestus -
Luke Castellan, 6'2, Son of Hermes -

Malcolm Pace, 5'10, Son of Athena -
Michael Kahale, 6'1, Son of Venus -

Michael Yew, 4'6, Son of Apollo -
Mitchell, 5'3, Son of Aphrodite -

Nico di Angelo, 5'6, Son of Hades -
Octavian, 5'7, Descendant of Apollo -

Paolo Montes, 6'2, Son of Hebe -

Percy Jackson, 5'11, Son of Poseidon -
Thanatos, 6'0, Death -

Travis Stoll, 5'11, Son of Hermes -
Will Solace, 6'0, Son of Apollo -

Chapters with smut:

Disclaimers (about any mistakes in the fanfics);
I don't own the Images on this Fanfic

I don't speak any other languages than English and Polish so all the languages used are probably wrong since I google translated them

I'm not Amish, so I don't know a lot about the culture

I'm not a dancer, so I don't know any fancy terms.

My only knowledge about modelling comes from America's Next Top Model

I'm not trans so I don't know how operations and meds work, or in what order, so I just kind of make it very vague

I'm from London so I don't know about how American schools work

I've never had a Sugardaddy so that's probably not very accurate either

I've never gotten braces so dunno about all the technical stuff

I also don't know how exorcisms work

Furthermore I don't know much about Japanese Folklore or Buddhism

I'm not Jewish so I don't know much about the religion.

I don't know anything about split personalities.

I'm also not a tattoo artist so I don't know shit about that.

But yeah, enjoy!

PS. Ages ago I accidentally thought Percy's eyes were blue and you know what? Fuck it, I just stuck with it. Yeah, I know they're sea green but I just can't seem to remember that so they're blue. Sozzles.

PPS. To the people who ask; all the gifs are from google and they ain't mine
Concrete Jungle

Chapter Notes

Amish; the members of a strict Mennonite sect founded by the Swiss preacher Jakob Amman (or Amen) (c. 1645–c. 1730). Now living mainly in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Amish migrated to North America from c. 1720.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"An Amish person goes out into the “real world” for the first time."

“You best come back here,” Zeus Grace growled, low in his throat, fixing the buttons on his son’s shirt, “You hear me?” the man snapped, grabbing the nineteen year old by the jaw and forcing their eyes to meet, “You’re not staying out there, understood?”

Jason Grace nodded feebly, “Of course I’ll come back.”

“You’ll get baptised and really become part of the Amish,” Zeus said, more to himself than to his son. The blonde stifled a tired sigh. If he knew Rumspringa would be so much work he might’ve just gotten baptised straight away and avoided the whole ordeal. But he couldn’t turn back – this was his only chance to escape the isolated Amish community he lived in, if only for some time. He was tired of all the masses at church and living without technology and electricity, and working in the field all day as if they were still in the seventeenth century. Of course he’d never tell his father that; the man himself went on his Rumspringa forty years ago and he hated it so much he returned after two days. Strangely, he insisted that Jason go ‘run around’ if only to find himself a nice girl to bring back to the community. Because Jason had to come back – his father had made as much clear.

Someone called Zeus’ name from the porch and the man lumbered outside, leaving Jason alone for a moment of peace. The boy turned to the scruffy mirror they had in the corner of their two room bungalow. He thought he looked weird out of his Amish clothing – the jeans that his father had dug out for him were of a weird material and the short-sleeved T-shirt felt weirdly tight around Jason’s biceps. He still had his horrendous haircut that all the boys were forced to have – straight across the forehead – but he hoped to get rid of that as soon as he got to New York.

New York. Jason exhaled shakily. Not only was he leaving his community in Pennsylvania for the first time in his life, but he was being thrown into the deep end straight away. He’d heard things about New York, about the alcohol and drugs and sex. But he also heard about the cars and the computers and the bright yellow taxis and subway trains, and Times Square full of colourful billboards. To say he was excited to go would be an understatement. Life in a religious community
that hadn’t made progress probably since dinosaurs still walked the earth was suffocating, especially
with a father such as Zeus. Zeus wasn’t a nice man.

Two years earlier Thalia, Jason’s older sister, had gone on her Rumspringa. They were meant to
come back after two months at most but the girl never returned. She sent her family a letter; she was
staying in New York, where she found a home. That had been a blow to Zeus, who had become
more abusive than ever. And yet he was still letting Jason leave – and to stay at Thalia’s home too!
Jason knew that part of Zeus still hoped that his daughter would be persuaded to return to the Amish
and get baptized.

“Jason!” the man thundered into their house, snapping at him in German, “Let’s go, boy!”

A small group of scared looking Amish teenagers was gathered by the roadside, backpacks slung
over their shoulders. They looked weird and uncomfortable in their modern clothes and none looked
as happy to go as Jason. They’d have to walk for an hour to the closest train station, and from
there...well, the world was Jason’s oyster.

***

Jason once again glanced at the flimsy piece of paper in his hand and then at the door. He had gotten
off the train (which he found frightening and loud, but exhilarating at the same time) and trudged
through sun-filled streets full of blocks of flats. He had gotten lost a few times, too mesmerized by
the tall buildings and all the fancy cars. People were hurrying past, some with phones in their hands,
others with earphones in their ears. There was such a wild assortment of people in New York that
nobody paid attention to Jason and his weird haircut unless he asked them for directions to Thalia’s
flat.

And now he was here. The door was scratched a little bit but the flat itself wasn’t bad...just different
to what Jason was used to. Hesitantly, he lifted his fist and knocked. The door flew open almost
immediately and Jason jumped back.

Despite the fact that it was late afternoon the man standing in the doorway was still in his donut-
printed pyjamas, a toothbrush shoved in his mouth. Jason gaped at him, open mouthed. The boy had
one of his legs amputated at the knee, leaving him with a metal one, something Jason had never seen
before. His dark, kinky hair stuck up, he was unshaved and his eyes were bloodshot.

“Good morning,” he muttered, mouth full of toothpaste.

“I-It’s six in the afternoon,” Jason stuttered. The man in the door shrugged and pulled out the
toothbrush, spitting out the toothpaste over the side of the staircase,

“Whatever haircut. I’m Grover, and you are...?”

“Jason,” the blonde said quickly, sticking his hand over. Grover shook it lazily, “Jason Grace.”

The man slapped his forehead, “Of course! Jason! Right, sorry...I just woke up. Night shifts, you
know how it is.”

“Yeah...,” Jason said awkwardly because he didn’t know how it was, “Um, is Thalia home?”

“Nah, home girl popped down to the shop to get something for dinner,” Grover explained, “But
come in! Make yourself at home, how long you staying for?”

“Around two months...maybe,” Jason nervously walked into the flat and Grover shut the door
behind them. They were standing in a small, cramped hallway with a stack of shoes piling beneath
half a dozen hanging coats, “Excuse me, are you her...husband?”

Grover stared at him for a full second and then burst into loud laughter, doubling over and cackling like the devil just possessed him.

“W-What...m-me and...pfft, Thalia?!” the man spluttered, unable to keep a straight face. Jason blinked at him. He had no idea why he would be living with his sister unless he was with her...

“Oi Grover!” a girl that was definitely not Thalia stormed into the corridor. She was dressed in a pair of silver trousers and just a bra, her long dark hair braided down her back. Jason averted his gaze hurriedly, praying that he wasn’t blushing, “What are you baying at again, you damn goat?! Aren’t you meant to be at work?”

“Aren’t you meant to be at your rally?” Grover fired back. The girl ignored him as her eyes landed on Jason,

“Oh!” she blinked, “And you are...,” Jason could practically hear the gears turning in her head. She pulled Grover close by the arm and whispered hurriedly, “Wait...is today Friday?” the man nodded in confirmation and she shoved him away, smiling fakely, “Jason right? Thalia’s brother.”

“Yes, nice to meet you,” Jason was confused by these weird people but he decided to keep his questions back.

“Zoe Nightshade,” the girl introduced herself, “Sorry about the chaos; we’re Thalia’s housemates.”

“H-Housemates?” Jason asked. Zoe and Grover exchanged a look,

“So...a couple months back we might have...,” the man started to nervously explain, “knocked a massive hole in the wall connecting our flats. We kind of never got round to fixing it-“

“So now we are sharing both the flats,” Zoe summarised with a shrug.

“Why don’t you come into the living room?” Grover offered, ushering them out of the cramped hallway, which Jason was thankful for. Sure enough when they walked inside the small living-room a sizeable hole covered the wall practically from the floor to the ceiling. Past it Jason could see an identical sized living room, except the one he was standing in had a nice dining table with a couple mis-matched chairs around it while the one next door was mostly taken up by bean bag sofas and a table set up with red solo cups.

“Excuse the mess! We weren’t expecting you so soon!” another girl popped up, climbing through the hole. She was dressed in a flannel shirt, her black hair in a messy bun on top of her head, “Last night got a bit wild!” she had a sweet smile on her face. Jason blinked, “Oh! I’m Bianca, by the way.”

“Do...do you all live here?” Jason asked quietly. The three friends exchanged a look,

“Sorry,” Bianca said, “This is probably a massive cultural shock to you; I know it was to Thalia,” the girl glanced at the clock, “Grover you need to leave in ten minutes or you’ll be late. Zoe, your protest starts in five.

Both of the friends swore.

“What are you protesting?” Jason asked politely. Zoe’s eyes narrowed,

“Men,” she said as Grover scrambled through the hole in the wall, running down the corridor on the other side. Bianca shook her head,
“She’s fighting for equal rights,” she explained.

“Free the nipple, Bianca!” Zoe called from her room.

“No thank you!” Bianca called back, then she turned back to Jason who was confused and awed at the same time. The girl was right; this was all a shock to him. He was used to calm, structured life where everyone kept their heads down. But the chaos of the flat was...refreshing, “You must be exhausted. Why don’t you freshen up? Bathroom’s down the corridor on the left.”

“Thank you,” Jason said gratefully and followed her directions, yearning for a moment of peace to gather his thoughts. Unfortunately that was not to be as the second that Jason pulled open the bathroom door he ran into yet another member of Thalia’s colourful household.

“Shit!” the new boy tried to manoeuvre around Jason and slipped on the floor, flailing. Jason clumsily grabbed him by the arm, dropping his bag, and pulled him upright. Then he stared at the boy. His black hair (everyone seemed to have black hair in this damn flat) was still damp from his shower, his eyes a bright sparkling blue, a few shades darker than Jason’s. His skin was tanned as if he had been surfing all day. He wore nothing apart from low-hanging grey sweatpants and a towel around his shoulders, “Do you need the toilet?” he asked as if not surprised at the sudden arrival of Jason.

“I...yeah.”

“My name’s Percy,” the new guy offered Jason his hand, “I’m the original tenant.”

“Oh,” Jason shook his hand, “I’m Jason.”

“Thalia’s brother? Yeah, I know,” Percy smiled happily, “She couldn’t stop going on about your visit for weeks.”

“JASON!” Thalia’s familiar voice sounded down the corridor at that moment. Jason’s heart jumped in his chest and his stomach twisted with nerves. He turned and the next thing he knew was that his sister was flying at him, throwing her arms around him and hugging him tightly, “Jason!” It took Jason a second to gather himself, and then he squeezed his sister hard – she was there, she was real. He couldn’t believe that they were together again after two years. It felt surreal to be able to hug her again. The girl pulled away, laughing wildly, and cupped Jason’s face in her hands, “My little brother!” she had tears in her eyes. Jason took her in; she had cut her hair short and choppy and dyed it black as if to match the rest of her housemates. She was wearing leather and heeled boots and multiple earrings. Jason still remembered the quiet, moody girl in the brown dresses back at home, “Kleiner Bruder,” she whispered, sliding into German, “Welcome home.”

***

Jason looked at his plate nervously. They were all sat around the table in one of the kitchens, and Jason felt hopelessly out of place. He was used to quiet meals at set times made from scratch, and now he was sitting here with the loudest group of people he knew around a massive box of pizza in the middle of the table. For some reason he liked it.

“Percy why don’t you take Jason down tomorrow to get his hair cut?” Thalia asked with a mouthful of pizza. Next to her Zoe viciously stabbed her slice with a knife.

"I can go by myself," Jason said quickly, "I don't want to be any trouble."
"Christ, he's so polite," Bianca said in awe, looking at Thalia, "Are you *sure* you're related?" the answer to her question came in the form of a green pepper being flicked at her.

"It's no trouble," Percy smiled at Jason, "I don't have uni tomorrow anyway, we're on spring break."

"Oh right...what do you study?" Jason was genuinely interested. Unlike everyone else Percy seemed the most 'normal' and yet there was something intriguing about him.


"By the way Jason...um we're a bit short on rooms right now so you're going to have to share with someone."

"Can't I share with you?" he asked innocently. Thalia and Zoe exchanged a look,

"I...uh, have guests over...sometimes...," she said vaguely but the implication made Jason’s face burn bright red. He almost choked on his pizza. At home they were always taught that sex was something sacred and secretive, best kept for marriage. But looking at this lot Jason wouldn’t be surprised if all of them were raging nymphomaniacs, it was just a shock knowing that his sister wasn’t like virgin Mary anymore.

"Right," he finally managed. Thalia looked uncomfortable but Percy was grinning, clearly finding the whole thing funny,

"He can sleep in my room," he said casually, "I've got a double bed."

"All you’re gonna do is molest him," Zoe muttered under her breath but Jason didn’t catch it. He nodded,

"That’d be...good," he smiled at Percy, "Thanks."

***

It was *not* good. Jason was lying in Percy’s bed as stiff as a board listening to the really loud traffic outside. Although Percy had fallen asleep on his side of the bed during his sleep he had manoeuvred himself so he was now curled up into Jason’s side like some damn cat, one of his legs thrown over Jason’s, his arm around the boy’s chest. When he had warned Jason that he got ‘touchy’ sometimes at night Jason didn’t think he meant literally.

But Percy cuddling up to him wasn’t the biggest issue. The biggest issue was the bulge Jason had in his pants for God knows what reason. He had been find minutes ago!...before Percy had touched him. Jason swallowed nervously and tried not to think about the correlation between his boner and the boy practically on top of him. Percy was different than all the other guys back at the Amish community – for one he didn’t have the ugly haircut they were all forced into, and when Jason nervously glanced at him in the half-dark he couldn’t help but think that he was *ridiculously* good looking, like something out of a book. But that still wasn’t the reason to get hard over him! Jason was one hundred percent sure that he liked girls with their long hair and soft curves...well, ninety-nine percent, and he was scared at how rapidly that number was falling. It was probably just sexual frustration.

Percy frowned in his sleep and made a little noise at the back of his throat and Jason’s dick twitched. The boy gritted his teeth and prayed to God that it would go down, but it didn’t look like it would. It wasn’t Jason’s fault that Percy had really long lashes and the plumpest bottom lip that he had ever seen and that his hair was stupidly soft where it tickled his cheek. Jason tried to pray and concentrate on God, but it really wasn’t working.
Deciding that lying about wasn’t going to change his literally growing problem Jason carefully untangled himself from Percy, who thankfully slept like a rock. Holding his breath he padded out into the dark corridor and then slipped into the bathroom, making sure to lock the door.

That was the first night that Jason had a wank over Percy Jackson, but it was definitely not the last.

***

“You look lovely,” Thalia told Jason in German as she smoothed down the back of his shirt. Her brother stared at himself in the mirror.

In the week that he had lived with Thalia and her crazy roommates he changed so much that he himself couldn’t even recognise his own reflection. The haircut that he had gotten with Percy a few days earlier made him look...well, it made him look nice, in Jason’s own humble opinion. The fringe didn’t fall into his eyes anymore, which he was thankful for, and instead swept up where it was longest on the top, slightly shorter at the sides.

It took Thalia a week of persuading but eventually Jason had reluctantly agreed to go to a nightclub with her and her friends on the weekend. Honestly he was terrified – his father told him about how filthy those places were, and how sinful. And now Jason was going into one. He nervously looked at himself again. Thalia had taken him out shopping and now he was in a black t-shirt (that in Bianca’s words made him look like a Greek God) which he thought was too tight.

“I wish you’d put something over top,” Jason told his sister, who was wearing a revealing tank top and too-tight leather pants. She gave him a look, “Old habits die hard? I’m not Amish anymore.”

Jason stood up and kissed her cheek, “It’s not that...you’re my sister. I’m just feeling protective.”

Thalia smiled and ruffled his freshly cut hair, “I know.”

The whole group stepped out into the warm evening minutes later, talking and shouting at each other playfully. Jason noticed that Percy kept glancing at him and he wondered if there was something on his face.

If Jason had been raised in a less private society and if he wasn’t so out of his depth then maybe he would’ve asked to swap rooms by now. He hardly slept the past week, because Percy was always all over him when he was knocked out, and Jason didn’t know how to tell him about it. It’s not that he minded, per say, it was actually quite nice (Percy was a great hugger) but it lead to a certain stirring in Jason’s nether regions every time and he wasn’t very happy about that.

As they continued to walk, Zoe and Grover bickering about something, Jason glanced at Percy only to find that the boy was already looking at him. Instead of looking away he smiled and slid forward so he was walking shoulder-to-shoulder with Jason,

“You look nice,” he said. Jason stared at his shoes,

“Thanks. So do you,” not that it mattered; it seemed Percy always looked good. Over the past week Jason had got to know him a bit. Unlike the other tenants of the flats Percy was Jason’s age, and yet they couldn’t be more different. Percy was carefree, a little wild, never sitting still. He was loud and spoke his mind and had no filter, and was completely oblivious to the effect he had on people. Jason might’ve been a bit infatuated with him, but of course he’d never admit it, even to himself.

The line outside the nightclub they were going in scared Jason. It snaked out of the club and around
the corner and the people beneath the flashing neon sign that said *Camp Half-Blood* were dark and exotic and skimpily dressed, their eyes sliding over Jason as if he was a piece of meat. They reminded him of vampires he read about in one of the books that one of the older Amish girls snuck in years ago.

Instead of going to the back of the line Bianca led the group right up to the bouncer, a big, tall man with long hair pulled back in a ponytail.

“Chiron!” she called. The man’s eyes landed on her and he smiled brightly. The two embraced, “Bianca! It’s good to see you again,” he gestured at the group to join them, “Come in, come in, no – don’t pay, no seriously Bianca, I owe you one.”

Dumbstruck Jason walked right past the bouncer with the rest, to the dismal protest of the people in the queue. Bianca smiled at them as they ventured into the nightclub. It took a moment for Jason’s body to adjust to such a rapid change; suddenly there were flashing lights everywhere and music so loud that it made the ground vibrate.

The club was dark save for the laser lights that cut through the air, making everyone look like mysterious shadows. There were some booths around the edges of the spacious club, but the main part, right before the DJ’s stand, was packed with sweaty bodies dancing wildly to the music. Jason swallowed nervously. The air smelled like a mixture of alcohol, sweat and sex but he couldn’t see any inappropriate actions going on, though he couldn’t see what was going on inside the dancing mass.

“Drink, drink, drink!” Thalia and Grover chanted, bee-lining right at to the bar. Bianca pulled Jason, Percy and Zoe to a secluded booth in the corner. Minutes later Thalia and Grover returned with multiple trays of glasses and shots, all of them crowding into the booth. Jason found himself uncomfortably squashed between Zoe and Percy, heart hammering.

“Scoot up!” Grover complained, elbowing Percy. The boy slid into Jason’s lap as if it was the most casual thing in the world. The blonde sucked in a startled breath as the boy leaned forward to grab a shot. He was completely frozen. This was bad. Jason willed himself not to get hard but it was almost impossible when Percy was *so* close, and his ass looked *so* good in those tight pants and *oh my God what am I thinking*?!” Jason was having an internal battle with himself as Percy passed him a shot with a careless grin. They toasted to something that Jason couldn’t hear over the pounding music, and drank.

The alcohol burned Jason’s throat and the boy started to cough violently, much to the amusement of everyone else. Then, *thankfully*, Percy slid off him, pulling Thalia, Bianca and Grover to the dance floor. Jason slumped against the soft cushions of the booth with a sigh as his friends disappeared. Looking almost sympathetic, Zoe passed him a colourful drink.

“Must be hard,” she had to shout over the music to be heard, “to adjust to all this suddenly.”

Jason shrugged, “It’s weird, but I kind of like it.”

The girl smiled and clinked her glass against his. Nervously Jason sipped at this new drink and was delighted to find that it was sweet and not as strong as the shot had been. He drank fast, which was probably a bad idea, and by the time he finished half the glass his world was fuzzy around the edges and he was deliciously warm and relaxed. He didn’t know how much time passed but when he glanced over at Zoe he was startled to find that she had a girl (Jason had no idea who) in her lap and was kissing the daylights out of her.
Not wanting to interrupt their session Jason stumbled to his feet and then clumsily made his way to the dancers, wanting to find the others. He made eye contact with a girl who was wearing red contacts, making her really look like a vampire, and before he could react she pulled him into the dancing mass. People pressed in around Jason, laughing and dancing, their bodies brushing against his. The girl was too close for the blonde’s liking, and she attempted to make out with him. Jason knew he probably looked like a deer caught in the headlights and was thankful when he spotted Percy in the crowd. Their eyes met and the next second the boy was pulling Jason away from the overly sexual girl.

“That was a close one!” he yelled, laughing uneasily. He stumbled into Percy and leaned on him, his world spinning a little. Percy grinned,

“You’re drunk!” he yelled, pulling Jason close. The music thundered in Jason’s skull, everything felt hot and foggy. He leaned into Percy – they were so close, but Jason couldn’t concentrate on that, or anything for the matter. Percy’s breath was warm on his face and at that moment Jason was mesmerized.

***

Jason refused to accept the fact that he was attracted to Percy. Slowly he started to grow accustomed to his new life, though at the back of his head there was the constant battle whether he should or shouldn’t return to Pennsylvania. He knew his father was waiting for him, his words rang in Jason’s head: you best come back here.

Jason prayed to God almost feverishly, for Him to forgive Jason his sins and his dirty thoughts but God never answered. Honestly, God never answered Jason anyway, and sometimes the blonde wondered if he was even really there. Still, he couldn’t help but feel guilty. The night at the club was fuzzy and he didn’t remember a lot of it but he did remember Percy’s body against his and he hated himself for liking the way the boy danced. He imagined what his Amish community would say if he told them that he was attracted to a male.

Because despite everything Jason was forced to accept the fact that he was. He spent a lot of time with Percy as the boy tutored him in the modern world alongside the others. But Thalia was out half of the day, working at a local Mexican restaurant, Grover slept most of the day and worked as a bartender at night, Zoe was never at home, too busy alternating between her equal rights rallies and her office job, and Bianca slept round at her younger brother’s a lot of the time. Percy was on a break from university so he and Jason were virtually always together.

Percy introduced Jason to a whole new world of pot noodles, video games and cinema’s. The first time the boy took Jason to see a horror movie on the big screen the blonde demanded that they sleep with the light on. Three weeks after Jason’s arrival his nineteen years as an Amish seemed like a weird dream.

Jason and Percy came back home after a warm day in the park where Percy introduced Jason to an amazing innovation called waffles on Saturday evening only to find that there was a revolution happening in the apartments. There were crates of bears stacked in one of the living rooms and the beer pong table had made a re-appearance. Bianca was busy distributing nachos, chips and dip into different plastic bowls and Grover was stringing up multi-coloured Christmas lights, balancing on a chair with his fake leg.

“What is going on?” Jason asked, confused. Percy slapped his forehead with his hand,

“Shit! I completely forgot about the house party!”
“House party?” Jason asked faintly.

“Just a small thing,” Thalia came into the living room through the hole in the wall with a bunch of red solo cups in her arms, “Jas, you don’t mind, right?”

Maybe two weeks ago Jason would’ve but after spending so much time in the real world he found that he was almost excited. He shrugged,

“Fine by me.”

***

Thalia might’ve lied a bit – the party was definitely not small. By eleven at night the place was packed full. In Percy’s apartment people were dancing in the darkness, jamming out to Grover’s music which was plugged to some speakers. In the other living room by the light of the fairy lights people were lounging on the bean bag chairs, eating or playing beer pong. Jason was stuck between two tipsy girls who were leaning on him heavily.

“I can’t believe you’re Amish!” one of them gushed.

“Yeah, you seem so cool-“

“And your haircut is so good! Isn’t his haircut so good!”

“It is!”

Jason didn’t have a chance to reply to any of their questions as they clung onto him and talked to each other about him like he wasn’t there. He was wildly uncomfortable and his eyes kept sliding to Percy, who was playing beer pong with Thalia against two boys that Jason didn’t know.

There were beers and drinks lying around but Jason was too scared to touch them, remembering how fast and easily he got drunk two weeks before at the club. He wasn’t really having a good time – the music was doing his head in and everyone around him was making out. Jason was grateful when a third girl came over and his two ‘companions’ squealed and got up to hug her, giving him a chance to slip away. He had to almost fight his way through the writhing bodies of the dancers to get to his and Percy’s room, but once there he slammed the door shut.

He could still hear the music but it was thankfully muffled. Jason turned on the night lamp and took a drink of water before taking his shirt off. Someone had spilled cider on it. He collapsed on his and Percy’s bed and shoved a pillow on top of his face to try and get some peace. He didn’t want to be a killjoy but he was exhausted.

“Knock, knock,” Percy poked his head around the door with an almost shy smile, “Can I come in?”

“Of course – it’s your room,” Jason sat up. Percy smiled and came inside, locking the door behind him,

“For privacy,” he explained, “people like to come in here and have sex.” Jason looked at the covers in disgust but Percy snickered, “Relax, I changed the sheets.”

“Right,” Jason moved up so Percy could sit down next to him, “Why aren’t you out there with the others?”

“Why aren’t you?” the dark haired boy asked. Jason shrugged,
“It got a bit much.”

Percy’s shoulders slumped and he bit his lip. “Sorry about not telling you about it earlier. We kind of forget you’re not one of us.”

Jason smiled at that, “What about you? Why you in here?”

“Just wanted to check up on you.”

“Oh,” Jason looked away, “Well I’m okay, so you can go back if you want.”

“Aw, wanna get rid of me so soon?” Percy teased.

“No! No, that’s...that’s not what I meant!” Jason said quickly and Percy just started laughing, then he grew anxious suddenly,

“Jason do you mind if I smoke?”

Jason blinked at him, “Smoke some what?”


“Oh. No. That’s okay.”

The blonde watched curiously as Percy pulled out a few complicated devices from his nightstand. He put some tobacco into a container with the green-tinted weed and grinded them together. It was kind of interesting watching him gracefully roll it in some thin paper and the press it between his lips, lighting it.

Percy inhaled and smiled, “That’s nice,” he said, slumping against the pillows. Jason watched him smoke in silence and quickly enough the room filled with aromatic smoke. Jason could feel it tickling softly at his nose every time he inhaled and he felt a bit light-headed, but nicely relaxed, enough to ask Percy for a hit after a few minutes.

“Could I have some?” he asked quietly. When Percy looked at him his eyes were half-lidded, his pupils blown. He smiled,

“You sure?”

Jason nodded and Percy passed him the blunt. He inhaled and then tried his best not to cough as it scratched at his throat, but he failed. Gently Percy coaxed him to try again and the next time wasn’t as bad. Jason had a few more pulls, feeling like his bones were liquefying and sank into the bed, blissed out. Percy grinned, as he also pressed himself into the pillows,

“Nice?” he asked. Jason closed his eyes and nodded. When he opened them again he and Percy were lying on their sides, facing each other, their noses almost brushing. For once Jason didn’t feel panicked or have the need to pull away. Percy finished the zoot and put it out on his bedside table before returning to his position.

“Percy,” Jason whispered quietly, reaching up to touch Percy’s cheek, “Am I high?”

“Yeah,” Percy smiled, “yeah you are. So am I. I think.”

Jason snorted, finding that funny for some reason. The world had a soft edge to it and he started to fiddle with Percy’s hair. It was weird but it was as if all of Jason’s worries and agitation left him and he was just...happy.
When Percy leaned in for some reason Jason didn’t think he was going to kiss him. He had no other excuse as to why Percy would come so near but his brain didn’t catch up with what was happening until Percy cupped his cheek and pressed their lips together. Maybe it was because of the weed but Jason automatically leaned into the kiss, liking the warmth of Percy’s body against his.

He wrapped his arms around the boy, drawing him close. Jason world slid in and out of focus so he closed his eyes, focusing on the gentle and steady beat of Percy’s heart. They kept the kiss lazy and slow; Percy’s hands were stroking Jason’s cheeks as the blonde slipped his arms beneath the boy’s shirt to press his palms against his warm, naked skin.

Percy pulled away so their noses were barely touching again,

“You don’t like boys, Jason,” he said, almost sadly, “you told me that.”

Jason frowned, “Yes, but I like you.”

“No you don’t. Not really.”

“Yeah I do,” Jason protested, “I like your smile and I like the pancakes you make, and I like touching you, and that kiss right now was nice and-,” his voice faltered and his eyes slid to Percy’s lips, “I want to kiss you again.”

“I’m not stopping you,” Percy whispered and Jason leaned forward to capture his lips again. Then they stared at each other for a little while more. It was a hot night and they could hear people partying outside, lulling them to sleep.

***

The next morning when Jason woke up wrapped up in Percy he started to fiercely apologise for what happened, but Percy just summed it up with a casual laugh and a “It’s alright, we were high.”

And that was that.

***

Jason hit the midway mark and some days he forgot that he had a decision to make, but other days it was impending and he didn’t know how to deal with it. He talked about it with Thalia.

“I want you to stay. Christ, of course I want you to stay,” the girl told him, “but it’s your choice Jason, and I’ll love my little brother no matter what he chooses.”

The other tenants were a bit more subjective.

“The Amish treat women like housewives!” Zoe proclaimed furiously over dinner one night, “They had no rights, all they do is cook, clean and raise children! That isn’t fair!”

“I don’t know man I just think it’s a bit much,” Grover told him when they went down to the shop, “like no electricity and stuff? How does that bring you closer than God? Why is it necessary?”

“I just want you to stay,” Bianca said tearfully when he asked for her opinion, “You’re one of us now.”

On the one month mark Jason asked Percy what he thought. Despite their kiss the dark haired boy pretended as if nothing happened, acting like he and Jason were just friends even though the blonde couldn’t get the encounter out of his head. The feeling of Percy’s lips on his was burned into his
brain.

When Jason asked him about his opinion on the matter of his return the boy told him to put his shoes on and then led him out onto the sun-filled streets of New York. They took the crowded subway for a few stops but Percy refused to tell Jason where they were going until they stepped off the underground and found themselves in a whole different world.

The long street was full of tourists, but it was the most colourful place Jason had ever seen. Signs hung from the tall buildings hugging the street; red and gold and bright green, all written in intricate Chinese. Smiling cats and little Buddha’s grinned at Jason from every corner. The lower part of the buildings were made of walk in shops, with stands full of street Chinese food being prepared right in front of the people, filling the air with delicious aromas. Cars beeped at each other impatiently, trying to weave through the crowds of people. The upper floors of the buildings were criss crossed by staircases painted green, leading up to flats.

“Welcome to China Town,”

“It’s...wonderful,” Jason whispered in awe. Percy took his hand and linked their fingers,

“So you don’t get lost,” he said, but Jason noted the little blush on his cheeks. He pulled Jason through the swarming crowd which reminded him of bees in a hive, until they came to a stand in front of one of the food stands, where a plump Chinese woman was cooking. Percy ordered something that sounded complicated and moments later the two were sitting on the street curb, splitting a can of cold coke and feasting on some of the best food Jason had ever had.

Afterwards the two boys wandered through China town hand in hand, and Percy told him about all the interesting places in New York. Finally Jason couldn’t take it anymore.

“Percy,” he said, stopping beneath someone’s staircase, where there was a bit of shade, “What are we actually doing here?”

Percy’s smile fell and he looked at his shoes, “We’re...on a date. I thought it was obvious.”

“W-Why?” Jason’s mouth was dry. Percy shrugged,

“You asked if you should go or stay and I...I wish I could be objective and told you that it’s your choice but honestly I’m selfish,” he looked up at Jason and then wrapped his arms around his torso and buried his face in the blonde’s shoulder, which startled the Amish boy, “Please don’t go,” Percy whispered.

***

It was ridiculously early and in the shaft of grey light falling in through the window Percy looked beautiful. His eyes were closed, his dark hair spread on the pillow, his arm thrown over Jason as he slept peacefully. The blonde was sitting up, fully dressed, legs over the side as to not muddy the blankets with his shoes. He stroked Percy’s hair and then quietly stood up and picked up his bag.

Thalia was standing by the counter in the kitchen in her pj’s, hands wrapped around a cup of steaming tea. She looked exhausted.

“I’m sorry, Thalia,” he whispered. She shook her head and came over to him, wrapping her arms around him,

“Don’t be,” she kissed his cheek, “Goodbye, Kleiner Bruder.”
“Tell the others bye...from me,” Jason’s throat felt tight. The girl nodded,

“Are you sure you don’t want me to drop you to the station?”

Jason’s shook his head, “I’ll walk. I wanna look at New York one last time.”

The air was cold and Jason shivered as he stepped outside. Technically he still had over three weeks before he was meant to return but he felt like if he stayed for longer, he’d never be able to go. He felt bad for not saying goodbye to Percy, and his chest already ached for him, but there was nothing he could do. His father was expecting him, and Jason could never be right for Percy.

There was faint mist weaving among the buildings of New York and the streets were surprisingly empty for such a big city. With a heavy heart Jason trailed down to the station, like a ghost, feeling like he left a piece of his heart back at the flats. He didn’t even have a phone, no way of contacting those amazing people again. He would have to come to terms with the fact that he would probably never see them again – never see Percy again.

The train station was half full, tired New Yorkers waiting for their trains, leaning against the pillars and drinking strong coffee to try and wake up. Business men and women in suits, a pair of lesbians wrapped up in a gay pride flag, a Drag Queen returning from a show, six children and their tired mother. It was New York and there were so many people here, and Jason would never seen anyone but the Amish for the rest of his days.

The train was late and he sat at the station for half an hour, dozing off every so often. Then he was startled awake.

“Fuck you Jason Grace!” the voice echoed at Jason through the station and he turned around to see a furious Percy running at him, still in his pyjamas. The people on the station looked up curiously as Percy barrelled right into him, knocking him into the wall.

“P-Percy-“ Jason stuttered.

“No! Shut up! Fuck you,” Percy spat and when he looked up Jason saw that there were tears shining in his eyes, “What the hell is wrong with you? How could you just leave!” his hands were curled in Jason’s shirt. His shoelaces were untied and Jason was surprised he didn’t trip, “You absolute a- asshole y-you...you c-can’t just...,” Percy’s voice broke and he just stared at Jason, lower lip trembling, “you c-can’t just go.”

“Percy,” Jason said quietly, aware of the eyes on them, “I...I can’t give you what you want. I’m...I’m Amish, you know that, you know I’m not supposed to have...sex before marriage, and that I’m supposed to have a wife and-“

“I don’t care about all that!” Percy yelled. The train was finally approaching loudly but all the people were fixated with the two boys, “I don’t care!”

“You don’t now, but you will later!” Jason’s heart hurt, “I’m getting on that train, Perce,” he tried to move past the boy but Percy pulled him back by the arm,

“No!” he was crying, “No, y-you don’t get to d-do that...y-you don’t get t-to run-“

“I’m not running!” Jason snapped angrily.

“Yes you are!”

“Percy, the train-“
“I love you.”

Jason’s breath caught in his throat. He stared at Percy, who looked determined behind his tears. His grip relaxed on Jason and his voice softened, “I love you,” he repeated, wiping his tears away angrily with his sleeves. The doors of the train opened – nobody got on. The doors closed, and the train rumbled on, and Jason just stared at Percy.

“Please say something,” the dark haired boy whispered after a moment, shaking, “Please.”

“Ich liebe dich,” Jason whispered, feeling as if everything was clicking into place. *I love you.* But just in case Percy didn’t understand Jason pulled him close and kissed him. He didn’t get on the next train, or the one after that, and nobody cared that an Amish boy and a boy in his nightgown were sitting on a bench, kissing, because weirder things happened in New York.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave kudos and comments x
It's Too Late to Apologize

Chapter Notes

SMUT ALERT
Inspired by this Contemporary dance:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oe4-ZNcP14E
PS: I AM NOT A DANCER I'M SORRY IF THIS IS BAD

Solangelo where they are dancers (not ballet, something more contemporary...or jazz, hip hop...), maybe rivals or colleagues...with some smut...like that cliché quote of "dancing like they are having sex", but in their case, they "have sex like they are dancing"

for bailci

NICO

Nico was sitting cross-legged on the floor of the dance studio, the floor cold beneath his palms. His small class had just finished stretching and were now staring at their teacher, Madame Aphrodite, as she told them about an upcoming competition.

“It’s all the regional schools, and one of you might even go to Nationals!” she was as excited as a child, grinning with her brightly painted lips, “It can be a contemporary solo or a duet, and of course you’re all entering!”

The six students all smiled at each other. Nico had been in this contemporary dance class since he was nine and now, eight years later, he couldn’t think of a better place to be. He loved contemporary dance and the way it allowed him to express his emotions from music. It wasn’t like hip-hop, where the dance itself was the most important, or ballet where everything was set and controlled. No, contemporary was about interpretation, about the emotion you were feeling behind the movement, and that’s what Nico fell in love with.

“Talk amongst yourself,” Aphrodite urged, “decide who wants to go alone and who wants to go in a pair, and then we can do some improvisations.”

Eagerly the class of seventeen and eighteen year olds crowded together.

“Of course I’m with Silena,” Charles Beckendorf, the tallest and strongest physically from the class, announced, an arm slung around his pretty girlfriend’s shoulders.
“Of course,” the others agreed with an eye roll as Silena pecked Beckendorf’s cheek.

“I think I’m going to do a solo,” Nico told them,

“Of course.”

“In that case Leo do you wanna pair up?” one of the girls, Piper, asked. The small Latino boy next to her shrugged,

“Sure, just know that I can’t do any lifting,” he grinned and she ruffled his hair. Thalia Grace, a girl who played in a heavy metal band in her spare time, exchanged a look with Percy Jackson, the last remaining candidate.

“Yeaaaah,” she drawled, “I’ll take the solo.”

“Great,” Aphrodite grinned at them, “Shall we get on with the impr-“

She didn’t get to finish because suddenly the doors to their dance studio burst open and six people strode in confidently, much to Nico’s class’ dismay. At their head was a tall boy with blonde curls and a sprinkle of freckles across his tanned cheeks. Don’t let the freckles fool you – Will Solace was a devil in disguise.

“Sorry Madame Aphrodite,” he started politely as Nico glared at him, hard, “Mrs Hera broke her leg.”

“Fantastic!” the blonde teacher beamed; her dislike for the other dance teacher was no secret. Will shifted uncomfortably, the students at his back stared openly at Nico’s class. The Italian fidgeted awkwardly but didn’t avert his gaze. The two classes had a long, complicated history and plenty of bad blood between them. Both of them were located in the same dance studio in Hanwell, London but were not part of the same dance group, so they were constantly pegged against each other in competitions, making it hard to see them every few days and not try and slit the competition’s throats.

Nico personally had the biggest issue with Will. It went back to when he was ten and Will was eleven and had won the first big competition Nico had ever been in by stealing his song. Everybody knew that you didn’t take other people’s songs – it was in the Bible of dance! After seeing his piece Nico had panicked and refused to go on stage, scared to be seen as a copy cat, and Will won that day. It was years ago but Nico still held a serious grudge.

A blonde girl stepped up to Madame Aphrodite with a no-nonsense look on her face and handed her a piece of paper, “She’s assigning our class to you for the upcoming Competition.”

“O-Oh,” Madame Aphrodite blinked at the paper in her hand and her class held their breaths, wanting to know what the teacher would decide. Eventually the woman spoke, “In that case please sit down we’re going to have some improvisations.”

Her class groaned and started to angrily protest but the woman silenced them with her hand,

“I will never take the opportunity to dance from anyone,” she said solemnly as the new students settled among the old. Will made sure that he was sitting as far away from Nico as possible, which the Italian was grateful for, “we’re merging, and that’s final.”

There were still some grumbles from Aphrodite’s class and they all shuffled away from the newcomer’s, banding together and glaring at them. The teacher paid no attention to that as she quickly explained the competition to Hera’s class. They started whispering among each other and the woman turned to her own class,
“Let’s lived things up a bit! Nico, why don’t you come and improvise for us!”

Nico felt himself flush. Under normal circumstances he wouldn’t mind just going with the flow among his own people, but he really didn’t want to dance in front of the intruders. Unfortunately from experience he knew that Madame Aphrodite didn’t take no for an answer so he hesitantly got up and walked up to the massive mirror taking up one wall of the studio. He glanced at himself – messy black hair and a loose grey shirt – and then turned to face his little ‘audience,’ determined not to look at Will or any of his friends.

WILL

Will smirked when he saw Nico the brat go up, blushing. He was embarrassed which could only mean one thing – he wasn’t confident in his dance abilities. Will was not a malicious person but one thing that he’d like to see before he died is for Nico to crumble under pressure *again*. Maybe that would get it through his thick skull that back on that day when Will accidentally picked the same song as him Nico lost because of himself and his insecurities, and not because of the blonde.

Next to him Annabeth, one of his closest friends, elbowed him in the ribs lightly,

“Whatever happens don’t laugh,” she said quietly, “or make things worse.”

Will exhaled, “Fine.”

Madame Aphrodite went over to the stereo system and plugged in her phone, shuffling through songs as Nico stood awkwardly in front of the class. Finally Say Something started playing and Will saw a look of annoyance appear in Nico’s eyes. But then the blonde forgot about all that, because Nico started dancing.

It was heartbreaking. Through his years as a dancer Will had seen dozens of interpretations of this specific song but he never saw it performed like *this*. Nico didn’t have a panicked look as he made up moves on the spot, instead he looked...serene, his body flowing through the movements, projecting the sadness of the song and dance onto the audience so well that it was hard to believe it wasn’t choreographed. Will’s mouth was dry and he couldn’t look away.

The boy was disappointed when Nico finished and hurriedly went to sit back down – he could watch him dance all day. Silena did an improvised dance too, and it was good, but Will was too busy replaying Nico’s dance in his head to pay attention. When Madame Aphrodite told all of them to split up and begin to decide their songs, Will beelined right at Nico, who went to the corner by himself.

The boy’s dark eyes narrowed when they landed on the blonde.

“Solace,” he spat, “what do you want?”

“Dance with me,” Will was still breathless from Nico’s performance. His words clearly threw the Italian off and he stared at Will with wide eyes,

“What?”

“Dance with me...in the competition,” before Nico could decline Will grabbed him by the wrist, “I...the way you danced earlier...it was amazing.”

Nico pulled his wrist free, “Fuck off.”

“Nico please,” Will was determined to make this work. He had won loads of competitions but this one was what could really get him out there. He could go to Nationals, but he felt that that would only be possible with the help of the Italian.
“I work alone,” Nico said in a cold voice. Will’s shoulders slumped,

“Is this about that one time when we had the same song?” he asked, and knew he hit the nail on the head when Nico’s eyes lit up with anger,

“You stole it,” he growled.

“Then let me fix it,” Will asked, “You don’t like me and I don’t like you either but your dancing is beautiful,” Nico blushed at that, “If you let me dance with you I’ll let you take the lead – you can make all the decisions, pick the music and the movement and-”

“Fine,” Nico snapped, “Fine I’ll dance with you, just stop talking.”

Will was so happy he could’ve hugged the Italian, “Alright. So what song boss?”

Nico crossed his arms over his skinny chest, “Apologize by Timbaland. I think it’s suitable.”

NICO

He wasn’t used to working with someone, especially with someone like Will. It took them two days of rehearsals with Aphrodite to get over the whole touching situation, but Nico still felt weird because the blonde lifted him like he weighed nothing.

It was late in the evening and everyone had left the studio, even Aphrodite, except Will and Nico. Both of them were in black leggings and loose t-shirts and Nico had tied his long-ish hair back to keep it out of his face.

“Let’s practice the lifting part again,” Will offered, walking over to his IPod and playing the song from the start again.

“Right,” Nico took a moment to catch his breath and wipe the sweat off his forehead. Will went and stood facing the mirrored wall and on cue Nico came behind him and went as if to wrap his arms around him, sliding his hands down his arms. Then suddenly Will leaned forward and Nico put his weight on his chest, lifting his legs and pointing his toes. Will reached up in a split second to loosely wrap his arm around Nico and flipped him up and over. Nico fought his pounding heart as he made sure that everything was tight and pulled together and not sloppy as Will set him back down on the ground carefully. The whole move lasted less than five second but Nico was breathless when he and Will came face to face again. The blonde was grinning,

“Finally you’re starting to trust me.”

Nico stepped away, “I didn’t know if your plan was to drop me and get rid of competition,” he walked over and flipped the music off.

“Do you really hate me that much?” Will asked. Nico turned around and saw that the boy was serious. He pushed his damp hair from his eyes and looked at Nico with a kind of sadness in them. Nico swallowed nervously.

“I don’t...hate you,” he mumbled, “but I don’t like you either.”

“Let’s change that,” Will offered. He looked like a hopeful puppy,

“No. Solace this is just dancing, remember?”

“A coffee’s not gonna change that,” Will said quietly, “just go out with me – we need to trust and
like each other for this to work. A coffee won’t kill you.”

Nico exhaled, “It’s probably gonna be awkward since we have nothing to talk about except dance.”

“Well...,” Will started but then trailed off, clearing his throat awkwardly, “You’re probably right. Forget I said anything.”

He walked over to his bag and shrugged his shoes on. Nico bit his lip. He had no idea why but a part of him wanted to go out with Will. They had spent so much time hating each other that it was kind of nice seeing this other side of Will, the side that wasn’t a competitor. Nico wanted to see him when he wasn’t a dancer too.

“There’s a Cafe around a corner from here,” Nico said as Will was heading for the door, “I’m free tomorrow.”

***

It was weird seeing Will out of his dance clothes, and as his face lit upon seeing Nico crossing the road, the Italian couldn’t help but feel weirdly happy. It was a rainy day (standard) and Will was dressed in an olive green jacket that complimented his hair, his hands shoved in his pockets. He waved when he saw Nico, grinning,

“Hey!”

“Hey,” Nico said, trying not to sound too enthusiastic. Will looked hesitant as they came face to face and then he opened his arms in a questioning manner. Nico’s heart jumped in his chest but he supposed since he and Will were dancing together anyway a hug wouldn’t do much damage, so he leaned into the blonde.

He didn’t expect it to feel so nice. Will was the perfect height so Nico almost fit beneath his chin and as the taller boy wrapped his arms around the Italian Nico melted against him. He smelled like coffee and rain and was so wonderfully warm. Nico remembered where he was and who he was hugging and pulled away hurriedly so Will didn’t see his blush,

“L-Let’s go in, shall we?”

He also didn’t expect for him and Will to get along so well. Nico didn’t have many friends, he was more of a lone wolf, and he hadn’t had as much fun with anyone as he had with Will for a long time. They sat in the Cafe for ages, Nico drinking hot chocolate and Will having tea after coffee after tea. They talked about everything; their families, dance, Marvel movies, their favourite books, funny stories from their childhoods, the places they went to for holidays, video games. It took Will a while to get Nico to open up but once he did the two couldn’t seem to stop talking.

They split a cake but after three hours decided to leave the Cafe. They walked around for a bit, just talking, and then trailed down the canal, laughing at each other’s stupid jokes. Nico was surprised to find that Will was really kind, and caring too. He had a nice smile and was fiercely protective over his friends, and passionate about more things than just dance. He wanted to be a paramedic and save lives.

“Why do you dance then?” Nico asked when it started to rain again and they hid under a bridge. Will shrugged,

“I don’t know. I just love it,” he had a soft smile on his face. Nico really liked that smile.

NICO
They were at the studio late again, coming up to midnight. Technically they weren’t meant to be – they had College the next day, but both of the boys were intoxicated on the dance and couldn’t seem to stop rehearsing, so the janitor gave them the key and told them to lock up when they were done. The two danced to the music and the rain pattering on the windows, lost in a world of their own.

Nico jumped into Will’s arms and the boy caught him gracefully, the Italian throwing his leg over Will’s shoulder. Will brought them down to the floor where they were meant to part but instead of doing that Will kept Nico down, hovering over him.

“Will?” Nico blinked at him, trying to catch his breath, cheeks flushed. His leg was still thrown over Will’s shoulder, “This isn’t the right move, idiot.”

“I know,” Will’s said seriously. Nico couldn’t see his face because of the light above him, shadowing the boy.

“What are you doing?” Nico was startled at how breathless he sounded. Will caged Nico in with his arms. The Italian swallowed nervously, feeling trapped, but in a good way. The song finished and switched onto the next one and Will leaned down and slid their lips together. Nico gasped at the initial contact and Will took that chance to slip his tongue into Nico’s mouth.

A sudden hunger spread through Nico and his hands tangled in Will’s hair, pulling him closer. He didn’t know why he was reacting the way he was; up until this point he didn’t think he liked Will like that, but the boy kissing him was making him all kinds of hard in all kinds of places. The kiss turned harsh and rough as the boys fought for dominance. Nico pushed himself off the floor, using his leg over Will’s shoulder to force him to the floor, straddling him.

The blonde bit at Nico’s bottom lip, earning another gasp from the dark haired boy. Nico was determined to remain in control, and when he grinded down on Will he was pleased to find that the boy was hard. The blonde groaned against Nico’s mouth and the Italian grinned. But in the end Will was still stronger and in one swift movement, muscles flexing, he stood up, picking Nico up with him. The Italian sucked in a startled breath, throwing his arms around Will’s neck as to not fall, but he didn’t need to; Will was holding him firmly by the thighs and he pressed him up against the mirrored wall, sucking a hickey just beneath his jaw, eliciting a delicious moan from the Italian’s mouth.

The song switched again and Pony by Giniuwine started playing. Nico almost laughed, remembering a stripping scene in Magic Mike to this song, but then Will pressed their hips together and Nico was whimpering instead of laughing, hands gripping at the blonde’s hair. Will grinded against Nico and their clothed erections brushed together. The blonde buried his face in Nico’s neck and the boy clung onto him, moaning quietly, legs wrapping around Will’s waist. The blonde’s fingers found the hem of Nico’s shirt and he tugged it over his head, discarding it to the side.

Nico slid from Will’s waist and roughly pushed him up against the parallel wall, hands tangling in the boy’s shirt as he stood on his tip-toes and kissed him fiercely,

“Feisty,” Will grinned, kissing along Nico’s jaw.

“Shut up,” Nico growled and helped Will pull off his shirt. The blonde sent him a wicked grin and then gracefully slid to his knees, kissing down Nico’s torso as he went, his fingers tugging off the Italian’s trousers alongside his underwear. The song changed again but Nico couldn’t concentrate on that because Will took his cock in his mouth and his mind went blank. The Italian’s knees almost buckled and he choked on a moan, fingers tangled in Will’s hair as the boy sucked him expertly. Nico had no idea it’d get that far but the pleasure was intense enough that he really couldn’t care less if they had sex on the floor of the damn studio.
Will hollowed out his cheeks, his wonderfully warm mouth sucking Nico in as he bobbed his head up and then suddenly the blonde grabbed him by the back of his thighs, threw Nico’s legs over his shoulders and brought him back down to the floor,

“Ah f-fuck,” Nico moaned, gasping. He felt something hot curling inside his stomach but he didn’t want it to end yet – Will was so close to him, and he was so warm and perfect and Nico felt so fucking good. He nudged Will back with his foot and then surged up to kiss him, their tongues tangling together. It all looked like a kind of erotic dance.

Nico pushed Will back onto the floor and climbed on top of him like a cat, pulling his trousers down.

“N-Nico-“ Will was flushed but he didn’t get to finish because Nico leaned up and took Will’s hard cock in his hand, sliding it inside himself. The burn that came with it was worth to see Will’s eyes fall shut and his mouth fall open to let out the most arousing moan Nico had ever heard. He himself let out a whimper as he sheathed Will fully inside of himself, feeling wonderfully full of the boy’s throbbing cock, “Nico-“ Will tried to speak again but Nico was determined not to let him talk. He lifted himself, allowing some of Will’s length to slip out of him before taking it back inside him again. Will was panting, his hips bucking up to fuck into Nico as he set up a rhythm,

“F-Fuck,“ he groaned as Nico continued to ride him, hands splayed on Will’s chest, hair sticking to his sweaty forehead. The blonde’s hands came up to grip Nico’s pale hips, squeezing his eyes shut to control himself.

Will lifted him suddenly and slammed him down onto the ground, sliding inside him with a force that Nico didn’t know he had. His whole body arched off of the floor and he cried out as the blonde started to pound him mercilessly. Some random techno song was playing so loudly that the floor was vibrating and Will was fucking Nico in time with it, seeming intent on leaving marks on him. Nico didn’t care; his hands were clawing at the ground, trying to hold onto something, his body thrumming with pleasure.

“O-Oh God...f-fuck...,“ he panted as his toes curled. Will easily flipped him over again, the manhandling making Nico feel dizzy. He aligned their bodies together, pulling Nico’s hips up so he could continued to fuck him as he leaned forward to kiss and bite at the side of Nico’s neck. The Italian’s couldn’t do it – he was trembling to much – and he pressed his forehead down to the floor. Will wasn’t having it; he grabbed Nico by the hair and pulled him up so they were both on their knees.

“W-Will...,“ Nico whined, his head falling back against Will’s shoulder. The blonde’s hand wrapped around Nico’s cock and he started pumping Nico in time with his thrusts. The Italian’s head was spinning, Will was gasping as his lips trailed against his neck. Everything seemed to be building up inside Nico, and Will seemed to be feeling the same thing because his thrusts got more reckless, hitting that wonderful spot inside Nico that made everything blur. The Italian reached back and gripped Will by the neck, pulling them in for a messy kiss. A shiver went up Nico’s spine and then he came all over Will’s hand, his cum spilling over the floor of the Studio.

Will forgot to put a condom on and Nico realised that when he felt the cum inside of him, hot and sudden. Nico leaned against Will and moaned again as the boy gripped his hips, leaving bruises.

They stayed like that together for a while, panting, and then Will pulled out of Nico and both the boys collapsed on the floor. The song changed again and Nico closed his eyes, lying on his back and trying to catch his breath. He could hear Will next to him, and then there was a gentle hand brushing his hair back from his forehead. Sleepily Nico opened his eyes,

“Hmm?“ he asked Will, who was on his side, staring at Nico.
“You’re beautiful,” the blonde told him. Nico snorted,

“Don’t be cliché.”

“I just fucked you halfway through a dance rehearsal,” Will raised an eyebrow, “I think we’re already cliché enough.”

Nico sat up and stretched, “Rehearsal tomorrow?” he asked casually. Will smiled,

“Yeah.”
Jason Grace whistled as he stepped outside to dump his rubbish into their destined recycling bins. At the age of thirty two he thought life was pretty good. Sure, Jason divorced the wife he recklessly married at the age of twenty and lived alone, but he didn’t mind. He owned a beautiful house in a calm neighbourhood in Richmond, worked as an accountant, a job he honestly enjoyed mostly due to his wonderful co-workers, he had enough money to live comfortably, he had friends...life was pretty good.

Except that Jason got lonely in the house all by himself sometimes. It wasn’t the kind of ‘oh I’m kind of lonely’ feeling he got when he was at Uni. At least then he could’ve called dozens of his friends at two in the morning to go get some McDonald’s but now all of his friends were married and had children and they weren’t always there when Jason needed them – not that he blamed them, he knew everyone had their own lives.

But sometimes it got too much, and that’s why Jason turned to the internet. During the last year of university when flats got too expensive he rented a room in a house owned by a nice, elderly couple. He had a spare room in his house, one that he once upon a time wanted to fill with children, and he didn’t see why some broke teenager shouldn’t live with him. That way Jason wouldn’t be so alone all the time.

That’s how he crossed paths with a nineteen year old Law student called Nico di Angelo.

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**Six Months Later**

“Nico! Get out of the bathroom!” Jason bellowed holding up the sheet from the boy’s bed, impatiently waiting outside the bathroom, “Nico!”

“What?!” the teenager came out with just a towel wrapped around his slim hips. His brown eyes were angry (as always), his dark hair damp and falling onto his forehead. He looked unimpressed when Jason shook the sheet in his face,

“What the hell is this, Nico?!”

The boy raised an eyebrow, “A sheet.”

“Your sheet,” Jason growled, “with cum all over it – again.”
“Can you stop going into my room?!” the teenager yelled, annoyed, pulling the sheet out of Jason’s hand, “you’re my landlord not my damn mother.”

“I told you to stop sneaking boys into your room,” Jason fumed. In reply Nico just rolled his eyes,

“Stop going into my room,” he repeated and slammed the bathroom door shut.

“Wash the sheet you prick!” Jason yelled. The only reply he got was screamo music being blared at full volume. The man leaned against the wall with a sigh. At times like this he really regretted allowing Nico to rent the spare room – the kid was immature, didn’t follow the rules Jason set, walked around the house naked half of the time and seemed to spent the other half annoying Jason. But the blonde would be lying if he said he didn’t enjoy Nico’s company a lot of the time.

He went downstairs, put on the washing and finished his coffee. By the time he was done drying the dishes Nico padded downstairs, half dressed for his lecture. He sat down on the counter and started typing something on his phone.

“Nico,” Jason said, wiping his hands on a table-cloth.

“Hmm?”

“You know I’m leaving for the night right?” he felt guilty about it, though he knew Nico could take care of himself. He was an adult after all. Jason was going to dinner with an old friend of his, and she made it clear that she wanted him to stay the night, and it wasn’t so he could sleep on the couch. Of course Nico didn’t need to know that the reason for Jason leaving was so he could let off some of his sexual frustration.

“Yeah, I know,” the boy was only half listening, his eyes trained on his phone. Jason waved his hand in front of the boy’s face so he looked at him,

“No stupid stunts, kid,” he said. Nico rolled his eyes,

“I wouldn’t dare,” he smiled, “Have a nice trip.”

“Thanks, Neeks,” he ruffled his hair and went to pull away but Nico caught his wrist,

“Hey, where’s my goodbye kiss?” he teased. Jason just shook his head at him and headed for the door.

***

Jason’s car pulled into his road. He was shocked at himself for not staying at his friend’s house. The dinner had been nice, she had looked pretty, but when after she went to kiss him he found that he really wasn’t in the mood. A part of him was worried for Nico – he had never left the boy alone at the house overnight and images of burglars breaking in through the window or the house standing in flames kept rushing to his mind. He had apologized to the girl, said his goodbye’s, and returned home.

But something was wrong. Jason rolled down his window and he heard the drifting sound of loud, booming music. He frowned when he started to pull up to his house, only to see that the dark street was littered with cars, and that Jason’s house was where the music was coming from. All the windows were alight, there were teenagers spilling out of the open front door, lounging in the front yard, drinking beer, smoking and making out. Jason felt his blood run cold.

He parked on the other side of the street as there was no space in his own fucking driveway and then
stormed inside the house.

“Oi! Old man!” someone called, “you’ve got the wrong party.”

Jason turned his deadly eyes on the kid, “This is my house,” he seethed, much to the shock of the kid, “Take your friends and get out.”

He didn’t wait to see if the kid listened as he stormed upstairs, shoving past drunk teenagers and asking them where Nico was. Nobody seemed to know so Jason just barged into every room looking for the trouble maker. A group of boys hot-boxed the bathroom and two teens were making out in Nico’s messy room but the boy himself was nowhere to be seen. Furious, Jason told them all to get out and sluggishly they started to drift out of his house, leaving behind a God-awful mess.

Jason walked into his bedroom, the last free room, and he wasn’t even surprised when he found Nico sprawled out on the blankets, a bottle of whiskey in his hand and a boy between his legs, sucking him off.

“What the fuck Nico?!” the blonde roared. The dick sucking boy jumped up and then scurried out of the room though the Italian just looked at Jason lazily, taking a swing of the alcohol, “Oops. Thought you weren’t coming back tonight.”

“What is this?!” Jason demanded.

“It’s a house party old man,” Nico grinned. Jason saw red. Nico was always a bit rude and bratty but that came with being a teen but this was crossing the line. He was ready to have sex with some random dude in Jason’s bed. The kid looked down at his hard cock, which was still out of his trousers, “I was gonna get laid too,” he pouted and then looked at Jason with a twinkle in his eye, “Unless you wanna finish the job.”

“I was worried about you,” Jason said faintly, “not because I thought you’d pull a damn Project X on me b-but...,” his voice was unsteady with rage and Nico had the decency to tuck himself in and look vaguely guilty, “I thought s-someone could break in and hurt you and then I’d never forgive myself and you’re here j-just-,” he couldn’t finish, pressing a hand over his eyes and taking a shaky breath to steady himself. When he looked at Nico again the boy was looking down, not meeting the man’s eyes, “Get out of my room, and get your friends out of here – make sure they get home safe.”

“Mi dispiace,” Nico mumbled, I’m sorry. He knew that Jason always softened when he spoke Italian, but not this time.

“Get out, Nico.”

***

The next morning Jason was down in the kitchen, chucking half-full bottles of beer into a massive bin bag when Nico came downstairs. He was in one of Jason’s old flannels, the ones he kept stealing from the blonde, that hung down to his mid-thighs, and probably nothing else underneath. His hair was mussed, his eyes had bags under them and he looked paler than usual. Hangover was a bitch.

Jason knew that he was meant to be mad at the kid and give him the silent treatment but seeing Nico in that state...it hurt, and Jason had the night to cool off. So with a sigh he poured Nico a glass of water and passed it to him with two paracetamol’s. The boy took the pills gratefully and then watched as Jason continued cleaning the kitchen,

“Jason I’m sorry.”
The man sighed, “It’s too late for that now.”

“You’re not gonna kick me our right?” Nico asked softly, “Right?” When Jason didn’t reply he started to talk feverishly, “This is the only place that ever felt like home to me, I-I know I fucked up, okay? But please don’t make me leave. I like living with you, Jason-“

“Someone punched a hole in the wall next to the bathroom,” Jason informed him quietly, “Who’s going to pay to get it fixed?”

“I’ll do it!” Nico said hurriedly, “I’ll get a second job-“

“You’re barely managing to pay rent,” Jason put down the bin bag and rubbed a hand down his face, then looked tiredly at Nico, “What am I supposed to do with you now?”

Nico stepped closer to Jason, his hand lightly pressed against the man’s chest, “I can pay in other ways,” he whispered, hand drifting down south. Jason grabbed his wrist in an iron grip and stepped back,

“We talked about this,” he said coldly. A look of desperation went through Nico’s eyes,

“I want you.”

Jason sighed, “Nico I’m thirteen years older than you.”

“I don’t care,” Nico tried to step closer again but Jason stopped him, “fuck am I really that bad?” the boy asked, “would you r-really hate sleeping with me that much?!“

“Nico I don’t like men,” Jason tried to remain calm.

“You don’t have to! You could close your eyes – no! We could use a blindfold and y-you could pretend it was anyone, anyone-,” Jason went back to the beer bottles and started to clean again, indicating that the conversation was over, “I want you so badly,” Nico slid into Italian and Jason’s eyes snapped to him again, “That’s why I was in your bed, ’cause it smelled like you and I thought if the guy fucks me face down then I could press my face into your pillows and pretend it was you.”

“Stop it Nico,” Jason sighed, “You know I have no idea what you’re saying.”

***

Jason didn’t end up kicking Nico out, mostly because he was too attached to the kid. For the next few weeks he was on model behaviour, he even stopped flirting with Jason so much.

It wasn’t always like that. When Nico first arrived he was isolated and didn’t want to speak to Jason at all, but the blonde coaxed him out of his shell with movie nights and taking him out to dinner. Jason let Nico rant to him about Uni, and helped him figure out that he was bisexual. They became friends, as weird as that was because of their age gap, and that’s when the subtle flirting started. Nico started stealing Jason’s shirts and parading around the house in them, during movie nights he’d curl up against Jason’s side. He was constantly making sex jokes and then those turned into suggestions that Jason at the start thought were a joke too, but then Nico fully came out and said that he fancied Jason and wanted to sleep with him and that was...weirdly flattering.

Jason was scared to think anything more about it than that. Nico was attractive, very much so, and Jason would be lying if he said seeing him walk around with just Jason’s shirt on did nothing to him. He felt horrible for thinking about Nico in that way and he only let his mind stray if he couldn’t sleep at night. But he kept everything else strictly platonic. And then Nico started to act up, and that house
party was really crossing the line.

Two weeks after that incident Jason was sitting at the desk in his room, doing some work, when a soft knock came on the door and Nico came inside.

“Hey,” he was just in one of Jason’s t-shirts again, and the man tried not to look at him too much,

“Hey,” he said as Nico perched on the end of the desk,

“What’re you doing?” he asked casually. Jason shrugged,

“Stuff for work,” he took his glasses off and turned to the Italian, “Okay what is it? Spill the beans.”

“What do you mean?” Nico frowned, “Can’t I just come have a chat with you?”

“You want something,” Jason interjected.

“I want you,” Nico said. Jason hated how those three words always affected him so he tried ignored it,

“Okay but what do you actually want, Nico? I’m kinda busy.”

“I’m serious,” Nico’s eyes were dark, but then again, they were always dark, “I want you. I want you to fuck me.”

“Nico-“ Jason started impatiently but then the boy suddenly pulled out a black ribbon from behind his back. Jason blinked at it, “What is that?”

“A blindfold.”

“No,” Jason said, going to stand up but Nico’s hand on his shoulder stopped him,

“Please,” he was trembling, “Just once. Just do it with me this one time and I swear I won’t ask again.”

“I’m not going to sleep with you.”

“Why?” Nico asked desperately.

“Why what Nico?” Jason exhaled impatiently, “Why I won’t randomly sleep with you?”

Nico looked down at the ground, “Why don’t you want me?” Jason’s heart twisted, and when the boy looked up there were tears in his eyes, “Jason please. I need this.”

Jason could feel his resolve start to break, “If I sleep with you right now,” he said quietly, “You won’t ask again?” Nico nodded eagerly, his eyes lighting up, “Fine.”

Jason stood up and walked to his bed. He sat up, propped against the headboard and Nico followed hurriedly.

“You have to make me hard first,” Jason crossed his arms over his chest, “Or this won’t work.”

Nico didn’t say anything just slid into Jason’s lap so that he was straddling him, and then carefully tied the blindfold around the blonde’s eyes. Jason’s world went black. He had to fight the urge to tell Nico to take it off, because he wanted to see the boy, but he refrained. He couldn’t believe that he was actually going to have sex with Nico. It was just that it got too much – when someone as
beautiful as Nico told you, fuck me it was hard to resist.

The boy’s lips on Jason’s sent a jolt through the man since he hadn’t been expecting it. His arms were limply at his sides but Nico’s cold hands came up to gently cradle Jason’s face as they kissed. Jason senses seemed almost sharpened, he could taste Nico, chocolate and mint, could feel how soft and plump his lips were against his own chapped ones. The blonde forced himself not to kiss back, even when Nico nibbled on his bottom lip.

Realising he wasn’t going to get a reaction, Nico kissed down Jason’s jaw, his fingers making quick work of the man’s shirt, tugging it off. And then Nico’s lips were on Jason’s chest, down to his abs. The man tensed as Nico undid the zipper on his trousers – he didn’t know what was going on because he couldn’t see. Every touch was a shock.

When Nico freed Jason’s mostly soft cock from its confines the man sucked in a startled breath, and then that breath turned into a small gasp as he suddenly felt Nico’s warm tongue running up the underside of his cock. He tried to think of disgusting things; his grandmother in lace panties, split open dicks, but it didn’t stop his blood from rushing south. The blonde could almost feel Nico’s satisfaction as the cock swelled in the boy’s hand. When Nico took it into the warm cavern that was his mouth Jason had to fight a moan. He bit his lip and tried not to react to how goddamn velvety Nico’s mouth was. He also tried not to think about how many dicks the boy had sucked before because he was ridiculously good at giving head. His tongue swirled around Jason’s tip as the kid bobbed his head up and down, making Jason tense up. In seconds his cock was fully hard.

As Nico’s hand came to fondle Jason’s balls the man felt the sudden urge to rip off his blindfold and see the boy like that; his mouth stretched around Jason’s length, cheeks flushed, hair all perfectly tousled. But his limbs felt like they had melted and he couldn’t seem to be able to do much more than pant, hands clenching in the sheets as Nico sucked him.

He moaned with disappointment when Nico’s mouth abruptly disappeared,

“Sorry,” the Italian murmured. He sounded breathless as he slid back into Jason’s lap, “I p-prepared myself before so we can just...,” he trailed off and vivid images of Nico fingering himself exploded in Jason’s head. His heart hammered in his chest when Nico shyly touched his cheek, “Jason are you o-okay?”

“Fine,” Jason said, though he was so much better than fine.

“Right. S-Sorry, I’ll stop talking now,” the Italian murmured, though Jason didn’t want him to. The boy swooped forward and pressed his mouth to Jason’s again and this time the blonde almost kissed back. He wanted to somehow reassure Nico that he was doing good, that Jason actually wanted it, but that would mean admitting that Jason had some kind of feelings for the kid, and he wasn’t ready for that.

Nico wasn’t kidding when he said he prepared himself. When he gripped Jason’s shaft and pressed the head against his hole there was almost no resistance, and Jason’s cock slipped into the wonderful wet heat with a soft sound. He couldn’t keep his hands at his sides anymore and they reached out blindly to hold onto Nico’s hips. He felt the Italian hide his face in his neck, breathing rapidly against Jason’s shoulder, hands curled against the man’s naked chest. He let out a small noise he was obviously trying to hold back as he took more of Jason inside him. The blonde squeezed his eyes shut behind the blindfold, trying not to come right there and then.

Nico was tight and he clenched around Jason’s length and it was really hard to not thrust up into him.
“C-Cristo,” Nico gasped against Jason’s shoulder as he bottomed out. Jason could feel his thighs trembling but he could barely focus on anything. He was getting adjusted to the fact that he died and went to heaven when Nico lifted himself off his cock and then pushed back down. Jason groaned at the feeling but then Nico was doing it again and again, and he sped up his movements. Jason thought he might pass out from how good it felt, Nico’s body greedily pulling him in, but the blindfold was bothering him, and Nico himself too.

The boy was trying to keep quiet, his erratic breath interrupted every few second by a muffled whimper. At one point he must’ve covered his mouth with his hand. It hurt to think that he actually thought Jason didn’t want him.

“N-Nico,” the blonde started but the Italian just kissed him and muttered something in Italian that the blonde didn’t understand, though it sent a shiver down his spine how desperate and aroused Nico sounded, “Take the blindfold off, i-idiot.”

“I-It’s alright-“

“Do it.”

Hesitantly Nico’s trembling hands reached behind Jason’s head and clumsily started to undo the knot while he continued to ride Jason slowly. The room was too-bright all of a sudden and Jason buried his face in Nico’s shoulder while his eyes adjusted and he caught his breath. Nico stilled his movement and looped his arms around the blonde’s shoulders, gasping.

When Jason pulled away and looked at him his breath caught in his throat. Nico looked like an angel, his pale face flushed, his eyes half-lidded, his hair falling into his eyes. He forgot all about their age gap, or that Nico had pissed him off, or that he was meant to pretend like he didn’t want this. Jason cradled his face in his hands and drew him in, kissing him fiercely, his heart pounding.

“I’m sorry,” Jason whispered in between kisses, stroking the boy’s face. Nico stared at him, “for...for making it out like I didn’t want this.”

“I thought you didn’t,” Nico mumbled.

“I did. I do,” Jason leaned down to pepper his neck with kisses, the sex forgotten for the moment, “I want you, a-and I don’t care about how young you are, or any of that,” he grabbed Nico by the waist and easily flipped them over, pressing Nico down into the blankets. They were both breathless when they kissed, and Jason’s heart pounded when he looked down on the boy, staring at him with his big eyes, “You’re perfect.”

Nico wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist and drew him back inside him,

“Ti amo,” he whispered feverishly, clinging onto Jason as the man started to thrust into him, “Ti amo, ti amo...”

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2 Months Later

“Nico!” Jason yelled angrily, “Get out of the bathroom!”

“What are you yelling about?!” Nico wretched the door of the bathroom open, letting the steam out. He was naked as the day he was born, a trail of water from the shower to the door. Jason groaned when he saw that,
“You’re making a mess,” he complained. Nico arched an eyebrow.

“Is that what you interrupted my shower for?”

“No, I’m going to work,” Jason rolled his eyes, “so make sure you’re on time to your lecture.”

“Okay.”

Jason turned to go down the corridor but Nico grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him close, getting Jason’s suit all wet. He looked up at the older man through his eyelashes,

“Where’s my goodbye kiss?” he asked innocently. Jason smiled fondly and leaned forward, slotting their lips together. He kissed Nico sweetly and then pulled away, kissed him again, then kissed the corner of his mouth, the tip of his nose, brushed back his damp hair and kissed his forehead,

“I love you.”

“Bye old man,” Nico slipped back into the bathroom and Jason smiled. He doubted his house would ever be quiet or lonely again.
Don't Dream It's Over

Luke has to wait quite a while to get reborn so out of boredom he develops the habit of sneaking out of Elysium (Since Thanatos doesn't expect anyone to wanna get away from that realm of the afterlife) and bothering Nico. After a while they bond and Luke is the first person Nico feels comfortable enough to reveal his sexuality to. Luke on the other hand suspect he might have developed feeling for Nico when he's not so thrilled about finally being offered rebirth. You can decide if there's smut and how it all plays out, just let it be a happy or a hopeful ending, please!

For Stories_of_the_Shadows

Nico was sitting on a hilltop that was a kind of border between the Palace of his father in the Underworld, and the Fields of Asphodel. Nico liked this hill because he could see everything from it; the monstrous home of his father rising behind him, and the Fields spread out in front of him, full of the swaying lost souls. He saw the rivers, glimmering black and Charon on his boat. In the distance the wind sometimes brought by the sound of people being tortured in the Fields of Punishment, and close by there was the patch of sunlight that descended on Elysium, full of its beautiful houses and green growing trees. Nico also liked the hill because it was secluded and there was a small cave in its side where Nico could sit and brood if he didn’t want to be with the living or the dead.

Currently Nico was in his hide-away, polishing his Stygian Iron sword and brooding after escaping his father’s palace due to Hades’ and Persephone’s very loud and volatile fight. The fourteen year old hated when they did that, but then again he didn’t really like being in his father’s palace anyway – he mostly came down there because he had nowhere else to go; Camp Half Blood wasn’t his home.

“Well, well, well if it isn’t Hades Junior,” the voice startled Nico and he whirled around, his sword in his hand, expecting a monster or a God. However at the mouth of the cave was none other than Luke Castellan. Nico didn’t relax despite the easy smile on the blonde boy’s face. Nico hadn’t seen him since he was alive and fighting for Kronos during the war with the Titans, and that had been over a month ago. Of course he knew that the boy, despite his treacherous ways, was forgiven and given a place in Elysium, which didn’t explain what he was doing here. Nico’s eyes narrowed and he pointed his sword at the scarred boy, “Woah, relax Death Boy,” Luke grinned and lifted his hands in surrender, “I’m dead anyway I don’t know what you wanna do with that toothpick.”

“Castellan, right?” Nico growled, “What are you doing here?”

“What are you doing here?” Luke fired back, “this place is for the dead, Nico, and you don’t smell dead.”

“You can’t smell that,” Nico said, but he wasn’t sure as he lowered his sword. Luke shrugged and
strode into the cave, having to duck to not hit his head on the ceiling,

“To answer your question I’m taking a walk.”

“A walk,” Nico deadpanned, “out of Elysium?”

Luke shrugged, “What?” he grumbled, “it gets boring sometimes. They’re all so...serene there. I mean there are some cool people there like Daedalus and stuff, Lee and Castor as well and they’re always a bit of fun, and there’s Ethan of course, but it does get dull sometimes.”

“I think you’re the only person to say that Paradise is boring,” Nico said. Luke shrugged,

“That’s why I’m trying out for rebirth.”

“Seriously?” Nico raised an eyebrow, letting his guard down. He supposed if Luke was allowed into Elysium he left all the bad with his body back up on Earth, “how long’s that gonna take?”

“Years, probably,” Luke settled down on the ground and yawned, “They have to offer it to me first. Nice place you got here.”

Hesitantly Nico sat down on the opposite wall, his sword still loosely in his hand just in case, “You should probably go back, Thanatos might be looking for you.”


***

The agitated boy was hacking at a tree on his hill in the Underworld and the fact that it was leaving no impact on the magical plant was just getting him more annoyed.

“Woah, what’s got your panties in a twist?” Luke was climbing the crest of the Hill. He looked out of place beneath the gloomy sky with his nice clothes and easy grin.

“I’m not in the mood, Luke,” Nico growled, still angrily trying to fight the tree. For the past few weeks Luke has basically ‘invaded’ Nico’s safe haven, though the boy didn’t really mind. He knew Luke was just as troubled as he was, waiting to see if he’d get offered rebirth or not. The two had a surprising lot in common and spent a lot of time together; Nico was Luke’s only way to know what was going on back upstairs. But right now Nico really didn’t want to see him.

“Is it because of the Percy thing?” Luke asked and Nico stopped mid-hack, turning on him,

“How do you know about that?!” he demanded. Luke shrugged,

“Everyone knows about that,” the blonde sighed, “Don’t worry so much, Jackson has an immortality streak. If I couldn’t kill him then I doubt it’s even possible,” he offered Nico a cheeky grin, “I’m sure he’ll come back soon.”

“Easy for you to say,” Nico grumbled with another vicious swing at the tree.

“Look, why don’t you stop taking out your heartbreak on the tree and fight me instead?” Luke offered.

“I’m not heartbroken,” Nico protested as a sword appeared in Luke’s hand, golden and glowing. The blonde rolled his eyes,

“Oh please, it’s as clear as the sky in Elysium that you have a crush on him,” the older boy snorted,
rounding on Nico. The Italian angrily flew at him, his blade raised, but Luke parried him easily.

“I don’t have a crush on him!” he seethed, whirling around. His and Luke’s blades slammed together,

“I’m sure you don’t, Death Boy,” Luke teased. Nico lost himself in attacking and parrying, fighting his frustration and confusion as he and Luke sparred, “there’s no point denying who you are.”

“And who am I?” Nico asked through his gritted teeth, “in your wonderful opinion.”

With a grin Luke knocked his sword out of the Italian’s hand easily, “As gay as the leprechaun at the end of the rainbow.”

Nico flushed but Luke’s smile just softened, “Look, it’s not a bad thing. I’m bisexual and I’m not crying about it. This isn’t the forties, or wherever the hell you were born,” he reached out and ruffled Nico’s hair fondly, “it’s okay to be whoever you are.”

Nico exhaled shakily and looked at Luke. The blonde didn’t prompt him to confess or anything, but for some reason the Italian trusted him, “I think I like boys,” he said weakly. Luke smiled broadly, “All boys or just Percy?”

Nico’s blush intensified, “All boys. But Percy most of all.”

***

Luke was sitting on the hill, lying in the withering brown grass and enjoying the cold wind on his face for once since in Elysium it was eternal summer, when Nico came racing up the hill, his face all lit up,

“He’s alive!” he yelled happily and Luke sat up, “He’s fine! Percy’s fine!” he didn’t stop in time and came barrelling into Luke, who caught him with a laugh. Nico didn’t like physical contact but at that moment he needed it. His heart pounded as he hugged Luke fiercely, unable to keep the smile off his face. He kept replaying his meeting with Percy at Camp Jupiter, the blank look on his face when he looked at him, not remembering. A part of Nico was whispering that he didn’t remember Annabeth either – that maybe Nico could finally have a shot with him...

“I told you he’d be fine,” Luke patted Nico’s hair as the fourteen year old clambered off of him, breathless and flushed from his run, “What’s that idiot up to now?”

Nico’s face fell as he explained the situation to the blonde, “The worst part is that my father told me that I’m not allowed to tell him the truth – apparently the time isn’t right.”

“It’s because of Hera and her meddling,” Luke said, lying back on the ground and closing his eyes, “But Hades is right. Don’t rush it, things will play out the way they’re meant to.”

Nico laid down next to him with a sigh. They just stayed like that in silence for a while, watching the steely grey sky and listening to the faraway cries from the Fields of Punishment. Nico shivered at the cold wind,

“How’s rebirth going?”

“It’s not,” Luke said quietly, “I just have to wait I guess.”

asked softly. The blonde frowned and shook his head uneasily, “There’s...an issue. With the Doors of Death. It’s not safe for me to be here anymore; there’s all these monsters flooding out of Tartarus—“

“What!” Luke demanded, sitting up. Nico squeezed his eyes shut, “They took Thanatos,” his voice was faint, “there’s nobody protecting them. I...I have to do something...from the inside...the Gods are confused, they keep switching between their Greek and Roman personalities—“


“What is it?” the blonde looked down at him. Nico had tears in his eyes and a look of panic passed through Luke’s eyes. He leaned over the boy, caging him in protectively with his arms, “What’s wrong?!”

“I did something really bad,” Nico whispered. Luke hauled him up into a sitting position and then grabbed the boy by the chin, forcing the Italian to look at him,

“What did you do?” he asked, searching the boy’s face.

“I brought my sister back from the dead.”

***

Luke came to the hill again and his heart fell a little when he saw that it was still empty. Everything had been good, Luke had finally accepted his feelings for Nico and then the Italian had suddenly...vanished. Elysium and the Fields were the only few places that were secured in the Underworld, and the Palace of Hades was locked and shut as the God battled himself. Thanatos had returned and some order was restored but even he had no idea where Nico was.

Every day for weeks Luke snuck out of Paradise and came to the hill to see if Nico came back. For a while the blonde thought that the boy had just gotten bored and abandoned him...but as time passed he knew that it was more than that. He heard whispers that Nico had gone down to Tartarus.

The blonde circled the hill with not a lot of hope of spotting the son of Hades there. When his search proved futile he went to return back the way he came when something urged him to check inside Nico’s little cave. It’s been ages since Luke had last seen him but nevertheless he half heartedly stepped into the gloom.

His heart jumped when he saw a figure curled up in the corner.

“Nico?” he asked breathlessly, almost sure it was an illusion. The boy’s head snapped up. He was pale, his cheeks sunken, his eyes full of inhuman exhaustion. But it was still Nico, “Nico!” Luke fell to his knees next to the boy and gathered his limp form into his eyes, “Nico you i-idiot where were you?! I was so worried, I came here every day and—“

“You were meant to be reborn,” Nico said softly, frowning, “Why are you still here?!”

Luke was at loss of words. He didn’t feel like joking or making light of the situation. Nico had been through hell, he could see as much from the boy’s face, “You went missing, how could I worry about rebirth when you were gone?”
He saw the exact moment when Nico cracked and suddenly he was pressing close to Luke and sobbing, clinging onto him and brokenly telling him everything; about how he went to Tartarus and how terrifying it was, how the goddess of misery told him that he already had too much pain in his life, about how he was overwhelmed by Gaia’s monsters and taken to the House of Hades where he was slowly suffocating in a jar, surviving on pomegranate seeds for days.

Luke held him, unable to believe what the boy had gone through. He didn’t remember when Nico changed from a nice little break from the constant calmness of Elysium to someone Luke actually cared for, and wanted to protect.

“You’re okay now,” the blonde whispered as he held the shaking boy, folding him into his arms and keeping him close, smoothing down his hair, “I’ve got you, you’re okay.”

***

“Hey,” Luke came to sit down next to Nico as he once again left Elysium in order to take a break on the hill.

“Hey,” Nico was polishing his sword. He looked much better than a few weeks ago, though still not perfectly back to normal.

“How’s the quest going?” the blonde asked. Nico shrugged,

“I can’t stay for long, the Argo II will probably run into trouble again,” he said, then after a moment he bit his lip, “Me and Jason went to Split today.”


“We met Cupid,” Nico said softly, “I...I admitted to him that I have a crush on Percy.

Nico didn’t expect Luke’s reaction – his smile crumbled away and pain filled his eyes. *Christ, don’t tell me you fancy him now too!* Nico wanted to yell – that was the only excuse for Luke’s reaction.

“Oh,” the blonde said, “I thought that by now...,” he trailed off, shaking his head.

Nico stood up, “I’m going to be gone for a while. We need to transport the Athena Parthenos to Camp and we really don’t have a lot of time. Luke...you should get reborn now, ask Thanatos to ask the Gods to do it for you.”

Luke was staring at his feet, something unlike him, “No. No, I’ll wait for you to get back first.”

Nico didn’t know what to make of that.

***

“It’s done,” Nico said.

Luke was sitting on their hill, staring out at the Fields of Asphodel, a faraway look on his face. Nico came as fast as he could, as soon as the Apollo kids patched him up at Camp and he was disappointed to see that after all his time away Luke wasn’t even happy to see him. The Italian cleared his throat.

“Gaia’s sleeping again.”


“They offered me rebirth,” Luke said. Nico’s heart clenched but he forced a smile,

“That’s good isn’t it?”

Luke finally turned to look at him, and his eyes were full of pain, “It would be. Christ if they offered it to me a year ago I would’ve taken it in a heartbeat...,” he let out a frustrated sigh, “but...I told them no.”

“Are you insane?!?” Nico demanded, “But you wanted it so bad!”


Nico frowned, “Why are you bringing him up?”

“As a point,” Luke snapped, “you don’t always get what you want.”

Nico looked down at his hands, “I don’t want him anymore.”

Luke sighed, “Fuck Nico, then you better decide what you do want.”

“Why are you being like this?!?” Nico asked impatiently, “Why did you turn down that offer? You wanted is so much, then why?!”

Luke buried his face in his hands and his voice was muffled when he spoke, “Because I have feelings for you, you idiot.”

“W-What?” Nico’s voice faltered. Luke ran a hand through his hair,

“I don’t want to leave because that’d mean leaving you, and probably never seeing you again.”


“I thought you liked Percy, that’s why I didn’t say anything.”

“Luke-“

“But now you just made everything harder because I’m stuck here now and you’ve given me this stupid hope-“

“Luke!” Nico snapped and when the blonde turned to look at him the Italian grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him in, crashing their lips together. Luke’s eyes widened as the boy kissed him furiously, clinging onto him the way he had after he came back from Tartarus. The blonde’s eyes fluttered shut after a second and he wrapped his arms around Nico and kissed him back, his heart threatening to give out.

He’s real, he told himself, He’s real and he’s in my arms and he’s kissing me... When Nico pulled away he was having trouble breathing steadily, “The reason...why I don’t l-like Percy anymore is because I like you, dumbass.”


“I don’t know,” Nico sighed, leaning their foreheads together, “You’re...I feel so close to you. Like you understand me,” he closed his eyes, “You’re the first person I trusted to tell about my sexuality because you made it feel like it was okay, and...and you were here for me after Tartarus. Everyone
back in the Camps was just telling me about how brave and strong I was and all I fucking wanted was for someone to just hold me and tell me everything was going to be alright, and you did that, not Percy. I just...,” his voice faltered and he opened his eyes, “I think I might be falling in love with you.”

“Fuck getting reborn,” Luke said fiercely, “I’m staying right fucking here and you better visit me every damn day until you die, and then we can just live in Elysium together after you finally kick it.”

“But what about your dreams-“Nico started but Luke’s smile stopped him,

“You are my dream Nico.”
Those Wild Eyes

How about you write Nico and Mitchell's first time? Like they've been dating for a while, and Mitchell is struggling with telling Nico he thinks he's ready, so he gets advice from a sibling and *thinks* he made a fool of himself, but in the end it works out and they do ~the do~.

For Purple_Dino

Mitchell kept glancing from Nico, who had his arm around him, to the Breakfast Club playing on the TV, and then back to Nico. His insides were all twisted up with nerves and his heart hammered. *Come on do it you idiot,* he told himself, *just do it.*

“Nico?” he asked softly.

“Yeah?” Nico looked away from the TV and turned to face his boyfriend. Mitchell swallowed his nerves and leaned up to kiss Nico. He could feel the older boy smile into the kiss; Mitchell was not usually the one to initiate it. As the musical number came on-screen Nico deepened the kiss, his lips warm and soft against Mitchell’s. And then the boy started to pull away. If Mitchell had any confidence at all he would’ve pulled Nico back in and progressed things, but seeing as he was a shy, insecure little shit he quietly went back to cuddling into Nico’s side, his mouth bitter with disappointment.

He and Nico had been dating for almost five months, and known each other for over a year. Some days – okay, most days – Mitchell still didn’t believe that someone as popular and well-known and gorgeous and brave as Nico wanted to be with him, the only kid of Aphrodite’s who had no charm, beauty or any of that shebang. Some not so nice people clearly thought the same, asking if he used the blessing of Aphrodite to lure Nico in, but that wasn’t true. For some reason, Gods know why, Nico just liked Mitchell.

Nico was honestly the most wonderful thing to ever happen to Mitchell. No matter how cold and antisocial he was to everyone else, he was always affectionate with his boyfriend. He liked to cuddle and kiss and although Mitch knew that he wanted more, he never pressured him into it. They went as far as handjobs (clumsy on Mitchell’s side but it did the trick) but then the boy chickened out before they could actually have sex and Nico was so understanding and kind and told him they don’t have to rush. Problem was Mitchell was finally ready to lose his V Card; the issue was he didn’t know how to tell Nico.

***

“...so I like initiate a kiss, a-and stuff but then he’ll just...stop and I-I’ll be too scared to ask him to continue,” Mitchell was stuttering and blushing all over the Aphrodite Cabin as his half sister, Silena, sat on the bed opposite him, nodding to his story. “And I don’t know what to do.”
“But you do want to have sex with him?” Silena clarified. Mitchell swallowed nervously,

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you just go straight with it and tell him?” Piper asked from where she was leaning against the wall, “just tell him you’re ready – it’s Nico, he doesn’t need more than that.”

“Problem is...” Mitchell looked down at his hands, “every time I try and tell him that...y—you know, I wanna do it...I just freak out and can’t get it out of my mouth.”

“If you continue referring to sex as ‘it’ then I’m not surprised,” Silena said sympathetically. Piper came over and put an arm around her younger brother,

“Okay why don’t you just...show him you want it then?”

“How?” Mitchell’s green eyes were big behind his glasses.

“Why don’t you just wait for him naked in bed?” Silena asked and both of her sibling’s gaped at her.

She shrugged, “What? Worked for me...”

“I can’t do that!” Mitchell’s face was beet red, “I...I don’t want h-him to see me naked.”

“Mitch you want to have sex with him,” Piper said, “that’s gonna be hard with clothes on.”

Mitchell swallowed, “Right. So...so I should d-do that then? W-Wait for him naked?”

Both of the girls nodded eagerly.

***

Mitchell chickened out. Of course he bloody chickened out; if you looked up chicken in the dictionary you’d see a picture of him, like this, hiding naked underneath Nico’s covers.

He had come into the Hades Cabin just like he promised and was happy to see that it was dim, the only light coming from the fireplace where flames were roaring. Nico wasn’t there so Mitchell hurriedly stripped down to nothing, leaving his clothes in a pile by the door, and dashed to the bed. He lied down and forced himself to not move to cover his junk. He was almost sick with nerves.

Nico didn’t appear after a few minutes and Mitchell was getting more and more antsy, his body screaming at him to put his clothes back on. The boy finally couldn’t take it and he spilled from the bed, running to the door to get dressed. Except...his clothes were gone – probably courtesy of Silena and Piper. Panic hit Mitchell like a brick and he almost had a panic attack right there and then, naked in the middle of the Hades cabin. He didn’t know what would be worse – running to his cabin naked or having Nico come back and see him like this. Mitch caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror; all pale and shaking, his face and chest flushed with embarrassment.

His eyes landed on Nico’s closet and he threw himself at it, desperately scrambling to open it. Voices sounded outside, muffled, but one of them was definitely Nico’s. Mitch thought he’d pass out as he scrambled for a random T-shirt, shoving it on. It barely covered his privates but he didn’t have to time to get boxers. Instead he dashed back to the bed and buried himself under the covers, head and all.

The door creaked open and Mitchell forced his eyes shut. He heard Nico take off his sword belt, then the closet creaked open, and then-
“Mitch?” it came as a question. Shyly Mitchell poked only the top of his head from underneath the blanket,

“Hi,” he said timidly. Nico was standing by the fireplace and he smiled when he saw his boyfriend. As always Mitch’s heart skipped a beat at how attractive Nico was with his dark hair and darker eyes.

“What you doing under there?” the Italian came over and went to pull the covers back but Mitchell latched onto them,

“No!” he yelled in panic. Nico frowned, “No...d-don’t...I...it’s...”

“Mitchie?” Nico reached out and brushed Mitchell’s hair from his forehead, “are you okay? Do you have a fever? You’re all red.”

“Can I ask you to do something weird for me?”

“Sure,” Nico was clearly amused.

“Can you go to the Aphrodite Cabin and ask the girls to give me back my clothes?”

“Wait what?” Nico asked, then his eyes widened, “Shit, Mitch...are you naked?”

“U-Um no...,” Mitchell stuttered, “I have your s-shirt on, but they took a-all my stuff.”

“So you’re telling me,” Nico said quietly, “that you’re underneath my covers, naked except for one of my shirts?”

“Y-Yes?” Mitch offered timidly.

Nico ripped the blanket from Mitchell’s hands before the boy could react.

“Nico!” he protested, face red, trying to wrestle it back, “D-Don’t-“

“Let me see you,” Nico practically growled. He tossed the covers to the floor and Mitchell grabbed a pillow, pulling it protectively against himself. Nico’s sudden outburst had scared him and the Italian realised that, his face softening, “Mitch,” he murmured, “please let me look at you.”

“I don’t want you to,” Mitch mumbled, looking away.

“Why?” Nico asked, but his boyfriend just shrugged. Slowly, as to not scare him, Nico climbed on top of him, caging him in. Mitchell’s eyes met his nervously and Nico leaned down to kiss the corner of the boy’s mouth, his hand gently tugging at the pillow. Hesitantly, Mitchell released it from his grip. Nico pressed a tiny kiss just beneath his ear, “Mitch, why are you practically naked in my bed?” he murmured. Mitchell shivered where his breath tickled his skin. Some of the nerves were replaced with the tiniest spark of arousal in his stomach.

“I...I didn’t know how to tell you.”

“Tell me what?” Mitchell could feel Nico smile against his skin.

“You know what,” the boy mumbled blushing. Nico’s hands tugged on Mitchell’s shirt and hesitantly the boy pulled it off, almost immediately crossing his arms over his naked chest, his legs pressed together. Nico finally pulled away and looked down at Mitchell, pulling the boy’s hands away and pressing them down onto the blankets, threading their fingers together, his leg nudging the other boy’s legs apart so he could nestle between them. The son of Aphrodite felt his face burning as
Nico took him in, fighting the urge to fidget. A part of him wanted to use charm-speak or something to make sure that Nico liked him like this, but then it wouldn’t be real and Mitchell couldn’t stand that.

“Nico-,” the boy started.

“Shh,” Nico leaned down and pressed a chaste kiss to his lips. Then he kissed the little sprinkle of freckles on Mitchell’s shoulder and trailed his lips down the boy’s stomach, making him shiver. Then suddenly the younger boy grabbed Nico by the shoulders and tugged him back up so they were face to face,

“I-If we’re gonna do this then I need you to stay up here,” he mumbled, “I-I...I need to look at you.”

Nico nudged Mitchell’s nose with his affectionately, “Mitch?”

“Y-Yeah?”

“I love you.”

Mitchell smiled a little, “I love you too.”

“And you’re beautiful.”

The son of Aphrodite felt a blush rising to his cheeks and he looked away, “Of course you’d say that.”

Nico was smiling as he tucked Mitchell’s hair behind his ear,

“I mean it,” he kissed the boy’s forehead and Mitchell leaned into the touch, “you’re the most gorgeous person I’ve ever seen.”

Mitchell looped his arms around the Italian’s neck and drew him in for another kiss. They just did that for a while, kissing, slow and gentle at first, and then suddenly openmouthed and breathless.

“Tell me if you want to stop,” Nico told Mitchell, “I don’t care if we’re halfway done, if you feel uncomfortable you tell me.”

“Okay,” Mitchell said. Nico leaned over and rummaged in his bedside table, his free hand stroking Mitchell’s hip. The boy was a bit light headed but most of his fear had disappeared. Of course Nico was kind and understanding – he always was. Mitchell didn’t know what he had been so scared about. He was still a bit nervous with anticipation though, especially when Nico chucked a small bottle of lube and a condom onto the pillow next to Mitchell’s head, “Um...so what do I do?”

“Nothing,” Nico smiled, “I need to prepare you, so all you need to do is spread your legs.”

Mitchell flushed but did as he was told. When Nico flipped open the bottle of lube he couldn’t take it,

“Pass me that pillow,” he asked. Nico didn’t argue with him, just passed Mitchell the pillow and allowed him to press it over his face, “Okay. Go on.”

Nico repositioned Mitchell’s legs so his ass was on show and then slowly pressed his lubed up finger against his hole. He got the tip in but then the boy tensed up with a soft hiss of discomfort. Nico stroked his hip,

“You need to relax,” he said softly, “or it’ll feel weirder. Trust me.”
Mitchell peeked at him from above the pillow, “You’ve bottomed before?”

“I’ve done both,” Nico shrugged.

“Wait, how many people have you...had sex with?”

“Does it matter?”

Mitchell shrugged, “I just...I w-wanna know how much competition I’ve got.”

“There is no competition,” Nico snorted and surged up, batting the pillow away from Mitchell’s face so he could kiss him, “and if there was then you would’ve already won.”

Mitchell cradled Nico’s face in his hands as the older boy pushed his finger inside him fully, eyes trained intently on Mitchell, checking for any sign of pain. The boy gritted his teeth at the burn but didn’t want to make a noise in case Nico panicked and thought he was hurting him. It didn’t feel that bad, just weird like Nico himself had said. The Italian kissed Mitchell, swallowing his gasp when he pushed the second finger inside him. The lube made everything easier but it still felt alien, especially when Nico started to scissored his fingers, stretching Mitchell.

The boy was clutching the sheets in his hands, clenching his hands every time the discomfort grew. But he thought it was getting better; the burn was passing. Nico was clearly searching for something, pushing up inside Mitchell. The son of Aphrodite was just getting adjusted to the feeling when the third finger was pushed inside him and he had to grit his teeth again, squeezing his eyes shut.

“Ouch,” he mumbled weakly.

“Sorry,” Nico went to withdraw his hand but Mitchell caught him by the wrist, keeping it there, “N-No,” he mumbled shakily, opening his eyes, “It’s okay. I’m okay.”

Nico looked worried, “It’ll get better, I promise,” he mumbled peppering Mitchell’s face with kisses as his fingers started to move again. It stopped hurting after a while but it still didn’t feel good and Mitchell had no idea why people did this – and then Nico found whatever he was looking for.

Mitchell tensed up again as a sudden shock of white-hot pleasure went through him. His head fell back, eyes shutting before he knew what was happening. He let out a sound between a gasp and a chocked off moan, hips stuttering up. Nico withdrew his fingers and Mitchell melted into the blankets, panting, slowly opening his eyes.

“What just happened?” he mumbled weakly as his body thrummed with soft-edged pleasure.

“Your prostate,” Nico kissed him open-mouthed and sloppy and perfect, “you like it?”

“Mhmm,” Mitchell hummed in agreement, “Do it again.”

Nico pulled off his shirt and then shrugged off his jeans and underwear. Mitchell was shocked to see how hard he was (he didn’t think anyone would ever get hard over him). Nico reached for the condom and opened it with his mouth and some of Mitch’s nerves returned. Nico must’ve noticed, “You okay?” he asked with a frown. His eyes were darker than usual, his hair all messy from where Mitchell’s fingers had dragged through it. Suddenly Mitchell couldn’t breathe. It was as if a wave of happiness hit him out of nowhere. Nico looked ready to stop if Mitch said so and that somehow reassured him; Nico wouldn’t be mad at him for chickening out, wouldn’t be mad if he wanted to wait some more.
“I’m so in love with you,” Mitchell whispered helplessly. Nico took his hand and kissed his palm,

“We can stop.”

Mitch shook his head, “No. No, I don’t think I want to stop.”
I Know Who You Are Now

Can you please do a Jerky one where they’re in medieval times and Percy is a witch in secret and Jason accidentally finds out about it?

For The creator of IGIRLS

Jason sighed. He hated when his commander made him patrol the streets – he didn’t decide to be a knight so he could break up brawls between peasant children and make sure that nobody was stealing scraps of meat from the butcher’s. But Jason was a smart man and he knew that the job had to be done by someone – and sometimes it had to be him.

It was a sunny morning at least - Jason hated it when it rained. The sun glimmered off windows and children chased each other down cobbled streets, laughing. Jason trailed through the familiar town, making sure that none of the King’s laws were being broken; that there were no fights, no prostitutes on the streets, no public drinking and, most importantly, no witches.

Witches were considered inferior in society, a “plague upon the holy land” as the King oft said. As far as Jason’s commander was concerned they were nothing more than animals that had to be killed before they corrupted the world with their dark magic and Jason understood that. That’s why all knights and citizens were called to arrest or kill a witch on sight if necessary. Jason hoped to Gods he was never forced to do that. It would’ve been easier if witches were some gruesome ogres but no...they were just people. Jason knew his duty, but he imagined it’d be hard to kill someone like that.

The smell of delicious bread wafted up the street and Jason inhaled, smiling happily and forgetting his troubles for the moment. Abandoning his duties he quickly strode into the Bakery, allowing the aroma of the place to envelop him in a warm hug. Fresh pastries, bread and cakes were put on display as more were made behind the counter. Ladies and Lords came in and out of the shop with brown bags full of goodies and poor children hesitantly stared at the baked goods with big, hungry eyes.

“Good morning,” Jason said as he strode in.

“Sir Jason!” the owner of the bakery gushed. At his elbow his young apprentice grinned, covered to the elbow in flower as he kneaded some dough.

“Hey, Jason.”

The head-baker smacked him upside the head, “Have some respect, boy!” he hissed.
“It’s alright,” Jason smiled as he came closer, “Can I get a mince pie, Percy?”

The boy – Percy – nodded. He was Jason’s age with raven hair and blue eyes that were always full of warmth. Jason had known him since they were kids; they were in school together but where Jason had pursued his dream to be a knight, Percy had chosen this profession instead. He was Jason’s favourite stop during his patrol; he could always eat one of the boy’s heavenly pastries and listen to some funny anecdote the boy had to tell. It was much better than the witch-hunting he was usually subjected to.

***

“There it is!” the commander of Jason’s hunting party bellowed, pointing with his sword at a shadow dashing among the trees. The horsed knights in his tow cheered loudly like a pack of animals, raising their weapons and blazing torches as they thundered after the escaping witch, “Dead or alive!” the commander roared.

“Dead or alive! Dead or alive! Dead or alive!” the hunters echoed.

At that moment Jason, who was near the head of the party, felt sympathy for the witch; how terrified he must’ve been, running away from their loud party. They had fire and blades and the witch was probably tripping over roots, stumbling blindly through the night forest, aware that he had nowhere to run. The closest town was well behind Jason’s party.

“Halt!” the commander yelled, holding his hand up. The horses reared and nervously came to a stop in a small clearing, their heads twitching. Jason saw the narrowed eyes of men as they shoved their torches forward to illuminate the forest and peer inside it, for any sign of the witch. Darkness looked back at them. There was a nervousness in the air, and the horses were feeling it, whining softly. Clouds were gathering overhead.

A sudden crack of thunder boomed in the skies and the next thing Jason knew was that a white hot flash of lightning was coming down and setting a tree ablaze. The horses screamed, some of them knocking their riders to the ground in their mad scramble to get away from the flames. The two closest knights caught fire and their screams joined the ones of the petrified animals. It was chaos; men were fleeing the forest, some dragged away by their horses. Jason turned around in circles, not knowing who to help.

“Grace!” his commander bellowed. He pointed to the darkness of the forest where a figure was sprinting away, “Catch that witch! He did this!”

Jason couldn’t argue with his commander so with a heavy heart he abandoned his comrades and plunged further into the wilderness. The sound of his party died away in the distance as his horse thundered on. The blonde’s eyes scanned the trees in hopes of seeing the witch, but he had no such luck. An owl hooted somewhere and Jason had to strain to see anything in the darkness. A storm was brewing overhead and suddenly an angry way of rain was lashing down onto the ground. Jason ducked his head from the sudden onslaught, allowing his horse to lead-

The next thing he knew was that the ground was giving way and they were plummeting down into nothingness.

***

Jason woke up with a pounding in his head and sunlight making spots dance in his vision. It took him a moment to adjust to his surroundings and the sudden brightness and when he did he realised that he had no idea where he was.
It was a cottage of some kind, that much was clear, and there was only one oval room. On one wall a
fireplace burned merrily, filling the air with a comforting soft of warmth. Above the fireplaces hung
bunches of herbs and dried flowers. A rough wooden table stood beneath the windows, littered with
candles and heavy leather-bound books. A bookshelf with similar looking tomes covered the parallel
wall. There was a mirror and a washbasin. Jason was lying in a bed tucked into a sort of alcove in
one of the walls, buried beneath a mountain of soft, white blankets.

He didn’t remember what happened, or who had saved him, but when he reached up to touch his
pounding head he felt that he had a bandage wrapped around his forehead. He slipped out of bed and
limped to the mirror, inspecting the rest of his body. He looked tired and pale, there was a cut on his
chin and a series of bruises dotting his ribs, something he discovered when he lifted the soft cotton
shirt that someone had put him in.

The door opened with a soft creaking and Jason turned around as the owner of the cottage came
inside. He froze, and they both stared at each other for a second.

Jason was startled to see that his saviour was a man...no, a boy. His hair was ebony, his eyes a sky-
blue. He was tanned and toned, a little shorter and slighter than Jason but not much. He was dressed
in a green shirt and brown breeches, a load of wood in his arms.

“I didn’t think you’d wake up yet,” Percy sounded vaguely scared, though Jason had no weapons on
him.

“Percy what are you doing here?” the knight asked hoarsely, mouth dry.

The boy wasn’t moving, clutching the wood, “Y-You and your horse fell into a hunter’s trap. You
broke your arm, and your horse...it died. I’m sorry.”

“Right,” Jason’s throat felt tight. He had loved that animal, “Thank you...,” he frowned, “Wait. You
said I broke my arm?” he inspected both of his limbs but they were perfectly fine.

The blonde saw the panic appear in those sky-blue eyes, but it was too late to try and deny it now.
Besides, Jason had already put two and two together, “I...I healed it,” Percy said faintly.

“You’re the witch we were chasing,” Jason stated in disbelief. The boy looked away nervously and
flinched away when Jason took a step closer.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” the knight said, “You saved my life.”

“Sorry if I don’t believe that,” the boy replied, still afraid. He looked completely different from the
smiling baker’s boy Jason was so used to.

Please. I’m not going to hurt or betray you. I swear. I owe you.” The witch swallowed nervously
and then nodded. Jason smiled, and then walked over and knelt in front of the boy, “I’d give you my
sword but I don’t have it, so we’ll have to do without; instead I pledge you my life. I will serve and
protect you until I have paid back you back the debt for saving my life.”

Percy was flustered, “You don’t have to do that!”

“Please let me,” Jason looked up at him. He was an honourable man, and Percy had saved his life.
The witch shifted,

“Alright. I accept your pledge.”

Jason grinned and stood up and Percy swept to the fireplace, feeding the fire with some logs,
“You’ll have to stay here while I make sure your injuries have healed properly.”

Jason nodded, “How long have I been out?”

“Two days,” Percy said, “Your bone had to knit itself back together.”

“Where are we?” Jason asked, walking up to the window and brushing out the curtain to peer outside. All he saw was a little clearing where the cottage was, and then trees branching out into the forest. A pair of birds fled through the air.


“How did we never find this place?” the knight frowned, “we searched the Forest a hundred times.”

Percy smiled at this, hauling a cauldron over the fire and pouring water into it, “There’s a spell on this place, so it’s undetectable to anyone who doesn’t know where it is. I’ve seen your knights a lot, wandering out of the trees and then back in. It’s an old spell – I’m safe here.”

“I...I’m sorry,” Jason said, shifting uncomfortably, “for chasing you-“

“It’s alright,” Percy said, though his shoulders were tense. He pulled a bunch of sage off the ceiling and tossed it into the bubbling pot, “You were just doing your job.”

“Just like you did when you called down that lightning?”

Percy turned around, his eyes wide, “That wasn’t me; that was nature...or God, whichever you believe in.” Jason stared at him – there was something soft and gentle about the dark haired boy. The knight had no doubt that he had killed before, but it was clear that Percy was a good, kind person; that much was obvious just from the fact that he had saved Jason, “What?” the witch asked as Jason continued to look at him.

“You’re nothing like what I thought a witch would be.”

“If you ever bothered to actually get to know my kind before you murdered most of them then maybe...,” Percy trailed off, shaking his head.

“I do know you. My life is sworn to yours now – for Gods know how long-“

“Won’t they be looking for you?” Percy asked.

“It doesn’t matter; I’ll repay my debt first.”

***

It turned out that Percy’s life wasn’t in danger that much; he went to town to work in the bakery each morning but Jason couldn’t follow him – he was believed to be dead. When he came back he and Jason went out hunting or cooked or fixed up the cottage where it needed to be. A week passed, then another, in a tranquil sort of peace. Percy kept telling Jason that he had to leave, but the blonde was determined to stay until his debt was paid.

“What if that never happens?” Percy asked in exasperation,

“Then I’ll stay here forever,” Jason teased. It was weird for him to see that someone he had grown up with was one of the people he was meant to hate. It was impossible though; if anything by spending more and more time with Percy Jason just liked him more. Maybe even too much.
“Why don’t you ever do magic around me?” Jason asked quietly one night when he and Percy were sprawled in front of the fireplace, reading some of the witch’s books. At his question the blonde saw Percy shift,

“I...I don’t know. I don’t want to scare you, I suppose.”

Jason frowned, “I wouldn’t be scared.”

“Jason,” Percy sighed and sat up, “All my life I’ve been told that I’m...abnormal. You guards parade around talking about how witches are abominations...I’ve spent a lot of time pretending I’m normal, hiding who I really am so I don’t get killed,” he shook his head, “and now you’re saying that you want me to do magic. Like it’s entertainment, and not a curse.”

Jason reached out to Percy guiltily and shyly took his hand, “I’m sorry. That’s not what I meant, I just...,” he swallowed, “I want to know you more.”

“You know me, Jas,” Percy smiled.

“I know the kid that set the teacher’s desk on fire in school,” Jason said, “with matches. I know the kid who gave me the most wonderful hug during graduation. I know the smiling baker’s boy who gave me pastries every day. I know you now,” Percy’s hand trembled in Jason’s, “my mysterious saviour. I know your books and what you look like when you’re sleeping and I know the way you hum when you cook. I don’t know what your magic looks like.”

“Yes you do,” Percy muttered, “You saw it the night I saved you.”

Jason’s stomach felt heavy, “So it was you who sent down the lightning.”

“I had to protect myself,” Percy looked away though Jason didn’t let go of his hand, “I didn’t want to do it.”

“I want to see the magic that you do want to do,” Jason said softly.

“What if I don’t want to do magic?” Percy asked quietly, as if he expected Jason to pull out a sword and cut off his tongue for not doing what he wanted. The blonde brushed his thumb over the back of Percy’s hand,

“Then you don’t have to do it. You don’t have to do anything. I won’t force you to ever do anything.”

Jason stood up and offered Percy a hand. It was late and all he wanted was to curl up in his cot by the fireplace and sleep. The witch hesitantly took the knight’s hand and allowed the blonde to pull him up. Jason was about to pull his hand away but Percy held on. The blonde felt a sudden warmth against his palm and he glanced at Percy. The boy’s eyes were closed, a blue glow around him, his hair and clothes floating slowly around him as if he were underwater. Jason was mesmerized.

Water rose from the cauldron and a dozen jars waiting for the jams that Percy was going to make. Tiny droplets of water ascended into the air, wobbly and reflecting some kind of underwater glow that wasn’t anywhere near. Jason’s breath caught at the phenomenon as the water remained suspended in the air, shifting lazily. He looked at Percy and the boy’s eyes were open. He looked uncertain, as if expecting Jason to be disgusted at his magic.

The blonde framed the witch’s face in his hands and pulled him close, kissing him. Percy gasped against his mouth and Jason heard the water come crashing down to the floor with a splash, but he didn’t care.
“J-Jason what are you-,” Percy tried to pull away but Jason kept him close, kissing Percy feverishly, hands gripping the boy. The witch tried to fight the knight for a second and then, with a brush of Jason’s tongue against his, he melted against the blonde with a soft moan. Jason didn’t know what he was doing, he just knew that he wanted Percy, and that he wanted to protect him and kiss him and watch him do his beautiful magic all day, every day. Jason didn’t care if Percy was a witch; fuck what everyone else thought, he didn’t decide to be a knight for this, but that didn’t matter anymore.
Can you do a Solangelo one where they are best friends, that are attracted to each other (but neither ever said anything), and one day they are having a sleepover or camping together, and one catches the other masturbating and don't know if they do it too quietly, or just keep watching?

For bailci

Will didn’t know if inviting Nico over was a good idea, but he couldn’t continue avoiding him while pretending that they were still ‘normal.’ All of their other friends were getting suspicious as to why Will and Nico weren’t hanging out anymore and what was Will meant to tell them? Only Annabeth knew the truth about his massive crush on the Italian, and it took Will months to even get enough courage to tell her.

He didn’t remember when it exactly started but it might’ve been when he was fifteen and Nico was fourteen, almost two years ago. Out of nowhere Will started noticing all these stupid things about him; that when he woke up in the mornings at Will’s house his hair was always fluffy and mused in a way that made Will want to run his fingers through it. When he and Nico changed for PE Will’s eyes strayed to the two dimples at the bottom of the Italian’s spine, and as they got older they shifted to the curve of the boy’s ass. In boring lessons the blonde found himself appreciating the way Nico’s long, dark eyelashes cast a shadow over his cheeks, or the way his slim fingers drummed on the table. He didn’t accept that it was a crush until he started waking up panting and sweaty with cum making his boxers sticky after having a vivid dream about Nico in not one hundred percent appropriate situations. He didn’t accept he was in love with the boy until the Italian came out as gay to him, all shaky and crying, scared that Will would be disgusted, and the first thing that Will wanted to tell him was I love you.

One thing led to another and eventually Will couldn’t stand being around Nico because it just hurt too much to have the boy so close and not be allowed to hold him, or kiss him, or proclaim to the world that he was Will’s.

But then Annabeth got tired of all the tension, and pulled the almost seventeen year old to the side,
“Listen, Nico’s been asking if you’re pissed at him.”

Will looked away, “I’m not.”

“Yeah, you’re in love with him, I know,” Annabeth sighed, “stop being a pussy and either tell him you fancy him or get over it. You’re hurting the kid’s feelings.”

“It’s not that simple, Annie.”

“Well why don’t you invite him to sleep over?” the girl offered, “and then explain everything to him.”

Will raised an eyebrow, “And then what? Let him run away screaming or rape him, which one sounds better genius?”

Annabeth rolled her eyes, “Just do it, twat.”

***

And so now the two of them were here, on Will’s bed, in their pyjama’s, playing Call of Duty and Will was fighting arousal for the past twenty minutes and losing horrendously in the video game. His gaze kept flickering between the screen and Nico; who was obliviously laying on his stomach next to Will, eyes trained on the screen. Twenty minutes ago his t-shirt had rode up, revealing those dimples in his back that Will might’ve been in love with and now the blonde couldn’t seem to look away. He was sitting in an uncomfortable position to try and hide his erection.

“I’m tired,” he said when he lost once again, “I think I’m gonna sleep.”

Nico looked at him, “It’s only midnight Solace.”

“I know,” Will shrugged, “But I have football tomorrow-”

Nico rolled his eyes, “Excuses, excuses.”

Will exhaled with relief when he flipped off the light, glad that his erection could be hidden. He turned off the Play Station but was too scared to go to the bathroom and have a wank – Nico would know, he always knew. Instead Will nervously waited for the Italian to settle by the wall and then slipped beneath the covers himself.

“Night, Solace,” the Italian mumbled.

“Night Nico,” Will replied. He shut his eyes and tried desperately to will his hard-on away. He thought about that once time Nico showed him a picture of a woman with nipples the size of her head. He thought about horse porn. He thought about grandmother’s in lace underwear...but then his thoughts started to stray and he imagined Nico in lace underwear, his pale hipbones pressing up against his skin above the waistband-

Will bit the pillow to stop himself for moaning at the image. His hand itched to slip into his boxers and tug at his hard cock, but he was too scared. Nico was breathing evenly behind him, but Will didn’t know if he was asleep. After what seemed like ages he finally turned around and his heart jumped in his chest when he realised that Nico must’ve turned as well because they were facing each other. Will’s heart hammered in his chest, his eyes trained on the boy’s face for any sign of being awake. Nico’s eyes were closed, his mouth slightly parted, his cheeks flushed from sleep.

“Nico?” Will asked softly. The boy didn’t reply and Will couldn’t take it anymore. He pushed his
hand down his pants and fought a soft hiss as his fingers wrapped around his throbbing length. Slowly, he stared to stoke himself, eyes trained on the sleeping boy in front of him. The blonde tried not to move the bed or make a sound but it was hard. Nico was beautiful, he was so beautiful, and Will wanted to reach out and touch him, if only a little bit, to have something to hold onto as he spiralled into pleasure. He started of slow, imagining climbing on top of Nico and pressing him down into the pillows and kissing him, and slowly making love to him, but his hormones were buzzing. His body felt like it was on fire and without meaning to his strokes sped up, as did his breath.

Every part of him was twitching to hold onto the boy in front of him, but Will had enough sanity left that he stopped himself, panting as he felt his fast approaching climax building up in his gut. There was a layer of sweat on his skin, he felt feverish, his hair was falling into his eyes. His world was coming in and out of focus-

Nico’s eyes snapped open. For a second they were blurry and confused as the Italian woke up groggily and Will should’ve fucking stopped then and pretended nothing happened, but he was too far gone and he couldn’t stop thrusting into his palm.

“Will?” Nico finally realised what was happening, his eyes widening as they saw Will’s movement underneath the covers. Before he could get up or move or anything, Will reached out and cupped his face with his free hand, drawing him close so their foreheads were touching, gasping, their lips inches away,

“D-Don’t move,” he whimpered, legs tangling with Nico’s, “J-Just…fuck, I-I’m so close, j-just don’t…don’t go a-Anywhere-“

With no warning Nico shoved his hand underneath the blankets and clumsily found Will’s hard cock. Before the blonde could react the Italian wrapped his skinny fingers around his shaft and started to stroke, faster than Will had been seconds ago. The blonde moaned and pulled Nico forward, crashing their mouths together as he came all over Nico’s hand. He laid there, shivering from the after-shock, his hand still on Nico’s cheek. The Italian was just looking at him, half tiredly and half in confusion. He wiped his hand on the blankets.

“I’m sorry,” Will whispered. He felt horrible now that the ecstasy had passed. There was a hollow feeling in his stomach and he felt sick.

“Shut up,” Nico rolled his eyes and then nestled in against Will, taking the blonde’s arm and throwing it over himself, “what you sorry for? Stupid.”

Will nudged his nose against Nico’s, his arm tightening around the boy’s waist. He was lost, but in a good way. Nico didn’t look like he hated him. The Italian’s chocolatey eyes flickered up to meet Will’s, and then he leaned forward and pecked him lightly on the lips.

“I love you,” Will’s voice cracked, hoarse. Nico didn’t say anything just snuggled closer to his friend, wrapping his skinny arms tightly around Will’s torso and burying his face in the older boy’s chest,

“I-Idiot,” he sounded shaky. Will kissed the top of his head. He didn’t know what just happened but exhaustion hit him like a brick. Nico hadn’t rejected him, he was holding onto him, he was finally in Will’s arms. The blonde couldn’t ask for anything more...not yet anyway.
You Don't Know How Lovely You Are

Top Model! Cupid with a zero self-confidence, fan number 1! Thanatos''
for Ashry Tsubasa Black

Thanatos smoothed down his work shirt nervously as he saw the boy approaching. Than was only twenty, and working at his local grocery store. Every day was pretty standard; go to work, attend his evening classes, sleep, repeat. When he got a moment to himself Thanatos mostly watched America’s Next Top Model, something he never told anyone. Despite being gay, Thanatos looked straight, six foot, muscular, with his dark skin and dark eyes and a smile that everyone always said made him look like a heart-breaker. Thanatos might’ve been a bit of that – he tended to fancy guys for a bit, sleep with them, and then get bored and move on. He knew it was cruel but he couldn’t help it; he just didn’t think sticking with one person was for him.

That was until the new season of ANTM came out. Of course each season had beautiful people in it and Thanatos appreciated them, especially the men. But he never admired them the way he did Cupid, from Season 22. The guy was an asshole, which was kind of half of his appeal. Thanatos didn’t want to like him, and yet he found himself rooting for the kid. All the other girls and boys were obsessed with their appearance, but Cupid relied more on his charm. He was one of the contestants that was attractive in a ‘different’ way. He had something about him that was a delicate as a girl, maybe it was his skinny wrists, or his pouty lips, or the long, raven curly hair that fell just past his shoulders. Thanatos found himself liking the way Cupid modelled, the way he sassily interacted with the other contestants, the way he looked on the run-way, all regal and ethereal, almost like some kind of fairy.

He was from Auburn, Alabama – the place where Thanatos lived. He moved here a few weeks before and hadn’t known Cupid, though the fact that they were now from the same place made Than root for the boy even more. However when it got down to the top five, Cupid was eliminated. Thanatos was heartbroken that his favourite was gone...until he came into Thanatos’ grocery store.

The man had frozen when the model came to his cash desk, tossing a caramel pudding onto the tape. He picked it up with shaky hands and attempted to scan it, staring at Cupid. There was no mistaking him, even if he looked different than he did on the show. He was paler, dark circles under his eyes, his hair pulled back into a low bun. His eyes were downcast, trained on his shoes, his hands shoved into the pockets of his ratty hoodie.

Thanatos scanned the pudding and Cupid paid before he could even mumble out the price. And just like that the model, and his caramel pudding, was gone. Thanatos cursed himself for not talking to
the boy, for getting his number or something, but he had literally been too awestruck.

But that didn’t matter because it turned out Thanatos came to the store very, very often.

Thanatos fixed his shirt one more time as Cupid came to his counter, a little smile on his plump limbs. He passed Than a tub of ice cream,

“Hey.”

“Hey,” over the past few months, after he had gotten up the courage to finally talk to the model, Thanatos found that, weirdly, the two of them were friends, “you’re gonna eat all of that yourself?” he asked, bagging the ice cream. Cupid shrugged,

“You can come over if you want. There’s a new show on Netflix, we could watch it.”

Thanatos still found it weird that Cupid casually invited him over as if they had known each other for their whole lives instead of a couple of months, “Can’t. I have classes later.”

“Well come after them,” Cupid fidgeted, “even you’re not that much of a nerd that you study all the time.”

“I’ll be exhausted,” Thanatos said with an eye roll. He saw a customer approaching, “I’d probably just fall asleep again.”

Cupid shrugged, “I’m cool with that,” he bit his lip. He was different than he had been on TV, more shy and unsure about himself, though he didn’t lose his mean streak, “Just come by if you’re not too busy making love to your textbooks.”

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Thanatos did end up coming over, despite being absolutely exhausted after his lesson. Since managing his complicated schedule he had lost a lot of friends because he didn’t have time for them, but because Cupid had money from the show and some kind of weird contract he didn’t have to work and was always free to chill, which is maybe why the two of them had gotten so close.

“I brought Chinese takeaway,” Thanatos informed Cupid when the boy let him into the flat. He was dressed in a loose t-shirt that said don’t feed the models and a pair of sweatpants. He looked adorable, but then again, he always did. His apartment was fancy and messy, just like Cupid himself. The boy went back to where he had been curled up on his black, leather couch, wrapped up in multiple blankets like a burrito. Thanatos shrugged off his coat and shoes and joined the boy, who was scrolling through Netflix on his brand new laptop.

“What are we gonna watch?” Than asked, yawning. Cupid shrugged,

“I’m down for anything except ANTM re-runs,” he made a face, “can’t stand those cunts.”

Thanatos snorted, “I’m sure they can’t stand you either.”

“Dick,” Cupid elbowed him, then bit his lip, opening up a new tab, “Percy won, d’you know? They announced it yesterday.”

“Nah, I stopped watching when you got eliminated,” Than said with a grin, “which one’s Percy?”

Cupid typed the guy’s name into the search bar and then showed him the pictures. The kid was okay, Thanatos supposed.
“Eh, he’s alright.”

“Alright?!” Cupid’s eyebrows shot up, “Alright?! Are you blind?! The guy’s gorgeous...shit, he’s such a fucking twat, didn’t know what was happening half the time but...he’s stunning, you have to give him that.”

Thanatos shrugged, “I think you’re better.”

Cupid shifted awkwardly and didn’t say anything, scrolling through more of Percy’s pictures. Thanatos frowned. He noticed that Cupid did that a lot; compared himself to others or acted insecure. Thanatos had no idea why – be assumed that Cupid was aware of how beautiful he was, after all he made it to the top five. But looking at the boy now, all bundled up, Thanatos could see the uncertainty on his face and he didn’t think he would be able to ignore it for any longer.

“You do know you’re hot right?” he asked, and Cupid tensed, “I mean, the judges told you that most weeks-”

“The judges chatted a bunch of bull,” Cupid interrupted, still not looking at Than, “backstage they contoured my face and fixed my hair. They edited the pictures. What the judges did tell me was that I should cut my hair because I’m not manly enough and that I should work out, that my jaw was crooked and that I’m too pale.”

“Everyone’s got flaws, Cupid.”

“But it’s frustrating hearing about them all the time, having someone judge you all the time,” the boy grumbled, “I know that’s what I should’ve expected getting into the show but...I don’t know. After all of that and getting eliminated it’s hard to believe that I’m actually attractive. What’s considered pretty in the modelling world most people find ugly out here.”

“You’re not ugly,” Thanatos tried to keep his emotions at bay, “You’re everything but.”

Cupid got up, angrily, not looking at his friend, “You don’t get it!”

Thanatos grabbed him by the wrist before he could hide in his room like a moody teenager. He wanted to tug him back onto the couch but sometimes he forgot how skinny Cupid was, and he accidentally tugged too hard, causing the boy to spill into his lap. The model flailed and Thanatos grabbed him quickly, stopping him from landing on the floor but also causing the boy to shift closer to him, his legs on either side of Thanatos as he straddled him. They both held their breaths, eyes wide as they stared at each other. Than’s heart was hammering in his chest and he swallowed uneasily.

“You’re not ugly,” he said, for lack of better things to say. Cupid looked away, his cheeks red, “I’m over it, you can shut up about it now,” he grumbled. But Thanatos didn’t know how to shut up, or maybe he just didn’t want to. He was used to the confident Cupid that was on TV and it was hard for him to see the boy like this – all sad and insecure and doubting himself.

“You’re pretty,” Thanatos said softly. He was still holding Cupid’s wrist in his.

“No I’m not,” the boy said with a sudden rawness in his voice, “If I w-was then I wouldn’t have g-gotten eliminated.”

“That’s bullshit and you know it – you didn’t get eliminated because of that.”

“Y-Yeah I did,” Cupid angrily pulled his wrist free and glared at Thanatos, though he didn’t attempt
to get out of his lap, “If only I had smiled more, and cut my hair like they said—“

“I love your hair,” Thanatos said fiercely, “You love your hair.”

“It doesn’t matter now,” Cupid’s voice cracked – his eyes were full of frustration and misery, “I guess I just wasn’t good enough,” he let out a humourless laugh. Thanatos couldn’t take it anymore. He hated what the competition had done to the boy.

“You are good enough,” the words spilled out of him, “You’re better than just good, you’re amazing, and I’m not just talking about your appearance! Yeah you’re beautiful, like actually beautiful, like you take my breath away every time I fucking look at you. But you’re also kind in your own way, and funny and you’re a dickhead and an idiot and you don’t always know how the world works but you’re amazing, not matter what they all said to you, they were lying, you’re—”

Cupid cupped Than’s face in his hands and crashed their lips together in a sudden desperation, kissing Thanatos with almost aggressively. The man didn’t expect it but he responded almost immediately, arms wrapping around Cupid’s skinny waist as he kissed him back fiercely, surprised at how well the two of them fit together. His heart felt too big for his chest all of a sudden.

When Cupid pulled away there were tears in his eyes, “W-Will you shut up now?” he asked and his voice ended on a little sniffle. Thanatos pulled him close and kissed him again,

“You’re beautiful.”

“Shhh, please just—“

“You’re so beautiful,” the man stroked Cupid’s face, staring at the boy intently. He kissed his forehead, “You’re beautiful.”

“Than I’m serious—,” Cupid tried again but Thanatos just kissed the tip of his nose, the corner of his mouth, his cheek. He trailed his lips down the boy’s jaw-line,

“You’re amazing,” he murmured again as Cupid tried to fight a sob. Thanatos pressed little kisses into the side of his neck, “You’re amazing.”

“I-Is this the part where you tell me you love me?” Cupid’s cheeks were flushed and his eyes were red. Thanatos’ heart twisted and he couldn’t say anything, just stared at the boy in his arms. Cupid looked away and brushed away any tears that spilled down his cheeks. He let out a small sob, “Because I do. I-I love you.”

“Good,” Thanatos pulled him in again and kissed him.
Luke/Percy au where they have a super complicated friends with benefits thing going on but
they slowly start to fall in love but are scared to get into a relationship again.
For theoretically

“S-Slow down,” Percy gasped. Luke violently shoved his face into the couch,

“S-Shut up,” he growled from behind clenched teeth as he tried to stifle a moan, pounding into the boy below him. The TV was still on the sports channel the boys had been watching before they suddenly started fucking, and the muted sound of a football match was now interrupted by harsh breathing, the sound of skin slapping on skin and an occasional gasp or moan. The living-room was dark save for the green and blue lights that the TV cast. They hadn’t even gone to Percy’s bedroom, and somehow that made Luke glad. The weird arrangement that they had discussed before – friends with benefits – seemed more realistic when they weren’t doing it on a bed, face to face. They were just two people using each other’s bodies for pleasure.

There were strict, although basic, rules to the arrangement between Luke and Percy. No kissing, no marks, no feelings. Luke found the second rule hardest because as Percy’s back arched beneath him, the tanned expanse flawless and unmarred, Luke wanted nothing more than to scratch or bite or something. Luke’s thrusts sped up – he could already tell he was going to like this; the rough, emotionless sex with Percy. It meant he didn’t have to get into another messed up relationship, not after Thalia...it was easy, good sex, and Luke was content for it to remain that way.

“I-I’m gonna come,” Percy moaned, toes curling, Luke smirked and delivered another hard thrust to the boy’s prostate,

“About time.”

***

“I-I’m gonna come,” Percy stuttered. He looked like an angel, his hair a dark halo around his flushed face. His eyes were half-lidded and he looked halfway to bliss already. Luke stilled his movements and brushed the boy’s hair from his forehead,

“Not yet,” he said softly, shivering when Percy clenched around him. The dark haired boy didn’t argue, just pressed the side of his face against the pillow on his bed and tried to catch his breath. It had been almost six months since they started this ‘beneficial’ relationship, and Luke was slowly being broken apart.
If that first night, fucking on the couch in front of a TV, someone had told him that he’d fall in love with his fuck-buddy he would’ve laughed in their face because back then it had seemed impossible. But no matter how much Percy and Luke tried to pretend like nothing changed despite their frequent sexual meetings, it was hard not to look at each other that way...at least Luke felt that way. He had initially agreed to the friends with benefits arrangement because he was sexually frustrated after ending a bad relationship with his ex-girlfriend, Thalia, and he never thought that he’d ever feel the things he had for her for Percy...except much more intensely.

Luke tried to starve off Percy’s orgasm because he didn’t want it to end – because then he’d have to leave and go back home and lay in his cold bed without the boy’s warmth wrapped around him. God, he’d becomes such a sap.

“L-Luke...,” the dark haired boy reached out to hold onto something, gasping, “P-Please I need to c-come...,” Luke took his searching hand and twined their fingers together, pressing them into the blankets. Percy looked at him pleadingly and Luke wanted to cry. He also wanted to finish; to thrust into Percy’s wonderful body until he spilled inside him, but that would be the end. He couldn’t starve it off for much longer though, “What are you thinking about?” Percy mumbled.

“Thalia,” Luke said quickly. He saw the dark haired boy’s expression shift, “Oh,” he looked away, “Bit awkward...thinking about her while you’re inside me.”

Luke snorted, trying to hide his real emotions, “Like you never think about Annabeth when I’m fucking you.”

“I don’t,” Percy looked like he didn’t mean to say that out loud. Luke’s chest clenched, “Can I fuck you again?” he asked, “after this?”

“Round two?” Percy raised an eyebrow, “didn’t know you had such a sexual appetite...is that why Thalia left you? ‘Cause you were some kind of nymphomaniac-”

Luke really wasn’t in the mood for teasing. He surged forward and kissed Percy, breaking rule numbed one. At the same time his hips snapped forward, hitting the boy’s prostate and making him let out a sound between a gasp and a moan. He pulled away from Luke’s kiss but to prevent him from having a go about the rule being broken Luke suddenly started to fuck him again, hard and fast. The boy’s head fell back against the pillows and he cried out.

Luke couldn’t seem to stop kissing him as he pounded the boy. Percy’s lips were soft and pliant against his, as if the dark haired boy was completely submitting himself to Luke. The blonde thrust his tongue into Percy’s mouth as he felt his own climax approaching. He didn’t know what brought on this sudden urge to break all the rules of their stupid arrangement – the feelings were just getting too much. What Luke felt for Thalia was nothing compared to this.

His lips slid to Percy’s neck and he started sucking a desperate hickey into his skin. Percy batted at him weakly while at the same time his legs tightened around Luke’s waist, “N-No marks,” the boy whimpered, his hand tangling in Luke’s hair. The blonde kissed him again and came, shuddering. Seconds later Percy clenched around him and Luke felt his warm come splatter his stomach though he didn’t see it because he was too busy resting his forehead against the boy’s shoulder. He slipped out of the Percy eventually and tugged the condom off, tying it and throwing it into the bin, just like every other time.

“What the fuck Luke?” Percy growled as his hand drifted to where a purple bruise was blooming
underneath his jaw. The blonde couldn’t help and feel proud as he shrugged and got off the bed, “Is that what we’re doing now?” Percy asked angrily, sitting up as Luke found his jeans and tugged them on without any underwear, “We said no kissing and you kissed me. We said no marks and you marked me,” the blonde didn’t reply and Percy’s eyes narrowed, “Are you going to tell me you have feelings for me next?”

Luke froze and swallowed. He couldn’t speak. Percy snorted,

“That’s what I thought. Either stick to the rules or I’ll find someone else to fuck me.”

Luke couldn’t handle that. He turned back to the bed and pounced on Percy before the boy could react, pining his wrists to the pillow. The dark haired boy looked up at him with wide eyes.

“You blind bastard,” Luke was choked up. Percy’s expression softened,

“Luke?” he asked gently. A droplet landed on Percy’s cheek and it took Luke a moment to realise that it was his tear. With a soft sob he buried his face in Percy’s shoulder, a sudden pain erupting in his heart. He was so scared, scared that Percy would push him away, that it would all end like Thalia had...

“Hey,” Percy said gently, his hands coming up to stroke Luke’s hair comfortingly, “Hey, don’t cry big guy.”

Luke held him tightly, “I-I think I love you,” his voice was muffled by Percy’s shoulder.

“No,” the boy whispered, and there was a hysterical edge to his voice, “P-Please. Don’t say t-that. You’re not m-meant to say that,” he pulled Luke back so he could look at him, his hands coming to cup the boy’s cheeks. Luke was startled to see that Percy’s eyes were full of tears too, “It wasn’t meant to be like this.”

“Well it is,” Luke sniffled and looked away, trying to control his emotions, “Do you hate me?”

“No,” Percy frowned, calming down slightly, “Course I don’t. Idiot.”

“I know this is complicated, because you still love Annabeth-“

Percy shook his head, “It’s...I don’t think I do. Not anymore. But you’re right; it is complicated.”


“You promised me a second round,” he said, and pulled Luke into a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

BTW guys if I don't do your prompt don't be discouraged and just give me a NEW one, because that way I'll have a bigger chance of writing something for you x
Bitter and Sick

Leo/Will where Leo is sick and is trying to work through it, but Will isn't having it.
For SolNiveAngelo

“I’ll be fine!” Leo complained as his siblings crowded in around him in the medical wing, blocking off all routes of escape.

“Yeah right,” Nyssa snorted, “That's what you said last time.”

“And I was fine,” Leo clarified. Jake and Beckendorf exchanged a look,

“Leo you were dehydrated and passed out.“

“So? Big deal?” the Latino would’ve rolled his eyes if Will wasn’t busy shining a light into them, checking his pupils apparently. The small boy drummed his fingers on the bed, “What’s the verdict, doc?”

Will stepped away, “You're an idiot, Valdez. You’re sick.”

“Will he die?!” Harley demanded, eyes wide with panic. Will ruffled the child’s hair,

“No. Unfortunately it’s only the flu.”

The campers all sighed with relief, “Unfortunately?!” Leo demanded.

“Look Leo,” Will said, “This is the third time that you’re being forcefully brought here-“

“Forcefully being a key word,” Leo grumbled, fidgeting like a child brought in front of the head-teacher.

“...because you’re not taking care of yourself,” Will continued, ignoring the Latino’s remark, “Last time you fainted. You’re exhausted, your body is weakened, and that’s why you have the flu in June.”

“Okay doc, how do I fix it?” Leo interrupted impatiently, “I have a load of projects I need to finish pronto so just gimme some ambrosia and I’m out of your hair, Goldilocks.”

Will shook his head, “Not this time Leo. Everybody out,” he turned to the other Hephaestus kids, “Leo’s staying here for the night at least.”

“What?!” Leo demanded. His siblings grumbled a little but then filed out of the hospital wing, shouting their goodbye’s. Leo glared at Will, “Are you serious right now?! Will, you can’t keep me
in here, I have so many things to do…"

“And taking care of yourself is not one of them?” Will guessed, picking up a stethoscope, “Your projects are not going to run away, Leo. Your health is much more important…,” Leo glared and Will’s expression softened, “Please? Just do this for me; one night and you’re out, I promise.”

Leo exhaled in annoyance but he knew that Will was right – he was feeling like shit and in that state he probably wouldn’t be able to work anyway, “Fine,” he said grudgingly. Will smiled brightly, “Brilliant, now take your shirt off.”

Leo stifled a sigh, made sure that there was nobody else in the wing and then shrugged off his orange camp t-shirt. He bunched it up in his hands as Will came to stand in front of him, pressing the cold metal end of the stethoscope against his skinny chest. The Latino hissed at the sudden temperature change and Will smiled. It was weird thinking that he was listening to Leo’s heart beat. And kind of alarming.

“Leo,” Will frowned, “Why is your heart beating so fast?”

“ADHD,” Leo said immediately, hands clenching on the t-shirt he was holding. He swallowed nervously. Please don’t realise, please don’t realise, he chanted in his head as if it would stop anything. Of course an accelerated heart beat didn’t mean anything but if Will asked again Leo might blurt out something stupid, the way he had a tendency to do around the blonde boy. Will looked down at him and took the stethoscope out of his ears, letting it hang around his neck.

“Do you have a fever? You’re all red,” the doctor said worryingly, pressing his hand against Leo’s forehead. The Latino looked away and tried to will his blush away. This was why he never came to the medical wing.

“I-I’m fine,” he stuttered. Will cupped his chin in his hand and turned Leo’s face so he was facing him. The Latino held his breath as Will searched his face. His eyes subconsciously slid to Will’s lips.

“No you’re not,” the son of Apollo stated, letting go of Leo’s face (thankfully). He took one of the boy’s hands in his, “Look you’re trembling,” he said, and he was right. Leo was shaking like a leaf in the wind.

“I-I’m cold,” he lied.

“You’re a son of Hephaestus,” Will frowned, “You don’t get cold.”

“It’s just the flu,” Leo said quickly. Will didn’t look convinced,

“You’re all frantic and stuff, is everything alright? Are you gonna have a panic attack?”

“N-No,” Leo croaked out. Will’s eyes narrowed, “Something’s going on – your heart is pounding, you’re all red and shaking, your breathing’s all wrong…,” Will trailed off suddenly. Leo was looking up at him, unable to look away. The blonde looked like he was having an internal battle with himself and Leo knew that he knew. He felt his heart clench in his chest.

Will cupped Leo’s chin in his hand again but this time, instead of looking at his eyes, he leaned forward and kissed him. Leo inhaled suddenly, his eyes widening. If Will thought that his heart was pounding before he should’ve heard it hammer now. The kiss probably only lasted for a few seconds but for Leo time seemed to slow down. Will’s lips were soft, his kiss gentle, just like he was. It was
nice. Really nice.

Leo’s arms wrapped around Will’s neck almost on their own accord and he kept the doctor close, even as he pulled away slightly, breathing hard even though the kiss had been gentle and sweet.

“W-What are you doing?” he whispered. He was so confused. And happy too, but mostly confused.

Can you do a Connor x Mitchell thing? it's them trying to find a place where they can be left alone by their siblings.
For GayerThanThou

There was a knock on the Aphrodite Cabin door.

“Pipes, go open it,” Silena asked sweetly. Piper groaned and gave Mitchell a pleading look,

“Go open the door?” she asked, dimpling at Mitchell cutely. The boy sighed but didn’t argue, just dragged himself off of his bed where he had been reading a book. He grumbled under his breath as he zigzagged through the empty beds of his siblings who were probably out somewhere, leaving a massive mess in their cabin. He didn’t see why he always had to open the door – it was probably Jason or Beckendorf anyway, coming to hang out with their girlfriends.

Mitchell swung the door open when the second impatient knock sounded and was startled to see Connor Stoll outside. Mitchell and Connor had been friends for ages, since they basically came to camp. Mitchell still remembered when he was ten and unclaimed in the Hermes cabin, and how kind Connor had been to him when he woke screaming from his nightmares, while the other campers in the overflowing cabin complained about the noise. Mitchell also knew that he had feelings for Connor for as long as he could remember – all the girls were always talking about all the great heroes of the camp, like Jason or Percy or Frank, but Mitchell was never attracted to them. He much preferred Connor with his always messy brown hair and blue eyes that sparkled with mischief. He was more than shocked when a little over two months ago Connor had confessed that he had feelings for Mitchell too, and asked him to go out with him. Mitch had of course said yes, hence why Connor was probably outside his cabin right now.

“Hi,” Mitchell said, surprised. The son of Hades grinned at him devilishly and then pushed into the cabin, shoving the shorter boy up against the wall and slotting their mouths together. There was no build up with Connor – he was hard and fast and deliberate in everything he did. His tongue was inside Mitchell’s mouth before the boy even knew what was happening, his arms wrapped around the Son of Aphrodite’s waist. Mitchell’s eyes fluttered shut and his hands subconsciously came to rest against Connor’s shoulders. He melted into the kiss and suddenly remembered where they were.

“Connor!” he yelled, shoving the boy away.

“What?” the Son of Hermes asked, confused. Then he turned around to where Silena and Piper were laying on their beds, chins resting on hands, grinning as they watched the action unfold. Connor blinked at them and Mitchell felt blood rush to his face,

“Hey guys,” Connor said, “Didn’t see you there.”

“Connor,” Mitchell grumbled, pushing his glasses further up his nose, “I hate you.”
Connor gave him a sheepish smile, “Okay I’ll come back later then.”

***

Mitchell and Connor were in the equipment shed, way after dinner, which gave them some kind of security that nobody would walk in on them. It was surprisingly hard to find a place at camp that was quiet and secluded. Unless you were Jason, Percy or Nico, of course. Those bastards had cabins all to themselves.

Mitchell whimpered against Connor’s shoulder, where he had buried his face. He was always shy, and Connor kind of loved that. He kissed the side of the boy’s head as the hand down Mitchell’s pants continued to stroke him.

“I-I’m close,” the son of Aphrodite stuttered, and then gasped when Connor brushed his thumb against the head of his cock. Mitchell’s leg hiked itself up, almost around Connor’s waist, and the boy felt the urge to fuck him senseless but they couldn’t do it – at least not in the shed; it was too cramped, and there was too much of a risk that one of them would stab themselves with the swords and spears surrounding them, “Connor,” Mitchell moaned. The older boy pressed their lips together, “Shh,” he murmured as he stroked Mitchell faster, “You need to be quiet-“

The door of the shed was yanked open. Mitchell yelped and pressed himself against Connor. With frustration the son of Hermes tugged his hand out of the boy’s pants. In front of him stood his half-brother, Christopher. He was blushing, his eyes trained on his brother and Mitchell.

Clarisse pushed herself to the front, and she was fuming,

“Stoll what are you doing in our place?” she growled. Connor rolled his eyes, “We’re busy.”

“This is our place!” Clarisse snarled.

“It doesn’t have your name on it,” Connor replied cheekily. Clarisse was red in the face,

“Get out Stoll.”

Connor was about to argue but Mitchell tugged on his hand. He was blushing so much even his ears were red, “Let’s just go, Connor.”

***

The Aphrodite Cabin was, miraculously, empty. All the girls had left to see Lacy off on her first quest and Connor and Mitchell took this opportunity to finally get their sexual frustration out.

“How much time do we have?” Connor asked as he sat down on the edge of Mitchell’s bed. He started to undo his belt and Mitchell got down on his knees in front of him, shrugging,

“I don’t know,” Mitchell admitted, “I hate how rushed everything is.”

Connor sighed, “Well we just have to deal with it I guess.”

Mitchell was about to say something but then Travis burst into the Cabin.

“Connor!” he called joyfully and then froze when he saw his brother, halfway out of his pants, with Mitchell kneeling in front of him, “Oh.”
“For fuck’s sake!” Connor groaned to heaven’s, pulling his trousers back on, “What do you want Travis?”

“I’m going off to college,” Connor’s brother looked scarred for life, “I wanted to say bye. Silena said you and Mitch were in here.”

“And why do you think we’re in here?” Connor hissed. Travis pouted,

“Your own damn brother is going off to uni and you’re too busy trying to get laid.”

“I was gonna get a blowjob actually,” Connor interjected. Mitchell buried his face in his hands,

“Shut up!” he whined.

***

It was Capture the Flag and Hermes had teamed up with Aphrodite, something Mitchell and Connor were grateful for since it meant that them sneaking about the forest together wasn’t suspicious. In fairness Mitchell actually wanted to play, but Connor had other plans.

They were walking past some old-ass stone cave when suddenly Mitchell found himself being shoved inside by Connor and pressed down onto the rough stone floor. In the half-dark Connor was grinning down at him.

“Connor no,” Mitchell said sternly. Connor pouted,

“What? Why?”

“We’re not doing it in some stinky cave,” Mitchell grumbled, “Someone might catch us. Besides there might be spiders somewhere here,” he shuddered. Connor raised an eyebrow,

“I thought the Athena kids were the ones scared of spiders,” he said. Mitchell shrugged and Connor sighed sadly, “Can I kiss you at least?”

Mitchell shifted, “Yeah. That’s okay I guess.”

Connor stroked his face, which was weird because Connor never stroked his face. He started to lean down to kiss his boyfriend when they were suddenly interrupted.

“What the hell is going on in there?!” Drew demanded. Connor jumped away from Mitchell and hit his head on the cave’s low ceiling. He groaned in pain, “Mitchell what the fuck?!” the Daughter of Aphrodite hissed.

“Will all of you just fucking fuck the fuck off,” Connor grumbled. Drew glared,

“I don’t even want to know,” her eyes narrowed, “But you better have the flag in there.”

***

“Where are we going?” Mitchell asked as he and Connor trekked through the dark forest.

“You’ll see,” the son of Hermes said mysteriously. Moments before he had discretely pulled Mitchell out of the dining pavilion and into the forest, and now they were among the trees, in the dark, and despite holding Connor’s hand, Mitchell was freaked out.

“Connor I’m scared,” he said quietly, looking around to see if anything was following them. Connor
squeezed his hand,

“It’s okay we’re here.”

‘Here’ turned out to be a shadowy bulk of a small hut, a little bigger than the equipment shed at Camp. Before Mitchell had time to fully take in this building standing in the forest, hugged by trees, Connor pulled him inside and switched on the light.

The ‘light’ was a string of multicoloured fairy lights stretched around the room, giving off a warm red, orange and blue glow. Mitchell’s breath caught at the sight of it. There wasn’t much more in the hut except for a massive bed that took up most of the space, piled high with blankets and pillows.

“Connor what is this?” the boy asked breathlessly. Connor looked self conscious, maybe for the first time in his life, and he shrugged.

“I found it ages ago and renovated it. Nyssa helped a bit,” he looked at Mitchell hesitantly and bit his lip, “I cleaned it out. No spiders, I promise.”

Mitchell started crying. Of course he started crying, that was his natural response to virtually everything.

“Fuck, Mitchie,” Connor panicked as he pulled his boyfriend into his arms, “Hey, shh, don’t cry, what’s wrong?”

Mitch hid his face against Connor’s chest, the way he did so many times. Connor didn’t know what to do so he held him and kissed the top of his head,

“I love you,” he said gently, “You’re scaring me. Please don’t cry.”

“I-I’m sorry,” Mitchell whimpered, pulling away and wiping his eyes, “It’s just t-that...I didn’t t-think...,” he shook his head, “you did this for me and t-that’s...that’s...”

He couldn’t find the right words.

“I just wanted somewhere where it could just be us two,” Connor mumbled. Mitchell drew him down for a kiss and it was surprisingly gentle. Connor wasn’t rough and hard as always, instead he was careful and soft, and slow. Finally they weren’t rushing anything. Of course sooner or later somebody would find this place but for now and they were actually alone, and it was perfect.
I'm So Into You

Can you please do a Jason/Percy smut, with alpha/beta/omega dynamics, making Jason an alpha but he doesn't know that Percy is an omega until he goes into heat.

For Whaaat

Jason and the rest of the seven trailed after Leo as he gave them a quick tour of the Argo II before they officially took off for their Quest from New Rome. It was all really weird for Jason – not only had he lost most of his memories but he was about to go on the hardest Quest in the history of the world with a bunch of strangers. *Mixed* strangers.

It was weird to think that a bunch of Omega’s, Beta’s and Alpha’s had been chosen for this Quest. Most of the time only one category went all together to avoid mating without consent if an Omega went into heat. Mating wasn’t even the biggest problem – sometimes Alpha’s bit Omega’s, something they were only meant to do once in their life. After the adrenaline and danger of the Quests passed some Alpha’s abandoned their Omega’s to bite someone else. The Omega however couldn’t move on, forever mated to their Alpha. It was a dangerous situation but this time there were all sorts on the Quest and Jason found that he didn’t mind.

“So me and Hazel are sleeping in this corridor,” Leo said gesturing to one of the complicated wings of the massive ship, “Since we’re Omega’s. We have locks on the doors so no shady business,” Leo said, pointedly glaring at Frank, “We’re both on suppressants so we’re fine.” He led them around the bend and down another corridor.

It made sense that Leo and Hazel were both Omega’s; they were short, small and all kinds of adorable though Jason didn’t doubt that both of them would stab him in the dick if he ever tried anything. Not that he was attracted to either, but if he smelled their heat Gods know what would happen.

“Piper, congratulations,” Leo grinned at her over his shoulder as he showed the seven a long corridor with only one door on it, “You’re the only Beta so the whole hallway’s yours.”

“Sweet,” Piper grinned.

“You’re also a guard between us,” Leo put a protective arm around Hazel’s shoulders, “and *them*.” He looked at Jason, Frank, Percy and Annabeth.

Having two Alpha’s on a Quest was a stretch but having *four* was unheard off. So far there had been no power struggles between them though and Jason hoped it stayed that way. Annabeth was a different gender to the rest of the Alpha’s which already slightly smoothed things over though Jason knew she’d be vicious if he ever tried to compete for a mate with her. Frank, despite his height and muscular build, was as docile as a sheep. But he was fiercely protective over both Leo and Hazel, which just enforced the idea that Jason was not going anywhere near them during their heats.
And then there was Percy. He was a little shorter than Jason, a little slimmer, but the blonde had a feeling that the two of them would clash the most since they were the most similar. He didn’t want that though; for the little time the two had spent together Jason decided he liked the other Alpha, and he didn’t ruin it with stupid hormones.

There was also the thing about being attracted to the son of Poseidon.

A successful Alpha-Alpha or Omega-Omega relationship (lucky Beta’s, the fuckers got to be with whoever they wanted) was incredibly rare, as all Omega’s tended to be submissive in bed while Alpha’s were dominant. Hence why Jason didn’t understand why he got all of these confusing feelings about Percy. They had only known each other for a couple of days but Jason got the strong urge to neck him every time he saw the other boy, and that definitely wasn’t good.

***

It was a good month into the Quest and Jason thought he was holding up pretty well. Sure, he was feeling a bit antsy and agitated at being around so many Alpha’s, but it was easier than he expected. He also had no issues with the Omega’s; just like they promised they were on suppressants so apart from the occasional whiff of arousal they weren’t making the Alpha’s go crazy, which was always good.

Jason woke up in the middle of the night four weeks in. The Argo II was up in the sky, passing over a brightly lit city that Jason could see out of the window. He didn’t know why he woke up – usually he slept like a rock. He sat in bed and listened, thinking maybe they were being attacked by monsters, but the only thing he could hear was the creaking of the ship as it seamlessly glided through the air.

And then it hit him – the smell. Someone was in heat, so advanced that it knocked the breath out of Jason. Suddenly his whole being was thrumming with pleasure and want and lust. He felt his Alpha senses awaken and he fought a growl as the air was filled with the scent of need. It was as intense as if it was coming from right beside Jason.

The blonde threw himself at the door, wrenching it open. His mind wasn’t telling him that it was probably Leo or Hazel and that he promised not to mate with them, because all he could think was mate, mate, mate. Never before had the urge to claim someone been so strong, never before had he wanted to bite someone – Jason felt drunk as he stumbled out into the corridor. He barely registered that his legs weren’t taking him down the Beta hallway, only that he was turning into the room right next to his, and shoving the door open.

And then his feelings all made sense suddenly.

Percy was sitting up against the headboard of his bed, his legs drawn up to his chest. He looked feverish; his face was flushed, his forehead shining with a thin layer of sweat. His hair was damp, falling into his half-lidded, needy eyes. Jason nearly blacked out at how good he smelled; a trace of cologne, the sea, apples, and something that was entirely him, entirely Omega.

“Jason,” the boy whispered hoarsely. Jason shoved the door closed and tried to control his urges to jump onto Percy and shove his cock inside the boy.

“You said you were an Alpha,” he growled. Percy whimpered, clearly sensing the Alpha in Jason calling out to him.

“I-I never said that,” Percy whimpered, squeezing his eyes closed and clenching his hands into the sheets underneath him, “Y-You guys just a-assumed that.”
“Fuck Percy,” Jason growled, “Where the hell are your suppressants?”

“T-They finished,” Percy bit his lip, “J-Jason you smell s-so good, f-fuck-“

“We can’t do this,” Jason tried to control the Alpha in him but it was getting harder and harder with each passing second, “W-We promised that there’d be no mating on the ship.”

“I need y-you to fuck me,” Percy gasped, as if he hadn’t heard Jason. His words went right down to Jason’s already achingly hard cock. He swallowed thickly,

“Percy I can’t,” he had no idea where this self control was coming from but somehow Jason knew that this was different. This wasn’t some quick shag because Percy needed it – this was something more. Jason’s insides were twisting and the Alpha was screaming in his head to claim Percy, to make him Jason’s. He wanted to make love to him, slow and sweet until Percy was screaming and the whole ship could hear him. He wanted to bite him, mark him, but he also wanted to hold him in his arms and protect him, and love him.

The Omega got to his feet Shakily and stumbled to Jason, who was frozen, unable to move. Percy had somehow lost his underwear and trousers somewhere and was only in an unbuttoned white shirt. He looked like a debauched angel with his dishevelled hair and naked, slick body.

“Percy don’t,” Jason whispered. The Omega came to stand in front of Jason, his pupils blown so much that his eyes were all black.

“Jason,” he said pleadingly, though he didn’t touch the Alpha. He was trembling, “Please.”

Jason needed to touch him. He reached out and cupped the boy’s cheek, feeling how hot his skin was. You’re going to hurt him, he told himself, control yourself. You’ll hurt him. Percy’s eyes fluttered shut and he leaned into Jason’s touch, exhaling shakily. The Omega’s own hands came up to make sure Jason didn’t move his hand.

“Jason,” Percy opened his eyes and looked right at the Alpha, “Kiss me.”

“No,” Jason growled. His insides twisted, “You only want this because of your heat.”

“No,” Percy whimpered, “I don’t. I-I know you’re thinking t-that I just n-need an Alpha b-but...,” he fought a moan, “It was n-never like t-this before. I-I feel like I’m going t-to pass out. I don’t want Frank, o-or Annabeth. I want you.”

“Percy.”

“Just a kiss,” Percy moved an inch closer but it already felt too close for Jason, “that’s all. O-O-Only a kiss.”

How could Jason say no when Percy was asking so sweetly? Helplessly, completely fallen under Percy’s spell, the man leaned forward and captured the shorter boy’s lips in his. Percy gasped against his mouth, and one of his hands came to curl into Jason’s shirt. It must’ve been his plan from the beginning, and Jason had just been too far gone to realise, but the second his lips were on Percy’s he lost all control.

Jason was vaguely aware of picking Percy up, and pressing him up against the wall as the Omega’s legs wrapped around him, his hands twining in Jason’s hair.

“Yes,” the boy gasped against the Alpha’s mouth as Jason ground against him, Percy’s cock pressing against his own clothed one, “Yes.”
Jason pressed his mouth against Percy’s neck, roughly sucking hickey after hickey into the boy’s skin as he thrust against him. Percy buried his face in Jason’s shoulder, clutching onto his head, and moaning almost like he couldn’t stop himself.

Jason crushed their lips together again, Percy allowing his tongue into his mouth. That was when the Omega came the first time, his cum splattering all over Jason’s sweatpants and shirt. The blonde pulled back and looked up at Percy who, thanks to their position, was a little higher up now. The boy’s eyes were half-lidded and full of lust.

“More,” he whimpered. Jason easily turned them around and walked to the bed, laying Percy back against the pillows without letting go of him. The boy’s legs were still wrapped around the blonde’s waist.

“You’re going to hate me,” the Alpha whispered. Percy pulled him close,

“No I won’t,” he murmured, “I won’t. I won’t.”

Jason leaned down and bit him right where his neck met his shoulder.
Will You Still Love Me?

write nico/jason fic where Jason has a nightmare and he goes to Nico to calm down. like jason probably has some fear of forgetting everything again after the whole juno/Hera thing for aelitastones1

Jason was in a dark forest, the branches of the trees interlinking together over his head to create a grim kind of canopy that blocked out whatever light the sliver of moon in the sky could’ve cast on the landscape. Jason didn’t know what this place was, and he turned around in a slow circle.

Demigod dreams were rarely just that and so Jason drew his sword, swallowing past the nervousness he felt. Something bad was going to happen, Jason knew that as he scanned the trees. Someone was watching him, he could feel their gaze on him. Jason’s hair stood on end.

“Hello!” he called, trying to make his voice stay steady, “Who’s there? Come out!”

A rustling caused Jason’s heart to start pounding in his chest. He tightened his hands on his sword and pointed it at where shadows were shifting behind some trees. He held his breath as a person slipped out from behind the branches.

“Nico,” Jason sighed with relief when he saw his boyfriend, lowering his sword. The Italian blinked at him, and stayed close to the trees. He looked lost, “Nico?” Jason frowned, “What is it?”

“How do you know my name?” the boy demanded, hand on the shadowy bark of a tree, eyes not leaving Jason’s. The blonde’s stomach plummeted when he saw that Nico had fear in his eyes.

“What do you mean?” the blonde’s mouth was dry, “we...we’re going out. I’m your boyfriend. I love you,” he stepped to the boy, trying to stifle his panic. Nico flinched,

“Don’t come near me!” he yelled and Jason froze, “I don’t know you!”

“What?” Jason felt like he was going to pass out. He remembered waking up on the bus, with no memories..., “Juno!” he bellowed to the canopied sky, “Stop it!”

The goddesses laugh echoed through the trees. Jason swallowed uneasily and turned to Nico,

“Neeks, listen to me-,” he went to him again.

“I don’t know you!” Nico yelled again, and then he slipped into shadows of the trees, and Jason was alone.

He woke up by himself in his cabin, gasping for breath. Everything was dark inside the Zeus Cabin, the only sounds coming from the crickets outside. It was just a dream, Jason told himself, over and over as he steadied his breath, staring at the ceiling. He kept seeing the branches of the trees, closing over him like a roof. The son of Jupiter reached up and wiped away the tears from his cheeks,
inhaling shakily. He was tired of being haunted by these dreams. They used to be about Jason himself, surrounded by people he couldn’t remember, but since confessing his love to Nico it had always been about the boy – about the one person he cared for the most forgetting all about him.

Jason was too scared to fall back asleep, too scared that when he woke up again the dream would be reality. He clambered out of bed, put on his shoes and then slipped outside into the warm night. The cleaning harpies were flying over the beach so Jason took that opportunity to sprint through the length of the cabins, until he got to number thirteen, the Hades Cabin.

He didn’t bother to knock as he spilled inside the dark cabin. The only light came from the braziers outside and the shadows seemed menacing to Jason. Nico sat up in an instant, sword in hand. Then he relaxed visibly when he saw his boyfriend,

“Jason?”

The blonde let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding, “You haven’t forgotten about me.”

Nico put his sword down and slipped out of his bed, padding over to Jason. He looked like a sleepy cat, his hair flat on one side, pyjamas crumpled.

“You had that dream again, didn’t you?” the Italian asked softly. Jason nodded, too chocked up to speak. The son of Hades stood on his tip toes and wrapped his arms around Jason’s shoulders, pulling him into a tight, warm hug. The blonde sighed and hugged his boyfriend back, feeling himself unwinding. Nico stroked the hair at the nape of Jason’s neck, “It’s not real.”

“I know,” Jason tightened his arms around Nico’s waist, “But fuck it felt real.”

Nico pulled away and took Jason’s hand, pulling him to the bed. Jason shoved off his shoes and they both slipped underneath the covers, re-arranging themselves so that they were facing each other, Jason’s arms around Nico’s waist, their legs tangled together.

“I remember you,” Nico said softly, looking right at Jason, brushing his fingers through his hair, the way he did every time Jason had his forgetting nightmare, “I remember how you fought Otis and Ephialtes at the Coliseum to get me out of that damned jar,” Jason smiled at this and Nico pressed a small kiss to that smile, “I remember how kind you were to me in Split when I told Cupid I fancied Jackson,” both of the boys snorted at that, and how weird it was that it was them that ended up getting together. Nico kissed the corner of Jason’s mouth, “We fought after that. I said that after taking you to Epirus I’d leave,” he kissed Jason’s cheek, “Well I didn’t. And I’m not going to.” He pressed their forehead’s together and Jason felt his heartbeat steadying, “I remember when you said you loved me,” there was something raw about Nico’s voice every time he mentioned that, “I remember our first kiss. Our first night. And all that came after that and...,” the boy took a shaky breath, “I’m never going to forget it. I’m never going to forget you.”

Jason pressed their lips together. It was a sweet, reassuring kiss that stretched on for an eternity, and Jason loved every second of it. Nico was solid in his arms, his lips were warm, he was real, and he wasn’t going to abandon Jason.

“I love you,” the blonde murmured against the Italian’s lips.

“I haven’t forgotten that either, Jason,” Nico whispered, “But I love you too.”
Let's Talk About You and Me

Do one with Jason/Nico were they go to a Halloween party and Nico had just gotten a lip piercing before he went and Jason is going crazy for Cs

“Jason!” Piper, the host of that year’s Halloween party, exclaimed the second the quarterback got through the door. Jason smiled as the Cheerleader pushed her way through the crowd spilling out of the dark living room into the equally dark hallway. Jason hugged Piper. In a more cliché world the two of them would be dating – the best Cheerleader in the squad and the hottest Quarterback, she dressed as Wonder Woman, he as Superman. Thank God life wasn’t cliché, because otherwise Jason would’ve never been dating his amazing boyfriend. Speaking of...

“Where’s Nico?” Jason had to yell over the booming music. Piper frowned and then shrugged, “I saw him by the alcohol!” she yelled back. Then someone called her name and she disappeared in the crowd once more. Jason sighed and started his slow trek through the people, stopping to say hi and chat to a few of them when all he wanted was to find his boyfriend. When he finally made it to the drinks station a good twenty minutes later he saw that Nico was nowhere to be seen. The dance-floor was packed but Jason didn’t have to worry about finding his boy there since his anti-social snowflake would rather drink bleach than be caught dead grinding on someone.

“Jason!” Percy, dressed as Aquaman and following their friendship group’s superhero theme, grabbed him by the arm and dragged him to the beer pong table, “Thank God, bro! You need to team up with me against those two.” He glared at Poison-Ivy Annabeth and Batman Frank, who were cracking their knuckles on the other side of the table filled with solo cups.

“You’re going down Jackson,” the girl grinned at him. Jason couldn’t say no to his friends and so for a while he played and drank and laughed. Maybe an hour later Hazel, dressed as Batgirl, popped up at Jason’s elbow. He wouldn’t say he was drunk – just that he was humming pleasantly with the beer he had to split with Percy.

“Hey, Jas,” Hazel hugged him, “Oh, Neek’s looking for you.”

Jason face-palmed, “Oh shit. Where is he?”

Hazel pointed to the upstairs of the McLean house and then took Jason’s place at the beer pong table. The blonde pushed past more and more intoxicated people.

“Jason!” Leo, dressed as the Flash with his curls poking out from his mask, slipped out of the
dancing crowd. He was drunk and sweaty, “Come dance, dude!”

Jason ruffled his hair, “Later, Firebug. I gotta find Nico.”

“Upstairs!” Leo yelled and then dived back into the writhing crowd. Jason grinned and slipped out into the much-cooler corridor, climbing up the stairs where a girl was sitting, talking angrily to her mom on the phone.

Upstairs it was a lot calmer, though the music was still loud in the corridor. A few people were lounging around on the floor, drinking and talking quietly. There was a short queue of four people to the bathroom, and none of them were Nico. Jason bit his lip and checked his phone, smiling again when he saw a text from Nico.

**Number one bae the grim reaper: In Pipers room got a headache**

Jason pushed his phone back into his pocket and picked his way through the people, getting to Piper’s room. He opened the door and slipped inside hurriedly.

The music was muffled, Piper’s bedside lamp turned on so the room was filled with a soft golden light. Nico was sprawled on the bed, scrolling through his phone. He didn’t wear a costume (typical) instead opting for his usual outfit of a black t-shirt and black jeans. He dropped his phone on the bed when Jason came in and stood up,

“Finally,” he said impatiently, “I texted you like half an hour ago.”

“Sorry,” Jason grinned at him, pulling him into a one armed hug, “What happened to getting dressed up?”

“I am dressed. I’m death, can’t you see?” Nico rolled his eyes, pulling away. There was a nervous energy about him and Jason was about to ask what’s up when his eyes landed on Nico’s mouth. The boy’s plump bottom lip was pierced on the left side with a metal ring. Nico noticed Jason looking and his tongue slid out to lick at his lip nervously. Jason swore that he saw red for a second.

“Nico,” his voice sounded weirdly hoarse, “When did you get your lip pierced?”

There was a small blush on Nico’s cheeks and he looked away, self-consciously tucking a lock of his hair behind his ear. He shrugged,

“Earlier today,” he mumbled. He glanced at Jason shyly, “I...um...d-do...do you like it?”

Jason didn’t reply. He reached out suddenly and gripped Nico’s face in his hands, drawing him in for a bruising kiss while at the same time walking him backwards, so that the Italian’s legs hit the bed and the two of them tumbled forward onto the pillows. Jason kissed Nico fiercely, feeling aroused all of a sudden, but the Italian pulled away quickly,

“Ouch, ouch, ouch,” he grumbled, covering his mouth with his hand, “It’s still sore dickhead.”

“Sorry,” Jason batted Nico’s hand away and kissed him much more gently and carefully.

“I’ll take that as a yes, you like it,” Nico said with a smile and an eye-roll. Jason kissed just beneath his jaw,

“You’re hot,” he said.

“Gee, thanks,” Nico grinned. Then he grew serious and tugged Jason back up, looking at him with
big eyes, “Jas. Do you want to have sex?” He asked quietly. Something tightened in Jason’s chest and his mouth went dry, “’cause I want to,” Nico mumbled. Jason kissed him softly again,

“Honestly I really want to right now,” the blonde whispered, “because you’re beautiful. And I love you. But truth be told I’m a bit tipsy and I can hear everyone out in the hallway, and someone could walk in any moment,” he sighed, “and this is Piper’s bed. I don’t want our first time to be like this,” he took Nico’s hand and intertwined their fingers, “I want to do it properly, not at some drunk highschool party.”

Nico smiled at him, the lip ring somehow adding to his charm, “Okay.”
“There’s a Greek in Camp!” Reyna came barrelling into Jason’s favourite cafe in New Rome. The fourteen year old praetor blinked at her, a spoonful of ice cream halfway to his mouth,

“What?” he asked.

The girl sighed in annoyance, “A Greek. In camp!”

“What Greek?” the blonde boy stood up. He barely reached the sixteen year old girl’s chin but that didn’t stop him from sounding like he was in charge. He abandoned the ice cream and hurried with Reyna through the city, and then through Camp Jupiter.

“He says that he’s from some Half Camp or something and that he’s a son of Hades,” Reyna grumbled, “I have no idea where he came from; Frank said he literally came from shadows…”

The border of Camp Jupiter finally came into view, and Jason could see Terminus arguing with a figure dressed all in black, some people gathered a safe distance away, watching in fascination. Feeling apprehensive about the newcomer and aware of all the eyes on him, Jason stormed to the border, Reyna in tow.

“Listen you marble dickhead!” the supposed Greek growled, “let me pass, I need to-“

“Silence!” Terminus boomed, “Insolence!”

Jason came to a stop next to the marble statue and stared at the Greek. He was maybe Reyna’s age, taller than both of them, with black, too-long hair that fell into his equally dark eyes. The guy was dressed all in black, a matching sword at his side.

“Who are you?” Jason demanded, crossing his arms over his chest and trying not to look like he was intimidated...which was exactly what he was. This new guy was nothing like the Romans...there was something wild about him.

“Are you in charge here?” the Greek demanded, looking at Reyna.

“My name is Jason Grace,” Jason said, as formally as he could, “A son of Jupiter and the Praetor of Camp Jupiter.”

The Greek gave him a long look, “You’re the praetor?” he said eventually, “What are you, like twelve?”
Jason fought a blush, “I’m fourteen. But I should be the one asking questions/ Why are you trespassing into our camp?”

“I’m not trespassing,” the Greek groaned, “I’m here to see my sister.”

“And who exactly is your sister?” Jason raised an eyebrow.

“Hazel Levesque,” the Greek said, “and I’m Nico di Angelo, a son of Hades.”

Jason exhaled and exchanged a look with Reyna. He couldn’t stop this Nico dude from coming into Camp. His intentions seemed innocent enough. It also came to the fact that Jason really didn’t want to fight someone a head taller and two years older than he was. And then there was the issue of...

“Look, please,” Nico’s entire expression shifted suddenly, and there was a desperation in his eyes, “I just want to see her. I-I...,” he cleared his throat, “My other sister died and-“

“Nico,” Jason interrupted softly, “I’m sorry but Hazel Levesque, whoever she is, isn’t here.”

“What?” Nico frowned, “I was told she was a Roman Demigod...,” realization dawned on him and Jason saw pain flicked in his eyes. His shoulders slumped and suddenly the blonde felt sorry for him, “She’s dead,” Nico said hollowly.

“Look, you can come in and-,” Reyna started.

“No,” Nico stepped backwards, where a tree was casting a shadow on the ground, “I need to find Hazel,” he was looking right at Jason, “you should be expecting me back soon though.”

And then he sunk into the shadow as if he was part of it, leaving Jason behind with a heavy feeling in his stomach and a sense of, Gods know why, anticipation and excitement in his heart.
“I’m nervous,” Will admitted over the phone. His best friend rolled his eyes to mask the pain he was feeling, even though the blonde couldn’t see it.

“You’ll be fine,” Nico assured him, trying to sound genuine, “She’s a nice girl. I think. I don’t really know her.”

“I have a feeling she wants to have sex with me.”

“That’s...that’s good isn’t it?” Nico swallowed hard.

He was lying in his bed, in his dark room, listening to the traffic outside. It was a school night and his parents were long asleep. The sixteen year old should’ve probably followed their example but...well, he always put Will first, and right now Will needed him. Earlier that day a girl he had fancied for a long time, Drew, had asked him round to her house, and the blonde was very close to freaking out about it.

“I mean...Drew’s hot and all, and losing my V Card to her...,” Will sighed and it sounded too dreamy for Nico’s liking, “I won’t lie, it’d be nice.”

“Then what’s the issue?” Nico huddled underneath his blankets. He had a sneaking suspicion that when Will finally hanged up he’d start crying. Yeah, as you might’ve gathered his crush on his very straight best friend was unhealthy. The Italian had fancied Will since they were both thirteen and still having sleep over’s and embarrassing wet dreams. Will wasn’t like the other guys their age, he wasn’t loud and crude and sexual and rough. He was kind and soft and caring and had the nicest smile and the gentlest hands, and despite towering over Nico he never made the Italian feel intimidated the way he felt around the other boys from the rugby team. Of course, Will liked girls, and girls liked Will, so really Nico should’ve seen this Drew situation coming for a while...he just hadn’t expected that it would hurt so much – knowing that Will was okay with sleeping with someone. Someone who wasn’t Nico.

“I don’t know man,” Will sighed softly on the phone. Nico could imagine him in his bed, the one Nico himself had slept in a thousand times, a lump beneath his blue and white QPR covers, “I guess I’m just nervous.”
“Don’t hype it up maybe she won’t want anything,” Nico said, more to make himself feel better rather than Will.

“Yeah maybe...,” Will trailed off and the two lapsed into comfortable silence. They were a bit like teenage girls like that; sometimes they even fell asleep on the phone together, “What if I do something weird?” Will was rarely unsure, but now Nico could hear the insecurity in his voice. He wanted to say no you won’t, you’re perfect, but he thought that was a bit forward.

“Like what?” he asked instead. He could almost hear Will shrug,

“Dunno. Like make a weird noise or something.”

“Well what do you sound like when you come?” Nico had meant it like a joke but his heart started to pound. He heard Will snicker on the other end and he pressed the phone between the pillow and his head, both of his hands clenching into the covers.

“How am I supposed to know?”

“Don’t you jerk off, dickhead?” Nico grinned. There was a crackling on Will’s side and a pause.

“Nico,” he said softly.

“Y-Yeah?” Nico asked.

“Can...Can I ask you something weird?” Will sounded unsure again. Nico wished he was close to him so he could hug him, reassure him maybe.

“Course,” Nico whispered. A police car screeched past his window, bathing his bedroom in blue and red light for a second.

“I...could I like...jerk off a-and you could listen a-and tell me if I sound weird?”

Nico covered the speaker with his hand and then exhaled shakily. He felt blood rush South all of a sudden,

“I...yeah, sure,” he cleared his throat, uncovering the speaker, “Whatever you need man.”

“Okay,” Will sounded relieved that Nico wasn’t grossed out, “Just be honest, okay?”

“Yeah,” Nico’s hand tightened on the covers. He was determined not to touch himself. He heard rustling on Will’s side of the phone and then a nervous breath. For a moment it was quiet, and then Will’s breath started to get more laboured. Nico couldn’t stand the silence, “Are you doing it?” he asked.

“Y-Yeah,” Will said shakily, then laughed uneasily, “It’s weird with you listening.”

“You’re the one who wanted to do it,” Nico bit his lip. Will didn’t say anything, his breath speeding up ever so slightly in Nico’s ear. The Italian shivered, “What are you thinking about?”

“D-Dunno. Nothing r-really...j-just kind of doing it.”

“Oh...,” Nico blinked and stared at his window, “How does it feel?”

“O-Okay I guess,” Will was a bit more breathless now. Nico’s hand was subconsciously playing with the drawstrings of his sweat pants.
“You sound normal,” he said, trying to remember the purpose of this conversation. He swallowed as the tips of his fingers just barely slipped beneath the waistband on his sweatpants. He wasn’t wearing underwear, “Do you want me to stop talking?”

“N-No actually t-that kind of...,” Will trailed off.

“That kind of what?” Nico was hard. He wished he wasn’t but hearing Will aroused, even a little bit, was doing all sorts of weird things to him.

“Nothing,” Will gasped slightly into the phone and Nico’s toes curled. His hand involuntarily wrapped around his cock and he had to squeeze his eyes shut and bite his lip to stop a noise from coming out. So much for resolve.

“T-Tell me,” he mumbled, trying to force his voice to come out steady.

“This is too awkward,” Will tried to catch his breath, “C-Can you touch yourself too?”

Nico should’ve lied, but instead he said, “I a-already am.”

“Fuck,” Will swore, but it didn’t sound like a normal swear word. It sounded strained and aroused and it went right down to the pit of Nico’s stomach. He gasped as he started to stroke himself softly, “Will,” he whispered, without meaning too. The choked off moan he heard on the other end only caused his hand to speed up more. He forgot all about how awkward this would be pretty soon and lost himself in the pleasure, and in hearing Will moan into his ear, almost like he was there, right next to him.

“T-Talk to me,” the blonde asked, breath hitching. Nico’s eyes were closed as he panted, his hand moving up and down beneath the covers,

“About w-what?”

“Dunno. A-Anything. What are you thinking about?”

“You,” Nico mewled, “I’m t-thinking about y-you.”

“Doing what?” there was a hungry edge to Will’s voice.

“T-Touching me,” Nico was aware that he was losing any control he had over the situation as his movements sped up. He moaned and slapped his free hand over his mouth, not wanting to make an embarrassing noise.

“No,” Will growled, “No...y-you’re covering your mouth, aren’t you? S-Stop it. I w-want to hear you.”

“Will.”

“God...y-you sound so hot,” the blonde murmured. His voice was deeper than normal, and huskier and it made Nico’s movements frantic. He thrust into his own fist and gasped and mewled, toes curling.

“I want y-you here,” Nico whimpered, cradling the phone between his ear and his shoulder, pressed into the pillow. He was completely zoned out from the real world.

“W-Where’s here?” Will asked.
“Inside me.”

“Christ, are you fingering yourself?”

“No,” Nico whispered, eyes still closed, hand still moving on his cock, “I want y-you to do it.”

“Shit. Shit. I’m close.”

“Me too,” Nico moaned, feeling his insides tighten. He heard Will cry out softly on the other end and with his own muffled gasp Nico came all over his hand and his covers. He pressed his forehead against his pillows, hand slipping limply out of his trousers as he tried to catch his breath, panting. He could hear Will do the same on the other end of the line.

When their breathing slowed down Nico laid in silence, and Will didn’t say anything either. The Italian had to check if the blonde hadn’t hung up, but the call was still on. Will was listening to him breathe softly, and Nico was scared to speak and break the tense silence that had fallen. Now that the pleasure had passed and his mind cleared he realised what they had just done. They couldn’t pretend everything was normal, not after this. Nico didn’t want this to end their friendship.

It was Will who spoke first, “I’m coming over tomorrow after school,” he sounded exhausted, but in a good way. Nico blinked,

“You were meant to go Drew’s,” he was startled at how hoarse he sounded, “You were meant to fuck her.”

“I’d rather fuck you,” Will said, no hesitation. Nico’s breath caught in his throat.

“O-Oh.”

“Is...,” the self-conscious edge was back in Will’s voice, “Is that okay?”

“Yeah. Yeah that’s okay.”


“Night Will,” the Italian bit his lip, “By the way, Will?”

“Yeah?” the blonde asked.

“You don’t sound weird,” Nico said softly, “You sound nice.”

Chapter End Notes

By the way sorry lads but your main g is going away for 4 days, so no updates but don't worry I'm back on Sunday so Monday latest there'll be a new chapter xx
At Last I See The Light

Tangled au where Percy is Flynn rider and Leo is Rapunzel
for Empire_state_of_mind

Once upon a time, a single drop of starlight fell from the Leo constellation, and from it grew a magic golden flower. It had the ability to heal the sick and injured. There was also a Kingdom, and that Kingdom was ruled by beloved King Hephaestus and his Queen Esperanza. Soon the Queen was with child, but she got sick. Very sick.

She was running out of time and the people of the Kingdom were desperate for a miracle that could save her and the baby. They heard stories of the magic golden flower and started searching for it...maybe they would’ve found it faster if not for Hera.

Hera was an old, old witch, older than the Kingdom and she wanted the flower’s power all to herself for it made her young and beautiful. All she had to do was sing a special song to it, a song in an ancient tongue.

But one night some guards from the Castle found it where Hera had hid it beneath a woven basket and they brought it to the castle. They turned it into a golden potion and gave it to the Queen, and she was healed, and had a healthy baby son whom she named Leo after the constellation that saved her.

To celebrate her birth, the King and Queen filled the night sky with thousands of lanterns that shone as brightly as little Leo. And for that one moment, everything was perfect.

And then that moment ended. Hera, in her fury and madness, broke into the castle of the King and Queen. She sang to Leo the same ancient song she used to sing to her flower and his head full of chestnut curls glowed golden and Hera felt her strength and youth returning. But the moment she stopped singing she returned to the old, gnarled witch that she was. So she did the only thing she could.

Hera took the child, and disappeared.

Despite the best efforts of the Kingdom, they were unable to find little Prince Leo, for deep in the forest, hidden behind a waterfall, Hera raised him as her own child, teaching him about how cruel and dangerous the world was, and how it was filled with horrible, selfish people. Leo grew up afraid of what was outside the tower.

But those walls couldn’t hide everything. Every year on Leo’s birthday the King and Queen released a thousand lanterns into the sky, in hope that perhaps one day their lost Prince would return.  
***
Leo should’ve probably cleaned. He had a small living space; an oval room at the top of his safe tower, with just his bed, a bookshelf, a small kitchen and a bathroom but it looked like a volcano had erupted in the middle of it all. Leo, with lack of better things to do in his isolation, had taken up inventing, and now practically every surface (including the floor) was littered with some kind of metals, wires, strings and other equipment. A half-built bronze robot stood in one corner.

Hera, Leo’s mother, hated mess. She was coming to visit the seventeen year old soon and Leo had spent the past hour sitting on his bed and mentally trying to will himself to get up and clean, but it wasn’t working. Eventually the curly haired boy gave up trying to stop his procrastination and immersed himself in work. He wanted to finish the robot by the end of the month and if it worked, it’d be able to speak. Leo was excited at the prospect of having somebody else to talk to other than his mother when she came to visit. The wind and snow and the lanterns in the sky made for poor companions to someone as lonely as Leo.

“Leo!” Hera’s voice drifted from outside, “my little star! Let down the rope!”

Leo gave his dirty room one last sad look and then hurried to the balcony. Down below, at the base of the tower, stood Hera. Around her stretched a small clearing, ringed with tall trees, mountains on one side, a forest on another and a massive cliff where the waterfall tumbled on the third.

“Coming!” Leo called, grabbing the heavy hempen rope and threw it over the side of the tower. Hera said it was for his own safety – that way nobody would break into the tower. The woman put her feet into the loop made on the bottom of the rope, a bit like a noose, and Leo strained as he hauled her up. He was small for his age, his mother always said, and didn’t have a lot of strength.

“Leo!” Hera came over the side of the balcony, looking a bit worn out. She stiffly kissed her son’s cheek and then her eyes narrowed as she saw his room. She swept inside, “Leo what is the meaning of this?!” she demanded, looking at the mechanical parts strewn across the floor. Leo smiled sheepishly,

“I...uh...I was going to clean it I swear-,” he said. Hera tutted and shook her head,

“Such a messy child. I’m too lenient with you,” she looked at the fidgeting boy and sighed, “Here, sit down with me,” she perched on the edge of Leo’s bed and patted the spot next to her. Leo sat, and she stroked his curls, “Sing for me, Leo, that song I taught you.”

“Mother can’t it wait?” Leo asked, “I was actually hoping to-“

“Sing,” Hera interrupted, “then we’ll talk.”

Leo sighed but he knew there was no point fighting with his mother. He let her brush his curls with her hands as he sang the ancient song whose words he didn’t understand. His hair glowed golden, filling the glum room with light. Hera smiled when Leo finished.

“Good boy,” she stood up, somehow looking more energetic, “Now clean the room while I prepare a meal.”

Leo got up after her, “Mother I was going to ask you something-“

“I hope it’s not about those floating lights again,” Hera said, exasperated as she reached into the basket she brought with her, pulling out supper ingredients.

“I...a little...,” Leo balked, “but-“

“Leo, I told you I want to hear no more about them.”
“But it’s my birthday tomorrow,” Leo said dejectedly. Hera glanced at him, eyebrow raised,

“Oh? Is that a special occasion of some sort?” she asked, “because as far as I’m concerned the only thing your birthday means is that you get cake and a present, not a death sentence.”

“Mother I can’t stay here forever,” Leo sighed, “please, I’ll go see the lights and that’s all-“

Hera slammed the basket down on the table and whirled on Leo, her eyes full of dark fire,

“You think you can make it out there?” a cruel smirk tugged on her mouth. Leo hated this side of her, the cold, calculating side. He looked away, hands curled into fists, “I mean look at you! You’re practically useless, you can’t even clean your room much less look after yourself out there in the world with all the thugs and murderers! People would kill you for the magic your hair has!”

“But-,” Leo started.

“You’re weak and small and fragile,” Hera snapped, “you look half like a girl with that hair of yours. Do you want to get raped? Is that what you want? For some ruffian to grab you while you’re walking to see your precious lights and have his way with you?” Leo swallowed uneasily, feeling sick, “that makes it sound like you’re asking for it, Leo. Are you asking for it?”

“N-No...,” Leo stuttered. Hera smirked,

“That’s what I thought. We’ve had this conversation before Leo. You’re immature and clumsy, if someone doesn’t kill you you’ll probably do it yourself by accident,” she studied her son, and then walked up to him, grabbing his chin and forcing him to look at her, “I want to hear no more of leaving the safety of this tower,” she said icily, “Understood?”

Leo looked at his feet, “yes, mother.”

***

Percy was running. He was always running these days and he’d be lying if he said he hated it completely. On one side he had Luke Castellan, a blonde man with a jagged scar running down one side of his face. On his other side was Ethan Nakamura, with a patch over one of his eyes. Next to them Percy looked like a dandelion crossed over with Prince Charming with his perfect smile and tousled black hair, but it didn’t matter because he was the one who had stolen the crown. Yes, Percy Jackson the street urchin had gone big – he had broken into the castle (with the help of Castellan and Nakamura of course) and robbed their most expensive possession – the crown belonging to the lost Prince.

Percy’s reasoning was that the Prince didn’t need it anyway. He was gone for almost eighteen years, he was probably dead or living out the rest of his years in the Arctic or somewhere so the crown was just wasting away where it had been stored and guarded. Percy could put it to much better use by selling it and living a comfortable life for once.

“They’re on our heels!” Nakamura yelled, glancing behind them. The three men were crossing the bridge that linked the city with the rest of the Kingdom.

“Fuck,” Castellan swore, “We need to split up.”

“I’ll go West!” Percy said immediately as he continued to sprint, “You two go South and we’ll meet up at-“

“Nice try, Jackson,” Castellan bared his teeth at him like a wolf, “next thing we know is you’ve run
off with the crown.”

“Don’t you trust me, Castellan?” Percy grinned. Nakamura rolled his one eye,

“I trust a kleptomaniac kid more than I trust you.”

“I’m hurt,” Percy said as they finally made it under the cover of the trees, though they didn’t stop running. The knights on their horses were close on their heels, ready to execute them if they only got the chance.

“Give us the crown, Jackson,” Nakamura spat, “and we meet up at the docks in two days.”

Percy made a face, “Is that necessary?”

“Do it,” Castellan growled. Percy sighed and tossed the blonde the satchel with the crown in it. The man grinned and slung it over his chest, “See you in two days, Jackson!” he yelled and he and Nakamura broke away from Percy, making South. The dark haired boy grinned as he continued West, gracefully weaving his way in and out of trees.

Unfortunately a big part of the pursuit was still coming after him, their horses thundering after Percy. The man was starting to tire, his lungs burning with the effort. His eyes started to scan the landscape in hope of finding some place where he could hide and wait out the chase.

In the far distance Percy heard the rumble of a waterfall and the grin on his face grew as he headed in that direction. He jumped over the roots of trees and fallen branches with ease that the horses of the knights didn’t have, putting him ahead of the chase by the time the massive cliff with the waterfall came into view. The forest ended abruptly, giving way to a thick river that led to one of the close-by towns. But Percy knew from experience that usually a waterfall had some kind of cave behind it – a perfect hiding space.

He rounded the side of the waterfall and sure enough there was a gap between the rock and the water, disappearing into shadows. Percy dashed into there, just barely getting splashed by the water. He crouched down in the soft earth, listening to the sound of the pursuit and catching his breath. The air was considerably colder here and Percy shivered. He heard muffled voices of the guards, arguing where to look for him. He had a sneaking suspicion that they’d check behind a waterfall.

Percy jogged down the long cavern that had almost been drilled into the cliff. He reached the far wall, which was covered in moss, and leaned against it, exhausted.

It wasn’t a wall. Percy tumbled backwards through the greenery and landed on the ground, looking up at the clear summer sky. He blinked. He was beneath a weeping willow, it’s long branches creating what he had thought was the wall. Percy pulled himself back to his feet, rubbing the back of his head, and turned around, looking for another escape route.

His eyes landed on the tower. He blinked. He had no idea where the structure had come from; a tall, thin tower erupting from the ground, twined with vines and shadowed by the cliffs and mountains. It looked empty and Percy saw it as a hiding space so he made for it in a hurry. Birds chirped close by as he circled the structure, looking for some kind of door. When he failed to find one Percy craned his neck up at the window. That was his entrance.

With a grin Percy gripped the bricks and began his swift climb upwards. By the time he clambered in through the window he was breathing hard, but was in a good mood. He was safe, he was rich.

“Good work,” he told himself as he pulled the spare satchel with the actual crown in it from his bag. What he had given Castellan and Nakamura had just been a decoy, and they were fools for falling
for it. In the dimness of the murky tower the golden crown gleamed in his hands. Percy smiled.

Then his world went black.

***

Leo had some issues dragging the limp body of the thief to the closet, and more than ever he wished that his robot was finished to help him. After his initial panic at the invasion, Leo had knocked the thief out with his frying pan and, honestly, he was proud of himself for doing so. The guy was almost twice his size, muscular and tall, and aye, he didn’t look like the ugly, sneering men his mother always described but that didn’t mean that Leo could trust him. Hera’s warnings rang in his head as he locked the guy in said closet. He didn’t know what else to do – when Hera came back from her errands she’d help. More importantly Leo made sure that the man in his closet was secure, and then tucked the satchel he brought with him under his pillow, scared to look inside.

*Maybe this will show her I’m ready for the real world,* Leo thought excitedly as he paced around the tower, pan in hand just in case the robber decided to wake up and try to attack him. He was full of nervous energy, which was normal for him, but now the feeling seemed amplified. He kept dashing from the wardrobe to the window, his eyes scanning the sun filled meadow and searching for the familiar figure of his mother.

“Leo!” the voice drifted in through the balcony and in his haste to get out Leo dropped the frying pan. He was grinning the whole time as he clumsily threw down the rope to Hera, hauling her up with newfound vigour. The woman seemed surprised and wary as she came in,

“Someone’s in a good mood,” she regarded.

“Mother I must tell you something!” Leo was buzzing. The woman swept past him to the stove where she plucked some dried sage from the ceiling,

“What is it then?” she didn’t sound interested as she got the fire buzzing. Leo took a deep breath,

“You know what we were talking about before?”

“Aye, your foolish lights in the sky,” Hera snorted. Leo fought a flinch, hands twisting in his shirt,

“Well, something happened-“

“Leo,” Hera sighed, “for once, could you just be quiet? And not talk about some ridiculous fantasies of yours.”

“No, mother!” Leo said hurriedly, “This time-“

“They’re *stars*, Leo,” Hera snapped, turning around to glare at her son, “That’s all they are – stars.”

“No they’re not,” Leo tried to not feel hurt. He stepped closer to his mother and looked at her pleadingly, “Mother please listen, it’s real this time! I’m strong enough to make it outside I’m-“

“Enough!” Hera suddenly burst out, voice full of malice and hate. Leo stumbled back, heart jumping in his chest. For a second the woman’s face had twisted so she looked...looked like a corpse. Leo swallowed and stared at her, but she was back to normal. Her face softened and she came to her son, touching his hair gently. He fought a flinch, “Enough,” Hera said calmly, and turned back to her fire.

Leo swallowed thickly and looked down at his bare feet, blinking the tears out of his eyes. Self
consciously he tucked a curl behind his ear,

“Mother?” he asked gently.

“Yes, Leo?” Hera sounded exasperated.

“Could...could I get some more parts for my robot? As a birthday present,” he looked at her hopefully. Hera rubbed her forehead and glanced between the boy and her bubbling cauldron,

“Which ones?”

“The iron screws.”

“That’s a very long journey, Leo,” Hera glanced at the window – there was still a big part of the day left. One night until the lanterns came into the sky, “Fine. Fine I’ll go.”

“Right now?” Leo blinked. Hera reached for her cloak,

“I think some time apart will do us some good,” she hurriedly packed some things into the bag she always had with her, the one she never unpacked. She didn’t live in the tower, “I’ll be back in three days at most,” she told Leo while she was ready. In a peculiar display of affection (at least for her) she kissed her son’s forehead, and then she was gone, back down the rope and disappearing behind the weeping willow.

And now Leo was faced with a bigger dilemma – the stranger in his closet. He took a deep breath to steady his nerves and made for said closet but then veered towards his bed instead, too afraid to look inside. What if the man was dead?

Instead Leo decided to tackle the smaller problem first – the satchel. He sat on his bed, opposite the mirror propped up on the wall and held the satchel in his lap. It was brown, common, a little dirty. Shakily Leo opened it, and was shocked at what he found inside.

A crown. Beautiful, and golden, the kind that went all the way around your head, simple but breathtaking at once. It felt heavy in Leo’s hands. In a sudden fit of something the boy surged to his feet and stood in front of his mirror. He slipped the crown on.

It lay among his brown curls almost perfectly. Actually, Leo was startled at how nice it looked. From the books his mother brought him he knew he wasn’t...good looking. All the heroes of the stories were always tall and muscular, with smiles that made princesses swoon. Leo was short and awkward, something his mother never failed to point out, but the crown made him feel special, if only for a few moments that he dared to wear it before hastily packing it away. It wasn’t his crown.

Now for the bigger issue; Leo picked up his frying pan again and threw open the closet door. The thief, still passed out, fell right out, landing in a heap on the floor. Leo swallowed and lowered his pan. The next few minutes were spent with the small boy dragging the man into a chair, and temporarily borrowing the rope he usually threw down to Hera to tie him up. By the time he was done Leo was shaking and sweaty. Thankfully he didn’t have to wait long for the thief to wake up.

The second the man let out a groan, his hands clenching into fists where they rested on the arms of the chair, Leo was up and alert, still holding his frying pan. The sea-blue eyes landed on Leo, dazed and lost, and suddenly the boy had trouble finding his words.

“I-I...w-who are you?” he stuttered, for lack of anything better to say. The thief’s eyes widened, Leo saw panic flicker in them as he got used to the dimness of the tower. Then his eyes slid over Leo. The boy felt the stupid urge to cover himself with his frying pan, especially when he saw the man
relax, clearly deciding that Leo wasn’t a threat. The curly haired boy glared at the thief and shook his pan threateningly, “Who are you?” he demanded, more steadily now, “How did you find me?!”

The man blinked at him, “Uhh...by accident?” he offered, sounding almost apologetic. He tried to shrug but the roped stopped him, “Look, I didn’t mean to scare you-“

“Pfft!” Leo snorted, “Me?! Scared?! Ha!”

The man didn’t question that, “Look, I don’t know who you are and I was just looking for a place to hide. Didn’t realise someone lived here,” the man cleared his throat, “If you could please untie me and give me my satchel, I’ll be out of your hair.”

Feeling more confident Leo stepped closer to the man, pressing the cold pan against his cheek. To his annoyance the thief still didn’t look scared,

“Give me your name,” Leo said.

“Poseidon.”

“Poseidon?” Leo raised an eyebrow, “Poseidon what?”

“Just Poseidon,” the thief said, “And you are...?”

“Leo,” the boy felt weird – he had never introduced himself to anyone before, “Just Leo.”

Poseidon smiled, “Like the star constellation?”

“The what?” Leo blinked.

“Don’t worry,” Poseidon shook his head, “can I get my satchel back please?”

“No. Not before you tell me what you want with my hair,” Leo said. His arms were starting to ache from holding up the frying pan. Poseidon looked confused again,

“What?”

“What do you want with my hair?” Leo repeated impatiently, “Do you want to cut it? Sell it?”

“What?! No!” Poseidon spluttered, “Why would I want your hair?” Automatically Leo’s hand went to his curls protectively.

“You don’t want it?” he asked suspiciously. Poseidon looked uncomfortable,

“No, Um...I apologise if that hurts your feelings?”

“No, no it’s not that,” Leo cleared his throat, “My mother always...,” he shook his head, “Nevermind.”

“Look,” Poseidon sighed, “I’m not here to hurt you. Just give me my satchel and I’ll be on my way.”

Leo’s eyes narrowed at the man and he turned away, walking over to the balcony and looking out. His meadow didn’t seem safe anymore – anyone could come in, and climb his tower...if he let Poseidon out he might go and tell people about him. Hera would be gone for three days...Leo couldn’t imagine staying in the tower by himself, not after this. But he had a different idea. He turned back to Poseidon with confidence,
“I have a deal for you, Just Poseidon.”

“I’m listening,” Poseidon said eagerly.

“Tomorrow there will be these lights in the sky...they appear every year, only once-“

“Do you mean the floating lanterns they send up for the Lost Prince?” Poseidon asked. Leo’s heart clenched and he smiled. *Lanterns.*

“Aye, those,” Leo nodded, “Tomorrow they’ll be sending the lanterns up again. I know, I’ve counted the days. Now this is where you come in,” the boy pointed his pan at the man, “You’ll be my guide, and take me to see these lights. After that you’ll bring me back here, safe in one piece, and then you’ll get your satchel back.”

Poseidon gaped at him, “Wait. No. No I can’t do that. I...I can’t go back into the Kingdom, they-“

“I know you stole what’s in that satchel,” Leo said, trying to keep his voice from shaking, “But I don’t care about that. Something brought you here, maybe it was the fates-“

“Those old hags,” Poseidon grumbled under his breath.

“And I’ve made the foolish decision to trust you,” Leo continued, “and I suggest you trust me too – because you might just find yourself hanging upside down outside this window. And Gods know how long that rope will hold,” Leo had never threatened anyone, and he didn’t think he liked it. Poseidon looked at him, and then exhaled,

“So; I’ll take you to see these lanterns, bring you back here, and that’s it?” he clarified, “then I get my satchel back and be on my way.”

“I promise.”

Poseidon sighed again, “Fine, I’ll take you to see your lights.”

***

Percy never expected his afternoon to end like this; sitting down in a forest clearing by a twinkling stream, watching some crazy boy he just met cartwheel around in the grass, laughing like a child. It was endearing actually, and a weird break from Percy’s usual life of running around and trying to escape prosecution.

The sun tickled his face as he sat back and watched Leo enjoy his freedom in the first time in forever. Percy didn’t know why he was locked up in his tower but he wasn’t about to question it – he knew from experience that questions meant stories and stories got you attached to people. Percy promised himself he’d never be attached to anyone – he was like the heroes in the books he read as a child, a lone rider, a mysterious man. A criminal. Like Robin Hood, or like Poseidon.

“Oi, fireball!” he called, “you ready to go on?”

“Aye,” Leo stopped in front of Percy, grinning and gasping for breath, cheeks flushed. Maybe under different circumstances Percy would’ve had a moment to admire him – he was exactly the thief’s type, short and scrappy and adorable, with big eyes. And those *curls.* Percy had no idea what he meant about him wanting to steal them, but again, he wasn’t going to ask, “Where to now?”

Percy picked himself up off the ground. A plan was forming in his head – a way to scare Leo off and have him return to the tower before Percy ran into any more trouble with the city guards.
“There’s this really nice pub-“

“What’s a pub?” Leo asked.

“Somewhere you go to eat and drink,” Percy smiled “It’s called Half Blood, and they make some of
the nicest food around. You’ll love it.”

***

When Poseidon pushed the door of the pub open Leo thought he was joking. Where Poseidon
himself was nothing like what Leo expected the ‘outside’ people to be, these men certainly were.

Hera always told Leo that he had some elf in him, and she herself was a witch. He knew about other
creatures, but only from his books, and now seeing them fill out the murky interior of the beer-
stinking pub was...surreal. The whole place was full to the brim with centaurs.

Leo’s immediate reaction was to hide behind Poseidon, but then he reminded himself that he couldn’t
trust his mysterious guide anymore than anyone else in the pub. Besides, it was too late – all eyes
landed on them. Leo felt intimidated by these burly, big, bearded half-horse men who looked like
they could snap him in half with their hands.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” Poseidon seemed happy as he stalked further into the pub, “A table
for two!” he told the bartender, a chestnut centaur with grey streaks in his beard. Leo, with lack of
anything better to do, hurried in after Poseidon. Someone slammed the door closed, shutting out all
light but what came in from behind the dirty windows and the candles at the tables. Leo swallowed.

“Aw, Leo, you don’t look so good,” Poseidon said sympathetically, “Maybe we should turn back,
eh? Call it a day, if you can’t handle this five star joint then you really shouldn’t go all the way to the
city.”

“Chiron,” someone barked to the bartender, interrupting Poseidon, “I know this man.”

A brief look of panic appeared in Poseidon’s eyes, but he replaced it with an easy smile, “Sir, you
must have the wrong man for I certainly don’t know you.”

“No, it’s you,” the centaur grinned and rose, towering over both Poseidon and Leo, “You’re
Poseidon, that thief who stole the crown.”

“Are you sure, Nessus?” Chiron demanded. The other centaurs were standing as well, surrounding
Leo. He felt faint,

“I’m sure.”

“I’m not him-,” Poseidon started, but it was too late.

“Larry!” Chiron called, “go get the guards!”

A centaur thundered out of the pub, and the others moved in closer, grinning like madmen. Leo
couldn’t believe how stupid he had been; he had known Poseidon was a thief, he just hadn’t thought
he was a wanted thief. He felt sick.

“We can work this out!” Poseidon said. One of the centaurs grabbed him by his cloak.

“No!” Leo was surprised at how fierce he sounded. He grabbed Poseidon by the hand, “Let him
go!”
“Move away little boy!” someone yelled.

“He’s my guide!” Leo yelled desperately, “Give him back!” the centaurs were laughing and talking, ignoring Leo as they pushed and shoved Poseidon to the door. Leo couldn’t do it – not alone, “Give him back!” he screamed. That got the centaurs’ attention.

All eyes turned on him again, and Leo swallowed.

“L-Look,” he started shakily, “I don’t...I don’t know what he did wrong, but I need him,” he could feel Poseidon’s eyes on him, “It’s my birthday tomorrow, and a-all I ever wanted was to see the lanterns, from close up. And I need him to take me there. After that he’s all yours,” the centaurs’ continued to stare, “Please,” Leo whispered, “haven’t you ever had a dream?”

The silence that followed the careless question was almost deafening. Leo was sure that he had just signed his death sentence when Chiron suddenly stepped forward. His face was almost kind, something that confused Leo.

“I had a dream,” the old centaur admitted, his voice a rumble, “I wanted to start a camp where I could shelter all the orphans, and the wounded, and the ones in need. I wanted to be a teacher.”

“Well, why aren’t you one?” Leo frowned. Chiron sighed, “Everyone believes that centaurs are cruel, violent creatures,” he said. Leo fought his I can’t imagine why comment,

“You just need to prove them wrong,” he didn’t know if he sounded naive but he was just saying the truth – if he had met Chiron in a different place that this grimy pub then maybe he wouldn’t have been afraid.

“My dream was that the Party Ponies become something other than contract killers!” someone shouted and a cheer followed.

“My dream is that we can go somewhere where it doesn’t rain all the time!”

“Like the Americas!”

“Aye!”

“Aye!”

The voices all rang together, the angry expressions melted from the faces of the centaurs. They still looked wild and dangerous, but they were smiling, and laughing and someone was telling a joke. Leo’s eyes met Poseidon’s, who was back on the ground, and was startled to see that the man was already looking at him. He grinned and Leo couldn’t help but grin back.

“Let’s get you out of here!” Chiron’s voice broke through the rumble of the other centaurs. He ushered the two towards the back door, and the others cheered. The centaur clasped Leo on the shoulder and opened the door, “This one’s for you, little one! Go follow your dreams.”

“I will,” Poseidon said solemnly.

“Aye,” Chiron looked uncomfortable, “You too I suppose. Now, get out of here, both of you, before the guards come.”

The two of them spilled out into the sunlight. Leo let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding.
“That was...amazing,” Poseidon said sincerely when Chiron closed the door behind them. Leo glared,

“What did you think bringing us in there?!” he demanded. Before he could reply they heard shouts in the distance. Half a dozen guards on horseback were charging towards them, shouting out commands. Leo’s heart jumped to his throat but then Poseidon was grabbing him by the wrist and pulling him forward. Leo almost tripped over his own feet as he and the man ran, away from the guards and from the relative safety of the pub.

“Where are we going?!” Leo yelled.

“Forward!” Poseidon replied, with a charming grin. Leo’s heart jumped in his chest. He might’ve not looked like a prince but Poseidon definitely did.

The sound of hooves broke Leo out of his daydream and he and his companion sped up. They were dashing through a sparse forest and suddenly in front of them the world came to an abrupt stop; cliffs jutted out over thin air, falling down to a deep, rocky river.

“Poseidon!” Leo yelled and the man screeched to a halt too close to the edge for Leo’s liking. They turned around but there was nowhere else to go – the guards had spread out and now were advancing from all sides. Panic gripped Leo. They were going to die.

“Do you trust me?” Poseidon asked suddenly. Leo turned around and the man’s hand slid from his wrist to his hand, and he tangled their fingers together as if to offer some comfort. His eyes were serious and warm, and stupidly Leo found himself nodding.

Then they were going over the edge.

There was a moment where there was nothing except Poseidon’s hand on his, just air cradling him in its breezy arms. And then Leo crashed into the waves, the water closing over his head. He lost Poseidon’s hand and flailed blindly as bubbles swirled in the murky water around him. He opened his mouth to breathe and got a mouthful of water down his throat. It was dark and cold and the shock was making Leo’s muscles seize up. He didn’t know which way was up or down, everything was confusing-

A hand hauled him up and Leo’s head broke through the surface. He gasped for air greedily, his head spinning. The current was pulling him along at a terrifying speed but Leo didn’t have to worry about that; Poseidon seemed to be at ease with the waves, and he wrapped one of his arms around Leo’s waist. The boy clung to him, gasping.

“It’s alright!” Poseidon yelled over the sound of the water, holding Leo close, “Just breathe, I’ve got you!”

Leo buried his face in the man’s wet shoulder.

***

Percy dumped another load of branches into the fire and the flames swirled for a moment. His arms ached and he was exhausted but...stupidly happy. He had been alone for a long time and after an exciting adventure he’d always have to continue on his way. It felt good to sit down and have someone to talk to, even if that someone was a practical stranger.

Leo’s hair was drying from the heat of the flames, his cheeks flushed. He looked like a forest creature in the darkness of the early night, but a beautiful creature. Now that the immediate danger had passed Percy finally had a moment to appreciate him. He wasn’t going to try and get rid of the
boy anymore.

“Let me see your hand,” Leo asked. Percy blinked and then glanced at his palm – there was a clumsily wrapped up gash on it from where Percy had scraped it in the river, but it didn’t hurt too bad, Percy had had worse.

“I’m alright.”

“No, come here,” Leo said, frowning, “You’ll get an infection idiot.”

Percy didn’t feel like arguing so he sat down on the ground next to Leo. It was still nice and warm, the breeze rustling the leaves of the trees close by. Percy watched Leo as the boy unwrapped the bandage from his hand. It was sticky with blood.

“I’ll do something about it in the city,” Percy brushed it off. Leo just shook his head, “Don’t...don’t get scared, alright?” he asked quietly. Percy frowned. He had no idea why he’d ever be scared of Leo, but he just nodded. The boy placed one of his small hands underneath Percy’s larger one, and then the other one on top, careful not to touch the cut. And then he started to sing.

His hair started to glow, filling the clearing with a light as bright as day. The stars paled with his glow and although Percy didn’t understand the words but he was hypnotised by Leo’s sweet voice, staring at him with wide eyes. The pain ebbed away but Percy wasn’t paying attention to that anyway. Leo’s hands were warm, his eyes closed. Now Percy understood why he had been so scared that Percy would hurt him for his hair.

When Leo let go of his hands Percy’s wound was gone. They sat in silence for a while.

“So...how long has your hair been doing that?” Percy asked eventually. Leo shrugged, clearly embarrassed and tucked a piece of his magic hair behind his ear, looking away,

“Forever. Mother...mother said that when I was a baby bad people tried to steal me away,” he glanced at Percy, “That’s why...that’s why...”

“You never left that tower?” the man prompted gently. Leo nodded and bit his lip, “Well, are you going to go back?” for some reason Percy didn’t want him to go back.

“I don’t know.”

Percy didn’t like how lost Leo looked, so he finally decided to say the truth, “My name isn’t Poseidon.”

“What?” Leo’s head snapped up. Percy smiled nervously,

“It’s Percy Jackson.”

Leo grinned, “No way.”

“Yes, way,” Percy rolled his eyes, “I...I grew up in an orphanage. They used to read us this story, about the Gods. I always liked the sea, wanted to be a pirate when I was younger,” he smiled, “and Poseidon...he was powerful, all the seas belonged to him. And to a child who had nothing, not even a bed to call his own...well, it sounded wonderful.”

Leo studied him for a moment, and then he smiled too, “For the record I like Percy Jackson much better than Poseidon.”
Percy stood up abruptly, “I’ll go get more firewood,” he said, turning to hide his blush.

***

“I thought he’d never leave.”

The second that Percy – it was weird to think of him as that - disappeared into the trees the familiar voice pierced through Leo’s brain. He whirled around and in the shadows of the branches stood none other than Hera.

She looked rough, her hair was streaked with grey and her face was ashy.

“Hello, son,” she spat, voice full of venom and bitterness.

“Mother,” Leo whispered, “How did you find me?”

“I’m a witch, Leo,” Hera growled, “I have my ways. You betrayed me.”

“Mother-“

“You’re coming home right now Leo,” Hera stuck out her hand. Leo didn’t move, just stared at it. He found himself wishing that Percy would come back fast, “Now.”

“No,” the boy stepped back, “You don’t understand. I’m finally living, mother. I met someone-“

“A wanted thief, congratulations,” Hera said icily.

“I think he might like me,” Leo blurted. Hera raised an eyebrow and gave Leo a look full of pity that made him want to hug himself,

“Leo please, that’s insane,” she said, “look at you! What do you think anyone could ever see in you? The only reason he’s here is because of this!” she held up the satchel. Leo’s stomach tumbled – he had left it under his pillow, “he wants his damn crown not you!”

“That’s not true,” Leo said without conviction. Hera shoved the satchel in his arms,

“Go on then, give it to him then.”

“I will!” Leo said with a sudden fire in his voice. Hera stepped back,

“Just don’t come running back when he breaks your heart,” she said, and then melted back into the shadows of the trees.

***

Percy was nervous coming back into the city. He remembered just a day prior sprinting over the cobbled bridge into the safety of the trees, and now he was returning. The palace on the hill was a reminder to him of what he took from it.

Leo’s happiness took his mind off of the crown soon enough though. The boy was amazed by everything, the market place, the shops, all of it. It was wonderful seeing his face light up with excitement, like a child. Percy kept having stupid urges to hold him, or kiss him, or pull him into some alleyway and do both away from the eyes of the passerby’s. He had never felt this way about someone, definitely not after such a short time.

He spent the whole day with Leo. He would’ve pretended that he only did it to honour his promise
but that wasn’t true; he did it because he enjoyed it. He and the boy scouted the whole city, threw pebbles in the river, tried on stupid hats in an expensive shop. Percy even bought them cupcakes, which was important since he never bought anything.

The sun started to set too early for Percy’s liking – his time with Leo was coming to an end.

“Come on,” Percy said when the town square started to get packed, “I’ve got a better place to watch the lights,” he turned around but Leo wasn’t there. Panicked, the man whirled around, searching for his companion.

His eyes landed on Leo. A rag-tag band of men were playing music in the corner and Leo was right in front of them, dancing with some gypsy girl. They spun to the music laughing, and before Percy knew it more and more people joined them until the whole courtyard was clapping and dancing to the music. The sound of laughter filled the air and Percy smiled.

A middle aged woman grabbed him by the hand and before he could react he was being tugged into the mass of people and he had no choice but to dance. He was surprised at how free he felt, spinning with the people, as if he was part of them. It had been a long time since he felt a part of something.

Leo spun right into his arms and for a second the two just stared at each other. Then Percy smiled, sliding his arms around the smaller boy and spinning them around. The way Leo smiled was worth everything, everything. Percy wanted to kiss him.

***

The last of the sun brushed against the wide river peppered by ships and little boats. Percy and Leo were in said boat, and the boy was...happy. He dipped his fingers into the still, dark water, watching the ripples as Percy sat opposite him, munching an apple. Peace. Tranquility. But something was nagging at Leo.

“Percy?”

“Yes?” Percy asked.

“I...for eighteen years I’ve stared out of my window, and dreamt about seeing these lights,” Leo pulled his hand out of the water, “What if it’s not everything I dreamed it would be?”

Percy smiled and reached out, ruffling Leo’s hair.

“Don’t worry. It will be. Trust me.”

Leo exhaled, “And what if it is?” he asked quietly.

“That’s the good part,” Percy’s eyes were soft, “You can find a new dream.”

Leo held his breath.

A light appeared behind Percy, in the sky. Leo’s eyes widened as he watched the lone light slowly climb up into the sky. And then suddenly there were lights everywhere, spilling out of ships, drifting up from the city. The sky was illuminated by them, and Leo couldn’t breathe. He stood up and stumbled to the prow of the ship, wrapping his arms around it and standing on the very edge, staring at the darkness pierced by his dream. It was so beautiful Leo could’ve cried.

“Leo,” Percy said. Leo turned around and looked at him – there were two lanterns in his hands, two squared of light. Leo slid to his knees in front of the man.
“Percy,” he was all chocked up. Percy gently pressed the lantern into Leo’s hands. For a second the boy held it, feeling its warmth. His eyes were wet. Together he and Percy let go of the lanterns, and they swam upwards to join the others. Leo wiped his eyes on the back of his hand, “Thank you,” he said, looking up at Percy. The man smiled and before Leo could chicken out he pulled out a satchel, “I...I wanted to give you this,” he said, pressing it into Percy’s hands, “I should’ve given it to you before, b-but I suppose I was scared. That you’d leave...but I’m not scared anymore.”

“Me neither,” Percy smiled and then his eyes slid past Leo, to the shore on the other side. He frowned,

“What is it?” Leo asked, turning to look behind him. There was nothing but the dark trees where the water ended.

“Nothing.”

***

Percy hated bringing Leo to the shore and leaving him alone in the boat, but he knew he had to. The lights were high up by then and they really looked like stars. There were other things to take care of. Percy told Leo he’d be right back and then ventured out into the trees. It was dark. An owl hooted somewhere close by. Percy sighed.

“Come out,” he said.

Nakamura and Castellan slid out of the trees, looking every bit as malicious as Percy remembered. He forced himself to smile,

“Boys!” he exclaimed, “There you are! We got split up back-“

“Save the bullshit, Poseidon,” Nakamura barked.

Percy held up his hands in surrender and then reached behind him and pulled out a satchel, “Look, it was all a massive misunderstanding and I accept that it was my fault,” he threw the satchel at Castellan’s feet, “the crown’s in there, you can see. It’s all yours, boys, forget about my share.”

Castellan picked it up and smiled, “Thing is, we don’t want this anymore.”

“What?” Percy’s blood ran cold and suddenly both of the men were advancing.

“We heard about a boy,” Nakamura smirked, “with the magical hair. I wonder how much he’s worth.”

“No,” Percy growled, hands balling into fists, “You don’t get to touch him.”

“You don’t get to tell us what to do,” Nakamura said, and then he threw himself at Percy.

***

Leo stared at the gloomy ceiling of his tower.

“Maybe some tea, my star?” Hera asked. She was being overly sweet, and it was disgusting. Leo just shook his head. Dawn was breaking, a cold grey light filling the room. He still couldn’t wrap his head around the fact that Percy had abandoned him. What did you think he’d do? Leo snapped at himself, mother was right he’d never want me, just that damn crown. Maybe it was for the better? Maybe it wasn’t meant to be.
“Leo,” Hera sat down at the edge of her son’s bed, “I told you this would happen.”

“I should’ve listened,” Leo murmured. Hera stroked his hair,

“It’s alright my little star, we’ll take everything and move far, far away from here, where nobody will ever hurt you again.”

“Will we go to another tower?” Leo whispered.

“Yes.”

The boy sat up, “I don’t want that. I’m tired of hiding.”

“I don’t understand,” Hera stood up, frowning, “You saw for yourself how cruel the world is-“

“It wasn’t the world that was cruel,” Leo also stood up, “it was Percy, and he’s gone, and it doesn’t matter. But I don’t want to stay here until the end of my days.”

“That’s not for you to decide,” Hera said coolly, “We’re leaving, and that’s final.”

“But why?!” Leo demanded, a sudden anger flaring inside him, “Nobody knows about my magic hair! Nobody cares!”

“Yes they do, Leo!” Hera snapped, “They care!”

“No they don’t! Nobody cares!” Leo screamed, all his emotions spilling over the edge, “It’s all you! You’re paranoid, it’s all you! Maybe you’re the one who’s using my hair! You don’t love me! You love my powers, and don’t try denying that!”

The laugh that came from Hera’s mouth was blood chilling.

“You’re right,” she said, “I don’t love you. Why would I love something that’s not even mine?”

Leo’s heart clenched, “Then why? Why keep me?”

“Keep you?!?” Hera screeched, “I stole you!”

Suddenly it all made sense. Leo felt sick, his body rebelled against him. All those years he had thought he was safe, but now everything was clicking into place. The tower wasn’t a sanctuary, it was a prison, and he wasn’t Just Leo. He was the Lost Prince.

Leo turned to the window, knowing he’d never make it.

***

“Please, I need to see him!” Percy yelled. The two guards on either side of him jerked him forward angrily.

“Silence, Jackson!” one of them barked, “You’re going to hang for your crimes!”

Percy always thought that when the day came when he was finally arrested and hanged, he’d be more scared about himself. Meanwhile all he could think about was Leo – Castellan and Nakamura had told him all about Hera’s plan, about how she was going to take him away. Percy was never going to see the only light he ever had in his life ever again. Because he was going to the gallows, to hang.
He should’ve kissed Leo when he had the chance, and now it was too late.

The guards unlocked a door and Percy was pulled out into the cold courtyard. He could see the moat leading to the forest, and on the other side the road leading to the city. He would be dragged through the streets, for everyone to see. He didn’t care about that either.

_Leo._

“Please,” Percy whispered urgently, “Just let me see him and I’ll go quietly, I promise-“

“There’s nobody in the city called Leo. Only the Lost Prince had that name,” one of the guards said. Percy frowned. He couldn’t have dreamed all of it – could he?

“Excuse me,” a voice behind them said. The guards turned, still holding onto Percy. In front of them, towering and blocking out the sun, stood Chiron. Percy’s breath caught and the guards gaped, “I’m here to collect Mr Poseidon.”

Two Party Ponies charged forward, picked the guards up, and took off before either could react. Percy gaped after them.

“How?” he whispered, “How did you know?!“

Chiron shrugged, “Word gets ‘round when the most notorious thief in the country is caught,” he turned, “now get on! You have someone to save, I gather?”

***

The shadows deepened in the tower. Leo forgot how dark it got here, or maybe he had just never realised. Hera was tumbling about the place, packing away the essentials. Leo was tied to his bedpost, gloomily watching the day end. It was over, he was officially a prisoner now.

“We’re leaving,” Hera kept muttering under her breath, “We’re gone...Nobody will ever know where we went...”

Leo’s heart ached for the freedom he had only just tasted, the one that had been stolen from him. It ached for his real parents, the King and Queen who sent out lanterns each year for their lost boy. It ached for Percy.

Hera disappeared for a moment in the bathroom and Leo was left in silence. He closed his eyes and tried not to cry. That’s when he heard the noises; scraping, then breathing. His eyes snapped open – someone was climbing up the wall of the tower. Leo sat up more alert, he had no idea who it was but he was terrified, his heart pounding against his ribs. _They found you. They’ll kill you for your magic._ His mind told him...just as Percy tumbled in through the window.

“What the-,” Leo whispered. The man picked himself up, grinning,

“No!” Hera flew from the other room and before either of the boys could react she threw a knife.

She had never had a knife before. Leo didn’t know where it came from, but he knew where it ended – buried in Percy’s chest. It all happened so fast.

A red stain bloomed on Percy’s chest and the man glanced at the hilt of the knife, surprised, before his knees crumbled below him. Leo felt as if someone had hit him.
“No,” he whispered as the red spread across the floor, “No. No. No!” he screamed. There were tears. There was agony. Hera was shouting, Leo was fighting the ropes on his wrists. They dug into his skin, he felt hot blood on his hands but he didn’t care as he finally ripped free. He threw himself at Percy, and Hera threw herself at him. He tried to push her away, she stumbled, her foot caught on the rug, and then she was falling backwards out of the window. Leo choked on a scream.

He didn’t go after her. Instead he grabbed Percy by the shoulders and pulled him over so the man was on his back.

“P-Percy,” the curly haired boy whispered as Percy breathed shallowly, sea-blue eyes wide. He tried to say something but it didn’t come out, “Shhh,” Leo was sobbing as he wrapped his bloody hands around the hilt of the knife protruding from Percy’s chest, “Shhh, it’s alright, I’ve got you,” he pulled the knife free and blood gushed from the wound. Percy groaned in pain and Leo cradled his face in his bloodied, trembling hands.

He started to sing. It was shaky and uneven and broken by sobs but when the golden light from his hair filled the room Leo felt like passing out from relief. Percy kept staring at him as he sang and the wound on his chest slowly knit itself back together, until it was gone and Percy could breathe properly.

Leo crumbled against him, sobbing, hands clenched in Percy’s shirt. His wrists throbbed with pain.

“I’m sorry,” Percy gasped, “I’m sorry, i-it was a trap, I didn’t mean to leave you-“

Leo pulled away and hauled Percy up. He wrapped his arms around the man’s shoulders and crashed their lips together. Leo was sure he tasted like blood and sweat and tears but Percy didn’t seem to mind, his arms coming up to pull Leo against his chest, as if he was the one who needed protection.

Everything was blurry and Leo didn’t know whether it was from his tears, the blood loss or the kiss itself. He had never kissed anyone, and he was sure it was clumsy and wet but, once again, Percy didn’t seem to mind, sliding his and Leo’s lips together as if they had done it a thousand times before, as if they were meant to be like that, wrapped up in each other.

“Leo,” Percy forcefully pulled away, though he kept Leo close, “Y-Your wrists.”

The blood was dripping on the ground. Hoarsely, Leo started to sing again, this time to heal himself. And as his wounds disappeared Percy kissed his cheeks, his neck, his forehead, the tip of his nose, and when he was done he kissed him on the mouth again.

“You were my new dream,” Leo murmured. Percy stroked his face and smiled, and it felt like they had known each other forever

“And you were mine.”

***

_The Kingdom rejoiced, for their Lost Prince had returned. His parents, his real parents, the ones who loved him unconditionally, welcomed him with open arms. Dreams came true all over the place. Leo and Percy stayed together, and even got married. The Party Ponies became a dancing troop instead of assassins, and Chiron opened the Camp he wanted so much, and he called it Camp Half Blood, and everyone lived happily ever after._
Percy pulled into the empty side of the road with a screech of the wheels of his car. No matter how much he and his three companions had prayed they’d make it back to Camp before the snow storm hit, it was too late. Percy couldn’t see anything over the sheet of snow quickly blanketing New York, and he was too scared to continue driving. He killed the engine, cursing Khione and her saltiness.

“Anyone have any idea where we are?” Will asked from the back seat, his face pressed up against the window as he tried to see past the snow coating the glass. Next to him Nico was curled up, half-asleep. It had been a long day of running errands and fighting monsters.

“There has to be a hotel somewhere,” Jason said next to Percy, “I say we go find one, spend the night, and then be on our way in the morning.”

“Good plan,” Percy grinned, and pulled out his phone, “I’ll try to get signal and text Chiron to let him know we’re okay.”

The four boys zipped their coats up and clambered out of the cars into the deserted, stormy street. They were instantly covered in snow, shivering as they stumbled down the road. The shops on the street level were all closed but up above everything was dark.

“There’s something here!” Will yelled over the wind excitedly and he pulled the rest of the boys to a dark building on the side. Percy could barely see anything past the snow, and he was shivering violently, though not as much as Nico.

“Is that in Chinese?!” Jason squinted at the sign next to the double door. Behind the glass there was just darkness,

“Japanese,” Nico said and, not caring about the protests of others, pushed the door open and went inside. With a sigh Jason followed him and Will was about to do the same, when something clicked in Percy’s mind. A Japanese hotel wasn’t normal in the middle of Downton New York.

“Will,” Percy grabbed the blonde’s wrist and tugged him close, teeth clattering from the cold seeping through his clothes. He had to squint against the wind, “This is a love hotel.”

Will’s expression shifted and he glanced at the building, “Oh. What do we do?”
“Well,” Percy bit his lip and then smiled slyly, “I’m sure you and Nico could use a moment away from camp. And since we’re here anyway...”

Will smirked and the two of them walked into the lobby of the dark hotel, brushing snow off of their hats and jackets. It was no secret that Nico and Will were dating, and Jason and Percy...well, a few drunken hook-ups meant that they were more than just friends. Percy was too scared to do anything about defining their relationship, thought maybe now was his chance...

The interior of the hotel was dim, a few candles scattered around to illuminate red couches and elevators leading to the upper floors. It was warm and quiet, which was welcome after the howling of the wind outside.

“The lady said that there’s only one room left,” Nico said, walking over as Jason continued to talk with the receptionist behind a desk, “I don’t know if we’ll all fit. Weirdly, she didn’t ask any questions.”

“Why is it so dark?” Will asked quickly, as to not let Nico know about what kind of hotel this was. Knowing the conservative Italian Percy supposed he’d make them sleep in the car rather than stay in a love hotel.

“Power cut,” the Son of Hades shrugged. Percy thought about how the four of them in one bed could end...no, you’re here for Jason.

“We’re staying,” he said firmly, “there’s no point freezing out there.”

“I second that,” Will’s eyes met Percy’s and he smiled ever so slightly. Percy didn’t know why but he shivered, though this time it wasn’t from the cold. Nico nodded and went back to the desk. The four of them quickly sorted out the payment and then they were climbing up the stairs to their room.

It was small, with a bathroom attached to it, but nice and clean enough. It would’ve probably had a nice view of the city if the window wasn’t packed with snow. The boys dumped their bags on the ground and Jason shuffled into the bathroom and closed the door, and then the sound of the shower came on. Nico collapsed on the Queen sized bed, burrowing underneath the covers. Percy and Will exchanged a look,

“Are we all sleeping in the bed?” Percy asked as he shrugged out of his clothes, staying in just his boxers. He was sure if Will and Nico did something he’d be unable to keep his hands to himself.

“I don’t care,” Nico mumbled into the pillow, eyes closed. With a shrug Will also stripped out of his clothes. For some reason Percy’s eyes strayed over his tanned, muscular body, but then the blonde boy climbed underneath the blankets and Percy had no choice but to follow the two of them. He climbed over his friends and curled up next to the wall, leaving some space between him and Nico, who was in the middle. He was too tired to shower. His heart pounded – it was weird being so close to all of them. The room was dark. The shower turned off. The wind whistled softly behind the windows.

Jason came back into the room and Percy could see him shuffling around and changing in the dark. He gave the three of them one long look and then decided not to disrupt their sleep. After a moment he carefully picked his way through Nico and Will. Percy was sure that Will was only pretending to be asleep, but he didn’t say anything as he closed his eyes and let Jason slip underneath the covers in front of him. He was glad that he was cut off from Will and Nico and their antics.

It was weirdly tense for a while. They were all squashed in the bed and Jason’s back was brushing against Percy’s front and it was weird, and kind of arousing. Having Jason so close...it was doing
things to him. Besides, Will and Nico were also in the same bed. Percy and Will had some kind of weird connection, maybe because for some reason Percy, under the influence of alcohol, had admitted to Will his feelings about Jason, that they went past just physical stuff. And of course there was Nico, and there would always be something between him and Percy.

Jason shifted a little closer to Percy, which he really couldn’t be blamed for due to the lack of space. Percy was laying stiffly, arms at his sides, in an uncomfortable position to avoid touching the blonde. Of course he wanted to, and this was the perfect occasion, but he was scared that Jason wouldn’t want to.

The blonde’s butt brushed against Percy’s crotch and the son of Poseidon sucked in a startled breath when he felt his erection twitch. Jason tensed next to him and then slowly turned around. He looked shocked in the half-dark of the hotel room. Percy swallowed nervously as Jason settled on his side, careful to not disturb Will or Nico. Percy and his faces were inches away, staring at each other.

“Are you hard?” Jason asked quietly. Percy didn’t know what to say – Jason was ridiculously close, so close that he could feel the boy’s warm breath against his lips. There was no point lying.

“Yes,” Percy said, barely audibly.

The back of Jason’s hand was pressed against Percy’s chest, since the boy had no better place to put it. Percy swallowed again as Jason glanced down. He was sure that in the darkness he couldn’t see his bulge, but then Jason’s hand started to trail downwards. Percy’s breath hitched and Jason pulled him in for a kiss.

Percy didn’t expect it to end like this, but whatever doubts he might’ve had as Jason’s mouth slid against his disappeared the second the boy’s hand closed over his clothed cock. Percy’s hands flew up and he gripped Jason’s face, his tongue pushing past the blonde’s lips and into his mouth. Their breaths came out harsh as Jason’s hand clumsily found its way inside Percy’s boxers. They tried not to jostle the bed as they pressed against each other, Jason’s hand slowly stroking Percy, his mouth swallowing his moans.

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Will was kissing him. Nico groggily woke up from his uneasy sleep and the blonde was gently licking against the seam of his lips. Normally Nico would’ve pushed him away (they weren’t alone for Gods sake!) but he had a weird dream where there had been all these hands just touching him everywhere, and now he found that he was horribly turned on. He felt dizzy and he didn’t know why until he realised he was holding his breath. Will’s hands were stroking his hips.

“Will,” Nico whispered, pulling away a little. Will didn’t let him, grabbing his hips and carefully drawing him nearer, as to not wake Percy and Jason, who were somewhere behind Nico. He could feel their body heat and that just turned him on more. His hand wrapped around Will’s wrist with the intent to pull the blonde’s hands off of him, but Will didn’t budge. Instead he bit at Nico’s bottom lip roughly. “S-Stop,” Nico whispered, trying to push him off. Their friends were right next to them, they couldn’t do this! Will didn’t seem to care about this as he kissed the corner of Nico’s mouth and the Italian’s hands relaxed their grip, “Stop,” he whispered again, eyes fluttering shut. Will kissed down his neck, “Stop,” Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s shoulders and kept him close. He could feel the boy’s warm, wet mouth against his skin and it caused him to shiver.

By chance Nico glanced over to where Jason and Percy were laying, and he froze. The two of them seemed moulded together, legs tangled. Jason’s hand was trapped somewhere between their bodies, moving vigorously. Percy’s face was buried in his neck, one of his arms wrapped around the boy’s waist. Jason’s boxers were gone and Percy’s free hand had disappeared between his cheeks, where
he was fingering him gently. Nico gasped as a wave of heat hit him. Percy’s eyes snapped open and met his over Jason’s shoulder, and they were dark with lust.

Without a word Percy rolled over, so he was above Jason, caging him in with his body. The son of Jupiter was flushed and looking up at him with heavy-lidded eyes. Percy reached over and tugged Nico closer, pressing their lips together with no warning. Will smiled against Nico’s neck at his shocked gasp and then started kissing down his naked body, tugging Nico’s boxers off before the Italian could even react, too busy allowing Percy to fuck his mouth with his tongue.

“P-Percy,” Jason gasped, sounding almost needy and the Son of Poseidon pulled away, crashing their lips together again, leaving Nico behind so he could watch breathlessly as his and Jason’s breaths mingled. Never in a million years did Nico think he’d end up in a situation like this, but honestly he didn’t care because just then Will enveloped his cock in his mouth and Nico’s world went blank. The boy’s hips buckled into the wet heat of Will’s delicious mouth and as the head full of blonde curls bobbed up and down, Nico moaned loudly. Everything was just happening so fast...

That finally broke the silence that had been in the room. Jason’s back arched and he whimpered, legs sliding around Percy’s waist as the son of Poseidon slid his fingers back inside the blonde.

“F-Fuck,” Jason gasped. Nico keened, hands tangling in Will’s hair as the boy continued to suck him. Everything was fuzzy and so much pleasure coursed through the Italian that he didn’t have time to be embarrassed about doing something so intimate in a bed with other people. Besides it was clear that Jason and Percy didn’t just want to watch. Percy’s mouth latched itself onto Jason’s neck as he fingered him and suddenly the blonde grabbed Nico by the back of his head and drew him in for a sloppy kiss. It was clear that Jason was enjoying himself; his kisses were uncoordinated and messy but somehow they just made Nico harder in Will’s mouth. The two boys greedily swallowed each other’s moans, hands scrambling at each other’s bodies.

Will’s mouth came off Nico’s dick with a wet sound and the blonde grinned at Percy,

“May I?” he asked.

“Of course,” Percy winked at him and climbed off of Jason. Nico watched as Will took his place, throwing Jason’s legs over his shoulders. The son of Jupiter honestly didn’t seem to mind and maybe Nico would’ve been jealous as his boyfriend pushed a condom over his thick cock and thrust it inside Jason’s awaiting hole, if it hadn’t been for Percy’s tongue, which somehow found its way inside the Italian.

Jason and Nico both moaned, and it borderlined on a scream. Nico wanted to tangle his hands in the sheets, to hold onto something, as Percy’s wet tongue wriggled inside of him, but instead he found Jason’s hand. He twined their fingers together and looked at the blonde. Jason’s eyes were squeezed shut and Will was looking down at him, eyes all dark, blonde hair falling into his eyes as he fingered the son of Jupiter. Nico moaned, toes curling and Will glanced at him. He leaned down and kissed the son of Hades while continuing to thrust into Jason, who was now moaning with abandon. Nico could taste himself on Will’s tongue.

“Oh Gods!” he whimpered when suddenly he found that Percy was pushing his own cock inside of him. It burned, but only for a second, and the son of Poseidon buried himself inside Nico. It felt insane, like every inch of Nico was burning, but in a good way. He sobbed as Percy didn’t give him a chance to adjust, just started to thrust into him roughly. Unlike Will he didn’t progressively pick up his pace, just brutally fucked Nico from the start. “P-Percy o-oh fuck, nghhh...” Nico gasped, hand tightening on Jason’s. The blonde was sobbing as Will fucked him, causing the headboard to slam against the wall. The covers tangled around the sweaty boys and it suddenly hit Nico that they were having sex.
It was weirdly intimate. Will was used to fucking Nico, and the way his body worked, and Jason swallowing his cock inside of himself was something completely new, and completely welcome. He thrust into Jason’s amazing body, feeling his hole grip his cock every time he slid in and out. The blonde looked completely blissed out, his hand lazily tangled with Nico’s, mouth open so he could let moans spill out.

Will was startled when Percy suddenly wrapped his arm around his shoulders, pulling him close and throwing him off-rhythm. It was good, Will supposed as his and Percy’s tongue’s tangled together, because his orgasm was approaching. Percy tasted like the sea.


“Swap?” Will breathed against Percy’s lips as he aimed a rough thrust at Jason’s prostate. The son of Poseidon nodded and slid out of Nico. Will did the same, and Jason whimpered at the loss, though the whimper turned into a chocked off moan as Percy slid back into him in seconds, groaning at the feeling. Will himself grabbed Nico by the shoulder and flipped him over so he was on his stomach. Then he pushed back into the familiar heat of the Italian. Nico moaned into the pillow, back arching, and as Will started to thrust into him his hand clumsily found Jason’s cock against his stomach. He started stroking the blonde in time with Percy’s thrusts and then the room was filled with loud moans and the sound of skin slapping skin.

Percy came first, uttering a low growl,

“I’m close,” he warned and then his hips stuttered and he gasped. Jason whimpered and his own come splattered all over Nico’s hand and his own stomach. Then, to everyone’s shock, with a little whine, Nico came over the covers, untouched. That was enough to send Will over the edge, and his world went white for a moment.

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Jason was the only one still awake. He was sticky and exhausted and sore, but happy. Which was surprising. The storm outside had calmed down and the power had come back on, though their room was still dark. Outside the city glowed faintly and snowflakes sleepily twirled past the window.

Nico was curled up against Jason’s side, his arm thrown over the blonde’s torso. Behind him Will spooned him, legs tucked underneath Nico’s. His free hand was drawn all the way across both his boyfriend and Jason, where it joined with Percy’s hand on Jason’s stomach. Percy’s face was buried in Jason’s neck, where he had been kissing before he fell asleep. The room smelled like sex.

Jason didn’t want to think about the conversation the four of them would have to have the next morning about what happened. At that moment he was just happy that they were all together. If only for a little while.
The two boys sat in the clearing, sobbing. They were only seventeen, and yet around them, in the once-green grass, spread a pool of blood. They didn’t understand how this could’ve happened; they could smell their village close by, the fresh meat being roasted, the dogs. They could hear the laughter of the children. And over all of that was the smell of blood, metallic, brushing against their noses.

“Ethan,” one of the boys whispered. His skin was olive, his eyes dark, just like the other boys. His eyes were black, fringed by thick lashes clumped together by tears. The boy’s slim hands were shaking, red from blood, “Ethan, what did we do?”

Ethan, with only one almond eye, the other just a bloodied socket that the boy now tried to hide with his hands, shook his head.

“I don’t know,” he swallowed, “Nico...w-we killed them.”

In front of them was a pile of bodies. Nico’s stomach churned as he remembered what he had done – how his teeth had elongated into sharp points and how his stomach had ached with pain and hunger until he sank his fangs into the soft necks of the village people. He remembered the wolf at his side, black as night, ripping the ones who tried to escape to shreds as Nico fed. And now they were dead.

“What did we do?” Nico’s voice cracked. He didn’t understand. His shirt was crimson – his mother had woven it for him for his birthday. His breeches were soaked. Ethan didn’t look much better.

A rustling came from the trees nearby. Two birds took flight, escaping from whatever was coming from the forest. Nico tensed and Ethan dashed through the space between them, almost slipping on blood, to press himself against his friend. Nico didn’t know if he did that to make himself feel safer, or to comfort Nico.

A man stepped out of the trees. He was a little older than the boys, maybe twenty, with chestnut brown hair and mossy green eyes. A cloak in the same colour flowed from his shoulders, and there was something not quite human about him. When his beautiful eyes landed on the corpses he didn’t even flinch.

“So the curse finally got to you,” he said softly. Nico swallowed but it was Ethan who spoke,
“W-What curse?” he asked, hands slipping from his face. His empty eye looked horrifying, and Nico’s stomach churned. One of the villagers had ripped it out during its scramble with the wolf, “Who are you?”

“My name is Alabaster,” the newcomer said, “and you have been cursed by the Gods.”

Nico and Ethan stared at him, the blood leaving their faces. Alabaster crouched in the bloody grass, as to not seem threatening. There was a kindness in his eyes.

“A monstrosity happened in your village, before the dawn of time. A sacrifice that anger the Gods and disrupted nature. Since then every hundred years two young men would be cursed to transform into inhumane creatures. One a leech of the night, cursed to live off blood of the living. The other a wolf, cursed to roam as an animal.”

“W-We’re the ones that are cursed?” Nico’s mouth was dry. Alabaster nodded,

“Every time it happens, the villages sacrifice the two cursed boys to the Gods, to appease them.”

“N-No!” Ethan shakily got to his feet, “I-I don’t w-want to die! I didn’t mean to-“

“How do you know this?” Nico demanded, “You sound as if you’ve seen this before.”

Alabaster smiled mysteriously, “I have. I am a thousand years old.”

“A witch,” Ethan’s eye widened. Alabaster’s green eyes landed on his empty socket, “That looks painful. I can help.”

“Yes!” Nico also got to his feet, “Please help! The bodies-“

“If I help you,” Alabaster interrupted, “I will become your sire.”

“W-What?”

“That’s the price for the use of my magic; you’ll have to repay me with a thousand years of service.”

“B-But...,” Ethan trailed off. Alabaster rose,

“I can help you. I can teach you how to live with the curse. You are immortal now, a thousand years will pass in the blink of an eye,” Alabaster looked towards the smoke from the cook fires in the village was rising to the sky, “Or you may stay here, and be sacrificed. It’s your choice – live or die.”

1536, England (481 years left)

The crowd pressed in around the three, and maybe that was for the better, at least they were not seen. They were all screaming as the woman that used to be the Queen was dragged up by the henchman. Anne Boleyn didn’t look like the wife of King Henry, at least not anymore. She looked like a ghost.

“I told you,” Alabaster whispered, just barely audible, but Ethan and Nico heard him clearly, “I told you she’d lose her head.”

“Do you want her body?” Ethan asked. He yearned to get out of his rich silks and jerkins and breeches. He brushed his dark hair so it hid the eye-patch that covered the socket where his eyes used to be. Alabaster shook his head,

“I had wanted her, but it’s too late now,” he didn’t see that both Ethan and Nico flinched at that, “I
have no need for corpses.”

“So what now?” Nico asked. The henchman raised the axe as Anne Boleyn prayed. The blade swung down, catching the morning English sun as it severed the head of the old Queen. The smell of blood hit the two boys and Nico squeezed his eyes shut, forcing his fangs to retract. Ethan brushed their hands together to offer some comfort. Alabaster smirked as the crowd cheered and Anne Boleyn’s head rolled across the floor.

“Now it’s time for the next Queen.”

1772, France (245 years left)

The girl walked down the dark, wet alleyway, her dress swirling around her ankles. She knew she shouldn’t have ventured into this part of Paris, especially unsupervised, especially at night. She was a lady after all, she wasn’t even meant to be out at this hour.

A clicking sound reached her ears and she flinched – she felt eyes on her. The moon shyly peeked from behind a cloud; it was full. The girl swallowed. In the new silvery light she saw a figure leaning against the wall of the alley. Her gloved hands clenched into fists but she couldn’t turn back now – she was too proud for that. She pressed on and then relaxed when she saw that the person was just a boy, perhaps her age. His dark hair was pulled back into a low ponytail with a ribbon and he wore the fashionable two piece suit in pale blue; a gentleman. The girl smiled.

“Good evening,” she told him politely as she came closer. He looked up at her and smiled and her heart jumped in her chest – he was very good looking. Good looking enough that she stopped walking altogether.

“Good evening,” he said softly, “What’s a lady doing in such a place so late.”

“Business,” the girl smiled, hoping she sounded intriguing. She was about to say something else when she heard a low growl at the other end of the alley. Frightened she turned around and her stomach flipped when she saw a dark animalistic shape at the mouth of the alley, “W-What is that?!” she gasped as the creature prowled closer. The boy moved so he was blocking her way out, “That?” he asked casually, “That’s my dog.”

The wolf came out of the darkness. The girl screamed and whirled around. The gentleman’s eyes were glowing red like blood, two white fangs protruding from his lips, which were curled into a smile.

“Ethan,” he almost sang, “dinner.”

The wolf pounced on the girl, knocking her down onto the wet ground. She sucked in a breath as if to scream and Ethan ripped her throat out with his powerful jaws. She spasmed on the ground like a fish out of water and Nico went down to his knees, pressing his face to her ruined neck out of which blood gushed like a fountain. The liquid was sweet and life giving as it slid down his parched throat. He sank his fangs into the meat and drank his fill and when he pulled away, mouth and shirt stained red, the wolf was gone and Ethan was leaning up against the wall.

“Call me a dog one more time and I’ll kill you,” the one eyed boy threatened. Nico stood up and dusted himself off.

“Alabaster wanted her.”

“Except us.”

“Except us,” Ethan agreed quietly. Together they left the alley, dragging behind the body for their witch master.

1922, Germany (95 years left)

Ethan and Nico had been having a brilliant time in the German nightclub, Nico had snuck out back multiple times with multiple partners who willingly offered him their necks so he could feed. Ethan danced like a madman, and drunk too much. And then Alabaster had to ruin it all.

“Ethan you’re drunk,” Nico was biting back a smile as his friend leaned against him heavily, one eye closed.

“I love you,” Ethan mumbled drunkenly. Nico’s smile softened and he stroked the boy’s hair,

“I know,” he murmured and pressed a sneaky kiss to the boy’s mouth, “I love you too. So much.”

Ethan smiled at him, “Let’s go back to the room.”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to get you to do for the past twenty minutes,” the boy said with an eye-roll. He used his vampire strength to haul Ethan to his feet. He thanked the hosts of the hotel, said his goodbyes, and then he and Ethan stumbled out into the hallway. They made for the stairs and Ethan’s hand clenched in Nico’s expensive suit, crumpling it. Not that Nico cared – the party was over, and for the next one Alabaster would most likely get them new ones.

They made it up the stairs, giggling like a pair of children even though they were hundreds of years old. Nico fumbled for his room key and then pushed the door open, pulling Ethan in after him. They shucked their shoes off in the front room and then stumbled through the suite, to the bedroom.

The bed was already occupied.

Alabaster was hovering over some girl, her red dress was pulled up around her breasts, revealing her lower half. In which Alabaster was currently submerged. Nico felt sick. Ethan slipped from his arms and turned on his heel, sprinting back the way they just came.

“Boys,” Alabaster sighed in annoyance as the girl squeaked and made to cover herself. Nico glared at the witch but he knew he was unable to keep the hurt of his face. He ran after Ethan, and found him curled up on the bathroom floor. The vampire sat down next to the werewolf and stroked his hair.

“He’s mine,” Ethan growled, and Nico knew it was the wolf talking.

“I know,” he said. Ethan looked up at him, pain in his eye,

“You’re mine too,” he cradled Nico’s face in his hand, “I love you.”

Nico pulled him into his arms and peppered his face with kisses, “I know you want him. I want him too. But...” he doesn’t want us, he couldn’t bare to finish the sentence. Ethan sniffled,

“I know.”

1942, England (75 years left)

Ethan finished the song, his fingers slipping from the piano. He was sitting in the drawing room of
one of the many houses that Alabaster owned, trying to chase away the loneliness and pain he felt. It wasn’t working. Outside the window it was raining, the evening damp and grey.

“I like listening to you play,” Alabaster’s voice would’ve startled Ethan if the boy wasn’t used to it. He looked up and saw his sire leaning against the doorframe, a glass of whiskey in his hand. His hair was dishevelled, his shirt open, revealing his chiselled body. He hadn’t changed a bit since he found Ethan and Nico in the clearing.

“Did the girl leave?” Ethan asked, looking at the window and the rain sliding down the glass. Alabaster sighed,

“You sound like you’re jealous, again.”

“I can’t help who my wolf gets attached to,” Ethan said, hands clenched in his lap, “Which doesn’t mean I feel anything for you.”

“Right,” Alabaster said, “Well there are only seventy five years left-“

Ethan sat up abruptly. Alabaster frowned but Ethan didn’t care as the smell hit him. It smelled like warmth and a summer breeze, and metal and blood, and gunpowder and home. Ethan lurched to his feet.

“What is it?” Alabaster demanded, but Ethan shoved past him, racing to the front door. He had half a mind to turn into a wolf, but his heart was pounding so hard he was scared he’d be unable to. Instead he threw open the door and stumbled out into the cold night, the rain pounding down on him. A car had just parked at the end of the driveway and Ethan ran halfway to it through the mud before losing his momentum. He could smell Alabaster following him, and he held his breath.

The butler opened the door of the car, just a grey figure behind the rain, and he stepped out. He was still in his uniform, half a dozen badges on his chest. They had cut his hair short but that didn’t make him any less gorgeous. The soldier was finally home.

“Nico,” Ethan whispered, and of course the vampire heard him.

“Nico,” Alabaster said behind Ethan, “Welcome home.”

Ethan broke into a run but Nico was faster. He was by Ethan in a blink of an eye, picking him up and twirling him round. Ethan was laughing, and then he was crying, his wolf howling with happiness at having his mate (one of them) back in his arms. He clung to Nico, and then they were kissing, wet lips sliding together with the rain.

When they broke apart, hands still clasped, and turned to Alabaster, for a second pain flickered in the eyes of their sire.

2017, New York (0 years left)

Nico woke up the morning of his freedom naked in his bed, limbs tangled with Ethan’s as the boy slept peacefully next to him. A part of Nico was happy that he could finally stop doing Alabaster’s dirty work – another part was heartbroken. Alabaster was leaving them, probably forever. Maybe it was for the best. It was weird though – to finally not be tied to someone after such a long time...

“Ethan,” Nico whispered, kissing Ethan’s eyelid and then his eye-patch, “Wake up.”

It took him a while to get the werewolf out of bed; he was always groggy in the mornings. The boys went to the kitchen in their expensive apartment and ate cereal listening to the radio. They could hear
Alabaster banging around in his room.

“Are you all packed?” Nico asked. Ethan sighed,

“Yeah...,” he bit his lip, “We should say goodbye, shouldn’t we?”

“That would probably be a good idea. A thousand years is a long time to spend with someone,” Nico admitted. Sluggishly the two boys, dressed in their favourite flannels, dragged themselves to Alabaster’s room. Nico knocked and a muffled come in sounded. They went inside.

It looked like a bomb exploded in Alabaster’s room – there were clothes strewn everywhere, a few bags open on some surfaces. Clearly the man was packing. He didn’t even glance at the boys.

“What is it?”

“We’re...,” Nico swallowed past the lump in his throat, “We’re gonna go now.”

“Oh,” Alabaster’s shoulders tensed, “Right. Today...today’s the last day.”

“Where are you going?” Ethan asked. Alabaster finally turned to them. He looked exhausted, something unusual for the witch. With a flick of his wrist a few shirts folded themselves in the air and landed in his case,

“Norway,” he said, “It’s the year of the curse. I need to get myself a new vampire and werewolf.”

The comment hurt but Nico didn’t expect Ethan’s reaction. The wolf slammed his fist down on the closest table, cracking it in half so violently that even Alabaster flinched.

“Is that all we are to you?! he demanded, a hysterical edge to his voice, “Some two poor boys you had to save?! Do you really think we’re that replaceable?!”

Alabaster sighed but something flickered in his eyes, “That’s your wolf talking again, Ethan.”

“Of course it’s my wolf talking!” Ethan yelled, “I am my wolf! And it loves you, you fucking asshole!”

A silence fell over the room. Ethan’s hands were curled into his fists, he was breathing hard, cheeks flushed, eye shining with unshed tears. Alabaster stared at him,

“I-I...,” it seemed that for the first time in his life he was at loss of words, “I thought...you love Nico. And N-Nico loves you...,” he looked lost.

“He loves us both,” Nico said quietly, his heart heavy. Alabaster looked at him with soft, mossy green eyes,

“And you?” he asked, “do you love me too?”

Nico looked down at his shoes, “Would you hate me if I did?” he asked weakly.

“I could never hate you,” Alabaster sounded like he was in pain, “I could never hate either of you. C-Christ, I didn’t know...how long have you felt this way?”


“T-That’s...fuck, that’s five hundred years.”
Nico shrugged, Ethan sniffled, trying to hold back tears.

“We’re gonna go now,” Nico couldn’t stand seeing Ethan in pain, and he couldn’t look at Alabaster, not when he knew that they could never be together. He reached out and took Ethan’s hand, turning them to the door. Alabaster disappeared in a flash of magic and suddenly he was in front of his bedroom door, slamming it shut. He looked half-wild.

“Alabaster?” Nico asked softly.

“You’re not going anywhere,” Alabaster growled, grabbing both Ethan and Nico and pressing them close to his chest. Nico sucked in a breath as Alabaster cradled them close.

“W-What are you-,” Ethan started shakily, trying to pull away. Alabaster cupped his cheek and leaned down, pressing their lips together. Nico’s heart jumped in his chest as he watched them kiss. Ethan’s eye widened, full of shock, and then he melted against the witch, eye fluttering shut. Nico held his breath. Alabaster’s tongue came to brush against Ethan’s bottom lip, but they kept the kiss soft.

Then suddenly Alabaster was pulling away and before Nico could react he was crashing their lips together. It was hungrier somehow, more desperate. Nico, as much as he wanted to fight it, was unable to do anything but kiss back. His heart felt too big for his chest. He tangled his fingers in Alabaster’s hair and allowed the man’s tongue into his mouth, gasping.

When they separated all three were flushed. Ethan buried his face in the crook of Alabaster’s neck and the witch rested his forehead against Nico,

“Drink from me,” he said softly while he stroked Ethan’s hair. Nico shook his head,

“N-No, I can’t,” he said.

“You drank from Ethan,” Alabaster murmured.

“That...that was different,” Nico looked down at his shoes. Alabaster grabbed his chin and forced him to look at him. There was something demanding in his eyes,

“Drink from me,” it wasn’t a suggestion – it was a demand, “take my blood, the way you took Ethan’s. And then I can make love to you both, the way you have before, and we can all properly become mates. And then you can be mine forever,” Alabaster’s eyes softened, “and I won’t have to ever let either of you go. Because I love you.”

Nico’s eyes flashed red.
Sorry if this feels like it has no build up but let's face it neither does the real Romeo and Juliet, who I have always had issues with. So yeah, I tried XD hope you like it

You should do a Romeo and Juliet!AU thing with Leo as Juliet and Frank as Romeo, but with a happy ending, plz!
For #1fan

Frank Montague whirled around, his sword clashing against his opponents. Leo Capulet, despite being short and slim for his age, was fast, and that was the only reason why Frank hadn’t severed his grinning head from his shoulders yet.

The Capulet-Montague feud went back for generations, but Frank didn’t think it was possible to hate someone as much until he met Leo. He was his age, and yet where Frank was all stoic and strong and brave, Leo was a mess of energy and snarkiness and comments that got under Frank’s skin so much that he wanted to wrap his hands around the small boy’s neck and snap it in half, but of course that would be dishonourable, and that’s why they were here again, on the streets of Verona, fighting again.

In all fairness fighting the rascal wasn’t something Frank wanted to be doing so early in the morning. He could feel the shy sun brushing against his sweat soaked shirt and he yearned for a cup of wine in his gardens. Instead he was having a sword fight in the middle of the cobbled street. It was dangerous for more than just a few reasons.

“Give up, Montague!” Leo snarled, spinning, his blade flashing in the light. His curls were damp, brown eyes burning with hate and excitement. It was all a game to him.

“Never,” Frank growled, parrying Leo’s blow. The fight would’ve gone on for God knows how long if suddenly some of the royal guard didn’t round the corner, and come thundering right at them, shouting. Prince Percy was a merciful ruler, but even he was tired of the constant fights on the streets of Verona.

“Fuck,” Leo swore and took off, just like that, not even bothering to sheathe his sword as he shoved it through his belt. Frank didn’t feel like spending the rest of the morning in a holding cell so he also took off, his duel forgotten for a time as he pounded down a sun-filled street. He knocked into a woman who had an armful of apples in a brown bag, sending them spilling through the cobbled street, slowing his pursuers. She screamed after him but he just continued to run. He looked like a sweaty, dusty peasant and not a powerful lord as he climbed a crested hill overlooking Verona, out
of breath. He collapsed on the grass and let the breeze stir his wet hair as he calmed down. He had lost the guards long ago.

Frank sighed and closed his eyes as he lay in the sun, wondering how he even ended up hating the Capulet so much. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that Leo pelted him with rotten tomatoes with his cousins when they were children.

“So, I’ve heard you’ve fought the Capulet scum again,” the sound of Clarisse Montague’s voice was a welcome one. She was Frank’s favourite cousin and he pried his eyes open as she came to sit down next to him, looking ungainly in the dress her mother forced her into, “actually, I’m sure all of Verona heard.”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Frank closed his eyes again, the sun too bright for his liking.

“Do you know who else heard?” Clarisse asked casually. When Frank didn’t reply she continued, “the Prince of Verona heard, Frank. He has officially declared that if any Capulet or Montague fight again they will be executed.”

“What?!” Frank sat up abruptly, “But...how will I fight that little rascal?!?”

Clarisse shrugged, “You won’t, that’s the point. Prince Percy is clearly trying to take all our fun away.”

“First Hazel,” Frank sighed, collapsing back down onto the grass, “and now this.”

“Stop feeling sorry for yourself,” Clarisse punch his muscular shoulder playfully, “There are other things we can do for fun. And there are other girls other than Hazel Levesque.”

“But I love her,” Frank mumbled. Clarisse snorted,

“You love every girl...for a week, and then you get bored,” she shook her head, “I swear sometimes I think the only person that you don’t get tired of is Leo Capulet.”

“Don’t ever say that again,” Frank pulled a face, “I hate him.”

“Then I assume you will be happy to hear that tonight we will amuse ourselves by raiding one of his famous parties.”

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“This will not end well,” Reyna Mercutio proclaimed. She, Clarisse and Frank had managed to sneak into the garden of the Capulet’s mansion through a hole in their massive wall, and were now among the mingling nobles of Verona. Thankfully it was a masquerade party, and so with their masks and beautiful clothing nobody would expect them to be unwanted guests. Frank, dressed in his best outfit with a navy mask to match, wanted to find Leo. Of course he couldn’t reveal his identity or he’d...well, get killed, but he could tease the boy some as some mysterious stranger. He had never seen the other boy in such a formal setting, and was intrigued to know more about his enemy.

“I see wine,” Reyna said, and without further ado broke away from her companions to mingle in the crowd, skirts swirling. Frank sighed and turned to Clarisse, and was startled to see that she had disappeared too. All around him there were strangers in masks. Feeling a little paranoid Frank swept through the garden and into the ballroom from where music was drifting. An orchestra had been set up at the head, and they were swaying along to their beautiful, light music ideal for such a pretty summer evening. Men and women danced the dances that Frank had a hundred times, and those who
weren’t dancing sat around on cushions around the room, eating miniature sandwiches and drinking wine, laughing behind their masks.

Frank’s eyes were drawn to a certain man on the dance-floor. At first glance Frank’s heart jumped because he thought it might be Leo...but then he decided that wasn’t the case. Even though the boy had a similar posture and hair (it could’ve been one of the many Capulet cousins) there was a grace about him that Leo lacked. He moved fluently, like water shimmering over rocks, spinning the small girl in his arms around gracefully. His red mask covered the top half of his face and Frank felt suddenly drawn to his exposed lips.

He thought about what a wonderful prank it’d be if he debauched one of the Capulet royalty – and how furious Leo would be. Frank smirked. He was going to have his way with the graceful dancer, no matter what.

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Frank’s chance arose some hours later when he had drank more wine than he probably should’ve. He had long ago lost both Reyna and Clarisse in the massive estate and now he stumbled through the night to the back of the house, where it was cooler and quieter and his head didn’t pound as much from the liquor.

“T’ve seen you before,” the voice startled him and Frank jumped. Out of the shadows came none else than the graceful dancer. Frank smiled even though his vision was blurry, “I...I saw you watching me.”

“I drank too much wine,” Frank admitted.

“Me too,” the dancer said breathlessly. He stumbled and leaned against the wall, as if he couldn’t stay upright. His giggle mixed with the sound of the wind in the trees. Frank smiled,

“I watched you,” he confessed, “because you are the most beautiful dancer I have ever seen.”

“That’s kind of you to say,” the boy tried to straighten up but he tripped over his own feet and suddenly Frank found himself with an armful of Capulet. Beautiful, squirming Capulet that smelled like wine and fire.

“Hello,” he said, face to face with the masked boy.

“Excuse me, I am very clumsy,” the boy said. He was sprawled sideways in Frank’s lap, arms looped around his neck where they had come up so the boy could regain his balance. However instead of climbing off the dancer swung his legs around so he was straddling Frank, and honestly the Montague didn’t care – he was too drunk to think about consequences. Blurrily his hands landed on the boy’s hips. He could feel his breath on his lips. He didn’t even know the boy, and yet something inside Frank twisted in anticipation as if he had waited for this moment all his life. His heart pounded, and he wondered if this is what love at first sight felt like. He forgot all about Hazel, his mind and heart suddenly filled with the nameless boy in his lap.

Their lips met in a sweet kiss that tasted like wine. Frank felt warm hands cradling his face, stroking the stubble on his jaw. The boy’s curls tickled his forehead and made Frank think of Leo. Their lips moved together slowly, leisurely, as if they had all the time in the world. Frank couldn’t understand how someone could fit so perfectly against him, the boy was so small Frank could envelop him in his arms completely.

When the boy started to clumsily undo the back of Frank’s mask the Montague didn’t protest – he
was sure that there was something connecting him and the boy now, and he didn’t care if the dancer knew who he was. The mask fell off of Frank’s face but the boy didn’t pull away immediately, instead continuing to kiss Frank. The music from the ball was faint in the distance.

The boy in Frank’s lap started to pull away but the Montague grabbed him by the back of his head and kept their lips connected, feeling addicted to the taste of the boy in his arms. His fingers found the silk ribbon that tied the boy’s red mask to his face and he undid it quickly, letting it tumble to the ground and join his own mask on the grass. Only then did the two boys finally pull apart.

Leo was flushed, the way that Frank had never seen him flushed before. He had been foolish to think that during their previous encounters, where it had been all blades swinging and harsh words and Leo was red with effort, that that was what he’d look like if someone kissed him. Because Leo looked different, almost unrecognizable, his eyes dark, hair slipping from his ponytail, cheeks a beautiful shade of red.

“Leo,” Frank croaked. The boy’s eyes widened and then he was scrambling off of Frank’s lap and away before the Montague could stop him. He dashed away and in his panic Frank got up and ran after him, his stomach dropping as he chased him through the dark garden. His heart twisted. He didn’t know when his hate for Leo had turned into admiration, and when it had turned to something more, but kissing the boy had done things to him that nothing else ever did before.

Frank caught Leo before he managed to get back into the party, slamming him into an alcove in the wall of the house harder than he intended. Leo was breathing hard, his eyes full of hysteria and fear and confusion.

"Leo," Frank said again, trying to calm both him and the boy. The wine wasn’t helping, making everything blurry, “Leo,” Frank repeated again, softly.

“You weren’t meant to be here,” Leo croaked. He didn’t try to knock Frank’s hands off where they rested on his shoulders, “I-I didn’t know it was you, I swear it. Please, Montague, let’s just forget the whole ordeal-,” before he could finish Frank crashed their lips together again.

He couldn’t help himself – the boy was right there, and he was rambling, and he was beautiful, and for a moment Frank didn’t care that they were Capulet and Montague and that their families hated each other. He didn’t care that he hated Leo, or at least thought he did. Because the second the boy was back in his arms, pliant and kissing back even though he tried not to, Frank realise how hopelessly in love he was. He couldn’t hide it behind duels in the streets anymore; it was too late. His lips were on Leo, claiming him in a way Frank had only dreamt about to this point, his hands were on the hips that were engraved in his dreams, and yet he still wished to do more than just kiss. There was a sudden hunger awakened inside him and Leo seemed to be the only thing that could quench his thirst. Frank wrapped the boy up in his body and licked his way into his mouth, searching that delicious cavern, memorising every inch of the boy that he could reach.

“Frank,” Leo sounded like he couldn’t speak, breath coming out in short, stuttered gasps. He looked confused, and aroused, and Frank wanted him so badly he thought he might die.

“Marry me,” he whispered. Leo immediately shook his head, “It’s alright,” he gripped Frank’s face in his hands, “you can have me without all that. You can have me right here, in the grass.”

Frank’s stomach twisted, “No. No. I don’t want that. I mean I do, but I don’t want just that. I want you, Leo. God, I didn’t realise it until now, how much I want you.”
“You hate me,” Leo whispered. Frank shook his head,

“No. I thought I did, but....” he bit his lip, “my head’s spinning, it’s all hard to explain.”

Leo pulled away from him and from the wall, “You’re drunk,” he said, “and so am I. I know a priest – if by tomorrow night you still wish to marry me then meet me in the Jupiter chapel at sundown.”

“Leo,” Frank reached for him, heart already hurting at not having the boy close. Leo just slipped into the shadows, as if he were never there.

***

The sun was setting, bathing the chapel in an amber glow that made the stained glass windows look ethereal. Frank wished he could’ve worn something nice, but instead he was wrapped up in a simple emerald cloak, his sword at his side, as if he were going for a stroll, and not to his wedding. And yet he still stopped in front of the chapel. He didn’t know if Leo would come, if he hadn’t just dreamt about the previous night, if the alcohol had lied to him.

There was only one way to find out if what happened was real.

With a deep breath, making sure he was alone on the small street, Frank pushed open the chapel door.

His heart almost jumped from his chest when he saw Leo by the altar, because a part of him expected it all to be a massive joke. The Capulet was dressed casually, but the stained glass made red and blue patterns on his body, so he looked like an angel. A priest stood by his side and for a second Frank couldn’t breathe. This was really happening – he was marrying Leo, his worst enemy. It was startling to find that Frank wasn’t having second thoughts. He didn’t know how his and Leo’s secret and forbidden marriage would ever work but right now he didn’t care, his only desire was to somehow tie the small boy to him, forever. He didn’t want to fight or hurt him, he wanted to protect him.

He whispered his ‘I do’ against the boy’s soft mouth. Apart from the priest they were alone, just them two and God looking down as they were joined in holy matrimony. Frank had never been so happy. But of course all good things come to an end.

Leo and Frank parted behind the closed door of the chapel, unable to stop kissing each other, and promised to meet again the same night in Leo’s chambers. But they couldn’t walk through the city together so wistfully Frank let his husband out into the darkened streets, watching him disappear around the corner. He could only stand to be apart from him for some moments, and then he too was dashing out into the freshly fallen night, eager to have his love in his arms again.

If someone had told him a few days before that the person he had hated since they were children would be his husband he would’ve thought them crazy.

Frank hurried through the dark streets, desperate to return to Leo. The world seemed to hold its breath, the roads were deserted. After what seemed like hours of hurrying through the city in the distance Frank saw Leo’s house rising on a hill. His heart hammered – he was almost home.

A blade flashed in the dark.

“Come now, you scum of Montague,” Luke, one of Leo’s cousins, was standing in the shadows, glaring, sword in hand. For a second Frank thought he was speaking to him, but then Reyna slipped from the darkness, sword also in hand. Frank felt sick as he froze and watched the two attack each other in a flurry of blades with no warning, in silence except for the clash of blades. He should’ve carried on walking, to Leo, to his Leo. But Reyna was his friend, his family.
With a heavy heart Frank unsheathed his sword.

***

“I thought you died,” Leo said when Frank clambered in through the balcony, sweaty and exhausted, “Or that you had ran.”

“Why would I run?” Frank asked, catching his breath, “I married you, didn’t I? God, couldn’t you make the walls any higher?”

Leo walked over from the door, which he had been locking. Frank noted that he had changed into his nightclothes while he fought Luke, a flowing shirt and some undergarments. Frank had never seen the boy so bare.

“Frank,” the Capulet frowned, “why is your shirt ripped?” he stepped closer, “Is that blood?” he demanded, trembling hand coming to touch a wet patch on Frank’s shoulder. The Montague took his hand,

“It’s not mine,” he whispered, and pressed Leo’s palm to his lip. His new husband shivered,

“Frank what happened?”

Frank had no choice but to explain everything to him – how Reyna and Luke had attacked each other in the streets, how Frank had intervened when Luke wounded his friend. He told Leo he had also wounded the Capulet, though no fatally. But then the guards had showed up, and the prince...that’s why Frank was so late.

“Leo,” he whispered softly, watching the pained face of his love in the pale moonlight, “Instead of executing us for fighting Prince Percy banished us from Verona.”

“No,” Leo whispered, his hands clenching in Frank’s ripped shirt, “No.”

“Shhh,” Frank was shocked at the tears in Leo’s eyes. He didn’t know why but he didn’t expect the boy to cry for him. Frank loved him, but he didn’t know the extent of Leo’s own feelings, “Shh, it’s our wedding night don’t cry.”

“Y-You'll have to I-leave,” Leo gasped, “I’ve o-only had you for a day, a day, when I waited for you a-all these years a-and now-,” Leo broke. Frank kissed him, deeply, passionately, trying to convey his feelings through the gesture.

“Let’s not talk about this,” Frank murmured, “let me have this with you, at least once,” his hands were tangled in Leo’s shirt.

He walked the Capulet backwards, until the back of his knees hit the bed and both of them were sent backwards onto the pile of pillows, lips still connected. Their hands roamed, inexperienced but eager, tugging their clothes away from their bodies, pressing into every crevice and hollow, clinging onto each other. Their mouths slid together in a dance of their own, as their bodies connected, the curtains rustling in the breeze that came in from the balcony. It was quiet, only their harsh breaths sounding, and the sound of skin on skin, and whispered I love you’s.

Afterwards Frank and Leo lay tangled in the covers, and tangled in each other, coming down from the hot-white high they had experienced. Leo traced shapes into Frank’s stomach and the Montague stroked his hair. He was tired, and yet he knew he wanted more, more of Leo, and his mouth and his hair and his body and his words and his smiles. But dawn was fast approaching and Frank knew he’d have to go soon, abandon Verona and his love, maybe forever.
“Frank?” Leo broke the sleepy silence the two had been laying in.

“Yes?”

“Can I come with you?”

Frank swallowed, “You shouldn’t.”

Leo raised himself up so he was sitting on the bed, next to Frank,

“What else is there for me here?” he whispered. Outside the birds chirped, “My parents will marry me to some girl but...” he bit his lip, “I’m already married. To you. And now you want to leave me.”

“I don’t want to leave you,” Frank reached up and touched his face, “But I must or the Prince will have me executed.”

Leo leaned down and kissed him, “Let me say this differently; I’m coming with you. And I’m not taking no for an answer.”

“God,” Frank surged up and kissed Leo, holding him in his arms, “I know I should tell you to stay,” he whispered feverishly, “I know I should keep you safe but I can’t. I’m selfish. I want you with me, forever, wherever I go.”

“Is that a yes, then?” Leo smiled. Frank just nodded.
I'd like to see a Punk!Percy and a goody goody Will story where Will is slowly 'corrupted' by Percy and then smut ensues for TsunaNoble

Will hated Island Sound University, commonly known as the Underworld. The Underworld was the shittiest university around; the students there were known more for their wild nights out, run ins with the police and drug selling rather than their academic achievements. It was a small and old university, situated right next to the Long Island Sound with the dorms on campus. No matter the day of the week there was always music blaring from said dorms. Will would know – he was forced to live right next door.

Olympus University for the Gifted had the misfortune of being situated way too close to the Underworld, they were literally separated by a fence. Unlike them though, the school was full of bright, talented kids who not only had money to pay for their expensive education, but also had the grades to stop themselves from being expelled. Getting into the University was one of William Solace’s greatest achievements in his nineteen year old life, but the Underworld was the bane of his existence.

The kids from both schools had had a feud for generations – the Underworlders thought the Olympians were stuck up and prissy, while the Olympians thought the Underworlders were a bunch of lazy animals.

Will and his friendship group particularly had a problem with one boy – Percy Jackson, and his group of friends. Will couldn’t have been more different from Percy if he tried. Despite being around the same height, where Will was all bright and sunshine, Percy was dark and mischievous. Will was hardworking, determined to get a degree in biology and chemistry and become the doctor he dreamed about becoming. As far as he was aware, Percy went to only half of his lectures and he did sport, out of all things.

The town that the two Universities were situated in was small, so the students were constantly clashing in coffee shops and shopping malls. Will and Percy always got into some kind of argument and went as far as to prank each other in a less than nice way. But that came to an end when a kid from Mechanical Engineering, Leo Valdez, put a spider in one of Will’s best friend’s, Annabeth’s, hair and sent her into such a fit of panic she had to be sent to hospital.

So, in summary, Will tried his best to stay as far away from the Underworlders and their bad influences as much he could, sticking to his studies. He hated Percy, and if it was up to him he’d chose to never see the boy again. But fate wanted it to go differently.

***
“A gas leak?!” Frank from Physics demanded again, his jaw dropped all the way to the floor. The students from Will’s dorm were all gathered in the cold night, outside their dark block, grumbling and shuffling as they rubbed their pyjama clad arms to keep warm. Will stomped his feet and exhaled, his breath creating a cloud in front of his face. It was the middle of the night, in the middle of winter, and it was freezing. Will just wanted into get back in bed.

“Students!” Chiron, the head-teacher, pushed his way to the front of the shivering group of teenagers, “I talked with some people. The gas leak is incredibly dangerous, and it started in room 3c’s kitchen,” a few people groaned and glared at Hazel and Piper, occupants of 3c, “the specialists had said that it’s best if we wait at least five days before we return, and wait for the fumes to subside-“

“What?!” Annabeth demanded, shaking, “where are we supposed to live for five days?!”

Chiron looked uncomfortable and he cleared his throat, “Er...Mr Dionysus was kind enough to offer you guys some accommodation-“

“We are not going to the Underworld,” Will deadpanned. The others murmured in agreement,

“Well unfortunately you don’t have a choice,” Chiron said, “Either you’ll go to Island Sound or you’ll have to live in hotels. That the University won’t pay for.”

Maybe if it wasn’t so late and cold the students would’ve argued more, but honestly they were so exhausted that nobody really cared at this point. Annoyed they shuffled through the freshly fallen snow to the fence that separated the Underworld from Olympus. Nearby the half-frozen Long Island Sound glimmered in the moonlight. One by one the two dozen students from the volatile dorm climbed through a hole in the fence, grumbling as they reached the old, brick dorms of the Underworlders. It was no surprise that all the windows were ablaze and music and laughter were pouring out, despite the fact it was Thursday night.

In the lobby of the dorm that had two broken lifts and a pair of cranky stairs leading up to the upper floors, the students were met with Dionysus, commonly known as Mr D, the head teacher of Island Sound. As always the man was not quite sober, and his outfit of a pink night robe and crocs just illustrated how much of a fuck he did not give.

Mr D kept it short and sweet, “Fuck all this, and fuck all of you for waking me up. There’s a list of names and room numbers on the counters, help yourselves, and good fucking night,” and with that he went back out into the cold. The tired Olympians crowded around the hand-scribbled list of names, eagerly searching for their ones, so they could go up to the rooms which, albeit loud, could offer some warmth.

Will was raised to be polite so he was one of the last students to drag himself up, looking for the room number two. Before he finished going up the stairs his phone (one of the few possessions he got out of the room) beeped. He got a text message from Annabeth.

Miss Independent: Not good, my girls a bitch im sleeping on the floor.

Will sighed – of course he didn’t expect anything more. The Underworlders were basically savages. He was not impressed when he saw that the door to number two on the first floor was thrown open and people were venturing in and out like it was a hotel. When they saw him they all stopped and stared. Even the music cut off.

“Well, well, well if it isn’t William Solace,” Leo was leaning against the wall, grinning. Will glared at him,
“Don’t tell me I have to room with *you*, Valdez.”

“Fortunately for you,” Percy Jackson was suddenly in the doorway, “You don’t. You have to room with *moi.*”

Will’s stomach clenched. Of fucking course. Percy looked right at home in the gloomy corridor. His dark hair had a red streak through it, multiple piercings decorating his ears, one going through his lip from which a cigarette dangled. His blue eyes were lined with eyeliner.

Sniggering the Underworlders dispersed, drifting to their respective rooms and Will was left gaping at Percy, who looked amused.

“This is going to be fun,” he stated. Will groaned and hit his forehead against the closest wall, “I’m going to kill myself,” he said miserably.

“Isn’t that bad for your health?” Percy lifted an eyebrow, “don’t you want to be a doctor or something?”

Will glanced at him, “How do you even know that?”

Percy shrugged, looking away, “Well, anyway, you’re in luck blondie. My roomie’s away for the week to see his family so his bed’s free.”

“Isn’t that blessed,” Will grumbled. But whatever relief he had been feeling at having an actual bed to sleep in disappeared when he saw the state of Percy’s dorm room. It was smaller than his back in Olympus, and looked like a massive clusterfuck. It even smelled weird.

“Well, goodnight,” Percy grinned brightly at Will’s disgusted expression. He climbed into what Will assumed was his bed. He couldn’t tell because it was partially buried beneath a mountain of clothes, “You might want to take that stick out of your ass before you lie down – it’ll get uncomfortable,” he pondered that for a moment, “Unless you’re into that kind of stuff.”

***

The sun woke Will up, brushing against his closed eyelids. Groggily the blonde woke up, feeling like he had got no sleep at all. His limbs ached from lying in the tiny bed, and his head pounded. He groaned and stretched and accidentally kicked a pile of books at the foot of the bed. Annoyed he sat up, rubbed his face, and glanced over at Percy.

The punk was sitting up in bed, a laptop balanced between his knees, headphones on. He looked sleepy and younger without the eyeliner. But that wasn’t the first thing Will noticed – the first thing he noticed was that Percy’s legs were spread, his boxers shoved down and tangled around his ankles. In his hand Percy was holding his impressive, glistening member. He was having a morning wank with Will *right there*.

The blonde blamed his late reaction on shock and not on the fact that for a moment he was mesmerized by the way the other boy’s cock twitched in his palm. Then he was on his feet, knocking Percy’s laptop onto his blankets. The boy looked up at him, startled.

“What the fuck?!” Will screamed. Percy pushed his headphones off with his free hand, and the worst (or best) part was that he didn’t stop touching himself. Will was lost between glaring at his flushed face and glancing down at his member.

“What?” Percy demanded, vaguely annoyed, “Can’t you see I’m busy-*ah.*”
Will hadn’t been expecting the moan. Suddenly Percy turned his face away, hand speeding up. He opened his mouth and breathed harshly, as if Will wasn’t standing right there. The blonde felt half of his blood rush to his face, the other to his cock. Before Percy could see his sudden, confusing arousal Will dashed from the room, sprinting down to the bathroom, heart pounding. He did not just get hard over that punk!

***

Will didn’t see Percy again until that evening. The Olympus students spent most of their time in their lecture buildings, unable to go back to their rooms and scared of going back to the Underworld. By the time they finally dragged themselves back in they were all shaking from the cold of the freshly fallen snow, and the Underworld was really going at it. Friday was a big night for them apparently, because the common room on the ground floor was transformed into some kind of rave. Will was shocked to find that he kind of wanted to join the people jumping around in the neon darkness, but he knew he’d never fit in. There was also his pride – he’d never admit that the Underworlders knew how to have fun.

The dorms were somewhat more deserted since people were downstairs at the party, and so Will gratefully slipped into his (Percy’s) room, eager to catch up on his Biology studies and prepare for the upcoming exam. The room was dark and Will was surprised he didn’t trip over the shit on the floor as he stumbled to his temporary bed. He flipped his bedside lamp on and almost jumped. He had thought the room was empty, but now he could see that Percy was, in fact, asleep.

The boy had the covers around his waist, his hands lightly gripping his pillows, brows furrowed as he slept. His hair was a fluffy black and red nest on his head, eyes closed. He wore just a thin tank top and was trembling as he slept. He looked so young that Will’s heart twisted.

He decided not to disturb the boy with rustling around with papers so instead he just came up to him and carefully pulled the blankets up to the boy’s chin. They might’ve hated each other but in the end they were both human, and Will didn’t want Percy to freeze to death. The image from that morning flashed in the blonde’s mind – Percy, flushed, cock in hand – and he moved too abruptly, pulling away.

Percy’s hand shot out and he grabbed Will by the wrist, grip surprisingly strong. Then his fingers slid to Will’s palm and he held his hand. The blonde’s heart skipped a beat.

“Will?” Percy mumbled. Will swallowed, “Yeah. Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you up.”

“Why is it so cold?” Percy asked, burying himself underneath his blanket. Will smiled, “You were uncovered,” he grabbed the covers and tucked them around Percy for good measure. He couldn’t stop himself from reaching out and brushing the boy’s hair back from his face. Asleep he was almost a different person.

“Why are you being so nice to me?” Percy trailed off, eyes closed. Will decided that even if he answered the boy wouldn’t realise. With a sigh he freed his hand and sat down on his bed, flipping the light off. Why am I so nice to him? Will echoed the question in his head. They weren’t friends.

Will stripped down and buried himself underneath his blankets, trying to ignore Percy’s deep breathing. He didn’t know why he was suddenly having all these weird feelings towards the boy...two more nights and I can move back into Olympus, he told himself, to make himself feel better.
And then the image of Percy masturbating popped into his head and Will made himself feel better in a different way.

***

Will was holed up in the dorm room, trying to do some work with Annabeth. There were books strewn all over Percy’s roommate’s bed but that didn’t matter because the two friends couldn’t concentrate anyway. Downstairs the teenagers were playing music so loudly that the floor was vibrating.

Will sighed and buried his face in his hands, “I wish they’d shut up for once.”

“It’s Saturday night,” Annabeth shrugged, “What did you expect?”

“They had a party yesterday,” Will whimpered. Annabeth ruffled his hair,

“Tomorrow, and then we can go back home,” she comforted him. The door burst open and Percy spilled inside the dorm room, grinning.

“Will!” he exclaimed, as if the two were the best of friends. Will winced and Annabeth gave him a sympathetic look,

“I’m gonna go,” she said, already packing her books into her bag. Percy rummaged in his closet as the girl slipped out, closing the door behind her and somewhat muffling the sounds of the party outside. Will leaned back against the wall, stretching out his legs on his bed and he watched Percy tiredly,

“Someone spilled beer on me,” Percy complained, turning around with his shirt in his hands, pointing at a stain on it and pouting. Will tried not to let his eyes wander over the boy’s shirtless body, but it was hard. Percy was clearly drunk.

“Do you remember who?” Will asked. Percy shrugged and threw the shirt on the floor,

“Probably the same guy who tried to get his hand down my pants,” he slurred. Something twisted inside Will and he stood up. His hands involuntarily clenched into fists,

“Someone what?”

Percy didn’t reply, just hummed as he continued to shuffle through his clothes, allowing some to fall to the floor. Feeling weirdly antsy Will grabbed him by the shoulder and turned him around. He frowned at how flushed and dishevelled Percy was.

“You’re not going back out there,” the blonde said firmly, “You’ve had enough.”

Percy raised an eyebrow, “Oh. Would you rather have me all to yourself?”

“No,” Will said. Yes.

Percy snorted and went to turn back to the closet. Will grabbed him by the wrist and spun him back around,

“I’m serious,” he said, “You’re not going back out there. You’re drunk, and you might hurt yourself,” he peered at Percy’s blown pupils, “Doctor’s orders.”

“Doctor’s orders?” Percy blinked, “But I’m not sick.”
Will sighed, “Will you just please stay here?”

“Come to think about it,” Percy grinned, “I am sick. Very sick,” he touched his forehead and pouted, “Check my forehead, I think I have a fever.”

“No you don’t,” Will rolled his eyes.

“Check it,” Percy whimpered. Will, not wanting to upset him, pressed his hand against his forehead. Percy bated it away with annoyance,

“No. With your mouth.”

“You want me to check your temperature with my mouth?” Will asked in disbelief. Happy as a puppy Percy nodded. Will, bit the inside of his cheek to get himself under control, and then pressed his lips against Percy’s forehead. The second his mouth brushed against the boy’s cool skin Percy turned his face up, so their lips met. Will should’ve really seen that one coming.

He tasted the whiskey on Percy’s tongue when the boy tried to prematurely get it into Will’s mouth. The blonde nudged him away, gently but firmly.

“No,” he said.

“Why?” Percy wasn’t pouting anymore – his eyes were dark and serious in the dim light from Will’s bedside lamp.

“Do you really need a reason?” the blonde asked.

“Yes,” Percy said quietly, “I need multiple reasons. And they better be good.”

Will ran a hand through his hair, trying to wrap his head around the fact that Percy Jackson was willingly wanting to kiss him...and maybe more.

“This isn’t my room. You’re drunk. Someone could walk in.” Will stopped, “Do I need to go on?”

Percy stared at him, “None of those reasons are that you don’t want me.”

“Percy,” Will said, exasperated, feeling his resolve weakening.

“I want you,” Percy said, “and I’m gonna assume you want me too.”

“You don’t know what you’re saying.”

“Yeah, I do,” Percy mumbled. He wrapped his arms around Will’s shoulders and the blonde didn’t have the strength to push him away. The ring in his lip shone in the soft light, his black-lined eyes were intense on Will’s. The blonde couldn’t help but think if his parents ever saw them like this they’d faint – they always thought Will would be into pretty, sweet girls. Not punk, dangerous, sexy boys like Percy, “I know exactly what I’m saying, and what I’m doing,” Percy leaned in a little and Will’s brain stopped working. He pressed a kiss to Will’s mouth, “I know where we are, and who you are. If you’re scared,” a small kiss to Will’s jaw, “that everything’s blurry and I can’t tell which ways up and which ways down,” his breath brushed against Will’s ear and the blonde shivered, “Then don’t worry. I know exactly what’s happening,” he bit at Will’s earlobe and the blonde lost it.

He shoved Percy backwards, harder than he meant to, and the boy ended up sprawled on his bed. Will crawled on top of his body, kicking back the messy covers. Their lips collided in a messy kiss full of teeth, a fight for dominance. Will pinned Percy down with his body, thrusting his tongue into
the boy’s mouth. He could feel the boy’s grin against his lips as his hands went beneath Will’s shirt, roaming over his back.

“Thought you were a good boy, Will,” Percy whispered, and then he surged upwards, flipping them over so Will found himself dizzily against the pillows, with Percy hovering above him. He licked a trail down Will’s neck and the blonde would be lying if he said he didn’t enjoy it. He never thought that the first time he’d have sex would be like this – in someone else’s dirty dorm room, with a punk kid he was meant to hate. But right now he couldn’t concentrate on that because his hands found something other than Percy’s hips. He squeezed the boy’s ass, earning a delicious gasp from that sinful mouth and getting his upper hand back. Well, at least he had it back until Percy didn’t start grinding down on him.

Will moaned when their hard cocks pressed against each other, even though there were a few layers between their bare flesh.

“Fuck,” Will groaned as Percy grinded down on him. The pleasure was weird, different from when Will wanked off, but better somehow because he had no control over it. He kissed Percy again, their tongues sliding together alongside their bodies.

Will flipped them over again, and his world was really starting to spin even though he was supposed to be the sober one. Percy grinned at him breathlessly where he was nestled among the pillows, hair messy from their constant position switching.

“Are we really doing this?” Will asked breathlessly. In response Percy’s legs came up to wrap around his waist and draw him close, so their noses were almost touching.

“Since it’s your first time I’ll let you top,” Percy winked. To wipe that smug look off of his face Will kissed him again and grinded down, just like the boy had done previously. Percy’s eyes fluttered shut and his brows furrowed. He moaned softly, legs tightening around Will’s waist.

They clumsily got their shirts and jeans off. When they were grinding against each other in just their boxers a drunk, giggling couple stumbled into the room. When they saw the two boys they hurriedly apologised and left. The walls were thundering with the music from downstairs. Will suddenly wished they were back in his dorm, where it was quiet and peaceful and he could properly take his time with Percy.

Next time, Will told himself as Percy shimmied out of his boxers. Then he frowned – he didn’t know why but he had been trying to tell himself it was a one time thing. Though by looking at Percy expose more and more of himself, eager, Will couldn’t help but get a bit addicted.

“I don’t know what to do,” Will admitted when finally Percy laid beneath him naked. The punk raised an eyebrow,

“Didn’t you ever watch porn?”

Will shrugged and looked away, embarrassed, “Not gay one...,” he mumbled. Percy snorted,

“You’re adorable,” he said, “but seriously, I feel like I’m corrupting you,” he untangled his legs from around Will’s waist so he could lean over and pull something out of his bedside drawer. He pressed a small bottle into Will’s hand, “Do you know what that is?”

Will stared at the see-through liquid in the bottle, “No.”

“That’s lube,” Percy didn’t sound annoyed, more amused, “pour some onto your fingers and then stick them in me.”

“Sounds painful,” Will winced. Percy rolled his eyes,
“You have to be gentle, and slow,” he said, “here,” he opened the bottle and poured some of the cold liquid onto Will’s hand before laying back down and wrapping his legs back around the blonde’s waist. He took his hand and guided him beneath himself, to his ass. Percy bit his lip when Will’s fingers brushed against his hole and the blonde himself shivered, “Now you just...” Percy looked a bit dazed as he pressed one of Will’s fingers inside himself.

Will watched, mesmerized, as Percy’s face contorted. The boy gasped as Will pushed his finger inside of him, and the blonde could feel his hole clenching around the digit. It was all confusingly arousing.

It took them a long time to get Percy ready, but Will didn’t question it as he lost himself in trying to map out the boy’s body with his tongue, while at the same time trying to tell himself not to come in the first five seconds of finally getting inside the boy. He couldn’t believe they were actually doing this.

The party died down a little by the time Will finally got Percy’s legs over his shoulder, and his cock positioned at the boy’s entrance. He didn’t know what time it was but it had started to snow again, and outside people were laughing.

Percy was tight, so tight that Will wondered if everything was okay. The boy flinched upon initial contact and as Will sank into him, a little bit lost in the feeling, he realised that there was pain in the boy’s eyes. He honest to God tried to stop but his body deemed that impossible, and he pushed on until he was fully inside the boy. They were both breathing hard and Will was dizzy with pleasure, though Percy looked like he was about to cry.

“Percy,” Will murmured, clumsily intertwining their fingers, “What is it? Does it hurt?” Percy’s jaw clenched and he shook his head, though it was clear that he was lying. Will’s heart tumbled to his stomach, “This is your first time, isn’t it?” he asked softly.

Percy squeezed his eyes shut and exhaled shakily, “I-I...I didn’t t-think it’d hurt s-so much...” Will showered him with kisses. He felt bad that Percy didn’t like it while he himself was lost in the pleasure of being inside the boy. They laid together for a bit, Will stroking Percy’s hair and cheeks, kissing his nose and the corner of his lips, murmuring sweet nothings to him and trying to get his own hormone driven body under control.

“I-It’s okay now,” Percy whispered after a while, “you can move.”

Will was right. He pulled out and thrust back in, a little too eagerly. Percy tried to even out his breathing but with each of Will’s thrusts his breath would hitch, and his hands would tighten in the covers underneath him. Will could barely concentrate on him, because the pleasure inside of him was building up shockingly fast. He sped up his thrusts and Percy moaned. And then Will was coming embarrassingly fast, just like he expected. It wasn’t his fault that Percy was so hot and tight.


Percy giggled. And then he laughed. Will pulled away and Percy was grinning up at him, “What?” Will frowned, “it’s not that funny, okay? That was my first time,” Percy just continued to giggle, “What is it?”

The boy looped his arms around the blonde’s shoulders and pulled him close, kissing the tip of his nose, “Nothing. Nothing at all.”

***
“You can’t go in here!” Will heard the RA yelling down the corridor. He sighed and put his book down, wondering what the fuck was going on this time. After the week spent at the Underworld a few of the students made friends and now they came ‘round to visit the Olympians, which the RA’s hated.

Before Will could get to the door it banged open, revealing a pleased with himself Percy holding a six pack of beer and grinning like he just won the lottery.

“Percy are you pissing Nyssa off again?” Will sighed as the boy kicked the door shut behind him.

“Hey, it’s not my fault she’s got low blood sugar levels and a shit attitude,” the boy shrugged, chucking the beer onto Will’s bed. The two stared at each other for a moment and Percy’s expression softened, “Hi,” he said.

“Hi,” Will opened his arms and Percy stepped into them. They kissed, softly, sweetly. Will smiled. It always felt weird to him when Percy came to visit, but it also always felt weird when he left, like he belonged with Will, “Hi,” he repeated as Percy brushed his fingers through his hair.

The snow fell outside.
Your Mouth's The Gun

(Luke x Beckendorf)- After the War, Luke survives and is deemed a hero but is an outcast as no one trusts him anymore. Silena dies a hero and Charles (who didn't die) is livid because he knows she loved Luke and that's why she was on his side during the war. He bullies Luke but slowly when realising how broken Luke is falls in love with him and becomes his champion instead. This prevents Luke from being bullied anymore.

For Virgo the Perfectionist

Beckendorf angrily brought the hammer down, connecting it with the sword he was making and sending sparks flying through the forge. Nearby Nyssa, with a pair of goggles over her eyes, was torching something. There was a tense atmosphere in Bunker 9, mostly because of Beckendorf.

The war was the Titans was over, and although everyone was happy and celebrating, the Son of Hephaestus was in mourning. Everyone knew it was because of Silena. Near the end of her life the two of them had broken up, but he still loved her more than anyone, even if she did love one of the biggest traitors of the Camp. Beckendorf had made his peace with it. But then Silena had betrayed them and joined Luke Castellan on the Princess Andromeda, even though she confessed to Beckendorf that Luke had no feelings for her. That didn’t stop her for dying for him. And now both of them were proclaimed heroes.

Except Luke Castellan survived. He shouldn’t have, he had no right to, but the Gods were cruel like that. They took Silena from Beckendorf and left that sorry excuse of a Demigod in her place. Worse still, he had been forgiven by the Gods because during the last moments he had turned his back on Kronos after the Titan possessed his body. But Beckendorf didn’t forgive him and, to his delight, neither did the other Demigods. His only comfort came in the fact that everyone hated Luke and wouldn’t go anywhere near him – good, Beckendorf thought even though he wasn’t a malicious person, he deserves to rot in Tartarus.

“Beckendorf!” Harley yelled. Beckendorf was pulled out of his grim thoughts and glanced down at his younger half-brother. The boy’s face was flushed from the warmth of the forge, “You’re gonna break the sword!”

Beckendorf glanced down at the blade, which had been over-hammered. He sighed, put it to the side and wiped his soot-stained hands on his apron. He knelt in front of Harley and ruffled his hair,

“It’s okay,” he said, “Sorry.”

Harley looked upset as he threw his arms around the boy, hugging him tightly.

“Don’t be sad,” he whimpered, “You’re always sad nowadays. Please don’t be sad.”
“I’ll try my best,” Beckendorf told him warmly. Nyssa pushed her protective goggles into her hair and gave him a look. Suddenly Beckendorf felt oppressed in the Bunker, like all the Hephaestus kids were pitying him. He didn’t want pity – he wanted revenge. The night that Luke Castellan was formerly accepted into camp Beckendorf swore to make his life a living hell, and now that was the only thing he could think about.

Every time the emotions of losing Silena got too much, Beckendorf would find Luke and...well, bully him, essentially. He didn’t like calling it that because it sounded as if Luke was the victim when he wasn’t. He was the enemy, practically one of the monsters, responsible for the deaths of not only Silena but also everyone else who was killed during the quests to stop the Titans – Nico’s sister, and Zoe Nightshade, the hunter of Artemis, Lee Fletcher, Castor from the Dionysus Cabin, Michael Yew. Their names fuelled Beckendorf’s anger every time he saw the Son of Hermes parading around the camp as if he was guilt-less. He hated that the most; how unapologetic Luke was about what he did. No matter how much everyone taunted him he’d just smirk at them and act as if it didn’t bother him. Beckendorf wanted to see him break for what he did.

“I’m going to get some air,” Beckendorf told Nyssa and Harley as he pulled off his apron, hanging it on the peg labelled ‘Beck.’ He didn’t wait for his siblings to reply as he stepped out into the early summer evening. The crickets were playing in the fields as Beckendorf delved into the shadowy forest, on his way to Camp. He tried to calm himself but instead his anger just grew – he hated what the war do to him. He used to be gentle and kind, and now all he could think about was strangling Luke Castellan to death.

_Speak of the devil and he shall appear,_ Beckendorf thought sullenly as he walked out into the strawberry fields. Luke was working close by working, or at least pretending to be working. As Beckendorf advanced on him the setting sun illuminated his golden hair. Beckendorf thought that made him look like he had a halo, which was ironic since he was as far away from an angel as possible. At least his ugly scar was a bit of punishment. Beckendorf walked and watched as the boy chucked strawberries into a basket, eating every other one. That just pissed Beckendorf even more.

“Oi!” he called, advancing and glaring. Luke looked up at him and something flickered in his eyes. Then he straightened up and grinned that annoying, infuriating grin of his, “What do you think you’re doing?!” Beckendorf demanded, coming to a stop in front of the blonde. He always liked doing that because it meant he was able to look down on Luke, who was a good head shorter.


Beckendorf’s hands clenched into fists and he fought the urge to punch the blonde, “You’re eating the strawberries. You’re meant to be _picking_ them.”

“Oh, but I am,” Luke said innocently, popping a strawberry into his mouth, his scar twisting when he grinned. Beckendorf felt his blood boil,

“You’re disgusting,” he growled, “I’m surprised they even let you anywhere near the food. The touch of your hands poisons them.”

“How poetic,” Luke said dryly. Beckendorf stepped closer to the boy,

“How do you live with yourself?”

“How do you live with yourself?”

“Comfortably. How about you?”

Beckendorf grabbed Luke by the upper arm, fingers digging into the boy’s skin,
“You should’ve-,” before he could finish Clarisse was at his side.

“Beck,” she barked, eyes narrowed at Luke, one hand on Beckendorf’s shoulder, “He’s not worth it.”

Beckendorf’s vision cleared and he pulled his hand back. Luke smirked but there was hurt in his eyes, thought Beckendorf ignored that. He preferred not to see Luke as a human.

“Anger issues?” the blonde asked. Clarisse spat at his feet,

“Fuck you,” Beckendorf hissed, and kicked Luke’s basket, sending his strawberries into the dirt. Annoyance flickered in Luke’s eyes but Clarisse pulled Beckendorf by the arm and the two of them walked off, Beckendorf still fuming.

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Beckendorf was really glad for other campers, and he was really glad that whenever he bumped into Luke there was always someone around because otherwise he was sure he would’ve killed the son of Hermes by now, and he was sure that Nico di Angelo was more than willing to get rid of the body quietly.


It was Capture the Flag and Hephaestus teamed up with Hermes. Beckendorf didn’t like that – he didn’t have anything against most Hermes kids but he liked pairing up with Ares since they had less people. Still, Travis and Nyssa really liked each other so Beckendorf agreed to the uneasy alliance, even if that meant that he had to work with Luke. Thankfully everyone excluded the blonde from deliberations, and then sent him out into the woods to do ‘whatever’ while they came up with a strategy. Beckendorf, being the biggest, was set up to guard their home flag, which he was perfectly okay with.

For fifteen minutes he stood in the little clearing in the woods, sword in hand, circling the flag pole and searching for a sign of any of the other demigods sneaking around. Once Katie from Demeter came charging out of the woods before Beckendorf saw her since the trees had hid her, but he easily tackled her to the ground before she got to the flag, sending her scurrying off. Since then it had been quiet, just the sound of distant shouts interrupting Beckendorf’s peaceful protection.

Then Luke had to ruin all of it. The blonde came out of the trees, whistling, clearly unafraid of drawing attention to himself, naked sword resting against his shoulder.

“Well, well, well,” the blonde stopped whistling when he saw Beckendorf and the flag, “if it isn’t my favourite.”

Beckendorf’s hand tightened on his sword, “Get out of here, Castellan,” he growled. The blonde raised an eyebrow,

“Can’t you be nice for once? I mean, we’re finally on the same side.”

“We are not on the same side,” Beckendorf spat.


“Get out of my sight,” Beckendorf growled, stepping closer to the blonde, sword in hand, “You’re not wanted here.”


“No, you’re not,” Beckendorf growled, feeling his blood heat up, “But you will be.”

Without a warning he threw himself at Luke, sword raised. He didn’t actually want to kill the kid, more like... roughen him up. But Luke was ready and he parried Beckendorf’s powerful thrust with some trouble.

“Aw, is that all you’ve got, Charlie?” he taunted. Beckendorf blacked out for a second, “Don’t call me that,” he yelled and charged once again. He and Luke spun around each other, the clashing of blades filling the clearing. Beckendorf forgot all about the game and the flag, all he could see was Luke's insolent smirk, “Only she could call me that!” Beckendorf was breathing hard.

“She’s dead,” Luke growled back. With a powerful hit Beckendorf knocked Luke’s sword out of his hand, but that didn’t stop him. The Son of Hephaestus, in his fury, dropped his own weapon and tackled the unsuspecting blonde to the ground. Before he could even stop and think his body was moving. His fist fell once, twice, three times. Beckendorf was screaming, he didn’t even know what he was saying. All he could see was Silena in the moonlight I love you, Charlie, I just love him more. I know he doesn’t feel the same, and that’s okay, I’m okay. Except she wasn’t okay – she was dead. Luke was grinning at Beckendorf from the ground even as blood gushed from his broken nose and his split lip. Beckendorf just continued to hit, and would’ve probably never stopped if there weren’t sudden hands on him, hauling him back.

The son of Hephaestus whirled around as he was dragged off of Luke and saw the worried, horrified faces of Annabeth and Malcolm. The Athena kids have come to get the flag and instead they were wrestling Beckendorf.

“I’m going to kill him!” the boy roared, trying to knock the two blondes off of him, “I’m going to kill him!”

“Stop it!” Annabeth screamed, “Stop it!”

Someone was pulling Luke to his feet – Chiron, the boy bloody in his arms. And Beckendorf just saw red, red, red...

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Beckendorf was put in isolation ‘for his own good.’ He was given a room in the big house for a few days, so he could cool off and see how his actions were inappropriate. No matter for how long Beckendorf laid in the comfortable bed, in the silence, he couldn’t help but feel not guilty for what he did. Luke deserved what he got.

Which is why Beckendorf didn’t understand why after two days of being confined to the Big House, Luke Castellan came to visit him. ‘Visit’ might be the wrong word to use, more like snuck in. Beckendorf had no idea how the boy did it, but he was a Son of Hermes and those pricks knew how to get in anywhere.

Beckendorf wasn’t sleeping despite the fact that it was well past midnight. Instead he was sitting on the bed, lost in thoughts and memories of the past. The past, when he had been happy, when a
sudden, soft knock on the door jostled him out of his fantasies. When Luke slipped into his room, Beckendorf was shocked.

“What are you doing here?!” he demanded, standing up as the blonde shut the door behind himself.

There was a plaster on the bridge of his healing nose, a bruise on his cheekbone and a cut on his bottom lip, but apart from that he looked fine. He was wearing a jacket and walking shoes and dropped a duffle bag on Beckendorf’s floor.

“I wanted to talk,” he said. His smirk was gone.

“About what?” Beckendorf demanded. He eyes the bag. “Going somewhere?”

“Yes. Just don’t know where yet,” Luke said, and then sighed, “Look, I’m leaving, like you wanted me too. So I just came here to say...to say that I’m sorry.”

“You’re sorry?” Beckendorf asked in disbelief.

“Oh, now you want to act all humble and ashamed?” Beckendorf laughed humourlessly, “After all you’ve put everyone through! You act like you’re above everyone, like you didn’t do what you did! You with your smirks and comments and nonchalance, you’re not worth the dirt on the shoes of the demigods that you murdered,” Beckendorf’s voice was full of malice and he couldn’t stop even if he tried, “I fucking loved her. And she loved you, and then she died because of that love,” Luke wasn’t replying and that just angered Beckendorf more. He came up to the boy and grabbed him by the wrist, squeezing hard. Luke winced but didn’t fight back, “It should’ve been you,” Beckendorf hissed, “You should’ve died in her place.”


“Is that all you’re going to say?” Beckendorf demanded. The pain in his chest was almost unbearable, and it was rivalled only by the anger he was feeling, “That you know?”

“What else do you want me to say?” Luke asked softly. Beckendorf didn’t know why the boy was suddenly changed, “That it was my fault? Well yeah, it was. I should’ve never joined Kronos but I can’t blame my actions on him...,” his voice faltered, “But Beckendorf, he possessed me. You don’t know what it’s like to have no control over your own body,” he swallowed but Beckendorf was still gripping his wrist so he couldn’t pull away, “Getting accepted back into camp...I thought it’d be a new start,” there were tears shining in his eyes, even though he wasn’t looking at Beckendorf. Why are you crying? The son of Hephaestus wanted to shout, but he couldn’t find his voice, “But all of you...you all hated me, and treated me like an outsider, and I get that. I wouldn’t trust me either if I was you b-but I didn’t t-think it’d be this bad. I thought I could handle being alone but I c-can’t. Everything you’re mad at me a-about, for acting l-like I don’t care...t-that’s my only defence. I-I don’t know what else to do.”

All of the anger evaporated out of Beckendorf – just like that. Suddenly standing in front of him was not a monster, but a boy. A boy who made bad decisions, a boy who had tears rolling down his bruised cheeks that were Beckendorf’s doing. He let go of Luke’s wrist.
“Why are you here?” he asked softly. Luke tried to fight a sob,

“T-Too say g-goodbye.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Beckendorf sighed, “Where will you go?”

Luke shrugged, “I-I just...I just w-wanted to tell you h-how sorry I am,” he whispered. Beckendorf couldn’t look at him, because he was breaking his heart. Silena had loved this boy – this broken, broken boy. And now he was baring his heart to Beckendorf and he didn’t know what to do with it, “I-I know she loved me, a-and I wish I could’ve loved her too....,” he shook his head and trailed off.

Beckendorf stared at him. He didn’t know what to say – he just knew that he didn’t want to hurt Luke anymore. The pain in his chest was still there but he now understood that Silena would’ve never wanted him to hurt Luke like this. He imagined what the boy was feeling – how alone and scared he probably was.

“I’m going to go now,” Luke said faintly, wiping his wet cheeks with the back of his hand.

“Don’t be an idiot. Stay,” Beckendorf said. He didn’t even know why he said that.

“Don’t feel bad,” Luke said, picking up his bag, “You’re a good guy, and that’s kicking in right now. Just remember that you hate me.”

“I don’t want to hate you,” Beckendorf blurted. Luke stared at him, “I know this is all hard to understand but...just don’t go. Don’t go, and I promise everything will work itself out.”

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Luke’s bruises healed, and Beckendorf was glad for that. He started spending more time with the boy, still keeping him at an arm’s length, but in a month the two had gone from worst enemies to...kind of friends. Beckendorf could understand what Silena saw in Luke, maybe a little too much.

He knew the saying that there was a thin line between hate and love, but he didn’t realise just how thin. Yeah, he liked Luke, but it was still hard to forgive him for everything he had done. Beckendorf did his best to make sure nobody picked on him anymore, but that wasn’t easy either. Thing is, he didn’t realise how protective he really was over the blonde until bonfire night.

The campers were all out on the beach, sitting below the stars around small campfires, chatting and waiting for the fireworks that the Hephaestus cabin was preparing. Beckendorf had left his siblings to it and decided to go find Luke, who he hadn’t seen all evening.

After questioning a few Demigods if they’ve seen the Son of Hermes Beckendorf came to the conclusion that the boy wasn’t on the beach, which was weird because everyone was on the beach. A little bit worried, Beckendorf ventured into the camp. He’d seen fireworks a hundred times and finding Luke was more important to him.

The camp was weirdly quiet without all the Demigods, the cabins dark and quiet. Luke wasn’t by the main fire or in the dining pavilion so Beckendorf went to the Hermes Cabin and knocked on the door – nobody replied. A bit more agitated, Beckendorf peered inside, but among the chaotic mess there was nobody present. With a sigh of frustration Beckendorf turned to go back to the beach and try to find Luke there, when his eyes suddenly landed on the Hephaestus cabin. Without much hope of finding his friend, Beckendorf dragged himself over there and stepped inside quietly.

To his surprise, Luke was lying in Beckendorf’s bed. His back was to the door and the blonde was curled up on Beckendorf’s covers, hugging his pillow to his chest. For a second the son of
Hephaestus thought that the blonde was shaking because he was cold, but then he heard a soft, muffled sob and realised that Luke was crying. Beckendorf’s shoulders slumped. He knew Luke would want him to leave him alone and let him keep his pride, but Beckendorf couldn’t do that – he was protective, like he said, and he wanted to know why the boy was curled up on his bed instead of being out with the others.

“Luke?” Beckendorf said softly, to announce his presence. The blonde shot up from the bed, dropping the pillow and hurriedly wiping his eyes, which were still red and wet, something Beckendorf could see even in the semi-darkness.

“B-Beckendorf,” he stuttered, “I thought you wouldn’t be back t-till later.”

“Why are you in here?” Beckendorf asked, walking closer to the blonde. Luke bit his lip, “I-I just...the Hermes cabin g-gets a bit much s-sometimes and i-it’s so nice in here with t-the air-con a-and your bed’s comfortable.”

“No,” Beckendorf interrupted softly, “Why are you in here and not out on the beach with the others?”

Luke paused for a second and then shrugged and hugged himself, “I...they obviously don’t want me there. I didn’t want to intrude.”

“You’re not intruding,” Beckendorf was standing in front of Luke now, “And I wanted you there.”


“You were looking for me?” Luke sounded surprised, “I thought you came to get something from your cabin.”

“No, you idiot,” Beckendorf shook his head. Then he frowned, “Why are you crying?”

“Can we please not kill my self esteem and not talk about it?” Luke asked weakly. Beckendorf touched his cheek gently and Luke flinched,

“Sorry,” Beckendorf sheepishly withdrew his hand, “It’s just that the bruise is gone.”

“Oh. Yeah,” Luke looked nervous. Beckendorf suddenly realised how close they were, and how dark it was in the cabin, and that they were alone for the first time since Luke came to him in the Big House. Tentatively, hesitantly, Beckendorf lifted his hand again and touched Luke’s cheek. This time Luke didn’t flinch.

“I’m sorry for hitting you,” Beckendorf said. Luke snorted and then leaned lightly into Beckendorf’s hand,

“Don’t...don’t be sorry for anything,” he said, “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I hurt you.”


“No you didn’t,” Beckendorf lifted his other hand to cup Luke’s other cheek, “you were an asshole but that didn’t mean that I should’ve hit you.”
“Can we not talk about that either?” Luke asked. The brazier from outside was casting a barely-there, soft, golden light onto his face.

“What do you want to talk about then?” Beckendorf asked. Luke shrugged,

“Can we just not talk?”

“Okay, do you want me to go?” the son of Hephaestus asked. Luke shook his head, “What do you want to do then?”

Luke stood up on his tip-toes and kissed Beckendorf.

Beckendorf froze. He didn’t know what to do, but he seemed unable to move, couldn’t even move his hands from Luke’s face. The blonde gripped at his sweatshirt, mouth firmly pressed against Beckendorf’s. It was like an invitation – take it or leave it. Slowly, the son of Hephaestus felt himself melting into the kiss. Shyly Beckendorf parted his lips and turned the kiss open-mouthed. Luke exhaled shakily when Beckendorf kissed him softly, gently, just their lips brushing over each other, over and over.

The son of Hephaestus’ hands slid from Luke’s face down to his waist, where he wrapped his arms around him. The blonde looped his arms around Beckendorf’s neck, pulling him in closer.

“What are we doing?” Beckendorf whispered, resting his forehead against Luke’s, their breaths mingling together.

“I don’t know,” Luke admitted, “I-I...I didn’t think I’d be so attached to you.”

“Attached, huh?” Beckendorf cracked a smile.

“Maybe I’m just desperate for someone to love me,” Luke murmured, “Or maybe...maybe...”

Beckendorf kissed him again, harder this time, pulling Luke flush against him.

“Don’t finish that sentence.”

“You know what I was going to say anyway,” Luke mumbled.

“I know,” Beckendorf whispered, “But I wanted to say it first. I love you.”

Before Luke could reply Beckendorf kissed him again, and outside the fireworks finally went off.
Who's Gonna Kiss You When I'm Gone?

You should do one with Frank and Leo. One where Leo pines the hell out of Frank, but in his last moments, realizes that he'll never have him.

For kumihoe

The seven were making last minute adjustments to their weapons and clothes as the Argo II pulled in through the stormy clouds above camp, which was full of fires and smoke – it didn’t look too good; Demigods were running around, fighting off monsters and Giants while the ground itself seemed to sway.

“Everyone knows what they’re doing?” Jason asked for the hundredth time. The Demigods nodded in affirmation and the blonde exhaled, “Alright. Let’s get down there,” his eyes landed on Leo, “You sure you’re gonna be okay up here by yourself?”

Leo nodded, “Yeah I’ll be good.”

He hated lying to his friends, but what else was he meant to say? I’m staying up here because I’m going to kill myself to destroy Gaia. Of course he didn’t want to die, but someone had to, someone from the seven and he thought that, ironically, there was seven of them for a reason. He was always the fourth wheel, and had come to terms with the fact that he’d have to give up his life to save the others. His eyes, despite himself, strayed to Frank, who was checking his bow, eyes cast down.

Leo knew that if Frank told him not to do it, he wouldn’t. Fuck the world, fuck Gaia, if Frank so much as told Leo to stay with him the Latino would do it in a heartbeat. He was staring at Frank because a big part of him was screaming at him to live. But Frank wasn’t even looking at him; he didn’t know about Leo’s plan to end it, and honestly the Latino doubted he’d do anything even if he did. He’d probably just say something like you’re so brave, but still let Leo do it. Because he was the least loved one in the group. The least loved one by Frank. It still hurt, knowing that Leo could never have him, the one person he ever wanted.
He didn’t know when he fell in love with the Son of Mars, he just knew it happened fast and sudden and no matter how much Leo flirted and made suggestions, Frank never looked at him the way he looked at Hazel, and he never would.

*Now’s not the time to feel sorry for yourself,* Leo scolded himself. They had spent months together, and weeks on the *Argo II* and Frank was just in love with Hazel, never even sparing Leo a second glance. That hurt so much that Leo sometimes couldn’t breathe, curled up in the engine room among the warm machinery, trying not to cry as he began to understand that he’d always be alone, that Frank would never want him. And now he had made a decision, and he had to stop looking for a way out of it. At least he’d be useful this one time.

“See you soon,” Percy said, optimistic as always. He ruffled Leo’s hair and went over to the ladder, where he descended to the ground, to go fight the Giants. His nonchalance just reminded Leo that his friends had no idea what he would do; they thought they’d all see each other after the battle. Leo swallowed when Annabeth waved at him, joining her boyfriend at the ladder. Jason gave him a one armed hug, Piper kissed his cheek.

Hazel had tears in her eyes when she embraced him. She was the only one who knew.

“I love you,” she whispered feverishly, clinging onto her friend, “Always, always.”

It made Leo feel better, even if it wasn’t her love that he wanted.

“Hazel let’s go,” Frank said impatiently, “You’ll talk afterwards.”

Hazel sluggishly pulled away and quickly wiped her wet eyes. Leo’s chest was tight,

“Frank won’t you say bye to Leo?” she tried to sound casual though her voice trembled. She knew about Leo’s feelings, and she didn’t hate him for loving the boy that was hers. Frank frowned,

“What would I? We’ll see each other at dinner,” he smiled, “if everything goes well.”

Leo’s *I love you* was bubbling up in his throat but he knew he couldn’t say it. Not now, not ever. Seeing how nervous and scared Hazel and Leo looked Frank walked over,

“It’s gonna be okay,” he told his two friends and then, almost as if a second thought, wrapped Leo up in his arms. The Latino felt the start of a panic attack in his stomach as he gripped onto the boy desperately. Frank started to pull away too soon and all Leo wanted was to hold him a little longer. He wanted his warmth, to feel his strong arms around him. He wanted all of it, he wanted Frank to love him the way he loved him. But the son of Mars was already halfway to the ladder, “Hazel *come on.*”

The girl kissed Leo softly on the cheek and without another word dashed after her boyfriend. They both disappeared, and a second later Leo saw them running across the ruined strawberry fields, Frank transforming into a lion halfway there. For a moment the son of Hephaestus was alone with the wind and the distant sound of battle. He wiped his eyes, not realising that he was crying. He was so scared, and so lonely, but maybe death would bring him the peace he wanted, maybe he’d be able to be happy for Frank and Hazel without that horrible pain eating him up from the inside wherever he went after this.

Leo repeated the words he never got to say in his head as he got Festus ready for their last flight. They were like a mantra, a thousand *I love you’s* circling his brain, distracting him from his task.

Festus’ metal back was warm beneath Leo’s calves as he climbed onto the bronze dragon and took to the air. The *Argo II* melted away from beneath his feet and Leo could see the chaos around him, the
Camp being destroyed, though he barely registered it. It was over. A falcon soared above him, and Leo, for comfort, pretended it was Frank, keeping him company as he plummeted to his death.

Nothing would save him now.
Will & Nico grew up and bonded over their religion. Though their families going to the same church, they became best friends. As they grew up, everyone but them knew they were in love. Will FINALLY asks Nico to be his boyfriend and they have strict rules as they're still in H.S. and children of GOD. When they're in college & still going strong, they get caught up in the moment and end up losing their virginity to each other. Nico panics when Will is gone the next morning. They meet at the church later and Nico thinks Will is gonna break up with him but Will pulls out a ring. Nico thinks he's only proposing bc he has to be right with God but apparently havjng sex w nico made him realize he wanted that for the rest of his life.Will got up that morning, bought a ring with his savings, and asked Hades for Nico's hand. Nico says yes.

For Percico_Nicercy

Nico fidgeted again, wishing to have one of those leaflets that all the women around him were using to fan themselves with, but his mother never let him do that. The eight year old discreetly undid the top button of his shirt to try and cool himself down a bit in the stuffy church. He wished he could turn around and look at the clock above the door, but he knew if he did that his mum would roughly jerk him forward to look at the altar again, where the priest was droning on and on and on...

Nico’s knees cramped from kneeling down. Why was the priest taking so long? The boy tried to distract himself with looking at the patterns the colourful stained glass windows made on the carpet but it got boring pretty quickly.

“Bianca,” he whispered quietly to his older sister, who was kneeling on his other side, and Maria di Angelo cracked her eye open from where she had been feverishly praying, “How much longer?”

“Shh,” the woman just told him, glaring down at her little son before Bianca could reply. She was a gentle mum but she took church very seriously. Nico stifled a sigh and fought the urge to cry – why did it have to be so hot?! He wished his mum let him stand outside the church sometimes, where you could still hear the mass but the heat wasn’t so oppressive.

They stood up for communion but Nico was still too young to take the body of Christ so the priest just blessed him. Nico then knelt and said a quick apology to God for not paying attention, promising to be better next time. When he opened his eyes he saw that a boy from the opposite side of the church was turned around and staring at him. He was just another golden haired boy among a golden family who didn’t seem to mind his fidgeting, unlike Maria. He smiled at Nico when their eyes met and Nico smiled back, and then rolled his eyes, glancing at the altar. The blonde boy nodded, confirming that he was also bored. Then he tapped his wrist, as if he had a watch, and held up both of his hands, fingers spread. Ten minutes. Nico grinned at him and then held up his thumb in thanks.
“Nico,” Maria hissed, “pay attention or we won’t go to the cake sale after.”

That got Nico quiet enough – he loved the cake sale that happened in the church car park every other Sunday. Despite the threat of no cake Nico kept looking at the boy’s blonde head, though their eyes didn’t meet again. Nico wondered who the boy was; he had never seen him in church before.

When the people finally spilled into the warm summer afternoon Nico momentarily forgot about the blonde stranger as he and other kids surged to the multiple tables set up with home-baked goods. Maria, despite her earlier threats, handed both Nico and Bianca some coins and the two eagerly began to push and shove with the others to try and get to the best cakes. Nico had his eyes on the cupcakes with the icing – they were his favourites, but were quickly disappearing.

Panic rose in Nico’s chest, the one you only got when your favourite cake was about to get snatched up.

“The cupcake with the icing please!” Nico told the cake-seller. The lady took his twenty pence and frowned,

“Oh. Sorry, I’m afraid they’re all gone,” she said and, sure enough, the plate where they had been only moments before had just crumbs on it. Nico’s shoulders slumped,

“Um...can I have a brownie then?” he asked half-heartedly. He slipped from the crowd with a brownie and two non-icing cupcakes in the pocket of his trousers. Maria was talking to the other mums so Nico walked off a bit, eating his brownie.

“Hi!” a voice suddenly said. Nico turned around and found himself face to face with the blonde boy who had told him the time. Immediately he brightened up,

“Hi!” he replied, “Thanks for earlier.”

“No problem,” the blonde grinned and offered Nico his hand, “My name is Will. Will Solace.”

“Nico di Angelo, nice to meet you,” Nico said, “What primary school do you go to?”

“Oh. Olympus, what about you?”

Nico frowned, “I got to Olympus too! But I haven’t seen you there.”

“Oh, we just moved,” Will said, “I’m in year four,” he said proudly.

“Oh,” Nico fidgeted, “I’m year three.”

“That doesn’t mean we can’t be friends, does it?” Will asked worriedly. Nico looked up at him with big eyes,

“You want to be my friend?” he asked. Will smiled,

“Yeah, of course! You seem pretty cool, and we go to the same church so, you know,” he shrugged, “Wanna split my cupcake with icing?”

***

“I can’t believe today is our last day at camp,” Nico pouted as he and his friends sat around the dining table, digging into hash browns and bacon. At the beginning the twelve year old didn’t want to go to Church Camp. It sounded boring, but now that he was here he really didn’t want to leave.
“I know it’s been so much fun,” Will sighed, “and we won’t be roomies again,” he told his best friend. Nico sighed and leaned his head on Will’s shoulder,

“I think I’m gonna cry.”

“Stop being dramatic,” Annabeth, who was in year nine with Will, rolled her eyes, “It’s not like we won’t see each other every day at school.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Will brightened up, and then stood up, “I’m gonna go grab an extra cookie. Want one, Nico?”

“Nah, I’ll just split with you,” Nico said and watched as Will walked off. When he turned around he found that Annabeth was watching him closely. The teenager fidgeted uncomfortably,

“What?” he asked. The girl smiled,

“You see like Piper and Jason?”

“Yeah,” Nico confirmed. The two were the two most talked about couple in school since they’ve actually been out on a date.

“You see the way Piper looks at Jason?”

“Not really.”

“It’s like...,” Annabeth gestured with her fork, “like she can only see him, and nobody else. Like he’s the best thing to ever happen to her.”

“...right,” Nico didn’t see where this was going. Annabeth smirked,

“Well, you look at Will the same way.”

Nico choked on his toast, “What?! Ew! No way, that’s gross! He’s like my brother!”

“Yeah, okay,” Annabeth grinned. Nico couldn’t continue protesting because Will returned with a cookie in hand. He split it into two and passed one half to Nico, frowning,

“You okay?” he asked, “you’re all red.”

“Sunstroke,” Nico squeaked, biting the cookie hurriedly. Annabeth and Will started talking about year nine problems and Nico kept glancing at Will, the way he did that first time at church. He didn’t like Will! He was sure of that...but Annabeth’s comment made him wonder...what if he did like Will? I mean he’s not hard on the eyes, Nico admitted as he looked over his blonde curls and tanned, freckled cheeks. No, it’s wrong. The bible says it’s wrong. I don’t like boys. I don’t like boys.

***

“I think I like boys,” Nico was fourteen, and close to tears as he sat opposite Bianca on her bed. It was Sunday, they had just come back from church, and Nico felt sick, “I think I like boys,” he repeated, a hysterical edge to his voice.

Bianca took his hand, “What makes you think that?”

“I-I just...,” Nico swallowed past the sob building up in his throat, “I-I don’t f-find any of the girls h-hot and I keep h-having these dreams about b-boys-“
“Any boys in particular?” Bianca was ridiculously casual about the whole thing, but that somehow calmed Nico down. She was stroking his hand.

“W-Will,” Nico whispered. Bianca smiled and then pulled him into her arms,

“That’s not a bad thing,” she said as she hugged her brother close, “love is love, Nico. And I’m proud of you for telling me. Does he know that you have feelings for him?”

Nico shook his head against her shoulder, “I don’t w-wanna tell him.”

“Okay,” Bianca smoothed down his hair, “It’s okay. You’re okay.”

“The bible says it’s wrong.”

Bianca pulled away, “Screw the bible. God will judge you after you die, and don’t let the Church tell you that loving Will is wrong. Because it’s not.”

***

They were laying on the floor of Nico’s bedroom, revising. Both of them were determined to get the best grades in their A Levels and then go to Durham University. That had always been their plan since they were kids. There was a nice church nearby the university that the two boys could go to together. Except now Nico didn’t know if that was a good idea. He loved going to mass but sometimes hearing the sermons about how a man laying with another man was wrong really upset him. Of course Nico hadn’t done anything with any boy yet (he was still completely head over heels in love with Will) but it didn’t stop him from being uncomfortable during mass. And besides, he couldn’t imagine sharing a dorm room with Will – seeing him change, sleep, bring girls round. It would just be too much for Nico.

“So...Durham, yeah?” the Italian asked, as he flipped through his biology textbook. Will grinned at him from the floor,

“Yeah man. It’s going to be insane,” he said dreamily, “university life. It’s the dream. We can finally get away from all of this,” he poked Nico in the thigh, “and we can be roomies, that’s going to be crazy.”

“Um...yeah...about that,” Nico cleared his throat and started playing with a pencil, not looking at Will. His heart was pounding, “I don’t know if it’s a good idea for us to room together.”

“What?!” Will sat up, looking hurt, “Why?”

“It’s just that...um, I think it’d get distracting and y-you know we wouldn’t be able to focus on studying as much,” Nico was blabbing, and he couldn’t stop, “A-And we’d already be spending so much t-time together, I-I just think we should expand out horizons-“

“You’re making excuses,” Will interrupted, frowning, “Are you mad at me? Did I do something?”

“No, no,” Nico said quickly.

“Then why are you trying to get rid of me?” Will didn’t understand. Nico felt like he was going to have a panic attack. Say something, say something, say something.

“I-I just can’t handle being so close to you,” he was hysterical.

Will grabbed him by the shirt and hauled him forward, crushing their lips together. Nico made a
surprised sound in the back of his throat that could’ve been a gasp as his body tensed up. But Will didn’t back off, instead he wrapped his arms around Nico’s waist and pulled him into his lap, kissing him feverishly, tongue forcefully pushing into his mouth. Nico melted into the kiss, hands coming to shyly rest on Will’s face as he kissed back, slowly and tentatively at first, but then matching Will’s intensity, kissing back passionately. His hands tangled in Will’s hair as the blonde gripped him by the hips. Nico couldn’t believe that it was happening, that Will was actually kissing him.

When they broke away their lips were swollen and they were both breathing hard.

“I was gonna ask you to be my boyfriend,” Will mumbled, “but I just kind of kissed you instead.”

Nico stared at him for a moment, trying to process what Will just said, “Huh?” he said eventually, breathlessly.

“I want you to be my boyfriend,” Will repeated, firmly. Nico was still straddling him, they were still so close. The Italian pressed their lips together again, feeling like he was going to cry.

“I was going to say yes,” he mumbled against Will’s lips, “But I just kind of kissed you instead.”

***

It was Nico’s first year of Uni and he was eighteen. Will was nineteen and during his second year. He was given a tiny flat in Durham as the dorms were cleared out for the younger students, but Nico avoided all of that and just moved in with his boyfriend straight away. It had taken him some time but he had eventually came out to all of their closest friends and even his mother. She wasn’t disappointed, just kissed his forehead and told him to remember to go to church, no matter what.

It was Christmas Eve, Nico’s first Christmas away from home. Naturally both he and Will going back to London on Christmas morning, right after morning mass, since train tickets were cheaper than on Christmas Evening. The two had gone to midnight mass, as was their tradition, and exhilarated they came back to their flat.

Nico was tired in that wonderful ‘I did something today’ kind of way, his hair dusted with snow. Him and Will were giggling all the way from the church, holding hands, and now they were finally home.

“I wonder what happened to the Spanish priest,” Will mused as he took his shoes off. The lights were off, but there was a tiny Christmas tree in the corner of the living room, giving off a warm red and blue glow.

“Maybe he went back to Spain,” Nico grinned, taking off his coat, “Who knows,” he paddled into the living room in his socks and threw himself on his and Will’s beat up couch. Will watched him with soft eyes and then casually dumped himself on top of his boyfriend.

“No!” Nico tried to crawl out from underneath him, “No! Get off me! You’re heavy!” he dissolved into giggles, “A-Asshole!”

Will flipped him over so they were face to face, grinning. He kissed the tip of Nico’s nose, “I love you,” he said, and Nico stopped giggling. He was looking up at Will happily,

“I love you too,” he whispered, “Merry Christmas, Will.”

“Merry Christmas,” Will kissed his forehead, and then his cheek, and then the corner of his mouth. Suddenly they were kissing, mouths hot and hard and desperate, bodies tangled around each other.
Will’s hand somehow found its way underneath Nico’s shirt as Nico’s hands were in his hair.

Nico didn’t know why but his sleepiness combined with the happiness and the soft Christmas lights somehow made him want to crawl inside Will’s body and never come out. Will must’ve had the same idea because he tugged off Nico’s shirt in a swift movement,

“I want to have sex with you,” he whispered against the boy’s neck. Nico snorted,

“I gathered that,” he said and pulled Will back up so they could kiss messily again. Neither of them were thinking about their beliefs about waiting for sex until marriage, because at that moment they were intoxicated, lost in each other so much they couldn’t think about anything else.

Will picked Nico up and carried him into the dark bedroom, dumping him onto the bed and then climbing on top of him, hands searching his body. They stripped, gasping into each other’s mouths in the dark. They’ve done stuff before, but never gone all the way, though Nico wasn’t scared. He knew Will would take care of him.

That thought evaporated when Will slid into him for the first time. The pain was so bad that tears pricked Nico’s eyes and his mouth fell open in a gasp.

“Shit,” he whimpered, “Shit.”

“Fuck, I’m sorry,” Will whispered, looking alarmed, “I knew I-I should’ve prepared you more.”

Nico shook his head, “It’s okay. It’s okay, just come here,” he pulled Will in and kissed him. Will’s warm mouth against his helped him relax, and slowly the pain ebbed away. And then came the realizations – they were actually having sex. The thought that Will was really inside Nico was hard for the boy to comprehend, but wonderful enough that he smiled into the kiss.

“I love you,” he murmured, playing with Will’s hair.

“Does it still hurt?” the blonde asked.

“Just a bit,” Nico said, “You can move.”

“No. I’m gonna wait,” Will told him firmly, kissing his temple, “We have time, there’s no rush,” he smiled, “Now at least I have time to tell you how beautiful you are.”

Nico rolled his eyes and sniffled, “You’re such a sap. I hate you.”

Will pulled out and slammed back in and Nico’s body tensed. He inhaled sharply and Will grinned, “Sorry what was that?”

“D-Dickhead,” Nico grumbled. Then Will pushed back inside of him again, and it didn’t feel bad. Nico’s breath hitched, his legs tightening around Will’s waist, “F-Fuck you,” he said, but it ended in a moan when Will thrust into him, again and again.

“I thought you meant to say I love you,” Will teased, but his eyes were dark with lust and his thrusts were speeding up.

“I hate you,” Nico said and then Will hit something inside him that made his body arch of the bed. Nico let out a noise halfway between a sob and a moan, body melting into the blankets as the pleasure shot through him. He stared at Will, “W-What the... fuck do that again.”

Will was looking smug, “Say you love me and I will.”
“I love you,” Nico said, exasperated. Will thrust back inside of him, sweat beading on his forehead. He leaned down to brush his and Nico’s lips together as he fucked him,

“Say it again.”

“I love you,” Nico whimpered as Will slammed back into him, his toes curling. The blonde was breathing harshly and Nico was just so lost in him, “I love you. I-I love you,” he moaned as Will continued to fuck him. The blonde tangled their hands together on the pillows, “I love you, Will...f-fuck...oh God, I l-love you.”

***

Nico groaned when his alarm went off, blindly looking for his phone to switch it off. His body was aching from the previous night’s activities and it took him a moment to open his eyes.

“Ah, fuck,” he complained as he sat up. Then he frowned at the empty space next to him on the bed. He touched the sheets but they were cold, “Will?” Nico called. The flat was silent. Hissing in pain, Nico slipped out of the bed and searched their home. Will wasn’t in the bathroom, or in the kitchen, or in the living room, “W-Will?” Nico was staring to panic.

With trembling fingers he called Will’s number, but the blonde didn’t pick up. For some reason, Nico broke down crying. Everything just flooded him, he remembered last night and tried to think why Will would leave. He doesn’t love me, Nico told himself as he circled the bedroom, he’s disgusted. He wanted to wait until marriage. Fuck. Fuck. What if it was goodbye sex? What if he wants to break up? What if he wants to break up because of the sex? Christ, did I say something weird last night? Fuck, I probably made a weird noise or something, fuck, fuck, fuck...

Nico didn’t know what to do so he forced himself to stop crying and then got dressed. He couldn’t think of what to do with himself, so he put on his coat and went out into the winter morning. His eyes burned from crying and his back ached, but still he dragged himself to his church. That was the only place he could think to be right now.

He stood in the back of the church, numb, listening to the priest proclaim the good news of Jesus being born. He tried not to cry, and didn’t go up for communion. He realised that he had probably sinned by having sex with Will, but he didn’t care. He loved the blonde so much that he thought he might actually die. Especially since Will wasn’t there with him right now. He doesn’t love me, Nico thought hollowly as he drifted out of church before mass even ended. The cars parked outside were dusted lightly with snow, like icing sugar. And Will stood among those cars.

Nico’s heart clenched in his chest and at once a weight was lifted off his shoulders.

“W-Will,” he whispered, feeling tears gather in his eyes again. Will was smiling,

“Hey.”

“W-Where the hell were you?!” Nico demanded as the blonde came to stand in front of him. Nico was shaking, “Why did you just leave?! Why-“

Will dropped to one knee in the snow and Nico’s heart came to his throat. He forgot how to breath for a second as Will pulled out a red box from his pocket.

“No,” Nico stumbled back, “No. You don’t...y-you don’t have to do that.”

“What?” Will frowned.
“J-Just because...I-I know you want to do right by God,” Nico as shaking so much he thought his knees might give out, “B-But you c-can’t do that to me. You c-can’t marry me just b-because you feel guilty.”

“Nico. Shut up,” Will said solemnly opening the box to reveal a simple, but beautiful ring, “Listen you idiot - I love you so much, and I can only hope you love me that much too, because I can’t imagine spending the rest of my life with anyone else but you,” Will’s eyes softened, “and yes, I want to do right by God, and right by you, but this isn’t why I’m doing this. I’m doing this because I love you and I want you the way I had you last night, but forever,” he took Nico’s shaking hand in his, “Nico, I can’t force you to say yes. Just...please don’t say no, and marry me.”

Nico pulled him up roughly and then pressed their lips together, clinging onto Will and reassuring himself that he was real, that it was all real. Will held him and when Nico pulled away he hugged him, kissing the top of his head. Nico could feel his rapidly pounding heart.

“I was going to say yes,” Nico whispered, “But I kissed you instead.”
Mouth Full of White Lies

You should do Luke and Leo were Luke comes back from the dead (he never really died) and has the BIGGEST crush on leo and everyone knows it except for valdez for Littleriiver

For a long moment Leo thought it went horribly, horribly wrong. He woke with a start with a clear blue sky above him, and not the sky that had been above Camp, streaked grey from all the explosions. The boy sat up, hands sinking into the warm grass.

He was on a hill, overlooking a beautiful Victorian town, the sun shining down softly. He could hear music and laughter, and there was a peace inside him that he had never experienced before. It was all a bit much after the chaos of the war with Gaia and Leo had to breathe for a moment as he wrapped his head around what happened. He was in Elysium. He was dead.

It wasn’t meant to go like this – he was meant to take the Physician’s Cure at the last moment and live...but Leo had accepted that things could go wrong from the start. He sighed. This was it – it was over. There would be no more fighting for him, he did his part.

“Oi!” a voice called and Leo saw a boy climbing up a hill towards him. There was a bag slung over his shoulder but Leo didn’t recognise his sandy hair, bright eyes and the scar running down his cheek. He was wearing an orange Camp t-shirt though, so he must’ve been a dead Demigod.

“Hola,” Leo replied half heartedly.

“Are you my ride?” the blonde boy came to stand in front of Leo, blocking the sun out with his silhouette. The Latino raised an eyebrow,

“No, I don’t recall becoming an Uber,” he said, “I’m just here to, you know, enjoy some peace and quiet and kumbaja.”

“I was told that some Leo Valdez kid was taking me back to earth,” the blonde said. Leo frowned, “I’m Leo, but I just got here.”

“I’m Leo, but I just got here.”

“Right, well sorry to cut the holiday short but you’re not really meant to be here.”

Leo brightened up, “So it worked!” he stood up and fist bumped the air, “Sick,” he offered the blonde his hand, as if somehow he was the one that made everything right, “Leo Valdez.”

“Yes, I know,” the blonde said. He was older and taller than Leo, and his grip was firm when they shook hands, “My name’s Luke Castellan,” a metallic creaking filled the air and both the boys craned their necks up to look at the sky. Festus was descending from among the clouds, “And here’s our Uber.”
Luke’s return to Camp got...mixed, reactions. Some Campers were weary of him, especially some of the newer ones who had heard stories about him. Surprisingly it was people like Annabeth and Percy who welcomed him with open arms, clearly having forgiven him his betrayal.

Luke was also surprised at how much he had missed Camp, and how much it hadn’t changed. Elysium was nice but Luke yearned to be back here, among the strawberry fields. Sure, a few Cabins had been added but Hermes’ was the same as always; overflowing. Luke was given back his old bunk and it was almost like everything was the same.

Of course there were new campers but none of them really interested Luke. That was, except for Leo Valdez. The guy was like a firework with ADHD, forever tinkling with some kind of mechanical device, saying exactly what was on his mind. Over the first few weeks of his return Luke decided that he was definitely the best new addition to camp right alongside the WiFi. The kid was just brilliant, in more ways than one, and Luke couldn’t help but be completely taken with him, going out of his way to spend time with the boy. This wasn’t what he was usually like, but his casualness and cool seemed to disappear whenever the fireball was around, and apparently it wasn’t as subtle as Luke wished it was.

“What’s with you and Valdez?” Clarisse, one of Luke’s oldest friends, asked one morning after sword-fighting practice.

“What about me and Valdez?” Luke asked, trying to sound nonchalant as he put his sword away. Clarisse shrugged,

“Dunno you’re like always together,” she said, “Do you fancy him or something?”


“Right,” Clarisse said, and didn’t push it again.

But Rachel, the new Oracle, did push it.

“I get the vibes from you!” she exclaimed as she followed him around Camp like a ghost, “You’re always looking at him like he’s a painting.”

“What does that even mean?” Luke scoffed. Rachel shrugged,

“I don’t know but it’s unhealthy to keep your emotions hidden,” she said sympathetically, “You should tell him how you feel.”

“I don’t feel anything for him!” Luke didn’t know why he was getting so worked up. Percy Jackson appeared on the path leading from the woods and he waved at his friends, jogging over to them.

“Hi guys!” he said happily.

“Percy, isn’t it I have no feelings for Valdez?” Luke demanded, agitated. Percy raised his eyebrows,

“Are you in denial? That’s not healthy,” he looked at Rachel, “Is it?”

“Very unhealthy,” the redhead confirmed. Luke sighed,

“I don’t like him.”
“Really? It really looks like you do,” Percy grinned, “and you’re shit at hiding it.”

He must’ve been right about it too because a few days after that conversation the kids from the Aphrodite Cabin cornered Luke behind the dining pavilion.

“We have chosen you and Leo as the couple of the Camp,” Drew said solemnly. Luke blinked at her, confused.

“What?”

“It’s an annual thing,” Piper McLean said sheepishly, “It’s just a title really but you get to go away for a few days as the official Royal couple—“

“Wait, hold up, me and Valdez aren’t a couple,” Luke said. Drew blinked and exchanged a baffled look with Mitchell, her brother.

“But...he said you were?” she sounded as confused as Luke felt. The blonde’s chest felt all tight all of a sudden, and he didn’t know why but a stupid smile appear on his face.

“He did?” he asked in disbelief. Piper nodded,

“Yeah, he did. Why don’t you two sort it out among yourselves and then give us an answer? Because you’re cute as shit and you should have the title.”

And just like that the little ring dispersed, walking off and leaving Luke alone. The blonde couldn’t contain himself. He had never really had feelings for anyone, though he had slept with a few people, but now he found that he was elevated as he almost ran through the fields to where Bunker Nine was hidden among the trees. He wasn’t disappointed when he saw Leo standing outside, clearly taking a break from his work.

The boy’s face was streaked with sooth, his hair tied back with a red bandana, but he looked more gorgeous than ever. Luke never thought he’d feel that way about someone like the son of Hephaestus, but his heart felt too big for his chest as he now looked at the boy.

“Leo!” he called, walking out from among the trees. He loved the way Leo’s face lit up when he saw him,

“Hey Luke.”

“So,” Luke took on his cool attitude, raising an eyebrow and pretending like Leo had no effect on him, “The Aphrodite kids told me something interesting.”

“Is this about Nico and Will? Because if it is you’re late and I already have the juicy details,” Leo grinned. Luke swallowed,

“No. It was about you.”

Leo blinked, “Huh?”

“Apparently you told them that we’re going out.”

To Luke’s surprise Leo burst out laughing. The blonde’s heart plummeted to the ground. Luke, as Son of Hermes, was the King of pranks and he couldn’t believe that he had fallen for one himself. But it was too late now.

“Oh my Gods, those assholes,” Leo giggled, “they were taking the piss,” he suddenly stopped

“Sorry. I didn’t realise it was a prank,” Luke sounded hurt, and he hated that. He was Luke Castellan for Gods sake, he didn’t get upset over a crush. Leo stepped closer, which really wasn’t helping.

“Are you upset?” Leo asked with a frown, “That it’s not true?”


And then he turned and walked off, his heart aching in his chest. He was beginning to understand why people didn’t want to fall in love.
Percy and Annabeth break up, so Nico is hanging out with him a lot more to support him and Jason (nicos boyfriend) gets a little jealous and decides to follow Leo's idiotic advice of going through Nico's phone?

For Purple_Dino

Leo was getting comfortable in Jason’s and Nico’s living room. The couple had graciously allowed him to stay in their flat during his (yet another) fight with Calypso.

“I’ll be out of your hair in the morning,” the Latino told the couple as they all lounged around the dining table, drinking tea, “I’ll probably break by then.”

“You should really just try talking to her,” Jason said with a sigh, glancing at Nico. The Italian wasn’t paying attention, instead staring at his phone and frowning as he typed a message, “Who you texting?”

“Percy,” Nico sighed, “he’s being down about Annabeth leaving him again.”

“Why don’t you ask him to come round?” Jason asked. Nico bit his lip and locked his phone, “Actually...do you mind if I go round to his?”

“Right now?” Leo asked, eyebrows raised, “Dude, it’s like ten at night.”

“I know but...,” Nico trailed off. Jason tried to keep his annoyance and jealousy at bay. He knew that Nico was just being a good friend, and that Percy needed him after his break up but he couldn’t help but remember the time when Nico had a massive crush on the boy. Nico would never cheat, but Jason was still paranoid.

“Yeah, go and make sure he’s okay,” the blonde said, though what he really wanted to do was wrap
Nico up in his arms and never let him go. After the breakup he had been spending a ridiculous amount of time with Percy, and Jason felt like they were drifting apart.

He tried to act like everything was okay as Nico gathered up his stuff, kissed Jason quickly before leaving. But Leo knew something was wrong with his best friend.

“Right,” the Latino said when Nico left with a door slam, “What’s up?”


“So you’re okay with him going to another guy’s house this late?” Leo raised an eyebrow, “Nice try but you ain’t fooling anyone.”

Jason exhaled, “What else am I supposed to do?” he asked, “I don’t want to be that annoying jealous boyfriend.”

“But you are jealous?” Leo clarified. Jason ran a hand through his hair, “I guess so,” he mumbled, “Nico barely spends time with me anymore.”

“You don’t think...he’s cheating, do you?” Leo asked awkwardly. Jason shook his head, “No, no, of course not but...,” he bit his lip, “I trust Percy, I do. But I don’t know if in his heartbreak he won’t try something...just because, you know, he wants human contact or something. And Nico won’t know how to say no.”

“You know I though Cali might be cheating on me,” Leo said casually, but Jason could sense that it still hurt to talk about it, “With this guy from her work. I know this isn’t the best way to go about it but I went through her phone. Just like photos and texts and stuff, to see if there was anything inappropriate between them. There wasn’t, and that kind of calmed me down.”

“I can’t go through Nico’s phone!” Jason spluttered, “that’d be invading his privacy!”

Leo shrugged, “Fair enough. Just talk to him about it then.”

“I can’t do that either,” Jason said miserably, “He’d never let me live it down.”

***

The conversation with Leo flew out of Jason’s head as the next two weeks were filled up with re-painting the living room with Nico. Percy seemed to be getting himself together after his breakup, which was good too.

It was a Thursday night and Jason and Nico were asleep in their double bed, Jason’s arm slung over the Italian’s waist carelessly, the way it was most nights, when Nico’s phone rang, startling both the men out of their sleep.

Groggily Jason watched as Nico sat up and picked up.

“Hello?” he said into the phone, “What?...Yeah. Yeah. Of course. I’ll be there.”

“What is it?” Jason also sat up sleepily when Nico hanged up. The Italian looked at him guiltily, “It’s Percy. He wants me to come over.”

“Right now?” Jason asked in disbelief. This was getting too much. He took Nico’s phone from his
hand and unlocked it, “God, it’s four in the morning.”

“I know,” Nico kissed Jason sweetly on the mouth, as if to soothe him, “And I’m sorry but...”

Jason sighed, “Just go,” he said, knowing he wouldn’t be able to stop the Italian anyway. He rubbed his face, too awake to go back to sleep as Nico dressed hurriedly and then slipped from the room with another soft apology. Only when the door slammed shut after him did Jason realise something. He was still holding Nico’s phone in his hand.

*Kind of calmed me down,* Leo’s words echoed in Jason’s mind. He bit his lip, his heartbeat picking up as his hand clenched on the phone; he could do with some calming down. Nico’s wallpaper was a picture he took of his favourite band at the concert. It wasn’t his kind of thing to put a picture of him and Jason as his wallpaper but for some reason that fact really hurt the sleepy, disoriented Jason.

Without even meaning to he clicked the text message icon. At the top was him of course, the last message he sent being *I’m five minutes away.* Right below him was Percy. With trembling fingers Jason pressed his name and then scrolled up through the messages. He didn’t know what he expected to find and relaxed a little when he saw that the kind of messages that Percy and Nico sent to each other were along the lines of *I need you to come over. I miss her so much and are you feeling better?*

Jason clicked out of the texts and then his finger hovered over the camera roll. He pressed it after a moment of hesitation and started scrolling through pictures. There were a bunch of selfies that Jason took on Nico’s phone, with his boyfriend curled up in his lap, looking like a grumpy cat. There were a few memes, a couple pictures when Nico went out with Piper and Hazel, an embarrassing amount of Jason’s mugshots that Nico, the little devil, was probably keeping for blackmail. There was a picture of Jason napping on the couch. The blonde had no idea when Nico had taken that but he scrolled past it with a smile on his face.

Then his heart jumped in his chest, and the phone tumbled out of his hand, falling face down onto the carpet and cutting off the only source of light in the room. Blindly, Jason scrambled for it, heart pounding.

Nico had fucking nudes on his phone. Jason stared at the picture, trying to swallow. *Maybe it’s not him,* he told himself desperately as his eyes slid over the picture. It was a selfie, and Jason knew he was fooling himself thinking it was someone else. He knew every edge and curve of Nico’s body and although the picture was neck down he knew it was his boyfriend. The picture ended just where Nico’s sharp hipbones protruded out of his body, a soft trail of dark hair leading downwards. Jason felt his blood heat up, and some of it trickled to his own nether regions despite his fury. He didn’t know who Nico took the picture for, because Jason definitely never got it.

*It’s for Percy,* a dark part of him told him, *it’s a way to make him feel better.*

Jason fingers scrolled on their own accord, and a new picture took the place of the previous one. Jason felt hot all of a sudden, and he didn’t know whether it was from arousal or from anger. In the new picture Nico was laying on some bed. Jason felt something grip his chest when he realised it wasn’t their bed. The boy was naked, on his side, pressed half into the pillow so Jason could only see half of his face. His eyes were dark, and half-lidded, mouth red and parted, cheeks flushed. His dark hair looked like someone had taken ages brushing their fingers through it. The boy’s hand was down between his legs, gripping his hard cock, his other hand holding the phone.

“Jason?”

The blonde looked up from the phone, disoriented, and saw that Nico was standing in the doorway, in his coat.
“Why aren’t you at Percy’s?” Jason asked, faintly.

“I forgot my phone,” Nico said and frowned, “Jason. Why are you on my phone?”

Jason snapped back to reality suddenly and stood up, “What is this?” he demanded, showing Nico the picture. Blood rushed to the Italian’s face and he snatched the phone, cradling it protectively to his chest.

“Why were you going through my phone?” He yelled, blushing furiously. Jason was shaking with anger,

“I knew it,” he growled, “You were sending him pictures weren’t you?!”

“Who were you sending him pictures?” Nico looked embarrassed and confused.

“Percy!” Jason spat, “you’re in his bed in the picture, aren’t you?!”

“What the fuck Jason?” Nico demanded, “Are you crazy?! I didn’t send these to Percy, I didn’t send these to anyone!”

“Then why the fuck did you take them?!” Jason was so angry he wanted to hit something. Not Nico though - he’d never hurt him, “And where?!”

“In my hotel room,” Nico snapped, now also getting angry, his eyes shooting lightning, “When I was away on the business trip!” Jason blinked, startled, “I took them when I was all alone, and horny, in my hotel room after a fucking meeting.”

“B-But...,” Jason stuttered, the anger evaporating out of him. Nico was glaring at him,

“They were for you, you idiot,” he said, crossing his arms protectively against his chest, “I was going to send them to you,” his voice grew softer suddenly, and he looked down at his feet, cheeks burning.

“T-Then why didn’t you?” Jason asked. Nico shrugged,

“Too embarrassed I guess,” he mumbled. A heavy silence settled over them, and Jason rubbed the back of his neck nervously.

“Fuck, I’m sorry,” Jason whispered. Nico looked up at him,

“Why did you think I sent them to Percy?”

Jason felt like an absolute asshole, “I just...you spent so much time with him a-and I just...”

“You were jealous,” Nico stated in disbelief. Jason looked away, “Yeah. Yeah I guess I was. Still am, I reckon.”

Nico’s eyes softened, “You’re such an idiot,” he unlocked his phone, “I’ll text Percy that I can’t make it. Piper will go see him,” he did that and then looked up at Jason, “And I’m deleting those pictures.”

“Don’t you dare!” Jason jumped forward and pulled the phone out of Nico’s hand, tossing it onto the bedside table. Before Nico could react Jason was pushing him back onto their bed, and climbing on top of him, “It’s good you didn’t send me those,” he muttered as he kissed up Nico’s neck, surprising the boy, “because I might’ve flown to New York and pulled you out of that meeting,” he bit at
Nico’s lower lip. The Italian grinned and wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist.

“I like it when you’re jealous,” he said and Jason kissed him.
“I think I fancy your sister,” looking back at it, Percy Jackson decided that it probably wasn’t the best first thing to say to someone. Up until this point Percy, the best Lacrosse player of Olympus High, had never spoken to Malcolm Pace, Annabeth’s Chase’s half-brother.

Annabeth was the class president of Percy’s class and she was smoking hot and totally unapproachable and Percy had made it his life goal to take her to prom. Except she’d never say yes, which was exactly why Percy decided to corner her younger half-brother and weasel his way into her good graces through him.

He didn’t know much about Malcolm. The boy was seventeen, a year younger than Percy and Annabeth, and Percy knew that he and Annie had two different fathers. That didn’t stop them from looking really similar. Malcolm not only had Annabeth’s brains but also the same blonde hair and grey eyes. Unlike his loud, strategic and leader-like sister though Malcolm preferred to stick to the back. It wasn’t that he was shy, he was just more of a follower than a leader, and that was why Percy decided it would be easy to be-friend him. Though starting off by I think I fancy your sister probably wasn’t the best way.

“Good for you?” Malcolm offered. His eyes behind his glasses were unreadable. For a second Percy just stood in front of the boy, sweaty from lacrosse practice. He had to crane his neck to look up at him since he was sitting up on the bleachers.

“Yeah, uh...I-I wanted to take her to prom,” Percy said, trying to grin charmingly. Malcolm looked down at his homework,

“If you’re asking for my blessing then you have it.”
“No, that’s not it,” Percy climbed over the benches and plopped down next to the blonde, feeling weirdly nervous, “It’s just that...I don’t think she’ll say yes.”

Malcolm slammed his book shut and gave Percy an annoyed look, taking the dark haired boy aback, “I’m sorry am I your therapist? What do you actually want Jackson?”

“I wanna be friends?” Percy squeaked. Malcolm rolled his eyes and started putting his books away.

“Look, if one more guy comes up to me to try and siddle up to Annabeth I will actually punch someone in the head,” the blonde got up, “I am not a matchmaker. I am also not going to put in a good word about you to Annabeth. Go talk to her yourself.”

He made to walk off and in his panic Percy reached out and grabbed him by the wrist,

“Wait!” he blurted, “Please,” Malcolm glared down at him and Percy sighed, “I-I...I just want to get to know her, that’s really it,” his hand slipped from the boy’s wrist, “There’s just something about her that makes me so drawn to her. I feel like she’d never give me a chance unless she somehow goes to prom with me and gets to know me,” in his desperation Percy slid to his knees in front of Malcolm, who’s eyes widened, “Please,” Percy said, “Please, just help me.”


“Four weeks is long enough to persuade her, right?” Percy asked worriedly. Malcolm shouldered his bag,

“It is if we follow my steps.”

“Your steps?” Percy asked, puzzled.

“Yeah. The four steps to falling in love.”

***

“Are you sure about this?” Percy asked nervously. He and Malcolm were at the back of their local gym. On the other end Percy could see Annabeth on the bikes, hair scraped back in a ponytail, face tight with concentration, earphones in, lost to the world. Percy couldn’t help but think she looked nice in her workout clothes.

“Yeah,” Malcolm said. He was still in his glasses, a pair of sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. It was weird to Percy since he had never seen the boy in anything but his school uniform, “Step one is chance encounters.”

“But it’s not really chance encounters if we planned this, is it?”

Malcolm sighed, “Look, we’re already here. Just go talk to her. Be casual.”

“Right,” Percy said, but didn’t move until Malcolm nudged him. Feeling nervous the boy approached the bike right next to Annabeth. He liked going to the gym and didn’t know why he suddenly felt so out of place, “Hi,” he said awkwardly. The girl glanced at him and frowned but didn’t slow down or reply or take her earphones out.

Percy couldn’t exactly run away. He looked at Malcolm, still across the room, and the boy gave him a thumbs up. Percy sat down on the bike and started his work out, hyper aware of Annabeth right next to him.
Percy kept glancing at Annabeth as he exercised, and eventually the girl pulled her earphones out.

“What do you want Jackson?” she asked breathlessly.

“Nothing,” Percy said quickly, “just...you know. Fancy seeing you here.”

Annabeth rolled her eyes, “Everyone from school comes to this gym,” she deadpanned.

“Yeah, right,” Percy swallowed awkwardly and before he could say anything else Annabeth stopped her machine and slipped off.

“See you around,” she said, almost as an after-thought and walked off. He rested his forehead on the monitor at the front of the machine and continued to ‘cycle’ while he mentally committed suicide. Why did he have to act so awkward around Annabeth! She was just a girl after all, and Percy knew how to behave around girls.

After twenty minutes he finally decided that he couldn’t be asked to work out anymore and he hopped off the machine, looking around for Malcolm. He located the boy on the treadmills and walked over.

“So that was a flop,” he informed the blonde.

“T-That was just t-the start,” Malcolm said, gasping. Percy frowned. The boy’s forehead was beaded with sweat, his face red. He was shaking and breathing hard.

“Are you okay?” Percy asked.

“I-I’ve never b-been to a gym,” Malcolm replied. Percy slowed down his machine and then stopped, “Don’t overwork yourself,” he said, “or you’ll have a heart attack.”

“I d-don’t think that’s h-how it works,” Malcolm said as he got off the machine, putting his hands on his knees and trying to catch his breath. It obviously wasn’t working, “I-I need m-my inhaler.”

“You have asthma?!?” Percy yelled, earning a few disapproving looks from the people around him. Sheepishly he grabbed Malcolm by the elbow and dragged him out of the room and down the stairs to the locker room before dumping him on a bench. Percy imagined how much Annabeth would hate him if he let her brother die on his watch, “Where’s your inhaler?”

“P-Pocket of...m-my jacket,” Malcolm said weakly. Percy scrambled at the boys jacket and pulled out said inhaler. In his panic he didn’t bother passing it to the boy, instead kneeling in front of him and pushing the inhaler into his mouth. Malcolm frowned at him from behind his glasses and Percy pressed the pump. The boy inhaled and his hand flew up, to rest on top of Percy’s as he inhaled again. His eyes fluttered shut and once again Percy thought about how weirdly similar he was to Annabeth.

Malcolm pulled out the inhaler from his mouth.

“Thanks,” he said, his breathing not quite even.

***

Percy never thought that Malcolm Pace would be sitting on his bed, but he supposed that’s what he should’ve expected when he invited the boy over. Now the two were shoulder-to-shoulder, pouring over Percy’s phone.
“Annabeth’s used to use Tinder a lot,” Malcolm explained as they set up Percy’s profile, “I dunno why, she always swipes left anyway.”

“Left’s no right?” Percy was trying to remember all of this while Malcolm scrolled through his camera roll,

“Yeah,” he said, clicking on one of Percy’s selfies, “This one’s nice.”

“Okay, what now?” Percy asked, looking over the blonde’s shoulders. He noted that the boy smelled nice, like some kind of aftershave.

“We have to edit the settings so that you only get the people in the closest proximity,” Malcolm explained patiently, “Do you want both boys and girls?”

“Sure,” Percy shrugged, “That’ll be more interesting.”

“Okay, then you should get Annabeth at one point...” he continued to do all of the complicated stuff but Percy quickly got bored. Instead he looked at Malcolm. He decided that the boy was almost as cute as his sister, though in a different way. Annabeth was classically hot, but Malcolm was so in a more low-key way. Why are you checking him out? Percy scolded himself, you’re trying to date his sister!

“Okay, here you go,” Malcolm passed him back the phone. There was a picture of a girl on it, “If you think she’s cute you swipe right.”

“No!” Malcolm snatched his phone back, “What are you doing, idiot?!”

Percy looked confused, “You said if she’s cute you swipe right.”

“Okay,” Percy said and swiped right.

“No!” Malcolm snatched his phone back, “What are you doing, idiot?!”

Percy looked confused, “You said if she was cute-“

“You’re meant to swipe left for everyone but Annabeth!” Malcolm yelled, “God you’re an idiot.”

“Sorry,” Percy said sheepishly, taking his phone back. For ten minutes Malcolm watched as Percy swiped left for everyone that popped up. And then suddenly Percy saw Malcolm’s own face looking at him from the screen.

“Oh God,” the blonde next to him pulled a face, “I look horrible in that picture, remind me to change it.”

“You never said you have Tinder!” Percy said, and before Malcolm could say anything the dark haired boy swiped right.

“Percy,” Malcolm groaned, resting his forehead against Percy’s shoulder. The boy was suddenly hyper aware of how close they were, “I told you not to swipe right-“

“Oh look!” Percy interrupted, “It’s Annabeth!” he said and swiped right before he could even get a good look at her picture. Malcolm yawned and stretched,

“Right, my mission here is done. Hopefully she’ll swipe right for you as well and then you can match,” he clambered off of Percy’s bed. The boy bit his lip,

“So what do we do after this?”

“Next week we’ll go through to phrase three,” Malcolm grabbed his jacket, “See you around!” he waved and then left Percy’s room. The boy sighed and sank back into his pillows, playing with his
phone. A few minutes later Sally called him down for dinner.

When a few hours later Percy was getting ready to go to sleep, the light already off, his phone beeped. Surprised the boy unlocked it to find that he had a message from Tinder. You’ve matched! It proclaimed and Percy’s heart started hammering.

But it wasn’t Annabeth Percy had matched with – it was Malcolm. Percy smiled despite himself and decided to send Malcolm a message.

*You: Hey sexy ;)*

He waited a few minutes in anticipation and then his phone beeped.

*Malcolm: Haha. You’re hilarious Jackson -_-*

*You: Thank you for the compliment ;) I think we might be soul mates. You should give me your number.*

Percy didn’t know why he was flirting with Malcolm. Maybe he just needed to relax a bit, but the fact that Malcolm, without hesitation, sent Percy his number really didn’t help.

***

The bell at the door chimed gently announcing Percy’s arrival, something the boy really didn’t appreciate. Almost two weeks after their first conversation Malcolm told Percy that the third way to fall in love was at work. Percy didn’t work – but Annabeth did. Both she and her brother were baristas at a local coffee shop. Percy felt incredibly awkward coming in during their work hours, but Malcolm had urged him too.

Percy was welcomed by a bubble of warmth, which was nice after the cold morning outside, and was hit by the strong smell of coffee and cake. The boy didn’t know what to do with himself, hovering near the door.

“Percy!” Malcolm called. He was leaning against the counter, grinning. Percy grinned back and sauntered over to the boy.

“Hey,” he said, and almost gave Malcolm a hug, “I like your apron,” he said, gesturing at Malcolm’s red uniform. The blonde rolled his eyes,

“Don’t even. It’s hideous.”

“So...where’s...,” Percy asked vaguely. Malcolm pointed behind himself discretely,

“In the back. Wait for her to come up and order something.”

“Nah, I’m really thirsty so you should just take my order,” Percy said. He felt too tired to bother trying to knock Annabeth’s wall down and get her to talk to him. The girl hadn’t swiped right for him on Tinder, and honestly Percy preferred talking to her brother more than to her. Malcolm was sarcastic and open and warm, and a bit bitchy at times, but Percy could live with that.

“What would you like, sir?” Malcolm teased.

“Something as sweet as you,” Percy winked.

“Oh black coffee then,” Malcolm said, “Gotcha.”
Percy snorted, “Give me a hot chocolate I don’t need any more caffeine.”

“Coming right up,” Malcolm said, moving to the coffee machine. Percy watched as Malcolm prepared his drink gracefully, moving as if he lived in the little barista station, knowing where everything was.

“Oh, Percy,” Annabeth came back out from the back, and blinked at the boy, “Hey.”

“Hey,” Percy smiled. Malcolm tried to stick to the back but Percy gave him a look. Besides it didn’t matter because Annabeth moved to another station, where she started to get an order from a pregnant lady.

“Why didn’t you talk to her?” Malcolm hissed as he passed Percy his chocolate. Percy shrugged, “She’s busy.”

Malcolm exhaled, “You really are dumb.”

Percy passed him the money for the chocolate and then handed him ten pounds, “Tipping my wonderful barista.”

“You’re funny,” Malcolm tried to pass him back the money but Percy stepped back. “I’m serious,” he said, sipping on his chocolate. It was worth it to see Malcolm blush,

“Thanks,” the boy grumbled. Just the other customer walked up to him. A boy, about their age, with a snapback and a bomber jacket. A typical fuck boy.

“Hey,” he said to Malcolm, completely ignoring Percy.

“Err...hi,” Malcolm said awkwardly.

“So,” the boy leaned against the counter, “The other barista is cute. What’s her name?”

Percy saw the annoyance pass through Malcolm’s eyes, but there was something more behind it. Percy couldn’t imagine what it was like always having everyone hit on your sibling, and never actually pay attention to you.

“Why don’t you ask her yourself?” Malcolm asked coldly. The boy kissed his teeth, “Just ask man,” he snapped, almost like it was Malcolm’s job to get girls’ numbers for him.

“Hey,” Percy shoved past him to stand right in front of Malcolm, who now looked surprised again, “What time do you get off?”

“What?” Malcolm asked.

“What time do you get off?” Percy grinned.

“Um...h-half an hour,” Malcolm stuttered.

“Cool. I’ll wait,” he winked at Malcolm, who blushed. The guy who wanted to get Annabeth gave them a sour look and then walked off.

“Why did you do that?” Malcolm whispered.
Percy shrugged, “I wanted to know what time you get off. We can get ice cream.”

“You should ask Annabeth to ice cream,” Malcolm shrugged him off.

“No. I want you to come with me.”

Malcolm rolled his eyes, “At this rate you and Annabeth won’t go prom together.”

“It’s all good, we still have the fourth phrase right?”

***

On Friday night Percy got a text message from Malcolm and he got excited before he saw that it was about Annabeth.

_Malcolm_: Part four; setting you two up has come to a conclusion. After a serious persuading Annabeth agreed to give you a shot. She’s free tomorrow, you should take her out. She likes Chinese food. Here’s her number.

Percy sighed. Four weeks ago he would’ve killed for Annabeth’s number but now he only saved it half-heartedly in his phone. He didn’t want to go to prom with her anymore. He kind of wanted to go with Malcolm. After about an hour of fighting with himself Percy finally decided to text the girl.

_You_: Hi. This is Percy. I think I fancy your brother.

It only took a few seconds for Annabeth to reply.

_Annabeth_: I FUKCIN KNEW IT!!! PIPER OWES ME A FIVER >:D

Percy frowned.

_You_: What

_Annabeth_: Oh I thought it was obvious from the start. I saw the way you looked at him especially at the coffee shop

_You_: Shit didn’t know it was that bait

_Annabeth_: More importantly what are you gonna do about your crush

_You_: Dunno kind of wanted your help with that

_Annabeth_: a little birdie told me that tomorrow while we’re on our ‘date’ my lil bro is gonna b home alone, watching a movie. You could come by ;)

_You_: What about you

_Annabeth_: Oh, i’m going out with my girlfriend.

_You_: YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND????

_Annabeth_: Why do you think I always swipe left?

***

Percy knocked on the door and after a few minutes Malcolm opened. He had a baseball bat in his hand and exhaled when he saw it was Percy.
“Jesus Christ I thought you were a serial killer.”

“Watching a horror movie alone?” Percy cocked his head, “Brilliant idea.”

“Shut up Jackson,” Malcolm grinned, and then the smile melted off of his face, “Wait. Weren’t you meant to be with Annabeth?”

“Uh...yeah...about that. Can I come in?”

“Sure,” Malcolm moved and let Percy into his house. He closed and locked the door and then led him to the living room where Scream was paused on the screen, the room bathed in a soft blue glow. A bowl of popcorn stood on a table alongside an open can of coke. Only now Percy noticed Malcolm was in his pj’s, and he couldn’t help but find his cloud-printed pjama bottoms adorable. Malcolm went to turn on the light but Percy stopped him by a hand on his wrist.

“Don’t.”

Malcolm stared at him and swallowed visibly, “Shit, are you actually a serial killer?”

Percy didn’t reply, just closed the living room door and press Malcolm against it. The blonde’s eyes were wide behind his glasses.

“Percy?” the boy asked, “Are you okay?”

“Has anyone ever told you you’re gorgeous?” Percy asked, because he couldn’t concentrate on anything else other than how big Malcolm’s eyes were, and how his lips were parted just so, and how fucking pretty he was.

“Percy are you drunk?” Malcolm asked breathlessly. Percy caged him in with his arms.

“No,” he murmured. Malcolm turned his face away, he was burning red.

“Where’s Annabeth?” he asked quietly, “What happened?”

“Nothing, I didn’t go.”

“Percy why are you here?”

Percy gently gripped Malcolm by the chin and tilted his head so their eyes met. He didn’t want to scare the boy, or seem intimidating, but he almost felt like a different person around him.

“I spoke with Annabeth,” he said softly, “and she helped me sort everything out in my head.”

“Sort what out?” Malcolm asked as Percy’s hand slid from his chin to his cheek as he cupped the boy’s face.

“Malcolm,” he said gently, “Will you come to prom with me?”

Malcolm’s breath caught, “I-Is this some kind of prank?”

Percy frowned, “No. Christ, of course not.”

Malcolm tried to pull away but there was nowhere for him to go, “Percy this isn’t funny.”

“I’m serious.”
“Look if this is about A-Annabeth then I’m sorry I didn’t tell you she had a girlfriend but I just wanted to hang out with you so I made up the four stages and I’m sorry, okay, so you can stop messing around now...” his breathing was getting more and more erratic. His hand shot out and suddenly he was gripping Percy’s shirt, “Can’t breathe.”

“Where’s your inhaler?” Percy demanded, suddenly afraid, “Malcolm—“

“Table,” Malcolm wheezed. Percy wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled the boy to the table, pushing him so he was sitting on the couch. He located the inhaler and, just like back at the gym, pushed the thing into Malcolm’s mouth before the boy could do so himself. The boy inhaled and when Percy pulled the inhaler away, his heart pounding with panic, the boy’s eyes were all glazed over and soft.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. Percy pulled him into his arms, hugging him tightly. He held the trembling boy close, stroking his back and marvelling at how warm and solid he was against him. Percy scooted back so he was leaning against the couch, and tugged Malcolm into his lap. The boy didn’t protest, straddling Percy and burying his face in the boy’s shoulder. Percy reached for the remote control and put the movie back on, filling the room with sound.

Percy didn’t know how long he just sat there and enjoyed how close Malcolm was but at one point he stared dozing off. That was when Malcolm pulled away slightly, his eyes half closed and tired looking.

“You confuse me,” he mumbled, leaning his forehead against Percy’s, “One second you’re really into Annabeth and then the next...,” he sighed.

“It’s because I realised I like you better. Like a lot better,” Percy said, “like, I like you so much it kind of scares me.”

Malcolm closed the little remaining space between them and kissed Percy. The dark haired boy responded immediately as his heart started to pound furiously in his chest. He had never kissed a boy before, and he found that it wasn’t that different from kissing a girl. Malcolm’s lips were soft and wet and when their tongue’s met it was just as exhilarating as with a girl. But to Percy it felt different – Malcolm was firm against him, his body taunt where the girls were soft. And there was a feeling in Percy’s stomach that he had never got from just a kiss. His head was swimming as he licked inside of Malcolm’s mouth, hands sliding down the boy’s back, touching everywhere he dared. Then suddenly the kiss grew more insistent and hungry, and Malcolm pressed himself so close to Percy that the boy forgot how to breathe. His hands gripped the blonde’s hips as he suddenly broke away from the boy’s mouth to kiss down his neck, biting and licking as he went. Malcolm was breathing hard, but not in the way that meant he needed an inhaler.

“Will you come with me to prom?” Percy asked again, whispering against Malcolm’s skin. The boy shivered,

“Y-Yes.”

The door to the living room opened and the boy’s broke apart.

“Hey!” Annabeth whispered. Behind her Piper McLean giggled, “We’re going upstairs so if you wanna fuck you better stay down here,” she winked and disappeared, closing the door behind her.

Percy met Malcolm’s eyes. The boy was flushed and dishevelled.

“We’re not gonna fuck,” Malcolm mumbled shakily, “Are we?”
“Not if you don’t want to,” Percy kissed his shoulder.

“But what if I want to?”
It was a game that had been played at Camp for years, even before Travis and Connor showed up. Every time a Demigod left for college or to move abroad or whatever the other Campers would throw them a ‘secret’ party that Chiron was very much aware of but decided to ignore. Travis never really expected one of those parties to be thrown for him, and yet here he was, freshly eighteen years old, his suitcase packed on his bed back in the Hermes Cabin, ready to go up to Los Angeles the next morning.

And of course he had his going away party.

The rest of his siblings from the Hermes Cabin had somehow managed to sneak in alcohol (or maybe they made it, the Demeter kids were looking suspicious...) The Hephaestus lot decorated Bunker Nine with all kinds of beautiful lights that created a dim, intimate feel to the party. Practically all campers sixteen or over were present and the place was packed. It made Travis feel all warm that they bothered to go through all this for him, especially since everyone was still picking themselves up after the war.

More importantly it was a brilliant time for pranks, especially since there was a delegation from Camp Jupiter visiting. Someone had conveniently persuaded them to come to the party (probably Connor) and their purple t-shirts stood out among the sea of orange.

The only person that Travis was not happy to see was Michael Kahale. He didn’t understand why the asshole, who had supported Octavian (who was like the Darth Sidius of both the Camps) was welcomed to Half Blood, and to his party. Michael knew that Travis didn’t like him – the son of Hermes had made that abundantly clear. Still, the boy tried not to let the son of Venus’ presence annoy him too much.

He did a little pilgrimage around the spacious bunker, making sure to talk with everyone. He was really going to miss this place, he decided as he watched Nyssa and Leo bicker. He danced a bit, drank a bit, played a game of poker with the Ares kids (bad idea, they got mad when they lost) and before he knew it, it was past midnight and time for the special tradition.

The tradition was simple, and dated back as long as the going away party itself. The person leaving would be put in some kind of small space (wardrobe, supply closet, a fridge) and blindfolded. A
person would volunteer at random and sent to join the leaver in the small space. The idea was that they were meant to kiss without the person leaving knowing who they were kissing. It was some form of good luck but everyone just kind of did it for the kicks.

“Snog! Snog! Snog!” the slightly intoxicated crowd of Demigods chanted as they tied a blindfold around Travis’ eyes. The boy grinned as he felt himself being led somewhere, though he didn’t know where. And then he was being pushed into a tiny space, the door slamming behind him and muffling all sound. The boy reached out and didn’t even stretch his arms out when he could touch both walls. He tried to figure out where he was but before he could the door opened again and someone stumbled against him. The door slammed shut, and music blared again. Outside people cheered and then went back to whatever they were doing, giving the two the privacy they needed.

Travis knew how annoying it was when someone spoke, ruining the surprise of who they were, but now he himself found it hard not to ask the person to reveal themselves. Everything was black, and over the music he could hear a soft breath and feel someone’s body heat only inches away. With lack of anything better to do Travis reached out, and his hand connected with a hard chest. A boy then. His heart sped up but he decided to keep it chill; it was just a stupid make-out.

A hand brushed against his hip and he jumped,

“Christ,” he chuckled uneasily. Instead of moving away the hand slid a little up, resting on Travis’ waist. A second hand joined it. Awkwardly the boy rested his hands on top of the boy’s – they were bigger than his, and rougher. He tried to think of who had big hands (Frank?), but his mind was too preoccupied with the current situation, “So...uh, this is weird,” Travis said, trying to get his bearings. He slid his hands up the boy’s chest (he noted that it was nice and muscular...maybe Beckendorf then) and rested them on his broad shoulders. Whoever the person was, they were taller than Travis, which was weird because Travis was pretty damn tall, “So...err, let’s just do this?” he offered.

He flinched again when a hand left his waist and cupped his cheek. He heard a soft, barely there chuckle and a thumb stroked his cheekbone, as if to reassure him. Travis swallowed. He felt lost – he couldn’t see anything. His heart pounded.

For some reason whoever he was kissing was being really nice about it. Instead of just going straight in they brushed their nose against Travis, letting him know just how close they were. Then Travis felt a small kiss being placed in the corner of his mouth. He shivered at how weirdly intimate it was.

Whoever was kissing him had a stubble. It brushed against Travis’ chin when their lips finally met in a open mouthed, no-tongue kiss. It was slow, and Travis could sense that both he and the boy were testing the waters. Subconsciously his hands tightened in the shirt on the boy’s shoulders and he exhaled.

A tongue flickered out shyly and brushed against Travis’. The son of Hermes was disoriented, and maybe that’s why he let it into his mouth with no hesitation. The stranger tasted faintly of whiskey and a little bit like coffee. Briefly Travis wondered who drank coffee but the thought flew out his head when the kiss changed suddenly. The stranger pressed him up against the closest wall, hands squeezing Travis’ hips in a bruising grip. He licked into Travis’ mouth and the son of Hermes did his best to try and keep up. His hands came to cup the boy’s face and he felt the one day beard beneath his palms. He gasped when the boy bit his lip and couldn’t help but wonder if this ‘make out’ session was meant to be sexual, because he definitely felt aroused.

The boy’s mouth disappeared from his and Travis sucked in a breath when he felt the rough lips against his neck, beard making a wonderful contrast with the wet, soft lips that sucked on Travis’ skin.
“I’m pretty sure you’re not supposed to do that,” Travis laughed breathlessly to cover up his confusing arousal. In reply the boy crashed their lips together again, kissing Travis so that the boy’s knees almost buckled. *It’s because of the alcohol,* he told himself as he sank his fingers into the stranger’s hair, making sure he didn’t pull away.

One of the boy’s big hands slipped underneath Travis’ flannel, resting on the bare skin of his back. The son of Hermes couldn’t take it anymore – in one swift movement he ripped the blindfold off.

He felt the boy tense up, but he didn’t move as Travis’ eyes adjusted to the darkness of the...supply closet. Of course. The boy blinked and focused on the face that was just inches from his. Swollen lips, a strong jaw covered in stubble, dark hair that stuck up in all directions from where Travis tugged on it. Michael’s eyes were dark, wide and afraid. His breath brushed against Travis’ lips.

“Michael,” the son of Hermes, feeling his blood run cold, “What the fuck?”

Travis wanted to shove past the boy, suddenly furious with himself for *enjoying kissing Michael Kahale.* But the son of Venus didn’t let him. He was bigger and stronger, and he grabbed Travis by the waist and hitched him up so Travis had no choice but to wrap his legs around the boy’s waist. Before he could yell at him, or even make a sound, Michael pressed their lips together. Travis tried to push him away and at the same time to turn his head to the side. When he did so, breaking the kiss and gasping for breath, Michael attacked his neck with kisses again.

“S-Stop it,” Travis hissed, trying futilely to push him away, “Kahale f-fucking stop.”

“You liked it before,” Michael’s voice was hoarse.

“I-I don’t want to kiss you.”

“Too late,” Michael said, and pressed a surprisingly tender kiss to Travis’ shoulder. The boy’s heart jumped in his chest, “Sorry,” the son of Venus said, and then let Travis down, pulling away. Travis hated how cold he felt without the boy and before he could change his mind he reached out and gripped Michael by his hand, a sudden desperation blooming in his chest.

“Wait.”

“What?” Michael asked. Travis tugged him close and with a pounding heart threw his arms around the boy’s shoulders, pulling him down so they were face to face. He pressed a short, quick kiss to Michael’s lips. Then another one. Then one more. Then he let the boy go and walked out of the closet, blindfold bunched up in his hand.
It was a sunny day and Mitchell was standing in some kind of park. Behind him children and their parents ran around in a playground, laughing, while others lounged on picnic blankets, enjoying the warmth of the sun.

“Mitchell!” the voice sent a chill down the boy’s spine and hesitantly he turned around. Aphrodite was sitting beneath an oak tree, behind a table laid with tea and cupcakes, dressed like a lady from the 1800’s.

“Mom,” Mitchell said tightly, “What are you doing here?”

Whenever Aphrodite visited one of her kids in a dream it never ended well. The woman smiled brightly and patted an empty chair next to her, and Mitchell had no choice but to sluggishly go and sit down next to her.

“So, Mitchie,” Aphrodite said happily, pouring the boy some tea in a delicate china cup, “Tell me – how are things with the di Angelo boy?”

Mitchell blushed. “T-They’re fine,” he hated knowing that Aphrodite was free to look in on him and Nico anytime. It made him feel like he had no privacy with his boyfriend.

“So,” Aphrodite said casually, drinking her tea, “I’ve noticed that you’re always on bottom?”

“M-Mom!” Mitchell spluttered. Aphrodite winked at him, “Ah don’t get all red my darling. I only looked down at the wrong moment, I promise I don’t spy on you two.”

“R-Right,” Mitchell stared down at his feet, blushing.

“So anyway. The bottoming issue.”

“How is that a-an issue?” Mitchell demanded. Aphrodite shrugged, “Honey I’m sure Nico is tired of doing all the work all the time,” she said. Mitchell glared at her, “He doesn’t do all the work.”

“Well anyway I think you should take the initiative and top every once in a while.”
This conversation is over,” Mitchell got to his feet quickly, “This is super awkward, mom.”

Aphrodite shrugged, “I’m sure he’d like it.”

“I-It’s fine the way it is,” Mitchell said, hands balled into fists. Aphrodite shrugged, smiled and then sipped her tea, and Mitchell woke up.

***

At the beginning the boy didn’t think anything happened and the weird dream about his mother flew out of his head. Mitchell skipped breakfast and decided to get a head start on strawberry picking, which was up to the Aphrodite Cabin that day. It was a nice warm day and the boy hummed to himself, in a bubble of his own, when he suddenly saw Nico sprinting towards him through the fields, looking panicked.

“Nico?” Mitchell asked, automatically on alert. Three boys were chasing behind Nico and the Italian didn’t slow down as he got to his boyfriend, instead grabbing him by the wrist and pulling him along as he continued running, making for the forest, “Nico!” Mitchell yelled, dropping his basket full of strawberries.

“They’ve all gone crazy!” Nico’s voice was a pitch higher than it usually was. They dashed into the trees and Nico didn’t slow down.

“Nico what’s g-going on?!” Mitchell asked as he struggled to keep up. The Italian finally slowed down, stopping and putting his hands on his knees, catching his breath.

“I don’t know,” he straightened up, “It’s like all the boys were hit with a spell.”

Mitchell’s stomach clenched, “What spell?” he asked faintly. Nico ran a hand through his hair,

“Fuck, I don’t know. Like, they were just suddenly all over me.”

“What do you mean?”

“Like fucking...trying to kiss me and shit,” Nico was clearly angry, “and then Jason and Frank started sword fighting for me, and all the girls were confused. The boys were just going on about how they love me. So I ran,” his shoulders slumped and he pulled Mitchell into his arms, “Thank Gods you’re normal.”

“Get away from him, Mitchell!” a voice snapped and the son of Aphrodite jumped back. Percy Jackson stood by the trees, a sword in his hand, looking furious.

“W-What the-,” Mitchell stammered as Nico pulled him back.

“Get away from Nico,” the son of Poseidon pointed his sword at Mitchell, “He’s mine.”

Something sparked inside Mitchell’s chest and it took him a second to realise it was jealousy. And protectiveness, though Mitchell knew he’d never stand a chance against Percy.

“Jackson get yourself together,” Nico snapped.

“It won’t work,” Mitchell’s mouth was dry, “This is my mother’s fault.”

Nico swore and Mitchell’s heart jumped in his chest when the son of Hades grabbed him by the wrist, pulling him past a startled Percy and barrelled straight for the tree. Before they could make impact they sank into the shadows.
They spilled onto the floor in the Hades cabin and Nico scrambled to his feet, hurriedly locking the door and pulling curtains over the windows as Mitchell lay on the floor and tried to get his head to stop spinning. For a second it was pitch black in the cabin with the windows covered and then Nico lit the braziers by the door and a soft glow filled the room.

“You okay?” he asked, standing above Mitchell and looking down at him.

“Yeah. Are you?” the son of Aphrodite let his boyfriend pull him up. Nico nodded but Mitchell could tell that he was pretty shaken. Outside they could heard a group of boys run past and Nico flinched. Mitchell had never hated his mother as much as he did at that moment, “It’s Aphrodite’s fault,” he said and Nico gave him a puzzled look, “She...she came to me in a dream last night g-going on about how I always...b-bottom,” he felt blood rushing to his face and Nico just raised an eyebrow, “and s-she was just g-going on about it...”

“What does that have to do with all the boys acting like dogs in heat?”

“I think...,” Mitchell bit his lip, “This is her way of picking on me for always being the bottom.”

“Right...,” Nico drawled, “So all you have to do is top, right?”

Mitchell blinked and blushed, “Um...actually I didn’t even think of that.”

“Well, we might as well try,” Nico said, pulling off his shirt without further ado. Mitchell didn’t think he could get any more red even if he tried,

“R-Right now?” he stuttered as Nico walked up to him. The taller boy kissed Mitchell just below his ear, hooking his fingers in the loops of his jeans,

“Don’t tell me you were never curious,” the Italian huffed out a laugh and Mitchell shivered, “about what it feels like to top. Besides, if the way to get rid of this ‘curse’ or whatever is to have sex with you then I’m down.”

Mitchell swallowed but he felt his nether regions stirring, “Okay.”

They kissed, pressing close to each other and Nico pulled Mitchell’s shirt off. Soon their pants joined them on the floor and the two boys were gasping into each other’s mouths, hands sliding over each other’s bodies. So far so good, Mitchell thought as Nico walked him backwards to the bed. Mitchell was really not used to leading so when Nico lay down on the covers, pulling him on top, he didn’t really know what to do.

“Relax,” Nico murmured against his mouth as Mitchell settled between his legs. The Italian played with Mitchell’s hair and looked completely at ease, “It’s just sex. We’ve had sex like a thousand times.”

“I know,” Mitchell mumbled shyly, “But I just...I don’t know. It’s weird.”

“You don’t like it?” Nico frowned.

“It’s not that,” Mitchell shook his head, “I just don’t really...know what to do.”

“Just kind of go with it,” Nico nudged their noses together, “I didn’t know what to do the first time either.”

“I know but you were good at it,” Mitchell sighed in frustration. Nico tugged him down and slid their lips together again. It was a long kiss, with Nico gently coaxing Mitchell out of his shell.
started to wander again. *Just fucking do it,* Mitchell growled at himself internally and, feeling brave, reached down and slipped his fingers beneath the waistband of Nico’s boxers. Usually it was the Italian that initiated everything and Mitchell felt weirdly powerful when his hand wrapped around Nico’s semi-hard cock and he felt it twitch in his hand. The Italian let out the smallest gasp against his lips and Mitchell kissed him harder as he started to stroke, feeling the member swell in his hand. His heart was pounding and his head was still a little woozy from the shadowtravel but he decided that he liked this, maybe because it was Nico. He kissed Nico’s neck and with his free hand pulled the Italian’s underwear completely off.

Mitchell kissed down Nico’s body and then took his cock in his mouth. This was okay, it was familiar, Mitchell had done it before. Some of his nerves left his body as he listened to Nico’s harsh breathing as he sucked him off, hollowing his cheeks out to take more of the Italian’s length into his mouth.

“F-Fuck,” Nico gasped, hands tangling in Mitchell’s hair. *You should probably prepare him,* Mitchell’s mind supplied but the boy was too scared. He didn’t want to hurt Nico, or do anything wrong so he just continued to blow him, hearing his boyfriend’s breath get more erratic as he took more and more of his length into his mouth, “S-Stop,” Nico whimpered, hands tightening in Mitchell’s hair, “I-I’m gonna-“

Mitch released his cock with a pop and then crawled back up Nico’s body to press their lips together again. He didn’t know what to do next but he felt heat pooling in his stomach and his dick hardened at how hungrily Nico kissed him. Mitchell broke away to kiss Nico’s neck again, sucking a hickey beneath his jaw and then biting down, harder than he intended, but Nico seemed to like it.

“Fuck,” he whimpered, legs wrapping around Mitchell’s waist.

“What do I do now?” the son of Aphrodite asked breathlessly. Nico kissed him once, then again, a kiss that lingered, and took Mitchell’s hand in his, guiding it down to his ass. Mitchell swallowed nervously probably for the hundred time that morning, and then gently squeezed the soft flesh in his hand. Nico exhaled shakily, “Lube,” he mumbled. Blindly, Mitchell rummaged in the bedside table, pulling out the half used up bottle and pouring some onto his shaking hand. Nico sat up and kissed his shoulder.

“*Ti amo*,” he whispered. Mitchell smiled, relaxing, and gently pushed Nico back onto the pillows, his hand going back down and finding Nico’s hole. He slowly, tentatively he pushed his finger into Nico.

“Oh fuck,” Nico hissed, hands tightening in the blankets. Mitchell looked at him and felt his cock twitch. He had never seen Nico like this – completely not in control, flushed and gasping. Mitchell pumped his finger in and out of the boy for a few moments, mesmerised, and then pushed a second one in. Nico’s back arched and he let out a moan and Mitchell swore that he came a little bit in his pants. He was starting to understand why people like topping so much when he scissored his fingers inside of Nico’s hot passage and saw the boy’s reaction.

“E-Enough,” Nico moaned when Mitch curled his fingers inside him, “P-Put it in.”

Mitchell didn’t have to be told twice. He lost all of his shyness and self–consciousness as he grabbed the lube, withdrawing his fingers from inside his boyfriend. Nico laid on the messy bed, gasping for air as Mitchell freed his hard cock from the confines of his underwear, lubing it up hurriedly. He knew he shouldn’t rush but suddenly he wanted nothing more than to be inside of Nico.

The second he started to push into his boyfriend he thought he’d come embarrassingly fast. He
chocked on a moan as Nico’s hot, tight insides gripped him, sucking him in. The Italian squeezed his eyes shut and groaned as Mitchell pushed into him, inch by inch. The son of Aphrodite felt hot and unsteady and dizzy as he finally bottomed out in the boy.

“W-Why are you so tight?” he gasped.

“I don’t exactly d-do this often,” Nico said through gritted teeth.

“Does it hurt?” Mitchell asked, though he could barely concentrate on anything other than how fucking good it felt to be inside Nico. He couldn’t believe he had never done this before.

“N-No...,” Nico bit his lip, eyes half-lidded as if he had no strength to keep them open, “Feels k-kinda good actually.”

“Je t’aime,” Mitchell blurted, not even realising he switched to French, “you’re amazing.”

Nico pulled him down for a kiss, whimpering, “Move.”

So Mitch did.

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Hesitantly the boys stepped out into the afternoon sunlight. Everyone was roaming around as usual, nobody trying to sexually attack Nico anymore. The Italian rubbed his back,

“You didn’t have to be so rough,” he grumbled to Mitchell. The boy smiled sheepishly,

“At least it worked, didn’t it?”

Nico wrapped an arm around his shoulders, pulled him close and kissed him.

“Yeah. It worked.”
My Heart is My Armour

Percy being a dragon riders and Jason being dragon hunter and Percy changes his mind for A.J

Dragons killed Jason’s parents. He was young, too young to remember more than fire and screaming and a burning pain where the flames the creatures created burned one side of his torso, creating ugly scars over half of his chest. Scars that he’d have to carry with him forever as a reminder of what he had to do; avenge his parents.

A few years after Jason’s birth the Discidium Alliance took place – the Separation. A magical barrier was set up by mages in the middle of the Kingdom of Olympus, creating a split between humans and dragons alike. Jason grew up in Jupiter, the side of the Separation that condemned those fire breathing creatures, while the dragons themselves were thrown out into the Half-Blood lands alongside dragon sympathisers. The Discidium Alliances forbade the murder of dragons but there were ways to pass through the barrier and break that law and people like Jason, who wanted to take revenge on the dragons, used it as much as they could. Jason didn’t see dragons as living creatures – only as the things that burned him, the things that killed his family. His one purpose in life was to end each and every one of them.

***

The barrier shimmered amaranthine and turquoise where Hazel’s hands touched it. The witch frowned and closed her eyes, her skirts fluttering in the breeze. Her lips were moving as she whispered barely audible, ancient spells that neither Jason nor Frank nor Reyna could hear or understand. Slowly, as if going through melting ice, Hazel’s hand sank though the barrier, causing the air itself to ripple. Jason gripped his sword with nerves – someone would notice those ripples soon - they had to hurry or they’d be caught.

“Now,” Hazel said, eyes still shut, when her hand was on the other side of the barrier up to the wrist. Not hesitating, having done this a hundred times, the three Hunters passed through the weakened barrier. Jason shivered, feeling as if he had just gone underneath a cold waterfall, and came out on the other side completely dry. The second they had passed Hazel pulled back her hand and the barrier crackled as it solidified again, “Until sundown,” the girl’s voice was muffled, “By the crag.”

The three Hunters nodded and then the girl turned on her foot and disappeared into the forest. Jason and his two friend delved into the Half-Blood forest, similar as the one on Jupiter’s side, but somehow more wild and exotic. Everywhere there were signs of magical creatures and poisonous flowers that nobody had bothered to exterminate like back in Jupiter. Jason’s hand was on his sword – he wanted the blood of the Dragons on his blade by sundown. He had a nightmare again the night before, about the time he lost his parents, and woke up with phantom pain in his burned side. That pushed him on as he and Reyna and Frank circled the forest for hours, their search for dragons seemingly futile.
“We won’t find any,” Frank said, rising from the ground where they once again lost the tracks of a
dragon. “There are none left this close to the border.”

“He’s right,” Reyna looked up at the sky streaked with amber and pink, “sundown’s almost upon us.
We should turn back.”

“No,” Jason barked, unsheathing his sword, “One’s close. I can feel it. I’m not returning empty
handed.”

“Fine-,” Frank started but Jason held up his hand, silencing him. He heard a twig snap close by. A
breath huffed out through nostrils. A brush of warmth. Jason whirled around, sword in hand, the
second the dragon dashed through the forest. It’s scales were black, and it was as tall as the trees.

“Attack!” Jason roared and Frank knocked an arrow in his bow, letting it loose. It missed the dragon
who gracefully moved to the side, its midnight eyes flaring with an inward fire. The movement
however gave Jason a clear view of his side. He jumped to the left, putting the dragon between
himself and his comrades, and ran at the creature with a yell, piercing it’s soft underbelly with his
blade. Golden blood spurted from the wound and the dragon roared, letting out an inferno of fire that
catched on the closest trees. Reyna screamed and the dragon whirled. Jason didn’t have enough time
to avoid its tail and the thing crashed into him, sending him back onto the closest trees. Jason
managed to glimpse the Rider clad all in black on the dragon’s back before he passed out.

***

Jason woke up in a cottage. The wooden ceiling came in and out of focus and the smell of a fresh
fire tickled Jason’s nostrils as he slid back to reality. He blinked, feeling as if he had sand behind his
eyelids, and sat up sluggishly. He was still dressed in his grass-stained clothes that he had gone
hunting in but someone had thrown a fur over him to keep him warm. The blonde tried to stand up
only to (painfully) find out that his hands were tight behind his back and to the wall with rough rope.
He was sitting on a pile of furs in some kind of kitchen.

“Fuck,” the Hunter swore as he looked around. A cheerful fire burned in a fireplace and there were
several closed doors probably leading to other parts of the cottage. The front door was, however,
open, letting in the warm night air. There was another fire outside, Jason could see, and several
shadowy people sitting around it. A rumble of laughter erupted from them and Jason jumped when
he saw a dark shape move behind them. They were sitting by a dragon. Automatically Jason reached
for his blade but instead just chaffed his wrists on the rope. He gritted his teeth and tried to swallow,
though his mouth and throat were too dry for that.

“You’re not trying to break free,” a door opened, “That’s good.”

A boy came into the room from whatever part of the cottage he had been in. Jason stared at him. He
had never been in such close proximity to a Rider. Riders were the Hunters’ worst enemies, the
protectors of the dragons. Usually close to the border there were only rouge dragons so Jason had
never met one of their protectors. Until now.

He recognised the boy, who couldn’t have been much younger than him, as the rider in black from
before. His hair was as dark as his armour, though his eyes were a pretty sparkling blue and his smile
was full of genuine warmth. Everyone always told Jason that Riders were part-dragon themselves,
that they were inhumane savages, but looking at this Rider Jason could tell that they weren’t very
different. The boy was probably around his height, a little slimmer, but with the same strength in him
that Jason carried.

With a start the blonde noted that he was admiring the Hunter.
“Why haven’t you killed me yet?” he asked hoarsely. The boy grimaced,

“That’s your job, not mine,” he gestured at the open door, “That there is the judiciary. They will decide your fate,” he went over to a deep bowl and with a clay cup fished out some water. He then knelt in front of Jason, “Drink?” he offered. Normally Jason’s pride would stop him from accepting but he was parched, and the Rider didn’t seem like he wanted to shame or take advantage of Jason’s weakness. He seemed like he actually wanted to help, so Jason nodded once and the boy pressed the cup to his cracked lips. Jason drank greedily, until the water was gone. The boy refilled the cup and Jason drank that too.

“My name’s Percy. As far as I know your name is Jason,” the boy said after the Hunter was done drinking. The blonde looked at him quizzically, “What is it?”

“It’s...,” Jason shook his head, “Peculiar. You’re...kind.”

Percy smiled a soft smile, “Ah. You thought we were savages, didn’t you?” he stood up, “Sorry to disappoint.”

“Did the dragon die?” Jason asked before he could stop himself. A shadow passed over Percy’s face and his smile melted away.

“No,” he said, voice colder now, “Blackjack survived, no thanks to you,” he sighed, “Why do you do it?”

“Do what?” Jason’s head was starting to hurt.

“Hunt dragons.”

“They’re monsters,” Jason said, eyes narrowing. He tugged on the rope, “Could you let me up maybe? This is uncomfortable.”

Percy squatted next to him, so they were at eye level, and Jason saw determination in his eyes.

“Don’t be mistaken. I may be kind but you are a murdered nonetheless, and murderer’s don’t deserve comfort.”

***

Jason woke up in the morning to the birds chirping outside. The front door was open again, and the same people from last night were sitting around, laughing and drinking ale with their bacon and eggs. Jason’s stomach rumbled. And just then Percy came in. He had changed his ebony armour for a soft green shirt and a pair of brown breeches that made him look younger and softer. He still looked sleepy, his hair sticking up in all directions. He looked at Jason and started to smile, but then stopped himself.

“Hungry?” he asked.

*He’s angry at me*, Jason thought and then frowned, *wait, why do I care?* People outside were deliberating his fate and he was worried about what some newly met Rider thought about him.

“No,” Jason said curtly. Percy sighed in exasperation and the Hunter wondered how many people before him have been in this position. Percy went back outside and Jason started to regret not asking for food when the Rider re-emerged with a plate of fried eggs and a thick slab of bacon with some freshly baked bread with it.
“I’ll untie you so you can eat,” Percy said, placed the plate next to Jason, “But you must promise not to try anything,” a dagger gleamed dangerously at Percy’s belt. Jason nodded,

“I won’t,” he said. Percy leaned in close so he could reach behind Jason to untie his hands. For a few moments the Hunter found himself pressing against the boy, and subconsciously inhaling. Percy smelled nice, and his hands were chaffed though gentle when he undid the binds on Jason’s wrists. The second he was done he pulled away, “Thank you,” Jason said sincerely, rubbing the irritated skin on his wrists. Percy perched on the rough kitchen table,

“Eat,” he said. So Jason did. He tried to control himself but he was famished so the plate was clean in moments. When he finished he put the plate down and Percy didn’t look that angry anymore, “More?”

“No,” Jason wiped his mouth at the back of his dirty sleeve, “Thank you.”

“There are some clean clothes there,” Percy pointed to a pile next to the stone fireplace, which was buzzing with warmth, “If you behave we won’t tie you up again.” The boy closed the front door and then turned his back to Jason, presumably to give him some privacy. The blonde walked to the fireplace and picked up the clothes. He stripped quickly.

“Are you my personal guard or something?”

“Someone has to be,” Percy said. Jason shrugged on the fresh, clean shirt and some pants, leaving his old clothes in a stinking pile next to the fireplace.

“You can turn around now,” he said and the boy did so. He looked like he didn’t know what to do with himself. Jason cleared his throat, “What of my friends?”

“I assume they returned to the other side of the Separation,” Percy said, “you were the only one we...um, captured.”

“Right,” Jason said. It felt uncomfortable being civil with someone who was on a completely different side to him. He looked at the Rider, who was looking anywhere but at Jason himself, “I’m...sorry about what I did to Blackjack.”

Percy looked at him and blinked, as if he hadn’t been expecting an apology.

“He’s my dragon you know,” he said softly and something in Jason twisted, “If he doesn’t make it...”

“I-I...,” Jason was going to say sorry again but somehow he stopped himself. *Those creatures killed your parents. They scarred you. They are the reason why the world is a bad place.* So Jason bit the inside of his cheek and didn’t say anything more.

***

A fortnight passed. People came and went, mages and humans alike. Jason got used to the constant sight of dragons in the front yard, though he wasn’t allowed out of the cottage which he found out belonged to Percy himself. The judiciary seemed to decide that if he showed good behaviour he might be allowed to return to Jupiter, if he promised not to hurt dragons anymore.

Except Jason didn’t *know* if he wanted to go back to Jupiter. He didn’t *know* if he wanted to kill dragons. Seeing them live in harmony with other creatures was shifting everything he thought he believed in. It was hard to hate the creatures when even little children played with them. A big thing that changed Jason’s mind on his hunting was when one night he was playing a complicated chess
game with Percy (who was with him almost constantly) and a girl with feathers in her hair, who Jason knew was called Piper, came running in, breathlessly telling him that Blackjack was healed.

The look on Percy’s face was unforgettable to Jason. His eyes lit up, he smiled the most wonderful smile and he was on his feet in seconds, crushing Piper to his chest and laughing a laugh as if the weight of the world was lifted off his shoulders. That was the moment that Jason realised that dragons were more than just animals – they were parts of people. He couldn’t think what would’ve happened if Blackjack had died, and couldn’t help but guiltily see that he probably would’ve never forgiven himself for what it did to Percy.

Jason was given a small pallet to sleep on in Percy’s bedroom but he found that a lot of the nights he couldn’t fall asleep, despite the fact he was no longer tied up. Over the time he spent in the Half-Blood Lands he was becoming aware of how much he liked it. There was a sense of peace here, even with dangerous dragons roaming around, and people weren’t driven by hate like they were in Jupiter. Jason got to know a lot of the people from the tiny village that Percy lived in. There was Piper and her two sisters, Drew and Silena, all stunningly beautiful like some kind of elves from children’s fairytales. Leo and his silent father, Hephaestus, were the blacksmiths that made the armour for the Riders. Rachel Elizabeth was a cheerful redheaded girl that lived alone and often came to visit Jason to tell him the gossip of the village. Chiron, the elderly, crippled mage, was as kind to Jason as Percy was, and didn’t harbour any hard feelings towards the Hunter.

There was no discipline in the village, and the whole Half Blood Lands had a sense of freedom to them that Jason learned to love. When he laid awake at night, watching the sleeping form of Percy, with his fluffy hair falling onto his forehead and his mouth slightly open as he breathed, he couldn’t imagine returning to the place he used to consider home.

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“...and here Piper’s dragon bit me when she was just a kid,” Percy’s breeches were rolled up and he was showing Jason a small scar in the shape of a bite on his calf, grinning as if it was a fond memory, “Katoptris is a force to be reckoned with, was even when she was no bigger than my hand,” Percy laughed and Jason couldn’t help but also chuckle. Percy’s happiness was infectious.

“What about this one?” Jason asked, pointing to a thin line behind Percy’s ear. The Rider looked away guiltily.

“I...,” he cleared his throat, “That one wasn’t done by a dragon.”

“A hunter,” Jason guessed, mouth in a tight line. He had learned how to read the boy in front of him. Percy nodded.

Silena came tumbling in from the door, red in the face.

“Stygian’s giving birth!” she yelled. Percy was on his feet in seconds and Jason right by his side. Stygian was Nico di Angelo’s, a mysterious mage’s, dragon, and she had been pregnant for months. Silena rushed back out of the cottage and Percy made a move as if to follow her and then stopped himself, shoulder’s slumping. Jason’s heart clenched – he knew the boy wanted to witness this amazing event but was forced to stay with Jason.

“Why don’t we both go?” Jason asked. Percy bit his lip,

“You’re not allowed to leave.”

“I won’t run,” Jason said gently, “I promise. I have no weapons.”
Percy looked at him and then sighed. Moments later Jason was back in the open, running alongside Percy, greedily gulping mouthful’s of clear night air, mesmerised at how soft the ground felt beneath his feet, how scratchy the leaves brushing against his cheeks were. The two came barrelling into the clearing, where a dozen people with their dragons were gathered. Jason was scared some of them would shout at him for leaving his ‘prison’ but nobody did, all of them focused on the dragon on her side in the middle of the clearing. William Solace, the village medic, was whispering soothing words to the dragon as she gave birth, her owner stroking her massive head. Jason looked away, not knowing if he wanted to witness this, and Percy gripped him by the wrist, eyes wide, fingers digging into Jason’s skin. The blonde swallowed and seconds later the air was filled with the shrieks of newborn dragons.

Everyone surged forward, cheering, and picking up the tiny creatures with joy. Percy disappeared somewhere for a second and returned soon with a little dragon in his arms. The thing was pale pink, its scales only half formed with white, blind eyes, its miniature wings trembling. It looked a bit like a naked chicken.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” Percy gushed, eyes twinkling.

“Yes,” Jason said. Percy held the dragon out to him,

“Here, hold him,” he said. Jason didn’t know how to say no to the Rider so tentatively, almost shyly, he took the creature into his arms. It was a little wet and let out a small shriek when Jason held it in his trembling hands, “Don’t be scared of it,” Percy said, stepping so close that his and Jason’s noses almost brushed. He repositioned Jason’s hands, clearly unaware of how their proximity was making Jason feel, “There,” he glanced up at Jason, “He can be yours if you want,” he whispered gently.

Jason looked down at the small dragon. It looked back at him with its milky eyes. You are not what killed my family, the Hunter thought.

“I’m going to call him Tempest.”

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Jason was allowed to go anywhere he liked, as long as he returned to Percy’s cottage at sundown. Weirdly the blonde wasn’t tempted to go back to the barrier, even after almost two months passed. He liked it in Half Blood, he thought he belonged there, with all the people and their dragons...and now with his own little dragon too. It was peculiar how attached Jason had gotten to Tempest.

One night he awoke with a start after a sudden, unexpected return of his vivid nightmare. He couldn’t remember the last time he dreamed that dream but he woke with a gasp, his scarred side burning. He breathed heavily, staring at the ceiling and blinking the tears out of his eyes.

“Jason?”

Percy was sitting up in bed, his covers thrown to the side. In the pale autumn moonlight falling in through the window Jason could see his worried expression.

“Sorry,” the blonde whispered, also sitting up, “It’s nothing, just a bad dream,” his hand was subconsciously rubbing the burns on his side.

“What is it?” Percy asked, dropping to his knees on the man’s pallet and nudging his hand away, “Are you hurt? Did something happen in the woods-,” he grabbed Jason’s shirt, intent on taking it off and seeing what hurt Jason but the blonde grabbed him by the wrists,

“Don’t.”
Percy frowned, “You’re in pain.”

“It’s nightmare pain,” Jason shook his head, “It’s not real, it’s just a memory.”

“Memory of what?” Percy asked softly. Jason looked past his shoulder.

“My parents were killed by a dragon. My side is burnt and...when I have nightmares it burns.”

Percy was silent for a long, long moment.

“Is that why you kill them?” he asked eventually, “For revenge?”

“Not anymore. I won’t anymore,” Jason said with a sudden fierceness, hands tightening on Percy’s wrist as if to make sure the boy understood that he was serious.

“Can I see them?” Percy asked, his hair falling into his eyes. Jason was holding his wrists and he couldn’t brush it back, “Can I see your scars?” Jason freed his hand and carefully tucked a lock of Percy’s dark hair behind his ear. The boy’s too-big white nightshirt was sliding to the right, revealing a part of his collarbone.

“If you want,” Jason murmured. This time he let Percy tug his shirt off, and watched as it fell onto his bed. He fought the urge to cover the Rider’s eyes. Though he was scared of his reaction, Jason watched Percy’s expression closely for any sign of disgust or discomfort. The only thing he saw was warmth.

“Can I touch you?” Percy asked quietly, his eyes all soft and beautiful. Jason couldn’t speak so he just nodded. The Rider reached out and brushed his fingertips over Jason’s ugly scars, and where he touched the phantom burning gave way to a cooling comfort. After a moment of just shy touches Percy trailed the scars with his whole hand, eyes following his movements as if he couldn’t look away. His knuckles brushed against Jason’s collarbone, and then slid up his neck to cup Jason’s cheek. When Percy leaned in Jason met him halfway.

His hands pressed into the soft material of Percy’s nightshirt, pushing until he was met with the hard body heat beneath. Percy’s lips, unlike the rest of his lithe, rough body, were soft, and as shy as his hands had been. His breath trembled as much as Jason’s hands where they pressed against his waist. The blonde pulled the Rider forward, until Percy’s legs were on either side of his hips, straddling him and bringing them as close as Jason wanted, though he kept trying to pull them even closer, even when they were chest to chest. Percy made a little sound and Jason swallowed it as the boy’s hands brushed through his hair. For a moment there were no dragons, no Separation, no Hunters or Riders, it was just Jason and Percy finally in his arms, kissing him sweetly.
Can you do one where Nico, Frank, and Leo are on a quest and both Leo and Nico are unconscious at some point, and Frank is losing it because he loves them both. For RedTears

Frank, Nico and Leo had been dragging themselves through the field of poppies for what seemed like years. You’d think that after the war with the Titans and then the war with Gaia they’d have a bit of peace and quiet, but no. The second Leo came back to camp after his ‘death’ Rachel sent them off on yet another quest. The kids in the Hypnos cabin weren’t waking up, and Chiron was scared it had something to do with their Godly father. Rachel confirmed these fears when as the Oracle when she announced the Quest.

Everyone found it a bit weird that the trio would go together...that is, except Frank and Hazel. Usually people that were chosen to go on Quests were connected on some deeper level; Annabeth and Percy, before they even knew they loved one another, and Grover, Percy’s best friend, went on the Quest to get the Master Bolt. Jason, Piper and Leo, the three best friends, went to save Hera. Percy and Nico, who the son of Hades had a crush on at the time, went to search for the Mark of Achilles. Which is why a lot of the Campers were confused as to why Frank was going with Leo and Nico, who had been a couple for some months.

Hazel figured it out before Frank even did. You love them, she told him, both of them. There’s no point denying it. Frank knew, deep down, that she was right and by the time the Quest for Hypnos was underway he had come to terms with his complicated feelings.

It took three days for the boys to find the Fields of Poppies, where Hypnos resided when not on Olympus, and those three days were excruciating for Frank. On one hand he got to spend time with the boys he was stupidly in love with (one was bad enough, why did there have to be two of them?!) but he also had to watch them kiss and hold hands and cuddle, and know that he could never have them like that – they looked so happy together and Frank knew that he’d just ruin it all, so he kept his mouth shut about his feelings. Until the Fields of Poppies.

“Where is he?” Leo yawned, stretching. Frank had to admit the endless sea of red was making him sleepy too, especially after trekking through it for such a long time.

“Dunno,” he grumbled, bow and arrow in hand just in case, “but since we’re all so tired I guess he’s close.”

Nico shuffled along like a zombie. Frank looked around – as far as he could see in each direction there were just more poppies, no trees, no mountains. A horrible thought hit Frank – what if they were stuck here forever? What if the Field never ended? He continued to walk, his shoulders drooping with each step. His eyelids felt heavy. It was like when you walked into the Hypnos Cabin, but a hundred times worse. Frank had to fight to move through the flowers.
A watery figure appeared a few steps in front of him and Frank had to blink and rub his eyes to make sure he wasn’t imagining it. Then he straightened up,

“Hypnos,” he said. The God was hovering in the air, legs crossed like a Buddha statue, looking sleepy and relaxed.

“Son of Mars,” he drawled, his voice like a lullaby, “How nice of you to visit.”

“Your children won’t wake up,” Frank was struggling to remember the point of their Quest. Hypnos smiled,

“Wonderful. Sleep is good for the soul.”

“N-No...we...,” Frank trailed off and blinked. Leo and Nico were being weirdly quiet. He turned around to ask them if everything was okay and his heart tumbled to the ground. At once Frank was awake and alert.

Leo and Nico lay among the poppies, unconscious. They looked dead.

“Nico!” Frank dropped to his knees next to the closest boy and grabbed him by the shoulder, shaking him, “Nico, wake up!” the Italian didn’t respond. His skin was cold. Frank crawled over to Leo and leaned over him, also shaking him, “Leo,” he said feverishly, “Fuck, wake up, wake up!”

“They’re just sleeping,” Hypnos mused, floating over, “Don’t panic.”

“Stop it!” Frank snapped at the God, “Wake them up!” he felt sick to the gut, like his heart was being torn out of his chest, sinew by sinew, “Please!” he said desperately, breathlessly, panic building up in his throat. *I can’t do this, I can’t do this without them...* "Please, don’t do this...I’ll do anything, anything you want, just please-,” his voice cracked. Hypnos smiled and opened his arms in a ‘there’s nothing I can do’ gesture.

“It’s not up to me,” he said soothingly, “I don’t have the power to wake them up.”

Frank’s bow and arrow were in the poppies, too far for him to reach.

“Then who does?” he demanded.

“You do,” Hypnos smiled, “A little birdie called Cupid told me about your romantic dilemma.”

Frank’s blood ran cold and he opened and closed his mouth like a fish, feeling himself flush, “I-I...”

“You love them, don’t you?” Hypnos asked, “how sweet, how dreamy. Do they reciprocate your feelings?”

“N-No,” Frank swallowed uneasily. A little breeze picked up, ruffling his hair, “You said I had the power to wake them up.”

“Because you do,” Hypnos agreed happily. He yawned, “All you have to do is kiss them.”

Frank’s eyes widened, “Are you kidding me? What like some Sleeping Beauty bullshit?”

Hypnos again opened his arms, “Our time together has come to an end. Olympus calls. Good luck with your decision making, son of Mars.”

Frank squeezes his eyes shut just as Hypnos took on his divine form, and in a flash of light he was gone and Frank was left with the unconscious Nico and Leo. Futilely he hoped that when the God
was gone the boys would wake up, but no such luck – they were both still asleep, nestled among the poppies as if they were pillows. Frank took a deep breath, his heart hammering. It's just a kiss, he told himself, that's all. You can explain it to them after. Just do it.

The son of Mars carefully carried Leo over to Nico and laid them next to each other. For a second he was lost in thought, stroking Nico’s hair and looking at them together. Why did I have to fall in love with them? He thought bitterly.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. He leaned over the son of Hades and pressed their foreheads together. Nico’s soft breath brushed against Frank’s lips and he cupped the boy’s face. He wanted to cry. He hated Hypnos and Cupid and all the Gods at that moment because he felt like he was forcing himself on the boys. But there was no other way. Slowly, tenderly, Frank pressed his lips to Nico’s. No matter how much he wanted to prolong the kiss, to wrap the boy up in his arms and kiss him properly, Frank knew he couldn’t, so after two seconds in which his heart stopped to beat he hurriedly pulled away. Nico’s eyes twitched behind his close eyelids and Frank knew he didn’t have much time.

He bent over Leo and kissed him sweetly, gently, and realised painfully that this would be the only time he’d ever get to kiss either of them. Frank got a bit lost in the feeling of Leo’s soft lips against his and when Nico let out a small noise next to him he snapped back, just as the son of Hades’ eyes fluttered open.

“What the...,” Nico looked confused as he sat up, hair mussed, “What happened?”

Frank felt sick again, “Hypnos made you fall asleep.”

“Leo!” Nico’s eyes widened when he saw his passed out boyfriend. He pulled the Latino into his arms, “Leo!” he said desperately and Frank’s heart ached at how worried he sounded. In seconds Leo opened his eyes,

“Hola,” he said, baffled. Nico exhaled with relief and kissed Leo, where Frank’s lips had been seconds ago. The son of Mars couldn’t look at them together, “I’m so confused,” Leo mumbled, but smiled. The three of them got up, though Frank didn’t know how long his legs would keep him up. He just wanted to bury himself underneath his blankets in his bunk and never come out.

“Frank, are you okay?” Nico asked, “Did you meet Hypnos?”

“Do you know how to help his kids?” Leo asked, arm slipping around Nico’s waist. Frank turned away from them, his pain turning into numbness. The field they were standing on didn’t have any poppies on it, and they could see a city on the left, and a forest on the right. They were out of Hypnos’ domain.

“Someone has to kiss them,” Frank said quietly, and started walking.
Do another Connor/Mitchell thing? I don't really care I just want more smut with my favourite non-canon pair. Connor maybe steals a camp car to take Mitchell on a date but the car breaks down and it's raining or something so they have to wait it out and smut happens?

For Molly and makerofaqueen

Mitchell and Connor had been dating for almost four months and Connor was so fucking happy he didn’t know what to do with himself sometimes. Mitchell was...well, quite frankly amazing. You wouldn’t think that someone as loud and adventurous as Connor would fall in love with someone as shy and nervous as Mitchell, but he did. Connor had had crushes before, but they were nothing like what he felt for Mitchell. The boy was literally all Connor ever wanted, and that’s why he was so annoyed that stupid Camp rules didn’t let him take Mitchell out on a date. All he wanted was one damn evening where it was just him and Mitch, where they could relax and pretend they weren’t two Demigods in a world of monsters.

That’s why Connor stole the car. Okay, stole might be the wrong word for it, and if you really look at it, it wasn’t even Connor in the first place. It was Piper, who Connor persuaded to persuade some random man on the highway to borrow them his Fiat Tipo for the night while he slept in a hotel. It was for a good cause, after all! Connor had a driver’s license (it was Travis’ but whatever) and he wanted to drive to Port Jefferson and see the new John Wick movie with his boyfriend. So that’s what he did.

At exactly eight o’clock in the evening Connor knocked on the door to the Aphrodite Cabin. He heard giggling on the other side, because of course Mitchell told his siblings that he was finally going on a date. Drew opened the door, smirking.

“Well, well, well if it isn’t Romeo,” she leaned on the doorframe and eyed Connor, who was dressed in a t-shirt and his favourite leather jacket, holding a bunch of roses in his hand, “cute outfit. Are the flowers for me?”

“Next time,” Connor joked.

“Mitchie!” Drew yelled, “Shakespeare in Love’s here!”

Shyly, Mitchell appeared next to her. Connor could tell that his sisters had forced him into the clothes he was wearing (a pair of skinny black jeans and a dark red jumper that brought out the golden flecks in his brown eyes) but he thought Mitchell looked adorable, as always. He grinned and presented the boy with the flowers. Mitchell flushed,

“T-Those are for me?” he stuttered. Connor still couldn’t believe that after all the time that he and Mitch have been going out for the boy was still surprised at things like flowers,

“Course,” Connor said as Mitchell carefully took the roses. He was as red as their petals,
“Thank you,” he mumbled, not looking at Connor. The son of Hermes leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips.

“Okay, break it up you two!” Drew pulled the flowers from Mitchell’s hands, “I’ll put these in a vase for you, now go on! Before Chiron catches you.” Mitchell smiled and took Connor’s hand. Together they walked off to the Camp borders, “Have fun kids!” Drew yelled after them.

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It was coming up to midnight by the time Connor and Mitchell were driving back. Well, Connor was driving, Mitchell was leaning against the cracked open window, hair ruffled by the night wind slipping inside the car, his hand loosely holding Connor’s as they raced down the empty country road.

“Thank you for tonight,” Mitchell said quietly, breaking the comfortable, sleepy silence. Connor smiled and lifted their intertwined hands, kissing Mitchell’s.

“Anything for you.”

“You’re so cheesy sometimes,” Mitchell smiled and closed his eyes, “Also, I can’t believe you stole a car for this.”

“Borrowed, borrowed, Mitchie.”

As if in protest to that statement, the car spluttered and jerked forward.

“What the-,” Connor started and the car repeated the motion. The son of Hermes had time to swerve to the side of the empty road before the car let out a last sigh and died. For a second the two boys sat in the dark silence of the vehicle, “Fuck.”

“What happened?” Mitchell asked, sitting up. Connor undid his seatbelt,

“I have no idea,” he admitted, and slipped out of the car, Mitchell close behind him. He walked to the front of the borrowed car and opened the hood. A cloud of black smoke took to the air, right in Connor’s face. The boy started coughing as it slid down his throat and then turned to Mitchell, who looked scared. Then he cracked his smile, and then started to laugh.

“What?” Connor asked.

“You’re face is all sooty,” Mitchell giggled and walked over. He reached up and brushed his thumb over Connor’s lips. It came away black and the son of Aphrodite stood on his tiptoes, kissing him. Connor smiled and reached for his boyfriend but Mitchell pulled back with a sour face,

“You taste weird,” he said, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, “What are we gonna do about your borrowed car?”

Connor sighed and looked at the dark road. In the moonlight he could see the fields on either side, and some houses in the distance. Crickets crick cracked in the grass.

“It’s maybe an hour to camp,” Connor judged, “We can probably walk it,” he offered his hand to Mitchell and the son of Aphrodite slid their fingers together. They started to walk, both of them happy despite the car situation. There was sleepiness about both of them and so it took Connor a moment to realise that it suddenly got weirdly dark. He blinked and looked up at the moon. Except there was no moon – just clouds.
“Fuck,” the boy had time to say before suddenly a sheet of warm summer rain came thundering down onto them. Mitchell squealed and covered his head with his arms but Connor craned his face up and let the water wash away the soot still on his face.

“Connor!” Mitchell whined. The son of Hermes turned back to the car and in seconds the two were sprinting down the wet road and back to the broken car. They shoved open the doors and slid into the seats, shutting and locking the doors behind them just as the rain really picked up, smashing down onto the vehicle and running down the windows. Connor and Mitchell sat and caught their breaths.

“Wasn’t that eventful?” Conor grinned and brushed his wet hair from his face.

“The universe really is against us,” Mitchell sighed.

“Or is it?” Connor winked and then tugged his jacket off, his t-shirt quickly following. Mitchell’s eyes widened,

“What are you doing?”

“Getting out of my wet clothes,” Connor said innocently, undoing his belt, “I don’t want to get sick.”

“But it’s cold,” Mitchell said as Connor slid his jeans off, leaving him in just his boxers, which were relatively dry.

“We can cuddle for warmth,” the son of Hermes said cheekily, tugging a reluctant Mitchell over to his seat and pulling him into his lap. He shivered when the wet material of the boy’s jumper brushed against his chest and quickly pulled it over the boy’s head.

“You’re such a dick,” Mitchell mumbled. Connor kissed him.

“Shh,” he whispered. Now it was Mitchell’s turn to shiver, and he hugged himself,

“It’s cold,” he complained. Connor paid him no mind, undoing the top button of his pants and helping the boy out of them, “What now?” Mitchell asked. Connor wrapped his arms around the cold, trembling boy and pressed him against his chest. He slid their lips together, kissing Mitchell with a kind of urgency. The boy’s lips were warm against Connor’s and it was nice since everything else was cold. It took only a kiss and he was already hard because...well, because it was Mitchell. The son of Aphrodite’s hands tangled in Connor’s hair, pulling him closer.

“Backseat?” he whispered against Connor’s mouth. The boy grinned and bit at Mitchell’s bottom lip, “Yeah,” he said, unwinding his arms from around his boyfriend. Mitchell climbed into the backseat and Connor followed him quickly. The leather seat was cold but Connor was intent on warming it up quickly. He pulled Mitchell down by the legs, so the boys was laying down across the seats. He was short enough that he only had to slightly bend his legs before his feet pressed against the window, but the position was perfect for Connor to get between his thighs.

Mitchell pulled Connor down by his Camp necklace, pressing their lips together again insistently. Their tongues rubbed against each other and Mitchell panted against Connor’s mouth when the boy’s hand went between his legs to rub at the bulge in his underwear.

“I can’t believe we’re about to do i-it in a car,” Mitchell mumbled. Connor kissed his boyfriend’s cheek,

“Any objections?” he asked. In reply Mitchell just tugged Connor’s underwear down, and the son of
Hermes decided to return the favour. He licked up Mitchell’s neck and the younger boy whimpered, wrapping his hand around both their hard cocks. His hand was too small to go all the way around them but Connor didn’t mind as the boy started to stroke. The son of Hermes buried his face in Mitchell’s neck and groaned against his skin, biting gently at his skin. The precum leaking out of Connor’s member made it easier for Mitchell to stroke them and for a moment Connor just lost himself in the other boy, kissing everywhere he could reach; his shoulder, his jaw, just behind his ear. When he felt familiar warmth in his stomach he batted Mitchell’s hand away and pulled back.

Mitchell was flushed, eyes half lidded, his slightly damp hair falling onto his forehead. A part of Connor wanted to come all over the boy’s pale chest, to debauch him even more than he already was. It was warm in the car now, the windows steaming up as the rain continued to pound the roof.

“Still cold?” Connor whispered, pushing Mitchell’s legs open even more. The son of Aphrodite shook his head. Connor didn’t have any lube (idiot, should’ve thought of that) so he pushed his fingers inside Mitchell’s mouth. The son of Aphrodite didn’t protest, closed his eyes and sucked on the digits. Connor fought a groan at the sight and regretfully pulled his fingers free, but he decided that seeing Mitchell’s back arch when he pushed them inside the boy was an even better sight. Connor had seen it already a dozen times but he didn’t think he’d ever get tired of it.

Mitchell cried out when Connor slid into him after just a few minutes of hurried preparation.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry,” the boy babbled as he bottomed out in his boyfriend. He just couldn’t wait. Mitchell did weird things to him – like Connor was unable to control his body, his instincts. The feelings he had for Mitchell were so strong that sometimes Connor wondered if Mitchell was using his Aphrodite powers, though he doubted it. He had fancied the boy long before they started dating.

“C-Connor,” Mitchell whimpered. There was little space on the car seat so Connor was extra careful as he slid out of his boyfriend and pushed back in. He didn’t want them to slip off. His breath came out shuddery as he started to slowly thrust, Mitchell’s tight hole gripping at him. The boy below him let out a tiny moan every time Connor slid into him, and as the son of Hermes’ thrusts sped up he let out a moan every time he slid out as well, until Connor was pounding him and Mitchell was moaning with abandon.

“Ah...f-fuck...fuck,” Mitchell never swore, unless they were having sex, and Connor found that weirdly arousing, “h-harder...nghh....,” Connor impaled him over and over, the car filling with the sound of skin slapping on skin. Everything was wet and hot and hard and pleasure was rapidly building up inside Connor with every wild thrust inside Mitchell.

“I’m gonna come,” he groaned as he sped up. Mitchell whimpered and wrapped his hand around his cock, which was bouncing against his stomach, but once again Connor batted his hand away and started to stroke the boy in time with his thrusts. It was over very fast after that – Connor pulled out of Mitchell and came all over his stomach and chest and the boy followed suit with a shaky moan.

Connor felt a tiredness settle over him as he came down from his high. It was late, he wanted to sleep, but instead he was stranded in the middle of nowhere. He reached for his jeans and tugged them on, and wiped his come off of Mitchell with his shirt. The two got dressed and then Connor pulled Mitch back into his lap.

“I love you,” he whispered against the boy’s hair. Mitchell snuggled up against his chest,

“Love you too,” he said, and then he was asleep. Connor stroked his hair and pulled out his phone.

“Hello?” Travis was, unsurprisingly, still awake.
“Yo,” Connor whispered, “The car broke down. Please come get us?”
Let Me Come Home

Could you do a successful Will and homeless Nico AU in which Will takes Nico in and takes care of him??
For MsJackson53

Will was tired as he walked out onto the busy street after the evening at the hospital. Sometimes he hated the fact that he was a private doctor and missed the nights down at the GP where he would go out with the fellow doctors and nurses after work, but then this job paid better, and Will supposed that was good. It meant he could buy his mom her dream house, and could give money to all the people that had helped him in life. And he wasn’t eighteen anymore, he couldn’t live in one room...he was twenty seven and his condo was very comfortable and very expensive and very lonely.

Will was lost in thought as he turned down a dark alleyway. A dog barked somewhere in the distance but the doctor didn’t pay attention. He just wanted to get to where he parked his car, hop in and drive home. Maybe he could catch up on Underground...no, most likely Will would have just enough energy to shower and then collapse onto his luxurious double bed. His lonely, cold, luxurious double bed.

A police siren wailed somewhere far, far away and Will looked up. He could see the alley’s end, where the streetlamps cast an ugly orange glow on the pavement. A figure was walking hurriedly towards him and Will tensed, before realising it was just some kid. He was a good head shorter than Will, and skinny as a stick. Not a threat then. Not wanting to scare or intimidate him, the doctor stuck to one side of the alleyway and looked down at the ground when he passed by the boy.

By chance he saw the dash of movement at his side, and a barely-there tug on his coat pocket. Will’s years in highschool as a boxer kicked in and he whirled around, grabbing the boy by the wrist before his hand could disappear back into the pocket of his tattered hoodie. In surprise the kid dropped Will’s wallet and it landed on the ground. His face was shadowed by his hood but Will could feel his eyes on him, could sense his fear.

“A pickpocket,” he said icily. The boy tried to wrench his wrist free but Will held fast, “What’s your name?” he barked, “Where are your parents?”

“I’m twenty one,” the boy growled. He had a voice full of anger, but of hurt as well.

“I’m calling the police,” Will reached for his phone, and the boy’s entire demeanour changed.

“No!” he said suddenly, his shoulders slumping, “No d-don’t do that-“

“You tried to steal my wallet,” Will deadpanned.
“I’m just hungry.”

“Yeah right,” Will snorted, “you’re probably some cocaine addict, and you wanted to spend my money on drugs.”

“I don’t do drugs!” the boy said. Will finally let go of his wrist,

“Alcohol then,” he said, and suddenly felt bad for judging the kid. Maybe he really was hungry. Will sighed and pushed his phone back into his pocket, leaning down to pick up his wallet, “Why are you out here?” he asked, softer now. It wasn’t his fault he had a big heart, “It’s late and cold.”

The boy shrugged and shoved his hands into his pockets, “So?”

“Don’t you have somewhere to sleep?” Will felt a pang in his chest. The boy didn’t say anything for a moment, his pride clearly too strong, but eventually he just shook his head slightly. Will knew he shouldn’t have asked the next question, but he felt sorry for the kid, and he always liked helping people.

“Would you like to come home with me?” he said softly, even though he knew the kid would probably steal all the nice things from his condo anyway.

“Oh?” the boy seemed amused, “do you mean do I want to suck your cock somewhere other than this dirty alley?” Will’s stomach twisted with disgust, “Or do you want to fuck me too? Have no condoms on you, is that it? I mean fair enough I wouldn’t fuck me without protection either—“

“I don’t want to sleep with you,” Will snapped, regretting his offer, “No offence but streetrats aren’t really my types. Look, all I was offering you was some food and a couch you can sleep on. I’m a doctor, I just wanted to make sure you’re okay. Forget I ever asked,” he turned away from the boy and continued on his way, feeling frustration and a bit of anger knot itself in his already tense shoulders.

He almost made it out of the alleyway when he heard footsteps following him. Surprised, Will glanced over his shoulder and saw that indeed the thief was close behind him, head hung low and dragging his feet.

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“This is fancy,” the thief was looking at the wall above Will’s fireplace, where all of his certificates were framed. The blonde pulled a face,

“My mother insisted on framing them.”

He watched the kid closely, pretending it was to make sure that he didn’t steal anything, when actually he was just taking him in. Despite saying he was twenty one the boy still looked barely legal. He also didn’t look that well. His black hair was long and shaggy, framing his pale, sunken, sallow face. There were scarily dark circles underneath his equally dark eyes, and streaks of dirt down his cheeks. He was dressed in multiple layers of tattered clothes. Overall he looked like a mess, and Will was curious as to how he ended up that way.

“You still haven’t told me your name,” the blonde said. The kid glanced at him over his shoulder,

“Neither have you,” he said with a shrug.

“It’s Will. Will Solace,” he would’ve stuck his hand out but he had a feeling the kid didn’t like physical contact, which was confirmed when he shoved his hands into the pockets of his hoodie,
“I’m Nico.”

“No last name?” Will guessed but Nico didn’t reply, instead continuing to circle the condo, taking in the massive floor to ceiling windows showing the New York skyline at night, the modern leather couches surrounding a low glass coffee table, the kitchen that was only separated from the spacious living room by a half counter. Will tried not to flinch as he trailed mud onto his fluffy white carpets.

“Look,” Will said, and Nico stopped in his tracks to look at him, “You can stay here tonight, on the couch or I have a guest bedroom upstairs. I’ll give you some clean clothes and food...you’re hungry, right?” the boy nodded hesitantly, “so yeah, we can do that. Um, also...if you wouldn’t mind I’d just like to check you for any injuries? Sorry, I’m just a doctor and-“

“What do you want in return?” the boy interrupted. Will blinked.

“Nothing.”

Nico snorted humourlessly, “Right, so you’re just doing it out of the goodness of your heart?” when Will didn’t protest that Nico’s eyes widened, “Shit you’re serious.”

“Is a little human kindness so unexpected?” the doctor asked softly. Nico looked away,

“In my world, yes.”

Will sighed, “This doesn’t mean I trust you. Come upstairs, I’ll get you some clothes.”

They walked up the glass staircase to the equally modern second floor of the condo. When they walked into Will’s bedroom the blonde could tell that Nico was getting overwhelmed. Here there was another massive window, showing the traffic far, far below and the light of the city at night. Will flipped on the light and went into his walk in closet. He didn’t know why he even bothered with such a ‘fancy’ place – he had been equally as happy (or unhappy) in a tiny flat in Brooklyn.

“This should fit,” Will re-emerged after some rummaging and was pleased to see Nico hadn’t run with any of his valuables but was still standing where Will left him, staring at his reflection in the window. Will held out the pile of clothes at an arm’s length and Nico took them slowly, careful not to touch him. Will knew that people from the street often didn’t like to be touched and that they had traumatic experiences in the past. From the crude way Nico talked about sex Will assumed it was no different for him.

He led the boy to the bathroom and then instructed him to sit at the edge of the Jacuzzi bathtub. There was also a shower cabin in the spacious bathroom, and honestly Will preferred it to the bathtub.

“Okay,” he reached into a cupboard and pulled out a first aid kit, “Do you mind taking your shirt...s off?” he asked, “only if you’re comfortable.”

Nico shrugged and started to strip. His dirty hoodie ended up on the tile floor, joined quickly by a jumper, a long sleeved shirt and another t-shirt. By the time the boy was in just a tank top Will could already see the bruises blooming across his collarbone and shoulder. When Nico was completely topless Will knelt in front of him. He was freakishly skinny, all of his bones pressing up against his pale skin. There was also a mess of purple, green and yellow bruises going down his left side, and what looked like a fairly new cut on his other side. It was badly cleaned up and the skin around it was angry red.

“Who did that?” Will asked, opening the first aid kid and trying not to let his face show just how worried he was.
“The bruises were the price I had to pay the last time someone offered me a bed to sleep in,” Nico sounded casual, as if he was talking about some stranger and not himself, “the cut was what I got after I took some money from him.”

“ Took or stole?” Will raised an eyebrow though his heart was pounding.

“Same difference."

“Right,” the blonde cleared his throat awkwardly, “Do you...mind if I touch you?”

“Whatever you need, doc,” Nico said. Will was starting to understand that his tone wasn’t casual after all. It was numb. When he looked up at Nico the boy was looking right ahead, his jaw tight. He was scared.

“Hey,” Will said gently, standing up, “Relax. Why don’t you take a shower first? Then I’ll wash your cut and bandage it up, sound good?”

Nico blinked then looked up at him hesitantly, then looked away, “Yeah.”

Will left to give him some privacy. He didn’t really know what to do with himself so he went to his bedroom and switched the light off. When he heard the shower turn on he ventured downstairs and opened the fridge, pulling a face when he realised it was practically empty. He needed to go grocery shopping soon. The blonde pulled out his phone and ordered a whole load of Chinese takeout from his favourite place, not really knowing what Nico wanted. He then went to the guest bedroom and made sure the sheets were fresh and that there was nothing to steal in that room. The shower turned off.

“Nico?” Will knocked on the bathroom door, “You decent?”

“Yes,” came the slightly muffled reply. Will opened the door and stepped into the bathroom and almost screamed. Nico stood in the middle of the bathroom, drying his wet hair with a towel, stark naked. Will whirled around slapping a hand over his eyes,

“What the fuck?!” he demanded.

“What?” Nico asked innocently.

“I asked if you were decent!”

“Oh. I thought you wanted me naked.”

“Only topless!” Will sighed, “So I can look at your cut. Jesus, can you put some pants on please?”

He heard shuffling that meant that Nico was complying. After a few seconds Will slowly turned around and peeked at the boy from behind his fingers. The kid looked unimpressed, eyebrow raised and arms folded over his naked chest. At least he had on a pair of sweatpants. Will exhaled.

“Okay,” he said, and then stopped for a second, his eyes focusing on Nico’s face. The boy’s hair was still a little damp, and brushed behind his ears. All the dirt had been scrubbed from his face and his cheeks were flushed from the hot shower, making him look actually alive. Only now Will noticed that he was actually quite attractive, “Uh...s-sit down please.”

Nico did as he was told and Will knelt in front of him with the kit again. The kid seemed a lot more at ease after his shower, but he still flinched when Will gently touched him on the side, right by the cut.
“It’s okay.”

“Youre hands are cold,” Nico said, trying to explain the flinch. Will nodded as if he believed him and then delved into his kit. Nico had successfully washed his cut in the shower but Will still had to disinfect it. He poured some disinfectant onto a cotton pad,

“This might sting a bit,” he warned, and then pressed the cotton pad to the cut. Nico tensed, hissed in pain and his hand shot forward to grip at Will’s shoulder. The blonde was surprised at the sudden touch but didn’t move away. He finished disinfecting as quickly as he could, “Now I’ll put some cream on it, okay? To help it heal.”

“I’m not a child you don’t have to explain everything to me,” Nico growled. Will sighed and picked out the cream, gently rubbing it against the heated skin. Nico shivered at how cold it is but bore through it. Finally Will pulled out some bandages and, careful to touch Nico as little as possible, wrapped it around the boy’s middle, securing a gauze to the cut.

“There, all done,” he said, standing up and putting the kit away, washing his hands in the sink. Nico watched him, biting his lip, and tucked a piece of escaped hair behind his ear, “Do you want a hair band?” Will asked, pulling one out of the cupboard and offering it to the boy. Nico eyed it,

“Is it your girlfriend’s?” he asked, taking it. Will smiled, “Nope, it’s my sister’s. I don’t have a girlfriend,” he said. Nico froze and stared at him, “You’re kidding me.”

“What?” Will was confused.

“But you’re so...,” he gestured at Will vaguely and then looked away. The doctor couldn’t tell if he was still flushed from the shower, or just blushing, “Nevermind,” he said eventually, quickly tying his hair into a bun at the nape of his neck.

The doorbell rang, “That’s probably the food,” Will said, waiting for Nico. The boy grabbed the too-big shirt that the blonde gave him and tugged it over his head. Together they went downstairs and Will opened the door, collected the food and paid.

In minutes the two were sitting cross-legged at the coffee table with a dozen different boxes of food in front of them. Will was watching, amused, as Nico stuffed his face.

“Slow down,” he said, “or you’ll get sick.”

“m fine,” Nico mumbled with his mouth full. Will’s smile widened and he glanced at the clock and blanched. It was late – really late.

“Shit, I have work tomorrow,” he told Nico, “so I’m gonna go to sleep.”

“Okay,” Nico looked regretfully at the food still left and Will felt bad. “Finish eating. The guest bedroom is right next to mine. I’m going to leave early tomorrow so...so when you wake up please go, okay?” Will felt weird asking. Nico wasn’t looking at him, “I’ll leave you some money on the kitchen counter-“

“No,” Nico said, “I don’t want your money.”

“Right,” Will said awkwardly, “Goodnight then.”
He was halfway up the stairs when Nico called out.

“Will?”

“Yeah?”

A pause.

“Thank you.”

***

All day at work Will couldn’t concentrate, thinking about the bizarre encounter the night before. Whenever he tried to fill out paperwork for his patients Nico’s face kept flashing in his head. Has he left yet? Will wondered, What’s he doing now? Maybe he’s off stealing again...maybe someone’s forcing him to have sex to pay for food...Will regretted telling him to leave. That morning he had checked the guest bedroom to see if the boy had left, and instead found a dark haired angel buried underneath the blankets, face slack and relaxed, eyelashes dark against his cheeks, hair escaping his bun and framing his face.

“What’s up?” Rachel, Will’s co-worked, asked, “You’re really out of it today.”

“It’s nothing,” Will lied, though of course it was everything. Helping Nico...it kind of flipped Will’s world upside down, threw him off his axis. When Will finally left work after dark he found himself praying that for some stupid, stupid reason Nico was still at his flat. Of course he knew that wasn’t true – he made it pretty clear that he had wanted Nico gone the previous night. What was the point of feeding him and giving him a bed to sleep in for one night? It didn’t change anything. Will wanted to properly help him. It looked like it was too late though, and it looked like Will would spend Friday night moping around about what could’ve been.

When Will slipped into the shortcut alleyway between the hospital and the parking lot he almost thought he was hallucinating when he saw a figure curled up against the wall, face buried in his arms, which rested against his knees.

“Nico?” Will whispered, barely audibly, and then repeated louder, “Nico.”

He dropped to his knees next to the boy and recognised that it was, in fact, Nico, still wearing Will’s clothes underneath his dirty hoodie. He was asleep. Hesitantly Will shook him by the shoulder and the boy woke up with an almost violent start, his eyes widening when he saw Will. He just stared at him for a good minute,

“Will?” he whispered eventually. The doctor had to fight a smile,

“Hey. You’re back here again.”

Nico swallowed, “What are you doing here?”

“I always come this way,” Will stood up and offered Nico a hand, which the boy hesitantly took, allowing Will to pull him to his feet. For a second they stood in the alleyway, holding hands, and then Nico pulled away.

“I-I didn’t take anything of yours,” Nico said shakily.

“I know,” Will said, though he didn’t. He supposed he just trusted the boy, “Need a place to sleep?”
“You told me to go.”

“I know. I didn’t mean that. You can stay as long as you want...we’ll figure something out.”

***

On Saturday morning Will took Nico to a small French cafe for breakfast. It felt good to spend money on someone, and Will had the urge to pamper Nico as much as he could. The boy looked a little out of place in the cafe with his oversized clothes and skinny frame, but Will was happy to see him eat four croissants, one after the other, barely having time to breathe. It was a bright, sunny spring morning and people cycled past the sun filled streets. It was peaceful.

“We need to get you some clothes,” Will said after he paid for breakfast and he and Nico were walking up to the shopping centre. The boy balked,

“No. I don’t need them. You’ve already-“

“Please,” Will said, looking over at him, “I want to do this for you. Please let me.”

Nico looked down at his feet and shoved his hands into the pockets of his sweatpants, “Whatever,” he grumbled and Will smiled. He could tell that the boy was a little embarrassed though pleased too.

Shopping took them up until the afternoon. Will bought Nico a few nice shirts, a few pairs of trousers, a new jacket, shoes, all the shebang. Then he persuaded the boy to get ice cream with him and dragged him for a walk in the park. They ate and walked down the little pathways as birds chirped in the trees.

“So, tell me about yourself,” Will asked.

“Why don’t you tell me about yourself?” Nico rebuked.

“Well,” Will was determined to coax Nico out of his shell, “I have three brothers and a sister.”

“That’s a lot of siblings,” Nico said, “all fancy doctors like you?”

Will rolled his eyes, “No. My oldest brother, Lee, is a summer camp counsellor most of the time, and a PE teacher for the rest of the year. Michael, he’s a year older than me, has um...let’s say anger issues. He’s been done for drugs a couple times as a teenager but now has a wife, two kids and drives buses,” Nico was listening attentively, eyes trained on Will, “My younger brother Austin’s your age. He’s technically my half brother but whatever, I consider him fully family. He’s a marine on a ship and I only get to see him a couple of times a year. Kayla’s still at college, and she does hairdressing.”

“I...I didn’t think your family would be so...diverse,” Nico mumbled. Will smiled sheepishly,

“Oh, your turn.”

Nico exhaled, “Two sisters. Hazel’s younger than me and she’s still at Uni.”

“Doing what?”

“I...I don’t really know. We don’t keep in touch.”

“Oh...what about your other sister?”

“She...s-she passed away,” Nico stopped eating his ice cream and it started to drip on the pavement
as they walked. Will felt uncomfortable but at the same time he wanted to comfort the other boy, though he didn’t know how. He couldn’t even imagine losing any of his siblings.

“I’m sorry-,” he started.

“No,” Nico snapped. Then his voice softened, “Please...I...just don’t say you’re sorry. It sounds fake.”

“Right,” Will said, and fought the urge to say sorry.

***

Two weeks passed in relative peace and Will was happy. He liked having someone to come home to. Nico sighed up for some online courses to finish the degree he started two years prior and even got a part time job (surprisingly) at the cafe where they had breakfast during their first Saturday together. Nico looked healthier, he filled out a bit, and he seemed happier too. Will never thought he’d get along with someone so different and yet he did. Nico was sarcastic, funny and adorable in a way that made Will’s heart twist uncomfortably in his chest. He was starting to be scared of what he was feeling for the boy, and he was even more afraid of the future – because he knew Nico couldn’t just continue living with him forever, as much as Will wanted that.

The boy earned minimum wage and Will insisted that he save up the money instead of paying the bills. But he knew that the wonderful, comfortably arrangement would soon come to an end when he saw in his laptop’s history that Nico was searching for cheap flats.

He just didn’t expect it to happen like that.

Will came home after a very long day at work. All he wanted was to reheat the delicious spaghetti Nico made the previous night and curl up on the couch, preferably with the boy, and watch some Netflix.

“I’m home!” Will called as he opened the door and stepped into...the dark apartment. He frowned and listened but there was just silence in the condo. Will flipped the lights on, “Nico?” he called, but the boy didn’t reply. Will checked every room in the house but the boy was nowhere to be seen and honestly Will was starting to panic – if Nico went out to the shops or anywhere he always texted Will, but there were no messages from him now.

Will found the answer in the guest bedroom. Folded on Nico’s bed were all the clothes that the blonde bought him, alongside his phone and two envelopes. In one of them Will found a wad of cash that Nico earned in the cafe, and in the other a letter. He swallowed and held the piece of paper in his trembling hands as he read.

Will.

I’m leaving. I can’t take it anymore. I can’t live like this.

I’m sorry.

Nico.

Just that, written in the middle of the crumpled paper. No address, no number, no nothing. Will couldn’t wrap his head around the fact that Nico was gone. He ran out and searched the places they usually went to – the cafe, the coffee shop, but they were all closed for the night and Nico was not there. In his fit of hysteria Will got into his car and drove to the parking lot where he parked for work. He stumbled to the alleyway. It was empty.
Will didn’t think it would hit him this hard – Nico leaving. He slid down the dirty wall, buried his face in his hands, and started to cry.

***

Nico plagued his thoughts even though Will was trying to come to terms with the fact that he’d never see him again. It wasn’t working – he kept thinking he saw the boy in his tattered hoodie in a crowd, or that he’d be waiting for him at home when Will came back. The doctor couldn’t stand going through the shortcut alleyway anymore, and maybe that’s why he met Nico again.

Will finished work late again, and the streets were dark and empty. It was surprisingly cold so Will shoved his chin into his chest and pulled his hood up. He took the long route to the car park and all he could think about was the warmth of his condo, and the warmth of Nico’s smile...

“You better give me the fucking money!” a voice snapped. Will looked up and saw that a few steps away there was a fight. A boy was sitting on the pavement, hands up in surrender while another boy hovered over him with a...gun, in his hand. Will’s blood ran cold and he should’ve turned around but instead he sped up.

“I’m sorry!” the boy on the ground was sobbing, “I’ll get it to you-“

Will heard the click of his gun, “You’re done for.”

He suddenly understood why there was a sudden horribly hollow feeling in his gut. It wasn’t because of the gun. It was because it was-

“Nico.”

The boy’s head snapped up just the way his voice had a second ago. For a split second his face was unrecognizable to Will – his hair was hidden beneath his hood, his brows drawn to give him a dark look. There was a new, shallow cut on his jaw. He looked rough, and he looked dangerous. And then his expression shifted. His eyes widened, his face relaxed, his lips parted and he let out a shaky breath. His hand started to lower but then remained raised.

“Will,” he couldn’t sound quite cold. Will felt sick.

“What are you doing?” he whispered. Nico turned his face away.

“Business,” he said icily as the boy on the ground trembled.

“Give me the gun, Nico.”

The boy laughed, “No way in hell, doc. If I were you I’d get out of here before I stop being so friendly.”

“Nico-“

“I said get out of here,” Nico snapped. Will didn’t feel like fighting. He felt betrayed. This man pointing a gun at a sobbing boy was not the same person that watched Disney movies on his couch, wrapped up in blankets, waiting for him to come home.

Will turned on his heel and strode away. He walked down the alley to his car.

***

It was late, and Will sat on his couch, looking at the box of Chinese takeaway getting cold in front of
him. He didn’t feel like eating. He didn’t feel like anything. That morning he called in sick to work because he couldn’t stand walking down the streets and bumping into Nico. The boy he had fallen in love with. The boy he still loved, despite what he saw.

There was a knock on the door.

Will frowned and looked up and then got up. It was probably Rachel, wanting to check why he wasn’t at work. The blonde didn’t feel like talking to anyone but he was too nice to leave Rachel hanging so he dragged himself to the door and opened it.

“I,” he started and then froze. In front of him, wet from the evening rain, was Nico. There were tears in his eyes and he looked as sweet and adorable as Will was used to. Before he could speak, the boy barrelled himself at Will, wrapping his arms around the man’s middle and pressing his face against his shoulder, “N-Nico?” Will asked, startled.

“I’m s-sorry,” the boy whispered shakily, clinging onto Will tighter as if scared that the blonde would push him away, “I’m s-so s-sorry...”

Hesitantly Will wrapped one arm around Nico’s waist, using the other one to smooth down Nico’s damp hair. A wall of emotions flooded him and his knees almost gave out in relief.

“It’s good to see you,” he murmured, feeling like his heart was too big for his chest. He carefully drew the boy into his condo, closing the door behind them. He thought Nico was shaking because of the cold, but then he realised that the boy was crying. He was clinging onto Will, and crying, “Nico,” the blonde said softly, feeling his heart break.

“I-I’m sorry....” Nico said again, and a sob ripped from his throat. Will pulled him away from himself. The boy’s eyes were red and wet, and a tear spilled down his cheeks. Will brushed it away with the back of his hand, then tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear. Nico caught his hand before the blonde could pull it back and pressed it against his cheek, “I threw the gun a-away,” he whispered, “I-I promise...”

“I thought you wouldn’t come back,” Will whispered, his other hand coming to cup Nico’s other cheek.

“It was hard,” Nico sniffled, “I felt out of p-place. Like a burden. I was s-so used to being on t-the streets...I wanted to b-be better, b-but...that guy owed m-me money a-and I thought i-if I had money...I thought i-if I made something o-of myself then maybe...,” he trailed off and looked down. His eyelashes were clumped with tears.

“Maybe what?” Will asked gently, though he already had a pretty good idea.

“Maybe you’d fall in love with me.”

Will swallowed, “Do you know how scared I was?” he whispered and Nico looked up at him, “When you left me? I was so...I just wanted you back here,” one of his hands slid from Nico’s face and he wrapped an arm around Nico’s waist, pulling him closer. He stroked the boy’s cheek with his other hand, “I don’t care if you have money, or if you’ve come from nothing. I know I said streetrats aren’t my type but...you are. I just want you here, with me, for always.”

“I love you,” Nico said brokenly.

“I love you too,” Will said and then he kissed Nico and it felt like everything finally made sense.
LUKE
Luke Castellan, now officially a Slytherin prefect, knew that Potions in his seventh year would be a pain in the behind when Professor Akhlys came into the classroom during the first day with an evil smile on her pale, sunken face. The classroom, which had been loud up until this point, quietened down. Luke had been relaxed until the Professor came in – instead of having Potions with the wretched Gryffindors, this year they had the subject with Hufflepuffs, who they were the closest with. Before Akhlys came into the dungeons classroom the students had been sitting on each other’s tables, talking about their holiday’s...but of course, all good things came to an end.

“Class,” Akhlys pulled up a cauldron with her stick thin arms and placed it at the head of the classroom. The one good thing about the woman was that she was very practical, and hated theory lessons. She was also known for enjoying to brew poisons, but that was besides the point, “This term is full of interesting potions that you will all be unable to do correctly anyway, but of course you can try,” her eyes scanned the classroom. Luke, as always, was lounged at the back, bored, “I will put you into pairs that you will be in until Christmas. I hope you love teamwork,” her smile grew thin, her eyes narrowed, “because your final practical grade will depend on the other person. You pass – you pass together. You fail – you fail together.”

Some people let out groans.

“Well can we at least pick our own pairs?” Hazel Levesque from Hufflepuff asked, holding up her hand. Akhlys snorted,

“Oh that’d be too easy,” with a wave of her wand a piece of parchment floated over from her desk. She cleared her scratchy throat and continued hoarsely, “Nakamura and Ng you’re together,” the two sighed and switched seats to sit next to each other as Akhlys continued to read names, “Stoll – no not you Travis – and McLean. Yew and Walker-,” before she could continue the door to the classroom burst open.

“Sorry I’m late!” Percy Jackson exclaimed, his Hufflepuff scarf tangled around his shoulders. Luke let out a breath through his nose. Of course Percy would be in his Potions class – it made sense. The two just...they had history.

“Jackson,” Akhlys said icily, “What makes you think you can just storm in here like that? You privileged little boy sit down,” Percy sheepishly made his way to an empty seat next to Thalia Grace, “No Jackson!” he Professor wailed, “You are with Castellan!”

Percy groaned, and then shuffled over to Luke. He looked already tired.

“Let’s keep the talking to a minimum, Castellan,” Percy sighed and sat down as Akhlys continued reading the names.

“Oh it’s Castellan now, eh?” The classroom filled with the sound of benches scraping the ground and people changing seats and Percy didn’t reply, “C’mon don’t you think we should at least try to get along?” Luke elbowed Percy in the ribs playfully. The boy shuffled away from him,

“Aafter what you pulled on my last year in Quidditch?”

“Look, I didn’t mean to knock you off your broom-,” Luke said, for what seemed like a thousandth time, “Well you did. And I was stuck in the infirmary for three days,” Percy crossed his arms over his chest, “So excuse me if I don’t want to be your friend anymore.”

Luke sighed. He knew it would be like that. He and Percy were best friends, despite being in different houses, until the end of last year when Luke accidentally knocked Percy off his broom, causing him to break an arm and a leg. For some reason Percy seemed to think it was on purpose and broke off their friendship. Luke didn’t feel like sitting next to a grudge holding twat all year. Maybe you can try and fix everything…his brain told him. A part of him really missed having Percy in his life, and he didn’t understand why the boy got so mad over an accident.

Well, you have until Christmas to figure it out.

PERCY

As long as he thinks it’s because of the Quidditch thing, everything will be fine, Percy told himself as a week after the start of school he and the rest of his fellow Hufflepuffs flooded the dungeons, on their way to Potions. Percy dreaded having to sit next to Luke for the two hours but there wasn’t much he could do – there was no arguing with Professor Akhlys.

The blonde looked as gorgeous as always despite the gloom of the dungeons. He was resting his chin on his hand, absentmindedly staring at the front of the class, swirling his wand in his hand. The candles in the holders were reflecting dimly of his sandy coloured hair, which looked perfect paired with his silver and green tie. Percy swallowed hard and forced himself to be nonchalant as he went and sat down next to his ex-best friend turned crush.

“Hey,” Luke smirked at him. Percy’s gut clenched but he didn’t have to say anything because Professor Akhlys walked in.

“Hello class,” she had her signature today you all die smile in place, “Let’s not beat around the bush and get right down to it,” she gestured at the blackboard and a recipe started writing itself out, “Today we will be looking at Felix Felicis. Can anybody told me what that is?” A few people hesitantly lifted their hands up, “Mr Fletcher.”

“It’s the luck potion…right?” he said uncertainly. Akhlys sighed,

“Yes. Unfortunately that’s exactly what it is – Liquid Luck. It will aid you with whatever task you’re trying to tackle – suicide, murder, misery. Anything really,” she gestured to a dark door at the end of the classroom, “The supply stores have everything you need, the instructions are on the board. Between now and Christmas we will do four potions. You need to successfully brew at least two of those to pass my class. You have two hours.”
Everyone threw themselves at the door to the store, along with Luke and Percy. The latter got stuck between the Stoll brothers, and the rest of the pushing mass. He tried to make it to the front but it wasn’t really working.

“I’ve got it!” Luke had a basket full of ingredients in his arms and he grabbed Percy by the wrist, pulling him out of the crowd. The boy felt a shock go through him at Luke’s touch and he quickly wrestled his hand back, hoping that he wasn’t blushing. The blonde gave him a weird look, shook his head, and went back to their work bench. Percy was barely aware of what he was doing, still hyperventilating a bit at Luke’s touch. He methodically juiced a squill bulb, hands working by themselves.

“Percy! Percy!” Luke waved his hand in front of the boy’s face. Percy blinked at him, “We only need one,” he said, pointing at the three squill bulbs in front of Percy.

“Oh,” the boy said and Luke shook his head fondly,

“Thank Merlin I’m good at Potions or we’d both be screwed.”

“Yeah thank Merlin for you,” Percy rolled his eyes.

“Oh don’t be such a killjoy,” Luke teased, flicking a piece of an Occamy’s eggshell at Percy. The boy just rolled his eyes again, and tried not to look at the other boy too much as they worked.

***

“Alright you sorry excuse of a class,” Professor Akhlys circled the classroom, peering in people’s cauldron’s, “most of you I can already tell didn’t do this properly.-“

“What about ours, Professor?” Drew from Slytherin asked excitedly, a confident smirk on her face. Her partner, Harley, rolled his eyes at the girl. Akhlys peered into their cauldron and wrinkled her nose,

“Yes, it’s gold alright. But where are the droplets leaping from the potion, like the tears of Lucifer after he fell?”

“Eh...not here?” Harley offered.

“Exactly,” Akhlys snapped, and returned to the front of the class with a swirl of her black robes, “I have placed a vial on each of your tables. Ladle some of your potions into the vial. One of the two of you must drink it and then attempt to do something that is very hard, and see if the luck helps.”

“Professor - how will you know if it works and we’re not pretending or something?” Lacy, a quiet Hufflepuff, asked. Akhlys smiled,

“Oh don’t worry. I’ll know.”

“So,” Luke turned to Percy, “me or you?”

“You do it,” Percy said. He didn’t want luck because he knew that the first thing that would come out of his mouth was will you go out with me? And then Luke would have to say yes, and then he’d know all about Percy’s feelings and throw them in his face later. Instead he watched as Luke poured the golden potion into their vial and with a cheers motion chugged the whole thing. Several things happened in the class – people started doing things to prove that their potions worked, making a shitload of ruckus while at it.
“Go on...,” Percy looked at Luke, waiting for him to do something. The blonde grinned at him,

“Percy Jackson,” he said formally, “I know I’ve been a bit of a dick, and that I hurt you during that Quidditch game,” Percy felt a pang in his chest. Yeah, Luke hurt him, every time he commented on a girl’s appearance and Percy had to pretend like he didn’t feel it, “but I’m sorry. Now, will you be my friend again?”

Percy wanted to say no. Fuck, he wanted to say no. But Luke looked so hopeful, and he was smiling, and despite everything Percy did miss him. He didn’t know if it was the potion working, or if it was just him.

“Yeah,” he mumbled, “Yeah. Okay.”

PERCY

The next month was hectic because Akhlys decided to make her class brew the Polyjuice potion. Luke was happy to say that the ice between him and Percy thawed a bit. They couldn’t not get along when they spent so much time over such a complicated potion. The two of them seemed to work without words, moving with each other as they were part of the same person. And finally, after a month of bickering, laughing at each other, and stressing over the potion, it was ready, and they were almost back to normal.

“Now,” Akhlys said, “you better not ruin anything, because Headmaster Chiron will ban the next years from doing this and all the fun of not being your own miserable selves for an hour will be taken away for others,” she clapped her claw like hands, “Alright. Pour the potion into two separate vials and then swap hairs with your partner-“

“Wait!” Drew protested, “We’re gonna look like our partners?!” she gave Harley a disgusted look.

Travis Stoll fist pumped the air,

“I get titties!” he said happily while Piper glared at him.

“I get titties!” he said happily while Piper glared at him.

“The effects will only last for an hour, calm down,” Akhlys said, “Now – proceed.”

“Right let’s do this,” Luke pulled a piece of his hair out with a wince and then handed it to Percy. The boy carefully put the piece into his vial. The water shimmered and then turned a bronzy-golden colour.

“Oh. That’s pretty,” Percy said. Somewhere in the back people were crying out as they changed, Drew screamed Ew! Motor oil!

“Here, I need your hair,” Luke leaned in to Percy. The boy’s breath caught in his throat and he tensed. For a second his and Luke’s faces were inches away and Percy almost dropped his vial. Then Luke was pulling back with Percy’s hair in his hand, “Let’s see what colour you are,” he said, dropping it into his own vial. The potion fizzed and then turned aquamarine, like the ocean, with foam at the top, “Pretty. Bottoms up,” Luke clinked his vial against Percy’s and together they downed the Veritaserum. Luke tasted (weirdly) like sunshine and strawberry ice cream. Percy felt tingling in the tips of his fingers.

“Chocolate chip cookies,” Luke said before he crumbled to the ground.

LUKE

Luke locked himself in the prefect bathroom. At times like this he was thankful that he was a prefect. Luke stripped down quickly, leaving his school robes in a pile on the floor and turning on numerous
Luke finally got up the courage to turn around and look in the mirror. He always wanted to see Percy naked, he didn’t know why, and now he finally (kind of) had the chance.

He just didn’t expect Percy to be so stunning.

The boy was tanned from the summer which complimented his dark hair. Luke was used to his face, and he always thought he was good looking, and now his eyes slid lower. Percy was perfectly muscled, not too much though, and a dark trail of hair led down to his sizeable and annoyingly pretty cock. Luke swallowed hard feeling a heat in his stomach. What if I just...

He bit his lip and reached down.

PERCY

“Amorentia,” Akhlys hissed, standing behind the blue, bubbling potion, “The most powerful love potion of all. It has the aroma of all the things you love,” she urged the students closer, “Come, come, smell it, and know that everything you love will die in the end.”


“What does it smell like to you?” the blonde whispered, appearing next to Percy. The boy fought a flinch.

“Just chocolate chip cookies and the sea,” he lied.

LUKE

“Time is up,” Akhlys wailed, “Everyone step away from your cauldrons,” everyone did so, some more sluggishly than other. This time Akhlys didn’t bother trailing between their tables. Outside snow fell, and in a few days everyone was leaving for Christmas, “Veritaserum,” Akhlys said on a happy sigh, “the potion that makes you tell your dirties, darkest secrets-“

“Isn’t it illegal?” Hazel whispered.

“Yes, but the curriculum agreed to seventh years preparing it. Besides, you’ve done it now,” she swept the class and her eyes landed on Lacy who cowered behind her partner, Clarisse, “you asked me at the start how I will know which of you created your potions correctly. This is how. Everyone – drink.”

Percy and Luke exchanged a look at the blonde noted that Percy looked a little panicked. Ever since the polyjuice potion Luke saw Percy in a completely different light...okay, maybe not completely. He always felt vaguely attracted to the Hufflepuff but now he could barely keep his hands off of him.

“Let’s do it,” Luke said, pouring it into a vial.

“I can’t,” Percy said quietly. Luke frowned,

“You have to,” he said, “or you won’t pass,” Percy just shook his head and flinched when Luke tried to pass him his vial, “Hey, it’s okay. We’re all doing it.”

“I-I know it’s just...” Percy let out a frustrated sigh. Luke didn’t know what was wrong, “Fine. Give it to me,” the boy snatched the vial. Together they drank.

“Now,” Akhlys grinned, “Grace and Levesque how many of your potions were successful?”
“Three,” Thalia said without hesitation, crossing her arms over her chest. Akhlys made a sour face, “Pass. Stoll and Fletcher?”

“Four,” Travis said.

“Other Stoll.”

“Three,” Connor replied.

“Pass,” Akhlys said, “Jackson and Castellan?”

“Three,” Luke said confidently...amoretia hadn’t gone that well. The Professor nodded and checked everyone else and then with some questionable Christmas wishes she dismissed the class. To Luke’s surprise Percy dashed from the class as fast as he could, before Luke could stop him. The Slytherin was worried so he broke away from his housemates and followed where he knew Percy always went – the Great Lake, the closest thing to the sea that reminded Percy of his hometown Brighton.

Sure enough when Luke ventured out into the snow he saw a person in the distance – Percy. The Slytherin hurried towards him, huddling from the cold.

“Percy!” he called and the boy visibly jumped. He got up and dusted the snow off his robes. He wasn’t wearing a coat and was shaking from the cold,

“Not now Luke,” he said and tried to walk past the Slytherin. Luke grabbed him by the arm,

“What’s wrong with you?”

“I-,” Percy started and then slapped his hand over his mouth, muffling something against his palm. He was red, and Luke was worried.

“Hey. You need to tell me what’s wrong,” he said and pulled Percy’s hand from his mouth.


“Percy-“

“Please don’t ask me anything,” Percy looked like he was about to cry.

“I have to,” Luke bit his lip, “Is...is this why you stopped being friends with me?”

Percy squeezed his eyes shut and looked away, “Yes.”

“So it had nothing to do with that Quidditch thing?”

“No.”

“So...wait, let me get this straight,” Luke had to fight a smile, “The reason we stopped being friends was because you fell in love with me?”

“Yes,” Percy said breathlessly, “Now can you shut the fu-,” he didn’t get to finish because Luke crashed their lips together. Percy tried to say something but the blonde didn’t let him, crowding him in against the tree and licking his way into his mouth. Percy gave up the struggle and relaxed in
Luke’s grip, allowing the blonde to slip his arms around him and hold him close. When he finally kissed back, trembling and sweet, Luke already had the words at the tip of his tongue. He pulled away and brushed snow from Percy’s hair.

“Merry Christmas,” he said with a grin.
Will was away in Wales for the weekend and the thing he missed the most was Nico. No, actually the thing he missed most was the sun but Nico was a close second. The two fifteen year olds have only been dating for a few months, but Will was pretty sure he was in love with the Italian. He knew he was young and inexperienced or whatever but he knew that what he felt for Nico was real, and stronger than anything else he felt before. And most of the time it was wonderful – it was like having your best friend and the love of your life meshed into one. Like they could still play video games but when one of them won they could kiss the other in happiness, or they could still sleep over at each other’s houses but they could also cuddle after dark.

The problem was that the only thing they did was kiss and cuddle, and occasionally make out. Not that Will minded, honestly he didn’t think he was ready to go further anyway, but sometimes he got a bit horny. Like right now. Back in the day Will would watch some good old fashioned porn but since he got with Nico nothing really got him going anymore, except thinking of the Italian. And right now it was pretty bad.

The hotel room smelled weird and it was too dark and quiet for Will’s liking. He was used to the constant glow and pollution of London and being out in the country with nothing but hills, beer and sheep was pretty different. And of course, Nico wasn’t here. Will thought he could handle being away for four days, but it was really getting to him. He was having all these weird dreams about Nico, not all of them sexual, and he found himself always thinking about the boy, no matter what he was doing.

Will sighed, turned over on the bed and tried to sleep but it wasn’t working. Sighing Will pulled his phone out from under his pillow. It was past one in the morning. Will bit his lip, contemplated leaving it, but eventually clicked onto the text message icon. His last conversation with Nico, just a few hours ago, popped up. Hesitantly, Will started to type.

You: r u awake?

He stared at the screen until his eyes hurt. A few minutes passed and Will was about to give up and accept that Nico was asleep when the boy texted back. Will couldn’t help but grin.

Death Boy: i was until you woke me up. Thanks for that.

You: Sorry i just miss u
Death Boy: i know you told me like 4 times

Will bit his lip.

You: Sorry if im annoying. Theres just nothing here but sheep

Death Boy: its ok. I miss you too. A lot. When u getting bck?

You: Monday night

Death Boy: Can i come over then

You: ill be late

Death Boy: i dont mind

You: then yh come :)

Will couldn’t wait until he had Nico in his arms again, warm and cuddling and soft, and smelling like his strawberry shampoo. His heart ached just thinking about him, and how far away he was. Will missed everything about him, even stuff like the dimple on his back, or the beauty mark on his collarbone, stuff he never thought he’d yearn for so much.

Death Boy: Hows wales except for sheep and the shit weather

You: Better if you were here

Will bit his lip.

You: I keep having weird dreams

Death Boy: About?

You: you

Death Boy: oh. Im intrigued

You: dont think u wanna know

Death Boy: i do. What dreams are they

You: like...sexy stuff

Will’s heart pounded nervously in his chest and he hoped Nico didn’t get freaked out.

Death Boy: ‘sexy stuff’ youre so cute sometimes doc

You: shuup

Death Boy: u can always fuck a sheep

You: ew stop XD

Death Boy: r u acc horny??

You: r u not?
Death Boy: right now or overall

You: both

Death Boy: yes 2 both.

Death Boy: and before u ask we r not having phone sex

You: :( but i miss u

Death Boy: omg ur becoming a fuckboy

You: ur mums a fuckboy

Death Boy: classic

You: what about nudes?

Will knew he was being brave but honestly he was kinda hard and he just needed something. When Nico didn’t reply for a few minutes Will started mentally cursing himself for saying something weird.

You: its cool if u dont want 2

Death boy has sent an attachment.

Will’s heart skipped a beat and with surprisingly shaking hands he clicked the text message icon. Unsurprisingly Nico had sent a nude without warning. Will felt himself grown hard as his eyes skimmed over the image; Nico’s pale, lithe body stretched out on his blankets, cock shyly peeking out from the waistband of his shorts. Will’s hand was inching towards his own shorts so he could wank off, but Nico was faster.

Death boy: uve gone quiet

Shakily, Will typed.

You: you are the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen.

Death Boy: how cute. Ur turn.

Will smiled.
You Are My Sunshine

Nico and Will have been dating for a while, a Will is a single father of a 3 year old. He really enjoys the way Nico looks with his daughter (or son idgaf) for Percico_Nicercy

“Will?” Nico asked. They were in Italian’s flat, cooking side by side the way they did at least a couple times a week. Will was so used to Nico’s kitchen he moved in there without a second thought.

“Hmm?” the paramedic asked as he stirred the tomato sauce. Nico rested his chin on Will’s shoulder, which was easy for him since he was a quite a bit shorter.

“We’ve been dating for over two years now....” Nico started.

“Two years and five months,” Will put in automatically.

“Yeah. Didn’t...I was...I was thinking we should move in together...um if you want?”

Will frowned and turned the stove off, turning around and wrapping his arms loosely around Nico’s waist. The Italian leaned into him almost as an instinct. Will searched his face and couldn’t help but think about how much he loved the man in front of him. I need to tell him. He deserves to know.

“I...I don’t know,” Will said. Of course he wanted to move in with Nico but...

“I’ve never even been to your place,” Nico said, “you could have the bodies of your ex-boyfriends buried in the basement for all I know.”

Will sighed and leaned forward, resting his forehead on Nico’s shoulder, “It’s complicated.”

“I love you,” Nico stroked his hair and kissed his temple, “nothing’s gonna change that.”

“I...,” there was a lump in Will’s throat. He knew that he couldn’t continue pretending forever. At the beginning of their relationship Will didn’t think it was important to tell Nico, and as their feelings grew he started getting scared that his boyfriend would leave him if he told the truth. And Will didn’t think he could handle that, “You know what,” the blonde pulled away and tried to smile, “Why don’t you come over tomorrow night?”

He regretted asking the second that Nico smiled brightly and said yes.

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“His name is Nico,” Will explained, though he doubted his three year old daughter would remember
it for longer than a few minutes anyway. Apolla Solace nodded soberly, her big, blue eyes staring at
Will. She looked a lot like him with her pale blonde hair in two braids and a sprinkle of freckles
across her tanned cheeks. Will loved her the most in the world. He and her mother had her when
they were both nineteen, an accident really, but there had been complications during her birth and her
mother didn’t make it. Will thought that he’d never fall in love again, and for a while he was so busy
with Apolla and trying to be a good father that he didn’t even notice when he started to get feelings
for Nico, the police officer that Will sometimes met at crime scenes. Then it just kind of hit him all at
once.

He loved Nico, and he loved Apolla, and he was terrified that he wasn’t allowed to have both of
them. Of course if push came to shove Will would give up Nico. His heart would break but Apolla
was his kid, and he was responsible for her.

“Do you love him, papa?” Apolla asked. Will exhaled and tugged on his hair,

“Yes, I do,” he looked at her, “is that okay?”

Apolla nodded and grinned happily, showing the gaps between her tiny teeth, “Then I love him too!”

Will smiled and ruffled her hair, “You’re the best, Polls.”

The doorbell rang. Will felt his heart tumble to his chest and he froze. He couldn’t do it. He couldn’t
tell Nico he had a child, he couldn’t do it-

“Someone’s at the door!” Apolla said and happily got to her feet.

“No!” Will yelled and chased after her but the child had already made it through the flat clattered
with toys and pillows and she wrenched the front door open. Will made it to her and scooped her
into his arms and came face to face with Nico. The boy was holding a bunch of tulips in one of his
hands. His eyes were wide and trained on Apolla for a long moment. The shock in his eyes was
making Will feel sick.

“Hello!” Apolla said cheerfully, sticking out her chubby hand, “My name is Apolla and I’m three!”

As if in a trance Nico shook her hand with his free one, “Hello Apolla. I’m Nico.”

“Oh! Nico!” Apolla smiled brightly, “you’re the one papa loves!”

“Apolla why don’t you go finish your picture?” Will asked faintly, setting the girl down. She nodded
and ran off and Nico stepped into the flat. Will closed the door behind him and awkwardly cleared
his throat.

“These are for you,” Nico still looked shell-shocked as he handed Will the flowers, taking in the
living-room full of toys and Apolla’s framed drawings.

“Come to the kitchen?” Will asked, counting it as a win that Nico didn’t run yet. The Italian followed
behind him like a ghost and once in the tiny kitchen Will put the flowers in a vase. Then he sighed.

“So...she’s yours?” Nico asked eventually. Will turned around.

“Yes.”

“Where’s the mother?” Nico looked hurt, hugging himself. Will hated that he hid this from him.

“She...um, she died,” Will was feeling chocked up. Nico ran a hand down his face,
“Christ, why didn’t you tell me?”

“I was scared,” Will whispered, “I was so scared you’d leave me if you knew-“

“Are you insane?!” Nico snapped, “I thought you knew me better than that! I’m not mad that you have a child, shit she’s adorable, but I’m mad that you hid it from me for two years!”

“And five months,” Will said weakly, aware that he wasn’t helping his situation. He could see how furious Nico was, and he hated it. The Italian opened his mouth to continue the fight but then Apolla waddled into the kitchen and the man stopped himself.

“What is it sweetie?” Will asked, shoulders slumping.

“I wanted to show Nico my picture!” Apolla said proudly and turned to the confused Italian, “Nico can I show you ma picture?”

To Will’s surprise Nico smiled gently,

“Sure,” he said and took Apolla’s outstretched hand. For a moment Will was alone in the kitchen and he could literally feel everything falling apart around him. *You did it alone before*, he comforted himself, *you can pick yourself up after Nico leaves. It will hurt for a while and then it’ll stop.*

Will ventured out into the living room and stopped when he saw Nico and Apolla. They were sitting on the floor next to each other, pouring over a piece of paper. Nico was smiling, his eyes softer than Will had ever seen them as he looked down on the little girl next to him, excitedly telling him about her drawing. Nico looked up and his eyes met Will’s.

“I’ll be right back,” he told the girl and stood up, walking over to the blonde.

“Nico-“

The Italian looped his arms around Will’s neck and kissed him gently.

“I’m sorry I got mad. I love you,” he whispered, “and I’m already starting to love her.”
I Just Go Slower

I'm ready for some Freo; the classic angry sex in an AU where they have their own flat; in which Leo says something dumb/disrespectful and Frank decides it's about time he punishes him. I'm kinda into the "daddy" thing?

For undying_young

“Leo,” Frank stormed into the living room, feeling anger work its way up his body. He was already in a shit mood because of work, and now this, “What the fuck happened to my laptop?!”

Leo looked up innocently from where he was lounged out on the carpet, building something that was starting to resemble a complicated minifridge. Frank was torn into three. A part of him was exasperated at his boyfriend and how much of a child he was – he looked like a kid playing with Lego’s for fuck’s sake! The second part kept straying to how delicious Leo’s butt looked in his pyjama shorts. The third part was furious, because it already knew the answer to Frank’s question.

“Oh,” Leo sat up and sheepishly rubbed the back of his head, “Sorry. You know how it is – I was watching me some Boardwalk Empire in the bath-“

“You’re trying to tell me,” Frank gritted his teeth, trying to keep his cool, “That you took my laptop without asking and dropped it into the fucking bath?!”

“Chill tiger,” Leo rolled his eyes, going back to his project, “I’ll fix it in the morning, how was I meant to know it’s not waterproof?”

“How many times do I have to tell you not to take my private stuff?!” Frank demanded. He knew he was working himself up, but he couldn’t stop. The stress at work combined with Leo’s insolence was making him see red.

“Well you shouldn’t make your password so damn predictable. Zhang1? Really?”

“That’s it,” Frank growled. He didn’t know exactly what he wanted to do, he just knew that he wanted Leo to show him some fucking respect and stop treating him like an idiot. The bigger man strode over to his boyfriend and unceremoniously hauled him up by the waist. Leo squeaked in surprise as Frank threw him over his shoulder and in his barely controllable rage made for the bedroom, ignoring Leo’s feeble attempts at getting free.

“What the hell Frank?!” the boy demanded when Frank threw him onto their double bed, slamming the door shut behind them, “I was working!” Leo tried to get up but Frank shoved him back down, pinning him down.

“Shut up. For five fucking minutes just shut up.”
“It’s just a fucking laptop,” Leo growled, trying to wriggle his wrists from Frank’s grip. The Asian just tightened his fingers.

“Fucking apologise.”

“I didn’t do anything,” Leo protested. By chance in the light of the setting sun behind the barely open blinds Frank glimpsed his work tie lying on top of the full laundry basket where he had dropped it minutes ago. He hurriedly climbed off of the boy and grabbed it. In his absence Leo scrambled off the bed and tried to make it to the door but Frank hauled him back, “Stop it!” the Latino squirmed in Frank’s arms, “This isn’t funny!”

“It’s not meant to be,” Frank said, pulling Leo’s arms up roughly over the boy’s head.

“What are you doing?” the Latino demanded as Frank tied his hands to the bedpost with the tie, making sure the knot was just tight enough to be on the edge of uncomfortable.

“I’m not letting you go until you say sorry,” Frank sat back and admired his work.

“Fucking off,” Leo looked pissed. Something tightened in Frank’s stomach and he felt his cock swell slightly in his pants at the sight of how helpless Leo was below him, completely at his mercy, squirming in his binds. Frank had never been like that with him before; usually their sex was passionate but gentle, with the Asian always making sure Leo was okay and comfortable. Not this time. This time it was punishment.

Frank grabbed a fistful of Leo’s t-shirt in his hand and with one swift movement ripped it from the boy’s body with a tearing noise. Leo flinched, “That was my favourite shirt you asshole!” he complained. When Frank reached for his pants Leo tried to kick him, “You’re crazy if you think I’m having sex with you like this.”

Frank caught Leo’s foot and used it to draw himself between the boy’s legs. Despite the boy’s complaining Frank could see the visible tent in his shorts, and that just aroused him more. He pulled the trunks off alongside Leo’s underwear in one swift movement and the boy shivered. It was getting darker in the room and Frank took in his frazzled, breathless, flushed boyfriend, completely naked below him while he was still dressed. Frank liked the weird power it gave him.

“S-Stop staring at me,” Leo tried to turn away but couldn’t because of his tied up arms, “U-Untie me.”

“You don’t get to make requests,” Frank said hoarsely and roughly grabbed Leo’s chin in his big hand, jerking the boy’s head back against the pillows and exposing his tanned, smooth neck. Frank leaned forward, causing himself to press his crotch against Leo’s and forcefully bring the boy’s legs up around his waist. Leo’s tiny whimper changed into a startled moan when Frank licked down his neck. The boy shivered and Frank sucked an angry hickey into him, taking the soft skin into his mouth and taking pleasure in the fact he was leaving a mark on the boy.

“F-Frank-,” Leo started, short of breath, and Frank bit him where his neck met his shoulder, not hard enough to bleed but hard enough to bruise and cause the boy to gasp. He tried to turn his head away but Frank’s hand on his chin prevented him from doing so. The man licked a strip all the way up to Leo’s ear and nipped at his earlobe. Leo’s breath came out ragged.

“Say sorry,” Frank whispered, almost sweetly, his hand stroking Leo’s cheek.

“N-No,” Leo said stubbornly.
With a possessive growl Frank shoved the boy’s legs open. He forgot all about why he was even mad in the first place as he looked down at Leo’s hard cock against his stomach. He leaned down and took Leo’s nipple in his mouth. Instead of being gentle he bit at the bud and Leo let out a choked off noise, his legs tightening around Frank.

“F-Fuck...,” he stuttered when Frank twisted his other nipple roughly between his fingers, feeling it harden. He bit a trail down the boy’s skinny, tanned body, and dipped his tongue into the boy’s navel, “U-Untie me,” Leo whined, weakly tugging on the tie. Frank smirked

“If you apologise,” he said innocently, tongue flicking out to lick lightly at the tip of Leo’s cock. It tasted salty from the precum and Leo let out a broken moan.

“F-Frank s-stop it...,” he whimpered, “J-Just fuck me.”

“You know what you have to do,” Frank murmured. He leaned up so he and Leo were face to face and he kissed the boy’s forehead. Then his hand wrapped around Leo’s cock and without warning he stroked once, twice, hard and fast. Leo’s hips bucked up and he cried out, head falling back against the pillows. Frank pulled his hand back and peppered Leo’s face with tiny kisses as the boy caught his breath.

“Don’t d-do this to m-me,” Leo whimpered.

“Shut up,” Frank said lowly, shoving three of his fingers into Leo’s mouth. The Latino glared at him heatedly and Frank raised an unimpressed eyebrow, “Suck,” he ordered, pushing the fingers further. Leo looked unhappy but he complied, swirling his tongue around the digits and making sure they were nice and wet. With his free hand Frank pulled the boy’s legs further up his waist. His hand came down to grab roughly at Leo’s ass, squeezing. He pulled his hand back and brought it back down, slapping the boy’s globes. Leo cried out, opening his mouth and allowing Frank’s wet fingers to slide out as his cock twitched, “Good boy,” Frank said, before he could stop himself. Leo looked at him with half-lidded eyes, panting,

“Frank,” he whispered. He already looked completely wrecked even before Frank pushed the first finger into him, “S-Shit,” the Latino gasped when the Asian pushed the digit all the way inside of him. He squeezed his eyes shut and gulped the air down greedily as if he found it hard to breathe. Frank pulled back to admire him, feeling the boy’s hole clench around his finger as he started to fuck him with it slowly. Leo’s toes curled every time Frank pushed back inside, searching for that special spot inside the boy. He knew that he found it when the boy suddenly let out a sound that sounded like a sob, his hands curling into fists in his binds. Frank kissed the inside of his thigh and with no warning shoved two more fingers into the boy violently. Leo cried out, his back arching.

“Just say you’re sorry,” the Asian murmured.

“F-Frank,” Leo panted, “F-Frank please,” that almost made Frank abandon his scheme, seeing his boyfriend so fucked up and literally asking for it, but he held strong as he started thrusting his fingers into the awaiting boy. He watched as the boy’s hole swallowed his digits greedily. By then it was dark in the room, the only light coming from the streetlamps outside, “F-Frank fuck m-me...,” Leo was trembling and his legs fell further open.

“I am fucking you,” Frank said, twisting his thick fingers inside the boy as if to prove a point. Leo chocked on a moan,

“W-With your c-cock,” he whined, “Frank p-please-“

“Shhh, good boy,” Frank surged back up, brushing his lips lightly against Leo’s and feeling the
boy’s warm, erratic breath on his skin, “Just apologize,” he said, punctuating the request with a particularly hard thrust to Leo’s prostate.

“Frank, Frank,” Leo didn’t look like he knew what was going on anymore, he tried to lean into Frank to kiss him but the Asian pulled away, “P-Please oh...please.”

“Please what?” Frank asked, brushing Leo’s curls from his sweaty forehead. The boy’s entire body was shaking.

“Please fuck me,” Leo sobbed looking up at Frank desperately, “P-Please, Frank, f-fuck j-just please, I-I can’t...” he was babbling but the words that poured from his mouth only made Frank harder, “I-I need it p-please, o-oh...ngh, Frank...F-Frank...daddy, fuck—“

Frank froze and pulled his fingers out of Leo, “What did you just say?” he asked quietly.

“F-Frank...,” Leo mumbled weakly.

“That’s not what you said,” Frank growled, leaning down and biting at Leo’s bottom lip. The boy’s hips bucked up again,

“Daddy,” he whispered shakily. The Asian shivered and blindly reached into the bedside table, pulling out lube at the same time as he undid his belt and freed his cock.

“Say it again,” he demanded, biting at Leo’s neck again. The boy whimpered, “Fucking say it.”

“D-Daddy,” Leo gasped and Frank lined his cock up with the boy’s hole. He didn’t care about the argument or the apology, he just knew he was rock hard and needed to be inside the boy right now. But it was worth all that foreplay when Frank finally pushed into Leo and saw the boy literally melt against the pillows, mouth opening to let out a string of moans that consisted of fuck and God yes and fuck daddy. Frank thought he might explode before he even sheathed himself fully inside the boy. Suddenly he remembered how they even ended up here, though vaguely and as if through a mist.

“Say you’re sorry,” Frank growled as he pulled out of Leo and slammed back in, the boy’s body drawing him back in with a wet, squelching noise. Leo sobbed, his cock leaking precum all over his stomach, “Say it,” he re-entered the boy, his thrusts hard and deliberate, hitting the boys prostate and shaking him to the core.

“D-Daddy,” Leo gasped.

“Fuck,” Frank growled as he grew dizzy from the onslaught of pleasure he got from Leo’s body, “a-apologise.”

“N-No,” Leo was shaking.

Frank really started to fuck him then, speeding up, thrusting in so deep and hard that the bed slammed against the wall and Leo was lost in his pleasure, practically screaming as his legs tightened around Frank’s waist. The man knew he wouldn’t be able to hold back much longer. He grabbed Leo by the chin,

“Look at me,” he growled as he continued to fuck the boy. Leo opened his caramel eyes with some difficulty and Frank could feel his orgasm just seconds away. Suddenly his anger and frustration all disappeared, “I love you,” he whispered softly and then he spilled inside Leo. The boy did scream then, his back arching again, come splattering all over himself and Frank despite the fact that his cock was untouched.
Exhausted Frank collapsed on top of the boy, feeling the come cooling between their bodies, his cock softening inside Leo. Both of them were panting.

“Frank?” Leo asked weakly.

“Yeah?”

“I’m sorry.”

Frank smiled and kissed his shoulder.

“Frank?”

“Hmmm?”

“Fucking untie me.”
Solangelo where Nico is an alien hurt in a spaceship crash and Will finds and nurses him back to health (could turn in to smut near the end idk) for Vinegar

William Solace was seventeen and lived with his parents in a typical semi-detachable house on the outskirts of London. He went to Sixth Form, studied Biology, Physics and Drama, went out with his friends, played video games. He was literally just a normal highschool kid and he never expected to meet an alien.

It was Sunday night, like night night, closer to dawn than sunset. Will was wrapped up in his QPR blankets, dreaming about something weird that he couldn’t remember when he was suddenly startled awake by a loud bang that sounded like a meteor colliding with Earth. The boy’s eyes snapped open and he saw a flash of light outside the window. His heart jumped to his throat, his stomach twisted, but by the time he sat up it was dark and silent again. Will held his breath but the only thing he could hear in his house was the ticking of the grandfather clock downstairs. His parents hadn’t woken up.

Intrigued and a bit scared the blonde tip-toed to the window and brushed back the curtains. His breath caught in his throat when he saw a massive, bulking, smoking machine in his backyard. It was maybe the size of his shed, and alight with a small fire. Someone was crawling out from the ruin. *They might be hurt!* Will thought suddenly and stumbled to the stairs. He didn’t want to wake up his parents so he shrugged on his coat and shoes as quietly as he could, before slipping out into the garden.

Everything stank of sulphur and burning metal, so much that Will’s eyes watered. For a second his instincts told him he probably shouldn’t approach the weird capsule-like ship that was just a few feet away, but worry and curiosity were stronger.

“Hello?” Will called as he advanced on the shape. Something was sparking inside but Will focused
on the human shape hidden in the shadows. He swallowed nervously, “Hello?” he called again, “are you hurt?”

“Stay back!” a voice replied. It was a weird voice, smooth to the point where it was almost too smooth. Will held his hand up in a peaceful way.

“I’m not going to hurt you!” he said as gently as he could. His heart was hammering in his chest and he wondered if he was dreaming, “Why don’t...why don’t you come out? Tell me what happened...are you injured?”

A heavy silence answered him, “I think I am bleeding.”

“Okay. Okay, you can come into my house with me and I’ll patch you up. I promise I won’t hurt you.”

Hesitantly the figure stepped out of the shadows. Will’s breath caught for the second time that night. Up until that point he had been telling himself that the thing in his backyard was not a spaceship, but now he couldn’t deny it, because the figure in front of him was definitely an alien. He looked close to a human though; no egg head and massive eyes.

The alien reached maybe to Will’s chin but looked around the blonde’s age. He was dressed in what looked like a black body suit with a heavy belt around his waist. The suit came all the way up his neck, and so from what Will could see he thought that the alien had a human body. On top of his head was a messy mass of black hair that stuck up in all directions probably due to the crash. The boy’s face – because it looked like a boy’s face – was pale and smooth with no hint of a stubble. It was his ears and eyes that were an issue. He looked like an elf, his ears pointed, surrounded by his hair. His irises were completely black so Will couldn’t see his pupils. He didn’t know if he hated that.

“Shit,” the word slipped out of his mouth before he could stop it, and the alien flinched back.

“You are a human,” he observed.

“Well yeah you are on Earth after all,” Will laughed a bit hysterically. There was an alien in his backyard.

“I apologise for crashing in your garden,” the alien said smoothly. Only now Will noticed that his suit was ripped on one hand and there was golden liquid dripping from the alien’s hand. That’s his blood, Will realised with a start, “The system of my ship shut down too early.”

“W-Where...,” Will cleared his throat, “Where were you heading?”

The alien looked away. He looked weirdly vulnerable, “I am not quite sure.”

“Are there more of you?” Will asked hesitantly. The alien smiled a little,

“Yes. Of course. We are many and everywhere. Just not...here,” he winced, “I was excommunicated from my colony, and sent to solitary on another planet,” he looked up at the cloudy night sky and let out a small sigh, “I suppose this is it then.”

“Um...what are you planning to do now?”

“Oh. I am sure people will come for me,” the alien said sadly, “they always come for my kind when we come here. They will experiment on me, most likely.”
“What?” Will demanded.

“It is alright. I am coming to terms with it.”

“No!” Will blurted, “I’m not...this isn’t Area 51! I’m not letting them torture you,” he sighed at how bizarre everything was, “look come inside the house, okay? I’ll fix up your hand. Just please be quiet because my parents are asleep.”

Hesitantly the alien nodded. Will exhaled. He couldn’t believe he just invited an alien into his house.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“I do not have a birth name,” the alien said, “I have a code. Would you like to know my code?”

“Yeah,” Will sighed, “yeah, go for it.”

“NE12C0.”

“Neico?” Will asked weakly, “That’s...complicated. Can I just call you Nico?”

“Yes,” the alien – Nico – nodded, “how should I refer to you?”

“Will’s fine.”

“Will,” the name sounded weird said in Nico’s smooth voice, but Will decided he liked it, “thank you for your hospitality.”

***

Nico looked horribly out of place in Will’s bathroom, perched on the edge of the bathtub. The alien looked around the room curiously with his peculiar black eyes as Will rummaged around as quietly as he could for some bandages.

“Here, run your hand underneath the tap,” he instructed, ushering Nico to the sink. He was kind of scared to touch the alien and instead just watched as he washed away his golden blood from his palm. He winced a little, enforcing Will’s idea that he could feel pain.

“My suit is ruined,” Nico said, sitting back down on the bathtub.

“It doesn’t matter, right? You’re not allowed back into space anyway.”

“Yes. I suppose that is correct,” Nico looked away but Will could see the pain in his inhuman eyes. He wondered what it felt like to be kicked off your own planet – probably horrible.

“Is it okay if I touch your hand?” Will asked. Nico nodded,

“Yes. You are a medic?”

“No,” Will smiled, “I want to be a doctor, but not yet,” he carefully took Nico’s hand in his and almost jumped when he felt it was warm, like a humans. He expected it to be freezing cold with how pale Nico was. Subconsciously he brushed his fingers over the alien’s palm, feeling the soft skin beneath his fingers.

“Will. Is everything alright?” Nico asked. Will snapped out of his weird trance,

“Yeah, sorry,” he reached for the bandages. The cut on Nico’s palm was clean and not too deep,
though it continued to weep fat drops of golden blood. Will was almost sad when he had to cover it up with the bandage because it was beautiful. A lot of things were beautiful about the alien, in a weird way, even the way he moved – fluidly, as if he was dancing, “Here. Is that better?” he asked, finishing tying a small knot to secure the bandage. In awe Nico brushed his gloved fingers of his other hand over the bandage.

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Are you hungry?” Will asked.

“I do not have to eat,” Nico said gently.

“Well, maybe you wanna change? I can borrow you some clothes.”

Nico studied his face for a moment to the point where Will felt a bit uncomfortable, “You are not like what they taught us Earthians are like,” the alien said eventually, “you are kind.”

“I’m just normal,” Will said, standing up, “come to my room, just be quiet,” he didn’t know why he bothered telling that to the alien since he moved soundlessly anyway. They crept through the dark corridors and slipped into Will’s room. The blonde closed the door behind them and then went to his closet, “Okay, let’s see...,” he didn’t want to turn the light on so he blindly picked out some clothes, “here you go.” He handed them to Nico. The alien clutched them and looked at Will expectantly. It was weird to think that the alien was embarrassed to change in front of Will, but the blonde turned away respectfully.

“So, what are we gonna do about the ship in my backyard?”

“The people will take care of it when they come for me,” Nico said casually and Will could hear him stripping behind him. He fought the urge to turn around.

“I’m not letting them take you,” he said.

“You cannot do anything, but it means much that you care,” there was a softer edge to Nico’s voice now, “you can turn around now.”

Will did. Nico stood in front of him, holding his bunched up body suit in his hands. He was wearing a grey t-shirt and because it was Will it was too big on him. The shorts reached his knees, but Will was kind of mesmerized. He looked human, and yet his eyes and ears gave him an otherworldly look that was kind of pretty. Do not get attracted to the alien! Will scolded himself.

“You look...nice.”

An insistent, muffled knock sounded on the front door and both the boys tensed. Nico’s eyes widened by a fraction. It was the middle of the night – they both knew who it was.

“The people are here,” there was a twinge of fear in Nico’s voice. Will felt his resolve hardening.

“Get into the closet,” he said, pulling the door open. Nico looked at him in shock, “Just do it. I’ll make something up. They’re not taking you.”

Slowly, Nico climbed into the closet. He looked hopelessly small when he sat down among the coats, his eyes big. Will tried to smile but it came out more as a grimace, and he closed the door.

He thundered down the stairs and his parents came out of their bedroom, sleepy and confused.
“I heard someone knock,” Will said breathlessly.

“Yes, so did we,” his father looked disgruntled as he turned on the light. Will’s mom wrapped her nightgown around herself and went to the door. When she opened it Will’s heart clenched in his chest. Outside stood two men in suits, like something straight out of the Men in Black.

“Mr and Mrs Solace?” the man at the front asked.

“What is it?” Will’s mother asked. Will could barely hear them over the blood pounding in his ears as the men led his parents to the garden, to show them the spaceship. _An aerial accident,_ they explained, _we will remove it immediately._

“Did any of you see the pilot?” one of the men asked, and that’s when Will snapped back to reality. He swallowed.

“I didn’t,” he said.

“Neither did we,” his parents shook their head, “what a horrible accident. He’s not...dead it he?”

“No ma’am,” one of the men said, “if he was his body would still be here.”

A truck pulled up and using a crane pulled the broken remains of Nico’s ship out of the garden. The only sign that something happened here was the blackened dent in the grass. The men checked the garden a few times, then nodded, apologised, and left. The whole ordeal lasted less than ten minutes but felt like an eternity. The second Will’s disgruntled parents returned to their bedroom the boy thundered up the stairs, his heart on his shoulder.

“Nico!” he whisper-yelled, shoving open the closet door. The boy was curled up, shaking. His head snapped up when he saw Will, eyes full of fear, “They’re gone,” the boy visibly relaxed.

“I...I do not know what is happening. My heart beat is accelerated, I am having hand tremors,” he held up his pale hands and showed Will that they were shaking. There was panic in his voice, “perspiration, dyspnea-“

“You’re scared,” Will said soothingly.

Nico stared at him, “I have never been scared before,” he said faintly, “It is as if my body is screaming at me to run and I feel nauseous because I cannot move...”

“It’s okay now,” Will reached into the closet and clumsily squeezed Nico’s shoulder, “You’re safe now. They’ve gone.”

Nico nodded and bit his plump bottom lip, “What will happen now?”

“You can stay here if you want,” Will offered. He couldn’t bear to send Nico out, especially in this state, “for as long as you want.”

“B-But your parents-“

“It’s okay,” Will said, “in two months I’m eighteen and get to move into the flat my grandma left me. We just have to keep you hidden until then, okay?”

“Okay,” Nico said, as if tasting the word.

***
The weekend passed in peace because Will was home and his parents weren’t. They were at work so Will was free to try and get Nico used to life on Earth. The boy didn’t need to eat, so that wasn’t an issue, and he took showers when Will’s parents were absent, with Will standing outside the door just in case. Will gave him his bed, no matter how much Nico protested, and took to sleeping on the floor with the door locked. By the time Monday rolled around Will was introducing Nico to the Mario Bro’s and the alien had read half of Will’s books. It took the blonde a while to explain to him that the Hunger Games never happened and that Narnia wasn’t real.

Will was terrified to go to school and leave Nico alone. For some reason he was paranoid that those men that wanted to experiment on him would come back.

“So you just call me if anything happens,” Will pressed the house phone into Nico’s hand, “You know my number right?” Nico recited the blonde’s number perfectly, “Alright. Okay. God, you’ll be okay right?”

Nico smiled a little, “I will be fine. You do not need to worry about me so much, Will.”

“I know just...,” Will sighed, “Just...please stay in here. And if my parents or anyone comes home hide in the closet, okay? I’ll be back by four.”

“I will wait for you,” Nico said innocently. For some reason Will felt a pang at that. He only knew Nico for a few days but he could feel himself getting stupidly attached to the alien. He was just so...Will didn’t have the right words to describe him.

He got through school like a dream, barely aware of what he was doing. All he wanted to do was get back home and make sure Nico was there, that he didn’t make the whole thing up. Meeting up with his friends, classes, it all seemed surreal compared to the alien in his bedroom.

He sprinted home from the bus stop, faster than he had ever run before, and dropped his house key twice before he got in. He made sure he closed the door after him and then pounded upstairs, barrelling into his bedroom.

His bag slid to the floor with a dull thud. The bedroom was empty. Will felt something tighten around his throat.

“N-Nico?” he whispered.

“I am here,” the muffled voice coming from the closet flooded Will with relief. The blonde exhaled and pulled the door open. Nico was leaning against the back of the closet, arms wrapped around his legs.

“I am here,” Will whispered, “what are you doing in here?”

“I did not know who it was that came,” Nico explained. Will fought the urge to hug him.

“Just me,” Will smiled. Nico smiled too,

“I am glad you are back,” he said, “did you enjoy yourself at school?”

Will moved back to let the boy out, “Actually not really. I was worried about you.”

“I am fine, Will,” Nico sighed, “I told you this.”

Will looked at him in the sunshine falling through the window and felt something stirring deep inside of him. He wanted to protect Nico, badly.
“I know, I just can’t help it,” the blonde said, “I’m gonna make myself some lunch and then we can...watch a movie?”

“Yes,” Nico smiled.

“Maybe something about the war...so you know, you know a bit about the history and stuff...”

***

Maybe Schindler’s List wasn’t the best idea. The bedroom was dark, the only light coming from Will’s laptop, which was balanced on his and Nico’s thighs. In order to do this the two of them had to be shoulder to shoulder and so Will was more focused on Nico’s warmth next to him than the movie’s plot.

When the film was coming to an end Will heard a snuffle next to him. He turned and glanced down at Nico and was startled to see that the boy had tears in his eyes.

“Nico?”

“I-I apologise...I do not know what is wrong I just...,” he sniffled again and took a shaky breath, “there is a-a hollow feeling in my c-chest, a-as if my heart is not there any longer.”

Will smiled gently, “You’re just sad because of the movie.”

“W-Why did they all have to die?” Nico whispered, choking on a sob. A tear spilled down his cheek, “A-and why is there water leaking from my eyes?”

“They’re just tears,” Will reached out and brushed the tear away with his sleeve, “crying is a natural response to sadness,” he closed the laptop and drowned the room in darkness. Nico sniffled again.

“I am sorry. I am just...not used to feeling such emotions.”

“You’ve never been sad?”

“N-No,” Nico sighed, “I think it is getting better.”

“Do you want to hold my hand?”

Nico blinked, “W-Will that help?”

“Dunno, it helps me,” Will offered Nico his hand, palm up. Slowly, almost shyly, the alien pressed his own palm on top of Will’s. His hand was warm and a lot smaller, but that didn’t stop him from slotting his and Will’s fingers together and letting their hands drop down onto the covers, “Better?”

“Yes,” Nico smiled through his tears, “Thank you, Will.”

They just sat there for a while, holding hands.

***

Two weeks in Will was happy to say that Nico almost got caught only three times – once when Will’s mom came in without knocking, once when she almost caught Nico in the bathroom, and once when Will’s dad thought he heard him talking to someone. Will was impatiently counting down the days until his birthday.

He got more relaxed about leaving Nico by himself, and things went back to normal at school. Nico
was wicked alien smart so Will told him that when they moved to the flat he could get a job, which the alien was pretty excited about. But of course there had to be some bumps in the road.

Will came back from the cinema where he had been with his friends to see the Split. The house was empty since his parents had gone out for dinner, but Will could sense something was wrong as he shrugged off his shoes and padded upstairs. The door to the bathroom was open and light spilled out onto the corridor. Will frowned when he heard a gagging noise and walked into the bathroom, just in time to see Nico throw up into the toilet. The boy was shaking, his hair sweaty as he leaned over the bowl.

“Nico!” panic gripped Will as he dropped to his knees next to the boy. *What if he’s ill?! I can’t take him to the hospital! What if he dies?! “Jesus, what’s wrong?!”*

Nico looked up weakly. He was paler than usual and tried to smile, though failed,

“I-I am fine,”

“No you’re not,” Will brushed the alien’s hair from his forehead before he could stop himself.

“I-I just...I tried to drink some water and I just...,” the boy shook his head and gestured at the toilet.

“God, is that how your body reacts to water?” Will demanded. Nico nodded weakly and then his body tensed and he leaned forward, throwing up again violently. Will rubbed his back gently and flushed the toilet, “Shhh, it’s okay, you’re okay.”

“I-I am sorry,” Nico whispered.

“Don’t be,” Will whispered, continuing to stroke your back, “Why did you do it though? If you knew your body couldn’t take it?”

Nico shrugged and looked away, “I just...I was trying to be normal,” he admitted. Will felt his heart clench.

“It doesn’t matter if you’re normal,” he said helplessly, “You’re great either way and...,” he sighed, “don’t do it again, okay?” he brushed his fingers through Nico’s hair and the alien nodded shakily.

Will couldn’t take it anymore; he grabbed Nico by the shoulders and drew him close, wrapping the alien up in his arms. It was hard to think Nico was some extraterrestrial being when he was so solid and warm in Will’s arms, feeling *normal*, and good and wonderful and *fuck I think I like him*, Will cursed himself. Nico, after his initial shock passed, snuggled up closer to Will, wrapping his arms around the blonde’s neck.

“I feel weird,” Nico mumbled, “Warm and safe...and there is this peculiar feeling inside me, like I just want to smile.”

Will pressed him closer, “You’re happy.”

Then suddenly Nico pulled away violently and puked in the toilet again.

***

Two more weeks passed and a month from Will’s birthday his nerves were frayed. Nico and his parents were coming dangerously close to meeting and it would be obvious pretty soon that someone was living in Will’s bedroom. Then the blessing came; Will’s mom won some kind of holiday to Costa Rica for two weeks and since Will was practically an adult they left in the space of days, and
he was all alone with Nico in the house and that was amazing.

Except of course that wasn’t the end of their problems.

Nico was changing – at the start he was sheltered and closed off, but now he was expressing his emotions more. That’s why when Will walked into the living room one evening and the boy was pacing around like a mad man he knew something was wrong.

“Neeks?”

“What?” Nico snapped, which was weird because Nico never snapped. Will recoiled and then cleared his throat,

“Is everything okay?”

“No,” Nico growled, “No, it is not, and I...” he let out a frustrated sound, “I do not know why but I feel tense but numb at the same time, like something is burning inside me and I want to hit something,” his eyes landed on Will and they were full of fury, “I am angry.”

Will swallowed, “Any reasons why?”

“No, but you are making it worse,” Nico stormed to Will and poked him roughly in the chest, “You are so nice to me all the time! I am an alien, and you just act like I am some boy that you c-can...,” his voice faltered, “why do you not get angry at me?”

“You don’t give me reasons to,” Will was lost.

“Hit me,” Nico said, voice low. Will blinked at him,

“No.”

“Will hit me.”

“I don’t want to hit you,” Will pulled a face. Faster than he could react Nico curled his hand into a fist and punched him in the chest, sending Will stumbling backwards, mouth falling open. It wasn’t that it hurt – it just came as a surprise. Nico was breathing hard, hands still in fists. Then suddenly his expression crumbled and he broke down crying, “Nico,” Will said helplessly, not knowing if he should approach the boy or keep his distance.

“I-I am s-so sorry, Will,” Nico was trembling, “I-I do not know...everything is just so confusing and I-I am feeling all of these things a-and I do not know how to make t-them go away-“

Pieces of human biology were starting to shift in Will’s head. His eyes slid down Nico’s body to Will’s sweatpants, which he was wearing. They were super baggy but Will could still see a faint bulge in the crotch area. He almost laughed.

“You’re turned on,” he said simply. Nico had stopped crying and just looked at Will desperately,

“I am what?”

“Aroused.”

Nico stared at him with wide eyes. Then he ran right past Will and up the stairs. The blonde’s heart jumped and he ran after the boy, but Nico was faster, slamming the bedroom door in Will’s face. The blonde sighed and rested his forehead against the door,
“Nico,” he said.

“Go away,” Nico’s voice was muffled.

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“I do not want to talk about it.”

Will knocked gently. “C’mon let me in. We’ll figure it out. There are ways to make it go away – like cold showers. But you gotta let me in first.”

After a moment of hesitation the door clicked open and swung inwards. The bedroom was dark when Will walked in, the only light coming from the street lamps outside. Nico’s cheeks were flushed and he looked frustrated. The tent in his trousers was more visible.

“Nico,” Will said gently, closing the door, and the alien hugged himself, “have you never-”


“Okay...well, do you know what brought this on?”

“You idiot!” Nico snapped, “It is all your fault! It is your fault I-I feel like this,” he was so helpless and flustered, and it was kind of adorable. And kind of arousing. Will swallowed,

“I can help you out if you want,” he offered carefully. Nico glanced at him with his peculiar eyes and nervously tucked a piece of his hair behind his pointy ear,

“D-Do you mean sexual intercourse?”

Actually Will hadn’t thought that far ahead but he shrugged, “Whatever you’re comfortable with. I could just jerk you off, or I we could have sex, or we could do nothing, it’s up to you.”

Nico stared down at the ground, “But...w-why do you want to have s-sex with me?”

“I could ask you the same question,” Will smiled. Nico looked at him, “Because you are you,” he whispered, hands twisting nervously together. There was a scar on his palm where he had cut it in the crash, “and because you are kind, and gorgeous and-“

“Hey,” Will walked up to him and gently took his hands, “it was a rhetorical question.”

Nico looked away again, as if he couldn’t stand maintaining eye contact. Will leaned in a little bit and nudged his nose against Nico’s,

“How about I kiss you and you tell me if you like it, okay?” the blonde murmured. Nico nodded hesitantly and Will leaned forward, carefully brushing their lips together. Nico jumped and shivered and pulled away a little, “It’s okay, I don’t bite,” Will smiled, one of his hands coming up to cup Nico’s cheek. The boy let out a tiny, shaky breath, his hands limply at his sides. Will leaned in again, kissing Nico quickly and softly. When he pulled away slightly the boy was watching him with big eyes. Will stroked his thumb over the alien’s cheekbone and then leaned in again, still keeping his kiss short and sweet. Uncertainly Nico’s lips parted and Will took that as an invitation to kiss him open-mouthed, though still light. Nico’s eyes fluttered shut and so Will deepened the kiss, slotting their mouths together and causing Nico to gasp. He liked the way the boy’s mouth tasted, like mint, and so he slid his tongue into the boy’s mouth, really kissing him. Will’s free hand drifted to the boy’s hip, pressing him up against himself as he kissed him passionately. He was pleased when Nico
started to kiss back, insistently, almost desperately and a little clumsily, but it made it all the better.

Will pulled back. “And?”

Nico leaned forward and hid his flushed face in Will’s shoulder, “I want to have sex with you,” he mumbled, Will felt his nether regions stirring.

“Okay,” he whispered, and pulled back though Nico still refused to look at him. Will slowly pulled his shirt over his head. It worked – Nico’s eyes flickered over at him, nervously slid down to look at his chest, “C’mon, your turn.”

Nico clenched and unclenched his hands. Will closed the small distance between them and took the hem of Nico’s t-shirt in his hands, “Can I?” he asked and, once again, Nico nodded. Will pulled it over his head, mussing his hair a bit, and immediately Nico covered himself with his arms.

“What is it?” Will murmured. Nico shrugged, “I do not want you to...t-to look at me. I-I d-do not know why, I just...I feel abnormal. Inadequate.”

“Why don’t we go on the bed and put the covers over us?” Will offered. Nico nodded and the blonde walked him backwards, pulling back the covers and letting Nico lie down before quickly pulling his jeans off and climbing on top of him, pulling the covers over them both. Now he couldn’t see anything but Nico’s head and his big, scared eyes, “Don’t be shy,” Will whispered, and kissed him.

“I am scared you will not like...me b-because I d-do not look like everyone else,” Nico mumbled. Will frowned and then stroked his hair gently, lovingly. Then he pressed a small kiss to Nico’s smooth forehead. He tucked the boy’s hair behind his pointy ears, “I love your ears,” he said sincerely, “and I don’t care that they’re not normal or whatever. He pressed a kiss to the shell of Nico’s left ear and the alien shivered, “and I love your eyes even more,” Will murmured, looking into them. Nico closed them and Will kissed his eyelids, “I like your nose, even if it is normal. It’s cute. You’re cute,” he made his point by pecking the tip of Nico’s nose. The alien was starting to smile now, “and I love your mouth,” Will whispered, leaning down to capture Nico’s lips again. The alien kissed back eagerly, arms coming up to loop around Will’s neck.

“I love your ears,” he said sincerely, “and I don’t care that they’re not normal or whatever. He pressed a kiss to the shell of Nico’s left ear and the alien shivered, “and I love your eyes even more,” Will murmured, looking into them. Nico closed them and Will kissed his eyelids, “I like your nose, even if it is normal. It’s cute. You’re cute,” he made his point by pecking the tip of Nico’s nose. The alien was starting to smile now, “and I love your mouth,” Will whispered, leaning down to capture Nico’s lips again. The alien kissed back eagerly, arms coming up to loop around Will’s neck.

Will pulled back just a little and pressed a small kiss to Nico’s neck, “I like your skin, even if it is really pale,” he could feel Nico’s bulge pressing against his leg. Then he finally looked down at the boy’s torso. It was pale, and perfectly smooth. The alien didn’t have nipples or a bellybutton. That kind of shocked Will a little but he got over it quickly, in awe brushing his hand over Nico’s smooth chest, “Woah,” he whispered. Nico shivered.

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Will wrapped his hand around it and Nico let out a shaky breath. The blonde stroked the member once but Nico’s hands flew down to grip at his wrist and stop him.

“N-No stop-,” he whimpered.

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“I-I j-just f-feels weird,” Nico stuttered. Will stroked him again and the boy squeezed his eyes shut, mouth falling open. His grip of Will’s wrist loosened up enough that the boy could start stroking him
properly. The boy let out a whimper, toes curling, “O-Oh...,” his legs fell open and Will settled between them. He felt something wet against his skin and hesitantly he reached underneath Nico with his free hand. He found his entrance soaking wet.

“What the-“

“N-Natural lubrication,” Nico’s muscles were shaking. Will smiled and stroked Nico’s cock, at the same time running his finger over his entrance over and over, watching the boy tremble and moan. As if on accident, two of Will’s fingers slid right into Nico. The boy keened.

“Shit, sorry-“

“N-No, keep t-them there...,” Nico eyes were still closed. His hands had fallen from where they had been gripping Will’s wrist and were now holding onto the sheet underneath him.

“What are you feeling?” Will asked as he fingered him.

“I-I don’t know...,” Nico mumbled, “nghhh...”

Will’s fingers brushed against a bud inside of Nico and a wave of slick slid out of the boy as he cried out. Will took that as his cue and withdrew his fingers from the boy, letting go of his cock at the same time. He threw the blankets off of them and practically ripped his boxers off in his haste.

“S-Should I be on my back?” Nico asked unsteadily.

“No,” Will kissed him, “I want you like this,” the alien’s eyes were somehow even darker than usually. Then he slid into him.

***

“Last box,” Will said happily as he climbed up the stairs to the second floor of the apartment block where the flat his Nan left him was. Nico was standing in the doorway, dressed in a leather jacket, his hair pulled back to reveal his elf-like ears. A door opened at the end of the hallway and a blonde guy walked by, whistling. He stopped when he saw Nico,

“Oh, shit,” he said, “your ears are insane dude! Is that one of them plastic surgery things? Woah...cool.”

He walked off and Nico exhaled visibly.

“They’re natural, asshole,” he grumbled as Will walked into their flat. Nico closed the door behind them. The blonde put the box down and sighed happily looking at the afternoon sunlight pouring in through the windows.

“Home sweet home,” Will smiled and turned to look at Nico. The alien was already looking at him with a weird look on his face, “Nico?”

“There is a weird fluttering feeling in my stomach,” the alien whispered. Will walked over to him and wrapped his arms around his waist,

“Like butterflies?”

Nico raised an eyebrow, “I do not have butterflies in my stomach, idiot.”

“It’s just an expression,” Will rolled his eyes. Nico shook his head,
“M-My heart it kind of...aches, but in a good way. Well, it aches in a bad way too, mostly when you are not here." Will cut him off with a kiss.

“I love you too.”
If I Were a Boy

Nico and Will are best friends and when Nico realizes he's trans and his family doesn't support him, Will gets him clothes, a shoulder to cry on, and eventually a forever home for Alyssa & #1Fan

Will was finishing up his Biology homework when he suddenly heard his mom yell his name from downstairs. When Will yelled what? back she didn't reply. Classic. The blonde sighed and climbed off of his bed and ran downstairs.

“What-,” he started when he got to the living room and then stopped. His mom was sitting on the couch, her arm protectively around Nicole di Angelo. Nicole had been Will’s best friend since they were kids and despite the ‘boys and girls can’t be friends’ debate sixteen years later nothing changed. The sight of Nicole on his couch didn’t startle him – it was the fact that she was crying.

Nicole never cried, she was the strongest person Will knew and always put on a good face to a bad game. She wasn’t like other girls – she never wore makeup and had clothes that were as gender neutral as her conservative parents allowed. She played rugby, went to rock concerts and wanted to join the Royal Air Force. Some people thought she was just a tomboy, other that she was a butch lesbian though she firmly stood by her ‘I like boys’ statement. And right now she was wrapped up in Naomi Solace’s arms, sobbing, her long, dark hair falling into her eyes.

“Nicole,” Will whispered, collapsing on the couch next to the girl, “What happened?”

“I-I...,” the girl tried to speak but her voice broke and she let out a broken sob again. Naomi gave her a sympathetic look,

“Will why don’t you take Nicole upstairs while I finish dinner?” she asked gently. Will nodded and took the girl’s hand with a heavy heart, tugging her upstairs. The second they got to Will’s room she collapsed against the door and started crying more violently.

“Nikkie,” Will said helplessly, “You’re scaring me. Are you hurt?”

The girl tried to calm down her breathing but she was just getting more and more hysterical, and Will was getting more and more scared. He gently pulled the shaking girl against himself and wrapped his arms around her, holding her close and stroking her hair to try and calm her down.

“Shhh,” he rubbed her back soothingly, “You’re okay. I’ve got you, you’re okay now.”
Nicole clung onto him fiercely, as if scared he’d disappear. Will stopped himself from kissing her forehead and just held her until she calmed down. After about ten minutes she pulled away, eyes red and puffy.

“Thanks,” she croaked.

“Will you tell me what happened now?” Will asked softly. The girl took a deep breath.

“My parents kicked me out of the house,” she said, “because I told them that I feel like I’m really a boy.”

Will stared at her. He blinked, “Like...like trans?”

“Yeah,” Nicola’s hands were trembling and she...he, turned away, “I think I always knew. I want to get the meds, do the operations, the whole shebang. I-I wanna be a proper boy, not this,” he gestured down at himself, dressed in skinny jeans and a tank top. He nervously looked up at Will, “I’m s-sorry if this is a-a lot to process-“

Will strode to him and wrapped him up in his arms again, “I love you no matter what.” Nico relaxed against him almost immediately, “You can stay here, Naomi won’t mind. Um...” he pulled back, “What do you wanna change your name to? Because I assume you won’t go by Nicole anymore.”

“I thought Nico’s nice,” the boy shrugged. Will smiled and nodded. He honestly thought the news would hit him harder but he thought he always kind of knew. And his feelings for Nico didn’t change. Will was pansexual and he could fall in love with everyone, no matter their gender, and right now he was in love with Nico. Of course he wouldn’t tell him that yet, the kid already had enough on his plate.

“Nico,” Will smiled.

He went to his wardrobe and threw it open. Humming to himself he rummaged around and pulled out a baggy t-shirt and some sweatpants. He offered them to Nico and the boy took them gratefully.

“I can cut your hair if you want,” Naomi said from the doorway. Both the boys looked up, surprised, and the woman smiled sheepishly, “Sorry. Curiosity killed the cat, I know, I know, but I was worried,” she walked up to Nico and hugged him, “It’s okay kiddo, you always have a family here even if your dickhead parents disown you.”

Nico was tearing up again, “Thank you.”

“So hair then?” Naomi asked cheerfully. Nico nodded. The three of them went to the bathroom and Will perched on the edge of the bath as he watched Naomi cut Nico’s long hair. Will watched snippets of it fall to the floor, and with each piece Nico looked happier. Finally he was sitting there with hair just below the ears, framing his face in a way that his long hair never did. Will thought he looked amazing.

Naomi left and Nico quickly changed into the clothes Will gave him. He was flat chested enough that the shirt hid whatever cleavage he had, and his sharp cheekbones and defined jaw-line added to the masculine look.

“You look like a boy,” Will said.

“I kind of feel like one,” Nico smiled slightly, subconsciously touching his new, short hair, “but not completely yet,” he looked at his old clothes in his hands, “Dunno what I should do with these.”
“I’ve got an idea,” Will said.

***

The clothes burned surprisingly high as Will and Nico stood shoulder to shoulder in the garden, watching the remains of Nicole go up in flames. It felt almost like a funeral. Will’s arm was around Nico’s shoulders.

“Do you still like guys, then?” the blonde asked. Nico smiled,

“I always said I did, and I meant it.”

The fire finally died down, leaving behind just a few scraps of smoking fabric. Nico let out a long, melancholy filled sigh and then hugged Will. The blonde ruffled his hair.

“Thank you for everything,” Nico mumbled, pressing himself closer. Will's heart stuttered in his chest, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Will murmured and he wondered if Nico knew just how much.
How Sweet the Sound

Jason is Bianca's manager, who wants to protect his star singer from an increasingly obsessive stalker (Dr. Thorn) who keeps sending her letter's. To protect the anxiety-ridden Bianca, Jason plans for a replacement to take her place on stage. Her brother Nico, accidentally finding out the plan, meets with Jason and demands to be Bianca's replacement. Jason reluctantly agrees after realizing how much Nico looks like his sister. Bianca has no idea what goes down as she is arranged to watch the show from a safe house with Hazel. Jason works with Nico for the live show, and slowly falls for him when he realizes how hardworking, protective and lonely Nico is. Nico, on the other hand, is worried to the point of depression that Jason's infatuation and kind words are only due to his beautiful Bianca disguise, certain that after the show, everybody will move on. And there's the whole stalker with a switchblade thing to worry about.

For jasico4life

“Knock, knock,” the blonde said instead of actually knocking on the door to the dressing room, “you decent?”

“Yeah,” Bianca di Angelo, his long time best friend and one of the biggest pop stars in the world, sounded faint. Jason frowned and walked into the room cluttered with clothes, makeup and shoes. Bianca herself was sitting at her vanity, wrapped up in a dressing gown, her dark hair tumbling over her shoulders, holding a crumpled piece of paper in her trembling hands. Jason felt his blood run cold.

“Is that-“

“It’s him again,” Bianca looked up, and she had tears in her eyes, “The Dr Thorn p-person. He sent me another letter,” she thrust her hand out as if the letter was poisonous and Jason took it, his eyes scanning over the page. Gouge your pretty eyes out...cut you apart piece by beautiful piece...arrange you on the pillows like a doll...Jason felt sick, but he knew he couldn’t show it. Dr Thorn was Bianca’s anonymous and very persistent and creepy stalker.

“Sick fuck,” Jason growled, and pulled his shaking friend into his arms, “It’s okay he won’t hurt you.”

“How did he get it in here?!” Bianca pulled away, hysterical, she hugged herself as she paced around the room, “How d-did he get p-past F-Frank?! W-What if he w-was in here...w-what if he t-touched my s-stuff?!” she looked nauseous as her eyes swept over all her clothes.
“It’s alright, he probably got one of the fans to sneak in,” Jason said, trying to be soothing. Bianca was still breathing hard and, as her manager, Jason knew he had to sort it out. It had gone too far – first they were love letters, more to add to the pile of fan mail, from Bianca’s most adoring fan. And then, when Bianca failed to reply to them, they started to get more morbid and twisted, until they ended up being disgusting murder fantasies about the girl; simply just death threats. Jason couldn’t have that. He pulled out his walkie-talkie,

“Piper?” he asked.

“Copy!” the makeup artist replied cheerfully from somewhere in the massive complex of the arena,

“Can you come to Bianca’s dressing room?”

There was a pause on the other end and then the walkie-talkie clicked, “Is it...”

“Yeah,” Jason said tightly, “Get in here, please.”

He already heard footsteps thundering down the hallway and moments later Piper barrelled into the changing room. She took one look at the letter, one look at her crying friend, and her expression shifted.

“It’s okay baby,” she said, pulling Bianca close and comforting her the way Jason didn’t know how, “It’s okay, you’re safe.”

The manager left the girls to it and slipped from the room and, once in the dark hallway, he pulled out his phone and dialled a number, on his way to the little office section. She picked up on the second ring.

“Detective Ramirez-Arellano.”

“IT’s me, Reyna.”

“Jason,” Reyna sounded ready for action as always, “Let me guess – another letter?”

“Yes,” Jason’s stomach was tight, “Very graphic. Bianca’s having a mental breakdown.”

“I doubt he left any fingerprints this time either but of course I’ll be there soon to check anyway. I’ll contact the police as well,” she paused, “Jason, what are you going to do about Bianca? In this state she can’t be out in the open.”

“I know,” Jason stopped walking and rubbed a hand down his face, “I’ll figure something out, just please come here as fast as possible.”

“On it,” Reyna said and hung up. Jason shoved his phone back in his pocket and stormed up a pair of metal stairs. Backstage was all open wires on the concrete walls and tall, airy ceilings. It was dark and cold and Jason wondered if Dr Thorn could be hiding somewhere in the shadows – he could be any of the stagehands. The manager felt the hairs stand on the back of his neck and felt relief when he slipped into the warm, bright security ‘office.’ In reality it was a small room with a dozen screens showing the inside and outside of the venue. On the chair in front of the screens sat Frank Zhang, the head of security.

“Frank.”

“Boss,” Frank looked up from his Chinese takeaway and frowned, “What’s up?”
Jason exhaled, “Dr Thorn somehow got another letter to Bianca. This time he left it in her changing room.”

“Shit,” Frank’s eyes widened and he pushed his food away, turning to his keyboard. He started to click and change between screens, “None of my team saw anything...,” he found the screen with the door to Bianca’s changing room and fast forwarded through it. The team came and went, the technicians, dancers, Bianca herself. And then they saw the culprit. Jason sighed.

“A fucking postman.”

“Isn’t a lot of her mail delivered that way?” Frank asked, leaning back. Jason nodded, “Yeah. Yeah, I forgot. I guess we all just panicked...We’re gonna have to stop that.”

“Stop the fan-mail?” Frank raised an eyebrow, “an unpopular option.”

“Well, got a better idea?” Jason asked, “It’s either that or not put on the show and that’s and unpopular option.”

“Or...,” Frank mused, “we could find a replacement?”

“A what?” Jason was getting irritated, “what, like get Justin Timberlake to sing instead of her?”

“No,” Frank snorted, “like get someone who looks like Bianca.”

“Nobody will fall for that.”

“Bright lights, a wig, makeup, and nobody will know that Bianca isn’t even there.”

“And what, we’re just meant to risk someone else’s life?” Jason asked.

“No, we’ll have top notch security,” Frank said determinedly, “But if anything does happen, then you know...,” he trailed off, not wanting to finish. Better if it’s not Bianca. Jason could see his point. He sighed again (he seemed to be doing that a lot lately).

“Fine. Fine, find someone and we’ll see if it works out. Just be discreet,” his phone buzzed, “Reyna and the police are here.”

***

Bianca was, two days later, still calming down after the incident and was too scared to go anywhere near the venue. Jason was so stressed out he thought he might have a premature heart failure. Reyna was unable to find out who Dr Thorn was, and even if she did she doubted the police would be able to do more than arrest him for a couple days. Frank organised some girls to come and audition for the part of Bianca, but none of them looked or sound similar enough. It was really starting to look like they’d have to cancel the show – the five year anniversary concert that had been very hyped up on social media.

But Jason tried to stay optimistic so two days after the incident he went out of the venue to get himself and Leo, the lighting technician, some coffee while they poured over light choices for the performance that might not happen. Jason was dressed in his usual undercover attire (a hobo hat and a hoodie) since some hardcore Bianca fans recognised him as her hot-and-blondie-manager. The man was kind of not paying attention as he made for his favourite, small café with the best lattes in town, when suddenly a boy blocked his path. Jason stopped, startled, and pulled his earphones out.
“Can I...help you?” his voice faltered as he looked at the kid. He was young, but definitely over eighteen, with angry black eyes and a messy mop of black hair. Jason immediately noted two things. One – the kid was gorgeous. Two – he looked startlingly similar to Bianca, “Nico, right?”

The kid blinked in surprise, the angry expression melting from his face and making him look more open and vulnerable. Now he really looked like Bianca – the same cute button nose, long eyelashes, the same almond shaped eyes and pouty mouth. The only thing was that where Bianca was tanned from all her world tours, Nico was deathly pale.

“How did you know?” he kid asked.

Jason grinned, “Bianca always tells us about how wonderful baby brother. I was wondering when we’d finally get to meet you,” the blonde stuck out his hand, “My name is Jason Grace.”

“Yeah, I know,” Nico mumbled, shaking his hand awkwardly, “Um, so...the police came to my flat the other day with Detective Reyna. Apparently my sister has a stalker.”

“Dr Thorn,” Jason winced, “We don’t really know who he is-“

“Why didn’t she tell me?” Nico interrupted.

“I don’t know. She probably didn’t want to worry you.”

Nico sighed, “Okay, I’m not here to ask pointless questions. I heard from Reyna that you’re thinking of having a replacement for the upcoming show for my sister. I want to be that replacement.

“No,” Jason said after a heartbeat, “No, no way. Not only are you a boy but we can’t put you in that danger-“

“Look, this isn’t a proposition,” Nico gritted out, “I want to do this. Not for fame or any of that, I want to do it because I owe it to Bianca...,” he swallowed, “Please. Please let me do this. She’s my sister, I’d never forgive myself if something happened to her. I already have a girly look, apparently, a wig and costume and makeup...”

Jason looked at him. The more he did the less he looked like Bianca, but Jason knew that he was right and once in costume and makeup he’d be close enough. He exhaled, “Okay. Okay, I’ll talk it through with Bianca-“

“No,” Nico said quickly, “No, Bianca can’t know it’s me. Nobody can. Just me, you, and the people in your team, okay?”

Jason looked at him for a while, contemplating, “Fine, come with me.”

***

Jason decided that Nico was definitely not like Bianca when he gathered all of her closest team and got the boy to stand in front of them and sing. Where Bianca was charming, cheerful and confident, Nico looked like he was on death row. His hands were in fists, his shoulders were tense and he just stared at Jason and the team like a deer caught in headlights.

Leo started to clap, “Wow. Beautiful performance,” he said solemnly and Nico flushed. Annabeth hit him upside the head,

“Give the kid a break,” she snapped.
“Nico,” Jason said, “You actually need to sing for this to work.”

Nico swallowed and clenched and unclenched his hands, “Um...d-does it have to be in front of all of you?”

“There’s going to be a whole arena of people watching you,” Piper explained gently. Jason looked at the boy and how nervous he was. It was clear that he had never performed to an audience and the pressure of being the Bianca’s brother was clearly getting to him. The manager cleared his throat,

“Everybody out,” he said and got confused looks from his team, “now.”

Sighing and complaining they got up and drifted out of Bianca’s changing room, leaving just Jason and Nico. The boy still looked nervous, but not as much as before. Jason smiled at him gently, “It’s just us now. Can you sing for me?”

Nico swallowed and nodded, “What do you want me to sing?”

“Anything’s fine.”

Nico nodded and looked down so his hair fell into his eyes. He’d have to get rid of his shyness if he was to perform, but right now it was okay, Jason decided, kind of adorable even...Nico started singing Amazing Grace. Of course he sang that, Jason wasn’t even surprised. He started off shakily and Jason wished he looked up at him, but with each word Nico’s voice grew stronger and Jason smiled. He sounded like an angel, different to Bianca, lower and softer, and yet still as good as the girl...better even. Jason bit his lip as he watched the boy relax as he sang, eyes fluttering shut. He couldn’t believe nobody had discovered Nico’s talent yet.

When the boy finished singing a clapping and cheering sounded from the doorway. Both the men looked up to see the team piling in from the corridor, performing something that could’ve been a rain dance or a seizure, praising God, Buddha and the Force. Nico looked like a deer again as they all filled in around him, wrapping him up in a massive hug and cheering.

“You’re wonderful!” Piper gushed.

“Looks like a devil, sounds like an angel,” Leo sighed happily. Nico’s eyes met Jason’s and the blonde smiled,

“Guys give the kid some space,” he said. The team was still cheering as they rain danced out of the room, chanting the show must go on.

***

The next week was full to the brim. Jason sent Bianca on a holiday to her half-sister Hazel in the next state over and told her they were putting up a ‘fake’ instead of her for safety reasons. Of course she didn’t know her replacement was her own little brother or she’d never allow it. Jason had a lot on his plate dealing with the police and Reyna, and training Nico in the three weeks they had before the show. It wasn’t easy since the kid was horribly shy but Jason was optimistic. Dr Thorn sent another letter to Bianca, but Jason didn’t even open it, just gave it to the police and Reyna straight away.

He tried to spend as much time with Nico as possible but it was pretty hard with their heavy schedules. That was until he accidentally stumbled into a dance rehearsal. Jason was walking about the backstage trying to locate Leo that little rascal, when he walked past the open door to the gymnasium.
Will, the choreographer, was leaning against a wall next to a speaker that was blasting out one of Bianca’s most popular songs. In front of him Nico was dancing to it while singing to himself under his breath, with Annabeth and Percy, the backup dancers, going at it behind him. Despite how obviously good looking the couple was, Jason’s eyes were immediately drawn to Nico. Despite his tense and nervous facial expression, his body moved smoothly and swiftly, with a grace that only a long time dancer possessed. Jason had a lot of things to do but for that moment he just stopped and stared at Nico, who was in his own little bubble.

Jason had seen Bianca dance a million times but she never made him get the shivers, the way Nico’s dancing did. There was just something about him that made Jason all warm and fidgety...

Nico looked up and his eyes caught Jason’s. He stopped dancing and blushed.

“Nico!” Will yelled and Jason slipped away, heart pounding.

***

It was a cold night but Jason didn’t care as he stood outside the arena, one hand in his pocket, the other one bringing the cigarette to his mouth. He exhaled a mouthful of smoke and felt his tense muscles relax ever so slightly. There were two weeks left till the show and Jason promised himself that the second it was over he’d fly himself to the Bahamas or something and just have a fucking break.

“Smoking kills, you know,” Nico said. He appeared literally out of the shadows, and Jason choked on his cigarette smoke. The boy was wearing a pair of leather shorts and a turtle neck crop top that kind of hid the fact that he had a flat chest. He had a face full of makeup and a wig on, and he looked almost exactly like Bianca. Jason grinned at him and fought the urge to fix his hair,

“We’ll all die someday, Missy,” he said, taking another puff, “It just relaxes me. Sorry, do you mind if I do it around you?”

“Nope,” Nico said, picking the cigarette from between Jason’s fingers and casually taking a pull as if they were the best of friends. Jason couldn’t keep the smile off his face as Nico tried to give the cigarette back,

“Keep it,” he said, pulling a fresh one out, “let’s kill ourselves together.”

“Cute,” Nico said sarcastically with an eye roll. Jason passed him the lighter.

“So, tell me about yourself Madame,” Will asked as they smoked.

“We’ve known each other for like two weeks and now you ask me about myself?”

Jason shrugged, “We barely have time to talk. How are the rehearsals going?”

“They’re okay I guess. Bianca’s obviously a lot better.”

“I think you’re amazing,” Jason blurted before he could stop himself, and quickly looked away to hide his blush, “At least from what I saw. And you look like her in those clothes.”

“You’re just being nice,” Nico said softly.

“Um...so have you tried the costumes on yet?”

Nico pulled a face, “Yeah. Me and Piper ruled out that booby top. Who the hell put my sister in that
“Anyway?”

“Hey, I’m not in charge of wardrobe,” Jason said defensively.

“You’re in charge of everything Mr Manager.”

“Tell me,” Jason blew out smoke into the night air, “I’m really curious as to why you actually decided to replace Bianca.”

Nico shifted, “She’s my sister. I need to protect her.”

“I mean yeah, obviously, but even if you hadn’t stepped up we would’ve got someone else to do it, or just cancelled the show,” Jason said, looking over at Nico. The boy had a faraway look in his eyes, “but instead you decided to put yourself at risk for this. Why?”

“I...I told you, I owe it to her,” Jason looked at him insistently, making it clear he wasn’t letting it go. Nico sighed and hucked his almost burned out cigarette into the road, “Our mother died giving birth to me. Our father...he wasn’t a good man.”

“Bianca said he was abusive,” Jason remembered. Nico nodded and bit his lip, “She...she was the one that always took care of me. You know, made sure I did my homework, had lunch for school. When my dad kicked me out of the house...for...f-for um...liking guys...she moved out as well and got us a little flat. She put her life on hold for me, worked two jobs. When I got older her career finally blew up and...and now everything’s being jeopardised because of this fucking stalker and I don’t want her concert to be cancelled, and I don’t care if I’m in danger or whatever, as long as she doesn’t disappoint her fans and is safe.”

Jason stared at him, and his heart twisted, “Has anyone ever told you that you’re amazing?”


***

The show was a week away and Jason had all of his confidence in Nico, except that the boy couldn’t seem to perform with more than ten people watching him. Everyone was as tense as springs so Jason decided to give them all a break.

“Where are we going?” Percy questioned as Jason drove their tour bus through the city. The crew was lounged on the chairs, eating snacks or looking out of the window or, like Percy, asking stupid questions.

“We’re going on a trip in our favourite rocket ship...,” Leo started to hum.

“No. Shut up. We’re going for a night out,” Jason said.

“Yeah but where?” Percy asked.

“Oh my God Percy have you ever heard of a surprise?” Jason asked with a grin, pulling the bus in the back of a dodgy alleyway, “We’re here children.”

“A strip club?” Frank asked in confusion, face pressed to the window, eyes scanning the dirty, dark, empty alleyway.

“Close enough,” Jason opened the door and they all piled out, “We’re going to karaoke.”
“...and let me kiss you!” Annabeth and Piper finished-yelled, arms around each other. They were both quite a bit drunk and for good measure they made out. The whole bar cheered, but whether it was for their song or the kiss, Jason didn’t know. The gang was having a fun night out, drinking and occasionally going up to sing the more intoxicated they got. Half an hour previously Leo had dragged Jason up with some random guy strangers to sing ‘I want it that way’ by the Backstreet Boys. But the main reason why Jason wanted them to come here was so Nico could get more confident with an audience, but so far all the boy did was drink and refused to go up and sing.

“Why are you so shy?” Jason asked, leaning in close so Nico could hear him over Will and Frank, who were now screaming along to some Metallica song. Nico looked at him with his massive eyes and shrugged, quickly glancing away and grabbing his drink, finishing it like he was a thirsty man in the Sahara desert. Jason sighed and leaned back in, “It’s just karaoke. You don’t even have to be good at singing to do it. Thing is – you are good at singing. Really good.”

“I-I...,” Nico glanced at the full bar. Two guys were singing Justin Timberlake loudly now, “I can’t d-do it.”

“Nico,” Jason sighed, resting his forehead on the boy’s shoulder. He, too, had drank a bit, “I’m not gonna force you. I can go up with you if you want?”

Nico glanced at him, and sighed, “Only if we all go up.”

Jason grinned, “Okay,” he waited for the two guys to stop singing Timberlake out of tune and cheered with the rest of the bar, “We’re up, guys,” the blonde told the group. They all whooped and walked up (a little shakily) to the small stage, packing themselves on as the people around them clapped. Nico tried to hide behind Jason but the blonde didn’t let him, pulling him to stand by his side. Leo and Frank were fighting over what song to choose and suddenly Coldplay ‘Yellow’ was blaring out. The bar cheered again, several people lifting up their cups. The group started to sing happily, sounding nice mostly because none of them sang alone. With a massive grin on his face Jason looked down at Nico, who had his mouth firmly shut. He reached down and took his hand. The boy blinked, blushed.

“C’mon,” Jason whispered into his ear. Nico turned so that for a second their lips were just mere inches apart. The boy’s eyes widened and then he pulled away. To Jason’s happiness he started to sing, even smiling a little, and didn’t let go of the manager’s hand.

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Jason could hear the opening band up on stage as he hurried into the changing room. Piper was just finishing up Nico’s makeup, and once again he was Bianca. But a version of Bianca that Jason was weirdly attracted to.

“She’s safe with Hazel,” he told Nico. The boy nodded, mouth tight. Piper kissed him on the cheek, gave Jason a look, and then walked out. The blonde knew it was now up to him to make sure that Nico was okay.

“You look good,” he said, meeting the boy’s eyes in the mirror.

“I look like her,” the boy corrected. He looked down at his hands, “is there a lot of people?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s good I guess,” Nico tried to smile and failed. He was back in his leather shorts. Jason came
up to him and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“You’re going to be amazing,” he said gently.

“What if I mess up?” Nico whispered.

“Then it’s not a big deal,” Jason smiled, “we won’t be mad. Nobody will. You’re literally our salvation, so it doesn’t matter,” his hand slid up and he tucked a piece of Nico’s real hair underneath his wig, “But I believe in you.”

“You don’t even know how much that means to me,” Nico murmured.

“Dr Thorn sent another letter,” Jason said. Nico nodded, “I know. Reyna called me.”

“I...is anyone coming? To see you? I know it's a secret but-”

“No,” Nico said, “I don’t have anyone. Except Bianca, of course.”

Jason felt a pang in his chest, you have us he wanted to say but instead he said, “You have me.”

“For the next few hours, yeah,” Nico laughed but Jason could sense that it was strained.

“Nico?” Annabeth appeared in the doorway, “We’ve got five minutes, let’s go up, okay?”

Nico stood up and took a deep breath. He looked at Jason. The blonde wanted to kiss him, badly. But instead he just hugged him, his heart hammering. He had never been so nervous for a show before.

“Break a leg.”

***

Jason didn’t think his heart could handle it. During Bianca’s performances he usually went back to his office and filled out paperwork, or ran around the venue making sure everything was okay. But Frank and the police were taking care of all the security stuff, making sure Dr Thorn or anyone else didn’t sneak into the building, so Jason allowed himself the privilege of watching Nico from backstage.

He was amazing. He did every song the way Bianca would’ve – the way Will trained him to for the past three weeks, but Jason could hear a slight difference where Nico’s own voice came through. He moved like a dancer, gracefully, and in Jason’s opinion he was flawless. The crowd went wild during every song. And then it was over. Weeks of preparation, and then it all came to an end way too quickly.

Jason went with the rest of the team to the dressing room almost immediately after the show. They found Nico already changed back to his normal clothes, taking off his makeup.

“You were amazing!” Piper yelled, almost tackling Nico to the ground. Frank hugged them too, picking both of them up off the ground.

“You really were,” Percy agreed, both he and Annabeth sweaty from dancing but grinning.

“Up top,” Leo held up his hand and Nico high fived him. The boy was smiling but Jason could tell something was wrong.
We need to celebrate,” Annabeth proclaimed, “Drinks on me,” Leo cheered.

“Sorry guys,” Nico said sheepishly, “But I’m exhausted, I’m just gonna head home.”

“But...,” Annabeth frowned. Nico shrugged and picked up his bag,

“Thanks for everything,” he quickly hugged the girls, “I...um, I guess I’ll see you around?”

“Wait,” it only then hit Jason, “Are you actually leaving?”

“Well, I can’t exactly stay,” Nico said with a shrug, “The show’s over.”

“You could stay,” Will piped up, “As the opening act.”

Nico shook his head, “It was fun, but this life isn’t for me,” he walked past the team and Jason thought he saw tears in his eyes, “So...uh, bye,” Nico waved and then he was gone. Just like that. The team looked around each other, confused, and Jason wondered if they felt as empty as he did.

“So we’re just gonna let him go?” Frank asked weakly. Everyone was staring at Jason.

“I’m not,” Jason said, feeling suddenly determined. He turned on his heel and strode outside. He broke into a run after a few seconds, heart pounding, but Nico was nowhere to be seen. In his desperation Jason ran outside and, sure enough, the boy was there. He was leaning against the wall, smoking. And crying.

“Nico.”

The boy turned away quickly, “I-I...I’m just waiting for my Uber.”

“Where are you gonna go?”

“Home. I don’t know.”

“Nico,” Jason walked up to the boy and grabbed him by the shoulder. He tried to turn the boy around, but Nico remained with his back to him stubbornly.

“J-Just go back inside-“

“Why are you being so weird? You did amazing out there-“

“She did amazing,” Nico turned around, and his eyes were red. He threw his cigarette onto the ground, “It wasn’t me. None of that was me. All the singing, the dancing, the costume and makeup...t-that’s Bianca,” his voice faltered, “I’m just me. I’m nothing special like her.”

Jason frowned, “Nico-“

“No,” the boy interrupted and looked away, taking in a breath, “Please. Don’t make this harder than it has to be. I hate goodbye’s but you guys will move on; she’ll come back soon, they’ll sort out the Dr Thorn s-stuff...I’m not her. I c-can’t stay. I’m sorry.”

“What if I said I liked you better than Bianca?” Jason whispered. Nico stared at him,

“I’d call you a liar.”

“I’m serious,” Jason reached out and took his hand but Nico snatched his back.
“You don’t even know me.”

“Yeah I do.”

“No, you’ve only seen me pretending to be Bianca. You’ve never seen me be me.”

“I’m seeing you right now,” Jason whispered. His heart hurt.

Nico laughed bitterly, “And what? You still like me?”

“I love you.”

“Where is she?!” both the men froze at the sudden shout. They turned around to see a tall, dark haired, bulking man with a snarling, twisted face come from the shadows, dressed all in black. His eyes were some next level of insane, pupils dilated, and Jason knew exactly who he was, “Where’s my Bianca?!” the man roared. He reminded the manager of an animal.

“You’re Dr Thorn,” Jason felt his blood boil. He knew he should’ve been scared but all he felt was fury. This thing that was barely even a man was who threatened Bianca, his best friend, for all these months – the one who jeopardised not only her but also Nico.

Dr Thorn pointed his finger at Nico,

“Who are you?! Imposter!”


“Not before I get my girl,” Dr Thorne growled, stepping forward. Jason grabbed Nico by the wrist without thinking and pulled him behind him. He saw the door leading to the backstage, but he knew they’d never open it in time, “Give me Bianca!”

“She’s not here,” Jason spat, “and she’s not yours.”

Dr Thorn’s nostrils flared and his eyes landed on Nico again, “Fine,” he snarled, “I’ll have the boy then. He looks almost like her-” he stepped forward again.

“You’re not touching him,” Jason growled, seeing red. Dr Thorn reached into his pocket and pulled out a switch blade. Jason’s blood ran cold – he didn’t have a weapon, and Dr Thorn looked ready to do anything to get to Nico. There was a hungry look in his eyes – he stepped forward, and so did Jason, ready to fight with his bare hands if he had to. He wasn’t thinking straight-

A gun clicked.

“Drop the blade,” Reyna seethed, stepping out of the darkness behind Dr Thorn, gun raised. A police siren wailed close by and several cruisers came speeding around the corner, stopping haphazardly behind the detective. Police officers poured out and now it was Dr Thorn’s turn to look like a deer in the headlights as he was tackled by the officers. Adrenaline pumped through Jason’s body and, with his hand still on Nico’s wrist, he made for the door to the backstage. He wanted to get the boy away from all the chaos, and the second the door swung close behind them and they were in the darkness of the corridor, Jason pushed him up against the closest wall, pressing their mouths together. He didn’t know why he did it – the adrenaline made him act on instinct.

Nico gasped, his hand grabbing at Jason’s shirt in surprise. Jason didn’t care. He was lightheaded and wanted to laugh. It didn’t hit him that it was over yet, but he knew it would soon. But right now he didn’t care. His hands were touching Nico, everywhere he could reach; his hips, his waist, face,
hair, hands. He kissed him with a passion he didn’t know he possessed, his heart twisting when the boy melted against him, kissing Jason back in a way that made the blonde smile.

“As I was saying before we were rudely interrupted,” he pulled away, panting, and Nico looked at him, dazed, “I love you.”

“I-Idiot,” the boy looked like he was going to cry, so Jason just kissed him again.

“You’re staying here, okay? You’re not leaving me.”
Can you do a Solangelo in which Will and Nico have a fight and Nico shadow travels just to piss Will off even more. This unfortunately (or fortunately) backfire on Nico when Will comes banging into the Hades cabin all hot and angry and this eventually leads to them having angry sex? Can you do Solangelo Wild and a little kinky angry sex (where Will is mad at Nico and Nico bottoms) for Solangelo_For_Life & for Solangelo_shipper28

“How many times did I tell you to stop that?” Will snapped. Nico blinked at him, surprised as he stepped out of the shadows in the infirmary. Will never snapped at Nico for the long time they’ve been dating – he was always rainbows and sunshine but right now he was clearly in a bad mood, as he didn’t even stop bustling around the infirmary to give Nico a kiss. The boy frowned, deciding he didn’t like this – they hadn’t seen each other for three days and Will didn’t even greet him properly. His eyes swiped over the infirmary; the Portuguese Demigod, Paolo, was sitting on one of the beds as Will patched up his arms. Nico’s eyes narrowed – he didn’t like the way Will looked at Paolo.

“Hello to you too,” the Italian said.

“I told you to stop shadowtravelling,” Will snapped again, eyebrows furrowed as he wrapped up Paolo’s bicep.

“Gods, sorry mom,” Nico rolled his eyes. Will glared at him,

“Yeah it’s all fun and games until you show up here in a day about to faint and I have to give you ambrosia again.”

Nico was taken aback and Paolo watched the exchange with interest though he probably didn’t understand a thing, “What’s gotten into you today?

“Nothing, Nico, I’d just appreciate it if you listened to my medical advice sometimes,” Will said lowly.

“Okay, no need to snap at me though,” Nico said, “how else was I meant to get back here from Jupiter?”

“Take a fucking Uber,” Will growled. Now Nico was really confused because Will tended not to swear.
“I’m an ambassador, I have to go back and forth fast, and I can’t do that with damn Uber!” Nico wasn’t going to let this go – he always accepted a challenge. Will finished patching up Paolo and turned to Nico angrily,

“Well maybe you shouldn’t be an ambassador.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Nico made a sour face.

“You can’t do it!” Will threw his arms up, “you’re always exhausted, and weakened. Your body can’t handle it!”

Now Nico was really angry. He strode to Will and poked him angrily in the chest.

“I am more powerful than you ever will be,” he seethed, “so don’t try telling me I’m weak.”

“Well next time you can patch yourself up!” Will shoved past him.

“You know what Will?” Nico made for the shadows and turned around to face his boyfriend. He flipped him off, “Fuck you,” he said and slipped into the shadows. He did it more for show than anything, and he knew Will was right about him being weakened about it. Nico landed in a heap of dizziness on his bed, his limbs feeling like lead, head spinning. He groaned but then smiled – at least he got the last word in. Or at least that’s what he thought.

Not two minutes later the door to the Hades Cabin slammed open. Nico sat up, startled, and saw a furious Will shoving his door shut. The blonde looked not like himself, his eyes were dark and furious, his hands in fists.

“What the fuck do you want?” Nico snapped. Will crossed the space between them and with no warning pounced onto Nico. The boy squeaked as he was suddenly pushed back against his pillows, Will’s arms pushing him down almost painfully, “Will what the-,” Nico didn’t get to finish because Will crashed their lips together, shoving his tongue into the boy’s mouth. Nico tried to push him off but Will just held him down. For the first time since they started dating almost a year ago Nico was aware of how much stronger the older boy was, and how helpless he was in fighting him. He didn’t have enough strength to shadowtravel away and he felt like Will was winning the damn argument. Despite how nice the kiss felt, Nico was determined to not let Will have the upper hand.

Somehow the boy managed to turn his head away, pressing one side into the pillow and gasping for breath.

“Oh, I see how it’s gonna be,” Will growled. He pressed his mouth to Nico’s neck and instead of kissing and licking gently the way he usually did, he sank his teeth into Nico’s skin. The boy cried out and he was surprised when suddenly all his blood rushed to his cock, leaving him lightheaded.

“Stop it,” he whimpered as Will lapped at the wound with his tongue. He tried to bat the man away but Will grabbed his wrists and pinned them down, continuing his ministrations. Nico squirmed, “What’s g-gotten into y-you-“

“You, that’s what,” Will growled, pulling back, “going round, pissing me off. You go off to Jupiter all the time, and when I get frustrated you just get mad-“

“Is that what this is about?!” Nico demanded, glaring up at his boyfriend, “you getting horny and me not being here?”

“Yes, Nico,” Will hissed, “that’s what it’s about.”
“Have a fucking wank then,” Nico was angry, annoyed and aroused all at once. Will’s eyes darkened and he flipped Nico over, so the boy was on his stomach. The Italian tried to kick him away, “F-Fuck off prick~“ he said, but Will pushed his head into the pillows, his other hand pulling Nico’s skinny jeans off along with his underwear. Nico groaned in frustration, panting against the pillow since he wasn’t getting enough air. With horror he found that he kind of liked this new side of Will – the rough, reckless, dominant side. It was a massive change to the usually kind, soft and loving Will.

Nico heard Will rummaging in his bedside table and he knew what came next though it still came as a shock when Will suddenly shoved two lubed up fingers inside him and started fingering him with no warning. Nico bit at the pillow to prevent himself from making any noise as Will thrust the digits deep inside him. The boy’s hands curled into the covers below him but Will wasn’t having it. The son of Apollo grabbed both of Nico’s wrists in one of his hands and twisted the boy’s arms behind his back. At the same time his fingers found Nico’s prostate and the boy shuddered, crying out, his hips bucking up and pressing his ass down further onto Will’s fingers even though Nico was desperately trying to pretend like he wasn’t enjoying himself.

Will finished prepping Nico way too early so when he pushed in Nico felt a familiar burn. His cock twitched where it was trapped between his stomach and the bed because for some reason Nico liked the combined pain and pleasure. His arms ached where Will was gripping them, but his body was hot with need. Will grabbed him by the hip with his free hand and started thrusting in brutally without waiting for Nico to adjust. A moan was ripped from the Italian’s mouth every time he roughly slid back in, and Nico couldn’t do anything to stop it. The sound of skin on skin was obnoxiously loud and Will was breathing hard, though it had nothing on Nico, who was running out of air. Will must’ve realised because he suddenly pulled out of his boyfriend and hauled him back by the arm.

“Fuck you William,” Nico growled when the blonde roughly pulled him into his lap. He didn’t try to fight him anymore though – it was obvious that he was hard.

“Ride me,” Will demanded, all dominant and angry, hands gripping Nico’s thighs where he was straddling him. Nico didn’t know whether to punch him or kiss him. He glared, deciding not to make it easy for him.

“No.”

Will clearly wasn’t about to ask nicely. He grabbed Nico by the waist and pulled him up just so he could push his hard, slick cock back inside the boy. The Italian moaned, throwing his arms around his boyfriends neck despite how angry he was and burrying his face in his muscular shoulder. Will wasn’t about to kiss him or let him adjust – instead he grabbed two handfuls of Nico’s ass and lifted the boy up, forcefully pushing him back onto his cock.

“O-Oh Gods,” Nico whined, back arching as he lifted himself up just slightly so Will could fuck up into him. This new position ensured that Will’s member rammed right up into Nico’s prostate, making him feel like he was going to pass out from how good it felt, “Fuck...ah! Fuck, f-fuck...Will, nghhh...”

Will pushed him back down onto the covers after a particularly hard thrust. Nico was a puddle of pleasure at that point and barely had strength to wrap his legs around Will’s waist as the blonde continued to pound him furiously.

“G-Gods,” the son of Apollo groaned, and Nico knew he was close. He moaned loudly as Will continued to abuse his prostate and the blonde reached out and wrapped his hand around his neck. Nico gasped and Will squeezed, just hard enough that breathing became hard. Pleasure thrummed
through Nico, his fingers clawing at Will’s hand, “Shut up,” Will growled.

Nico came, shivering, mouth falling open but no sound coming out. Will grunted, thrust in twice more and then Nico felt hot come inside him. The blonde’s hand slipped away and Nico gasped for air hungrily, his head spinning, barely noticing that Will pulled out. He rolled over on his side, pressing his heated cheek to the cold pillow as his eyesight and head cleared.

It was silent in the room once his breath evened out, and Nico felt exhausted. He jumped when he felt a gentle hand thread through his hair.

“I’m sorry,” Will whispered. Nico rolled over and saw that his boyfriend was sitting next to him, looking satisfied, happy, and apologetic. His eyes were back to the softness they usually carried. Will’s gentle finger skimmed over Nico’s sore throat, “I’m sorry I hurt you.”

Nico would’ve sat up but he was too tired so instead he tugged Will down and kissed him sweetly.

“Sorry I was being annoying,” he said hoarsely. Will kissed his ear and Nico rolled back over, the blonde settling in behind him, wrapping a warm, protective arm around Nico. The Italian fell asleep thinking he needed to piss his boyfriend off more often.
Bad Night

Michael being a good friend and slowly falling for Octavian, who falls right back? Maybe an AU where Octavian doesn't die in the war, and the campers aren't very nice to him so they bully and pummel him the way he used to do to them despite how much he regrets his actions?

For KDoodle

Octavian had taken to sleeping in the Mars Ultor Temple at Temple Hill instead of his assigned dorm-room, because at least here he wasn’t tormented since it was ‘sacred ground.’ He knew he deserved what the other Campers were inflicting on him every time he dragged himself into the temple with a twisted wrist and a bruised body, after all he did almost destroy their home and was the reason for the death of many Demigods. He wasn’t even a Demigod himself, just a descendant of Apollo, and Apollo, just like the other Gods, had turned his back on him. The only reason Octavian still even had a ‘home’ was because Reyna and Frank forgave him and gave him sanctuary, but without Apollo’s prophecies he was useless. The Mars Ultor Temple was the only place where Octavian felt relatively safe and like he wasn’t going to be blasted by a lightning bolt because Mars was the God of war, and a war was what Octavian had started.

He wasn’t who he used to be. He was broken in all kinds of ways, but he was okay with it. He didn’t deserve happiness, now that Gaia’s influence over him had passed he realised what a monster he was. He wished that when he had fired off the Onagers he had been blasted out of existence with them, but no, Michael Kahale, the honourable bastard, just had to pull him back at the last second. Octavian hated him for it, because life was hell, but a hell he now dutifully accepted. Reyna told the other Campers that Octavian was pardoned and that they weren’t allowed to touch him, but of course they didn’t listen. Any time Octavian went to get food, or just went out of the Temple, he’d get picked on. Sometimes it was just words traitor...murderer...coward...but other times bigger Demigods would corner him in places where neither Frank nor Reyna could see and beat him until he could barely stumble back to the temple.

It was that way now too. Dakota, someone who was usually peaceful and calm, had punched him in the stomach when he had been causally passing on the sidewalk. Nobody had even batted an eye but that seemed to be an invitation because the next thing Octavian knew was that he was being dragged off by two men and having the shit beaten out of him. He was thankful for the dark, comfortable interior of the Mars Temple. He went through a small, almost hidden door behind a massive statue of the God to the back where usually preparations were made for festivals. In the small, windowless room Octavian had set up his ‘lair.’ He had gathered some covers and pillows and laid them in one corner in a pathetic attempt at a bed. There were candles littered around the room and with some difficulty and pain, Octavian lit them, filling the room with a warm glow he didn’t deserve. He should be in the dark like the vermin he was, but he needed to treat his wounds.

He collapsed onto his ‘bed’ and rested against the wall, catching his breath and trying not to pass out from the pain. He knew he had to take care of his injuries but he didn’t have the strength. Everything just hurt, his head was pounding...with a hiss of pain Octavian laid himself down, not even bothering
to pull a blanket over himself, and fell into a nightmare filled sleep.

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He woke up with gentle hands brushing against his wrist. The boy’s eyes fluttered open with some difficulty and he saw that someone had tied a bandage around said wrist. He looked up at saw, with no surprise, that it was Michael. Octavian was filled with a rush of warmth, and immediately felt guilty. He pulled his hand out of Michael’s hands but didn’t have the strength to sit up. The boy’s warm, dark eyes landed on his face.

“Oh, you’re awake,” he whispered, even though they were alone.

“I told you not to come here,” Octavian rasped. Michael’s brows furrowed,

“You were hurt. I heard from Hazel-“

“I deserved it,” Octavian interrupted.

“Really? Why? What did you do to deserve that?”

“Oh I don’t know,” Octavian said, voice full of venom though his heart ached, “started a fucking war.”

“No, what did you do at that moment that made it okay for someone to hurt you like that?” Octavian shrugged, looking away and feeling like crying. He desperately wanted Michael to leave, but he also wanted the boy to stay. He was the only person Octavian had, the only person he ever had. Even before the war Michael had been his best friend, but Octavian knew he didn’t deserve the kindness the Son of Venus gave him, “You were walking, Tav,” Michael said softly, resting his big hand on Octavian’s skinny shoulder, “That’s all you were doing.”

“Please go away,” Octavian closed his eyes, his head hurting.

“You need to eat first,” Michael said, and Octavian heard some rummaging, “Can you sit up?”

Octavian struggled and tried to show the pain he was feeling on his face but of course Michael saw anyway because he wrapped his arms around Octavian and helped him sit up. The blonde couldn’t help but think that those same arms that were cradling him like a child could easily break him in half.

“Here,” Michael passed Octavian a bowl of chicken soup. The blonde took it and frowned, “Where the hell did you get this from?”

Michael shrugged, “I brought it here from the dining room.”

“You didn’t have to,” Octavian sighed but Michael just passed him a spoon. The blonde ate in silence and Michael cleaned up the room a little bit. He pulled out a bunch of daffodils and stuck them in a vase, putting it on a little table. Octavian was done eating by then, and just watched the boy, holding the empty bowl in his hands, and feeling his stomach twist.

“I brought you some fairy-lights,” Michael said, pulling them out and stringing them up near the ceiling, where Octavian couldn’t reach, “those candles are a fire hazard, you know,” he plugged the fairy-lights in and they blazed a bright gold. Then the boy went around and blew the candles out.

“You should’ve let me die,” Octavian whispered brokenly, hands trembling. Michael exhaled and then walked up to him and pulled the bowl from his hands, setting it on the floor. The boy reached
out as if to hug him but Octavian flinched away, feeling sick. Instead Michael took his hand and held it. Octavian wanted to let Michael in, fuck, he loved the boy more than he ever loved anyone. But he didn’t deserve anything good to happen to him, and Michael was so, so good, “Please go now.”

Michael looked like Octavian was breaking his heart, “Can I at least hug you?”

“Not today.” Octavian whispered, sliding his hand from Michael’s. The boy got up, looking like he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

“I’m gonna come back later to check up on you, okay?” he asked, “we can go for a walk later.”

“Yeah.” Octavian whispered, looking at his hands. Michael hesitated, as if he wanted to say something more, but then he just slipped outside and closed the door behind him. Octavian wanted him back. He would be happy just staying in this tiny room if he at only had Michael. But he didn’t deserve to be happy.
That Can Only Mean One Thing (Hotline Bling Part 2)

I'd like you to continue the phone sex Solangelo fic where they have sex ... I want to know what happens when Will goes over Nico's house!!

For Agus & almOstaverage

“Delicious pasta, Ms Maria,” Will said, happily digging into dinner. Next to him Nico was clearly having trouble swallowing but his mother didn’t seem to notice. When Will first saw him at school that morning he was scared that things would be awkward between them because of the...err, phone sex situation, but everything was just kind of normal. And just as promised Will, instead of meeting up with Drew he came over to Nico’s house right after the last bell. And now they were eating dinner together with his mom, the way they had a hundred times before, the only indication that anything changed being the fact that their legs were touching underneath the table.

“We’re gonna go upstairs now,” Nico said, abruptly standing up the second the last piece of pasta disappeared in Will’s mouth. Maria smiled,

“Don’t stay up too late, boys,” she said, taking their plates to the sink. Now Will, who had been relaxed up until this point, started feeling the nervousness. Last night, in the heat of the moment he had basically promised to lose his virginity to Nico. He still wanted to do it...but the problem was he was inexperienced. He knew where everything went but he just never expected that his first time would be with a guy – and with his best friend at that. Will was one hundred percent sure that he wanted to do it though, at least that’s what his body was telling him because he could feel himself get a little hard as he followed Nico up the stairs.

When the two boys were in the room Nico closed the door behind them. The atmosphere was tense and awkward, and Will didn’t know what to say. He looked at Nico and the Italian looked at him, and then looked away. Will cleared his throat but it was Nico who finally spoke.

“Do you...uh...wanna play video games or something?” he asked. The last thing Will wanted to do right now was play video games. He reached up and flipped the lights off, drowning the room in darkness.

“No,” he said quietly and reached for Nico. The boy hesitantly stepped closer to him. Will’s heart was pounding so loud the blonde was scared Nico would hear it. He swallowed and found Nico’s face in the dark, cupping the boy’s cheeks in his hands.

“Are you gonna kiss me?” Nico sounded scared. Will let out a huff of nervous laughter.

“Yeah, that’s the plan....” he trailed off and suddenly wished he hadn’t turned the light off because he couldn’t see Nico’s facial expression that well, “Unless you don’t want to...I mean, it’s only a kiss. You have kissed someone before, right?”

“No.”
“Oh. It’s okay, just kind of...move your lips,” Will said. Nico tried to reply but the blonde leaned forward and kissed him. Their parted lips brushed together shyly, and then again, more confidently. Will turned his head to the side so they could fit together better. He felt Nico exhale through his nose, and the air tickled his skin. He smiled and then decided to deepen the kiss. He had kissed a couple girls before but he felt hyper-aware of Nico when doing it with him. The boy’s lips were a little bit chapped so Will gently swiped his tongue over his bottom lip, and then he just kind of accidentally slipped it into the Italian’s mouth. Nico seemed to like it though, because he inhaled sharply, hands tightening at where they were gripping at Will’s t-shirt. The Italian tugged Will forward so they stumbled backwards, with Nico ending up pressed up against the wall, body covered by the taller boy. The Italian’s tongue came to tangle around Will’s. When the blonde’s hands slid from his face to his waist the kiss grew somewhat more wet and messy, and desperate. Will felt a rush of warmth go through his body and he kissed Nico hungrily, trying to get closer to the boy.

“W-We need to take out clothes off right?” he asked, pulling back. Nico nodded,

“Yeah,” he sounded out of breath. Will pulled back and tugged his t-shirt off, throwing it somewhere onto Nico’s floor. The Italian scrambled to follow, and the two stripped to their underwear in zero point two seconds. Then the tense silence returned as both of the boys took each other in. Will’s eyes slid over Nico’s pale body. He was probably the only guy who Will didn’t automatically compare himself to too – he just kind of admired Nico all by himself.

“You’re cute,” Will said, at the same time that Nico blurted, “You’re hot.”

The two burst out laughing and they were still giggling when Nico pulled Will back up against him, throwing his arms over the boy’s shoulders, the atmosphere more relaxed now. They kissed for ages, partly because it felt nice, and partly because neither seemed to really know what to do next.

“Should we get on the bed?” Nico asked.

“Yeah, okay,” Will nodded. They padded over to the bed and Nico shoved his covers to the side. Will remembered their conversation on the phone the night before and a shiver went through him. He probably did it on these covers, he mused. Nico laid down on the bed and Will hesitantly climbed on top of him. He looked down at Nico and noted that the boy was prettily flushed, his eyes darker than usual. The blonde wondered if he looked like that too, “What do we do now?”

“I don’t know,” Nico bit his lip, “Are you like...hard?”

“A little yeah,” Will mumbled, “are you?”

Nico bit his lip again (he seemed to do that a lot when he was nervous) and reached for Will’s hand. The blonde watched Nico’s face as the boy pressed his hand down over his erection. A jolt went through Will when he felt how hard the Italian was, and Nico gasped, his hand trembling where it gripped Will’s wrist.

Will palmed him gently through his boxers, and it all kind of felt surreal, though Will didn’t care about anything other than Nico right now. He watched as the boy’s eyes fell shut and he let out a small moan that went right to Will’s cock. It was better than over the phone because now the blonde could hear every hitch in Nico’s breath, and he could see him too. The blonde hooked his fingers in the boy’s underwear after a minute of touching him through the fabric, and pulled it off. Nico’s cock lay hard against his skinny stomach, and Will couldn’t stop himself from wrapping his hand around it. Nico mewled, his hips bucking up.

“You okay?” Will asked. Nico opened his eyes half-way.
“Yeah. Y-Yeah.”

Will stroked up his member once and the boy’s eyes fell closed at the same time as his mouth fell open, and he let out that sweet little breathy sound again. Will leaned down. He didn’t even know what he was doing, all he knew was that he wanted to make Nico feel good. He decided that taking the Italian’s cock in his mouth was a good move when the boy moaned so loudly he had to slap his hands over his mouth.

“Shhh,” Will whispered, accidentally blowing onto the head of Nico’s cock. The boy’s head fell back against the pillows and he whimpered as Will took him back in his mouth. It tasted a bit weird but Will didn’t really mind that much as he tried to take as much as he could without gagging. He started bobbing his head up and down, sliding the cock in and out of his mouth and making sure he didn’t use any teeth, and Nico’s hands fell from his mouth to tangle in his hair.

“O-Oh my God,” he whimpered as Will continued to suck him. His jaw started to ache but he didn’t care, because it was worth it to hear Nico moaning, “F-Fuck...fuck Will!” the Italian tugged on Will’s hair, “W-Will stop-“

A split second later Nico’s member twitched against Will’s tongue and then there was salty, hot come filling his mouth. The blonde pulled back, spluttering and wiping his mouth.

“Nico!” he complained. The Italian laid blissed out on the covers, looking confused.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, “It just kind of...h-happened.”

Will sighed but then smiled, crawling up the boy’s body to kiss him. Nico’s lips seemed somewhat softer now that he had an orgasm. The Italian pulled a face, “You taste like come.”

“Your come, asshole,” Will pecked him on the lips, “Your turn?” he asked hopefully.
Let Me Kiss You

Where Jason is a heartthrob of the colg but he openly flirts with oblivious Percy. It becomes too much of a heartache when someone else flirts with Percy and he confronts Percy only to listen Percy saying something cute like 'I only like when you flirt with me' or something like that?

For FlowerofLifee

Jason didn’t know how to politely tell Piper to leave him alone. The two used to have a thing in high-school but Jason moved onto bigger things when they got to college, and the girl still wouldn’t leave him alone. But it wasn’t just her – there was always a litter of girls around Jason, like lost puppies. The blonde Quarterback was too nice to tell them to fuck off, but he was seriously tired of their constant flirting. Honestly they were all the same; pretty, shallow and boring.

Back when Jason used to be a common ‘fuck-boy’ he loved that kind of attention, and now it just stuck to him like gum to a shoe. He was the ‘heartthrob’ of the college even though he didn’t want to be. But it was hard to be hot, popular, a jock and not sleep around much. Jason liked the girls well enough but he just wasn’t interested, and the fact that they kept touching his biceps was really fucking uncomfortable.

That’s why Jason started the whole thing with Percy.

Percy was captain of the swim-team, a decently popular, laidback guy from Jason’s year. Oh, and he was absolutely smoking hot, something the girls that always flocked around Jason didn’t seem to notice. Jason realised that when he flirted with a girl all the other girls would glare at her, and push her out of the ‘circle.’ When Jason flirted with Percy they couldn’t really do much except give them space, and that’s exactly what Jason needed; space.

So now, as Piper and her sister followed him around, his eyes found Percy. The boy was in his favourite blue hoodie, dark hair tugged at by the wind. He was sitting on a short wall with Annabeth, his best friend, and Leo the kid from Engineering, drinking a blue coke (God knows where he got that from.) Jason smiled and beelined straight for him, ignoring whatever Piper was blabbering on about. He never really used to be friends with Percy before he started flirting with him with no warning, but neither of them seemed to mind.

“Percy!” he exclaimed when he was close enough. Percy looked up and his mouth twitched into a smile while Annabeth rolled her eyes fondly.

“Not you again Grace,” the blonde said. Piper and her sister stopped walking, hanging back and glaring at Percy as Jason strode to him.

“Apologies, Chase,” Jason grinned at the girl, “I just wanted to ask Percy something.”
“Oh yeah? I wonder what it could be,” Percy teased, eyes sparkling.

“Do you believe in love at first sight or should I walk by again?” Jason winked. Leo snorted and Percy’s smile widened.

“Walk by again so I can ogle your ass.”

“Jesus Christ,” Annabeth face palmed.

“Jason!” someone yelled across the playground. Jason grinned, “I’ll catch you later, babe,” and he walked away.

***

Jason walked into the cafeteria with all of his friends and a flock of girls that they called ‘followers’ that were only around them because they thought the football team was hot and they wanted to date them. Jason was talking to Hazel and Frank and the others just made moony eyes at him, when he spotted Percy sitting with his friends. He grinned and his heart skipped a beat despite himself and he strode over, ignoring the looks he got. He threw his arms around the boy’s shoulders and Percy jumped, mid-word. He looked up and relaxed when he saw it was just Jason. The blonde loved the way his eyes softened when they met Jason’s.

“Hey darlin’,” he said. Percy leaned against him.

“Hey. Anything you wanna tell me?” he knew the drill by then. Jason, feeling brave, dropped a kiss on top of Percy’s hair.

“If you were a chicken you’d be impeccable,” he said and strode away. Calypso, who was sitting with Percy, squealed. Jason didn’t really know when their flanter (flirty banter) turned into heart-pounding, blood rushing, hand shaking actual flirting, and he couldn’t tell if he liked it, or outright loved it.

***

“...and I was just thinking that you should come to Zoe’s party with me,” Drew finished, walking next to Jason through the car park. The blonde just wanted to get to his car.

“Er...dunno, I don’t think I’m gonna go honestly.”

“Aww, Jason,” Drew ‘casually’ put her hand on his arm, “You have to go! Everyone expects you to be there-“

Jason brightened up, “Look!” he pointed to a blue pickup truck, “It’s Percy.”

“Why are you always taking the piss?” Drew rolled her eyes, “like it was funny at the start, but it’s kinda annoying now. Jackson’s not in our gang so I don’t get why you have to make a big deal out of flirting with him, giving the poor boy hope-“

Jason wasn’t listening anymore as he strode right up to Percy, who was about to get into his car, whistling obliviously.

“Did you just get out of the oven?” Jason slammed the car door shut, blocking it with his body, inches away from Percy. The boy blinked at him in surprise and then smiled, “Because you’re hot.”

“Thanks b,” Percy said, “now sorry I gotta go home.”
“Aw, can I come with you?” Jason asked, making puppy-dog eyes at the boy. Percy batted him away,

“Next time,” he climbed into the car and Jason just stared at him, God knows why, “What?” Percy noticed, rolling down the window, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

Jason grinned, snapping out of it, “Something’s wrong with my eyes because I can’t seem to take them off you,” he said, winked, and walked away, heart clenched in his chest.

***

Jason’s day was going pretty well, mostly because since lunchtime he hadn’t bumped into any of the girls and they didn’t pester him to go to some party with them. He strolled through the sunny campus, enjoying the summer afternoon and the fact he had no more lessons and could go home, when he saw them.

Percy was leaning against the wall of one of the buildings, arms crossed over his chest, grinning as some guy talked to him. The guy’s arm was on the wall so he was half caging Percy in, and the two looked like they were...well, flirting. Jason didn’t expect that to hit him so hard and without thinking he strode towards them.

“Hey Percy!” he called, when he was close enough. The guy looked up and his whole demeanour changed when he saw pissed off Jason.

“I’ll catch you later,” he said, and quickly walked off before Jason even got to them. Percy blinked at the guy, who was practically running away, and then looked at Jason. He frowned when the blonde stood in front of him, fuming.

“What’s wrong?” Percy was confused.

“Why was that guy flirting with you?” Jason demanded, and then realised how jealous he sounded. He flushed and his shoulders slumped, he’s not your boyfriend, stop acting like he is! “I-L...it’s just that...I-I mean h-he can d-do that I just-“

Percy leaned forward and kissed the blonde’s cheek, lips soft and warm, sending Jason’s heart pounding, “Don’t worry,” he smiled sweetly, “I only like it when you flirt with me,” and then he just walked off. Dumbfounded, Jason stared after him, subconsciously touching the cheek that the boy had just kissed.
Percy was honestly terrified. When he had confessed to Piper, one of his best friends, that when he passed away his step-father was in massive debt that now fell on Percy’s and his mother’s head, the girl told him to get a Sugardaddy. At first Percy thought it was a joke, but then he made some research and there he was – in the nice part of London with all the restaurants where a drink cost more than his life, about to meet his Sugardaddy.

He had no idea what the man looked like, no idea about how anything would work. The man had written to him on a chat room for Sugarbabies (Percy supposed that’s what he was now) looked for Sugardaddies, and asked Percy to meet him in a restaurant for a meal where they could discuss the arrangement. Percy had put on a nice black button up shirt since he read online that he always had to look his best, and now looked nervously at the exterior of the restaurant. It was something French and fancy, with one of those hostesses up front to check if you were on the list.

_No point putting this off_, Percy was already late. He was doing this for his mum, so she wouldn’t have to worry about paying the debt, and so he took a deep breath and walked in, praying that his Sugardaddy wasn’t some gross creep. He’d be okay with selling his body, as long as it helped his family. Well, ‘okay’ probably wasn’t the word for it, but he made his peace with the situation.

“Sorry, do you have a reservation?” the hostess asked when Percy walked into the warm, aromatic restaurant. The critical way she looked at his clothes made Percy self-conscious.

“I...uh...,” Percy swallowed, “I’m here to meet with L-Luke Castellan?”

The Hostess’s body language changed abruptly and she smiled brightly, “Of course. This way sir,” she gestured to the double door at the end of a short corridor. Nervously, Percy followed her and his breath caught when they walked into the actual restaurant. The walls were red, the lights dim. A band was playing soothing classical music in the corner, and the round tables were beautifully set, a vase with a single red rose on each. Almost all the tables were full of gentlemen dressed in suits, smoking pipes, and ladies in long evening gowns. Percy felt horribly out of place as he followed the Hostess, feeling like people were staring at him.
“Mr Castellan,” the Hostess stopped in front a secluded table in the corner and a man rose. Percy’s stomach clenched and he barely noticed that the Hostess left. He stared at the man that was supposed to be his Sugardaddy.

He always thought that Sugardaddies were meant to be old, creepy, fat men. Luke Castellan was none of those things. He actually looked like some kind of Greek God; perfectly chiselled cheekbones and jaw line, sandy blonde hair artfully falling onto his forehead. His dark blue eyes were full of warmth and mischief. He was dressed in a suit that fitted him perfectly and made Percy feel like a peasant. So yes, the guy was gorgeous, and looked no older than thirty, only about fifteen years older than Percy.

“H-Hi,” Percy stuttered. He didn’t know if he should stick his hand out or anything. Luke smiled at him and leaned forward. He put one of his hands on Percy’s waist and then pressed a brief kiss to the boy’s cheek. Percy’s breath caught and he felt his face burning when he realised that Luke noticed. The blonde pulled away and waited for Percy to sit down before following.

“So you’re Percy,” the blonde seemed amused, studying Percy. The boy wanted his blush to go away but it was weird.

“Yes,” he said, “And uh...you’re Luke. Or Mr Castellan. Or Sir. Um, what should I call you?”

“Just Luke’s fine,” the blonde smirked and rested his chin on his hand. Percy looked at his hands; big, bigger than his own, soft looking. Percy wondered what it would feel like to be touched by those hands.

“So...um...,” Percy fidgeted, “You’re a Sugardaddy,” he wanted to shoot himself in the head for being so stupid, but his tongue was heavy in his mouth and he was so nervous he could barely talk. Luke didn’t mind,

“Yes. Among other things.”

“What do you do?”

“Real Estate mostly,” Luke straightened up when an elegant waitress walked up to their table. She placed a bottle of red wine on the table.

“2007 Gaja Barbaresco, Mr Castellan, compliments of the house.”

“Thank you,” Luke inclined his head. Percy watched the refined exchange with his mouth open, and had to stop himself from googling how expensive the wine was. The waitress left them and Luke opened the bottle, pouring some of the dark liquid into his glass, “Would you like some?” he asked.

Percy swallowed, “I’m more of a Jack and coke kinda guy,” he said weakly. Luke smiled as if he found that cute.

“Fair enough,” he reached for the menus and passed one to Percy, “We should decide on some starters.”

Percy nodded, though he wasn’t hungry. He opened the menu but, of course, everything was in French. Luke, as if knowing how lost Percy was, watched him over the rim of his own menu. Percy swallowed and tried to remember everything he learned in year nine French. All he got was au revoir.

“The prawns are nice,” Luke interrupted his mental breakdown, “number seventeen.”
“O-Oh...,” Percy looked at number seventeen, where the only word he recognised were crevettes, “They’ll b-be nice I guess.”

Luke politely called over the waitress and in a hushed voice placed their starter order. When she moved away he took a sip of his wine. Percy squirmed underneath his gaze.

“You look like you have questions.”

“I just...I-I...you don’t...”


“Sorry,” Percy said sheepishly, “You’re just not what I expected.”

“Neither are you,” Luke admitted. Percy felt his stomach clench.

“What do you mean?”

Luke shrugged, something that looked weird in his fancy surrounding, “You’re just not like the other Sugarbabies. They’re always so overconfident and cocky, like they think they’re the hottest thing in the world.”

“Oh...you’ve done this before?”

Luke frowned, “You haven’t?”

“No,” Percy looked down at his hands clenched in his lap.

“Hey,” Luke said and Percy looked up. The man’s eyes were soft, “look, no need to be nervous. We’re just having some food, no obligations, and a chat. If at the end you decide you don’t want this then that’s alright.”

“Right. Thank you. Sorry...for being so out of it,” Percy looked around, “I’ve never really been to such a fancy place.”

“Can I pry and ask why you’re doing this?” Luke sipped his wine, “You don’t seem like the type that goes in for the money.”

Percy shrugged, “Family problems. Need to pay off some debts.”

“Right.”

“How about you?” Percy could feel himself start to relax, “You could probably just get yourself a girlfriend or a boyfriend instead of doing...this.”

Luke shrugged, “I don’t want to fall in love.”

“Bad relationships?” Percy guessed. Luke sighed and nodded,

“You could say that.”

“I get you, man.”

Luke snorted, “Please don’t ever call me ‘man.’”

“What about dude?” Percy wiggled his eyebrows. Luke stifled a laugh,
“Also no.”

The waitress came around with their food and for a few minutes Percy was too excited by the fanciest, tastiest prawns he ever ate to worry about his nerves. He ordered something random from the menu when the waitress came for their plates, and that’s when they really got down to business.

“So let’s say we both agree on this arrangement. Obviously it’d be sexual,” Luke said, leaning forward a bit, “What time of day would we meet up for, and for how long?”

“Um...evenings would be better for me,” Percy was feeling really awkward discussing this with a stranger, “and err...however long it takes for you to finish? Unless you want to cuddle after or something.”

“So you have classes during the day?” Luke ignored his last comment. Percy nodded, “Alright. Well, would you like to meet up at my place? It’s not far from here, but we can go to a hotel if you want, or your place-“

“Not my place,” Percy blurted. He couldn’t imagine elegant, gorgeous Luke in his cluttered student accommodation, “You place will be fine.”

“Are you opposed to us going out in public?” Luke asked, and now he looked a little unsure too, “I’d like to take you out, if that’s okay.”

“Take out where?”

“Theatre. Parties. If that’s okay. I’d like this to be more than just sex.”

“I thought you didn’t want to fall in love,” Percy said without thinking.

Luke smirked, and it looked a little distant, “Don’t worry. I won’t fall in love with you,” he refilled his glass, “I will pay you after every meeting,” he said a sum that made Percy’s eyes bulge out. He did some mental calculations and decided that six months with a meeting once a week would be enough to pay the debt, “and you will be free to walk away any time you want. So, do we have a deal?”

Percy looked at Luke. It doesn’t get better than this. Slowly, he nodded.

***

The valet eyed Percy up and down when he walked into the lobby of Luke’s apartment building. It looked like a hotel honestly, with velvety, red couches and potted plants dotting the massive lobby, the finishing touch being the crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Percy was wearing his nicest pair of black jeans and a blue polo shirt underneath his coat but the valet was still eyeing him as he went over to the front desk nervously.

“Can I help you, sir?” the mixed race girl behind the desk smiled at him cutely. She looked about Percy’s age, maybe that’s why she was being so nice. Her name plaque read ‘Hazel.’

“Um...I’m here to see Luke Castellan,” Percy had to force himself to not look away with embarrassment, instead looking right at Hazel, who’s eye didn’t even twitch. She smiled.

“Mr Percy Jackson? Mr Castellan said you’d come tonight. He’s on the fifth floor.”

“You’ll know it when you see it.”

The lift felt weirdly big around Percy when the boy stepped inside. He looked at himself in the mirror and sighed, trying to get his hair to lie flat as the lift sailed upwards smoothly. He wondered if he looked acceptable enough...not that it mattered; Luke would probably want his clothes off ASAP anyway. Unless he was into leather and shit. *Maybe I should’ve brought condoms*, Percy mused, *shit, what if he wants to do it bareback?* Before he could panic more the door to the lift opened with a soft *ding.*

Hazel was right; it was easy to find Luke’s door since it was the *only* door on the fifth floor. It was made of dark wood, perfectly polished. Swallowing, Percy knocked nervously. He waited a few minutes in which he almost chickened out and got back in the lift, but then Luke opened the door.

His hair was damp from the shower, and he was dressed in a zipped up grey hoodie and a pair of sweatpants. Percy blinked at him, surprised, almost expecting the man to open the door in a full suit.

“Hi.”


“Sorry,” Percy said, looking around the living room. It took up most of the floor, wrapping around the corridor outside. There were massive windows on one wall and white couches and rugs strewn over the floor. Percy could see a few doors branching off, and a staircase leading to a kind of half-floor, so the boy could see the doors leading to what he assumed were bedrooms, “Nice place.”

“Thanks. Do you want something to drink?” Luke asked, “I’ve got coke and Jack if you want to calm your nerves.”

“I’m not nervous,” Percy said automatically. Luke took his hand and the boy almost jumped at the touch. The blonde held him by the wrist and showed that Percy’s hand was shaking, “Okay, maybe just a bit,” the boy admitted.

“Percy,” Luke said solemnly, “I’m going to have sex with you.”

“Yeah, I know,” Percy’s eyes dropped to the ground as he felt blood rush to his cheeks at such an unapologetic statement.

“Please tell me you’ve had sex before.”


“Just for future reference you don’t have to dress up. Just come in whatever makes you comfortable.”

“I’m surprised you even noticed I dressed up,” Percy said. The kitchen was large and modern like the rest of the apartment, but with cute homey accents. There was a photograph on the fridge of an elderly couple held up by a sunflower magnets.

“Of course I noticed,” Luke opened the fridge and pulled out a Jack Daniels and a can of coke. He prepared Percy’s drink and noticed him looking at the photo, “Those are my grandparents.”

“They look sweet,” Percy said, and gratefully took the drink from Luke. He hoped that the alcohol helped as he practically chugged the liquid, feeling it burn a little down his throat.

“I...um, I’d just like to kind of do it,” Percy said, finishing his drink. He clutched the glass in his hands, “I...I know you w-want my company but as you pointed out I’m k-kinda nervous right now so—“

“That’s okay,” Luke said, and took the glass from Percy, “I know it’s nerve-wracking the first time. I mean, we’re basically strangers.”

“Yeah,” Percy said lamely. He let Luke lead him up the stairs and the whole time he thought that he could still back out. Thing was; he had sex with men worse than Luke back in college, so this really wasn’t that bad. With a wince Percy remembered the pain of having someone thrust inside him. He was pretty sure he’d hate doing it with Luke anyway, except this time he had to pretend like he liked it or Luke would drop him. He told himself that he had done this before, and could again.

Luke’s bedroom was practically empty except for the massive bed with a canopy that dominated it. There was a door to a balcony that looked over the River Thames, sparkling with the lights of London. It was all surprisingly beautiful.

Percy flinched when he felt Luke’s hand on his cheek and forced himself to turn to face the man. Luke looked different in the half-darkness, more angled and shadowy. He looked at Percy for a second, as if looking for a sign of fear, and Percy steeled himself for what was coming. It’ll be quick, he told himself, he’ll probably kiss me. Strip. Then just a quick fuck.

Luke leaned forward and kissed Percy’s cheek slowly, almost sensually. Percy shivered and looked away, face burning. With the hand on his face Luke turned Percy back to look at him, kissing the corner of his mouth. The boy’s heart pounded with anticipation but Luke didn’t kiss him. Instead he pressed another kiss to Percy’s jaw line, his fingers coming up to undo the buttons on Percy’s shirt, leisurely, slowly, as if they had all the time in the world. He slipped the boy’s shirt off one shoulder and then kissed it. Percy felt his heart clench at how gentle and weirdly loving Luke was being. He was used to fast sex in someone’s dorm room while everyone partied just outside and this...this was so different, and confusing. The alcohol he drank was making him warm, and giving him just enough courage that he wasn’t shaking.

Luke pulled the shirt off of Percy, leaving him naked from the waist up. The boy felt a chill on his skin but he barely registered it as Luke’s lips slowly trailed down his neck, softly, more a caress than a kiss, his hands undoing the buttons on Percy’s jeans.

“Take them off,” the blonde asked quietly, voice hushed. Percy nodded and kind of clumsily pulled his legs free of his trousers. He clutched them in his hands, not really knowing what to do with them. Luke took them from his hands and threw them to the side. He pulled back and Percy made to follow him but the blonde stopped him with his hand on the boy’s shoulder, “Let me look at you,” he whispered, voice rougher than it had been seconds ago. Percy fought the urge to cover himself and he felt weirdly self-conscious with Luke’s eyes taking in every edge and curve of his body. The boy was glad that the lights were off at least. Luke’s lips tugged into a smile and he stepped back up to Percy, cupping the boy’s cheek again. He didn’t say anything, just looked the boy in the eyes, as if challenging him to look away. Percy didn’t.

Luke brushed his thumb over the boy’s bottom lip and subconsciously Percy opened his mouth a tiny bit. Then finally Luke kissed him. Percy didn’t know how much his body had been craving for the man to actually properly touch him until their lips met and Percy felt a warmth seep down to his cock. Oh my God I’m getting hard, he thought, half in horror and half in awe.

Luke was a good kisser, which of course was unsurprising. His lips were the perfect combination of soft and demanding, his tongue finding its way into Percy’s mouth. It was nothing like the sloppy, teeth-clashing, drunken kisses that Percy had had before – this was deliberate, every brush of lips had
a purpose, and that purpose seemed to make Percy’s knees buckle. Of course before that happened Luke pulled away. Percy fought the urge to whine and pull him back in because he knew this wasn’t about himself – this was about making Luke feel good.

“What do you want me to do?” Percy asked, scared at how breathless he sounded.

“Nothing yet,” Luke said mysteriously, with a smirk as if he knew that Percy was dying a little. His arousal was obvious since he was only in his boxers, and Luke was deliberately teasing him. As if to prove that the man kissed his shoulder again, and then pressed a small kiss to the centre of his chest. Percy felt his stomach clench as the man slowly got down to his knees, kissing a path down the middle of Percy’s body, over his abs, his stomach. When he was finally kneeling in front of the boy he placed his big hands on the boy’s hips. Percy’s breath hitched when Luke kissed the inside of his thigh.

“Fuck,” the word slipped out before Percy could stop it. Luke’s smirk grew and he started to pull the boy’s boxers off, inch by torturous inch. When the underwear was finally discarded and Percy’s hard cock was standing to attention just centimetres from Luke’s face Percy’s mouth had gone completely dry.

“Someone’s excited,” the blonde noted. Percy fought the urge to tell him to shut up,

“I-I never-“


“No. I have. I-I...wait, is that what you’re going to do?”

“You sound confused; what else would I be doing on my knees in front of you?” the whole situation seemed amusing to Luke.

“I-I just...I thought this whole thing was about me pleasing you.”

“Well it pleases me to please you,” Luke said in reply.

“It’s just that- ohmyfuckingGod,” Percy gasped when the blonde suddenly took his cock inside his mouth. The boy tried to suck in a breath but it didn’t work, the air just ended up getting stuck in his throat. His hands involuntarily shot out to tangle in Luke’s still-damp hair. The man’s mouth was hot and wet, and wrapped around Percy’s cock just perfectly. The boy squeezed his eyes shut and tried to breathe but it was getting harder and harder as Luke started to properly blow him, demanding hands on Percy’s hips, keeping him in place. There were no teeth scraping his length, no gagging, no pulling back. Luke took Percy’s entire length into his mouth smoothly, eyes closed, eyelashes casting shadows on his cheeks. Everything went fuzzy for a second and the pleasure that coiled inside Percy like some kind of snake, gripping his insides with heat. His toes curled against the soft carpet and he finally found the air he needed. He panted, whimpered, squeezed his eyes shut as he lost himself in the pleasure.

Luke’s hands slid from Percy’s hips to his ass and the man squeezed, just hard enough to let Percy know what he was doing. At that moment Percy would’ve probably let him do anything he wanted.

“L-Luke,” he gasped, hands tightening in the man’s hair, “I’m g-gonna come-“

“No,” Luke pulled back, letting Percy’s hard dick out of his mouth. The boy did whine then, though he really didn’t mean to. Luke wiped his mouth, “You don’t come until I tell you that you can. Now get on the floor.”
“The bed’s r-right there,” Percy was swaying on his feet, feeling like his knees would give out.

“What if I want to fuck you on the floor?” Luke asked. Percy slid to his knees in front of Luke, so they were almost face to face. The blonde pushed him backwards onto the soft carpet and Percy’s eyes fluttered shut. His body was thrumming with want, but at the same time he was already blissed out, hot and turned on,

“Anything you want,” he mumbled. He felt Luke’s cool lips against his forehead.

“Good boy,” the man whispered, and pulled away from Percy’s body. The boy didn’t have the strength to open his eyes and when he finally did Luke was back between his legs, a condom and a bottle of lube in his hand. Percy’s dick twitched and he woke up a little.

“D-Don’t you want me to suck you off?” he asked. Luke smiled.

“Another time, beautiful,” he said, pouring some lube onto his fingers. Percy frowned and then flinched when Luke pulled him forward, throwing the boy’s legs around his waist and reaching between them.

“W-What are you doing?!” Percy demanded, futilely attempting to close his legs. Luke raised an eyebrow,

“Preparing you?” he offered. Percy swallowed nervously, feeling as if he had a fever.

“W-With your hand?” he didn’t understand.

“Yes, with my-,” Luke stopped abruptly, “Wait. Are you telling me you had sex before without preparation?”

For some reason Percy felt like Luke was angry at him, “I-I it’s just t-that we were always i-in a hurry and d-drunk and-“

Luke silenced him with a sudden kiss, “Just trust me,” he whispered, pressing his forehead against Percy’s, his hands stroking his ass gently, “I’ll make you feel good, I promise.”

He pulled back a little so he could look down at Percy’s body and spread the boy’s legs a little. Percy closed his eyes, jaw clenched, waiting for the familiar pain. None came – Luke’s lubbed up digit slid in him easily and although it felt weird, it didn’t hurt. Percy opened his eyes and saw that Luke was already looking at him with his warm eyes.

“Is that okay?”

Percy nodded and Luke slid his finger out of him before carefully pushing back in.

“Y-You can go faster,” Percy was kind of enjoying the feeling.

“There’s no rush,” Luke said gently. He continued to thrust his one finger into Percy slowly until the boy was squirming on the carpet, legs thrown open wide with abandon. Only when Percy whispered a heated please did Luke push another finger inside him. The burn that Percy felt passed quickly and then he just felt full, Luke’s fingers working their way inside him, scissoring him open, twisting, filling him with heat. The boy missed them when Luke pulled them out.

Again, when his lubbed up cock started to slide inside Percy there was none of that horrible pain he felt with the previous guys. Of course, it still kind of ached but Percy found that he liked it more than hated it. He forced his eyes open to look at Luke.
The man’s eyes were closed, hands gripping Percy’s knees where they were keeping his legs apart. His hair was damp with sweat. Somewhere when Percy wasn’t paying attention he had shrugged off his hoodie and now the boy had a full view of his deliciously muscled body. He wanted to reach out and touch but he basically turned into a noodle of pleasure on Luke’s floor and was unable to do more than try to muffle his moans, hands gripping at the carpet. When Luke bottomed out Percy wanted to pass out. If he thought that Luke’s fingers filled him up they had nothing on his cock.

“L-Luke...”

“I like that,” Luke’s voice was hoarse as he leaned forward to nuzzle against Percy’s neck, clearly waiting for the boy to adjust, “The way you say my name. All breathy and sexy,” immediately Percy clamped his mouth shut and felt the vibrations against his skin when Luke laughed, “Don’t do that. Don’t be shy.”

Before Percy could reply Luke pulled back and then out of him before pushing back in. He fucked Percy into the carpet with long, slow, deliberate thrusts that were driving the boy wild because they were so much and yet not enough. In minutes he was panting, moans spilling from his mouth without any control. His body was trembling, aching for Luke to push in deeper, and then he did-

“Oh,” Percy whimpered, “O-Oh God right there-,” Luke pulled out and thrust powerfully into the place that he had just hit, the one that made Percy feel like his limbs were turning to pools of heat, “Y-Yes, fuck, Luke.”

The blonde wrapped his hand around Percy’s cock and started slowly stroking it in time with his lazy thrusts.

“Are you close?” the blonde asked. Percy tried to reply but all that came out were needy gasps so he nodded, “Don’t c-come yet, okay?” Percy was pleased to hear the little hitch in Luke’s voice. He whimpered and pulled the man in for a messy kiss. He didn’t let Luke pull away, keeping their foreheads pressed together.

“Y-You need to s-stop touching my d-dick,” the dark haired boy whimpered, biting his bottom lip, “O-Or I’ll c-come-“

“I don’t want to stop,” Luke said, urgently, hungrily, and suddenly his thrusts sped up as did his hand movements. Percy fell back against the carpet, back arching as he cried out. He wanted desperately for Luke to let him come, but he knew that he wouldn’t last until then. And he was right because seconds later strings of his pearly come were going all over his stomach and chest. Percy panted as Luke fucked him through the aftershock, his body feeling over-sensitive. He didn’t know precisely when Luke came because he was too blissed out, but then out of nowhere he was feeling weirdly hollow and the blonde was hovering over him, stroking his hair.

“S-Sorry I came,” Percy whispered. Luke cracked a smile,

“It’s my fault. I lost control. Sorry,” he kissed Percy’s forehead.

“Don’t say sorry,” the dark haired boy mumbled, still not one hundred percent back in the real world, “That was amazing.”

“Glad you liked it,” Luke stood up, pulling his trousers back on. Percy watched him discard the condom and then realised he was still sprawled on the man’s floor, completely naked. Blushing, the boy scrambled for his clothes, shoving them on.

“You can shower if you want,” Luke said, watching him.
“No, I’m okay, thank you,” Percy said. *I don’t want to wash his touch away just yet,* it was a weird thought. He stood up and his legs felt shaky and unstable, his backside aching a bit. He uneasily followed Luke down the stairs.

“Do you want something to eat?” Luke asked. Percy couldn’t stop looking at him, and thinking that he just had sex with this gorgeous man. Amazing sex. Amazing sex he would get paid for, “Or I can get my driver to drop you home?”

Percy couldn’t imagine returning to his cramped apartment alone right now, “Um...I’m actually kind of hungry.”


“It’s like midnight.”

“Well, do you want to go out?”

Honestly, right now Percy’s exhausted body just wanted one thing, “How about pizza?”

***

Percy was dragging himself to his flat from university, wanting nothing more than to cry even though the money from Luke came through. He had so much work that he had no idea when he’d fit it in. Honestly, he blamed his frustration on that but he knew the truth – he was frustrated because he missed Luke’s hands on him. Since his last meeting with the man, almost a week before, Percy had wanked every day (sometimes twice) to the memory of the man fucking him, but he just couldn’t orgasm the way he did on Luke’s floor.

That’s why as he walked down the pavement at six in the evening and a sleek, black Mercedes-Benz pulled in next to him, his heart jumped with anticipation. The tinted window of the passenger’s seat rolled down smoothly and Luke grinned at him from the driver’s seat.

“Get in,” he said. Percy couldn’t keep the smile off his face as he hoped in, glad there weren’t any people on the street to judge him. Luke rolled up the window and started to drive.

“Sick car,” Percy said in awe, looking around the expensive interior. Luke smirked at him,

“Thanks. I always wanted to have one when I was a kid.”

“Um...where are we going by the way?” Percy asked as Luke slowed down at red lights, behind a line of cars. The sun was setting, leaving pink streaks across the sky, and everyone was coming home from work.

“I have two tickets to see Hamilton,” Luke said.

“Wait,” Percy gaped at him, “Like the Hamilton? The tickets are sold out until 2018!”


Percy bit his lip and his heart skipped a beat, “That’s...I-I...thankyou~

“No need. I said I wanted your company as well.”

Percy sat back in the seat, face flushed. It always seemed to be flushed around Luke, even when they weren’t doing anything. The boy’s eyes slid over the man in his expensive suit and then looked down at himself in his tattered hoodie and a pair of ripped jeans. Luke, of course, noticed.
“I got you some clothes,” he said, “they’re in the back. I’ll pull over and you can change.”

***

The Theatre – just like everything else around Luke – was wonderful and fancy as fuck. The shirt and blazer that the blonde bought for Percy were more expensive than his old, battered truck, and the show itself was magical. Luke and Percy got their own little balcony thingy and a shitload of champagne and honestly Luke was kind of a bit drunk.

“Can’t drive,” the blonde summarised as they poured out of the theatre into the cold night. Percy shivered,

“Um...maybe I can?”

“No,” Luke said solemnly, “You drank too,” he threw a careless arm around Percy’s shoulders and pulled the boy close to his side. His words were a little slurred, his hair a little dishevelled, he smelled a little of alcohol. But Percy liked how close he was so he didn’t protest as the man pulled out his phone, “I’m going to message Thalia.”

“Who’s Thalia?”

“My driver,” he said, texting something on his newest IPhone. He slid it into his pocket when he was done, “Well we have about fifteen minutes of waiting.”

Percy shivered in the cold, “Fifteen minutes isn’t that long.”

“Actually it’s a lot of time,” there was a gleam in Luke’s eye and before Percy could protest the blonde grabbed him by the hand and pulled him into the closest alley, away from the prying crowd still coming out of the theatre. None of them seemed to notice the two of them sneak off and Luke led Percy down a maze of backstreets as if he knew exactly where he was. It was dark and Percy stumbled along after him and suddenly Luke was pressing him up against the wall with his body, kissing him. There was no slow build up like there had been last time. Luke’s mouth was demanding and hot against Percy, and the boy felt almost like the man was trying to prove something by kissing him like that. He couldn’t decide which he liked better; the composed, in control, dominant Luke, or the one in front of him right now, urgent and careless.

The blonde lifted Percy off the ground without warning, grabbing fistfuls of the boy’s ass. Whatever noise spilled from the boy’s mouth at the warmth that shot through him was swallowed by Luke. Percy automatically wrapped his legs around the man, pulling him in close, and trapping his erection between their bodies. He whimpered.


“I-I...s-sorry-“

“Why are you apologizing?” Luke murmured, mapping out Percy’s neck with his tongue.

“B-Because...I-I...just...just...I’m so inexperience a-and clumsy-“

“I like it,” Luke interrupted him, pulling back to look up at him. His strong hands were trailing over Percy’s backside slowly, “I like that you’re not like the others, I like-“ his phone beeped, “That’s Thalia,” he gently set Percy back down on the ground. The boy shivered when the blonde stepped back, allowing cold air to hit him. He was sure that they weren’t done yet – they still had the car ride.

***
Luke and Percy continued like that – sometimes Luke would take Percy out; the theatre, restaurants, clubs, whatever he was feeling like. Sometimes they’d fuck, sometimes they wouldn’t. The money Luke paid Percy gave to his mother, who asked questions that Percy brushed off. The blonde wanted to buy Percy presents as well, but he didn’t want that – the only reason he was doing this whole Sugardaddy thing was to pay his step father’s debts. Or so he told himself two months in, when he literally craved Luke, and not just having sex with him, just the man in general. Percy didn’t realise how attached he’d get to him. Maybe it would’ve been easier if Luke just used him for sex, but the man was kind, and gentle, and caring, and funny, and sarcastic-

And standing outside Percy’s door.

“How did you know where I live?” Percy gaped at him. The boy was in an oversized t-shirt he slept in and his boxers, ready to go to bed. But Luke was standing in the dingy corridor of his flat complex, grinning at him, wet from the rain. He clearly made an effort to look ‘casual’ but his burgundy Henley and pants still looked too fancy for this part of London.

“I asked Thalia,” the blonde shrugged. Fucksake, Percy thought. Luke’s driver, a crazy, Goth girl, dropped Percy home multiple times. That little snake, “I thought you’d be a little happier to see me. I am paying you after every meeting after all.”

“I...uhh...now’s not a good time,” Percy tried to block the door with his body. Luke frowned.

“Is someone in there?” he asked. His eyes slid over Percy’s attire, “Are you having sex with someone?”

“No,” Percy said quickly. Luke shoved past him and barrelled into the flat, looking around, eyes shooting lightning. Percy closed the door behind him and watched the blonde storm to the bedroom. Seconds later he came out, looking sheepish when he found no secret lover under the blankets.

“Sorry,” he muttered, “Got a bit carried away.”

Percy sighed, “I’m not sleeping with anyone. Except you.”

“Then why are you so...,” Luke gestured at him, “I don’t know; nervous?”

“I didn’t want you to see my flat,” Percy hugged himself. Luke looked at the beat up floral print couch and the family pictures on the walls.

“Why not?”

“It’s so...plain.”

Luke’s mouth twitched into a smile and he went up to Percy. The boy’s body relaxed immediately and he let Luke take him into his arms, kissing him softly.

“You are so adorable, did I ever tell you that?” he asked, eyes all soft and warm and making Percy’s insides turn to jelly. The blonde tucked Percy’s hair behind his ear.

“Do you want to have sex?” Percy asked in a whisper, because Luke looked like he wanted to. The blonde leaned close and brushed their noses together in an Eskimo kiss.

“Yeah. A little. Do you?”

“With you? Always,” Percy grinned. Luke kissed him, brushed his fingers through Percy’s hair, pulled his head back and bit his neck. He picked him up and carried him to the couch, dumping the
boy onto it. He pulled his clothes off, then he pulled off Percy’s. He touched every inch of Percy that he could reach until the boy was a trembling, moaning mess. Then he carried him to the bedroom and they did it again nestled among Percy’s pillows. And then they fell asleep.

***

Percy woke up to the smell of bacon. He blinked and sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes and looking blearily around the bedroom. There were indentations in his wall where the headboard had slammed against it during the night, and a ray of grey sunlight poured in through the gap in the curtains. Luke was nowhere to be seen. The two rarely fell asleep together.

Percy pulled on some socks and padded into his tiny kitchen. Luke was humming to the radio as he bustled around, making eggs and bacon for breakfast. He looked right at home in Percy’s kiss the cook apron, and if you saw him now you’d never think he was the boy’s Sugardaddy.

“Morning,” Percy said. The older man looked up at him and smiled,

“Morning. Did you sleep well?”

“Shouldn’t I be asking that?” Percy rolled his eyes, “After all it’s my place.”

“I should probably pay you double,” Luke said casually, and Percy’s heart clenched, “since you said the first time that you don’t want me to come here.”

“No!” Percy protested, “No, it’s okay. I-I...you don’t have to, it’s fine-“

Luke lowered the flame underneath the bacon and walked up to Percy, cradling the boy’s face in his hands and kissing him. The boy smiled and parted his lips, letting Luke’s mouth explore his mouth lazily.

“I was gonna ask you yesterday,” the blonde said, pulling away and playing with Percy’s hair, “but we got...err, distracted. I’m going to France for two weeks on business.”

“Oh,” Percy’s stomach tumbled. I’m not gonna see him for two weeks...

“And I was wondering if you’d like to come with me?”

Percy stared at him for a long, long time.

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope,” Luke said, popping the p, “I’m dead serious.”

“B-But why?” Percy was in shock. Luke shrugged,

“I like your company. So...is that a yes?”

“Yeah,” Percy said weakly, “that’s a yes.”

***

“It’s beautiful,” Percy whispered, breath fogging up the window. He was standing by it, in the fanciest hotel in Paris, the Eiffel tower shimmering in the distance over a million other small lights of the city. Percy still couldn’t believe that they were actually here. Luke came behind him and kissed his shoulder.
“I’m gonna go take a bath,” he said, voice low, “Afterwards we can go downstairs and check out that restaurant, okay?”

“Yeah,” Percy couldn’t keep the smile off his face and watched Luke disappeared into the en-suite bathroom that was probably as fancy as the rest of their room. Then the smile melted off Percy’s face as he looked back at the City of Love spread out below him. He sighed and rested his forehead against the glass. He couldn’t deny it anymore; he wasn’t in this arrangement because of the money anymore. He was in love with Luke.

Even thinking those words made Percy wince as he remembered what the blonde had told him during their first meeting. *I won’t fall in love with you.* It sounded so final. Percy willed the ache in his heart to go away. He was happy pretending that he and Luke were a real couple, so why ruin it by telling himself it could never be? *Enjoy him while he still wants you,* Percy told himself. He looked at the bathroom door and then walked over to it, shedding clothes as he went.

Luke didn’t lock the door, which Percy wasn’t even surprised by. The man was laid back in a massive bath, cheeks a little flushed from the heat, submerged to his chin. He looked relaxed and peaceful and opened his eyes when he heard Percy walk in. The naked boy stood by the bath and Luke smiled.

“Care to join me?” he said, eyes unapologetically running over Percy’s naked body. The boy stopped being insecure about that ages ago. He climbed into the bathtub, sloshing some water over the side though neither him nor Luke cared much. The water was a perfect temperature and steam rose up off it, causing Percy’s hair to start curling a little. The boy straddled Luke and the blonde sat up a little to get more comfortable. Percy decided to take the initiative and leaned forward, pressing his lips to the older man’s. Luke hadn’t shaved yet and his stubble scratched at Percy’s cheeks but the boy didn’t care as he pressed himself closer, his wet thighs easily sliding against Luke’s under the water. The boy felt the man’s cock poke him in the hip and reached underneath the water to wrap his hand around it. Luke let out a small groan and his head fell back against the tub. Percy watched his muscular chest rise and fall as he continued to stroke him smoothly. The water rippled with the movement.

Percy leaned forward and kissed Luke’s neck and then hungrily pressed their mouths together. The kiss was wetter than usual, their lips sliding together messily. It went right down to Percy’s cock. Luke reached around the boy and grabbed his ass, squeezing roughly. Percy moaned against his mouth, his strokes speeding up.

“Stop,” Luke pulled away, panting against Percy’s mouth, and when the boy continued to touch him he grabbed his wrist and forcefully pulled it away. Percy frowned so Luke kissed the corner of his mouth, “I’m not coming in the water. That’s gross.”

“Come in me then,” Percy said without thinking.

“God, Percy,” Luke groaned, leaning forward and pressing his lips against the boy’s neck.

“Take that as a yes then,” Percy lifted himself a little, hand grabbing Luke’s cock again.

“Wait I need to prepare-“

“It’s okay,” Percy murmured, “I already prepared myself earlier,” before Luke could ask *when* and *where,* Percy started to slide his cock inside him. The water helped a lot and with a gasp from Percy and a growl from Luke, the member was all the way inside him. It felt good after a whole day of travelling, to finally be doing this.

“I’m not even doing anything,” Luke stroked Percy’s lower back.

“You’re still amazing,” the boy was feeling emotional, God knows why, so to chase that feeling away he lifted himself and then pushed back down. Luke tried to lift him but Percy batted his hands away. After a moment the two established a rhythm of Percy pushing down and Luke thrusting up, which left them moaning and panting, hands clutching at each other’s wet bodies, sloshing water all over the bathroom floor. Percy’s thighs were aching but he didn’t care as he continued to ride Luke, positioning himself so the man’s cock slammed right up against his prostate.

Percy felt Luke’s hot come inside him when the man climaxed, gripping Percy’s hips, bruising them. The boy cried out at the feeling and in the end they did get come in the bath.

***

The month after Paris would’ve been bleak and grey if it wasn’t for Luke. Everything felt like a dream to Percy and the boy couldn’t wrap his head around how happy he was. There was always the dark thought at the back of his head that he had to end it with Luke eventually – he couldn’t keep taking money from someone he loved. Besides, the debt was almost paid off.

Percy decided to pop round to Luke’s since he was in the area. It was late spring afternoon and the boy just wanted to see his ‘Sugardaddy.’ He had a bad day at uni and nothing made him feel better than Luke and his antics. Hazel smiled at him at the front desk and didn’t even ask as he took the lift up to the fifth floor. When the door opened with a soft ding, the door to Luke’s apartment also opened and a woman stepped out.

She was around Luke’s age and as beautiful and elegant as he was, blonde hair pulled up into a bun. Percy stepped out of the lift, staring at her, dumbfounded. She gave him a tight smile and then went to the lift, disappearing behind the closing doors.

“Percy.”

The boy looked up to see Luke standing in the door. He was in a button up, a tie hanging loosely around his neck. Percy felt something grip his chest so tightly he couldn’t breathe.

“Who was she?” he whispered. Luke opened his mouth to answer but Percy’s heart was beating too fast. He stumbled towards the man, “Who was she?!” he demanded, eyes burning, Tears. Christ, you’re going to fucking cry. His body was shaking, his heart hurt, his stomach twisted. The nausea hit him so suddenly he felt like he couldn’t stand up.

“Percy-“ Luke tried to reach for him but Percy flinched away violently.

“D-Don’t...who was s-she?!” Why did it hurt so much?!

“My wife,” Luke sighed. Percy let out a sound that was a bit like a sob. He was just so lost.

“B-But why?”

Luke grabbed him by the arms and pressed him against the hallway wall, caging him in with his arms to prevent him from running. Percy was having trouble breathing.

“Calm down,” Luke’s voice was gentle but demanding, “Percy breathe. In, out, shhh, just like that,
good boy...,” slowly Percy calmed down and blinked the tears out of his eyes. When the panic disappeared shame took its place. He looked at his feet, cheeks burning, for a long time, heart still aching.

“Fuck I’m sorry,” he whispered eventually, brokenly.

“She was only here to settle the divorce papers.”

Percy’s head snapped up, “What?”

“We’re getting divorced,” Luke shrugged, “have been for ages, just got it finalised now.”

Percy couldn’t speak.

“Why were you crying?” Luke asked.

Percy swallowed.

“Percy, why were you crying?”


“Not before you tell me why you were crying.”

“I wasn’t crying.”

“Don’t lie to me,” Luke touched his cheek gently, and searched his face. His eyes softened, “you weren’t meant to fall in love with me.”

The tears were back, “Y-You said y-you wouldn’t fall in love with m-me. You never said a-anything about me f-falling for you.”

Luke smiled and leaned in close, “Well, I guess we’ve both fallen then,” and kissed Percy the way someone kisses the person they love.
Nico didn’t know what he was doing at the gathering. In his highschool a group of ‘elite,’ rich kids always had these kinds of mini-parties at one of their massive houses where they got drunk, high and played games. Sometimes they had sex. Nico knew all this from his best friend, Hazel, who suddenly started going to the gathering’s because she started dating one of the rugby players, Frank. She had, without Nico’s permission, asked if he could come to one of these things as well and the kids had said yes, and now here he was, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with none other than Percy Jackson, playing a clumsy game of beer pong against the boy’s girlfriend, Annabeth, and Jason Grace, the captain of the rugby team. The girl tossed a ping pong ball into one of the cups on Nico’s and Percy’s side.

“Fuck’s sake!” Percy yelled, but he laughed as he shoved the cup into Nico’s hand. The boy blinked and then hesitantly drank, making a face at the bitter alcohol. Around the room people were dotted around, eating snacks, drinking and talking. Music was blaring, the doors to the garden were open and people were sitting in the garden chairs, smoking. The atmosphere was kind of nice. Nico always thought these parties were uptight and snobbish but after a couple cups of beer he found that he actually enjoyed himself.

“Okay people!” Piper McLean, who’s house this was, clapped her hands. Leo Valdez walked over to his phone and turned off the music, “We’re going to play a game,” she grinned and everyone cheered, those who had cups raising them. Annabeth came and casually slung an arm around Nico’s shoulders, the other one around her boyfriend’s waist, “Hide and seek!” again everyone cheered. Nico’s head buzzed and he couldn’t help but grin, “But to mix it up a bit we’ll play in pairs! Me and Jason will be the first to count and whoever we find first will search next!”

The teenagers scrambled to get to their partners. Annabeth let go of Nico to go to Percy and the Italian turned around, ready to go with Hazel. His heart clenched when he saw her give him an apologetic smile and snuggle up to Frank’s side. He knew what it would be like – he’d be left without a pair and be the one person who-

“Hey,” William Solace, also one of the guy’s from the rugby team, appeared in front of Nico, grinning. Nico’s voice died in his throat because he had the biggest crush on Will even though he said maybe two words to him in his lifetime, both of them probably being hi.

“Hi,” Nico squeaked. Will grabbed his hand as if it was normal for them to touch.

“Wanna team up?”
“S-Sure,” Nico said, and it didn’t matter that he was blushing because just then Piper and Jason left
the room, the music turned back on, and everyone scrambled to go upstairs or out into the garden, “I-
I don’t know the house-“

“It’s okay, I do!” Will grinned and then he was tugging on Nico’s hand. They spilled into the
massive garden where couples were dashing into the bushes. Someone climbed the roof but Will was
making for a small clump of trees. It seemed obvious.

“They’ll find us there!” Nico protested. Someone giggled in the shrubbery but Nico didn’t want to
know.

“Just trust me,” Will smiled at him over his shoulder, an easy, flirty smile that turned Nico’s insides to
mush. They pushed into the circle of trees and Nico found himself in front of a tiny shed. He blinked
but he didn’t have time to think as Will found a hidden latch and opened the door, shoving him
inside. Then the door was slamming shut and they were drowned in darkness. The shed was so small
that Nico was chest to chest with Will, but that’s not what he was worried about.

He was worried about how close the walls were, and how low the ceiling. Everything was pressing
in around him, the air seemed to be seeping out dangerously fast. It all happened in the space of
seconds; everything was fine until it wasn’t. Usually Nico’s claustrophobia took a moment to set in
but clearly the alcohol must’ve been making him more paranoid. The boy took in a breath but he
couldn’t seem to get it past the tightness in his throat. Do not panic, he told himself hysterically, not
now. He started to shake, and although he couldn’t see anything he could feel how everything was
closing in on him.

“Open the door-“ he rasped.


“P-Please, please-“

“Nico, are you okay?”

Nico was breathing heavily but there wasn’t enough air in the tiny shed to get to his lungs. He could
feel himself getting lightheaded, the world spinning. His eyes were watering, hands shaking. Will
grabbed him by the shoulder and squeezed but Nico barely felt it.

“Are you claustrophobic?” Will demanded. When Nico’s only reply was the grip at his shirt and try
and breathe, at the same time letting out a sob-like sound, Will swore. The blonde turned to the door
and Nico heard a rattling, but the door didn’t open, “Shit! It’s stuck!”

“I- Let me o-out....“ Nico whimpered. Will wrapped him up in his arms. Somewhere in the back of
his head a detached voice told Nico that he would die of embarrassment later on, and that didn’t help
him calm down.

“Shh, wait, just one sec-“

“Will.”

“You’re going to be okay,” Will’s cool hands were suddenly on Nico’s heated face, “You’re fine.
The walls aren’t closing in around you,” Nico didn’t know how he knew that, but his thumbs were
stroking his cheeks and Nico forced himself to start breathing. His breath was still erratic but slowly
started to relax, “Shh, that’s right, good boy, just breathe,” Will was closer somehow, his hair tickling
Nico’s forehead. The boy could smell him. He smelled nice. His hand tightened in the boy’s shirt.
When Will kissed him Nico’s breath caught in his throat and everything came to an abrupt stop. He couldn’t have trouble breathing anymore because he wasn’t breathing. Will lips were gentle against his, soft, but he was so close and Nico’s heart was pounding so much he thought he might actually have a heart attack.

The kiss was short, and sweet, and fucking short. But when Will pulled away Nico was breathing normally, eyes wide. In the darkness he could make out the outline of the other boy.

“W-Will...”

The door to the shack was violently pulled open.

“Ha!” Jason proclaimed “Found you!”
He Chased Me and He Wouldn't Stop

Can you do a Freo where Leo is bullied at school for being asexual and then Frank defends him from being almost beat up, and admits he has had a crush on him for NazzaStylan

“C’mon,” Mimas whispered, his breath brushing against Leo’s neck. The part of the boy’s brain that wasn’t busy panicking was wondering, distractedly, why he even agreed to come to the older boy’s house. He and Mimas barely knew each other, and the latter had a fuckboy reputation. Still Leo, like dozens before him, couldn’t resist his dark good looks and sweet words and when Mimas had invited Leo over to his house to do homework Leo had, foolishly and naively, thought that that’s all they would be doing.

Which didn’t explain why they were now lying on Mimas’ bed.

Mimas swung both ways, it was a well known fact, and Leo, who was less popular, was openly gay so in hindsight Leo couldn’t foreseen this, except he never really looked ahead and was more of a go-with-the-flow kind of guy. He was also a very, very small guy, which was why he was finding it hard to squirm out of Mimas’ grip now.

The boy was having trouble remembering how the two of them went through flipping through their Physics textbooks to being tangled in each other’s bodies. Leo very much wanted to get untangled, though Mimas seemed to be having other ideas. His breath ghosted over Leo’s neck as he pressed wet, sloppy kisses to his skin that made Leo cringe away.

“S-Stop it,” he was still trying to play the whole thing off, even though he was pushing at Mimas with all his strength. It was useless – the older boy was bigger and stronger and easily pinned Leo down, “Seriously s-stop-“

“We don’t have to go all the way,” Mimas pulled away a little bit, looking down at Leo with eyes dark with lust. The Latino wanted to throw up, but mostly he just wanted Mimas to get off him, “How about you suck me off?”

“N-No thanks I already ate today,” Leo said weakly. Mimas frowned, “Stop playing hard to get. I see the way you look at me.”

“Stop playing hard to get. I see the way you look at me.”

“I don’t look at you any way,” Leo protested, trying to squirm away. Mimas grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed and a wave of fear washed over the small boy, “Look, I’m asexual.”

“What the fuck is that?” Mimas wrinkled his nose.

“I-It’s when you d-don’t want to have sex-“

“How do you know if you’ve never tried?” Mimas grinned as if he had just said something brilliant.
Leo glared at him.

“Dude, seriously, this isn’t funny. I don’t want to fuck.”

“Who said anything about fucking?” Mimas asked innocently, “all I did was ask you for head.”

“Well I don’t want to do it,” Leo growled, “Because I don’t like sex.”

“But I like it. The whole point of blowjobs is so the other person enjoys it.”

“I’m not ready for that sacrifice.”

“I’ll finger you after?”

“Pass.”

“Let me persuade you,” Mimas leaned forward but just then Leo got one of his hands free so he elbowed the boy in the face. With a yell of pain Mimas fell off the bed, crashing to the floor. With his heart pounding and his stomach churning Leo scrambled off. He grabbed his bag, swung it over his shoulder, and got the hell out of Mimas’ house.

***

The next day Leo was shoving his books messily into his locker and waiting for Frank, his best friend, to show up so they could go grab some lunch together. However when Leo felt a presence behind him and turned around he didn’t see the person he was looking for. Instead there was a loose ring of boys around him, all looking like they smelled something bad. Because it was lunch only a few people were dotted around the corridor, and they looked nervously towards the group.

“Hey,” Leo said uneasily, feeling like a cornered animal, “You guys lost?”

“Nope, I found what I was looking for,” Mimas, who was at the head of the group, glared down at Leo. His nose was purple and swollen where the boy had elbowed him. The Latino swallowed uneasily and tried not to show how nervous he was. He prayed a teacher would appear and save him.

“Great. How can I help?”

“You see this?” Mimas angrily pointed at his nose, “You did that!”

“I am aware,” Leo said drily.

“Nobody gets away with this,” Mimas growled, “you fucking hit me for no reason.”

“Yeah,” one of his friends agreed, “all he wanted was to have sex, innit. And you got all violent for no reason.”

“He was forcing himself on me.”

Mimas snorted, “All I did was kiss you, you fucking pussy.”

“Sorry, next time I’ll hit you when you’re already inside me,” Leo said sarcastically, “and then we’ll have this conversation in court with rape allegations against you.”

“Are you threatening me?” Mimas’ nostrils flared, “Let’s get him outside, boys.”
Two of his lackeys grabbed Leo by the arms, which the Latino was unnecessary since he was literally half their size. The Latino’s heart came to his throat as he thought about the severe beating he was about to get. Most likely he’d end up with a few broken bones which he thought was pretty stupid since this wasn’t some American movie where he’d drag himself home afterwards. He’d go to the police.

“Oi!” Frank’s voice ruined Leo’s plans of having Mimas arrested as he appeared out of nowhere, furious. Frank was...Frank was always soft, and gentle, and kind, at least when it came to Leo. Despite his height and muscle he was never threatening towards the boy but right now he looked like some kind of gangster. He was taller than Mimas, his dark eyes were flashing with anger, his hands were in fists. Leo had never been so happy to see someone. Scared, the two lackey’s let him go and moved away from him for good measure. “Get the fuck away from him.”

“Oh, found yourself a boyfriend, eh Valdez?” Mimas growled, “he won’t stick around if you won’t give him a piece of that ass-“

Frank grabbed Mimas by the shirt and lifted him off the ground. Instead of helping him his friends took a fearful step back.

“Don’t make me add more bruises to your face,” Frank said through his teeth, “It’s already fucked enough.”

He dropped Mimas and the boy stumbled. He looked like he wanted to argue but one of his friends grabbed him by the arm.

“Come on man, it’s not worth getting expelled over.”

The angry band scurried away. Frank’s shoulders slumped and the on-lookers turned away.

“You okay?” the bigger boy asked Leo. The Latino nodded though he really wasn’t. Mimas’ words kept circling in his brain like an annoying fly. He won’t stick around if you don’t give him a piece of that ass. That’s what the boy was most afraid of; that nobody would ever love him if he didn’t have sex with them. But the idea just...it disgusted him, scared him.

“Leo?” Frank tentatively touched the boy’s arm, “You’re shaking.”

“Sorry.” Leo nervously tucked a curl behind his ear with a trembling hand. Frank grabbed him by that hand and pulled him into the closest empty classroom, closing the door behind them. Leo sat down on one of the tables and sighed.

“What a fucking asshole.”

“Yeah.”

“What happened?” Frank stood in front of him, arms crossed, “Why was he was all up in your face?”

Leo laughed uneasily, “Remember when I told you I was going his to do homework?”

“Yeah,” Frank raised an eyebrow.

“Well he tried to have sex with me,” Leo swallowed, “I told him I was ace but he wouldn’t listen. He kept trying to force himself on me so I elbowed him in the face. Now he’s pissed about the bruises.”

The fury was back in Frank’s eyes, but somehow it was even stronger now, “I’m going to fucking
kill him,” the boy turned to the door. Leo quickly grabbed him by the sleeve and pulled him back.

“No!” he said quickly, “No it’s okay.”

“No it’s not!” Frank exploded, “That’s sexual harassment!”

Leo shrugged, “It’s okay. I’m okay,” he looked up at his friend. Frank sighed heavily and then ruffled Leo’s hair gently. The Latino smiled. Then Frank pulled him into a hug and held him for a while, stroking his back. Leo didn’t realise how much he needed that until he felt himself melt against the bigger boy.

“Something’s bothering you. And it seems like it’s not the whole assault thing...,” Frank bit his lip, pulling back. Leo looked down at his feet.

“Just something he said.”

“Which part?” Frank moved a little closer and was fiddling with Leo’s hair, the way he always did when he was anxious.

“That basically nobody will ever want me if I don’t have sex with them.”

Frank frowned, “That’s not true and you know it.”

“Do I?” Leo sighed, “because...what if he’s right. I mean look at me,” he laughed bitterly, “I’m already sure a very small percentage of the population finds me attractive. And then take away those who won’t be with me without sex...what if I’m always alone? What if the 0.00002% that might actually want me, won’t...because I’m asexual?”

Frank looked at him for a second, and his gaze was weirdly intense.

“I’m part of the percentage,” he said eventually, softly, hands sliding to cup Leo’s cheeks, “that finds you attractive. And I also don’t care if you’re ace,” he smiled sadly, “So now you just have to find someone like me, but who you actually want to be with.”

Leo’s mouth was dry at the sudden, weird confession, “What are you saying?”

Frank leaned down and kissed him, just a quick peck that made Leo jolt. He felt blood rush to his cheeks and his palms tingled and he stared at his best friend in shock. Frank was blushing.

“I’m saying that I like you. Like a lot,” the boy looked away and rubbed the back of his neck, “and I’ll never force you to have sex with me. I just...,” he looked helplessly at Leo, “I’d be happy with just you, the way you are right now. I wouldn’t need anything else.”

“Are you asking me out?” Leo’s heart thundered in his chest.

“Yeah,” Frank shrugged, “I guess I am. Though it’s pointless because I know that you’ll say...”

“Yes.”

“What?” Frank blinked. Leo slid off the table, threw his arms around Frank’s neck and drew him in for another kiss, standing on his tiptoes.

“I’m saying yes, idiot.”
Nico pressed his chin into his chest, attempting to hide his face from the cold night wind lashing at him. On his left the dark river Thames stretched all the way to South Bank, glimmering with the silver moon. The young Lord couldn’t help but broodingly think about how many corpses would be pulled out of those waters before the night’s end. He shivered as he passed beneath the gas lamps, once again cursing himself for ending up on this side of the city again. This side was whores, beggars and workhouses and someone with such a high status as Nico shouldn’t be seen here. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his expensive coat and veered into a nearby alleyway, hoping to get to the high street. Once there he’d hail a carriage and get away from this wretched, stinking place. The alleyway was darker than the streets since there were no lamps here. Nico craned his neck up to look above the roofs of the two houses he was passing between, and saw only a sliver of the sky. Clouds were rolling in.

“Please young man,” a figure appeared in front of him, a hunched over man, face drowned in shadows. He reached out his hand, “A p-penny.”

“Move, peasant,” Nico snapped in annoyance as the beggar blocked his path. The Lord was too scared to touch him and contract some kind of disease so he decided to shout until him until he moved (which usually worked) however before he could he heard another voice behind him.

“A penny,” the new voice was hoarse and strained. Nico turned around to saw another hunched over figure reaching for him, “Please good sir.”

“Move!” Nico demanded, “get out of my way, filthy beggar!”

The one at the front of Nico tossed back his clock and suddenly he wasn’t an old, crooked beggar anymore, but a muscular, strong man towering over him. In the little light that fell into the alley Nico could see his messy hair, catching the light and reflecting golden, and his dark, predatory eyes. The man was dressed in peasant clothing, but he didn’t seem to care about his and Nico’s difference in status as he reached for the Lord. The boy stumbled back, right into...the second man, who had also thrown back his disguise, revealing his darker hair and darker eyes.

“Who are you?” Nico demanded, forcing his voice to not shake in fear.

“My name is Jason,” the blonde at the front said casually, “and this is my friend, Percy.”
“We just asked you for a penny,” the dark haired man – Percy – said casually, stepping closer so Nico started to feel claustrophobic, trapped between the two of them, “But you didn’t want to give us even that.”

“Perhaps we should take something more than his money?” Jason, the blonde, mused with a grin. Nico felt his heart stutter in his chest at the implication and flinched when Percy reached out and brushed the hair away from the nape of his neck.

“Stop it,” Nico snapped, stumbling forward and moving closer to Jason accidentally.


“How do you know my name?”

“Doesn’t matter,” Jason pushed Nico back so he fell against Percy, who grabbed his arms and twisted them behind his back. Nico cried out at the shot of pain that went through him but was horrified to find that some of that pain changed to arousal and went right down to...the boy flushed, trying to squirm away.

“L-Let go!” he yelled, struggling, trying to kick at Percy, “Let go you filthy peasant!”

“Filthy am I?” Percy asked, breath brushing against Nico’s ear, clearly amused. The boy shivered and twisted his head away from him. When the peasant pressed his lips to Nico’s neck the boy opened his mouth to scream but was silenced by Jason, who moved forward and crushed their lips together. The kiss was harsh and rough, and there were teeth biting at Nico’s bottom lip. The boy whimpered, feeling his member swelling in his breeches. He could feel something hard against his lower back from where Percy was pressed up against him so he supposed he wasn’t the only aroused one.

“Stop it!” he broke his lips away from Jason’s, “What are you doing?! What’s wrong with you?!”

“I think it’s pretty clear what we’re doing,” Percy huffed out a laugh and pulled Nico’s head back by the hair. The boy whimpered as the dark haired man forced his tongue into his mouth, free hand coming down to unceremoniously squeeze Nico through his breeches. The boy moaned, even though he tried not to, and Percy swallowed the sound even as the Lord’s knees buckled, “Oh, someone’s excited,” Percy noted, stroking Nico gently through his trousers.

“S-Stop,” Nico tried to wriggle away but there was no use, Jason and Percy were both stronger than him. And there were of course two of them.

“Shhh, we’ll make you feel good,” Jason’s hands were undoing the buttons on Nico’s expensive shirt as Percy wrestled him out of his coat.

“I-I don’t want to,” Nico said angrily, “I’m not having sex with you-“

“I beg to differ,” Percy grabbed a handful of the boy’s ass and squeezed, at the same time biting at his earlobe roughly. Nico gasped, head falling back against Percy’s shoulder. He didn’t know what was happening, all he knew was that he wanted more, even though he was aware of how wrong it was.

“Look at that,” since Percy’s hand was busy grabbing at Nico’s ass Jason took his place and palmed Nico through his trousers, “Someone’s aroused by the thought of being fucked in a dirty alleyway by a pair of peasants.”
“N-No I’m not!” Nico stuttered. Jason leaned forward, kissing him, grabbed him through his trousers, and Percy’s phone buzzed.

“For fuck’s sake,” Nico growled pulling away from Jason, “Again?! We told you to turn your phone off when we do this!”

“Sorry, sorry,” Percy said apologetically, pulling back and taking his phone out of his pocket. Nico felt his erection go down as Percy sighed, “It’s my mom.”

“Don’t pick up,” Jason warned.

“Whatsoever,” Nico pulled back and crossed his arms over his chest, “I’m not in the mood to role-play anymore.”

“Aw, c’mon!” Jason complained as Percy walked off, talking with his mom on the phone, “Just when it was getting good...”

“I’m cold,” Nico said, snuggling up to Jason, “and I’m still sore from last night.”

Jason kissed the top of his boyfriend’s head, “We can always try tomorrow?”

“Nah; forecast says it’s gonna rain tomorrow.”

Percy came back to them, looking sheepish, “She wanted to know what we want to eat for dinner.”

“Well I wanted dick but I guess I’m not getting any,” Jason sighed. Percy grabbed him by the back of the head and pulled him in for a kiss.

“I love you. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, do I not get any love?” Nico asked, eyebrow raised. Percy smiled and pressed him up against the wall, cradling the smaller boy’s face in his hands and kissing him sweetly. Nico smiled.

“Okay lovebirds,” Jason twined his fingers through Percy’s and tugged him away from Nico, “Let’s go, I’m actually hungry now. We can role-play later.”
We're Dead if They Knew

Could you write a JerCy? With Jason a perfect student and Percy the new English teacher who has a crush on him?
For Lilireyna

Percy heard snickering behind his back and sighed quietly, just so he could hear, and turned away from the blackboard so his eyes could sweep over the generally bored college students. A group of what could typically be described as ‘jocks’ was talking among themselves as if Percy wasn’t teaching. The man fought the urge to swear at them. It was hard enough transferring schools in the middle of the school year but it was extra hard for Percy since he was only twenty two, barely four years older than some of the people here. It was hard to earn someone’s respect when you were basically the same age.

“What’s so funny, guys?” Percy crossed his arms over his chest, stopping his talk about Paradise Lost to attempt and be intimidating, “Because unless it’s Sin and Death, it’s inappropriate.”

“It’s nothing,” Frank Zhang, one of the jocks, said hurriedly. Percy raised an eyebrow, “In that case Frank would you like to tell me why does Milton use assonance in this extract?” the blank look he got from the boy was enough for him. Percy fought his frustration as the rest of the class looked at him stupidly. He couldn’t believe they were taking English lit for A Level.

“To represent Satan,” a voice broke from the back. Percy blinked and looked up at Jason Grace, the ‘captain’ of the jocks. Unlike his friends he was sitting upright, a pen in his hand, writing down notes. Percy smiled and nodded to encourage the boy to continue, “every time Satan speaks or is present there is assonance used; later on in Book ten Adam adopts the assonance too, showing that through his and Eve’s transgression he had adopted Satan’s ways.”

“You have restored my faith in this class, Mr Grace,” Percy said with a smile. Jason smiled back at him and the man ignored the weird feeling he got in his stomach, turning back to the board and continuing the lesson though his thoughts started to wander. He liked Jason. It was hard not to like him when he was the only one who bothered to engage in Percy’s class. Besides he was hot, and that was maybe why Percy’s stomach was clenching and he felt guilty. He’s your student, he scolded himself...even if it was only four years difference. Besides when Percy evaluated them he could see that he and Jason would look good together. Percy didn’t look twenty two...actually Jason looked older than him since he was taller and more muscular. Student! Student, remember!

“You know what, I’m feeling nice today,” Percy couldn’t concentrate so he turned to the class, “You can go,” a few people cheered and chairs scraped against the floor. Percy couldn’t stand staying in
the same class as the half brains for another twenty minutes.

Jason was the only student that didn’t leave, hesitating by the door.

“Jason?”

“Uh...I was wondering if you could explain verse to me,” the blonde boy shrugged, “I find it kinda complicated.”

Percy smiled and his heart fluttered in his chest, “Sure.”

***

Percy couldn’t believe how sad he was. He always thought teachers had no lives when he was at school and as he bought his ticket to see Beauty and the Beast, all by himself, he realised that he also had no life. He would’ve gone with Annabeth, but the two of them were broken up and her new guy didn’t like them hanging out, which Percy could respect. Leo and Nico were moving into their flat so they couldn’t come to the cinema with Percy, so here he was, all by himself. He sighed as he took the popcorn from the lady behind the till. He could feel her judgment and fought the urge to wince as he walked over to get his ticket checked.

He jumped when he felt a tap on his shoulder and turned around, coming face to face with a grinning Jason.

“J-Jason,” Percy said in surprise.

“Hey Mr Jackson,” Jason was grinning, “Fancy seeing you here.”

“I’m going to see Beauty and the Beast.”

“Oh shit!” Jason pulled a face, “Excuse the language. I’m seeing Beauty and the Beast too. Are you alone?”

Percy felt himself blush, “Uh...yeah.”

“Same,” Jason smiled, “Couldn’t exactly tell my friends I wanted to see a Disney movie. Wanna sit next to each other?” he was so casual it completely threw Percy off.

“I’m your teacher, Jason. Don’t you think that’s a bit weird?” Percy looked away. Jason shrugged, “Yeah I guess. Everything about this is weird...like shit, you’re wearing a t-shirt.”

“Yeah I guess. Everything about this is weird...like shit, you’re wearing a t-shirt.”

“What’s wrong with my t-shirt?” Percy asked, self-consciously crossing his arms over his chest. Jason couldn’t seem to keep the smile off his face,

“Nothing. It’s just...I’m used to seeing you in like suits and ties y’know.”

“You look different out of your uniform too,” Percy admitted, trying to not let his eyes stray over how Jason’s jersey hugged his muscles, “Um...I guess we can sit together. If you want.”

“Great,” Jason walked over and got his ticket checked. Percy followed after him, “Hope you don’t mind if I sing along. I’m obsessed with Disney.”

***

“...and so because he was visually impaired,” Percy continued talking, “Milton uses sensory
language-“a sudden loud beeping filled the classroom and people winced.

“Fucking fire alarm,” Frank Zhang grumbled.


“Then why do we have to do it?” One of the girls complained.

“Just do it, Kelli,” Percy sighed.

More or less the students followed his instructions, though most of them still took their bags with them, not that Percy cared, as long as they got out of the class and gave him a few minutes of peace. When the last person filtered out Percy perched on the edge of his desk and rubbed the bridge of his nose, listening to the alarm drone on and on.

The door opened and the man looked up, only to see Jason slip in. He straightened up and his heart skipped a beat.

“Are you deaf, Jason?” Percy grinned, “there’s a fire drill. Go outside with the others.”

Jason shrugged, “I pulled the fire alarm.”

“You what?” Percy demanded, feeling his annoyance spiking, and also disbelief. It was unlike Jason to do something like that, “What the hell, Jason?!”

“I wanted to talk to you.”

“You could talk to me before or after school! Even at lunch! God, kid, now I have to report you-“

“Don’t call me kid,” Jason snapped. There was something weird about him; some kind of weird nervousness as if he was psyching himself up to do something he was scared to, “I wanted to ask if you wanted to go out to the cinema again.”

Percy swallowed nervously, “I...Jason, no. That was a one time thing, a coincidence. I can’t be seen out and about with a student.”

“Why not?” Jason frowned, “We had fun didn’t we? Just cause you’re my teacher doesn’t mean we can’t be...friends, outside of school.”

“We can’t,” Percy said firmly, no matter how much he wanted to. The fire alarm continued to go off, “I could lose my job.”

“But sir-“

“Look Jason. You have a load of friends. You really don’t need me to be another one. I’m really not that great,” Percy cracked a smile, “I mean I’m an English teacher for fuck’s sake.”

“Well, I’m an English student,” Jason stepped closer and Percy was suddenly acutely aware that he was still on the desk and that the blonde was crowding him in, almost between his legs. It was getting really inappropriate now, “and I think you’re great.”

“Jason, I said no,” Percy said firmly. The teenager wasn’t listening to him as he reached out and cupped Percy’s cheek. The man jolted at the feeling, not expecting Jason to actually touch him. He was frozen, couldn’t move even as Jason’s eyebrows furrowed and he started to lean forward. Percy’s heart hammered, his mouth felt dry. At the last second, just when his and Jason’s lips were
about to meet, Percy turned his face away. Jason kissed his cheek, the alarm turned off.

Percy’s heart twisted painfully. He slipped off the desk and shakily pushed Jason away.

“I said no,” he repeated weakly, though all he wanted was to say yes.

***

Percy was marking some papers, trying not to cry at how stupid his students were. Outside it was dark already since it was autumn, and Percy felt weirdly safe and protected in the warm, bright interior of his classroom. That was, until Jason Grace walked in. Since the time that the kid had tried to kiss him almost two weeks ago Percy made sure to never be alone with just him. Except now they were alone. Percy had no idea why the teen was in school at this time.

“What do you need, Jason?” he asked, forcing his tone to stay neutral even as his hands started to shake. Jason closed the door behind him. Locked it. His eyes were trained on Percy, “Jason,” Percy said as a warning.

“Just hear me out,” Jason said, surprisingly softly. Percy looked away and allowed Jason to speak, “Look. I know this is wrong. I know you’re my teacher. But...I don’t know. I fancy you. That’s pretty obvious, isn’t it?” the blonde laughed nervously, “And I got the memo, okay? You don’t want to...you know. Anything. To do with me. Okay, I get that, and I respect that, it’s just-“

“Jason, just tell me what it is,” Percy couldn’t bear to listen to him anymore, mostly because his heart couldn’t take it. Jason’s shoulders slumped.

“It’s just that I can’t get over you,” he whispered, hands in fists, “I tried. I really did. But you’re just...,” he shook his head, “I don’t know.”

“I don’t know either, Jason,” Percy’s heart ached to reach out to the boy, who looked so heartbroken that it actually hurt, “I don’t know what you want me to do.”

“I want you to let me kiss you.”

Percy turned away, blood rushing to his face, “I-I can’t let you do that-,” Jason strode to him and took his face in his hands. His palms were rough against Percy’s cheeks, “J-Jason!” the teacher grabbed the boy by the wrists, “Stop-“

“You feel something too,” Jason said hoarsely, “or you would’ve reported me by now.”

“I don’t want to ruin your life,” Percy said desperately. Jason leaned in and Percy’s breath caught in his throat. His hands tightened on Jason’s wrists but he didn’t attempt to pull the boy’s hands away from his face. Jason pressed their foreheads together and Percy felt dizzy.

“If you don’t want this,” Jason said softly, breath brushing against Percy’s lips, “If you don’t have any feelings for me...then just push me away. I’ll try my best to get over you if you do.”

Percy looked at him hopelessly. Just do it, he told himself, push him away. It’s not that hard! Just do it!

So Percy did it. He leaned forward and kissed his student. Though at that moment Percy wasn’t thinking about that. Jason was kissing him, his lips were gentle, so were his hands. He wasn’t Jason Grace, the A* student from his class. For that moment he was just a boy, kissing Percy like no tomorrow. And honestly, he was okay with that. If just for that moment.
Percy’s dad didn’t show up again, and the ten year old wasn’t even surprised. He kept glancing at his Nokia, hoping for a call or a text message from Poseidon but no such luck – the man as probably stuck at work again. Percy swallowed nervously and looked up from where he was sitting on the chairs in the waiting room at the door in front of him. It meant that he’d have to get his braces done alone. Percy’s hands started to shake. Most of the time he was a happy-go-lucky, carefree kid who wasn’t scared of much. Except dentists. And now he’d have to face one without his dad’s support.

The bell at the door chimed and a kid walked in. Percy looked up at him, and first noted his uniform, which was different from his. It made sense since Percy didn’t recognise the boy from school. He looked about Percy’s age, with perfectly styled blonde hair and a bored expression on his face. He went up to the receptionist and told her his name (that Percy didn’t catch) and the dark haired boy watched him curiously. Then the new kid came and, ignoring the rest of the empty waiting room, sat down next to Percy.

“Hi,” Percy said, without thinking. The blonde blinked at him, as if surprised that the boy talked to him.

“Hi,” he said, “Why you here?”

“I’m getting braces soon,” Percy said miserably, “You?”

“Getting a tooth pulled out,” the new boy shrugged, putting his backpack on the ground. He offered Percy his hand, “My name’s Jason.”

“Percy,” the boy shook his hand, feeling very grown up, “You alone?”

Jason nodded, almost proudly, “Yeah. It’s just a tooth, no biggie. You as well?” Percy nodded.

“Woah, you’re brave. I wouldn’t want to get my braces done without my parents.”

“No biggie,” Percy lied, because for some stupid reason he wanted to impress Jason. He hid the shaking of his hands by clasping them together, "I'm not getting them just yet,"

“Let’s see your teeth?” Jason asked. Percy clamped his mouth shut, suddenly self conscious about his crooked bottom teeth and shook his head. Jason smiled, “Aw, c’mon. They’re just teeth,” he poked Percy’s arm, “don’t be a pussy.”
Hesitantly Percy opened his mouth. Jason searched his mouth, looking like a scientist calculating something. Then he nodded.

“They’re not that bad.”

“Everyone says that,” Percy rolled his eyes, “But I still have to get them fixed.”

Jason elbowed him playfully, “At least in a few years your teeth will be perfect and you’ll get all the girls.”

“Girls are gross,” Percy made a face. Jason laughed. The door to the dentists opened and a woman walked out, grabbing her handbag and walking out. Seconds later the dreaded doctor, a tall man with long chestnut hair and a white doctor’s jacket, walked out with a clipboard in his hands.

“Mr Percy Jackson?” he asked, looking between the two boys. Percy stood up clumsily.

“T-That’s me,” he said shakily.

“You coming in alone?” the dentist raised an eyebrow. Scared, Percy was about to nod when Jason stood up.

“Actually we’re going in together,” he said, standing next to Percy. The boy felt relief flood him and he looked at Jason with a smile. The blonde grinned at him, “is that okay?”

The dentist looked at the two of them and smiled a knowing, barely there smile, “Yes. That’s okay.”
Nico's POV: He couldn't stop dreaming about Will. He never had sexual thoughts of anyone either...EVER. Not that he disliked the dream. But he kept dreaming a similar dream every night...Will was in bed with him. And so here's the catch...So you know how everyone at CHB wants Solangelo 2 happen?(drew not implied) Well, Clover (son of Hypnos/dream god) teams up with the 7 and they add an empathy link to Will and Nico’s dream...and Will and Nico think it's just a dream them, when really...THEYER SEEING EACHOTHER IN THEIR DREAMS AND THEYER...'doing it' like almost every night...does this make sense?

For Smack-n-Hug uncle rick#can't decide

PIPER

“...And they’re like...sexy dreams,” Nico finished lamely, hands twisting together, “Like you know-“


“Shh!” Nico snapped, “please don’t say it that loud,” his face was adorably red. The girl decided this was a good thing – at least the boy was finally admitting that he fancied the son of Apollo, which everyone at camp knew anyway. But as the girl looked at her fidgeting, uncomfortable friend she knew that no way in hell would he ever go out and actually confess to the other boy. But at least he didn’t think he was asexual anymore, which Piper assumed was good.

“You need to tell him.”

“Oh, yeah, 'cause that’d go great,” Nico rolled her eyes, “Hey Will, how you doing? Oh by the way I’ve been having dreams about you fucking me all the time. Bye,” the boy said sarcastically.

“Fine. Be miserable then,” Piper rolled her eyes and stood up, a plan already forming in her mind. She said her goodbye’s to a depressed Nico and then walked towards the Athena Cabin, smirking. She knocked on the door and waited a few seconds. Malcolm opened the door, glasses pushed up in his hair.

“What’s up, McLean?”

“I need Annabeth.”

“Of course you do,” Malcolm rolled his eyes and then called for his sister. The blonde girl popped up next to him and came out onto the sun-filled path.

“What do you need Pipes?” she asked, giving the girl a quick hug. 
“Remember when you told me about the weird dreams that Will was having about Nico?” Piper asked innocently and Annabeth nodded, “Well, turns out that Nico’s having them as well.”

Annabeth crossed her arms over her chest, “I assume you have a plan?”

“Yes. Come with me to wake up the guys in Hypnos. We’re gonna have to find out something about an empathy link…”

***

NICO

Nico wasn’t even surprised when after he finally fell asleep he found himself in a familiar room that he had visited many times in the past few weeks. The walls were made of glass, giving him a perfect view of a white-sand beach outside, probably somewhere in the Caribbean. He could see palm trees, swaying gently in the evening breeze, and the sea, just a few feet away, the waves breaking over the shore. The beach was huddled protectively by cliffs, the sky a pale blue, streaked by the colours of the setting sun.

In the middle of the room was a massive bed, piled with soft-looking covers and pillows, a canopy rising overhead. The floor was made of white wood, sprayed with red rose petals. Nico had come here a hundred times in his dreams, knew every crease of the covers, and yet now, somehow, everything was sharper, clearer…it almost didn’t feel like a dream.

Nico could smell the rose petals, their sweet aroma floating up to his nose. Underneath them was the gentle scent of the sea, and the salty air that had somehow made it into this secluded cube of glass that was Nico’s sanctuary in his dreams filled with monsters and Tartarus.

And of course, Will was there too. But he was different too.

Normally Will greeted Nico with a soft smile and open arms and he pressed the boy into the blankets and fucked him without question, as if it was common knowledge that the two loved each other. Despite the fact that Nico couldn’t actually feel it, despite the fact that Nico knew Will wasn’t real and that he’d never touch him the way he did in his dreams, he was still glad for them, because they were the only time where he could forget everything bad that happened to him. They were the only place that he didn’t feel painfully lonely.

But this time Will was sharper, just like everything else in the room. And he looked confused, blinking.

“Where are we?” he asked.

“What do you mean?” Nico frowned.

“Is this...is this a dream?” Will asked tentatively. Nico nodded, wondering if Dream-Will was becoming self-aware. But when Nico confirmed that the room was, in fact, not real, Will relaxed and smiled and crossed the room, “So you’re not real?” he asked, taking Nico’s face in his hands and the boy swear he could feel the slightest warmth from his palms. He smiled.

“No, you’re not real.”

“Okay,” Will’s smile grew and he kissed Nico. Nico wished he could feel the boy’s lips on his, wished he could feel the covers below him when his hands tangled in them when Will finally thrust into him, gasping, eyes falling shut. There were gentle touches of sensation somewhere, though Nico couldn’t properly feel them. He could feel the warmth of Will’s body above him, feel the echo of a
touch as his hands skimmed the Italian's body.

“Nico,” Will groaned as he spilled inside the boy and Nico felt dizzy, even though it was just a dream, “Nico.”

Nico wrapped his arms around the boy and pulled him close, wishing, more than ever, that he could feel him against him, that just for the few hours of peace he had from life he could feel safe in the boy's arms. But in the end it was just a dream, no matter how real it felt, and Nico had to wake up.

***

The Italian was practicing sword fighting with Percy in the training room. He was trying to get his frustration out by battering at the older boy, pushing him across the room ferociously, like an angry animal. The boy had woken up from his vivid dream about Will with his shorts wet with cum, and for some reason that pissed him off even more.

He had never thought he'd fall in love with anyone, and certainly never expected to be sexually attracted to anyone. Nico was from a different century, to him sex was a taboo subject, especially sex between two men. What were the chances that a man would fall in love with Nico? The boy was too used to being alone, and honestly he was okay with being an eternal virgin. He hadn't ever thought about anyone sexually either, even when he had fancied Percy...until Will came around, and the dreams started.

“Woah,” Nico knocked Riptide out of Percy’s hands with a particular hard thrust from his sword. The weapon went clattering across the room and Nico and Percy stood, facing each other, panting, “What’s gotten into you today?”

“Nothing,” Nico grumbled, brushing his sweat soaked hair from his forehead.

“You seem annoyed. Is everything okay?”

“It’s fine,” Nico snapped though, of course, it was a lie.

***

“S-Say you love me,” Will whispered shakily against Nico’s shoulder. Nico had lost himself in the dream a little bit and blinked as he continued to ride the other boy, the blonde’s hands brushing down his body. Will looked blissed out, his eyes half-closed, thrusting up into Nico lazily.

“W-What?” Nico didn’t understand why Dream-Will was suddenly asking him this. He whimpered as he slid back onto the man’s cock, because somewhere in the back of his subconscious he could feel it. Will looked like an angel in the evening sunset, his hair glowing like a halo.

“Say you love me,” Will reached up and pulled Nico down, kissing him, “Say it,” he sounded urgent, almost desperate.

“I love you,” Nico said brokenly, kissing Will, “I-I love you s-so much. F-Fuck, I wish this was really you-”

Will grabbed him by the waist and flipped them over, so Nico was on his back, the blonde’s cock still inside him. He thrust into Nico and the Italian held onto him, whimpering. Will looked so real that it was almost scary and when he leaned down to kiss Nico as the son of Hades came, Nico swore he could feel his lips.

***
Nico got distracted while Shadowtravelling from Camp Jupiter. He knew he shouldn’t have, but suddenly, just as he was slipping into the shadows, he remembered Will, and that he’d probably bump into him soon, and that made him think of the super realistic dreams he had been having for the past few weeks and suddenly he was being spat out of the shadows in the Medical Bay, and barrelling right into Will.

“What the-,” the blonde fell into a wall, catching the dizzy Nico.

“S-Shit sorry,” the son of Hades’ head was spinning after the Shadowtravelling and he pulled away. Will was gripping him by his upper arms to steady him and when Nico looked up their faces were inches apart. He felt blood rush to his cheeks and, surprisingly, he found that Will was blushing too, “Sorry,” Nico said again, and Will just stared at him. The image of him in the glass room, eyes dark with lust, flashed in Nico’s mind, and the boy pulled away hurriedly.

“I told you to not Shadowtravel so much!” Will said, clearing his throat and turning to some of his equipment, cleaning it away.

“S-Sorry,” Nico stuttered again. The atmosphere was tense, though Nico didn’t know why. He was always relaxed around the blonde, but of course his dreams came into play. He couldn’t look at Will and not think about the blonde touching him, kissing him...which didn’t explain why Will himself was acting weird, “What is it?”

“What’s what?” the son of Apollo asked hurriedly.

“N-Nothing,” Nico couldn’t stand to be around him any longer – not when he was getting hard just thinking about Will, “I’m g-gonna go now. Bye!” he turned around to run like the coward he was, and probably wank off in his cabin, when Will stopped him.

“Wait,” he asked and Nico looked at him nervously. The nerves caused his hard-on to go down so the Italian turned back around to face Will. The blonde looked uncomfortable, “I...uh...have you- have you been having weird dreams lately?”

Nico’s stomach clenched, “What do you mean ‘weird’ dreams?” he asked faintly. Will shrugged and looked away,

“I-I don’t know...I just...um, I think the Hypnos kids are messing with my dreams.”

“W-Why are you talking to me about it?” Nico thought he was going to be sick.

“I just...look,” Will sighed, “I know this is probably going to freak you out but...I’ve been having sex dreams about you.”

“W-What?” Nico asked, confused, his heart hammering. Will’s face was red and he was staring intently at his shoes,

“It’s...um...it’s always the same thing. We’re in this glass room on a beach, with the sun setting-“

“I’ve been having that dream too,” Nico blurted, as everything clicked into place. Will looked at him, and when their eyes met Nico felt something clench inside him, “I-I think the Hypnos kids made like an empathy link between us or something.”

Will looked uneasy, “Wait. So when I fucked you all those times you could feel it?”

“No,” Nico said, and now it was his turn to look away, “I-I can’t feel it it’s a dream-“
“But you let me do it,” Will still looked confused, “you wanted me to do it.”

“Y-You’re the one who-,”” Nico started and then stopped. It was true and he knew denying it didn’t have a point. Will knew anyway, Nico had been pretty enthusiastic in the dreams. The boy felt sick remembering all the things he did, he said, with who he thought was Dream-Will, “Fuck,” he leaned against the wall and buried his face in his hands trying not to have a panic attack.

“Hey,” Will came to stand in front of him, and he reached out to touch Nico’s shoulder. The boy flinched but Will didn’t back down, “Hey, calm down. It’s not...there’s nothing wrong-“

“Yeah there is,” Nico said hoarsely, “All the things we did-“

“It was still just a dream,” Will was so close that Nico could smell him, feel his warmth. More than anything he wanted to press himself into the boy’s arms and forget everything. You’ve already dug your grave, Nico thought miserably, you might as well lie in it.

“The things I said in the dreams,” the Italian said, not looking at Will, “that I love you a-and...and all the other stuff. I meant it.”

“Nico...,” the way Will said his name made Nico’s heart skip a beat. One of his hands brushed the boy’s hair from his face. What he said next surprised the Italian, “You...you have no idea how badly I wanted to touch you,” the confession shocked Nico enough to look up at Will. The blonde was looking at him with unbearably soft eyes, “in the dreams, I couldn’t properly do it.”

“Will-“

The blonde leaned forward and captured Nico’s lips. The boy let out a little gasp, eyes flying open. Will pressed him against the wall with his body, so hard that Nico almost couldn’t breathe, but he kind of liked it. His arms went around Will’s shoulders, pulling the man close to him. His kiss was rough and hard, and Nico felt every second of it, shivers going down his spine. It was nothing like the dream – it was so much better.

“Fuck,” Will pulled back an inch to press his and Nico’s foreheads together, “your lips are so fucking soft.”


“Well, I am,” Will kissed him again, like he couldn’t get enough.
Spirits in My Head

Can you do one about a highschool AU with Leo x Nico? Nico's a blind student and secret exorcist who only talks with his sister Hazel (for he doesn't know which voice belongs to a real person and which one belongs to a ghost or, worse, demon except Hazel's). Leo, an ordinary boy secretly holding the curse of pyrokinesis (according to him), finds Nico talking to himself alone in the schoolyard and hears Nico whisper a place (park, a house, sealed room...anywhere) that's rumoured to be haunted and grows curious. At night, Leo goes there and finds Nico, with a big dog by his side and a walking cane in his hand, talking to the air which slowly materializes into a demonic figure. The exorcism goes bad and Leo saves Nico with his gift/curse.

For yoyo

Nico was sitting by himself, as always. It was a good thing – he hated people, their voices merging into one into his head. It was hard to focus on someone, actually hear them, when you couldn’t put a face to the voice you were hearing.

Nico was born blind, and maybe that was for the better, because he didn’t miss what he didn’t have. Of course, there were times that he wished he had the gift of sight, as he called it, though instead he got another gift. The gift to hear ghosts and demons, and the power to exorcise them. Even now, as the boy sat in the corner of the field behind the school, picking at his sandwich, he could hear them.

“Why am I dead?!” a voice demanded, so close to Nico’s ear that the boy would’ve shivered if he felt their breath. Though of course there was no breath, because there was no mouth, because all there was, was a voice, a detached echo of someone with unfinished business. Unfinished business that Nico couldn’t help with; if he tried to aid every troubled ghost the seventeen year old would never actually live. Not that he was living, after all he always had one foot firmly in the spirit world. It was weird to him that even though he dealt with the supernatural every day he still had to do mundane things like eat or go to school, “Please!” the voice called again, “Tell me why I’m dead!”

Nico didn’t reply. That did the trick after a while – the ghosts just drifted away, and Nico would get some peace. Maybe ‘peace’ wasn’t the best way to describe it since the voices were always present at the back of his head, like a buzzing of a beehive, all the troubled dead people that ever walked
cramped onto such a small space as Earth. Nico’s sandwich tasted like ash as he listened to the voice scream at him, asking why it had died. When it started to quieten Nico leaned against the tree he was sitting by and sighed. Sometimes he was glad he couldn’t see the spirits – hearing them was bad enough, but to see their twisted, mutilated bodies...Nico shuddered at the thought.

Mrs O’Leary licked his hand, as if sensing his anxiety and the boy smiled, reaching out to the familiar warmth and sinking his hand into the dog’s fur. She was his one constant companion, always at his side, no matter if he had to face demons, ghosts, or annoying highschoolers.

“Oh God,” someone sobbed to the side and Nico jolted. He couldn’t tell if they were a real person or a ghost, so he assumed it was a ghost, “Oh my G-God my hands!” the person wailed, “My body! Why is it burned??”

Nico wished he could block out the voices of the dead.

“Nico,” her voice broke through the clatter around Nico. The boy smiled and turned his head where she was approaching from. He knew her footsteps, the way she walked, the way the leaves crunched underneath her shoes.

“Hazel,” his sister was the only person Nico talked to because her voice was the only distinct one enough to him that he could distinguish it from the dead or the living. The girl sat down on Nico’s right, her lips brushing against the boy’s cheek. Hazel was the last person Nico had in the world; their parents were dead, the rest of their family too. The two of them were alone in the world, having only each other. But Nico knew that Hazel walked firmly on the ground even though she believed in the spirits. She didn’t have Nico’s gifts and curses, she was ordinary, the way Nico wished he could be, “How are you?”

“Eh, I’m okay,” Nico sensed her shrug, “My chemistry teacher got annoyed at me because I knew the textbook better than her.”

“That’s my girl,” Nico smiled, “Don’t worry, a few more years and you’re out and then you won’t have to worry about stupid chemistry teachers.”

“Yeah. I can’t wait,” Hazel leaned her head on Nico’s shoulder, her hair tickling Nico’s chin, “And then freedom. What about you? How was your day?”

“Same as always,” Nico said. He didn’t go to lessons, couldn’t bear to since he couldn’t concentrate on the teachers anyway, not with all the victims of the school shooting of ’98 shouting over each other. Instead he worked in isolation, slowly and methodically getting through his A Levels, “I won’t be home until late tonight.”

Hazel sat up, “Why? Are you going on a hunt again?”

“Yes.”

“Where to this time?”

“Warehouse in Birmingham.”

“Woah, that’s far!” Hazel protested, “Are you sure-“

“I’ll be fine,” Nico petted Mrs O’Leary’s head, “they’ve got a bad case of demons there and have asked me to come. I can’t leave them.”

Hazel sighed, “I wish you didn’t do this.”
“Hey, c’mon,” Nico poked his sister playfully, sensing that she was upset. In the background someone was screaming, probably re-living their death, “I’m the Ghost Whisperer.”

***

It was dark, but to Nico it was always dark so it didn’t make any difference. He was in the warehouse in Birmingham, alone save for Mrs O’Leary who was growling lowly in her throat, unsettled ever since they got off the train. When Nico’s gloved hand reached down to touch her in comfort he felt how tense she was — the demon was close.

The air in the warehouse was considerably colder than outside, despite it being summer. Nico’s exposed skin on his face pricked with the temperature change and his hand tightened on his Stygian Iron sword. Nico had gotten it a long time ago from a mentor long dead now; the one thing that could banish demons, its blade blessed in the Vatican with holy water. A cross, a bible, a few words in the ancient tongue did the trick with malicious ghosts but Demons were harder. And one of them was here now. Nico could smell the stench of sulphur wafting in, the stench of the Otherworld. A rip in the matter had caused a portal to appear close by, and the Demon to get through. Nico would have to expel the thing and then close the doors.

“Get it away!” a voice wailed close by, echoing off the warehouse walls, “What is it?! Stop! Get it away!” It was hysterical. Nico could feel the air vibrating, and it wasn’t because of Mrs O’Leary. Someone was screaming, someone crying. There were ghosts rooted to the warehouse. Nico could imagine them, standing helplessly like sentient trees, unable to pick their feet up. And among them prowled the predator, the demon. Nico’s hand tightened on his sword and he relied on all his senses, except eyesight, to locate the creature. He felt a pull of darkness and reluctantly followed it — he had to be careful to not get pulled in too far.

“Mercy!” someone shrieked while someone else prayed feverishly in a language that Nico couldn’t understand. He could sense the presence of the spirits but he ignored them as he pushed through the sea of apparitions that he couldn’t see anyway, towards the source of evil.

“Pater noster qui es in coelis,” Nico began chanting, softly under his breath, feeling more drawn to the darkness in front of him, “sanctificetur nomen tuum....,” he knew that the demon had sensed him when the spirits surrounding them started to all wail at once. Nico could sense the power of the creature, but his own power started to grow too. The air chilled even more but Nico didn’t care. He was in his own bubble now, “adveniat regnum tuum, fiat voluntas tua,” he could feel the brush of the spirits against his skin as they parted to let him to the demon, who Nico knew was waiting for him, “sicut in coelo et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidiam da nobis hodie,” he raised his sword. It was as if, in the mind of his eye, he could see the monster in front of him, feel its hatred beaming at him. He felt power surge through him as he advanced, the air quivering, “et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem sed libera nos a malo....,” the monster was inches away, snarling. Nico knew the precise moment when it leapt at him, felt the shift in the wind. He raised his Black Stygian sword and the creature slammed into it, the blade passing through its devious body, “Amen.”

***

The air in the little isolation classroom was still and peaceful as always, save for two ghosts, one whispering to itself softly, one whistling a tune that sounded like it came from the war. Nico was finishing reading his book for English Lit, his fingers skimming over the words written in Braille, when suddenly the door opened.

“...I swear to God it wasn’t me!” the new voice exploded so suddenly that Nico flinched. He swallowed and tried to pinpoint if it was a spirit or a real person but his anxiety wasn’t helping, “I
don’t even have a lighter on me!”

“The desk didn’t set itself on fire, Mr Valdez,” another voice snapped, then the door slammed closed. Nico’s heart thundered in his chest, hands clenching on his book.

“Fucks sake,” the new voice growled. Nico didn’t why he was trembling, didn’t know what was different, until suddenly he realised. The newcomer was swearing to himself and the other two spirits had grown silent. Not only that; Nico couldn’t feel their presence anymore, and that was...insane. That never happened, not completely, “Sorry,” the voice spoke and Nico flinched, “am I making too much noise?”

“I-It’s fine,” Nico whispered.

“I...uh...you’re Nico di Angelo, right?” he asked.

“Um...yes.”

“My name’s Leo Valdez,” he sounded like he was expecting something and then suddenly let out an awkward laugh, “Sorry. Forgot you’re blind and was offering you my hand.”

“So you’re real then?” Nico blurted before he could stop himself. Leo paused.

“What?”


***

Nico was sitting beneath his favourite tree. He couldn’t eat, just listened to the voices of the dead bombard him with information. There was a stirring among them, and Nico tried to pick out what was actually happening from the ramble of voices that were shouting at him.

“...Demon in the warehouse!”

“...powerful...”

“Central London-“

“...The House of Hades-“

“Wrecking havoc!”

“Stealing souls-“

“House of Hades?” Nico repeated, almost to himself. And suddenly the voices grew silent, as if someone turned them off. His skin tingling, Nico felt them melt away and he was in blissful peace for a moment.

“Hey!” the voice startled him. Leo. “Nico, right?” Nico was tense as he felt the boy sit down next to him. At least he thought that he was a boy...he could've been a powerful ghost, or a demon, or something like that, and for some reason Nico couldn’t tell.

“Hello.”

“I was wondering if you mind If I eat lunch with you?” Leo asked cheerfully, “I noticed you haven’t eaten for a few days-“
“You...noticed me?” Nico asked in disbelief. Another weird thing was that Mrs O’Leary, who was napping against Nico’s side, didn’t react to the newcomer. She didn’t even acknowledge him, completely relaxed.

“Yeah, course,” Leo laughed, “We’re isolation buddies. Friends. Want a tortilla?”

“Can you...” Nico swallowed, feeling his heart pounding. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before, “Can...s-sorry, this will probably sound weird. Can you touch me?”

“Touch you how?” Leo sounded confused.

“It doesn’t matter. Just touch my face or something.”

When he felt fingers against his cheek Nico flinched. He hadn’t expected Leo to actually be...real. He kind of thought he had made the boy up, but the warm, gentle hand pressed against his cheek couldn’t be his imagination. With a shaky breath Nico reached up and placed his hand on top of Leo’s.

“Sorry,” he whispered, “It’s...it’s weird when you can’t see anything-“

“It’s okay,” Leo said gently. Nico wasn’t one for metaphors but if he had to say that Leo sounded like something, he’d say melted chocolate, warm and smooth, “Here,” Leo pulled his hand away from Nico’s cold cheek and grabbed the hand that had just been on top of his. He placed it on top of his head and Nico’s fingers sunk into the soft curls, “Just touch my face, figure out what I look like.”

Nico swallowed. He wasn’t used to having conversations, or human contact. The only person he ever interacted with was Hazel, but he could feel that there was something different about Leo. Normally Leo would pull his hand back and avoid all human contact, but this time he just nervously ran his fingers through the boy’s curls, brushing them. He could feel the sun on his face as his hands slid down Leo’s face, pulse quickening. Nico felt his smooth forehead, his eyebrows (which Leo wriggled), brushed over his closed eyelids and felt the boy’s eyelashes fluttering against his fingers.

“What colour are you eyes?” Nico asked.

“Brown.”

“Oh,” Nico’s hands went lower, sliding down Leo’s nose, over his cheeks. When Nico reached the boy’s lips he hesitated.

“It’s okay,” Leo murmured, breath brushing against Leo’s fingers. Nico didn’t know why it felt so intimate when he barely even knew Leo. He skimmed his fingers over the boy’s lip, ignoring his heartbeat. His hands came back up to touch Leo’s ears. They were a little pointed.

Nico pulled back, clearing his throat. He could tell he was blushing, “Right. Thank you.”

“So,” Leo said casually, “you said something about the House of Hades? Don’t tell me you’re one of those thrill seekers that goes there to find ghosts. That place is seriously haunted.”

“I don’t need to find ghosts,” Nico said. They’re the ones who find me.

***

Leo was intrigued by Nico. And attracted to him. And the House of Hades thing wouldn’t stop irking him to the point when on Friday night he shrugged on his jacket and sneaked out of the window. He didn’t know what he was planning to do – stop Nico? – but all he knew was that he
wanted to protect the boy. He looked so shy and vulnerable every time Leo talked to him...and Leo kind of liked that. He kind of liked him.

But there was something different about him as well, just like with Leo. The Latino felt that maybe Nico would be able to help him figure out what kept happening to him, why everything around him sometimes spontaneously combusted into flames.

But he never expected to find this.

Leo had always been a stupidly brave and curious person. So when he went outside the House of Hades, an old cottage standing just outside the city where a hundred years ago a man called Hades supposedly opened a portal to hell and disappeared, and found nothing but trees swaying in the wind and windows barred with wood, he couldn’t help but go inside the ruined shack.

Of course he felt freaked out – after all it was a haunted house! But Leo always had a bit of an obsession with the supernatural and the dirty, crumbling structure of the cottage was pulling him inside. When he walked in the dusty interior his skin started to crawl. The room he was in was abandoned and empty, the walls streaked with dirt that was hard to see in the night. Leo stood and listened, and started to get seriously creeped out at the silence. He turned back to the door to leave as fast as he could and forget the whole thing when suddenly he heard it. A soft voice coming from the other room, sounding like a prayer, but in a different language.

Swallowing his fear Leo hesitantly crept across the old floorboard to the gaping black mouth that was the doorway to the second room, though he hesitated in the shadows, praying that the voice didn’t belong to Hades himself. Then his breath caught in his throat.

Standing in the middle of the room was Nico, his dog at his side, growling, the boy’s dark, unseeing eyes weirdly focused on the...thing shifting in front of him. It looked like smoke, but smoke as dark as night, constantly changing, uneasy, with two glowing white eyes full of such hatred that Leo felt his heart clench. The thing looked like it was struggling with something, though there was nothing there but Nico, holding a black, gleaming sword, and whispering his prayer.

Leo couldn’t breathe.

The thing’s eyes snapped to him and suddenly the walls were rumbling. Everything happened at once; a chunk of the ceiling crumbled to the ground, the creature roared. Nico cried out as his sword was pulled from his hand by an invisible force. He fell to his knees, clutching his head and the monster broke free of its invisible confines. It seemed to absorb the shadows around it and made straight for Nico.

Leo reacted faster than he thought he might. His blood was suddenly burning with the need to protect Nico. It was an instinct. The boy thrust out a hand and suddenly a coil of fire sprung from his arm. Leo felt a tug at his stomach as the fire went from his body, enveloping the demon in a cocoon of fire. The thing let out a terrible wail, and suddenly Leo was facing a wall of fire, though he couldn’t feel the heat. He ran to Nico, still slumped on the ground, and with a strength he didn’t know he had he hauled him to his feet, picking up his sword with his free hand. Adrenaline gave him the power to drag Nico through the two rooms as the cottage stood in flames, Mrs O’Leary following, barking, and then the three of them were spilling out into the field outside. Leo made it to the first trees and then both of them collapsed onto the grass.

Leo laid and tried to catch his breath and understand what just happened. Smoke was darkening the night sky, the flames climbing high, but they were safe.

“Leo,” Nico whispered. The Latino sat up from where he had collapsed, his world spinning, his
limbs heavy as adrenaline seeped out of him, “What did you do?”

“I-I don’t know,” Leo said uneasily, looking at the boy sprawled next to him, “But...wait. What was that thing?’”

Nico sighed and opened his eyes. His skin was pale, a smudge of something dark against his cheek, hair dishevelled. Leo suddenly wanted nothing more than to pull the weakened boy into his arms and keep him safe.

“That was a demon.”

Leo listened intently as Nico explained about him and his exorcism, and about how he could hear ghosts, his mouth open. Then the dark haired boy was sitting up.

“Up until now,” he continued, eyes looking somewhere far away and not seeing, “Nothing blocked out the noises of the ghosts. They were constantly with me, begging me, nagging at me. Sex...sex was the only thing that muffled them. Until you came along,” his eyes slid over Leo, and the boy shivered at the feeling. In the back, the house burned, making the sky glow, “You made them shut up. All of them. I can’t hear them when I’m with you.”

“Not at all?” Leo asked, feeling weirdly calm about the whole thing, as if he expected Nico to tell him that he was a ghost buster. Nico shook his head and Leo tried to comprehend why he had all these strong feelings for this guy he barely knew. Like seriously, the two knew each other for a week, but Leo wanted nothing more than to stay at Nico’s side and make sure the boy was okay.

“So thank you for that,” Nico said hoarsely.

“Oh...it’s no problem,” Leo laughed uneasily. Nico cleared his throat. His dog was prancing around the field, carefree, as the demon house burned.

“Look,” Nico spoke again, “Feel free to say no but...I was just wondering if...you don’t want to like...partner up or something? It’s just that I haven’t had some peace and quiet in a very, very long time and...well, you literally make everything go away. So if there’s anything you want, anything I could do to make you stay with me,” Nico looked determined, “I’ll do it.”

Leo’s mouth felt dry, and God knows why he asked his question, “Remember...uh, remember when we were under that tree and I let you touch me to figure out what I kind of looked like?” Nico nodded, “Yeah. I’d like to do that to you?”

“Touch my face?” Nico frowned. Leo nodded and then remembered that the boy couldn’t see.

“Yeah.”

“Alright,” Nico nodded, “Would you like to do it now?”

Leo’s eyes widened as he glanced at the house, falling in on itself, still ablaze, “Right now?” he asked, and Nico nodded again, “O-Okay.”

He shuffled over so he was sitting opposite the exorcist on the grass, their knees touching. Nico didn’t look scared and he didn’t jump when Leo placed a hand on top of his head. With his heart in his throat Leo slid his fingers through the boy’s dark hair, down his face, his cute button nose, his dark eyes, his plump lips. But Leo couldn’t bring himself to stop there, because there was a sudden warmth coursing through his body. His hands trailed down Nico’s neck and the boy shivered, though didn’t push the Latino away or ask him to stop.
When his hands reached Nico’s shoulders Leo found the courage to lean forward and place a kiss on top of the boy’s head, heart pounding.

“What are you doing?” Nico asked shakily.

“What I was just doing,” Leo mumbled, “but with my mouth,” Nico didn’t say anything else so hesitantly Leo pressed a kiss to the boy’s forehead. Then one on each eyelid, feeling the boy’s blind eyes fluttering beneath. His nose, his cheek. Leo had no idea why he was doing this, he just knew that it felt nice. His hands trailed lower as he kissed all over Nico’s face, brushing across the boy’s abs.

“Leo,” the boy had time to say before Leo kissed him. It was harder than he intended, the kiss, that is, and Nico accidentally fell backwards against the grass with Leo on top of him. The boy held himself up as he kissed Nico, his hand slipping underneath his shirt. Nico’s arms wound themselves around Leo’s neck without protest, and he pulled him closer, kissing him back. It was weird how much he trusted the Latino.

“Nico-,” Leo started, voice hushed and rough.

“Shhh,” Nico pulled him down, cradling his face in his hands. He didn’t close his eyes when they kissed, because he couldn’t see anything anyway. For some reason Leo’s heart couldn’t take it. He kissed the boy’s eyelids again.

“You’re beautiful,” he murmured. Nico pressed their foreheads together, and there was a happiness in his blind eyes.

“So are you,” he whispered.
Percy/Leo where they are roommates and Leo starts to date guys and make out with them very heavily on the couch and Percy starts to feel jealous but mistakes it for homophobia until Annabeth tell him he's an idiot and then Leo and him have sex (Leo bottoming) for Alexandra

Percy opened the door to the flat and fought his annoyance. He wasn’t an easily irritable person...actually he was pretty chill about pretty much everything, which is why he didn’t understand why Leo making out with some guy on the couch was pissing him off...and this served to just further annoy him.

It was just...frustrating, Percy supposed, because Leo kept doing it. Even now as Percy walked into the living room the two didn’t stop. Tonight it was a whole different guy, dark hair, a body that basically covered Leo’s, though that didn’t really take much since Percy’s roommate was tiny. Leo was sprawled on the couch, one leg hanging off the side, the other one wrapped around the older guy’s waist. They were full out making out, to the point where Percy could see their tongues twisting together. He fought the urge to turn away in disgust. Another thing that annoyed him was the fact that the stranger was pinning Leo’s wrists down to the couch in some display of dominance or some dumb shit.

Percy slammed the door closed behind him and Leo broke away from the lip-lock. He grinned at Percy and the boy’s stomach twisted in, what he assumed, was disgust at how fucking dishevelled Leo looked. Percy felt his blood pressure rise.

“Hey, Perce,” Leo said cheerfully. His partner didn’t acknowledge Percy, his lips latching themselves onto Leo’s neck like some kind of squid.

“I told you to stop making out with guys on the couch,” Percy snapped. Leo raised an eyebrow.

“Would you prefer it’d be girls?” he asked innocently. Percy couldn’t help but think that the guy was doing a shit job at whatever he was doing, since Leo wasn’t even breathless. If I was kissing him I’d do it so he couldn’t even speak, Percy thought and then immediately flinched in disgust. He angrily threw his bag to the side.

“That’s not what I meant,” he snapped, “you have a room for a reason.”

Leo rolled his eyes and pushed the guy away, “Let’s cut this meeting short,” he said, standing up and straightening out his t-shirt, “thanks for coming. See you ‘round campus...uh...”

“Marcus,” the guy said in annoyance. Leo waved him off,


Angrily, the guy stormed out, slamming the door. Leo sighed and stretched his arms over his head.
Percy glared at him.

“What’s gotten into you today?” Leo raised an eyebrow.

“You’re pissing me off,” he said, “you have a fucking bed use it.”

Leo smirked, “I only do shit on the bed with people I care about.”

“Then why bother bringing random guys home?”

“Careful there, Percy,” Leo’s smirk grew, “or it’ll sound like your jealous.”

“What?!” Percy spluttered, making sure that his disgust was clear, “Fuck off, I’m not gay! I don’t care if you are but don’t just assume I am too-“

“Percy,” Leo said, the smile melting from his face, “I was kidding,” he turned on his heel and started walking to his bedroom, “Talk to me when you get that stick out of your ass. I’d like my best friend back, please and thankyou.”

***

It was Sunday morning. Sunday morning usually meant that Percy was back in his bed at home, visiting his mom for the weekend. However Sally and Paul had gone away for a little holiday so Percy opted to stay at Uni and catch up on some work. And sleep. Which was why he didn’t understand why he was waking up at ten in the morning (early for him) to the sound of moans.

For a minute his sleep-addled brain didn’t put two and two together and he frowned as the summer sun reflected off his pale pillows, wondering if he was having some weird sex dream. And then he remembered that the walls in the Uni flat were very thin. And that the moans were Leo’s.

Percy had never heard Leo moan, so he didn’t know why his brain automatically told him it was the boy. That’s the only rational explanation! Percy told himself quickly as he scrambled out of bed, naked, pulling on a pair of sweatpants, he lives here!

Percy spilled out into the corridor. Here the moans were louder and Percy realised that they were irregular, breathy, almost helpless. He decided that the knot in his stomach was anger and disgust and the warmth flowing through him was due to the fact that he was pissed that Leo was waking him up. He couldn’t remember exactly when the Latino started bringing boys home. It was every few weeks at first, and Percy was happy for him, but then it got more regular, and more in-his-face and it wasn’t that Percy was homophobic, it was just that the PDA was making him seriously annoyed and pissed off. Especially since the couch was his as well.

“Leo!” Percy yelled, stampeding into the living-room. Percy and his new guy pulled away from each other’s lips to look at him. Leo’s eyes were half-lidded, cheeks flushed, lips swollen. The oversized t-shirt he slept in was slipping off one tanned shoulder, and there was a line of uneven hickeys up his neck. He was straddling the guy below him, some tanned, raven-haired surfer dude, naked thighs on either side of the guy, hands thrown carelessly around his shoulders. Why am I noticing all these dumb details?! Percy thought, almost hysterically. Then his eyes slid lower. He saw the stranger’s hard-on. He saw his hands gripping Leo’s ass. Percy saw red, “What did I fucking tell you?” he seethed.

“Are you gonna cockblock me again?” Leo asked, rolling his eyes.

“You have a bed!” Percy said angrily, fighting the irrational urge to bat the stranger’s hands away from Leo’s ass. He was just protective over his best friend.
“You wanna fuck?” the stranger looked up at Leo and smirked, “’cause I can do you on the bed. Or in the bathroom. Or the kitchen counter if your roomie doesn’t mind.”

Percy tried his hardest not to punch the prick, “His roomie does mind,” he growled, “Bed or get the fuck out.”

Leo sighed and slid off the guy’s lap, “We’ll go with option two.”

“ Seriously?” the guy pouted, “Are you actually gonna give me blueballs now, Valdez?”

Percy rubbed the bridge of his nose, “Please leave.”

The guy huffed, grabbed his stuff and left while Leo wandered into the kitchen, casually, as if he didn’t care that he just looked like he got fucked by someone. Percy tried to keep his anger at bay as he followed him.

“Are you doing it on purpose?” he asked as the Latino stared to prepare coffee. He had to stand on his tiptoes to reach the mugs and Percy caught himself staring at his ass that was peeking out from his shorts, and his long, tanned legs. It’s cause the guy was groping him, he told himself.

“Doing what?”

“Bringing guys back and doing shit with them on the couch?” Percy demanded, “’cause you know it annoys me.”

Leo sighed, “Not everything’s about you, amigo. Besides it’s just kissing.”

“Oh?” Percy huffed, leaning against the counter as Leo switched the kettle on, “It didn’t sound like just kissing. Fuck, could you at least be quieter when I sleep?”

“Sorry,” Leo shrugged. Percy slammed his hand on the counter, and Leo flinched, dropping the tin of tea, and spilling teabags everywhere. Percy honestly didn’t mean to scare him but he was just so frustrated with how the boy was behaving.

“I respect you,” he growled, “Why can’t you respect me too and stop doing shit on the couch. I really don’t want to see it.”

Leo’s eyes dropped to the ground, “Yeah. Okay. Sorry.”

He left the kitchen before the water was ready, leaving Percy behind with the teabags, feeling guilty.

***

Annabeth came to pick Percy up from his mom’s a day early. It’s been two weeks since Percy’s little ‘explosion’ and Leo had basically been avoiding him, which was hard since they lived together. Being away at his mom’s made Percy realise that he fucked up and needed to apologise, which was why he called his ex and best friend to come get him.

“It’s just...,” Percy sighed, hand out of the window of the car as they sped down the sun-lit roads, “he keeps doing it, y’know? Like I told him to stop doing it on the couch and he just won’t...”

“Why do you care so much?” Annabeth glanced at Percy from behind the wheel, sunglasses up in her hair, “It’s not like he’s ever done anything more than make out right? So there’s not gonna be any stains on the couch or anything.”

“Yeah I know but I don’t want to see it,” Percy snapped, rubbing a hand down his face, “Shit, I’m so
annoyed and just...ticked off all the time because of that. Like I’m scared to go into my own living room because I think he might be there with some new dude."

“What do you feel when you see Leo with other guys?” Annabeth asked casually. Percy frowned.

“Uh...pissed off? That he’s on my couch?”

“So you don’t want to see it, huh?”

“Not ‘cause I’m homophobic!” Percy said hurriedly, then bit his lip, “Shit, wait, am I homophobic? Oh my God, I don’t want to be! Fuck!” the boy buried his face in his hands and Annabeth snorted, “This isn’t funny, Annie. Every time I see him with some dude my stomach gets all knotted up and I feel sick and I just wanted to throw whoever he’s hooking up with out—"

“But you’re not that way with Will and Nico,” Annabeth interrupted. Percy frowned.

“Yeah but...that’s Will and Nico,” he said lamely, “That’s different.”

“Percy,” Annabeth said softly, pulling into the parking lot outside Percy’s flat. She switched the engine and turned to the boy with soft eyes, “You’re not homophobic.”

“Okay, good,” Percy relaxed.

“And you’re not mad at Leo because he’s doing shit with guys on the couch,” the girl continued, “You’re mad because he’s doing shit with guys. Period.”

Percy frowned, “I’m not gay. I don’t like him.”

“It sounds like you’re jealous,” Annabeth said sincerely, “which means you’re an idiot because he’s clearly doing stuff in plain view to get a reaction out of you, and you’re too stupid to notice,” she sighed, “or I could be wrong. Whatever. Do what you thinks right.”

***

Percy was terrified when he walked back into his flat. Not only terrified of finding Leo on the couch with another guy, but also of his own feelings. The more he thought about what Annabeth told him the more it made sense. Percy found himself checking out Leo more and more, and as much as he hated to admit it, he thought the boy was hot. Like really hot. Like fuck, he was so beautiful and hot but that didn’t mean Percy was gay!

“Leo?” he called nervously as he ventured into the flat, hesitantly. The radio was on in the living room which meant Leo was home. Percy winced when he stepped into the wretched room, but when his eyes landed on the couch he saw that it was empty. He sighed with relief as the music continued to blare and dumped his back on the ground, “Leo!” he yelled, making for the boy’s bedroom, “Look I’m sorry about-” he pushed open the door without knocking because they never knocked and froze.

Leo was in bed with someone. Not like in in bed, he wasn’t having sex. Just making out. As always. With a dark haired stranger. On the bed. Percy felt sick, but Annabeth’s words echoed in his head and now he knew it wasn’t disgust. It was hurt, and anger, and jealousy and protectiveness and want and love.

“Percy,” Leo sat up, though the other guy didn’t get off him, continuing to grope him, “You’re back early-—"
“Please tell me that’s not your boyfriend,” the stranger grumbled, finally pulling away and glancing between Leo and Percy.

“No, no, he’s not,” the Latino said hurriedly. Percy’s hand tightened on the doorknob.

“Great. Get out,” the stranger threw over his shoulder, turning back to Leo. Percy literally saw red. He stormed into the bedroom and grabbed the stranger by the back of his shirt. Hauling him backwards off the bed, “What the-“

“Get the fuck out of my flat,” Percy growled, dragging the guy out. He struggled but couldn’t free himself from Percy’s grip. The boy shoved him outside the door and then slammed it in his face, before storming back to Leo while he still had momentum. The Latino was still sitting on top of his blankets, dishevelled and messy, looking shocked.

“What the fuck?” he asked faintly.

“I should be asking that question,” Percy snapped, “You said you only brought guys you cared about to bed!”

“Yeah, well maybe I liked him,” Leo sighed, rubbing his forehead, “fuck, why do you care anyway? I’m off the damned couch so-“

“Fuck the couch. Fuck this,” Percy was getting more and more angry...but with himself, “Why did you bring that guy in here?! What was so special about him?!“

“What is your problem?” Leo demanded, “anything I do you get mad at-“

“Not everything! I just want to know why you had all the other guys on the couch and brought this one back here?! Were you going to fuck him?? Shit, tell me you weren’t going to fuck him!” Percy was so lost in his words that he didn’t notice the tears that sprung to Leo’s eyes, “why the fuck was he in here, Leo?! It’s not like you cared or you would’ve stopped me from kicking him out so tell me why the fuck he was here-“

“He looked like you!” Leo yelled and Percy’s anger evaporated in a split second, replaced by shock. Leo was staring at him with big, wet eyes and then a tear rolled down his cheek. He brushed it back angrily and sniffled, clearly trying not to cry, “he looked like you,” he repeated softly, and then laughed bitterly, “They all fucking looked like you. Well, no, not really like you. But they had dark hair and blue e-eyes and...and I thought – hey since you’ll never actually touch me, then maybe I’ll just get it over with and lose my virginity to someone who at least fucking looks like you,” a sob spilled from Leo’s mouth and he collapsed back onto his pillows, throwing an arm over his eyes, “Pretty fucked up a-aren’t I?”

“How...,” Percy swallowed, “Why did you think I’d never touch you?”

“I brought all those guys home – all the guys I didn’t care about – and made out with them in plain sight to see if I could literally force you to be jealous. But you made it pretty clear that you find me disgusting s-so...”

Percy couldn’t take it. Leo was crying because of him, and that fucking broke his heart. Percy decided to leave his fury and confusion and fear at the doorstep to the room and he closed the door, walking over to Leo’s bed. He sat down on the edge and Leo moved his arm to look at him tiredly.

“You can’t fix this, Perce,” he said weakly, “you can’t fix us.”

Percy reached out and brushed his fingers over the fading hickeys on Leo’s neck.
“I can’t believe I let all those guys touch you,” he said softly, “and didn’t do anything.”

“What?” Leo whispered, eyes still full of tears.

“I should’ve made those,” Percy murmured. He didn’t even know what he was saying, all he knew was that his heart was aching and that he needed to make everything okay, “I should’ve been the one kissing you all those times. Fuck,” he leaned forward and rested his forehead against Leo’s shoulder, “I’m such a damn idiot.”

“I can’t tell if you’re being serious right now,” Leo said quietly. Percy climbed between the boy’s legs and, ignoring the shock on the Latino’s face, placed his hands on either side of the boy’s head.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” Percy asked. Normally he’d crack a joke, but this wasn’t normal, this was different, different for him and Leo.

“What do you want from me?” Leo whispered and Percy was scared because the boy still looked like he would cry.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” Percy murmured, kissing the Latino’s forehead, “Let me make up to you.”

"Percy you’re straight.”

Percy kissed him, as if to challenge what he just said. He didn’t realise how frustrated and desperate he had been to kiss the boy until their lips met and then Percy was cradling Leo’s face in his hands, pressing him down into the pillows and kissing him like no tomorrow, all tongue and teeth and heat.

At first all Leo did was allow him to kiss him, to explore his mouth, but then he started to kiss back, hesitantly, as if scared that Percy would pull away and say it was all a prank.

Percy broke away from the boy’s lips and started kissing down his neck, determined to wipe away all memory of the guys before him. He sucked on Leo’s tanned skin, nipping, kissing, and that was when he realised that Annabeth was really right. Touching Leo in this way...it didn’t disgust Percy. The opposite really; it kind of turned him on.

“I don’t know what to do,” Percy admitted, looking up at Leo, “Until very recently I’ve been convinced that I’m straight so-”

Leo tugged him back up and kissed him, “Do you actually want to have sex with me?” he asked. Percy nodded, looking down at the flushed, tousled boy. I did that, he thought proudly, brushing Leo’s curls from his forehead, “I-I’ll talk you through it-“

“You just told me you’re a virgin,” Percy frowned. Leo shrugged and looked away,

“I don’t know what I’m doing.”

Percy sighed and sat back, “And what are you doing? What are we doing?”
“For fucks sake,” Leo sat up too, and he looked pissed, “You’re the one who kissed me,” he snapped, “I don’t fucking get you. Do you want to have sex with me or not because I’m getting mixed signals here—“

“It’s just so confusing,” Percy growled in annoyance, “You’re confusing.”

Leo grabbed his face suddenly, forcing Percy to look at him, “Percy. I want you to fuck me,” Percy’s stomach tightened, “What’s so fucking confusing about that?”

“I thought I was straight,” Percy said.

“There’s nothing wrong with being gay. Or bi. Or whatever you are,” Leo said.

“I don’t think that’s it,” Percy said softly, “I don’t...I’ve never been attracted to guys. Like ever. Except...except I am to you. Attracted, that is.”

“Stop fucking talking,” Leo moved forward so he was straddling Percy’s lap. The dark haired boy swallowed, resting his hands hesitantly on Leo’s hips. Because of this position Leo was slightly taller than Percy and he cradled the taller boy’s face in his hands again, “It’s just sex, Percy.”

The boy didn’t think either of them believed it but he didn’t protest as Leo slid their lips together again. His mouth was hot against Percy’s as they kissed, and the boy’s hands slid over the Latino’s back. His skin was hot too, and smooth, and soft. The boy shivered in Percy’s lap, kissing him open mouthed.

“Tell me what to do,” Percy whispered, kissing along his jaw-line. Leo’s hands tightened in his shirt.

“Take it off,” he mumbled. Percy did so, hurriedly, and kissed the Latino, letting his hands explore his body. When he pressed closer they were chest-to-chest, skin to skin, and Percy felt his cock hardening in his pants. He was definitely not straight, but he didn’t care right now. His hands went down to Leo’s ass and he kneaded the flesh in his hands, the way the guy had a few weeks ago. Leo whimpered and Percy felt his jealousy flare up again when he thought about the guys that touched his Leo.

He pushed the boy back down onto the pillows, covering him protectively with his body.

“What now?” he whispered, kissing underneath the boy’s ear. He bit his earlobe and the boy squirmed, hand tightening in Percy’s hair.

“Y-You need to prepare me,” Leo said breathlessly, “There’s lube’s i-in the cupboard.”

Percy sat back again and frowned, “Why do you have lube?”

Leo shrugged and looked away, blushing, “I...uh...never mind.”

“Tell me,” Percy growled pining him down again. He couldn’t decide if Leo was sexy or adorable, all messy and shivering. Maybe a mix of both.

“I just...need it sometimes,” Leo said vaguely.

“Leo-,” but to the Latino the conversation was clearly over and with some random show of strength he flipped Percy over, straddling him. Percy swallowed, feeling his hard cock press against Leo’s thigh. The Latino leaned over and rummaged in the bedside table and Percy couldn’t stop his eyes from sliding all over the boy’s body, “You’re hot,” he blurted. Leo gave him a weird look and leaned forward to kiss him again, shimmying out of his shorts and boxers.
Weirdly, when the boy pulled away and Percy looked at him, completely naked, he didn’t feel
disgusted or turned off. Leo’s cock was mostly hard, as tanned as the rest of him. Percy felt heat curl
in his stomach and he had the stupid urge to reach out and wrap his hand around the boy’s dick. But
just then Leo opened the lube bottle and poured some of the liquid onto his hand.

“Wait I-,” Percy started, frowning, but Leo kissed him again to shut him up, throwing one of his
arms over the boy’s shoulders, his other hand venturing behind himself. When he gasped against
Percy’s mouth the boy knew he had a finger inside himself. Leo’s face was inches away from his
and Percy saw his eyes flutter shut, mouth open to let out harsh breaths. Percy kissed down his neck
and listened to the softest noises that spilled from Leo’s mouth. His hand stroked down the boy’s
back and when he reached the hand that was inside him, Percy gently pulled it back. Leo swallowed
nervously, “Let me do it?” Percy whispered against his shoulder. Leo nodded, his curls tickling
Percy’s face.

The lube was cold on Percy’s hand but when he pushed the first digit inside Leo he gasped at how
hot it was inside the boy. Leo hissed.

“What?” Percy asked, “Does it hurt?”

“I-just...fuck, why are your fingers so fucking big?” Leo gritted out, eyes closed. Percy kissed his
nose.

“That’s what she said.”

“Idiot,” Leo said, but cracked one eye open. When Percy pulled the finger out of him and pushed
back in the boy’s expression crumbled and he let out a moan. Percy decided he could watch him like
this all day. He kissed the boy, pushing another finger into him, listening to the little gasps and
whimpers that the boy let out, arms wound tightly around Percy’s neck as if he was scared to let go.

Getting the condom on was tricky since Leo and Percy couldn’t seem to stop kissing. Percy pushed
the Latino back down and climbed on top of him, fumbling with the band and pulling it over his hard
cock. He didn’t remember taking his pants off, or getting this fucking hard. He was dizzy with lust,
and couldn’t even imagine taking his hands off the boy at this point.

“Lube, lube, lube,” Leo muttered against Percy’s lips. Percy clumsily grabbed the bottle and poured
some onto his hand, smoothing it over his cock and groaning when he finally touched his pulsing
member, “I-It’s supposed to hurt,” Leo stuttered, “So go slow, okay?”

Percy nodded, because he didn’t trust his voice right at that moment, and Leo wrapped his legs
around his waist. Percy couldn’t believe they were about to do this. He lined his cock with the boy’s
hole and thought to himself it’s just like doing it with a girl, and then he started to push in.

The heat that enveloped the head of his cock was impossible, and Leo was so damn tight. To make
matters worse (or better) he clenched the second Percy started to push in.

“Ouch.”

“Y-You need to relax,” Percy gasped, hands gripping at the blankets on either side of the boy’s head.
He didn’t understand why he was so hot, and tight, and good. Percy moaned softly and felt Leo relax
a little, just enough that he could start to push in again. His body was thrumming with want, cock
twitching inside the tight boy, arms shaking. He didn’t realise how unprepared he had been for how
good it’d feel, “L-Leo-”

“Hurts,” the boy whimpered, one of his hands gripping at Percy’s wrist. With tremendous effort the
dark haired boy stopped pushing in and tried to remember how to breathe. His world was spinning and all he could see was Leo. Just Leo, his Leo. Percy kissed him, and felt the boy melt into the pillows a little, allowing Percy to push in further. This time, despite the fact he tensed, Leo didn’t protest until Percy was all the way inside him.

“Y-You okay?” the dark haired boy had trouble concentrating because he was pretty sure he had died and gone to heaven. Leo nodded and gasped for air, eyes closed, cheeks flushed. Percy wondered how it felt for him. Fuck, he wanted the boy to feel good too. He kissed him, because that seemed to soothe him, and leaned on his elbows, cradling the boy’s head in his arms. They kissed for a while, Leo’s body gripping Percy and keeping him inside him. Percy noticed that the Latino had softened a bit so he took him in his still lubed up hand and started stroking.

“F-Fuck,” Leo gasped, head falling back against the pillows, exposing his neck. Percy leaned forward and kissed it, and then he pulled out and thrust back in. Leo gasped, his legs tightening around Percy’s waist, pulling him in closer, “O-Oh God-“

“What?” Percy asked, still kissing wherever he could reach.

“I-It’s kinda good,” the boy mumbled weakly. Percy kissed him, trying to steady himself. It was hard for him to focus on anything other than the boy and how soft and sweet his lips were, and how hot his body, gripping at him, pulling him in. Percy thrust into Leo, and fuck it was better than any girl he had ever been with. Leo was moaning in between kisses, almost like he couldn’t stop himself, whispering Percy’s name in a way that made his thrusts speed up. He was so close to Leo that he couldn’t tell where the boy ended and he started.

“You’re so f-fucking perfect,” he whispered, kissing his face. He accidentally changed the angle, too lost in the pleasure to noticed, and thrust his member roughly into Leo. The boy’s back arched and his eyes flew open as he cried out. Percy stopped, scared that he hurt him.

“Oh my God,” Leo whimpered, “What the fuck was that?”

“W-What?”

“Y-You just hit s-something and I swear I-I almost blacked out.”

“W-Wait,” Percy was trembling with the effort to not move, “Is that good or bad?”

“F-Fuck it’s good, Percy,” Leo whimpered, “Do it again.”

So Percy did, and got that same reaction out of Leo again. His cock throbbed as he stared at the boy, scared to even blink in case he missed one second of the boy’s flushed, gorgeous face, full of pleasure. He didn’t even notice that he was still stroking the boy’s cock until Leo looked at him with the most desperate eyes ever.

“P-Percy,” he whispered, hole clenching around Percy’s cock, “I’m g-gonna come-“

Percy crashed their lips together and, despite Leo’s warning, he was the one who came first.

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It took Percy a while to get back to reality. He laid on his back, staring at the ceiling, the afterglow flowing through him pleasantly. He was...happy. He smiled to himself and finally gathered up the strength to turn to look at Leo. His happiness evaporated.

The Latino was curled up under a blanket, his back to Percy, hugging himself.
“Are you asleep?” Percy whispered. Leo didn’t reply. Hesitantly, shyly, Percy untucked the blanket from around the boy and wriggled closer, wrapping an arm around Leo. Usually when he had sex he wanted to get out as quick as possible, but right now he just wanted to hold Leo. He pulled the boy’s warm back against his chest and kissed the top of his head, “I’m sorry if I hurt you,” he whispered, slipping his hand beneath Leo’s shirt slightly and stroking at his stomach, “You’re amazing. I’m sorry about everything,” he paused, snuggling closer to Leo. His heart felt heavy in his chest from all of his sudden realisations, but Percy didn’t mind. He was tired of constantly being in denial, “I think I’m in love with you.”

“Please stop talking,” Leo whispered brokenly. Percy’s heart clenched.

“I’m sorry,” Percy stroked his hair. He leaned down and kissed the back of the boy’s neck. Leo sat up abruptly, shoving him away.

“Stop fucking touching me!” he yelled. Percy looked at him in shock and the Latino buried his head in his hands. Percy felt sick.

“I hurt you, didn’t I?” he sat up and looked at the boy helplessly, “Fuck I’m sorry I just-“

Leo grabbed him by the back of the head and pulled him in for a kiss. It was messy and desperate. When the Latino tried to pull away Percy forced him to stay there, slowing the kiss down, mouth moving against Leo’s gently. When he pulled away Leo looked like he was about to cry but he didn’t try to fight Percy anymore, instead pressing himself up against the boy’s chest. Percy fell back against the bed, pulling the covers free and throwing them over him and Leo, cradling the Latino close to him and kissing him every few seconds.

“You have to say it back,” he whispered after a moment.

“Huh?” Leo mumbled, half asleep. Percy kissed his forehead,

“I love you.”

Leo buried his face in the boy’s chest, “I love you too.”
So Many Pretty Girls Around Me

Luke x Ethan Sugardaddy au where Luke is the Sugardaddy and Ethan needs the money and Luke dirty talks to him for askafiamatta

Ethan hated the way his heart skipped a beat in Biology class when he suddenly got a text-message from him.

Luke; I’m taking you out to a club tonight.

Ethan shivered and quickly put his phone away before anyone noticed. Luke Castellan was a phenomenon to Ethan. He was...something else entirely. Ethan, in an attempt to put himself through University decided to venture down the secret, though surprisingly common, Sugarbaby street. And that’s how he met Luke. The man was basically a millionaire though he never told Ethan why. He lived in an expensive mansion in the heart of London, with a pool and everything, like something out of the Great Gatsby.

He was also hot as fuck. And funny. And kind of caring and kind and soft at times, though rarely, mostly after he fucked the brains out of Ethan. Despite being only nineteen Ethan wasn’t stupid or naive. He knew that even though he had feelings for Luke that went deeper than their arrangement, they weren’t returned. Luke was divorced, but Ethan was sure he had at least two girlfriends. And him, of course. See, Luke was a kind of person that got bored easily, and that’s why he probably gave himself a variety of ‘fucktoys’ as Ethan referred to himself and the two face-less, unnamed girls he shared his Sugardaddy with. The boy, upon realisation that he was royally fucked, decided to distance himself from Luke.

And that’s why he hated how his heart skipped a beat when he got the text. It was just a fucking text. But the text meant that Luke was thinking about him. Ethan sighed in annoyance and tried to focus on the teacher, but it was hard since now his thoughts kept straying to Luke.

The boy had to make a decision soon, and he knew it was hard, but he had to either drop the Sugardaddy gig, or find himself another Sugardaddy, since he was literally in love with Luke. He knew it was hard, but everything in Ethan’s life was hard. He had no family, no friends, all he focused on was finishing Uni so he could work and be independent. Without the debt of student loans.

Why did I have to fall in love with him? Ethan thought miserably, staring out of the window at the sun-filled front yard of the school. If he at least had some hope that maybe, just maybe, Luke would feel the same way for him, then he wouldn’t be so fucking depressed. But of course, Luke wouldn’t ever want to be with him. He had two other girls for God’s sake! Besides, Ethan wasn’t the kind of person anyone wanted to be with. There was nothing he could offer; messy, too-long hair, skinny, pale, an eye-patch over one eye like some parody of a pirate...
I’ll make this our last night, the boy decided with a sudden determination, and then I’ll tell him it’s over.

***

Ethan hanged outside the club nervously, turning his phone in his hands. It was a cold night and he was just wearing jeans and a black t-shirt, so he stood there, shivering, too scared to go into the club without Luke. The building had a massive sign above it declaring ‘The Camp Club,’ with music blaring so loudly the wet pavement was trembling. A long line of people snaked around the corner, lining up to get past the muscular bouncers. Luke was nowhere to be seen.

You: Luke seriously im outside so come get me or im going home

Ethan texted again. Luke hadn’t replied for his last five texts and Ethan was literally about to get back on the train and go home. He wasn’t in the mood for the blonde’s games tonight. Just then one of the bouncers broke away from his friend and strode towards Ethan. The boy’s heartbeat escalated and he immediately thought he was in trouble. Until the bouncer stopped in front of him and inclined his head.

“Mr Nakamura?” he asked politely. Hesitantly, Ethan nodded, “This way please, sir,” he bouncer gestured at Ethan to follow so the boy did. They walked right past the queue to the club and the people at the front started to complain about Ethan not having to line up, but the boy didn’t care as he was already in the club. The music here was even louder and Ethan couldn’t hear the bouncer as he talked to him, leading him in. There were a few booths around the corners of the club, and a bar lit with neon lights. A DJ was jamming out, and to the side was a small rise with VIP booths on them, full of pillows, tables stacked with drinks and pretty girls. The bouncer pointed to where Luke was sitting and Ethan’s stomach twisted.

The man was surrounded by a ring of girls, looking like a fucking pimp, smirking at Ethan across the room, as the girls looked at him like he was God. Ethan felt his blood boil and his annoyance spike. He was jealous, of course he was, but he wouldn’t show it. Luke gestured at him to come over, as if Ethan was some dog, and the boy’s eyes narrowed. He turned his back on Luke and, shaking with anger and frustration, went over to the bar, sliding onto a stool, feeling weirdly rebellious. Behind him a whole mass of people was dancing to the booming music but Ethan ignored them, trying to get the attention of the bartender.

“Hey,” someone said suddenly. Ethan blinked and glanced at the guy sitting next to him. He was tall, with brown hair and cheekbones that could cut a bitch. And he was smiling right at Ethan. He asked something but Ethan couldn’t hear over the music so he frowned. The guy leaned forward, so his cheek brushed Ethan’s and said right into his ear, “You’re cute, can I get you a drink?”

A drink sounded nice actually. Ethan wasn’t attracted to the guy, even though he was cute, but he nodded anyway. It was a good start in his attempt to detach himself from Luke. Ethan nodded and the guy ordered him something but the boy didn’t bother to check what because he was too busy forcing himself to not turn around and look at Luke. The guy pressed a glass with amber liquid into his hand and then clinked his own glass against it, grinning. Ethan smiled back, though he really didn’t feel like it, and then chugged the drink. It burned down his throat and immediately made him feel hot and a bit unfocused. He pulled a face at the taste and the guy laughed, though Ethan didn’t hear it.

Then suddenly Ethan was being pulled onto the dance-floor. The brunette had his hands on Ethan’s hips as he pulled him into the mass and then he was pressing into Ethan, grinding against him. Ethan felt very uncomfortable, and suddenly wanted nothing more than to get away from the overly-touchy brunette. But there were people in all around him, bumping into him, grinding on each other. He
pulled the brunette’s hands off his hips and tried to move away but the guy was stronger, and he kept him there. With horror Ethan realised that the stranger was hard, and grinding his clothed erection against Ethan’s thigh.

Someone grabbed him hand and pulled him out of the crowd roughly. Ethan was dizzy, he drank too fast, and was shocked when he came face to face with Luke. The man looked furious but Ethan didn’t have time to look at his face because suddenly the man was gripping his face in his hands and crashing their lips together. The kiss caught him off guard, and it was hot and angry and rough and Ethan’s knees buckled. Luke’s arm around his waist was the only thing that stopped him falling to the floor.

“We’re leaving,” Luke growled into Ethan’s ear, making him shiver, “Now.”

Ethan didn’t ask any questions as Luke pulled him to the door, abandoning the girls he had just been with. No matter how stubborn Ethan had been before now he could feel himself melting a little. Luke had chosen him over them. It was pathetic really, how happy Ethan was about it.

Luke’s limo pulled up in front of the club just as the two came outside. Luke wrenched the backdoor open and then shoved Ethan inside, climbing in after him and slamming the door shut. Someone on the street might’ve thought it looked a bit like a kidnapping. Ethan fell back against the leather seats, the breath knocked out of him and Luke was already on top of him, kissing him senseless. Ethan wanted to be strong, to fight him off and tell him it was over between them, but it was hard when Luke was pressed up right against him, kissing him like no tomorrow.

“What the fuck was that Ethan?” Luke demanded, voice all hoarse and raspy as he pulled back and glared down at his Sugarbaby. His hands, on either side of Ethan’s head, were caging him in, “What the actual fuck?”

“I was going to-,” Ethan started to explain that he was going to leave Luke but the man silenced him by forcing his tongue into his mouth. Ethan pressed his hand against his chest, wanting to push him away but instead he kind of ended up gripping Luke’s expensive shirt in his fist and drawing him closer.

“You let that guy get all over you,” Luke growled, pulling back again.

“I didn’t want him to touch me!” Ethan protested breathlessly and Luke pulled his shirt over his head in one swift movement, tossing it onto the floor of the limo. Only now Ethan realised that they were moving, “Look, you can’t keep treating me like shit-“

“Oh I treat you like shit?” Luke demanded, sitting back to pull his own shirt off. Ethan leaned up on his elbows but was immediately pushed back again by Luke, who started kissing down his chest, “I’m your Sugardaddy,” the man huffed in annoyance against his collarbone, “I get to do whatever the fuck I want since I’m paying you, you little shit,” when he took Ethan’s nipple in his mouth the boy’s back arched and he let out an involuntary moan, “You’re such a fucking tease,” Luke said, licking up his neck. He was more chaotic that usual, almost desperate, touching everywhere he could reach. The sudden passion was making Ethan kind of hard, kind of nervous, and kind of pissed off.

“I don’t want to do this anymore,” Ethan hissed, pushing Luke away. The blonde gave him a confused look, “I don’t want to be your Sugarbaby anymore.”


Of course Ethan couldn’t tell him that the reason for this was because he was in love with him so instead he swallowed and, as confidently as he could, said, “I’ve gotten bored.”

“Yeah. I’m gonna go look for a new Sugardaddy,” Ethan said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Luke practically crushed him down into the seat, kissing him again. Ethan gasped, trying to simultaneously pull him closer and push him away. His head was a mess, he didn’t know what he wanted anymore. Luke was kissing him desperately, claiming Ethan’s mouth with his and the boy didn’t know how to make him stop, didn’t know if he wanted to make him stop.

“L-Luke-,” he finally found it in himself to turn his head to the side, away from Luke’s lips.

“Just lie back and let me make you come,” Luke whispered heatedly into Ethan’s neck. The boy shivered at his words and knew there was no point pretending he wasn’t enjoying himself anymore when Luke slotted his leg between his and pressed it against his hard cock. Ethan whimpered, “Shh, good boy.” Luke murmured, hands deftly undoing the belt on Ethan’s trousers. The boy tried to squirm away but Luke just gathered both of his wrists into his hand and pinned them over his head, his free hand pulling Ethan’s trousers off alongside his underwear.

“F-Fuck off Luke,” Ethan growled, “Get off m-me-“

“You’re not going anywhere,” Luke said, voice hard, “you’re not leaving me,” he sucked a hickey underneath Ethan’s jaw and the boy whined, “You’re mine, understood?”

“N-No...,” Ethan gasped, but he knew that Luke was right. He could have all the side-chicks in the world and Ethan would still be stupidly in love with him. Maybe he was naive and stupid after all. He felt like crying a little, but his body was buzzing with lust, and all he could do was lie there and let Luke kiss him all over.

“Touch yourself and let me watch,” Luke whispered, all soft and gentle.


Maybe it was the way Luke was looking at him, or maybe it was something else, but either way Ethan broke. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his hard, throbbing cock, letting out a little moan at the initial contact. Luke’s eyes were dark and as Ethan started to stroke himself, gasping, Luke going from staring at Ethan’s hand on his cock, to his face, and then back down. Normally Ethan would be embarrassed that Luke was looking at him so openly, but right now, for some reason, he didn’t care.

“You’re so hot,” Luke kissed Ethan and the boy let him, his hand speeding up on his cock. The heat inside him was getting unbearable, and the fact that Luke was just kissing him and looking was actually really arousing.

“F-Fuck,” Ethan whimpered, stomach clenching. He was close, he could feel it.

“Good boy, you’re so good, Ethan,” Luke whispered feverishly, kissing down Ethan’s neck, “so fucking perfect.”

“L-Luke,” Ethan gasped. He was so, so close-

In one, swift movement Luke pulled Ethan’s hand away from his cock and pressed both of his hands down onto the seats. Ethan’s hips stuttered forward uselessly, his cock still hard and aching. He tried to glare at Luke but instead he ended up giving him a pleading look, whimpering and trying to rub
against him like a cat in heat.

“It drives me crazy when you look at me like that,” Luke said huskily, and then he was suddenly letting go of Ethan’s hands and disappearing between his legs, throwing them over his shoulders. The boy tried to catch his breath, feet almost touching the ceiling of the limousine. Then he felt Luke’s tongue against his hole and the last of his self control crumbled away. He let out a sob as he felt the man’s organ delve inside of him, wriggling around in his heat. Ethan’s cock throbbed against his stomach and when he reached down to touch it Luke slapped his hands back, “You don’t get to come until I say so,” he said, breath brushing against Ethan’s wet hole. The boy sobbed with need and reached for Luke pulling him up for a messy kiss.

“Please,” he whimpered, forgetting all about his pride, “P-Please, please, please-“

“I’m gonna fuck you until you can’t walk,” Luke promised.

Ethan knew it wasn’t going to end well, but he supposed he wasn’t getting a new Sugardaddy anytime soon.
“It’s been a week,” Jason said to Annabeth at breakfast. The girl barely looked up from her food.

“A week since what?”

“Since Percy left on his solo quest!” Jason said in annoyance. Around him the campers were sleepily eating, minding their own business. Jason was the only one agitated, the only one worried. Annabeth shrugged.

“So? That’s not that long.”

“The Quest of the seven took around that time,” Jason said, “and that was to save the earth from the earth. How long can finding Apollo’s bow take?”

Annabeth sighed, “Look Jas. There isn’t much we can do anyway so stop worrying.”

“You’re his girlfriend why are you so calm about it?” Jason asked in disbelief. Annabeth sighed and put her fork down.

“Me and Percy...we haven’t been that great lately,” she explained quietly, “I...uh...we’ve basically broken up.”

“Wait seriously?!” Jason asked in disbelief, trying to ignore the wave of relief and happiness he felt. Percy’s single now...his mind told him. Annabeth nodded, as if to confirm that.

“After Tartarus things just haven’t been the same,” she shrugged.

“Oh,” Jason shrugged, “So...you’re not worried.”

“Even though we’re not together I know that I’d feel if something bad would happen to Percy,” Annabeth said, obviously trying to be comforting. Thing was...Jason had a feeling that something bad did happen, and no matter how hard he tried he couldn’t shake it off.

After breakfast he went to talk to Rachel, but she said she didn’t have any new prophecies or visions.
He had a chat with the Apollo cabin, but they didn’t know anything. The kids from Hypnos’ didn’t have any prophetic dreams and so by lunchtime Jason was as much in the dark as he had been before, and even more worried. Something was nagging at him, something he couldn’t quite place. Eventually he went to the Zeus cabin to try and stop being so damn paranoid.

It was just that...he didn’t like the fact that Percy was out on a solo quest. That basically never happened because single Demigods were more likely to be killed by monsters. But in this specific quest stealth was key, so Percy was sent by himself. And nobody was worried, expect Jason. And who could blame him? After all Percy was his best friend.

The boy ventured into his bathroom and as a last resort turned on the tap, positioning his mirror so the sun reflected off it and through the water, creating a rainbow in the middle of the room. Jason fished out a drachma out of his pocket and threw it into said rainbow. The coin disappeared, which meant Iris accepted his request. The air in front of Jason shifted. He saw a forest somewhere, the sun peeking through the trees. Percy was leaning against a tree, looking pale, hair stuck to his sweaty forehead, the material of his shirt torn at the stomach and stained red.

Jason felt sick.

“Percy!” he yelled, panic gripping at him. Slowly Percy opened his eyes, as if it was hard for him to do.

“Jason?” he frowned, “D-Did I...did I die?”

“No! No!” Jason said hurriedly, “Fuck what happened?!”

“A h-hellhound,” Percy closed his eyes.

“Where are you?!” Jason demanded, “I’m coming to get you!”

“Durham State f-forest in M-Maine,” Percy’s voice was growing weaker. The connection started to waver,

“Percy! Percy hold up! I’m coming to get you!” the image faded out, “Fuck!” Jason yelled and punched the wall in his frustration. Ignoring the pain in his knuckles he shut off the water and then he was spilling outside. He couldn’t think straight, all he knew was that he had to go save Percy.

The girl looked surprised at how chaotic Jason was, “Uh...Bunker nine, I think-“

Jason didn’t wait for her to finish as he took off again. He zigzagged through the strawberry fields, ignoring the confused Demigods around him, and barrelled into the woods surrounding the camp. By the time he reached Bunker nine he was breathing hard and his legs were aching, but he didn’t stop running until he burst inside.

“I need to b-borrow F-Festus,” Jason gasped.

“I-I see. Bunker nine,” Jason gasped. 

“Wait, calm down, what’s wrong?” Leo asked, alarmed.

“I-It’s Percy,” Jason tried to catch his breath, “I Iris messaged him. He’s i-in some forest in Maine, and he’s badly hurt-“
“Fuck,” Leo swore, “Fuck. Okay, wait we need to-“

“No!” Jason yelled, “No give me Festus I need to go get him now!”

Leo nodded, not asking anymore questions, scared by the urgency in Jason’s tone. The two of them went outside to where Festus was standing, protecting the Bunker. Leo tinkered at the bronze dragons side for a second and Harley came bounding up to Jason, passing him a backpack.

“Food, ambrosia, water, first aid kit,” he recited. Jason ruffled his head,

“Thanks kid.”

“Jason,” suddenly Chiron was emerging from the trees, followed closely by Nyssa, Annabeth and half a dozen other campers, “What is going on?”

“It’s Percy,” Leo explained as Jason climbed onto Festus’ back, shrugging on the bag Harley gave him, “He’s hurt.”

“I’m going to get him,” Jason added stubbornly. Chiron shook his head.

“Jason, that isn’t the wisest idea,” he said, “We should organise a rescue group, maybe four Demigods-“

“There’s no time,” Jason interrupted and, before anyone could protest, he touched the side of Festus’ bronze head and the dragon took to the air, hitting the Demigods on the ground with a wave of air with his powerful wings. Jason clung to his sides as he rose above the trees.

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The sun was just a thin sliver on the horizon, with the world growing darker each second, by the time Jason finally made it to Durham State Forest in Maine. He couldn’t see anything over the crowns of the trees so he landed Festus in a little clearing, patted the dragon on the side, and then ventured into the dark trees alone, heart on his shoulder.

After a few steps he was running, not wanting to waste anymore time. He tried not to think about how Percy could be dead as his backpack smacked against his back. He had no idea if he was even going in the right direction, he just let his heart pull him where it thought was right. And, just as night fell, by some miracle, Jason found Percy.

He had crawled a little way from where Jason had Iris messaged him, and was now collapsed near some roots of a tree that exploded from the ground. The grass around Percy was red. Jason wanted to call his name as he saw him, but his voice died in his throat. Hopelessly he collapsed next to the boy.

“Don’t be dead,” he whispered to himself as he gently turned Percy over, pulling him into his lap, “Don’t b-be dead, don’t-“ he choked on a sob. His heart hurt. Percy was so fucking pale, he wasn’t moving, “Percy,” Jason cradled his face in his hands not knowing what else to do, “D-Don’t be dead-“ he was hysterical with worry.

“I-I’m okay,” Percy rasped out, voice hoarse. He coughed and his eyes fluttered open half-way. Jason slumped against him in relief, feeling his heart lighten in his chest. He exhaled and then laughed and then cradled Percy to his chest protectively.

“Thank the Gods.”

“Jason,” Percy’s hand came to touch the one that Jason still had on his face, and his grip was weak.
Remembering the backpack Jason pulled out a square of ambrosia.

“Y-You need to eat this,” he said shakily. Percy hummed in agreement but he was too weak to even keep his eyes open. Jason was running on adrenaline, there was no time to think anything through. He put the ambrosia between his teeth and then leaned down, pressing his lips to Percy’s. The boy’s let out the softest, smallest gasp but it was enough because he had opened his mouth a little. Before the ambrosia melted Jason pushed it into Percy’s mouth with his tongue.

When he pulled back Percy looked more awake and...well, alive, staring up at Jason with big eyes. Jason reached for the first aid kit and pushed Percy’s shirt up a little, revealing a nasty wound at his side, that had stopped bleeding thanks to the Ambrosia.

“J-Jason-,” Percy started.

“Shh. Shut up,” Jason said, “Don’t talk. I need to dress your wound,” so Percy kept quiet as Jason pulled out antiseptic and disinfected the wound. The son of Poseidon tensed at the pain but didn’t let out a noise. He hissed a little when Jason wrapped a bandage around his middle, covering the wound, “There,” the blonde said, his hands stained with Percy’s blood, “That should do for now.”

“How did you get here?” Percy’s voice sounded stronger now.

“Festus.” Jason went to stand up but Percy grabbed him by the wrist, stopping him, “What is it?”

“Kiss me again,” Percy asked softly.

“T-That wasn’t a kiss,” Jason said, his heart clenching suddenly. All of the chaotic hysteria he was feeling came to an abrupt stop. The wind rustled through the trees above them, “That was me saving your life.”

Percy smiled up at him sleepily, “Kiss me, then.”

Jason didn’t know what to say to that so he leaned down and gently pressed his lips to Percy’s, his heart stuttering in his chest. When he pulled back Percy was looking up at him in awe.


“When we get back to Camp,” Jason promised in a whisper, though he leaned down and kissed Percy again anyway. Then he finally stood up and Percy struggled to follow. He groaned in pain so Jason slid one arm underneath his legs, the other one under his back and lifted him. He didn’t know whether it was shock or adrenaline that made Percy feel like he weighed nothing, but Jason carried him easily, the son of Poseidon pressed against his chest. They made it back to Festus.

“Thanks for saving me,” Percy mumbled.
Can you do a Octavian x Michael were Michael is a biker, and Octavian is his flower boy boyfriend?
For Homosauce

August 1991

Octavian was terrified to meet Michael’s friends. When he first started working in the flower shop near his flat, mostly out of boredom than anything else since his family were basically millionaires, Octavian never expected, never hoped that the hot biker boy that came in once a week would even spare him a second glance. Michael Kahale was everything that Octavian wanted, but he knew that boy’s like him (pale, sickly, stuck up and posh) never interested boys like Michael (tall, handsome, charming, kind).

Whenever Michael came to the shop and struck up a conversation with Octavian, smiling at him and cracking jokes the albino always thought it was out of politeness. Until Michael asked him out. Just out of nowhere; he was buying a bunch of roses, looking out of place in the aromatic, colourful shop in his leather jacket and sunglasses, and then he suddenly went hey I was wondering if you maybe want to grab some coffee with me or something? and handed Octavian the roses he had just bought.

Even then Octavian didn’t think anything of it because he and Michael were polar opposites and it seemed impossible for them to fit together. And yet they did. After coffee there was lunch, and then dinner, and then the movies, and then they went out dancing, and then they had sex, and only when Michael told him that he loved him, while REM played in the back, did Octavian actually believe it was real. It was weird; Octavian was the boy who liked flower crowns and getting blazed, and Michael was the boy who drank whiskey and rode motorbikes.

After two months of dating, fucking and everything in-between Michael finally asked Octavian to meet his friends. Octavian had seen them around before, a gang of boys in leather, looking like they’d either jack you up or steal your girl. They looked rough and dangerous, and Octavian...well, Octavian was all soft edges and sarcasm, and flowers in his hair. He was scared that Michael’s friends wouldn’t like him, and then the boy would break up with him because of their opinion.

Still, Octavian couldn’t put it off because Michael was very excited for him to meet his ‘family’ as he referred to the rest of the gang. Of course Octavian wasn’t one to pretend he was someone he wasn’t so on Saturday in the early evening he closed up to shop and bounced, on his way to meet his boyfriend. The sun was setting and the air was that pleasant mix of hot and cold as Octavian got on the bus. He had a flower-crown on his pale hair, a cigarette in his mouth, watching lazily as Brooklyn slid past sleepily. When Octavian got off the bus he had to walk for ten minutes down abandoned roads. The suburbs were calmer than the city itself, and so Octavian’s heart jumped in his
chest when he neared a gas station and saw a dozen boys on bikes lounging around, laughing and drinking beer.

*I’ve got this,* Octavian told himself as he approached. Michael saw him first and Octavian’s heart jumper again at how gorgeous his boyfriend look when he grinned at him.

“Tav!” he called, waving, as if Octavian could possibly miss him. The blonde smiled despite himself as Michael stood up from where he was leaning on his bike and walked up to him. He took Octavian’s face in his hands and kissed him right there, and behind him his friends wolf-whistled and laughed. Octavian felt himself blushing when Michael pulled back, “Hey beautiful.”

“Hey,” Octavian said. Michael took his hand and walked him over to his friends.

“Guys, this is Octavian.”

“Ay, he cute,” a dark-skinned, muscular guy nodded in approval. He offered Octavian his hand and the boy shook hesitantly, “The name’s Beckendorf.”

“Hi.”

“How’s it hangin’?” a curly-haired, short, Latino boy jumped off his bike, “I’m Leo,” he ignored Octavian’s outstretched hand and pulled him into a hug, patting him on the back, “We were wondering when Michael would let us meet his guy.”

“We thought he was making you up,” Octavian was shocked to see a blonde girl sitting with the guys, also in leather, comfortable in a dark-haired boys lap.

“Such a buzz-kill, Annabeth,” Michael said, fake hurt, “Tav, this is Annie and her boyfriend, Percy.”

Percy saluted Octavian and Mike continued to introduced his friends. With each name, smile and handshake Octavian felt himself relaxing. Nobody cared that he was wearing an old t-shirt, or that he was wearing a flower-crown, or that he wasn’t a biker. They were all welcoming as if...well, as if he was family.

“Right, so,” Beckendorf rubbed his hands together, “there’s a party down at Piper’s in an hour.”

“Dope,” Leo grinned.

“I’m down,” a blonde guy called Jason nodded, “We going, yeah?”

“Damn skippy,” Beckendorf agreed, as if it was obvious. Leo looked at Michael and Octavian,

“You coming Mikey?” he asked, “Tav, you can come too if you want.”

“I don’t think you’d like it,” Michael told Octavian. The blonde frowned from where he was nestled in his side,

“Eat my shorts, Michael.”

The bikers laughed and cheered at that. Beckendorf clapped Octavian on the back.

“Good one.”

“Fart knocker,” Michael grumbled but kissed Octavian’s forehead. The blonde felt a warmth spread inside him as he smiled happily. The sun was setting and everything was just kind of nice, and he didn’t remember what he had been so scared about.
Nobody Said It Was Easy

Will x Nico a story about Nico having depression (and Will helps him deal with it but it’s mostly Nico helping himself??) for Scarlettsgenericusername

“I’ve been diagnosed with depression.”

Will remembered exactly when his best friend told him that. It was a cold October day, and the two of them were walking back to Will’s house to play videogames, the wind tugging at their clothes, and Nico just told him. The blonde remembered a time earlier in highschool when it was ‘cool’ to be depressed, when everyone used to cut just because they were sad or wanted attention, and went on about how horrible life was. Most of them were okay, they made it and they were okay.

But this was different. Will knew there was something up with Nico for a while; he wouldn’t eat, wouldn’t smile, sometimes the blonde would catch him coming out of the school bathrooms looking like he had been crying, he skipped school. He thought he was just down, he hoped it wasn’t drugs, and it wasn’t. It was a mental illness, that Nico finally got up the nerve to tell Will about it on that one October day.

I got a blood-test. They wouldn’t give me meds though, or send me to a psychiatrist. I don’t know what to do.

Will hugged him and Nico clung to him as if he was a lifeline.

I need you to be here for me. I can’t do it alone. Not anymore.

Yes, Will had whispered, yes of course. I’m here. I’ve got you.

He didn’t know why but he kind of expected Nico to get healthy fast to just kind of...get better. But of course it didn’t work like that, and Will came to terms with the fact that his friend wouldn’t be okay for a long, long time. He was okay with that, he was okay with being there for Nico for as long as the boy needed him. For as long as he wanted him.

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Will was in drama, practicing his duologue with Hazel that they had to perform next lesson, when his phone buzzed in his pocket. The boy pulled it out apologetically and saw that he had a text from Nico.

Fave emo: Where are u? Can u please hang out with me? I cant be alone.

“Sorry, Haze,” Will shoved his phone into his pocket, already feeling worry in his stomach, “I can’t rehearse right now.”
“But-,” the girl protested, “It’s for next lesson!”

“It’s Nico,”

The girl’s expression changed, “Oh. Is he okay?”

“Yeah. He...I just wanted to check up on him,” Will didn’t want the girl to worry. She nodded and then boy practically ran out of the classroom. The social area was packed, as always during lunch, people sitting or standing, talking about their day and gossip, eating food. By the radiator, on one of the armchairs, Nico was curled up. He was practically drowning in the hoodie that Will had borrowed him ages ago and he had never given back, earphones in, looking like he was close to tears. People took up all the other seats around him, though nobody seemed to notice how distraught Nico was.

“Hey,” Will said, pushing his way to his best friend. Nico pulled his earphones out and sniffled, attempting to smile.

“Hi.”

“Scoot up,” Will said, and Nico stood up. Will sat down and Nico collapsed in his lap, hugging his face into Will’s chest and trembling. They were always super touchy-feely so nobody even batted an eye as Will wrapped his arms around his shaky best friend.

“Thankyou,” Nico whispered against Will’s chest. The blonde fought the urge to kiss the top of his head, instead holding him as tightly as he allowed himself. Nico offered Will one of his earphones and the boy put it in. Nico was listening to Coldplay, his guilty pleasure and something he listened to when he was feeling down. Or more down than usual. Will smiled and rested his cheek on his friend’s head, and they just stayed like that until the end of lunch.

***

They sat in English lit and Will tapped his pencil on the desk, mindlessly watching the PowerPoint the teacher was flicking through while talking about the comedy of Twelfth Night. Piper was making some long point about how Sebastian and Antonio were totally gay and Will, distracted, glanced over at Nico.

The boy’s head was down and he was staring at his page, hair covering his face. The ink of the sentence he was staring out was runny. Will’s eyes widened and he saw Nico’s pale hands trembling on the page. Carefully, gently, he brushed the Italian’s hair behind his ear. Nico looked at him apologetically, hopelessly, his eyes full of tears, cheeks wet. Will felt horrible – his best friend was crying and he didn’t even notice.

“Nico...,” he whispered over the loud debate in the classroom. He took the boy’s hand and squeezed it. The Italian took a deep breath and wiped his eyes, making sure nobody saw. With his free, shaking hand Nico wrote on the corner of his page I’m sorry. Will shook his head and quickly wrote back it’s ok. You need to tell ur parents tho.

Nico snatched his hand back and scribbled no i don’t want to.

***

Will had a bad feeling. He was sitting on his bed, watching the second season of SKAM but he couldn’t concentrate enough on the subtitles. He was chatting with Nico on Whatsapp but the boy was being weirdly...off. Will didn’t want to seem paranoid but eventually he couldn’t take it anymore.
When Nico agreed Will sighed in worry and leaned back against the pillows. He finished the episode though he couldn’t remember what happened in most of it, nervously awaiting Nico. He just wanted to take care of the boy, make sure he was okay.

When he heard shuffling outside of the window Will eagerly opened it. Nico climbed the little roof over the front door and wriggled in through Will’s open window, the blonde half pulling him in. They had to be quiet, scared Will’s parents would wake up.

“Fuck, you’re freezing,” the blonde whispered, clutching Nico’s hands in his. The blonde was in a hat and a scarf but his face was still pale, cheeks and nose flushed. Will closed the window and then hurriedly helped Nico out of his clothes, throwing a jumper and sweatpants at him. They were so comfortable with each other that they didn’t even have to speak as both of them buried themselves under Will’s blankets, “You should’ve called me,” he mumbled.

“I feel like I’m such a burden to you, though,” Nico whispered back in the dark. His cold hands found Will’s and held them underneath the covers, “You’re...you help me so much and I just...I just wish I could do it alone-“

“You could do it alone,” Will said determinedly, “but that doesn’t mean you should. I’m your best friend, I’m here for you no matter what. But you’re the one who’s fighting, not me. You’re playing the game, I’m just your cheerleader,” Nico smiled a little at that in the dark and carefully Will rolled down the sleeves of the jumped her was wearing, revealing a long row of old cuts, “No new ones,” he murmured, “See? You’re strong.”

“But some days I don’t feel strong,” Nico whispered, tears in his eyes, “Like today. I feel like everything is my fault.”

Will pulled him into a hug and this time he did kiss his forehead, “It’s not your fault,” he sighed and stroked his back, “if I could take some off your pain, or give you some of my happiness, you know I would.”

“I know,” Nico sniffled, “But it’s okay. As long as you’re here...as long as you don’t leave me...”

“I’ll never leave you,” Will said fiercely.

“I...I um...,” Nico was playing with the hem of Will’s t-shirt nervously, “I told my parents about it today.”
“What?!”

“Shhh,” Nico pressed his finger over Will’s lips, “Or your mum will wake up.”

“What did they say?” Will asked in a hushed voice. Nico shrugged and looked away,“Dad said I’m just sad and that I should get over it.”

“What a fucking dickhead,” Will felt anger spark in him, “What does he mean get over it?!?”

Nico brushed Will’s curls from his forehead, “It doesn’t matter.”

“He’s your dad, he should...”

“I know,” Nico said sadly, “Thanks for this. I didn’t really know where to go.”

“You can always come here.”

“I know,” Nico smiled a little, “I called the doctors again. They’re gonna try get me a psychiatrist.”

Will looked at him and stroked his face. For some reason his heart felt too big for his chest all of a sudden. Nico was warming up in his arms, his freezing feet tangled with Will’s. The Italian frowned.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Will shook his head, “You’re just the strongest person I know.”

Nico blushed and buried his face in his best friend’s chest, “Idiot.”

“Love you too.”
Losing my Religion

Nico is a trapped fox spirit (Kitsune) in a shrine and Will is the next priest in line to protect it. He was told not to talk to the fox, but taking care of the shrine was lonely. He ends up falling for Nico and he learns that Nico was wrongfully imprisoned after doing a little research and sets him free.

For darumasama

William Solace grew up in a small village at the bottom of jagged mountains in Japan, known throughout the entire country for its spirituality and its supernatural occurrences. The village was small, full of dark haired, dark eyed men and women, walking around in kimonos and praying after every meal. Will was devout to the Gods too, and yet he was different from the others with his golden hair and blue eyes. That’s why at a young age the priesthood took him in and trained him for nineteen years in the matters of the mind, soul and spirit. That’s how Will really learned about the sacred popularity of his village. Up the mountain that the town was at the bottom of was, and that the townspeople were sworn to protect, was a shrine. In that shrine was the last Kitsune, the fox messenger of the Gods.

At first Will didn’t believe this. He dealt with Abura-sumashi spirits wrecking havoc in the mountains and the mermaid-like Amabie on a daily basis, but he had though Kitsunes were just a legend, something that faded out of the real world alongside the Gods many years ago. But the priests of the village taught him otherwise. They were all old, wise men who took care of the Kitsune, but they were beginning to worry. The Spirit lived in isolation in the shrine for centuries and the men didn’t want to waste their lives away with it when they had wives and children in the village. That’s why they trained Will as the next guardian, a permanent guardian who would live in the shrine, because they thought he was blessed with his sun-like hair. They thought he might be the Demigod son of the Goddess of the sun, Amaterasu, who sent him down as a blessing to take care of the last Kitsune.

All Will knew about the Kitsune was that for most of its time it remained in its spirit form, a fox with seven tails, except for monthly ‘rituals’ that the priests refused to explain. Will’s job was to care for it, ensure it was comfortable and safe, protect it from anyone who might want to harm it. He was also to deliver any of the Kitsune’s messages from the Gods to the village priests and since he was in his prime it wouldn’t be hard for him to climb up and down the mountains to do so. And he was not allowed to speak to the spirit. Ever. The priests said that it was a trickster, and could be malicious, and that it could turn Will against even himself.

Will didn’t like the village people, and he felt horrible for it. He always felt like an outsider because of his appearance, and hated to think he was different. All the girls whispered about him where they thought he couldn’t see behind their fans, and all the boys his age shunned him. That’s why he agreed to become the next Guardian of the Kitsune, even if it meant living in solitude.
Will was said that as a priest he had to leave materialist things behind when he finally felt ready to climb the mountain and meet the Kitsune. Normally the priests were asked to shave their heads but since Will’s hair was gold and seen as a blessing they allowed him to pass over that rule. On the morning of his nineteenth birthday the young priest felt finally prepared to go and meet his destiny.

It was a grey morning with clouds hanging low in the sky, obscuring the mountain from view. The village people gathered to somberly line the dirt roads as Will went on his long walk of destiny, dressed in a simple kimono, carrying a sack with only some clothes and food supplies for the following week. The other priests assured him that there was food by the shrine; cattle, chickens, trees of lemon and apple and cherry, vegetables in the gardens. But the harvest season had been poor, and Will wouldn’t risk starving to death. He had to be strong in case anybody attacked the sacred shrine.

It was a relief to finally leave the village and the people behind him as the boy started to ascend the mountain. It was easy at first but as it grew steeper Will felt himself tiring. He had to take several stops but it was worth it when he finally got high enough to break through the clouds and see the sun at full blaze. The air was crisp, spicy, and as Will saw the Shrine not far above him, the sun rays caressing his face, he couldn’t help but say a quick prayer to Amaterasu, to thank her for the beautiful morning and the clouds that blanketed the world in front of him.

It was weirdly peaceful up on the mountain, and quiet too, no noises except for the wind howling in the trees, and the birds singing their sweet songs. As Will climbed the rocky mountain trail to the shrine, nestled on a more flat area and surrounded by a small grove of trees, he could hear the chickens the other priests had talked about. The shrine itself was small and modest, made of wood with gold and red finishing touches. Lanterns hung over the door and Will thought they must look pretty at night. An open arched gate and a short pebbled path took Will right up to the doors. He wondered whether to knock but then remembered that it was his new home now. A home he had to share with a spirit. He swallowed, bowed and pushed open the door.

The hinges creaked with age and Will reminded himself to olive them up later. He wrinkled his nose as he stepped into the dark shrine. It was damp and musty, dead leaves littering the ground. There were no windows but the shaft of sunlight that came in through the open door illuminated the dusty, abandoned shrine for the Gods, smothered in long-burned out candles. It wasn’t what Will was expecting at all.

He went back outside, feeling too depressed at the state of the Shrine, and found a type of barn at the back. Chickens were running around in a small, fenced in space, pecking at the ground. Will heard a donkey in the stable too but was more interested in the little lean-to next to the shrine. It was tiny and when Will produced a rusty key and opened the door he found himself in his room.

It didn’t have a window either, and most of the floor was taken up by his futon. There were a few candles here too, on the little bed stand, a tiny bookshelf, a basin to wash himself in, and not much else. Will swallowed and put his sack down. He wanted to explore his new home, though he was afraid. So far he was disappointed, and scared too. He really was completely isolated from the world.

It was already afternoon – the climb had taken several hours, so Will strolled around; he visited the barn, said hello to the grey little donkey there and all the chickens. He ate a modest, late breakfast of rice and some fish. He ventured into the trees and found a little spring, happily skipping down the mountains until it ended up becoming too skinny and evaporating into the mountain air. Despite the sunshine it was cold up in the mountains – winter was near. Will prayed, though he didn’t like how dark and foreboding the shrine was. And then, as he couldn’t put it off anymore, the priest went
down to the cellars.

The stairs were at the back of the shrine, and as Will descended into darkness with just a skinny candle for light the mustiness and coldness grew, enveloping him into a hug of misery. He couldn’t understand why the Kitsune – something so precious and sacred – was kept in these horrendous conditions. *Unless they lied, Will thought miserable, maybe it’s all one giant joke, and they’re all waiting for you at the bottom of the mountain, laughing at how foolish I am for coming here.*

There was water dripping somewhere in the cellars, and in the soft light of the candle Will could make out barrels of something lining one wall. It was probably sake. His eyes fell onto a cell. It was the only one there, isolated from the rest of the small, damp room by thick black bars. At first Will, spooked out, thought it was empty, but as he neared he saw something curled on the ground.

The Kitsune, the glorious, last messenger of the Gods, looked dead on the ground, and for a horrible moment Will thought he really might be. He was awe-struck by the fact that the creature actually existed. It was bigger than a normal fox, its seven fluffy black tails wrapped around its slick body protectively. As Will came closer he saw its pointed ears twitch and his breath caught in his throat.

“You’re alive,” he blurted, though he didn’t mean to. He scolded himself immediately, remembering what the other priests had said about not speaking to the Kitsune. Will tried to bite his tongue but then the Spirit struggled weakly to its paws, eyes flickering open. They were completely black, and full of pain, “Why did they do this to you?” Will whispered in shock, before he could stop himself. The Kitsune just stared at him, and Will couldn’t take that. He knew that the Kitsune could be dangerous, but he couldn’t stand looking at it in that state – all weak and terrified.

Shakily Will reached for his keys and unlocked the door to the Spirit’s cell, letting it swing open. The Kitsune didn’t move, looking at Will, studying him tiredly. Will tried not to think about how old and powerful the creature in front of him was.

“Come on,” he whispered, “you don’t have to stay in there. You’re free.”

Then something happened. The darkness in the cell deepened so that Will stumbled back. The flame of his candle gutted out so he couldn’t see anything and when it flickered back on where the Kitsune had been moment ago there stood a boy.

His skin was deathly pale, ethereal in a captivating way, almost glowing. His hair was as dark as the fox’s fur had been, glossy and delicate, and falling into the creature’s – the *boy’s* – eyes. They were big, and black, and afraid. The rest of his body was smooth and slender and he was tiny and Will was just staring at him, gaze travelling lower and lower-

“I’m not free,” the Kitsune spoke. His voice was hoarse, as if he had been screaming for hours. He made no move to cover himself as Will stared so the blonde’s eyes quickly snapped to his face, blushing, “I can never be free. I am bound to this shrine.”

“Y-You’re a he,” Will said intelligently. The Kitsune blinked at him, his dark brows furrowing.

“Yes. Yes, I am a male Kitsune.”

“I...they all call you ‘it.’”

The Kitsune’s shoulders slumped, “So you *are* from the village,” he sounded dejected.

“Yes,” Will frowned, “my name is William. Did you think I was from somewhere else?”

“Your hair it’s...peculiar,” the Kitsune said.
“Oh. Yes.”

“Oh. I’m the new Guardian of the shrine,” Will explained. The Kitsune looked confused, "Why?"

“Oh. No.”

“Are you here for the ritual?” there was a hint of panic in the Kitsune’s voice that Will didn’t like, “I...I still thought I had a week.”

“Is there a way you’d like me to refer to you?” Will asked, feeling uncomfortable under the Kitsune’s intense gaze, “I don’t know if you have a name...”

“Nico,” the Kitsune said, “my name is Nico.”

“Nico,” Will said, tasting the word on his tongue, and then smiled. He bowed, “It’s an honour to finally meet you, Nico.”

Only now did the Kitsune seem to realise that he was naked. Hurriedly he reached for a dirty kimono that Will had not seen before in the corner of his cell. He tugged it over his pale body and hugged himself protectively. There was something of a fox about him.

Will and Nico took their dinner outside the shrine, taking advantage of the last warm days of the year. Nico looked different after he bathed, cleaner, younger, softer. He was dressed in a kimono that revealed his slender neck and skinny collarbones.

“Why were you in the cell?” Will asked as they ate. Well, he ate, while Nico only picked at the food. He probably didn’t need something as mundane and materialistic as food.

“The people of the village have come to the conclusion that I’m dangerous,” Nico explained. Looking at him Will couldn’t understand that. The Spirit didn’t look like he could hurt a fly, “they thought I was a trickster. I’m not. I’m a guardian of this Shrine. Or now I suppose I’m a prisoner.”

“That’s...that’s not true,” Will said uneasily, “I’m here now. I won’t force you to stay in that cell.”

“Where else am I to sleep? To pray?” Nico asked,

“There’s enough space for us both in my room,” Will said shyly. Nico shook his head and put down his chopsticks.

“No. I am of a different world. You are not allowed to touch me...unless you’re performing the monthly ritual. You’re not even supposed to be talking to me.”

“But...but it’s only us,” Will said, “I can’t live my life in silence.”

“Then why did you agree to this?” Nico’s expression hardened. Will looked down, not wanting to upset him.

“I can remain silent if that’s what you wish.”
Nico was silent for a moment, “I apologize. I’m almost three hundred years old...it’s hard for me to understand such emotions as loneliness.”

“Don’t you feel it?” Will was so intrigued he stopped eating, “Loneliness, that is?”

Nico smiled sadly, “When one is alone for as long as I it’s hard to feel anything else,” he stood up, his kimono rustling, “Goodnight William. I am...I am glad that you are the new Guardian,” he said the second part almost as an afterthought. Will watched Nico walk to the door of the shrine and halfway there the kimono crumbled to the ground and where there had been a boy now walked a fox with seven tails.

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In the morning Will woke up in the dark since his little room had no windows. He was huddled in his warm futon trying to hold onto the dream he had just had. However every time he tried to remember the details more and more of the dream slipped away until eventually, frustrated, Will sat up. He opened the door to let in some of the autumn sunshine and washed his face, pulling on a new kimono. He went outside into the fresh morning and smiled at how beautiful everything was. He knelt on the edge of the clearing, where the world stretched out below him, and prayed. Far below he could see the tiny cluster of houses and shrines that was his village. He didn’t miss it, though he did feel like everything on the mountain was surreal.

Nico padded over to him and sat at Will’s side as the priest prayed. The blonde found himself distracted by the Kitsune and how beautiful he was in his fox form. His seven tails were tipped with white, swaying and twitching softly as if to a music that Will was too human to hear. Nico’s eyes were trained somewhere far, far away but Will took comfort in his presence that reminded him that he was not all alone.

“Ohayōgozaimasu,” he said when he finished his prayers. Good morning. Nico’s ears twitched and he glanced at Will though the priest couldn’t read his expression. He decided to tend to the animals so he went to the stables and let out the chickens, feeding them and then the grey donkey. While he was at it he picked some eggs and then set up a pot over a fire outside the shrine to prepare breakfast. While the rice and the eggs cooked he went looking for Nico but the Kitsune was nowhere to be seen. What if he ran away? Will thought in panic but by the time the food was done the Spirit had reappeared. He sat in his fox form across the fire from Will and watched him eat.

“There’s much to do,” Will said after breakfast when the sun was really warming up the ground, “Let’s start with the cell first,” he looked down at the black fox who was already looking up at him, “If you insist on sleeping there I respect that but those conditions are inhumane.”

When the Kitsune gave no obvious protest Will went to the storehouse at the back of the stables that held the food supplies, some sheets and a spare futon. Careful to not drag it across the ground, Will carried that into the temple, bowing respectively in front of the door, and then carried it down to Nico’s cell.

The best part of the morning Will spent cleaning up. He re-affirmed his suspicion that the barrels were full of sake and then swept away all the cobwebs. He scrubbed the walls to get rid of the mould, washed the floor, all in the light of candlelight. Nico watched him clean up from the stairs, as if scared to go down. When Will arranged the futon on the now-clean floor and lit the remaining candles the cellar looked quite cozy.

“It’s cold,” the priest said to Nico, “are you sure you want to stay down here?”

The Kitsune inclined his head and then dashed up the stairs, just a smudge of black. Will exhaled and
followed after him. When he went back outside Nico was waiting for him in his human form, completely dressed, thankfully.

“You’re kind,” he said, before Will could say anything. The blonde blinked in surprise.

“I...,” he didn’t know what to say. Nico smiled a little and Will’s heart jumped in his chest. It was difficult to look at him and see him as something otherworldly when he looked so...human, “Do you really speak to the Gods?”

Nico looked at him for a second, “You broke the silence rule already, we can break another one too. Follow me.”

Hesitantly Will left behind the sunny mountain to descend back to Nico’s cell. With the candles and pillows it didn’t look half as terrifying as the first time Will went down here, only the day before. He hovered near the stairs as Nico went to one of the shadowed corners and pulled back what Will realised was a curtain revealing a...mirror. Nico beckoned him closer and then knelt in front of the mirror. Shyly, Will did the same.

Nico started whispering a prayer that Will didn’t know under his breath, his voice melodic, and Will was captivated by their reflections for a moment. Back in the village the priests weren’t allowed to look at themselves and now Will could, and it was peculiar. He couldn’t deny that there was a certain beauty to him and Nico next to each other, the contrast; he with his tanned skin sprinkled lovingly with freckles, and tousled golden hair and the Kitsune at his side, all dark and mysterious, and so small that Will wanted nothing more than to pull him into his arms and keep him there, safe. What a weird thought...

Nico finished murmuring and pressed his pale hand against the mirror. It rippled and Will gasped when he saw a shadow on the other side, unclear and shifting as if a fine cloth had been pressed over the mirror on the other side. It was multicoloured, a soft golden light shining from behind. The shadow was a woman with long black hair, dressed in a red kimono, but Will couldn’t see much more of her. She kept swaying as if she was an illusion, and was making the priest dizzy. He knew who she was before Nico spoke.

“Inari Ōkami,” the Kitsune spoke with reverence.

“My little fox,” the Goddesses voice was breathy, and soft, and the second she stopped speaking Will wasn’t sure she had even said anything at all.

“What do the Gods want, Mistress? Do they have any wishes?” Nico asked. The Goddess let out a soft breath, like a rustle of cloth.

“Our wishes have been fulfilled. Except one. You know what it is.”


“What wish?” Will blurted and suddenly he knew that the Goddess was looking right at him, though he couldn’t see her face. He felt his hands tremble.

“I want my Kitsune freed,” Inari Ōkami whispered, “I want my little fox to be happy.”

“That is impossible, Mistress,” Nico murmured. The mirror rippled again and Will was once again looking at himself and Nico. Nico who had tears in his eyes that he hastily brushed away when he met Will’s gaze, “I only speak to her,” he said hurriedly, “I am her messenger.”

“Nico,” Will said gently, “There has to-“
“No. Don’t. Please,” Nico looked away, “I am bound to this shrine, to this mountain, I have been for centuries. There is nought that you can do but...it matters that you even care.”

And then, as if it was his way of protecting himself, Nico was a seven tailed fox once more, curled up in the folds of the kimono he had been wearing.

***

A week passed in a lulled kind of peace and every morning Will woke up to the trees losing more and more leaves, crumbling to the ground. Will cleared them away, he fed the animals, he prayed, he took care of Nico. He liked sharing the mountain with him. Although quiet, the Kitsune was good company and taught Will many games that they played by the fire. But it was growing colder, and winter was slowly climbing down the mountain. Will yearned for one of the priest’s visit, so that they might bring him warm clothes and more bedding for the cold season.

Nico himself didn’t seem to feel the cold, walking around in just his kimono, with his neck and collarbones on show, as pale as the frost that covered the grass early in the morning. He assured Will that a priest would come a week from when the blonde first arrived to perform the ‘monthly ritual’ and that he would bring Will supplies. However as the arrival grew closer and Will got more excited, Nico seemed to grow more nervous, spending more and more times as a fox. Quite frankly Will was worried about him but the Kitsune wouldn’t answer his questions anyway, so Will busied himself with mostly restoring the shrine back to its former glory, cleaning away the decay of decades of abandonment.

Priest Octavian came at dawn seven days after Will’s arrival, climbing up the mountain, wrapped up in furs. Will, although he didn’t like the other man, welcomed another person with open arms. He hadn’t realised how cut off he had been from humanity until then.

They ate, and Will told him about what state he found the shrine in, and how Nico was though he left out the parts about him speaking to the Kitsune. The thing that confused him was that Octavian didn’t seem surprised at the conditions of Nico’s home. They knew about it, Will thought bitterly, and they know that Nico is here against his will...the longer Will talked to Octavian the more convinced he became of the fact that the village people knew the truth – that Nico was a prisoner.

“Now, where is the Kitsune?”

Nico slid out of the shadows, clad in his black kimono, face tight. He looked scared as Octavian rose and bowed to him. Neither of them spoke. Will stared as they both turned and made for the shrine.

“Do not follow,” Octavian said to Will over his shoulder, and left him confused and lost in the yard.

***

Octavian left when the last of the sun was licking the mountain. His goodbye was chilly and distracted and Will found that he was glad when the other Priest was gone. It had felt like he had invaded their mountain. However Octavian didn’t explain what the monthly ritual was, and Nico didn’t come out of the shrine. After some waiting Will couldn’t take it anymore – he had a bad feeling about the ‘ritual.’

The shrine was quiet and cold and Will shivered, wrapping the furs Octavian had brought tighter around himself.

“Nico?” he called, but the Kitsune didn’t reply, so the priest decided to see if he was in his cell.

He found the Kitsune curled up on his futon, tears leaking out of his eyes as he stared blankly into
the distance. Will felt his stomach twist and before he could stop himself he was running into the cell and crumbling to his knees by the Spirit. He had to force himself to reach out and touching Nico. His kimono was crumbled and, although his legs were pressed together, Will could see that his lower half was wet with...come.

“What did he do?” Will asked in horror. Nico closed his eyes.

“It’s just the ritual,” he whispered hoarsely.

“What ritual?!” Will felt hysteria and panic spark up in him when he realised what happened, “He can’t just-“

Nico sat up, his shoulders shaking.

“I’ve endured it for decades,” he said softly, “it’s part of the offering to the Gods. It’s an honour.”

Will felt nauseous, “It’s wrong.”

Nico just looked at him desperately. Will reached out to touch him but the Kitsune flinched.

“Don’t. You are not allowed to touch me.”

“I’m sorry,” Will dropped his hand. Nico glanced away; he looked exhausted.

“Only the priest performing the ritual is allowed to touch me.”

“So for all these years,” Will said, his mouth dry, “your only form of human contact was through rape?!”

Nico winced, “I told you I’m used to loneliness.”

“Can I touch you in your fox-form?” Will asked, “P-Please,” he was shaking, “I just...I want to comfort you somehow I just-,” he choked on his words. He wanted to cry. He wanted to hold Nico and tell him that he was safe.

In reply Nico shrank back to his fox form, carefully crawling out of the folds of the kimono. He climbed into Will’s lap and curled up in it, pressing his sharp nose into Will’s clothes. The blonde exhaled shakily and carefully placed his hands on Nico’s fur, stroking him gently. The fox’s tails started to sway, brushing against Will’s arms as if to comfort him too. The priest started crying then, his tears dripping down onto the Kitsune. Then he laid down on his side on Nico’s futon and the fox curled up by his head. Will stroked his fur and whispered I’m sorry until he fell asleep.

***

It took Nico a few days to get back to ‘normal.’ Will tried to address what happened, but Nico didn’t want to talk about the monthly rituals, asking Will to just forget about them. But the blonde couldn’t just forget. Every time Nico smiled or laughed or fell asleep in Will’s arms in his fox-form, the priest just thought about how he was being treated, and about all the bad things that happened to him.

Nico was a prisoner, a sex-slave even, and the village people disguised it as worship. Will wanted nothing more than to abandon everything and take Nico somewhere away from all the corruption, but he couldn’t. Nico couldn’t leave the area of the shrine. The trees, the animals, the pretty landscape, it was all an illusion and as winter crept closer the mountain was revealed for what it was; a prison.
And yet, in some way, Will was happy. Life on the mountain was peaceful, serene. Nico was...Nico was wonderful. Nico was soft, and gentle, and warm in a shy kind of way, as if he wasn’t used to kindness. But he also told stories, and laughed, and sang songs to Will while they sat by the fire by night. Nico was wonderful and Will was falling in love with him by the time the second month drew to a close.

When Zeus, one of the older priests, came to the shrine at the break of autumn and winter Nico feverishly begged Will to do nothing, and allow the ritual to go on as normal.

“No,” Will had told him, “No, I won’t let him hurt you-“

“You must,” Nico had replied, “Otherwise they’ll take you away. I don’t want anyone else. You’re...” the Kitsune had trailed off and moved away from Will, looking at his bare feet. And then he had gone into the shrine with Zeus and Will stayed in his room and hit the walls and screamed until his throat was raw. And afterwards he went down to Nico’s cell. The Spirit was already in his fox form and he slept on Will’s chest while the blonde stared at the ceiling and cursed the villagers.

***

The first snow fell hard and fast and blanketed the mountain. Will had trouble trekking through it to feed the animals so Nico took on that job since the snow didn’t seem to affect him, the petals parting to let him pass. The sky was dark with clouds so it constantly seemed like it was night and the wind howled and caused the roof to rattle. After two days the two decided that Will should sleep in Nico’s cell so he didn’t have to go through the snow to get inside the shrine. They piled their futons together and slept under furs, the Kitsune as the fox pressed close to Will.

And then one morning, or at least Will assumed it was morning since there were no windows, the priest couldn’t open the door.

“I think we’re snowed in,” he said worriedly, pushing at the door which wouldn’t budge. The wind howled outside and Will gave Nico a desperate look, “what will happen to the animals?”

“They have enough food to last them a few days,” the Spirit assured Will.

“What about us? We’re stuck here...,” Will sighed, “at least we had enough sense to move the provisions to the cell.”

“We?” Nico arched an eyebrow, “I am sure that I had enough sense.”

Will rolled his eyes, “I’m going to pray.”

Nico nodded and disappeared down the stairs to his cell. Will thanked the snow dragon Kuraokami for the weather, and for the fact that it would be impossible for anyone to climb the mountain. He also prayed that that the winter snow would hold up because it meant that none of the priests from the village could come up the mountain this month to ‘worship’ the Kitsune.

When he was done Will went down to the cellar. Nico was sitting on the bedding with...a bottle of sake. Will frowned.

“I don’t recall having a bottle of that.”

Nico shrugged, “it's one of the old bottles, I filled it up from the barrel so it's easier to drink.”

“Drink? You want to drink?”
“Yes. I want to celebrate,” Nico smiled gently, “don’t think I’m a fool. I know what the snow means, and so do you. You prayed for it, after all.”

“It’s unnerving,” Will said, sitting on the futon, safely away from Nico, “To remember that you’re a Spirit and know all these things. You look so human.”

“Not when I’m a fox,” Nico said, and took the cork out of the bottle, taking a swing of the sake. He passed it to Will and the priest took it hesitantly, taking sip. The alcohol burned down his throat and Nico eagerly took it back. They passed it back and forth, giggling, talking. Will grew warmer and warmer, and felt happier with each sip.

Nico was smaller than him and so he got drunk faster. Will only realised this when he saw something flickering behind the boy and realised it was his seven tails that had appeared now that he was flushed and drunk. Will couldn’t help but smile.

“Look at that,” he teased, “You don’t look so human anymore.”

Nico gasped and blushed and tried to hide his tails.

“It’s alright,” Will reassured him. Hesitantly Nico glanced at him, and then relaxed. He smiled, looking intoxicated. Will himself felt that way, warmth thrumming through his body, head buzzing pleasantly. Nico looked at him for a while with this peculiar, fond look in his dark eyes.

“We broke so many of the rules,” he said softly and his heart skipped a beat, “So...,” he reached his hand out shyly. Will’s mouth felt dry and he glanced between Nico’s tiny, outstretched hand and his nervous face. Hesitantly the priest took it.

It was the first time they touched and Will felt a warmth spread through him when he slid his fingers through Nico’s. His hand was so soft. In awe Will stroked his thumb over the back of Nico’s hand. It was so intimate Will didn’t think his heart could take it.

“I drank too much,” Nico said softly, his tails flickering behind him.

“Can I touch them?” Will asked. Nico nodded hesitantly and shifted closer so his and Will’s knees touched. The priest leaned forward slowly, slipping his arm underneath Nico’s. His fingers brushed against one of Nico’s tails and the Spirit inhaled shakily. Will smiled at how soft the tail was, twitching in his hand. He was inches away from Nico since he was leaning forward and suddenly the Kitsune was burying his face in Will’s chest, clinging onto him, shaking, “What is it?” Will asked, letting go of Nico’s tail. The Spirit just shook his head.

“You’re so...,” he pulled back and opened and closed his mouth but couldn’t seem to find the right words. His expression shifted and Will knew that he was feeling out of depth so he would change to his fox form soon.

“Don’t,” the priest said, grabbing Nico by the shoulders. The Spirit looked at him, startled. Will couldn’t believe how close he was. His head was spinning. Without thinking he leaned forward and pressed his lips against Nico’s lips. The Kitsune immediately jerked back, eyes wide.

“W-What...”

“I’m sorry,” Will whispered, scared but weirdly calm at the same time. He swallowed, “I’m afraid I’m in love with you.”

Nico blushed red, “You’re d-drunk.”
“No I’m not. Well, I am,” Will smiled, “But...I’m serious. I mean it. I’m in love with you. And you haven’t rejected me yet so...”

Nico looked down, “I’m not going to reject you,” he whispered. He was so beautiful that Will’s heart couldn’t seem to stay calm.

“So you won’t mind if I kiss you again?” the blonde asked softly. Nico didn’t say anything so Will leaned forward again, heart pounding. He threaded one of his hands carefully through Nico’s hair and kissed him again.

It was sweet, and tentative, and Will was finally allowed to touch him, to hold him. He drew the boy into his arms and Nico’s hands twisted in his kimono, holding him close. Will kissed him and stroked his hair.

“Watashi wa, anata o aishiteimasu,” the Kitsune whispered feverishly with each kiss, “I love you. I love you...” ***

“There has to be a way,” Will whispered. He was lying on his side, facing Nico, in their futon, their legs tangled together. It was probably morning again but right now the priest didn’t care. He had spent the whole day with Nico and yet he still couldn’t get enough of the Spirit, touching him each second, scared to even fall asleep in case it was all a dream. And now he was determined to keep the Kitsune close, “to free you.”

Nico looked at his lips, fingers tracing over Will’s naked chest.

“I’m forced to stay here by whoever has my Hoshi-no-Tama.”

“You’re what?” Will frowned.

“It’s a ball. I...I was meant to protect it but one of your ancestors stole it from me years ago. He fell in love with me and I...I didn’t feel the same,” the Kitsune swallowed uneasily, “he thought that with the Hoshi-no-Tama he could force me to have feelings for him, and when that failed he forced me to stay here, in this shrine as a prisoner, passing the ball on to his son, and then his son...I am forced to do whatever the wielder of the Hoshi-No-Tama wants me to.”

“Alright, so we just have to get the ball back!” Will said, excitedly sitting up, “Who has it?”

“Whichever priest will come for the monthly ritual,” Nico also sat up, the blanket pooling around his waist, “They always have them to make me...t-to make me...,” the Spirit couldn’t finish. Will pulled him in by the back of his neck and kissed him heatedly.

“I’m never going to let anyone touch you ever again,” he promised. Nico’s tails flickered behind him when Will kissed him again, “except me.”

“We have a fortnight,” Nico whispered, stroking Will’s cheek shyly, “before the next priest comes.”

“Before you’re free,” Will smiled and then he pressed Nico down onto his futon and kissed the Kitsune again.
Hands on Eachother

Can you do another Jasico one for V Day (Might be a little late sorry) Where Jason and Nico spend a Valentines weekend like at a resort or something, and Jason surprises him by proposing? Either before the proposal or after: a smutty scene w/ bottom Nico in their resort room

For Anon N. Miss

“You know, you didn’t have to do all this,” Nico whispered. They were alone in their massive suite in the resort that Jason had taken them to for Valentine’s day, but Nico still felt the need to speak quietly, as if to disrupt this fragile peace, “Valentine’s day isn’t a big deal.”

“I know,” Jason was lying on his side on the massive, fluffy bed in the room. Outside the window that took up one of the walls the city buzzed with life and light but in the suite everything was dark and quiet and peaceful. Nico was on his side too, close to Jason on the bed. They had explored the resort, gone to the swimming pool, ate at the restaurant, danced, drank champagne and now they were just looking at each other, Jason’s hand resting on the dip of Nico’s waist, the Italian’s hand stroking Jason’s face, “But I needed to get away from Camp, at least this once. And with everyone sneaking about it’s easier to not get caught tonight.”

“Someone will realise we’re gone.”

“I know,” Jason shrugged, “but I don’t care. I just wanted to spend tonight with you.”

Nico was eighteen, Jason twenty, they’ve dated for almost five years and still lived at camp. Over those five years it was hard to try and get away from all the Campers, the prying eyes of the Gods. This resort was the only place where the Gods couldn’t directly look down into from Olympus since its foundation was built with stones and wood from Alaska. Jason explained that’s why he chose it.

“I’m sorry if it’s too much,” Jason murmured. Nico smiled and leaned forward to brush his nose against Jason’s, Eskimo kissing him,

“It’s wonderful,” the Italian whispered. He didn’t usually get emotional but he had to admit that this gesture from Jason was amazing, and made Nico’s insides feel all warm and squishy. It was weird that after such a long time together Jason still managed to make him feel that way. Looking at him now, in the dim light, Nico felt himself falling more and more in love with the son of Jupiter, even if it seemed impossible for him to love him harder than he already did, “I love you.”

Jason leaned forward and kissed him. It was that kind of kiss that made Nico smiled and close his eyes, pressing closer to the blonde. It was a warm kiss, full of love and gentleness and a silent way for Jason to say it back without actually saying those three words. The blonde’s hands slipped underneath Nico’s shirt and his fingers laced together at the small of the Italian’s back. Nico cradled his boyfriend’s face in his hands and snuggled closer, lips moving against Jason’s in a comfortable, familiar and yet heart fluttering way.
And then suddenly Jason was on top of Nico, body crushing him into the mattress. Nico couldn’t breathe and he didn’t know whether it was because of Jason’s weight or because he was suddenly kissing him with a desperation that made his head dizzy. Nico’s hands clutched at the back of Jason’s shirt and he kissed him back just as hungrily. After a second, or an eternity, he couldn’t really tell, Nico tugged at Jason’s shirt and pulled it over his head, revealing his tanned, muscular torso. There were no questions asked; each knew what the other needed without words. Nico leaned up to trail his lips across the man’s collarbone. Jason laughed softly and nuded Nico with his nose, kissing him softly, then pressing a kiss to his chin.

“Sometimes I still can’t believe you’re real,” the blonde said softly, helping Nico out of his shirt. Then he just let his eyes slide over Nico’s chest lazily, even though he had seen it a hundred times. Nico looked at him fondly and Jason reached down to trace patterns into his pale, flat stomach with the tips of his fingers, “You’re the most beautiful person,” Jason said and leaned down to press a kiss to Nico’s bellybutton. The Italian giggled and tugged him back up.

“You’re such a sap, Jason Grace,” he said with a grin, pressing their foreheads together, “Ti amo.”

“Say something else in Italian,” Jason asked, brushing Nico’s hair from his forehead.

“Sei la mia anima gemella.”

“What does that mean?” Jason smiled.


“Who’s a sap now?” Jason wriggled his eyebrows and Nico rolled his eyes, “Say something more.”

“Metti le mani su di me,” Nico whispered, his lips brushing against Jason’s with each word.

“What does that mean?” Jason asked, eyes sparkling with happiness.

“Put your hands on me.”

Jason’s smile slipped from his face and Nico literally saw his blue eyes grow darker, and then Jason’s lips were on his neck, kissing, biting, all the gentleness from before gone. Nico gasped when the blonde gripped his hips in a bruising grip, feeling himself stiffen in his jeans.

“Pants off,” he panted, pushing Jason back just enough so he could wriggle out of said pants. Hurriedly Jason pulled his own off and they were pressing into each other again, only the thin layer of their boxers separating them. The air grew hot as they kissed, hands sliding over the bodies they knew so well, gasping into each other’s mouths, desperation taking hold of them.

Nico’s jaw was starting to ache from all the kissing when Jason abruptly pulled back and flipped him over, so the Italian was on his stomach. He was about to ask something when he felt the blonde’s insistent, hot lips kissing down his spine. One of Jason’s hands groped at Nico’s ass and the boy’s breathing sped up when Jason kissed the two dimples at the bottom of his back. Nico shivered when Jason pulled his boxers off and the cold air hit his ass but he didn’t have time to concentrate on that because then Jason was spreading his cheeks and kissing at his hole.

“Jason,” Nico whined and then pressed his face into the pillows, muffling his moan when Jason pushed his tongue inside him with no warning. The Italian panted and gripped at the pillows as Jason licked and bit at him. There was probably lube in one of the cupboards of the suite but Jason always preferred to get Nico ready like this, and honestly Nico preferred it too. He whimpered when Jason thrust his tongue inside him roughly, hands still kneading the flesh of his ass, “nghhhh f-fuck...”
Nico really didn’t need much preparation since they had literally fucked in the morning on the train (not one of their proudest moments), so soon the blonde was pulling back.

“I love you,” he covered Nico’s body with his, kissing his shoulder, then his neck. The Italian turned his flushed face and pressed his lips to the blonde’s. He could feel the blunt tip of the man’s cock against his hole, “So much, Nico. You have no idea.”

Nico kissed him again and then Jason thrust into him with one swift movement. Nico cried out, his head falling back against the pillows, thighs trembling. For once he didn’t have to worry about being quiet and alarming the other campers. His body felt stupidly hot everywhere Jason touched him, showering his shoulders with kisses. The blonde didn’t move, just stayed inside Nico for a moment, pressing his face to the crook of Nico’s neck and kissing him there.

“Why do you have to be so perfect?” he asked brokenly. Before Nico could reply Jason pulled out of him and thrust back in, so hard that the bed frame hit the wall. The Italian bit the pillow to muffle the sounds he was making as Jason established a rhythm, easily finding Nico’s prostate. In minutes Nico was a writhing mess on the bed, whimpering and moaning, clawing at the sheets for some leverage as Jason fucked into him, his rough movements contrasted by the soft, loving words he whispered into Nico’s skin.

After they finished they called housekeeping to change the sheets, which Jason felt bad about, insisting that he could change them himself. Nico shut him up by dragging him to the en-suite bathroom where they sat in the Jacuzzi bathtub, the Italian in Jason’s lap, kissing in the warm water until they got hard and fucked again. By the time they came back to their bed it was close to two in the morning and both of them were exhausted.

They laid down underneath the covers, facing each other again, Jason running his hand up and down Nico’s bare arm while the Italian watched him fondly. The blonde looked lost in thought.

“What is it?” Nico whispered. Jason was staring intently at him.

“I...uh...I learned something in Italian the other day,” he seemed nervous. Nico raised an eyebrow, “Is it te amo?”

“No.”

“Go on then,” Nico scooted a bit closer, taking Jason’s hand off his arm and kissing it, “Let’s hear it.”

Jason looked at him hesitantly, “Mi vuoi sposare?”

Nico’s chest clenched so hard that for a second he couldn’t breathe, just stared at Jason with wide eyes. The blonde glanced at him nervously and then looked away again. Nico’s grip tightened on his boyfriend’s hand. Jason’s accent was funny and his pronunciation was messy but Nico still understood what he had asked. Will you marry me?

The Italian threw his arms around Jason’s neck and pressed himself close to him, trying to simultaneously remember how to breathe and attempt not to cry. He failed at both.

“I-I love you,” he whispered, choking on a sob, “Fuck, I love y-you so much-

“Just say yes,” Jason whispered, kissing Nico’s shoulder and holding him close.

“Yes. Yes, yes,” the boy murmured feverishly and pulling his boyfriend – his fiancée – close to kiss
him again.
I Don't Wanna Hurt Him Anymore

Angsty break up for Solangelo but of course with a happy ending. And could you describe the fight with details like not short because they are a special couple they would not break up without a real reason and a real fight and could you write the feelings they have after the fight?

For bella

WILL

“But...why?” Will felt like a child asking that questions, but he didn’t know what else to say. The rational part of his brain that made his hands stay steady while he performed CPR on a dying patient switched off when Will looked at his boyfriend – the love of his life – standing in front of him, a suitcase at his side. Will had that helpless feeling in his stomach, like when you saw your favourite character plundering to their death on the screen of a TV and you couldn’t do anything about it. Except this was so much worse.

“I don’t love you anymore,” Nico said, and his voice was hard and distant as if he was talking to a stranger. Each word was like a stab to Will’s gut and his legs almost gave out on him, unable to hold up the weight of what Nico was telling him, “That’s why I’m leaving.”

“But why?” Will whispered again, his voice strained, feeling panic claw up his throat as tears sprung to his eyes. He kept waiting for Nico to laugh and say it was all a joke but there was just a heavy silence between them, a silence of two people who had nothing else to say to each other. Except Will still had so many things left to say.

“I don’t love you anymore,” Nico said again, for the second time, and Will never knew words could hurt so much. It was as if a blade was burrowed in his chest, making it hard, impossible, to breathe. His world was fuzzy around the edges.


“For God’s sake Will! How many times do you want me to repeat it?” Nico snapped. Will could see the anger in his dark eyes and that was good, because at least the Italian wasn’t looking at him in that dead, emotionless way as before.

“I thought...,” Will’s throat felt as if someone had sandpapered it so he swallowed, “I thought it was okay. I thought we were okay.”

Nico crossed his arms over his chest, “Well we’re not.”

“So you’re just gonna leave?” it didn’t feel real to Will, “after six years. You’re just gonna go?”
“Yes,” Nico said and reached for his bag.

“Don’t,” Will said, and the dark haired man hesitated, “I know you. You’re not telling me something. There’s a reason why you’re being so horrible—“

“Yes, the reason is I don’t love you anymore,” Nico growled.

“You don’t just fall out of love with someone in a day!” Will said helplessly, taking a step towards Nico. The man flinched.

“It’s not a day. I’ve thought about it for months—“

“When we went to Spain?” Will demanded, “were you deciding you don’t love me then?”

“Will...,” Nico sighed.

“No, answer me!” the pain in Will’s chest was too much, and the only way to get it out seemed to be through shouting at Nico, “When we went to Spain, did you not love me then?! What about last week when we were looking at new apartments? Did you not love me then either?!“ Nico was silent, staring at his shoes. Will couldn’t hold back anymore and he felt hot, angry tears sliding down his cheeks, “What about last night?” he asked brokenly, “when you kept telling me you love me until you fell asleep?”

“I lied,” Nico said quietly.

“Why are you doing this?” Will whispered weakly.

“I can’t be with someone I don’t love,” Nico’s voice was monotonous.

“I don’t believe you.”

“I don’t need you to,” Nico picked up his bag but Will couldn’t let him go. He fell to his knees in front of the boy, wrapping his arms around the Italian’s waist and pressing his face against his torso, clinging on, “Let go,” Nico said quietly, placing a hand on Will’s shoulder.

“I love you,” Will’s voice was muffled and he held onto Nico tighter. He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to lose himself in the boy’s comforting, familiar smell. He thought if he denied what was happening long enough it would all turn out to be a horrible dream.

“Will,” Nico said insistently, but his voice was shaky. He shoved Will back and pulled away, grabbing his bag and making for the door. Will scrambled to his feet and ran after him.

“Nico!” he yelled, grabbing him by his sleeve and hauling him back. Nico stumbled and Will used this as an opportunity to turn them around, blocking the front door with his body.

“Move!” Nico shouted. Will just shook his head stubbornly. Nico punched him weakly in the shoulder but compared to the pain in Will’s heart it felt like nothing, “I said move!”

“Are you in love with someone else?” Will asked, surprised by his own calmness. Somewhere in the back of his head his heart was still screaming but doctor-Will was back, taking control of the situation. No point being hysterical, he told himself.


“If there’s someone else the I’ll understand,” Will said, though he was sure it was a lie, “But I can’t let you leave without an explanation. So tell me; are you in love with someone else?”
Nico wasn’t looking at him and when Will noticed his shoulders shaking; for a second he though the boy was laughing. And then the sob spilled from Nico’s mouth and the horrible realisation hit Will; Nico was crying.

“I cheated on you,” the boy whispered.

NICO

“But...why?” Will asked and all Nico wanted was to cry. Some part of him had hoped that the blonde would just let him go, no questions asked, and then he’d never have to confess to what he did. Another part of him wanted to sneak out before Will even came home, the coward part of him. But neither of those things happened and now Will was standing between Nico and the door, and the Italian had no way to get out.

“I don’t love you anymore. That’s why I’m leaving.” Nico said, trying to distance himself, to not let the shaky pain he was feeling affect his words. If Will felt a hint of hesitation he’d grab at it, and then Nico wouldn’t be able to go. He couldn’t do that to Will – the doctor deserved better,

“But why?” Will sounded so broken, and there were tears in his eyes. Nico wanted nothing more than to walk forward and hug him, kiss him, tell him that he was the only person he could ever love. But he couldn’t do that; he had cheated on Will with another man, and even if he hadn’t meant to, it still happened. Nico couldn’t find words, so he stood there in silence, trying to find an exit that would allow him to just withdraw quietly. He wanted to say something that wouldn’t shatter Will completely but instead he just repeated;

“I don’t love you anymore.”

“But why?” Will looked as if someone had just told him that Nico was dead and the Italian couldn’t handle that. He couldn’t take Will’s tears and soft words. His anger is easier to deal with...

“For God’s sake Will how many times do you want me to repeat it?” Nico snapped, though that took a lot of strength. He hated to hurt the blonde even more, but he was scared that he’d start to cry...or worse, tell the truth. He wouldn’t be able to handle the look on Will’s face if he told him that he had let someone else fuck him.

“I thought...,” Will’s voice was hoarse, “I thought it was okay. I thought we were okay.”

Nico crossed his arms over his chest, protectively, trying to hide himself and forced his voice to remain steady, “Well we’re not.”

“So you’re just gonna leave?” it hit Nico then; what he was about to do. It hit him that if he walked through that door he’d never see the love of his life again...“after six years. You’re just gonna go?”

It’s for the better. This way I can’t hurt him anymore than I already have. Nico grabbed his bag, “Yes.”

“Don’t.” Will said, and Nico hesitated. A part of him still wanted Will to force him to stay, no matter what it took, “I know you. You’re not telling me something. There’s a reason why you’re being so horrible-“

Nico’s stomach twisted. I can’t tell him, I can’t tell him-. “Yes, the reason is I don’t love you anymore.”

“You don’t just fall out of love with someone in a day!” Will said helplessly, taking a step towards Nico. The boy flinched away. He could still feel the ghost of the man’s hands on him. He had been
at a bar with Annabeth. She had disappeared. Nico was drunk. He was so fucking drunk.

“It’s not a day. I’ve thought about it for months-,” it was so hard lying to Will’s face.

“When we went to Spain?” Will demanded, throwing Nico off track, “were you deciding you don’t love me then?”

“Will...,” of course Nico loved him then. He remembered the hot, golden sands, and how Will had tanned and he had sunburned. They ate ice-cream, and drank fancy cocktails, swam in the sapphire sea, fucked all through the night. Everything had been so much easier then.

“No, answer me!” Will was shouting now and that just made Nico feel worse, “When we went to Spain, did you not love me then?! What about last week when we were looking at new apartments? Did you not love me then either?!”

Nico could feel a sob at the back of his throat and he looked down at his shoes, unable to face Will, to face what he had done. He ruined everything. He couldn’t remember the other guy’s name. He couldn’t remember if he had even told that man no. He hadn’t wanted it, that’s all he remembered, but he hadn’t pushed the man off him, he had been too drunk. That’s consent, he told himself, silent, I didn’t say no, so he thought it meant yes. It was my fault.

“What about last night?” Will whispered, his anger evaporating, “when you kept telling me you love me until you fell asleep?”

“I lied,” Nico said quietly.

“Why are you doing this?” Will whispered weakly.

“I can’t be with someone I don’t love,” Nico was shutting himself off – it was his defence mechanism.

“I don’t believe you,” Will said. Of course he didn’t – Nico was lying.

“I don’t need you to,” Nico picked up his bag again. He needed to get out, he needed to go before he broke. But Will wouldn’t make it that easy. Before Nico could react the blonde fell to his knees in front of him, pulling Nico into his strong arms. Nico chocked on a sob as Will buried his face in his chest, holding him, “Let go,” Nico whispered, placing a hand on Will’s shoulder but not having the strength to push him away.

“I love you,” Will’s voice was muffled and Nico felt his heart break with every word. He blinked the tears out of his eyes. Now or never...

“Will,” Nico said insistently, this time unable to keep the shakiness from his voice. Finding strength he shoved Will away, grabbed his bag and made for the door. He couldn’t cry, not in front of Will, not right now.

“Nico!” Will’s voice echoed through Nico’s brain. The doors were so close, Nico reached out...Will hauled him back by the sleeve and Nico stumbled. Will pushed past him and blocked the door with his body.

“Move!” Nico shouted, feeling like he couldn’t breathe. Everything just hurt. Will just shook his head stubbornly. Nico punched him weakly in the shoulder, wanting the blonde to hate him. It would be so much easier if Will hated him, “I said move!”

“Are you in love with someone else?” Will asked, voice suddenly calm. Nico’s heart skipped a beat
and he felt nauseous. Of course he didn’t love anyone else – Will was his one and only. But he had cheated. He hated every second of that sex that he could remember but that didn’t mean he hadn’t done it. He could’ve screamed, pushed the man away, and instead all he did was lay there and stare at the ceiling while his world spun. He couldn’t even feel anything, he was so drunk.

“Will,” Nico just wanted everything to end.

“If there’s someone else the I’ll understand,” Will said, “But I can’t let you leave without an explanation. So tell me; are you in love with someone else?”

Nico couldn’t hold back anymore and a sob ripped from his throat. He couldn’t leave Will like that – the blonde deserved the truth. He deserved to hate Nico.

“I cheated on you,” the boy whispered. Will stared at him in shock and Nico sobbed again, running a hand down his face, feeling hysteria rising in him. He was going to have a panic attack, he was sure of that.

“What?” Will asked in disbelief. Nico’s hands were trembling. Actually, all of him was trembling.

“I went to a-a bar with Annabeth,” he started shakily, just wanting to get it out, “a-and w-we drank a-a lot a-and then s-she just d-disappeared a-and some guy s-started t-talking to me...I t-thought A-Aannie would c-come back but t-this guy bought m-me a d-drink and I felt bad s-so I d-drank it,” Nico had to stop to take a breath, “a-and everything w-was fuzzy. I c-couldn’t stand s-so he pulled me up and c-carried me t-to his car a-a-and I felt s-sick and I w-wanted Annabeth and I w-was so drunk, f-fuck Will I was s-so drunk. A-And I d-don’t remember m-much just h-him touching m-me and I kept b-blacking out and I-I should’ve t-told him no b-but I couldn’t s-speak or m-move and I just wanted him t-to stop, and then h-he just left me on the street and I puked a-a-and I s-tumbled home a-a-and you were sleeping a-a-and I felt so d-drirty a-a-and you woke u-u-up but I-I couldn’t t-tell you so I kept saying I-I love you-,” he stopped speaking, hyperventilating. Will was staring at him, his expression unreadable, “Will,” Nico was crying now, cheeks wet. He would’ve reached for the man but he knew Will was disgusted, “I’m s-sorry. I love. I-I love you but I c-can’t live with you a-after what I did.” Will was silent, “please,” Nico felt like he was going to die, or pass out, “just s-say something. Will. Hit me, if you want to.”

WILL

“I cheated on you,” the boy whispered. Everything came to an abrupt, screeching halt inside Will, all of his panic and pain, as if there was an error on the computer. He looked at Nico, all teary eyed, and tried to comprehend what the boy just told him. He was in complete, and utter shock.

“What?” Will asked his shaking boyfriend. His brain had trouble keeping up when Nico shakily explained to him what happened. However as he continued telling his story emotions exploded in Will; anger, jealousy, shame, and then just pure, pure fury. And worry. Nico was a step from a panic attack, Will could tell, blaming himself for someone raping him. Because that’s what it clearly was – Nico hadn’t consented to that sex. Will wasn’t angry at his boyfriend; he was angry at himself, for not noticing, for letting it happen, for not being there to Nico. The boy felt like he had to leave Will because of this. It was so fucked up and yet all Will wanted was to hold him. Nico didn’t hate him, he hated himself, and Will hated that.

“I’m s-sorry. I love you,” those three words lifted that terrible weight off Will’s heart and if it wasn’t for the horrible thing that Nico just told him had happened, he would’ve smiled, “I-I love you but I c-can’t live with you a-after what I did.” Will tried to think of something to say something that would make it all better, “please just s-say something. Will. Hit me, if you want to.”
Will didn’t want to hit him. His body finally unfroze and he closed the distance between him and Nico, taking the boy into his arms. Nico gasped and Will forcefully walked him backwards into the living room. He collapsed on the couch, dragging Nico into his lap, and then he just clung onto him, squeezing him so tightly that he thought both of them would pass out. But he didn’t care, all that matter was that Nico was his, and that Will had to comfort him, make it okay.

“W-Will,” Nico wasn’t trying to push him away, instead clinging onto him, face buried in Will’s shoulder as he cried. Will felt his heart breaking all over again as he stroked his boyfriend’s back, kissing the side of his face.

“He forced you,” Will whispered soothingly, “It wasn’t your fault. You were drunk.”


“You’re not,” he said. A part of him wanted to run out and find the cunt who did this to his boy and the other part wanted to hold the crying Nico in his arms forever, “You’re beautiful. You’re perfect.”

“How can you s-say that after what I did?” Nico whimpered. Will kissed him again.

“Calm down, baby,” he whispered soothingly, “It wasn’t your fault.”

“I love you,” Nico said hopelessly, hands clinging onto Will’s jumper as if he was scared the blonde would leave him. Will kissed him again, instead.

“I love you too,” he murmured, “and I’ll make everything better, I promise. We’ll go to the police if you want, only if you want to though. And I’m here for you. And you didn’t cheat. And I love you. Did I already tell you that? Because I love you. So much.”
Fuck What You Heard You're Mine

Can you do one for Perleo where Percy is haunted by the Tartarus and has turned a bit dark and Leo is in love with him and lets him do whatever he wants with his body (angry sex mostly) and Percy accepts cause he doesn't wanna scare Annabeth but ends up in love with Leo?
For Andy

“I’m just sexually frustrated.”

Tartarus had changed Percy. He used to be a carefree, always smiling, kind boy but he came back from Hell he was all dark and always angry, with a sense of danger around him. Of course Leo, his best friend, was still hopelessly in love with him even though Percy pushed him away. In fact he pushed everyone away except Annabeth, who had gone through Tartarus with him. Leo knew that the two of them were stronger than he could ever be, and he adored Annabeth but he couldn’t stop himself from being jealous. He was determined to stay at Percy’s side even if everything the boy wanted was Annabeth, and not him. They had all gone through a lot during the War, but Leo didn’t want Percy to leave him behind, even if he could never have him the way he wanted to.

But Annabeth had gone to her dad’s for the week and Leo took that opportunity to hang out with Percy, who seemed to be warming up to him again. Even though he didn’t smile or laugh as much, he was still Percy...deep down. And Leo loved him so much that it hurt sometimes, that’s why he was here, sitting on Percy’s bed and listening to the boy finally begin to open up to him.

“Annabeth wants to have sex constantly. And...yeah, I want to too, of course,” Percy sighed in annoyance, “but we haven’t done it since before Tartarus and it’s...it’s hard to control the darkness inside me, you know. And if I fuck her I’ll just lose all control, I know I will.”

“Did you tell her that?” Leo asked, trying to be Leo the Friend and not Leo the I’m so In Love With you SOS.

“No,” Percy ran a hand down his face, “I can’t just...tell her that we’re not having sex because I’m scared to hurt her. Or scare her for the matter...fuck, I wouldn’t be able to take it if I scared her...”

Leo took another shot because he couldn’t handle thinking about Annabeth’s and Percy’s sex life. Both of them had already drank a lot, and maybe that’s why Percy was opening up to Leo. Either way a stupid idea started forming in the Latino’s head.

“So you want to have sex,” he summarised, the world a little blurry, “but you don’t want to do it with her because you’re scared of hurting or scaring her?” Percy looked at him suspiciously and nodded, “Why don’t you just have sex with someone else?”

“Are you offering?” the son of Poseidon asked with a bemused snort, sipping on his whiskey. Leo
swallowed nervously and stared at him. He could still back out, he could still say no, he could...Percy’s eyes widened at the too-long pause, “Are you serious?”

Leo shrugged and looked away, trying to act nonchalant, “I haven’t really been getting laid recently. It could help both of us out – not feelings attached, just a way to get our sexual frustration out.”

“No way. That’s cheating.”

Leo shrugged, “Not if there are no feelings attached. It’s just sex because you don’t want to hurt the girl you love,” it pained the Latino to say that but he could see the hesitance in Percy’s eyes; he was contemplating it. Leo’s hands started to shake in his lap, “it’s just sex,” he added, as an afterthought, his heart pounding. Maybe it was the alcohol that was making him so stupidly brave.

He hesitantly slid closer to Percy on the bed, resting his hand on the bigger boy’s shoulder. Percy watched him cautiously and Leo leaned in a little, glancing down at Percy’s lips. The son of Poseidon didn’t move away, which was a good sign.

“Just sex...,” Leo whispered. Percy grabbed him by the chin and his expression hardened, though Leo could see the lust behind his pupils.

“No kissing,” Percy growled and before Leo could react he was being flipped so he was on all fours. Leo squeaked, feeling blood rush to his face in embarrassment, especially when Percy swiftly pulled off his trousers and boxers. There was no foreplay, no nothing. *You’re the one who said just sex!* Leo scolded himself. He just didn’t think it would be happening now, so suddenly. Still, the sudden show of dominance made blood rush to Leo’s dick.

“Percy, w-wait-,” the Latino stuttered but then he felt two slick fingers probing at his hole. His mouth fell open in a silent moan when the boy suddenly shoved them inside with no warning. Leo was glad for all those times he had fingered himself because otherwise that would’ve hurt like a bitch. Instead it just burned a little, but Leo was used to burning. He tried to keep quiet as Percy scissored him angrily, messily getting him ready. The Latino was panting, his arms, which he was holding himself up on, trembling. He heard Percy undo his zipper, “Hey, listen I-“

“Shut up,” Percy growled shoving Leo’s head down into the pillow. The boy had trouble breathing but for some reason that sparked lust inside of him, making his stomach clench. He felt the blunt tip of Percy’s cock against his hole and he whimpered, hands clenching in the pillows. His ass was still in the air and Percy used both of his hands on Leo’s hips to ensure that it stayed that way. Leo cried out when Percy pushed all the way inside him swiftly and, not waiting for Leo to adjust, started to thrust.

It hurt. It fucking hurt. Leo squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his face into the pillow and tried to *breathe* as Percy’s hard cock impaled him. When he had said *just sex* he hadn’t meant for his body to be used as a sex toy, but that’s exactly what Percy was doing, brutally thrusting into him, groaning quietly in pleasure. It aroused Leo a little, and he hated himself for that.

“F-Fuck-,” he gasped when Percy suddenly hit his prostate, causing his toes to curl. A flame erupted from his hand, setting the pillow on fire. Percy waved his hand, not stopping his movements, and doused both Leo and the pillow in water. The sudden coldness made Leo’s body hyper-sensitive. It wasn’t the best sex, it was too hard and rough and Leo knew he’d have bruises, but the thought that it was *Percy* fucking him made it all okay somehow. Leo’s lungs were screaming for air so he tried to lift his head from the ruined, wet pillow but Percy just pressed him back into it.

“S-Stay the fuck down,” he growled, all angry, and breathless, and alpha-male.
Then suddenly the intruding cock was pulled out and Leo felt wet cum against the small of his back. The warmth of Percy’s body disappeared and it took Leo a minute to realise that it was over. He laid there, confused and sex-riddled and still fucking semi-hard on the bed. He heard the door to the bathroom slam shut and when he finally got enough strength to push his aching body up he was alone in the main room of the Poseidon cabin. He swallowed and his erection went down, and the self-hatred hit him.

*Idiot, idiot,* he scolded himself as he hurriedly, shakily, tugged on his clothes, *I'm such a fucking slut I can’t believe I just let him fuck me like that,* a sob bubbled in Leo’s throat and so he hurriedly spilled out of the cabin, wanting to get as far away from Percy as possible. *He doesn’t love me, he doesn’t even like me like that! What was I thinking?*

Leo didn’t know where the fuck he was going, he just stumbled in the dark of the cabins until he found the tool shed and rested his forehead against it, letting the tears overflow him. Not only had he fucked up his and Percy’s friendship but he also became the side-chick. It wasn’t the fact that Percy basically used him that hurt, it was the fact that he would never love Leo. For some stupid reason the drunk boy had thought that the second they had sex Percy would magically fall for him and leave Annabeth. *You’re a horrible human being,* Leo told himself, over and over. He hoped Percy would ran out after him; he never did.

***

Leo was avoiding Percy after what they did, and the son of Poseidon seemed happy to do that too. Annabeth came back and Leo glimpsed her walking around with her boyfriend, and that hurt more than the bruises Percy left on his body. Leo hated himself for what he did because he was finally beginning to understand that he had probably hurt Annabeth in the process, and Percy seemed to understand that too.

Which was why Leo didn’t understand why the son of Poseidon was standing outside Bunker Nine in the middle of the night, breathing hard as if he had ran all the way. Technically Leo wasn’t supposed to be in the bunker but he liked to work at night, which was why now he was alone with Percy.

“Hi,” he said, confused, blinking at the boy standing in the rain. Percy looked at him with desperation in his eyes that made Leo shiver.

“I need to fuck you,” he said, instead of a hello.

“W-What?!” Leo spluttered.

“Annabeth tried to suck me off,” Percy pushed into the bunker and slammed the heavy metal door shut behind him. The sound echoed through the spacious bunker, “and then I remembered that I lose control during sex but I was already hard and-,” he looked at Leo, “fuck. Please. Just one more time.”

Leo had to say no. Last time it had hurt and he hadn’t come and he felt like a cheap whore afterwards. He opened his mouth-,

“Okay.”

Before he could beat himself up over what he had just agreed to Percy scooped him up as if he weighed nothing. Leo clung onto him for a few seconds as the son of Poseidon walked him over to one of the workbenches, shoving the project on-top of it to the floor and putting Leo down. Percy pulled off Leo’s pants again and discarded them to the side.
“Do you have some lube?” he demanded. Leo nodded, weak with the sudden arousal that hit him from the way Percy looked at him.

“There’s oil to your left.”

Percy hurriedly grabbed a bottle of engine oil and poured it over his hand, simultaneously shoving Leo backwards. There was a look in his eyes that was making Leo unnerved. The Latino squeezed his eyes shut when Percy threw his legs over his shoulders, preparing for the uncomfortable intrusion of the bigger boy’s digits. But when Percy did push his finger (just one this time) inside Leo it was much gentler than before, though still with a rough edge to it.

“Sorry I hurt you last time,” Percy huffed.

“I-It’s okay-,” Leo’s sentence ended on a gasp when another finger entered him. When he looked up at Percy the boy’s face looked different...harder, colder. He grabbed Leo by the hips and pulled him forward a little, pulling his own trousers off. Leo looked at him.

“I’m only doing it because I don’t want to scare her,” he told Leo, and the Latino’s stomach twisted in misery. But then Percy thrust into him and he forgot his sadness for a moment, his head falling back, a moan spilling from his mouth.

***

If Leo wasn’t so stupidly, hopelessly in love with Percy he would’ve told him that either way, he was hurting Annabeth. On one hand it wasn’t physically – he wasn’t leaving purple bruises on her hips or angry red bite marks on her neck and shoulders, but on the other hand he was still cheating on her. If Leo had been a better man, if he wasn’t so stupidly, hopelessly in love with Percy he would’ve stopped letting him have sex with him. But as things were Leo was in love with Percy and he was hopeless when it came to him. If the only way for the Son of Poseidon to touch him was through rough, borderline painful sex, then Leo would take it, if only to have Percy near for a moment.

He lost count how many times they fucked, but each time Percy told him that this would be their last. He kept coming back though. He was rough, but Leo liked that, especially when Percy stopped actually hurting him, and made sure he came by the end of their little ‘meeting.’ However despite those improvements the boy still treated Leo like a fuckbuddy, which didn’t stop the Latino from falling more in love with him each time he saw him. He would’ve been content with having sex with Percy in dark corners for the rest of his life but after a few months the boy started to change...

It was subtle at first; he’d always make Leo come first, and made sure the boy was comfortable on whatever surface they were fucking. But then he started doing little things that were noticeable to Leo, like leave visible hickeys up Leo’s neck, or kiss the back of his neck if they weren’t facing each other, or brushing Leo’s curls from his forehead if they were.

“You know, you could be less obvious,” Leo told him one night after he was getting dressed in the Poseidon cabin. He was sore, tired and annoyed that he would have to sneak back to Hephaestus cabin undetected. Percy watched him from the bed with satisfaction, stretched out like a cat. At least he had the decency to pull on a pair of sweatpants. Leo was nervously looking at his reflection, touching the purple hickeys on his neck, “Annabeth might notice something...”

Percy slid from the bed and came to stand behind Leo. The Latino was startled when the boy wrapped his strong arms around his waist, pulling him backwards against his chest and pressing his face into the space where Leo’s neck met his shoulder.
“I want to fuck you again,” he whispered against the Latino’s heated skin.

Leo’s body felt warm and his heart pounded. Carefully he unlaced Percy’s arms from around him, “I don’t think I could handle it right now. I’ll come back tomorrow morning?”

Percy turned him around so they were facing each other and his expression was weird, all soft and fond and warm. His eyes were dark the way they always were when he was aroused but he wasn’t cold or angry or detached as usual.

“What if I was gentle?” he asked, stroking Leo’s hip. The son of Hephaestus swallowed uneasily and then Percy did something even weirder. He leaned close and pressed their foreheads together, one of his hands cupping Leo’s cheek, “Please,” he whispered.

“Y-You’re being weird,” Leo whispered, and he found it hard to breathe. Percy’s lips were inches away...

“I feel weird too,” Percy murmured, “Calmer.”

“I need to go,” Leo couldn’t look at the other boy, his cheeks red.

“Can I at least get a goodnight kiss?” Percy’s voice was just a whisper, his breath brushing against Leo’s lips. The Latino sucked in a breath, his hands in fists on either side of him. Percy was pressing him against the mirror, one of his hands stroking Leo’s face. The lights were dim, just a golden glow coming from the fireplace.

“I thought it was just sex,” Leo whispered, “Remember? S-So Annabeth doesn’t get hurt,” he hated how his voice shook.

“I broke up with Annabeth.”

Leo looked up at him then, in shock, “What? Why? Are you an idiot?!” he demanded, for a second becoming Leo the Friend, “She was like Cara Delavigne! You can never get better than her you dick-“

“I can get you,” Percy said softly and Leo froze, “if you want me that is.”

“I’m so confused right now,” Leo said weakly. Percy wrapped his arms around the boy’s waist and lifted him without warning. Leo let out a surprised noise and automatically wrapped his arms and legs around Percy as the son of Poseidon deposited him on the bed, climbing on top of him, “P-Percy!” Leo was protesting, blushing, “I s-said in the morning—” Percy tucked his hair behind his ear and Leo’s words died away, heart hammering.

“We won’t fuck,” Percy soothed him. Then he kissed his forehead and Leo shivered. When Percy kissed his cheek he whimpered, hands clenching in the blankets below, “Shhh, relax,” Percy’s hand slid over Leo’s wrist and gently opened his palm, threading their fingers together and pressing them down onto the covers, “Don’t think about Annabeth. I don’t love her anymore, I haven’t for a while.”

He tried to kiss Leo but the boy couldn’t take that – he thought his heart might burst so he turned his flushed face to the side, hiding it in the pillow. Percy didn’t mean to mind, stroking Leo’s shoulder, pressing little kisses to his neck. His grip wasn’t hard or forceful, just gentle and warm, allowing Leo to go if he wanted to. Leo didn’t want to go. There were tears in his eyes and he didn’t know why everything was so puzzling.

Eventually Leo got the courage to face Percy again. He sniffled.
“You know I have feelings for you,” he whispered, voice hoarse. Percy smiled gently.

“Yeah. I think I always knew. Thing is – I’ve got feelings for you too.”

“But you love Annabeth,” Leo said desperately.

“I did. I do. Still, just...not like that anymore. I though the darkness in me would just stay with me forever, and that it was a burden I had to carry,” he looked at Leo, lost in thought, “I thought I was alone with it. And then you...you let me hurt you to make myself feel better and I hated myself for doing that, but every time I had sex with you a little bit of that darkness disappeared...,” he sighed, “I was so set on making sure that I didn’t scare Annabeth that I ended up scaring you.”

“You didn’t scare me,” Leo whispered, “you hurt me, yeah, every time I saw you with Annabeth it fucking hurt but I wasn’t scared of you.”

“You’re scared now,” Percy said softly. Leo made a face,

“No I’m not.”

Percy smiled, “Yeah you are. You’re scared of me kissing you.”

Leo opened his mouth to reply but then he realised that Percy was right and looked away guiltily.

“It’s just a kiss, Leo.”

“Last time it was just sex,” Leo interjected.

“I love you,” Percy whispered. Leo squeezed his eyes shut.

“I knew you were gonna say that,” he mumbled. Percy frowned,

“I thought that’s what you wanted?”

Leo looked up at him hopelessly, “I don’t know what I want.”

“I want to kiss you,” Percy said, “do you want that too?”

Hesitantly, Leo nodded.

Percy leaned forward and pressed their lips together. Leo tensed so much he thought something might break inside him. Percy cradled him protectively in his arms. His lips were slightly chapped but impossibly gentle against Leo’s, kissing him slowly, sensually, full of passion he was holding at bay. Leo felt his heart break and then stitch back together every second that Percy kissed him, and it was impossible for him not to relax. It was like suddenly everything was okay, like it all made sense.

Percy broke away and rolled off Leo.

“C-Come back here-,” Leo turned on his side and reached for Percy. The son of Poseidon was grinning when he pressed close to Leo, kissing him again. They buried themselves under the covers and clung to one another, kissing for an eternity, and between each kiss Percy whispered I love you until Leo started to believe him.
Perfect Strangers

Can you please make a Jercy AU-soulmates. They fight for everything in the camp but they secretly write love letters to some X n Y person in the camp via Leo letter service. And it turns out they both are writing love letters to each other...
For FlowerofLifee & domUNIQUE

Soulmates were something everyone strived to have among the Demigod community; without finding your soulmate you could never be fully happy. Of course some Demigod threw away those conventions like Reyna, who was with Annabeth even though they weren’t soulmates. Jason was pretty sure that Annabeth was Percy’s soulmate, which is why he didn’t understand why they weren’t together anymore since they were made for each other.

There were two ways to find your soulmate; every Demigod, upon being claimed by their Godly parent, got a symbol somewhere on their body, like a tattoo. Every Demigod knew what their own symbol was and they had to find their Soulmate through finding it on their bodies. Jason knew that his symbol was a silhouette of an eagle, its wings spread in flight, he could see it in his mind, like a birthmark. Piper’s was an intricate feather, she had told him, and they had broken up when Jason had showed her his back, where his soulmates tattoo was just below his neck, and revealed that it was seashell.

After that Jason had obsessively wondered who his soulmate was. Piper and he, so sure that they were destined to be together, put off showing their Soulmarks until after the war with Gaia, to not distract them, and now Jason was shattered that the girl was not his one and only. He sat in front of the mirror for ages, staring at the innocent little seashell on his back. Simple. Pretty. Could belong to anyone.

There was a second way to find your Soulmate, one that came back from the Underworld alongside a certain Son of Hephaestus; the Leo Valdez Letter Service. Leo explained in the dining pavilion after his magical resurrection that Cupid had sought him out for the short time he had been dead in and given him a satchel. Leo, being the little genius he was, figure out that if someone put a letter inside the satchel it was automatically delivered to that person’s Soulmate. Problem was – Leo didn’t know where what letter went.

People swarm the idea immediately but Jason was hesitant; he didn’t know what to write, didn’t know if he wanted to even communicate with his Soulmate so quickly after his break up with Piper. It seemed impossible to him that he could love someone more than he had loved her.

He tried to think of someone at Camp Half Blood who could be his Soulmate. It couldn’t be Annabeth because she was Percy’s Soulmate, and abandoned him for Reyna. Hazel and Frank
openly revealed that they were Soulmates, her with his Koi fish on her thigh and him with her diamond on his wrist. Nico and Will were together and although Jason didn’t know if they were Soulmates he knew that they definitely weren’t for him. Neither was Leo, who was with Cali. That left Percy, but it couldn’t be him. Jason constantly clashed with the son of Poseidon to the point where things had gotten tense on the Argo II. It’s not that Jason hated the guy, it was just that there was something frustrating about him that the blonde couldn’t place his finger on. He was loud, carefree, relied on instinct instead of brain unlike Jason, was stupidly brave. A part of Jason wanted to be like him, to not care about what anyone else thought, to trust himself so completely. And of course, he was Soulmates with Annabeth.

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“I’m leaving,” Piper was standing in front of Jason, the Zeus Cabin looming behind them. The girl’s expression was a mixture of sadness, hope and pity. She was holding Jason’s hand, “I used Leo’s Letter Service and...well, he replied. He lives in Delaware.”

“Your Soulmate,” Jason felt weirdly numb.

“I’m sorry,” Piper whispered.

“No! No, no, of course, I mean...I’m happy for you,” Jason lied, squeezing her hand, “Go get him tiger,” he added weakly. Piper smiled and kissed his cheek.

“I’ll be back in a bit,” she murmured, “be safe. Be happy.”

“Don’t make it sound like a goodbye,” Jason pleaded. Piper nodded, kissed his cheek again, waved, and then bounded up Half Blood Hill where the Gray Sister’s Taxi was already waiting for her. Jason didn’t wait for her to get in and with a heavy heart dragged himself back into his cabin. A part of him was kind of relieved that she was gone; at least now he could sort everything out in his head alone.

At this moment, more than ever, Jason was glad he didn’t have to share his cabin with anyone. By chance his eyes landed on a wad of paper next to his bed. Jason swallowed and walked over to it, picking up a pen and sitting on the bed with the paper in his lap. He was wondering what one even writes to their Soulmate.

Dear whoever you are

He began and then winced, crossing it out. He bit the pen and thought for a moment before starting again, his heart pounding.

Dear whoever you are

Dear Soulmate.

Jason nodded, satisfied, and then started to write his letter.

I don’t want to know who you are. I mean, I do, but just not yet. I just found out that the person I love isn’t my Soulmate so that was a blow. But I want to get to know you, if you want that too...I’m just not ready to know your name yet. I’m sorry if this is confusing or upsetting. I just don’t know what to do.

I hope I’ll love you.

Jason wasn’t sure if that was the way to go but he knew that if he tried to re-write the letter he’d just
fuck up. He sighed, *man up*, he told himself and slid off the bed, in a mad search for an envelope. When he couldn’t find one he went to the Hermes cabin and had to give some new eleven year old Demigod there a dollar for it. The boy noticed that there were more and more Demigods coming to camp and although that was good he couldn’t help but think that one of these strangers could be his Soulmate.

He found Leo in the dining pavilion, tinkering with some mechanics at the Hephaestus table, the magic satchel slung over his shoulder.

“Hey man!” Jason greeted. Leo looked up at him with a grin,

“Look what the cat dragged in,” he teased as he and Jason performed their complicated handshake.

“What are you doing here?” Jason asked, sitting opposite Leo, “There’s still like twenty minutes until dinner.”

Leo shrugged, “I hate queuing,” he said, “what about you? Something up? I heard Piper left to go find Romeo in Dakota-”

“Delaware,” Jason said immediately.

“Yeah, that. You okay?”

Jason sighed, “Yeah. I’ll be fine I suppose. Guess we just weren’t meant to be.”

Leo reached across the table and patted his shoulder, “It’s gonna be okay.”

“Uh, yeah, so,” Jason cleared his throat and pulled out the crumpled envelope from his pocket, “I kind of...wanna find my real Soulmate.”

“Congrats,” Leo’s grin widened.

“But I want it to be anonymous for now,” the Latino took the letter from Jason, “I don’t know if I’m ready, you know...”

“It’s a big step,” Leo agreed, putting the envelope in his satchel.

“Do you think they’ll reply?” Jason hated how eager he sounded. Leo shrugged,

“Suppose we’ll see. I hope they do though, you deserve to be happy, man.”

“So do you.”

“Yeah, I *am* happy,” Leo smirked. Jason looked at him suspiciously.

“You’re not telling me something.”

“I showed my Soulmark to Calypso this morning,” he Latino blurted, practically vibrating in his seat, “we had just had lazy sex and it was the best thing-“

“Too much Info man,” Jason winced.

“Sorry. Anyway, I showed it to her. It’s this cute little dolphin on my ankle, right? And guess what? She just starts crying and kissing me and I’m *soooo* confused but then she pulls off her clothes – ‘cause we never did it naked, y’know? – and on her hip is this little clockwork mechanism Soulmark-“
“Your Soulmark,” Jason grinned, Leo’s happiness was infectious.

“Yes! She’s my Soulmate!” the Latino fist pumped the air and then Jason bro-hugged him.

“Oh man I’m so happy for you!”

They collapsed back onto their seats, smiling, and Demigods started to file into the Pavilion. Jason rolled his eyes,

“Better go,” he said and sauntered over to the Zeus table, where he’d have to eat alone. As the tables filled up and Jason got his food his eyes scanned the Demigods coming in, wondering who the shell Soulmark could belong to. *It doesn’t have to be anyone here. It could be someone in Korea for all I know,* Jason thought miserably, *what if we can’t speak the same language? What if they can’t understand me...*

He looked down at his untouched burger and chips and got up, feeling like he didn’t have an appetite. He almost made it to the brazier when Percy rudely pushed himself in front of him, scraping some of his food off for the Gods. Jason felt his irritation spike.

“Oi, I was here first,” he said. Percy blinked at him over his shoulder and turned. He was maybe two inches shorter than Jason, which the blonde was weirdly proud about.

“If you were here first then you’d be standing here,” Percy pointed to the floor at his feet, “and I’d be standing there,” he pointed at where Jason was standing.

“You’re such a brat sometimes,” the blonde growled, throwing some of his chips into the flames.

“Don’t act high and mighty just ‘cause you’re a month older.”

“Then don’t get in my way,” Jason didn’t know why he was so pissed off with Percy – it was just the stress of the past few days building up. The blonde wanted Percy to back down but instead the boy reached for one of his chips and very precisely threw it at the blonde, hitting him in the forehead. Jason saw red when he threw his entire plate. Thank God it was plastic and harmless, because it got Percy square in the face.

“What the fuck?!” Percy yelled, burger sauce dripping from his hair. Before Jason could reply Julia Feingold stood up on the Hermes table.

“Food fight!” she yelled, and then there was food flying everywhere. Jason glared at Percy and stormed off.

***

When Jason woke up the next morning there was a piece of paper next to his head. The boy sat up abruptly, heart pounding, feeling like he was going to pass out. He stared at the paper and felt his mouth go dry. It was from his Soulmate – he knew it. Whoever it was hadn’t bothered to put the letter in an envelope. Swallowing his nerves, Jason reached for it with shaking hands. He turned it over a few times, too scared to open it. *Get it together,* he scolded himself. He was having a meltdown over a freaking pen-pal.

He got up the courage to open the letter, and once he was reading, he couldn’t stop.

*Dear stranger ;)*
This letter was unexpected. I didn’t really think I was ready to figure out who had my Soulmark and to spend the rest of my life with someone but after reading your letter I changed my mind. You sound adorable and I’m ok with going slow. We can get to know each other without actually getting to know each other if you catch my drift.

Anyway, hope you don’t chicken out and write back soon.

Guess I hope I’ll love you too.

Jason choked on air and then he was smiling so hard that his face hurt. He hadn’t actually expected for this to happen – for someone to write back to him. Scrambling for a pen he clumsily got the paper into his lap again. He was shaking like an over-excited kid as he started writing a letter back to his anonymous Soulmate.

***

Jason teamed up with the Athena Cabin for Capture the Flag. Normally he, Percy and Nico were a trio but Nico wasn’t here today and Percy was seriously getting on Jason’s nerves. Besides, he teamed up with Ares anyway. Meanwhile the Hermes Cabin was getting banned from alliances since there was a ridiculous amount of them. Actually, all of the teams seemed bigger somehow. More and more Demigods were being claimed.

Jason was scouting the woods with Malcolm but the two decided to split up after a while. Jason was feeling blood-thirsty and wanted desperately win the game so he prowled through the forest, dashing behind a tree when he saw an owl fly overhead – Frank.

When he glimpsed the flag just beyond the creak Jason couldn’t help but grin as he quietly approached. He didn’t have any weapons so nobody got hurt, but he was kind of feeling like fighting with someone. The forest was still and quiet around him, holding its breath.

Percy was the one guarding the flag. That’s just perfect, isn’t it, Jason thought gloomily. Thankfully the boy’s back was turned to him so Jason snuck up on the flag, wanting to grab it and run before the son of Poseidon even realised what was happening.

“Oi!” Jason’s plan fell apart when Percy suddenly whirled around, looking angry, “Get away from the flag!”

“No way!” Jason’s hand closed over it and he pulled it from the ground. The water from the creak rose behind Percy angrily and Jason flinched for a second.

“Put the flag down,” the son of Poseidon growled. Jason looked at him, all dangerous and angry, dark hair tugged on by the wind and felt his stomach twist. For some reason he wanted to give Percy anything he wanted.

Not this, though. Jason broke into a run.

The freezing wall of water hit him abruptly, causing him to slip and fall to the ground. He spluttered, mouth full of the liquid, and Percy victoriously pulled the flag out of Jason’s grip.

“That’s cheating!” Jason bellowed when he sat up, finally catching his breath. Storm clouds gathered overhead, reflecting his anger. Percy was grinning, shoving the flag back into the ground.

“Stop being such a goody-two-shoes,” he teased. Jason scrambled to his feet.

“Why do you always have to piss me off?” he demanded. Percy blinked at him and frowned.

“Hey, I was just joking....,” he said, “why are you being so serious?”
“Because you’re annoying, that’s why,” Jason snapped. Hurt flickered through Percy’s eyes and Jason felt a weird pang in his chest that just made him more pissed off. Percy was clutching the flag in his hand and Jason was about to say something more when one of the new Athena kids came barrelling out of the woods. Before either Percy or Jason could react the guy tackled Percy and the flag to the ground.

“Get off!” Percy yelled when the bigger guy pressed him into the dirt, grabbing the flag. He was grinning.

“We got it!” he shouted to Jason. The blonde closed the space between them and violently shoved the guy off of Percy. There was a sudden fury inside him that he couldn’t explain.

“Don’t fucking touch him!” he shouted, and picked the guy up by the shirt easily, as if he weighed nothing. He couldn’t think straight as he lifted him, his free hand curling into a fist, ready to hit the guy. Percy pulled him back and he let go of the Athena kid, who was shocked, abruptly.

“What the fuck Jason?!” Percy demanded. The Athena kid scrambled for the flag and then sprinted away as if the devil was chasing him. Jason stood in the clearing, hands curled into fists, breathing hard, trying to comprehend what just happened. Percy hit him in the chest, not hard enough to hurt, “What the hell was that?!” he demanded, “You just attacked him-“

“He hurt you,” Jason said, confused.

“No he didn’t,” Percy frowned, “he was just getting the flag-“

Jason felt sick. He had no idea why he had reacted like that; he and Percy weren’t even friends, they were always arguing, but Jason suddenly had the fierce need to protect him. He thought about the seashell on his back. He looked at Percy, all dark hair and blue eyes. It can’t be him, Jason told himself firmly and then turned and ran after the Athena kid.

***

Dear Soulmate.

I have feelings for this guy. Or I think i might. It's not love or anything. I don't think so anyway. He just makes me feel weird. I'm sorry if this hurts you. You're like this weird fantasy, like someone not quite real, because we haven't met. But I feel like I know you coz we've written to each other so much. I think I'd like to see you soon. Your Soulmark is beautiful. I feel that when I see you I'll forget all about this guy I'm into right now. Everything is so complicated.

I hope I'll love you.

Ps. Ok i think i love him

***

Dear Stranger.

It's ok. I have feelings for this guy too, which is ironic since I don't even know if you're a girl or a boy. That's ok too, i don't want to know yet. I have dreams about you sometimes. They're weird. Last time you were a giraffe with a human face. I want to see you too. I want to know what you look like. I don't know if I'm ready yet. This is nice though. I like talking to you. I feel like we're in some old fashioned Shakespeare play. I hate Shakespeare. I like you.

Hope I'll love you sometime soon.
“What do you mean the cabins are overflowing?” Percy demanded. He was standing next to Jason and currently the two had abandoned their rivalry in order to gang up on Chiron. The Centaur looked at them apologetically.

“I’m sorry the Demigods are flooding in faster than we can expand cabins,” he explained, “In Hermes they’re practically sleeping on each other and a portion of the Hephaestus lot moved to Bunker Nine. I think it’s unfair that some of them have to sleep on the floor while you two and Nico get cabins all to yourselves.”

“You have a point,” Jason said, “But do we have to live together?” he looked uneasily at Percy.

“What is your problem?” the son of Poseidon grumbled under his breath.

“I’d move Nico in with you as well but he’s away currently,” Chiron said, “it won’t be for long, boys, I promise.”

“Can’t we send some to Jupiter?” Jason asked hopefully.

“Can’t we send Jason to Jupiter?” Percy grumbled. Jason glowered at him.

“Please don’t act like children. You’re war heroes, you can handle sharing a bed for a few days.”

***

Jason avoided going to the Poseidon cabin all day. His own cabin was full of a mixture of other Demigods and Jason felt like he had been kicked out of his own home. He walked around all day, wrote a letter to his Soulmate, but as it started to get darker he couldn’t put off going to Percy’s Cabin any more. He was chilling by Thalia’s tree, gloomily looking over the Camp and trying to get the courage to go and face his rival and, unfortunately, his crush.

That’s when he saw Annabeth climbing up the hill, a backpack on her shoulder. Jason blinked.

“Hey,” he said. Annabeth smiled,

“You look lonely.”

Jason shrugged, “I’m putting off going to Percy’s cabin.”

“Careful, he’s a cuddler,” Annabeth said and, to Jason’s surprise, plopped down next to him on the grass, “Personally I can’t handle the overflow so I’m going to Jupiter for the week to be with Reyna.”

“I should probably go too,” Jason admitted.

“But something’s keeping you here?” Annabeth guessed. Jason sighed and nodded.

“It’s Leo’s Stupid Letter Service.”

“You’re writing to your Soulmate?” Annabeth asked in surprise, “Do you know who it is?” Jason shook his head,

“Nah. But meanwhile I’m getting a crush on someone else.”

“Percy?” Annabeth guessed. Jason looked at her with big eyes.
“What?!” he asked, “How do you know.”

Annabeth snorted, “I’m perceptive. I see the way you look at him. And I heard from Alex how you attacked him because you thought he was hurting Perce.”

“Oh,” Jason said lamely, “Well, I don’t know if I like like him.”

“Okay while I wait for my taxi let’s do a little quiz,” Annabeth offered, “When you see him how do you react?”

Jason shrugged, feeling stupid for doing this, “I get annoyed.”

“Annoyed or frustrated?”

“Um...frustrated, I guess,” Jason admitted, “Like there’s an itch under my skin that I can’t scratch.”

“Is it because he doesn’t pay attention to you?”

“He does pay attention to me!” Jason protested. Annabeth smiled,

“Okay. Moving on; why did you hit Alex?”

“I thought he hurt Percy,” Jason mumbled.


Jason thought of his easy smile, of the way his hair swept into his sparkling eyes, “Yeah. Obviously.”

The Grey Sister’s Taxi came to a screeching halt behind them. Annabeth stood up and ruffled Jason’s hair.

“Enjoy sharing a bed,” she said as a conclusion, and walked off.

***

Jason managed to stay out long enough that when he came to the Poseidon cabin Percy was already asleep. The window was open, letting in a breeze that smelled vaguely of the sea. Percy was sleeping in a t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants, the blankets kicked to the side. Jason shivered at how chilly the room was and changed into his pj’s hurriedly before eagerly taking the blankets and wrapping them around himself. They smelled like Percy.

***

Jason woke up and Percy was snuggled up into his chest, his head tucked underneath the blonde’s chin. Groggily the blonde blinked his eyes open. It was dark in the room, peaceful. Percy was warming him up enough that he didn’t notice the cold coming from the open window.

“Percy your leg’s on me,” Jason grumbled, half-asleep. In reply Percy just drew himself closer.

“Shuup,” he slurred. Jason didn’t have the heart to push him away.

***

“Percy!” Jason yelled for the third time, “Music!”
The boy popped his head out of the bathroom from which Beyonce was blaring.

“Huh?”

“I’m trying to write!” Jason could feel a headache coming on as he struggled with another letter to his Soulmate. It was hard to think of some face-less, name-less stranger somewhere far away when Percy was right there. *What if we become like Annabeth and Reyna?* Jason mused as Percy turned off the music, no. *That would never work. I couldn’t do it to my Soulmate.*

He sighed and crumpled up the piece of paper, throwing it across the room and groaning in frustration.

“You okay?” Percy came out of the bathroom, towelling his hair try, “You seem pissed.”

“I’m fine,” Jason growled, collapsing on the bed.

“Oi, keep to your side,” Percy complained sitting on the edge of the bed.

Jason sighed, “How do you do it?”

“How are you okay with Annabeth being together with Reyna when she’s your Soulmate?” Jason asked. Percy burst out laughing,

“Oh my God,” he snorted, “Annabeth is *not* my Soulmate.”

“Huh?” Jason was surprised. Percy shook his head.

“We’ve known for ages. Her Soulmark is some line in Latin but the mark I have on me is a bird silhouette.”

Jason felt his mouth go dry and his heartbeat stuttered, “W-What bird?”

“Uhh...,” Percy pulled back his t-shirt and looked down it, “an eagle I think?”

Before he could react Jason grabbed the hem of his shirt and roughly pulled it over Percy’s head.

“Woah what are you doing?!” the son of Poseidon demanded, flailing backwards and covering himself with his arms. Jason pulled them away and stared at the boy’s chest. Percy had never taken his shirt off in front of him before and now the blonde felt like he couldn’t breathe. Just above Percy’s heart, inked in Godly black was Jason’s Soulmark.

“Oh my God,” the blonde whispered. Suddenly the sea shell made so much sense.

“You’re being weird,” Percy said, freeing his arms and hugging himself again. Jason got up off the bed and pulled off his own shirt, “What are you doing?!” Percy squeaked, looking like a cornered animal. Wordlessly Jason turned around, revealing the sea shell at the top of his spine to Percy. A heavy silence settled over the room and Jason realised that all those things he had been writing were to Percy.

When he turned around Percy was smiling as if he just found out that heaven was real after all.
“We’re Soulmates,” he said and his eyes were so full of happiness that Jason could barely breathe. Then, suddenly, Percy was throwing himself at Jason, wrapping his arms around the blonde’s neck and burying his face in the boy’s shoulder. The blonde was still in shock, couldn’t move. He’s mine, he kept thinking, he’s mine, he’s mine...

“I’m so happy,” Percy whispered shakily, clinging onto Jason, “I thought I was going crazy-,” then suddenly he pulled back and there was doubt in his eyes, “I-In those letters you wrote that you w-were in love with some guy,” the dark haired boy looked away, “I...uh, you can fall out of love with him now. I’m here. Like you asked.”

Jason cradled the boy’s face in his hands and kissed him with a passion that knocked the breath out of both of them. Everything suddenly made so much sense, it was suddenly so perfect. Jason didn’t understand how he could’ve ever thought that he disliked Percy.

“I love you, idiot,” Jason whispered feverishly against his lips, kissing him between each word, “You’re the guy I was in love with. I am in love with.”

The two pulled back just slightly so they could look at each other. Both of them were grinning like idiots, unable to take their eyes off each other, clinging onto one another.

“Gods, I love you,” Jason whispered.

“I heard you the first time,” Percy ran his hands through Jason’s hair in awe, as if he couldn’t believe that the boy was real, “but you can keep saying it.”

Jason’s expression softened, “I love you,” he kissed Percy’s forehead, “I love you,” he kissed the Soulmark on Percy’s chest, “I love you.”

“You have no idea how badly I had it for you,” Percy whispered, “I still do. I just...I never thought you’d want me. I never thought we were meant for each other.”

“Me neither,” Jason said sincerely, “but now that you’re here, that I’m actually holding you, it suddenly makes perfect sense.”
Could you write a story where Will (or Jason, your choice) becomes very concerned about how thin Nico's starting to look, and worries that Nico might have an eating disorder? And then he brings Nico food, hand feeding him to convince him to eat it, and inadvertently seducing him in the process?

For Dark3Star

Nico had been away at Camp Jupiter for ages so when Will saw him again, after almost three weeks, two things happened. One, he felt an explosion of happiness inside him that caused him to run up to the boy and hug him in an overly-friendly way. Two, he felt worry when he felt Nico’s ribs press against him, and when he saw how skinny the boy got. Nico was always a small kid, but when he came back Will was startled at his drastic and worrying weight loss. It wasn’t that he looked bad, but there were dark circles under his eyes and his cheekbones were sharp, actually all of him was sharp. But Nico had just only allowed Will to befriend him so the blonde had to be careful about what he asked in case the Italian closed himself off again.

He decided that it was probably just stress, but still watched over Will as if he was his mother for the next couple of days. His worry grew when he noticed that Nico wasn’t eating much during dinner time, just pecking at his food. What if he has an eating disorder? Will thought distractedly as he listened to his siblings snore at night, unable to sleep because of his constant worrying. It seemed like such a mundane thing to Demigods – depression, eating disorders, insecurities, it seemed like they never really touched them as much as normal humans. But the more Will thought about it the more he came to the conclusion that an eating disorder was exactly what Nico had.

The symptoms were all there; Nico told Will multiple times that he was dizzy, and the boy was tired to the point where he fell asleep at the table sometimes. He had an intolerance for cold, always complaining about how freezing it was in the medical bay when he was helping Will out, even when it was a normal temperature. He was constantly in a bad mood, always wore hoodie’s that were too big on him, and they were ones he usually stole from Will without the blonde noticing.

It hurt Will to think that Nico was feeling self-conscious about his body because...well, quite frankly Will thought that the son of Hades was stunning, though of course he never said that out loud. Maybe if I start complimenting him more he’ll feel better about himself? The blonde wondered. There wasn’t much else he could do; he couldn’t confront Nico without evidence and for that he’d need blood samples...

Either way, Will was determined to make sure that Nico wasn’t skipping meals.

***
“Knock, knock,” it was a warm summer evening and Will walked into the Hades cabin, carrying a platter of bread on a tray in his arms. He had just finished working out and was in a t-shirt and shorts because of the heat. However Nico seemed unaware of the weather, sitting on his bed, wearing Will’s hoodie. It was so big that it fell to his mid-thigh when he stood up and although he looked adorable it still made Will worry, “You cold?”

Nico shrugged and asked something else, “Why are you holding bread?”

“I thought we could have a picnic,” Will said cheerfully, walking around Nico and plopping down on his bed as if it was his own. There was a nice peace in the Hades cabin that Will didn’t get in his own one.

“With just bread?” Nico raised an eyebrow, “at like eight at night?”

“Hey! Not just bread!” Will protested, “We’ve got some brioche, some rolls, a baguette, bagels, even naan!”

“Where did you get all this bread from?” Nico questioned, sitting opposite Will and crossing his legs. Will shrugged,

“I asked the Demeter kids to get me something extra on the delivery. Besides,” he grabbed a bun and bit into it, continuing with his mouth full, “it contains fibre and whole grains which are good for you.”

“I thought bread had carbs,” Nico said, eyeing the plate. Will swallowed uneasily.

“Good carbs. You should have some,” he tried not to let Nico see how worried he was so he leaned over and poked Nico in the stomach playfully, “You’re so skinny, you could use some.”

“I don’t even like bread,” Nico rolled his eyes.

“You’re Italian what do you mean?”

“That’s French, idiot,” Nico smiled. Will liked seeing him smile. He also liked knowing that he was the cause of that smile. His heart turned to mush every time Nico smiled.

“Eat your bread.”

“Okay, mom,” Nico rolled his eyes again but, to Will’s delight, reached for a bagel.

***

“Let me get this straight. You snuck us out of camp so we could come to Olive Garden and eat pasta?”

“Spaghetti Bolognese,” Will clarified. Nico looked unimpressed, sitting opposite him at the table. Although he was wearing a black button up shirt over top he threw one of Will’s oversized jumpers. The blonde hated that he felt the need to cover himself up.

“Are you just doing this because I’m Italian?” Nico questioned.

“No,” Will said hurriedly, “I do it because I like Spaghetti Bolognese. And I wanted to go out with you.”

“Oh, so this is like a date then?” Nico teased.
“You wish,” Will snorted but his heart skipped a beat. The waitress brought round two plates of Spaghetti and put them in front of the boy’s who thanked her. When she moved away Nico looked at his plate.

“That’s a lot,” he said, “I don’t think I can eat that much...”

“Just eat as much as you can,” Will was already digging into his food. Nico sluggishly picked up his fork and started moving his pasta around his plate, “Nico. You need to eat.”

“I had garlic bread earlier,” the Italian said. Will frowned and then twirled some of his pasta onto his fork, lifting it into the air.

“Let the airplane in,” he said, dead serious. Nico stared. Then he burst out laughing, doubling over and wheezing. Will rolled his eyes and waited for him to calm down, “I’m serious, Neeks. Open your mouth.”

“You’re not feeding me!” Nico protested, still grinning and flushed. Will made airplane noises as he brought the fork closer to the other boy’s face. Nico giggled, “Fuck off William.”

“C’mon, open up,” Will made his best puppy dog face at the Italian who shook his head fondly and then hesitantly opened his mouth, eating what was on the fork. He chewed in thought.

“Pretty nice. My nonna’s was better though.”

Will smiled.

***

Nico still wasn’t eating much until Will was pressuring him to. The blonde was more and more convinced that he should bring it up, but he didn’t know how. His birthday rolled around and he decided to spend it with Nico in the private seclusion of the Italian’s cabin. You’re eighteen now, Will told himself as he made his way over, just ask him straight up.

“Knock, knock,” the blonde said, walking into Nico’s cabin. It was clear that the Italian had made an effort, cleaning up a little for the ‘special’ occasion.

“Happy birthday,” the son of Hades said. Will grinned.

“Thanks. Can’t believe I’m eighteen,” he was holding a plate with two slices of cake on it, “Kayla and Austin baked me a cake. It’s actually quite nice. I brought you a slice.”

“I’m not hungry,” Nico said immediately as both he and Will sat down on the bed.

“You’re not supposed to be hungry for cake, but you eat it anyway,” the blonde shrugged, “Besides, it’s strawberry and cream.”

Nico sighed, “I guess I can have a bite.”

“Nico,” Will was gathering up his courage, “You’ve lost a lot of weight lately.”

Nico blinked, taking a piece of cake onto a plastic fork, “Have I?” he put the cake in his mouth and chewed, frowning. Will tried to sound nonchalant.

“Yeah. I noticed when you got back from Jupiter. You’re like super skinny now.”

“Uh...is that a bad thing?”
“No, no,” Will said quickly, feeling blood rush to his face, “It’s just...I’m worried?”

“Why?” Nico ate some more cake, “It’s just stress.”

“You’re always fatigued and tired,” Will wasn’t giving up.

“Yeah ‘cause I shadowtravel a lot lately. I know you told me not to but people constantly seem to be needing favours,” Nico shrugged. Will bit his lip,

“So the dizziness and the exhaustion-“

“Shadowtravel,” Nico said casually, “and I can’t sleep sometimes because of nightmares but I guess that’s normal. It has nothing to do with me losing weight.”

Will shrugged and picked at his cake, “I don’t know it’s...you’re always in oversized clothes, like you wanna hide yourself...” Will looked up when Nico didn’t reply and saw that the Italian was looking away, blushing and nibbling on his bottom lip, “That’s it, isn’t it? You’re insecure and-“

“No,” Nico said, “No, don’t be an idiot. It’s not that,” he mumbled the last part.

“You never used to wear such big clothing before,” Will said.

“You probably didn’t notice...since you don’t notice anything,” Nico was hesitant, “all those oversized hoodie’s and jumpers...the only reason I wear them is because they’re yours.”

Will blinked, “Huh?”

“T-They help me with nightmares!” Nico said quickly, “They uh, smell like you and...fuck,” he groaned realising what he just said. Will’s heartbeat escalated as he looked at the blushing, stuttering boy, wondering if he could get anymore cuter.

“B-But you’re always cold...,” Will was forgetting what his argument even was the more he looked at Nico.

“So you’d give me more of your clothes,” Nico said, all cute and shy and unlike himself, “and I was hoping you’d cuddle me if I said I was cold.”

“O-Oh...” Will was so shocked that he didn’t know what to say. Does he like me? Nico wouldn’t look at him.

“I...uh, you should go back to your cabin party now,” the Italian said, “thanks for the cake.”

“You’ve got cream on your face,” Will said, without thinking, trying to focus on something other than his rapidly beating heart and how much he wanted to kiss Nico.

“Where?” the Italian asked, pulling the sleeve of Will’s hoodie over his hand and rubbing at the wrong side of his face. Will leaned forward and with his thumb brushed the cream from next to Nico’s plump lips. He felt dizzy, intoxicated. Nico looked at him uncertainly, eyelashes fluttering as if he didn’t know whether to close his eyes or keep them open. When Will leaned forward to kiss him he opted to close them, inhaling through his nose, his hand coming up automatically to rest on top of Will’s, which was still cupping his cheek.

Nico tasted like cake and mint. His lips were soft, his nose bumped against Will’s in the sweetest way. The kiss was deep, passionate, but slow and without any tongue. It was gentle, soft, until suddenly it wasn’t. Nico pushed Will down onto the pillows, straddling him so the curve of his ass
was resting against Will’s crotch. The blonde felt blood rush south when Nico kissed him with a sudden desperation, and the son of Apollo’s hands automatically came up to tug Nico’s – *his* – hoodie off the boy. Beneath it Nico was wearing only a black t-shirt but Will didn’t have time to look at him because they were kissing again, this time their tongues coming out to tangle with each other, hands gripping at each other’s hair.

Will pulled himself up into a sitting position, leaning against the headboard and keeping Nico in his lap, hands sliding underneath his shirt. He felt his sharp hipbones, flat stomach, ribs beneath his fingers. He pulled Nico’s shirt off and then pulled back to look at him. He was so small and thin that Will was scared to break him. Mesmerized, he trailed his hands over the boy’s body.

“I’m not anorexic but I can gain weight if you want me to,” Nico whispered.

“No,” Will pulled him closer and kissed him, “No. You’re kind of perfect no matter what, is that cheesy?”

Nico laughed softly, but he seemed happy, “A little.”
Angels Are Crying

Could you do one where Nico and Percy are angels and Will and Jason are demons in the two sides are at War and Percy and Nico get abducted or taken as prisoners and are given to the two demon generals Jason and Will and only thing I really want is for Nico to be bottom.

For Anime_Books684

NICO

He pushed through the sludge gathering around his legs, feeling his silver breeches get soaked with the vile substance. The bayonet in his arms felt heavy and his arms were shaking from the hours of trekking through this dreary landscape. Icy, foul rain hit him in the face so he could never look directly up, instead pressing his chin against his metal breastplate to shield it.

The Angel and Demon war, commonly known as the Divine Conflict, had been going on for millennia’s but the Siege of Hell had only began a thousand or so years ago which to an Angel like Nico it seemed like a very short time. So far the invading Angels had managed to take the first two circles of Hell, Limbo and Lust, driving Demons further into their domain. The Battle for Gluttony had lasted twenty years already, and each day was similar to the previous; pushing further through the third circle, fighting Demons, ignoring the blind, moaning bodies of the Gluttonous crawling through the sludge, unaware of anything happening around them.

Nico had come to Hell naive and innocent, but after seeing so much suffering he wasn’t affected by the lost souls anymore; they were evil people, he told himself. Still, he lost the point of all this, of being in this grey land for all these years, and to what end?

“We’re coming up to the fortress!” Clarisse, the commander of Nico’s squadron, yelled, lifting her rocket launcher. Her silver armour was dirty and scratched, white cloak billowing in the wind. Nico looked up and squinted against the rain hitting him in the face. In the distance he could see the silhouette of a massive structure.
Next to him Percy Jackson, his best friend, stepped over one of the Gluttonous, holding his angelic sword so that it didn’t trail in the sludge.

“They’ll see us coming from a mile away,” Thalia Grace said, gritting her teeth against the icy rain. Around Nico his squadron stopped walking.

“At least we’re getting some action,” Percy said, leaning in close to Nico and winking. It was just a joke but it still made the olive skinned Angel shiver. He bit his lip and looked away from his friend.

Clarisse, at the head of the squad, waved her hand in the air in front of her. It rippled and suddenly there were two people standing in front of them. The two Angels looked real enough that Nico thought if he reached out he could touch them, but of course he knew that wasn’t true. They were only mirages, illusions, visions.

“Report,” Clarisse barked. The blonde girl at the front looked up as if only now noticing them. There was a laptop in her hands.

“Oh. Hi.” Annabeth Chase said, glancing at the screen, “Uh, okay you’re eighteen kilometres away. Ten kilometres away they’ll see you and probably start firing.”

“Anything we can do to get closer undetected?” Clarisse asked. The boy behind Annabeth pushed closer. His curly hair was held back with a bandana.

“Good to see you too, Clary,” Leo Valdez grinned, “basically I gave Beck this little contraption-“

“Check!” Charles Beckendorf held up a piece of silver metal. Leo’s projection glitched and nodded.

“Right. If you turn it to the left twice and then flip it upside down it’ll create a kind of shield that’ll make you invisible. It’ll take you most of the way but you’ll probably have to run through the last part.”

“Oh, I thought it was a grenade,” Beckendorf pouted.

Nyssa Barrera pushed to the front of the squadron, “Oi smartass! Why didn’t you tell us about this new fortress!!”

Leo shrugged, “It’s only been up for two years!”

“Yeah, it’s not on the grid,” Annabeth agreed.

“The scouts are slacking,” Thalia sang cheerfully, looking pointedly at Hazel and Frank who blushed.

“It wasn’t here last time,” Frank mumbled.

“Okay, thanks for the info,” Clarisse said.

“Good luck,” Leo smiled. The commander waved her hand in front of her and the two melted away into the air, revealing the dark, menacing bulk of the fortress in the distance.


“Always.”

They resumed their meticulous march and Percy and Nico hung back, talking quietly.
“Last time I got regenerated it hurt like a bitch,” Percy said, “getting stabbed in the eye? Not a good way to go.”

Nico rolled his eyes, “Tell me about it. Last time I got gutted.”

“Why can’t we just get stabbed? Getting stabbed is such a nice death.”

“Unless it’s with an axe,” Nico made a face, remembering, “That wasn’t nice.”

A swishing sound filled the air and the Angels froze. The next thing Nico knew was that right in front of him Piper McLean was being pierced with an arrow. She had time to suck in a startled breath and then she disintegrated, being swept away by the wind until she became feathers, steadily climbing into the steely sky.

“Fuck,” Percy swore.

“Ambush!” Nyssa bellowed, stating the obvious. Demons were materialising not far from the Angels; angry silhouettes dressed in mismatched uniforms from history, charging at the group.

“Stand your ground!” Clarisse boomed. Nico took to air, riding the wind. He held up his bayonet and shot at the advancing crowd. Explosions of black smoke told him he was hitting his targets. An arrow swirled past his ear but the angel barely flinched as he zigzagged through the air, shooting. He saw Percy charge head first at the on-coming demons, swinging his sword, until someone got shot him and he disappeared, melting into the rain. Nico felt a pang even though he knew that Percy wasn’t actually gone; he’d just regenerate back at base.

Hazel took to the air as well, joining her half brother, her sniper gun raised. They shot together, getting more and more demons as more and more of them appeared in the plains of Gluttony. Clarisse shot her rocket launcher and disintegrated a dozen of them. One of the demons threw a grenade. The Angel numbers were quickly dwindling.

“Retreat!” Nico heard Clarisse’s voice, far, far away, and then there was a feathered arrow protruding from his chest and he was tumbling to the ground, disintegrating before he could hit it.

WILL

“Did you see them today?”

Will looked up from the sink where he was washing his face and met Jason’s eyes in the mirror. The man was standing behind him, arms crossed over his chest. He had changed out of his World War One uniform and was now in sweatpants, a white tank top that showed off his muscular body, leaving his dog tags around his neck. He looked rough but after all he had been shot twice at the eighth Battle for Gluttony today, while Will had managed to not get destroyed.

“Nico and Percy?” Will tried not to let their names hurt him as he towelled his face dry, “Yeah. I did. I don’t think they saw us.”

He turned around and Jason closed the distance between them, brushing Will’s damp hair from his forehead and kissing it.

“You can stop pretending it doesn’t affect you.”

Will sighed and slumped against his lover, loosely wrapping his arms around Jason’s waist.

“I’m just hoping that maybe someday it’ll be okay. Maybe they’ll forgive us.”
Jason leaned forward and pressed their lips together. The kiss was short, full of comfort. Will didn’t know what he would do without Jason, without his support and kindness. It had been forty years since the two of them fell out of Angelic favour and decided to switch the sides of the war. It was not uncommon; after such a long time at war people’s views changed. Thing was, Angels didn’t take Demons into their ranks while Demons accepted fallen Angels with open arms, that’s why the amount of Demons was rising. Will and Jason had been good Angels, best friends with Nico and Percy. But then the two of them started to realise how wrong it was of them to invade Hell, when they weren’t even there to save anyone; only to conquer and destroy the Demons who’s home this was.

Their views changed them so much that at the Final Battle for Lust during disintegration both of them had changed into shadows. When they reappeared back at the base they were excommunicated and, with nowhere else to go, joined the Demons. And the Demons became their family more than the Angels ever had been. Will and Jason tried to communicate with Nico and Percy but the boys shunned them, made them feel like they were traitors even though they had been thrown out without a say in the matter.

Will was in love with Nico, and a little bit with Percy, and Jason was in love with Nico and really in love with Percy, and the two were also kind of in love each other but when their love for each other grew the love for Nico and Percy twisted; they hated them for abandoning their friends, but at the same time still yearned for them desperately.

“They’ll never join our side,” Will was lying in his bed with Jason after they had sex, tired and anxiously awaiting the morning and the next Battle.

“I know,” Jason said sadly.

***

Will was in the mess hall in the castle in Gluttony, eating and speaking quietly with Ethan Nakamura, when suddenly the ear-splitting sound of the war horn sounded. All around them, Demons winced.

“We’re under attack!” Reyna, the commander, yelled, running in. She was in the olive green uniform of the American soldiers during the war in Vietnam, her dark hair scarped back into a braid, “Angels are advancing on the fortress!”

Immediately the Demons were on their feet. Will abandoned his food, ensuring that his metal armour taken right out of the War of the Roses was in place. It was slashed with red, adding it some colour, with Will’s golden head hovering above it. His sword at his side, Will’s eyes scanned the chaotic hall until he saw Jason. The man dashed towards Will in his olive World War One uniform, a gas mask hanging against his back.

“Let’s go,” he said, hand grabbing Will’s. The Knight couldn’t help but grin as he dashed after his lover and the rest of the Demons out of the hall. Outside the sludge reached their ankles and the rain fell wetly around them. Alabaster Torrington was standing in the yard, arms stretched out in front of him. He was dressed like a soldier in the Roman Civil War, complete with a helmet with red feathers and a crimson cloak. He muttered something under his breath and then, just like the day before, a portal appeared in front of him in a swirl of shadows. With no hesitation the Demons started throwing themselves into the twisting abyss.

“See you on the other side,” Will felt the excitement of battle swarm through him like a hundred bees. He pulled Jason close and kissed him, and then he too threw himself into the portal. For a second the world was a dizzy swirl of black and the suddenly Will was seeing the sky again, grey
and streaky, and he was landing on his feet in the flooded fields of Gluttony. The Angels, having learnt nothing, were advancing over open field. This time they made it closer to the fortress but they still haven’t figured out that Alabaster’s portals sucked up enough power that their invisibility shield wasn’t working.

*Leo probably constructed it,* Will thought distractedly and felt a pang of loneliness, missing the Angel for a second. Then the two sides came together violently. Bullets and arrows swirled through the air and Will lost sight of Jason, who had just been at his side. He didn’t have time to check where the other Demon had gone because just then one of the new Angels was charging at him with a sickle blade in hand. Will met him halfway, their weapons crashing together, creating a terrible ruckus. The Angel’s face was taunt and full of hatred as he swirled around Will, kicking up sludge.

Maybe if Will was still an Angel he would’ve played fair but he wasn’t anymore, he was a Demon, protecting what was rightfully his and his people. He lifted his hand and a shot of bright light hit the Angel in the face, causing him to cry out and stumble back. Before Will could end him Luke, in the armour of a Trojan Soldier, brought his own sword down, severing the angels head. He disappeared but Will had more enemies to fight with.

The battle went on for long, a full day so that at one point the Angels and the Demons had to fight in the dark, the only illumination coming from the occasional burst of light or fire or a lightning bolt from some of them. Will lost count of how many Angels he sent back to the start, but he was ready for the fight to end when he came face to face with *him.*

Percy had a cut on his cheek that wasn’t bleeding. His dark hair was wet from the rain and his cheeks flushed from the cold. He was breathing hard and his eyes widened when he saw the demon.

“Will...,” he whispered, breathlessly, his sword arm going slack.

“Retreat!” the leader of the Angels bellowed, but Percy didn’t move, staring at Will like he was God himself.

“Pull back!” this time it was Reyna shouting. Percy stumbled back, turned on his heel, but Will was faster, his instincts kicking in suddenly. As the portal erupted into life behind him again Will reached out and grabbed Percy by the wrist, roughly pulling him back.

“What the-,” the Angel started but Will was already pulling him into the portal.

**PERCY**

At least they weren’t keeping him in some cell. The room he was in was small, but warm and cozy with a large bed big enough to hold even four people. After being dragged into the dreary castle by Will and some other Demons Percy was dumped in this room. It had been days but at least there was a bathroom so the Angel could get out of his armour and wash the sludge off of his body. And then he had to just sit and wait in the soft clothes that the Demons had left him.

He kept thinking about Will, and the shock he had felt at seeing him again. It was...he didn’t even know how to describe it, it was just like suddenly he was stuck between running and throwing himself into the blonde’s arms. Over his days in solitude he had time to come to terms with what happened. He had been taken as a war prisoner by someone who used to be his best friend, by someone who Percy thought he was in love with all those years ago. Well, he still kind of thought he was in love with Will, but he’d never say it out loud just like he didn’t back then. And why didn’t he? Because he couldn’t decide who he cared for more, Will or Jason, and there had been Nico too...

*Jason’s probably here too,* Percy thought, lying on the bed and staring at the ceiling and
remembering when they had all been Angels together, all happy, before the Divine Conflict or the Siege of Hell. He yearned to see his two friends again, but he also missed Nico terribly.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity (which is saying a lot in an Angel’s perspective) the door opened. Percy jumped up from bed, on his feet, ready to fight even though his sword was taken off him. His shoulders slumped and all the fight went out of him when he saw Jason and Will walk in. It had all not seemed real until that moment, like Percy had made it up. Now his eyes slid over the two blondes, hesitating but closing the door behind them, he felt his heart twist.

“It’s really you,” Jason said, sounding as if he hadn’t believed Will until he saw the boy for himself. Percy swallowed but he couldn’t seem to look away from Jason’s soft eyes.

“You kidnapped me,” Percy said.

“ Took you hostage,” Will hovered close to Jason, too close almost, “There’s a difference.”

Percy never got to say goodbye, he was just told that Will and Jason were traitors. He wanted to scream at them, hit them, fight them. Instead he closed the space between him and the two blondes and threw his arms around both of them, suddenly just wanting to hold them close. He was foolish for thinking that his feelings had gone away.

“You fucking kidnapped me,” he whispered, clinging onto the Demons. Jason slid an arm around his waist and Will smoothed down his hair.

“I’m sorry,” Jason murmured.

“I’m not,” Percy could hear the smile in Will’s voice.

“I’m so happy to see you,” the Angel hated how helpless he sounded. He pulled back and just looked at the two boys. Will was still stroking his hair. Then, without warning, Jason leaned forward and kissed him. Percy gasped, caught off guard and his hands automatically snapped up to grip at Jason’s shirt.

“Fuck, sorry,” Jason pulled back, face flushed. Percy stared at him, as did Will. Jason looked between them, “I-I didn’t mean t-to it’s just that my emotions-”

Before he could finish Will grabbed Percy by the back of his head and he kissed him too. Still shocked, Percy felt a warmth trickle to his stomach and felt his eyes flutter shut. He kissed Will back, felt him smile against his lips. He didn’t know why, but it just felt right.

“I missed you,” he murmured, then turned to Jason, who looked like he was having an internal fight with himself. Will’s lips slid from Percy’s mouth to his neck and the Angel shivered, reaching out to Jason. The Demon hesitantly came closer and Percy touched his cheek, bringing him in for a kiss, “I also missed you.”

JASON

Jason ate dinner made of cold meats and cheese, and he felt like it was the best meal ever, simply because Percy and Will were at his sides. After some persuasion and a lot of sex, Percy had seen reason. Of course, he confessed to the two Demons that he was starting to doubt the cause of the Angels, seeing how they conquered Hell without reason, just for the sake of it. It had taken almost a week, but Percy admitted that he was ready to abandon the Angels and their corrupt cause. He also said that Nico wouldn’t leave him with the Demons, and would come for him.

Which was why Jason wasn’t surprised when their dinner was interrupted by the sound of the war
“Enemy at the gates!” Michael Kahale thundered down the stairs from the watch-tower in his camouflaged uniform.

“How many?!” Reyna demanded. People were already running for the doors.

“Just one,” Michael seemed puzzled by this. Will abruptly got to his feet and made for the door, “It could be a trap!” Michael yelled at him hopelessly. Jason turned to the worried looking Percy,

“It’s Nico,” he said. Percy nodded.

“I know.”

Jason took his hand and laced their fingers together, already feeling better, “Let’s go back to the room. Will will sort it out.”

***

Will dragged the struggling Nico into the bedroom and both Percy and Jason jumped to their feet, eyes wide. The Angel was dirty and wet and attempting to kick Will.

“Let go of me asshole!” he yelled, but Will was stronger and pulled the squirming boy into the room, slamming the door shut behind him. The Angel stopped struggling when his eyes landed on Percy.

“Perce,” he exhaled and Will finally let him go. The Angel tumbled right into Percy’s arms.


“How are you so calm?!” Nico pulled back from Percy’s embrace, glaring at the boy, “They kidnapped you!”


“Calm down, Neeks,” Percy reached down and took his hand, “It’s not what it seems like. I...they’re not holding me against my will.”


“I...I was thinking about this a lot lately,” Percy swallowed nervously and Jason exchanged a look with Will. They moved back, giving the two space, and Jason reached for Will’s hand, his heart pounding. He wanted nothing more than for the four of them to be happy, to be together, “About how the Angels invaded Hell, for no reason, and how they keep fighting just to drive the Demons out even though all they did was live here in peace and guard the Nine Circles. They’re not saving anyone, they’re not doing anything, they’re just conquering.”

“They?” Nico asked faintly. Percy looked away but the Angel touched his cheek gently, “I...I was thinking the same, actually. For a while.”

“Nico, I’m joining the Demons,” Percy looked up at Will and Jason then and they smiled at him, “not just because the Angels are corrupt. But because I love Jason. And I love Will. And I love you,” he looked at Nico softly, “I’m sorry.”

“Why are you sorry?” Nico sounded like he was going to cry.
“Please,” Will couldn’t take it anymore, breaking away from Jason. He turned Nico around and pressed their foreheads together, and the Angel didn’t move away. “I just...I just want us to be happy. To be together.”

“But not like before?” Nico asked, meaning when they were all friends.

“No,” Will whispered, and it was Nico who stood up on his tiptoes and kissed him. Jason felt his heart flutter in his chest at the sight and Percy grinned at him. Just like before he held his arm out and Jason walked over to him, wrapping an arm around his waist and kissing him, feeling like his chest couldn’t hold his heart. Then there was a hand on his cheek, turning him, and Will was kissing him. His kiss was different than Percy’s, more demanding, more familiar, but no less arousing. Percy slid out of his arms, grabbed Will’s hand, and kissing pulled him to the bed. Jason looked at Nico, and the Angel was staring at him with soft eyes. He came close to him and wrapped his arms around Jason’s shoulders.

“I love you,” he whispered softly, looking up at Jason. The blonde couldn’t keep the smile off his face as he crashed their lips together, grabbing Nico by the back of his thighs and hoisting him up. The Angel wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist and didn’t stop kissing him until the Demon deposited him on the bed, right next to Percy. Jason was lost in Nico, pulling the boy’s wet shirt over his head and throwing it to the side. Soon all of their shirts were on the floor in a heap. Jason felt a heat growing in him as he licked his way into Nico’s mouth, only to have him pulled away by Percy, who turned them so they were facing each other on the bed, connecting their mouths. Jason glanced at Will, who was smirking and undoing his belt. Jason couldn’t keep the smile off his face as he followed suit. Just in boxers he grabbed Nico’s legs and threw them around his waist. Will climbed off Percy to get something from the cupboard and the dark haired Angel leaned forward, taking Nico’s nipple into his mouth. Nico whimpered and Will returned, crowding in against his other side, shoving a bottle of lube under one pillow and pressing his lips hungrily to Nico’s neck.

While the boy was distracted Will grabbed his pants and pulled them off swiftly. He kissed his thighs, his stomach, tried to wrap his head around what was happening; that they were all together again. Percy shoved his trousers off and then pulled Jason in for a hungry, desperate kiss.

NICO

He was being touched everywhere, and he didn’t even know what hands belonged to who. Will was kissing him, his tongue invading his mouth in a way that made Nico shiver and grip and him and pull him closer. Percy’s hands were pressing down on his hips, his mouth wrapped around Nico’s rock hard cock, sucking and licking and making Nico creep closer and closer to the edge, toes curling. Jason was between his legs, his slick with lube fingers thrusting in an out of Nico.

The Angel felt dizzy, he could barely concentrate on anything other than the pleasure he was feeling.

“F-Fuck,” Nico gasped, one of his hands gripping at Percy’s hair, “O-Oh God-“

“Do not use the Lord’s name in vain,” Percy said, letting Nico’s cock out of his mouth for a second. Nico whimpered.

“I don’t think it’s in vain,” Jason snickered. Will bit at Nico’s earlobe, then sucked a purple hickey underneath his jaw. Nico was shaking, he didn’t know what to hold on to, didn’t know who to reach for.

“F-Fuck stop,” he tugged at Percy’s hair, attempting to pull him away, “J-Jason nghhh, stop I c-can’t-“
“He’s going to come,” Will said softly.

“Sorry,” Percy pulled back up and kissed Nico gently. The Angel whimpered as Jason withdrew his fingers, hating how empty he felt without them. Percy’s lips on his were a good distraction though, until he pulled away to collide with Will. They kissed above him, lips moving together messily and Nico watched them, mesmerized. And then he felt Jason’s cock begin to enter him, without warning, and he cried out, head falling against the pillows.

“Hey! You should’ve warned him,” Will laughed as Nico’s back arched off the bed at how full he felt. He blurrily saw Will kiss Jason’s neck as the Demon entered him.

“Fuck, you’re so gorgeous Neeks,” Percy whispered in awe, pushing Nico’s hair away from his forehead. Nico whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut. Jason’s cock in him didn’t hurt, but it burned a little and the stretch was weird and fuck, suddenly the blonde was all the way inside him, pressing against something that made him see stars.

“Oh God,” Nico gasped, “Oh God, o-oh god-”

“Shhh,” Will silenced him with a kiss and Jason pulled out, thrusting back inside. Nico couldn’t keep quiet, letting out moan after moan, feeling hands all over him. Jason’s cock inside of him shook him to the core while Will and Percy kissed all over his body, everywhere they could reach. It was all too much.

Nico wrapped his own hand around his cock, feeling his orgasm approaching. Will batted his hand away.

“No, you don’t get to come yet.”

Before he could protest Jason suddenly pulled out and exploded all over his stomach.

WILL

The Demon could see Percy stroking himself lazily as he fucked into Nico, though he could barely concentrate on anything other than the boy below him. The Angel was sobbing, gripping onto the sheets, on the edge of passing out, his hole clenching around Will’s cock. The blonde didn’t know how long he was going to last, not when it felt so fucking good.

“I-I need to come,” Nico sobbed, tears of pleasure clumping his eyelashes together, “P-Please let me come,” he looked at Percy, “Perce P-Please,” he tried to reach for his dick but the fallen Angel grinned and grabbed his wrist, pinning it to the bed and watching Nico lazily. He had already come inside the boy before Will had pushed inside. Jason grabbed Nico’s other hand and intertwined their fingers, pressing it down as well, “Jason,” he whimpered, and then his eyes snapped to Will, “Will please.” The blonde started to thrust in faster then, desperate to get his release. Jason suddenly surged up and kissed him and that’s when he came, deep inside Nico.

The Angel couldn’t take it anymore; his back arched and he sent ropes of pearly come all over his stomach.

***

In the morning Will woke up first, with the grey light of Gluttony streaming in through the window of their bedroom. The covers were tangled around his waist and Nico was snuggled up to his chest, his breath tickling Will’s collarbone. The blonde smiled and kissed the top of his head gently, feeling sleepy and satisfied and happy. Percy’s back was pressed against Nico’s with Jason’s arm thrown over him, his hand linked with Will’s between the two boys. The Demon smiled and just then Jason
cracked his eyes open. He blinked, and then smiled.

“Hey,” he whispered.

“Hey,” Will murmured against Nico’s hair and squeezed Jason’s hand, “I love you.”

“Love you too.”


“Love you four, now shut up,” Nico grumbled.
Can't Keep My Hands to Myself

Can you do a Jercey fic where Jason and Percy "don't like each other" but then are forced to be partners for a group activity in a club?

For Amelia

“Today in Drama club we will be doing the chair duet!” Miss Aphrodite said cheerfully to her group of fourteen year olds, staring at her with a mixture of boredom and confusion, “Does anybody know where this technique stems from?”

Unsurprisingly, Jason Grace’s hand shot up. Percy Jackson fought the urge to roll his eyes at the goody-two-shoes as he replied, “It’s from Frantic Assembly.”

“Good!” Aphrodite clapped her hands gleefully, “I will give you two weeks to devise a piece based on it with a partner.”

“Wait what’s the chair duet?” Percy was still lost.

“Google it,” Jason said, smirking at him in a I’m better kind of way. Percy glared.

“Actually, that will be part of your task; research,” Aphrodite said, “it’s all on YouTube.”

Piper McLean’s hand shot up, “Miss, can we choose our own pairs?”

“No, let’s mix it up this time,” the class groaned but that just made Miss Aphrodite’s smile widen. She was known for trying to get kids she shipped together in pairs. It never really worked. Her eyes scanned the class, “Hmmm, Piper why don’t you go with Frank?”

The girl’s shoulders slumped, “Okay.”

Percy shuffled over to Annabeth, his best friend, in hopes of being put with her. He realised it was a stupid when Aphrodite looked right at them and then deliberately paired Annabeth up with Leo. The next thing she said made Percy groan.

“Hmmm…let’s have Percy and…Jason.”

“Miss I can’t work with him,” Percy said immediately. Aphrodite arched an unimpressed eyebrow.

“Well you’re going to have to.”

“He’s right miss,” Jason got to his feet, “We don’t get along.”

“Well sometimes in life you won’t always get along with people, but you’ll have to anyway.”
And that was that. The class dispersed into different corners of the room to start devising and Jason and Percy looked at each other unhappily. Percy hated Jason for three main reasons. One – the guy was a stuck up posh boy. He lived in a massive house in one of the nicer places in London while Percy was stuck in a tiny flat. He was always dressed perfectly, his hair always tousled just in the right way, he got all the girls, and just overall had that snobby, annoying air around him. Two - he seemed to go out of his way to get on Percy’s nerves, always correcting or contradicting him at school or stealing the ball from him at football practice. He even joined the Drama club after he heard Percy was in it just so he could piss him off. Three - Percy hated Jason because he thought that he might have a crush on him, and that was terrifying. Percy didn’t want to be gay, he wanted to like girls and boobs but he just wasn’t like that. He didn’t feel anything for anyone...except Jason. He got butterflies in his stomach when he looked at the blonde, and he got all nervous, and he kind of liked the attention he got from the blonde even if it was negative. So maybe Percy didn’t hate Jason; just the way he felt about him.

“Come on,” Jason shoved his hands into the pockets of his expensive hoodie, “we might as well do this.”

Miserably Percy dragged himself after him into a corner.

“So what exactly is the chair duet?” he asked again, more timidly now, as Jason pulled out two chairs. The blonde sighed and pulled out his phone, plugging in his earphones and passing one to Percy. Nervously, the dark haired boy sat down and put the earphone in while Jason YouTube’d the Chair Duet.

It was essentially a video of two people doing a series of movements, like a dance, on a pair of chairs. They moved each other’s hands and re-arranged the other person, smoothly, so it looked like a piece of art. Jason unplugged his earphones.

“So basically that.”

“Right,” Percy wasn’t really excited about the prospect of Jason touching him, because that could end in an embarrassing situation. The blonde put his newest IPhone away.

“What song should we do it to?” he asked. Percy shrugged, “Okay. Why don’t we just try out a couple moves and we can start putting it properly together later? You could come over or something.

It was weird how nice Jason was being. Usually he did everything to embarrass and piss Percy off but now that it was just the two of them talking he was actually kind of...sweet. Don’t be an idiot! Percy scolded himself.

“Uh, okay,” he said, straightening up in his chair. Jason reached over and put his hand on Percy’s knee and the boy flinched so violently he fell off the chair. The other students looked at them briefly and then lost interest.

“Why did you touch my knee?!” Percy demanded, getting up, blushing from embarrassment. Jason frowned at him.

“R-Right,” Percy returned to his chair, realising how stupid he was being. Nervously he put his own hand on Jason’s knee, trying not to show how shaky he was. Jason crossed his arm over Percy’s and put his own hand on the boy’s knee too. Percy was flushed, and couldn’t look at Jason, “Okay...what now?”
“Why don’t we...,” Jason thought for a second, “Why don’t you grab my free hand and pull it over so I kind of fall forward to show some kind of power struggle?”

Percy swallowed and nodded, and reached for Jason’s hand.

***

Percy never thought he’d actually be inside the Grace’s beautiful house and yet here he was. He ate dinner with Jason and his parents and his older sister Thalia and Jason just acted as if it was normal, as if they were friends. Honestly, Percy wanted them to be but he knew they were only hanging out because of their chair duet.

“Okay,” Jason and Percy were sitting on the edge of Jason’s bed because they couldn’t find chairs, “so, knee, knee,” they did the movement they came up with a week ago, “Then you grab my hand, push me down....,” they finished the short sequence they had so far.

“What about I put my leg over yours?” Percy offered, trying to stay calm. He was more okay with touching the blonde now but it still got him flustered. Jason nodded, “Like in that video we saw?”

“Yeah,” Percy said, and casually threw his leg over Jason’s. He tried not to blush at how close they were sitting, “Okay, a-and-,” Percy didn’t finish because Jason put his hand on his knee, making his voice die away. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest.

“Percy, are you okay?” Jason asked, leaned in close as if he wanted to check if Percy had a fever. Percy leaned forward and pecked him on the lips and then pulled back, blushing, feeling dizzy. “O-Oh shit, s-sorry.”

Jason stared at him with wide, shocked eyes and Percy wanted to throw up. He couldn’t believe he just did that. He couldn’t believe he kissed a boy. He couldn’t believe he kissed Jason. Then the blonde flushed and looked away, smiling stupidly.

“Okay, and then I’ll grab your other leg,” he said as if nothing happened, grabbing Percy’s said leg before the boy could react, “And pull you close to symbolise the growth in trust,” he tugged Percy into his lap. The dark haired boy squeaked and Jason casually wrapped his arms around his waist, looking up at him fondly.

“U-Uhh, what now?” Percy asked shakily, nervously resting his hands on Jason’s shoulders.

“Now I’ll pull you even closer,” he did that, so his and Percy’s lips were inches away. The fourteen year old couldn’t breathe, his heart hammering, “and to show the relationship growth ask; Percy Jackson will you be my boyfriend?” Jason asked, smiling easily, but Percy could tell me was serious. The dark haired boy was so red he was sure he looked like a tomato and he couldn’t find his voice and so he just nodded.

Jason kissed him gently, shyly, “Of course we’ll have to cut that out from our duet.
Leo felt warm, and comfortable, and loved, and happy. He was lying on his side on Jason’s massive bed in the Zeus cabin, looking at the blonde. They had been staring at each other for hours now from the time when they both woke up just past midnight. There was little space between them, just enough so that Jason didn’t get too warm. His hand was resting on Leo’s cheek, the one that wasn’t pressed against the pillow, stroking his cheekbone ever so lightly with his thumb. His eyes were soft and dark, but so was everything else in the Cabin. He slept without a shirt so Leo could trail his hands over his muscular body as much as he wanted, which he had done an hour ago, but now he just kept his hand curled against Jason’s heart, listening to its steady rhythm.

The Latino was stuck half between sleep and half between reality. He was tired, but for some reason he couldn’t fall asleep, too mesmerised by Jason and the way his hair fell into his eyes. Leo brushed it back and Jason smiled a barely-there smile, leaning close to brush his lips against his lover’s. His hand slid from Leo’s cheek and trailed down his side, to his waist, where it bumped against Nico’s arm.

The Italian groaned in displeasure in his sleep, arm tightening against Leo’s waist as he pressed himself tighter against the smaller boy’s back. Leo and Jason giggled against each other’s mouths and Jason started stroking Nico’s arm, half teasingly, half lovingly.

“Fuck off Jason,” the Italian grumbled in tired annoyance. Leo carefully picked Nico’s hand off of his stomach and brought it to his mouth, kissing the back of it, “Fuck you too, Leo,” the Son of Hades said, but he didn’t withdraw his hand. Jason lifted himself up so he was leaning on his elbow and reached across Leo to brush Nico’s hair from his face. The boy’s dark brows furrowed and then his eyes finally fluttered open. He looked exhausted and mildly irritated, “You better have a good reason for waking me up.”

“Yeah,” Jason smiled fondly, “I wanted to look at you.”

“You can look at me when I’m asleep,” Nico complained in a whisper. Leo rolled over so he was on his other side and snuggled up against the Italian. Nico rolled his eyes but he could never say no to Leo so he wrapped his arms around the boy, kissing his forehead. Jason watched them happily, stroking Nico’s hair. The son of Hades looked up at him and smiled. Jason leaned over Leo and Nico met him halfway, their lips connecting in a lazy, loving kiss.

“You’re squashing me,” Leo muttered from where he trapped was between them.

“Sorry,” Jason whispered, pulling away to drop a kiss onto Leo’s shoulder. Then he pulled back his
too-big night t-shirt and kissed his naked shoulder again. Then he pushed down gently on his shoulders so Leo scooted down the bed a little, burying his face in Nico’s chest, wrapping his arms around the boy’s torso. Now Jason was laying face to face with Nico. The Italian looked like he was on the verge of falling back asleep, and Leo’s breathing had already evened out, indicating that he had gone back into the land of dreams, trapped safely between his two lovers. Jason carefully slid his muscular arm underneath the pillow and Nico rested his head on it. Jason bent his arm so his hand could reach Nico’s dark hair, playing with it.

“Goodnight,” the son of Hades mumbled, snuggling into Jason’s warm arm. The blonde smiled and then he fell back asleep, wrapped up in the two people he loved most in the world.
I'm Friends with a Monster

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the mistakes and typos, this was long and it's late

May you do a Valgrace King Kong au where Jason is King Kong and Leo is the girl?
For TheMinseok

1933

Leo Valdez kicked a rolled up, wet piece of newspaper across the equally wet pavement as he stalked through downtown New York in a miserable mood, hands shoved into the pockets of his tattered old coat. He had gone to another audition for a film, and had been turned down once again, for the same reason as always; he was too small and skinny and weak to play the hero of a film, and not quirky enough to be the sidekick. Not that there were many films being made during the Depression anyway; nobody had money to go to the movies anymore.

Leo’s stomach churned with hunger and he shoved his chin into his chest to hide it from the freezing night rain as he ventured into the brightly lit street of once-grand shops that were now struggling to make ends meet. His stomach rumbled once more as he smelled the delicious scent of food being cooked in the bars and stands, and knew he could not afford any of it. He had spent his last pennies on the bus fare to get to the audition, and that had proved to be a waste of time so now the boy had to walk home, cold, hungry and disheartened. You should just go back to Mexico, he told himself, you're never going to be big, you're never going to make it. What a cruel world: just when Leo turned eighteen and could finally make something of himself the economy crashing had to put an end to all his dreams and aspirations. He could be nothing more than another migrant worker

A pang of hunger went through him, so powerful that Leo had to stop in the street and take a deep breath. He hadn’t eaten for two days and he was starving. The thought of how far he had left until his dingy apartment made him want to curl up on the wet pavement and never get up. It stopped raining and Leo looked up at the stormy sky overhead. The weather shift gave him the little thing that he needed to move again. That’s when his eyes landed on the fruit stand up ahead. People were milling on the pavement, mostly men with hats drawn over their faces, asking for money, or for work, or for God to have mercy on them. Leo was so small, surely he could just sneak past...

The Latino boy licked his lips as he approached the stand, shifting ever so closer to it. He had his
eyes on ripe red apples piled high in one of the wooden boxes. He couldn’t see the shopkeeper and against his better judgment, listening to his stomach rather than his head, he reached out and grabbed a fruit, hurriedly shoving it into his pocket. He could hear his heart in his ears. The whole ordeal took a second but to Leo everything seemed in slow motion. He grinned to himself as he walked past; he did it-

A rough hand grabbed his wrist, tugging him back and causing his hand to slip out of his pocket, the apple tumbling free.

“Thief!” the shopkeeper spat. He was a tall, bulky man with a furious red face. Leo felt his blood ran cold; here would come another beating, “What do you think you’re doing stealing from me?”

“I-I...I...,” Leo didn’t know what to say. I’m hungry sounded pathetic. A child could be hungry and steal. Leo was a grown man.

“It’s alright, he’s with me,” a smooth voice said. Both the shopkeeper and Leo turned around in surprise. A tall, handsome blonde man stood in front of them, smiling like a film star. Leo felt a pang of jealousy when he looked at him; he was exactly what directors were looking for, and exactly what Leo wasn’t.

“This little pickpocket?” the shopkeeper demanded, “he’s with you?”

The blonde man reached into the pocket of his expensive coat and pulled out a wallet, and out of that he pulled out a dollar. He pressed it into the shocked shopkeepers hand.

“Forgive him, he gets a little wild sometimes,” the blonde said with a grin and then looked at Leo, “Well, shall we?” he gestured the way he had just come. Leo swallowed but had no other choice than to follow this mystery man. When they were out of ear-shot of the shopkeeper Leo slowed down. The crowd on the street was thinning.

“T-Thank you,” the Latino said, “For saving my ass back there. Who knew people were so stingy about damn apples.”

The blonde looked at him with a smiled, “What’s your name?”

“Uh. Leo. Leo Valdez.”

“Well Leo Valdez my name is Luke Castellan and I’m a filmmaker,” Leo felt his heart skip a beat, “I know a sweet little all-nighter around the corner. How do you feel about getting some food in you? You look like you need it.”

Leo didn’t know why he followed the stranger named Luke who was apparently a filmmaker. Maybe because he was hungry, or maybe because he believed him, because he suddenly thought I could make something of myself. They went into a restaurant open all night and Leo ordered the first thing of the menu, could barely concentrate on Luke until the food arrived.

Leo couldn’t even remember what he ate, he just knew it was delicious and filling, and he shoved it inside his mouth like a crazy man, something he could see from the way Luke watched him, amused. When Leo was finally devouring his first meal in days, Luke revealed his purpose for inviting him out. Clearly he wasn’t the type of man to just do it out of the goodness of his heart, even Leo could see that, but at this point he was warm and sedated and full and happy and much easier to persuade than the suspicious, starving boy he had been just a while ago.

“Ogygia?” Leo frowned, and then realised he was showing his lack of education. Luke just smiled though, and there was something wolf-like about it.

“It’s mostly off the maps, a sheltered little Island in the Bermuda triangle-,” he saw Leo tense and laughed, “You’re all nerves! Relax kiddo, don’t tell me you believe in ghost stories about that place?”

“No, ‘course not!” Leo said, laughing uneasily, “everyone knows it’s a bunch of malarkey!”

Luke’s smiled grew, “Exactly. So, I am going there to shoot my new picture, and I saw you on the street and I thought; you fit perfectly into the role of the hero!”

“Me?” Leo blinked in surprise.

“Of course,” Luke smiled broadly, “The hero of this story isn’t a muscular, soldier-type, but a cunning boy who uses his brains! You seem perfect for that role, really.”

“So...you want me to go to this island with you? To play in a picture,” Leo was starting to get suspicious now, it just didn’t sound realistic, “Sorry but it sounds like a bunch of boondoggle.”

Luke laughed, as if Leo hadn’t just insulted him, “You think I’m a con man?”

Leo shrugged, “I don’t know what I think. Look, thank you for the food but-“

“Percy Jackson is the playwright for this picture,” Luke interrupted, and Leo froze, “maybe you’ve heard of him?”

“Are you kidding?” Leo gaped, “Of course I’ve- Oh my God he’s my favourite playwright! I-I...Is he coming on this trip?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Oh,” Leo grinned, and then stopped, “Oh,” he repeated. Luke watched him carefully,

“You look like you need to think this through,” he fished into his pocket and took out a business card, “My phone number is on there, for my room at the hotel. Our ship for Ogygia leaves in a week, I know it’s a bit of a short notice, but if you decide you want to come along on this adventure, star in this film that will be a hit in Hollywood, and meet Percy Jackson then give me a call,” Luke stood up, threw a wad of cash for Leo’s dinner onto the table, and walked out.

***

Leo stared at the SS Argo II with his mouth hanging open. The evening was grey, dark, dreary and rainy the way it had been for the last few weeks but for once Leo didn’t care that he was getting drenched. That morning he had left his apartment for the last time; Luke had informed him over the wire that the voyage to and from the island would take a few months and Leo couldn’t afford to pay rent for that long when he wasn’t in his flat, so he had just moved out. It made him sad that all of his belongings fit into a single bag he was carrying with him right now.

The docks were full of sailors and workers, bustling around, preparing the SS Argo II and a dozen other ships for voyage. Leo felt out of place surrounded by all of these bulky, tall men, their faces shadowed by rain-proof, flimsy jackets and hoods. But they weren’t what Leo was worried about, the ship was. It was an old one, used mainly for transport, Leo could tell. He knew about ships. Not that he was complaining; once he made his decision to join Luke there was no turning back, especially not because of some rickety old ship.
“Leo!” Luke Castellan ran down the plank towards Leo, his coat billowing in the wind. He clasped the Latino’s hand in his, “Good you’re here! Your cabin is all ready so I’ll take you up and you can make yourself at home.”

“Just like that,” Leo said faintly, gazing at the ship.

“Just like that,” Luke confirmed. A man’s shadow appeared behind him, tall and majestic and then who Leo presumed was the captain stepped out of the fog. The man’s long, chestnut hair was streaked with grey and his eyes were full of wisdom. There was a pipe in his mouth and a peaked cap on his head, “Ah,” Luke said, a little uneasily, “Mr Valdez, this is Captain Chiron.”

The man offered Leo his hand, “How do you do?”

“How do you do?” Leo was star struck as his hand disappeared in the captain’s much larger one.

“Ready for the voyage?” Chiron asked, and it sounded almost like a warning. Leo nodded, “Nervous?”

“Nervous?” Leo frowned and his heart clenched, “No. Should I be?”

Luke put his hand on his shoulder, “Don’t listen to the Captain he likes to spook people.”

“Should I show Mr Valdez his cabin?” a new voice asked, right next to Leo, making him jump in fight. A boy his age had appeared out of nowhere. He was clearly from China, or some other Eastern country, his dark hair wet by the rain. An eye-patch crossed over his face, making him look weirdly like a pirate. Leo swallowed.


Hesitantly Leo left the Captain and Luke behind, following the new boy – Ethan – across the wet dock, to the plank leading to the door of the ship. The one eyed boy climbed up it easily, as if it was in his nature, but Leo stopped. He swallowed and looked at the plank, and the dark, unruly sea below it. *Now or never,* he told himself.

“You’re coming or what?” Ethan asked. *Or what,* Leo wanted to say, but instead he put his foot down on the plank.

***

He woke up in his sun-filled cabin feeling more rested than he had in ages. His room was narrow and small, with a tiny bed, a desk and a wardrobe but the Latino didn’t mind the lack of luxury since in the light spilling from the large window he could see the calming sea. He was already getting used to the steady lull of the ship below him as he hurriedly got dressed into one of his nicer button up shirts, even throwing a jumper over top before venturing onto the deck. It was warm and pleasant, and the air smelled like the sea, gulls circled the sky. The waves spread out for miles in front of Leo, stretching up until the horizon, glimmering in the morning sun.

The excited boy found Luke down in the communications room, where half a dozen men were lounging around, sending morse-code messages back to New York or reading through the stacks of papers that littered the multiple desks, smoking and drinking coffee. The air stank of cigarette smoke but Leo was too euphoric to care.

“Morning,” he said cheerfully.

“Mr Valdez! Here, come in, come in,” Luke grinned, sitting up and gesturing at Leo, “meet the rest
of the crew!” Ethan hung back behind Luke, glaring at Leo. The Latino swallowed and his eyes landed on a bored-looking girl with a dark braid snaking over her shoulder, dressed like a man, “This is Miss Reyna Ramirez, my cameraman. Or camerawoman.”

“Let’s keep it neutral, shall we,” Miss Reyna Ramirez the cameraman barked. She looked at Leo, “Pleasure.”

“Likewise,” Leo said.

“You’ve already met my assistant, Ethan,” Luke said, gesturing at his friend behind him, “and this is Miss Calypso,” only now Leo saw the beautiful girl lounging in one of the chairs, her sunny yellow dress spread around her, auburn hair falling to her waist like a waterfall, “your co-star.”

Leo grinned, “Today is a good day.”

The men chuckled but Calypso just glared. Leo turned away, “What’s a guy gotta do ‘round here to get some breakfast?” he asked, feeling himself relax around the people.

“Here,” a man said and Leo turned to see a guy standing by a pot full of...beige sludge. The guy looked like sunshine personified, something which was extenuated by the fact that another boy stood by him, all dark and broody, almost like Ethan, “porridge it is. My name’s Will Solace, and I’m the ship’s cook, barber and surgeon.”

“He’s a better surgeon than cook,” the guy next to him snorted.

“That’ Nico,” Will rolled his eyes, “He’s the janitor.”

“Nice to meet you.”

They all turned around when they heard someone walk into the room. Leo’s breath caught in his throat when in the doorway of the shabby ship, looking tired, stood Percy Jackson, his idol. Somehow Leo knew that it was him. Do not hyperventilate, the Latino told himself as Percy yawned, do not hyperventilate.

“Hello,” Percy said.

Leo hyperventilated.

***

“Ogygia is bad news,” Chiron said to his first mate, Beckendorf. Leo, who was standing by Will and Nico overheard. The Argo II had been stuck in fog for a good three days, seemingly blindly making it through the sea. Not that Leo minded that much; after weeks at sea he knew that weather could be temperamental. It would pass, though some of the crew seemed to think it was a bad omen of some sort.

“I heard cannibals live on the island,” Will told Leo in a hushed voice as Chiron and Beck walked off. Nico hit him upside the head,

“Don’t believe those superstitions,” he scoffed.

What Leo was really worried about was the fact that they had to stop filming because of the fog, something about Reyna complaining that the lighting was bad. Over the two months Leo had gotten
to know her and he knew that she could make any light work; she just seemed nervous about being up on deck as they neared Ogygia. Furthermore Percy Jackson, although every bit as dreamy as Leo thought, was saying that the whole ordeal was a bad idea. The whole crew seemed on edge except Luke, who was eager to get to the island and complete his picture. So far he had Leo and Calypso do a few scenes on the deck of the Argo II with the setting sun as the backdrop, but the main chunk of the action would take place on the Island itself.

Leo tried not to focus on the superstitious muttering of the crew but it was hard as over the next few days the fog didn’t let up. Everyone seemed on edge, preferring to stay in their cabins than be outside and watch gloomy, sharp, black cliffs shift in and out of the mist like claws. One wrong turn and they could get shipwrecked. Leo was aware of that, I knew it was too good to be true.

Seven days after the ship first entered the fog, it ran ashore. It was violent, came out of nowhere. Leo was playing cards with Will, Nico and Percy (who was actually more human that Leo expected) when suddenly the whole ship shook dangerously. Leo could hear metal creaking and splitting, the wood groaning. He thought they were sinking and the fear that gripped him caused him to cling onto the table. And then, after the few excruciatingly slow seconds, the world came to a peaceful stop.

Leo and the rest of the crew ran onto deck. The Argo II was half buried in the dark, rocky sand of an island, its hull split open. Everyone was running around in chaos, already planning the repairs. Except Luke. Luke was standing at the prow of the ship, looking proudly over the empty sliver of beach that they could see through the fog.

“Where are we?” Leo asked, walking over and holding onto one of the ropes to steady himself. Luke smiled broadly,

“We are in Ogygia.”

The next hour was filled with more chaos and arguments that Leo felt weirdly detached from. He half listened to the Captain and Luke battle out whether they should go out onto the island or not, but he was more invested in watching the fog swirl, revealing different edges of the cliffs. An uncharted island. It could be dangerous and yet Leo wanted nothing more than to go further inland, to explore, to finally live an adventure. And this was needed for the picture anyway.

“We should go,” he said and, weirdly, his word went. Reyna, Luke, Percy, Calypso and even Will and Nico decided to go onshore, and the Captain spared them two sailors, Beck and an Asian man who couldn’t speak English called Frank, while the other stayed behind to repair the vessel, something Chiron seemed desperate to do quickly.

When Leo felt steady ground underneath him again, his feet sinking into the sand, he forgot all about the bad ‘omens’ and feelings that the crew had been having. Everything was different on Ogygia, even the air smelled different. Leo didn’t have much time to admire it though because Calypso stared complaining and they had to start moving. It turned out that pretty rapidly the ground rose steeply so they were climbing a mountain of sorts for an hour maybe. The only people who seemed unbothered by this were Luke, who was eagerly instructing Reyna to take random shots of the fog, and Leo, who was just happy to be there.

Then suddenly they broke through the fog, and they were on the peak of a hill. Leo’s breath died in his throat; stretched in front of them was a whole new world. Green trees, rolling hills, jagged mountains, twinkling streams and wide lakes, birds soaring through the air. It was like something out of a book; surreal, abstract. It looked like paradise.

“You getting this?” Luke asked breathlessly and Reyna nodded, her camera at her eye, “Mr Valdez! Miss Calypso! Stand by that rock,” the blonde gestured to a rock and gestured at Percy. Hurriedly
the playwright handed them a crumpled script, “Say your lines! Like you mean them, remember you’re in love- and rolling!”

***

After another hour of exploring the forest the landscape suddenly changed again though Leo didn’t notice it straight away. They made it to where the sea seemed to curve back inland, creating a sort of lake that later broke out to join the ocean. There was a sheer cliff on one side and as they approached Leo saw that there was more. A whole gate – no, a wall – made of spiked wood surrounded a couple of huts, like something from the original settler of America.

“You said there were no people here?” Luke barked at the sailors. Beckendorf shrugged, “I never said that.”

Leo felt uneasy when he saw that both he and the rest of the sailors were all holding guns. His heart skipped a beat and he felt fear tingling at the tips of his fingers. He was about to tell the others that they should turn back when he saw her.

“God...,” Reyna murmured, lifting her camera.

Standing right outside the gates of the settlement was a little girl. Her face was the colour of chocolate, her hair hung limply around her face. She was swaying gently, as if with the wind. The most unsettling thing about her were her pale, pale eyes, seeming out of place in her dark face. She was looking right through the group, as if she couldn’t see them.

“Natives,” Nico said, lowering his gun, “We best leave them be.”

“No,” Luke cooed, “Reyna record this,” he advanced onto the girl and she continued to sway and ignore him. Leo took an involuntary step back. His gut was telling him this was a bad idea.

“He’s bananas,” Will whispered under his breath, watching Luke come closer to the child with a mixture of curiosity and horror. Leo noticed that Beckendorf and Frank didn’t lower their weapons, keeping them trained on the child as if she was a threat.

“What an absolute dip,” Calypso was hugging herself, looking like she wanted nothing more than to run back to the ship, “He’s going to get us all killed. Leave her be, Mr Castellan!”

“Shh, just a moment,” Luke said softly but the girl wasn’t reacting to the treat in front of her, “He’s going to get us all killed. Leave her be, Mr Castellan!”

“Shh, just a moment,” Luke fished a half eaten chocolate bar out of his pocket and waved it in front of the girl’s face.

“He’s got guts,” Reyna whispered, almost in awe, watching everything through her lens.

“Come on now,” Luke said softly but the girl wasn’t reacting to the treat in front of her, “Just take it-,” Luke pressed the wrapper into her hand. The second he touched her she snapped back to life, reeling back and screaming so loudly that Calypso screamed too and Leo’s knees almost buckled. In a second natives were flooding out of the gate, carrying deadly looking spears. They were all as dark as the girl, with those freakish pale eyes.


“Alright, we need to retreat, slowly-“

A person slid from the small crowd gathered. She was clearly the matriarch of the tribe, her face wrinkled as old leather. Beads *click clicked* around her neck. *Not beads*, Leo realised with disgust,
“Stay back!” Beckendorf barked, raising his gun. The matriarch stopped a few steps away from Leo and the boy felt nauseous. He just wanted to get out of there. Slowly, as if she was a mechanism, the matriarch lifted her hand and pointed a trembling, crooked, claw-like finger at Leo.

“Kong,” she hissed, and it sounded like a curse. Calypso screamed, turned on her heel and ran and the matriarch screeched and then Frank opened fire and shot her dead right in front of Leo. The horrified boy stumbled back in shock, feeling like his heart would burst out of his chest. The natives gave a war cry and everyone was running, head over heels, back the way they came.

“Leo come on!” Nico shouted and Leo broke into a sprint. A spear imbedded itself in the sand a few feet in front of him and he veered to avoid it. He saw Frank fall with a scream to his left, one of the naïve weapons protruding from his back, but there was no time to stop. They had to get away from Ogygia.

***

Leo didn’t feel much better on the ship, especially as uneasy night fell around them. The fog intensified and the Argo II was still undergoing repairs. Chiron, after hearing the worrying news of the natives and Frank’s murder, said that the earliest they would be able to leave was in the morning, if they were lucky. Leo just hoped that they could make it till morning. He himself was so scared about what happened that he put off being by himself until he couldn’t keep it up and not look like a coward.

Morale was low and some sailors were talking about avenging Frank’s death before Reyna had, furiously, told them that the natives had been avenging one of their own through Frank, and that they were even, and that Frank shouldn’t have shot. That shut them up. Only Luke seemed to be in high spirits, joking and retelling the whole thing to Percy, who hadn’t gone with them to ‘explore.’ Now Leo wished he hadn’t gone either. The word Kong kept echoing in his head, though nobody seemed to know what it meant.

When he returned to his cabin, listening to the once comforting creaking of the ship, he couldn’t get the pale eyes of the natives out of his head. He was too afraid to turn off the lights. The wind was howling against his windows, and it had started to rain. Leo was agitated, on edge, he regretted ever coming on this trip in the first place. Nervously he paced, tried to read and failed, he peered into the corridor but all he saw were flickering lamps which didn’t lift his spirits. When he turned back to his room his heart stopped.

One of the natives was standing in the middle of his room, silent, sentient. And then Leo’s world went black.

***

Leo woke up with a flickering flame in the dark. Then he allowed his eyes to focus and realised that they were actually torches, sticking out of the air in front of him, floating. And then, as his eyes got adjusted to the dark of the night, he saw that they were actually being held by natives. He inhaled as the terror descended onto him. The natives watched him silently from beneath the flames and Leo felt his insides twist and turn. This is how I die, he thought. He tried to move but found that his hands were tied to two long, wooden poles. Wood and fire didn’t signify anything good.

Leo would’ve cried if he wasn’t so scared.

“Please,” he whimpered. The natives gave no sign of hearing him. The ropes chaffed his wrists as he
struggled and the moon climbed higher into the sky. Surely they’d come for him soon? Surely, surely... 

A deep gong-like sound was hard from the village and suddenly Leo was moving. The wooden construction he was tied to was being pushed forward, into the darkness. Leo started praying feverishly, even though he didn’t believe in God as he scraped his feet on the ground, trying to stop moving. They had taken his shoes. He barely felt the pain as out of the darkness he saw...more darkness. In front of him was a cliff, and an abrupt drop. They were going to throw him off a cliff. Leo imagined falling a hundred miles down, his bones shattering. Or worse, a tree impaling him, splitting him open.

“God n-no...,” he whispered, tried to dig his heels into the ground to stop moving. It didn’t help, and he was just pushed closer and closer to the edge. The ropes held tightly, the natives were humming, the flames dancing somewhere behind Leo. He felt like he was going to pass out.

He didn’t realise how hard he was pressing down with his feet in his desperation to stay on solid ground until that solid ground disappeared. Leo’s stomach tumbled and suddenly he was hanging over thin air. The wind stirred his hair as he hung limply, like a doll, from the wooden device. Even though he knew it was pointless, his feet kicked at the empty air below him in their need to hold onto something. Leo’s fingers twisted in the ropes now, thankful that they were holding his weight. He couldn’t see anything below, just darkness. He didn’t know how long the drop was, he didn’t want to find out.

A sound came from somewhere far in front of him, a roar that shook the world around him. Leo’s blood ran cold. He trembled and stared into the darkness and he sensed something coming. He heard trees rustle. He heard trees snap. This is it...he thought. Then something slid from the darkness, half illuminated by the light of the native’s fire. For a second Leo thought that fear was playing with him because what he saw had no right to exist. It was a gorilla, maybe fifty feet tall, a giant, a monster. Its nostrils flared as he caught Leo’s scent, its dark, intelligent eyes looked right at Leo. He couldn’t breathe. It was like the drugged monkeys he saw at the zoo as a child, except alive and real and huge and dangerous. Leo couldn’t protect himself; he was hanging in the air.

He suddenly realised what he was. An offering.

The hum of the natives died away, or maybe Leo couldn’t hear it anymore. He looked at the beast and the beast looked at him.

“Kong,” the boy whispered, as it all suddenly made sense. The monster roared again and then his massive hand wrapped around Leo. He tugged, the ropes snapped, and Leo let unconsciousness take him again.

***

Kong took Leo onto some cliff, so far away from the ship’s landing that Leo couldn’t even see the same mountains. What he could see, when he groggily woke up with his cheek pressed against the rocky floor, was the sun rising over the horizon, pouring its warm light over the trees below, bathing them in gold. It would’ve been peaceful if Leo’s fear didn’t immediately spike at the massive gorilla sitting right next to him, watching the sunrise happily.

Leo swallowed and discretely picked himself up so he was on his knees. He swallowed down his nerves and, ignoring the pounding in his head, started to crawl away from Kong. He was terrified and all he wanted was to get back to the ship and get the hell away from Ogygia. His instincts got the best of him and he grew too impatient, as he got further from Kong he got to his feet and turned to sprint away-
The monkey’s massive hand curled around him again. Leo screamed, more in surprise than in anything else, as Kong brought him in an arc back to where he was, trailing the helpless human over the edge of the cliff for a split second. A split second was enough for Leo to come to his senses.

“Alright!” he yelled when Kong set him down in front of him. Leo was trapped between the monster and the cliff. In the light he could see the individual hairs on the gorilla’s body and his eyes looking down at him apathetically, “I get that you’re upset! I’d be too if my dinner tried to run away!”

The monkey made a snort, as if laughing and Leo felt himself relax a little. He swallowed. At least he wasn’t in immediate danger.

“We’re gonna have a riot together, eh, hotshot? Just...don’t try to push me off the cliff, or eat me for second breakfast or anything, alright?” Leo asked before realising that he was talking to a monkey, “I’d be bent too if my name was Kong,” he grumbled to himself, the fear making him irrational, “Well, scrap that. I’m gonna call you Jason, how does that sound?” The monster made the same snorting sound again, “Great,” Leo smiled and then sighed. He had no idea what he was doing, or why he was even still alive. He was all grimy and tired and hungry and there was a giant monkey just staring at him.

He sat down on the ground, the Cliffside to his back, the wind brushing against his ripped shirt. He looked at Kong – Jason – tiredly, and Jason looked back. It was weird, but there was something human about his stare. The adrenaline started to drain out of Leo when he realised that Jason probably wouldn’t hurt him, at least not yet. He could be waiting for his whole family of apes for all Leo knew, to have a nice dinner. Monkeys are herbivores, he reminded himself as he started to doze off.

He was shocked when Jason suddenly poked him, startling him out of his nap.

“What?” Leo demanded, heartbeat accelerating. Jason didn’t say anything so Leo started falling asleep again, only for the monkey to poke him again, “Fuck off,” Leo grumbled, curling up on the ground. He just wanted everything to disappear. He wanted to be back in his dingy apartment in New York. What if the ship left without me? He mused as his eyelids started to get heavy.

***

This time when Leo woke up the sun was setting and Jason was gone. The boy would’ve thought he had imagined the monster if it wasn’t for its massive footprints in the ground and the pile of fruit next to Leo’s sleeping body. The boy frowned, wondering how someone as big as Jason could handle fruit and not crush it, but his body was so starved that he didn’t care as he ate the apples and the bananas like the starving man that he essentially was.

And then he remembered that he was alone, and didn’t understand why he was hesitating. You need to get back, he told himself, struggling to his feet. Everything ached and when Leo tried to stand he hissed at the pain when his scraped feet pressed against the cliff. The sun was steadily sinking down the sky and Leo knew he didn’t have a lot of time. He made it to the shrubbery and it was easier to walk down, with the soft grass beneath his feet. It still hurt but Leo gritted his teeth and pushed through it as he went back into the jungle.

Every tree, every exotic flower looked the same, Leo had no idea which way he came or which way to go. With nothing better to do he followed Kong’s muddy footsteps. For some reason he felt scared in this jungle and wondered what horrible things hid among the trees. Jason had seemed like Leo’s weird kind of protector and the more the boy looked at it the less it looked like the giant kidnapped him and more like he saved him from the natives. Leo was so lost in thought that he didn’t hear the sound of something running through the jungle. Leo froze.
Then he heard a screech and it sounded animalistic, but not like Jason. The Latino broke into a run, his heart pounding in his chest, ignoring the pain in his feet. He was gasping, tearing through the jungle, branches scratching at his face and arms and he could hear the sound of pursuit behind him. When he dared a glance over his shoulder his blood ran cold. Behind him were two dinosaurs, like something straight out of a textbook. Leo knew there was no way he’d outrun the slick creatures. They were a little taller than him with thick necks that slid into their bodies and open mouths full of tiny, sharp teeth that would rip Leo to shreds if they caught him. *When* they caught him.

The boy scrambled over a stone, past more trees. The two monsters behind him screeched, their footsteps ringing in Leo’s head. He didn’t know where he was going, there was no safety for him, not here. He felt a sharp, hot pain on his back and knew that one of the dinosaurs had got him with its claws as he was sent sprawling on the grass. He curled up, pressing his face down and fighting a sob, waiting for those powerful jaws to close around him and snap him in half. *Make it fast, make it fast-*

A familiar roar shook the ground. Leo gasped and looked up. Jason was standing above him, a dinosaur in each hand, slamming them against trees. Leo heard the sickening crunch of bones breaking and then Jason let go of the limp corpses of the monsters. He had killed them, just like that. Leo swallowed, stood up. He could feel hot blood on his back. Jason turned on him, nostrils flaring, furious, and roared. Leo let out a sob of...relief.

“I—I’m sorry,” he whimpered and then he was throwing himself forward against Jason’s leg, pressing his face against his warm fur and crying. He hadn’t realised how scared he had been until he actually felt safe. He wasn’t scared of Jason; he was a gentle creature, Leo could tell. This was confirmed when Jason scooped him with his big hands, cradling Leo to his massive chest as if he was a child. The gorilla picked his way through the jungle, climbed back up the mountain and Leo clung onto him. He didn’t know what would happen next, he didn’t know how long he’d be alive for, he didn’t know if his friends were out there somewhere, searching for him. But at least for now, for *right now*, he was safe.

The cliff was sheltered, jutting out of the mountain, surrounded by trees on either side. There was a small cave carved into it, one that Leo hadn’t noticed before. It looked dry and warm and Leo yearned for a fire as the sun sunk behind the horizon.

Jason sat down against the Cliffside, still keeping Leo in his arms and the boy was content to stay there as long as there were monsters and dinosaurs around. He pressed his face into the gorilla’s fur and closed his eyes. The world started shifting and Leo frowned but didn’t open his arms. He felt like he was being slowly lowered to the ground, but there were arms still around him, arms that started feeling like *real* arms. There wasn’t any fur tickling his nose, just warm skin. A hand stroked his hair.

Leo ripped away from Jason and stumbled back with a yelp when he saw that instead of the gorilla there was a man sitting in front of him.

“What the-,” he whispered, staring. The man was a little older than him, with dirt streaked cheeks and messy blonde hair that fell into his surprisingly blue eyes. He was naked save for the dark fur he had over his shoulders. Now Leo was sure he was dreaming.

“Don’t be scared,” the man’s voice was hoarse and deep, as if he hadn’t used it for some time.

“Where’s Jason?” Leo whispered faintly.

“My name is Kong,” the man said.
“I like Jason better,” Leo didn’t know what he was saying.

“I like Jason better too,” the man – Jason – agreed, “I’m sorry I startled you.”

“You’re a monkey...who turns into a man,” Leo tried to wrap his head around that. Jason smiled a little,

“In this world is that so hard to believe?” he asked, “don’t answer that. I need to look at your back. Those monsters hurt you.”

Leo crawled over to him, still in a daze. Jason blinked at him in confusion when Leo reached up his hand and touched his cheek. It was warm and slightly rough. Leo exhaled, trailing his fingers up to Jason’s golden hair.

“I didn’t know if you were real,” he admitted. Jason smiled and pulled back. As Leo watched him start a fire the pain started to know itself known. First it was just a warmth at his back, and then it was laced with an ache, and then suddenly it hurt so bad that Leo had to grit his teeth. By then Jason had the fire going.

“I need to go get some water to wash your wounds-,” Jason stood up, his fur still about him.

“No!” Leo blurted, reaching for him and crying out when his back exploded in pain. He whimpered, “D-Don’t leave me...”

“I’m sorry,” Jason knelt in front of him and pulled Leo into his arms as if it was normal, as if they weren’t two strangers. The Latino winced when the blonde lifted him and carried him over to the fire, setting him down. Leo felt the heat on his face and he was starting to feel dizzy and hot and he was pretty sure he had a fever, “I can burn your wounds,” Jason said, “So they don’t get infected. But it’ll hurt.”

“Do it,” Leo whispered faintly. His world was starting to spin. He didn’t know how much time passed but suddenly Jason was turning him so his back was to the blonde, one of his strong arms wrapped around Leo’s waist.

“Hold onto my hand,” Jason’s voice sounded like he was drowning. The agony that exploded in Leo’s back made him scream and his hands were digging into Jason’s hand and everything hurt, hurt, hurt...

When Leo came to (he seemed to be passing out a lot since coming to Ogygia) he was sitting in the shallow cave in Jason’s arms. The night was chilly but the blonde had wrapped his fur around both of them.

“Jason,” Leo whispered faintly, feeling feverish and pressing himself closer to the man.

“I can shapeshift if you’d be more comfortable like that,” Jason said gently. Leo shook his head, or at least he thought he did, though with the world spinning like that it was hard to tell.

“It’s alright,” he murmured, and then everything got too much, “Jason,” Leo gasped, half in shock and half in fear when the blonde man pressed down on him suddenly, pushing him into the mossy ground of the cave, or maybe it was Leo who was pulling him down on top of him. He didn’t know what was happening. He flinched. Jason must’ve realised that he was afraid because suddenly his large hand was stroking Leo’s cheek. The Latino swallowed and Jason leaned down again, pressing their lips together, his stubble scratching at Leo’s face. The boy forgot about his worries and the world spinning for a moment, feeling the man’s taunt, muscular body press against his. He didn’t know whether to push the man away or pull him closer because the kiss was nice, and it grounded
Leo and it was the first thing for a while that the Latino was sure he was real.

When Leo tried to speak the blonde took advantage and pushed his tongue into his mouth. Lost in the kiss, Leo didn’t feel Jason’s hands on him until a few moments too late, when the blonde was already undoing the buttons on his shirt. Leo squirmed and turned his face away, gasping,

“S-Stop-,” he pressed his hands against Jason’s shoulders in panic. The man just carefully pushed Leo’s half-open shirt to the side and pressed his palm flat against his chest. The Latino swallowed, looking up at him fearfully. Jason was listening to his heartbeat. He said something in a language that Leo didn’t understand, so soft and full of feeling that Leo melted a little.

***

Gas. There was gas in Leo’s throat, in his mouth, up his nose, in his eyes when he opened them, scratching burning. He sat up, gasping, coughing. Everything was covered in green smoke; he couldn’t see anything. Jason, he tried to say, but his voice was gone, Jason!

“Leo!” Luke was suddenly in front of him. Luke who Leo had thought left. Luke who brought him here. Luke who didn’t feel real, even as he pulled Leo up. The boy was coughing, staring at the blonde bewildered, and the director pulled him out of the smoke. Leo gasped at the clean air and all around him saw sailors with their weapons trained.

“J-Jason,” Leo croaked.

“Who’s Jason?!” Luke demanded, leading Leo away before the unsteady boy even knew what was happening, “Mr Valdez you were kidnapped! But it’s alright, you’re safe now.”

Percy appeared out of nowhere, “Leo!” he gasped in relief.

Behind them the heartbreaking roar of Jason sounded. Leo whirled around in Jason’s arms.

“No,” he whispered.

“Come on Mr Valdez,” Luke’s arms were strong. In the green mist Leo could see a huge, dark shape struggling. It was Jason; they were hurting Jason. Let him go! Leo screamed, Don’t hurt him! But no words actually left his mouth and Luke and Percy were pulling him away and all Leo could do was cry.

***

They kept Jason below board in a massive cage that somehow wasn’t big enough. The gorilla looked miserable, squashed behind the iron bars.

“It’s alright,” Leo whispered to him in the dead of night when he snuck down there to comfort his friend. The Argo II was well on its way back to New York, leaving the horrors of Ogygia and all the sailors that had died to save Leo behind, “I won’t let them have you.”

And Jason just looked at Leo with his sad eyes as if he didn’t really believe him.

***

The docks were dark and foggy, the same way they had been when Leo had left all those months ago. He was a different person now. With all of his belongings in a case he walked across the slick deck of the Argo II for the last time. The ship seemed deserted, though the docks were bustling with life. Leo almost made it to the ramp that he had fatefully climbed when he decided to star in Luke
Castellan’s picture, when the director himself appeared in front of him, seemingly melting out of the shadows.

“Mr Valdez!” he exclaimed, “leaving so soon?”

“I’d like to forget this as fast as possible,” Leo said. Luke nodded.

“That’s understandable, but I can’t let you go without this,” he held a cheque out to Leo. The boy blinked at him and Luke sent him his million dollar smile. The smile that knew he’d make millions off of a giant gorilla he was calling King Kong, “It’s three grand. Take it. You deserve it,” the underlining was clear. *Take it and shut your mouth about what happened.*

Leo wasn’t going to talk anyway. He took the cheque and put it in his pocket.

“Goodbye, Mr Castellan.”

“You didn’t introduce me to your friend,” Luke said, grinning over Leo’s shoulder, “I don’t think we had the pleasure. Luke Castellan.”

“Jason Grace,” Jason said and shook Luke’s hand for as little as possible. Leo had given him some of Frank’s old clothes which were big enough for them, and now he looked like a typical New York working class man.

“So what are you doing on the ship then?” Luke asked with a grin.

“I was showing Jason the ship,” Leo smiled uneasily, “Anyway. We should get going now.”

“Mr Castellan!” Beckendorf appeared around the corner, eyes wide with panic, “It’s gone.”

The smile melted off of Luke’s face, “What do you mean?”

“The cage is empty!”


“That was close,” he whispered. Jason kissed him quickly and the mist hid them.

“I love you. Now let’s get off this wretched ship.”

As Luke Castellan and his crew ran around the board of *SS Argo II* looking for the giant gorilla they kidnapped from a mythical island somewhere far, far away, who had magically disappeared into thin air, two seemingly ordinary men disappeared through the mist at the docks, Leo and King Kong, never to be seen again.
I Could Have Another You in a Minute

Could you do one where they have been dating for, like, a year or something and they go on a anniversary date and someone hits on Nico? Then Will gets angry (or jealous) and then Nico gets angry at Will for getting so angry and then their both just kinda angry at each other. Then they go home and Will tries to make up w/ Nico but Nico isn’t letting it go so easy (because we all know Nico loves holding grudges) and the next morning the sexual tension snaps during breakfast or something and they have make up smut? P.S. It would be hilarious if Percy (or Jason) called in the middle of their...activities.

For Gen

Nico slurped spaghetti off his fork, getting tomato sauce on his chin. Will watched him fondly, forgetting about his food for a moment as he stared at his beautiful boyfriend. He couldn’t believe it had been a full year since he had finally gotten the guts to ask him out, and he couldn’t believe Nico actually agreed to go out for their anniversary.

“What?” Nico finally noticed Will staring and frowned, “Don’t you like your food?”

“I do,” the blonde smiled, “I just like you better,” he leaned over and wiped Nico’s chin with a napkin, “You had sauce there.”


Will leaned across again and pecked his lips quickly, “Yup.”

Nico looked away, blushing, but Will could see the smile tugging at his lips. He was suddenly not interested in the food anymore, he just wanted to be close to Nico and he didn’t like the table separating them.

“Should we get the bill?” Nico clearly felt the same. Before Will could nod the waiter appeared out of nowhere, placing a piece of paper in front of Nico. He looked uncomfortable.

“What does the note say?” Will tried to keep the anger out of his voice, telling himself not to get worked up over something so insignificant. Nico held up the piece of paper.

“It’s his phone number.”
“Is he hitting on you?” Will hissed.

“Please don’t make a scene,” Nico said, reaching for his boyfriend’s sleeve before he could get up. The blonde glared,

“He’s blatantly hitting on you even though he can see we’re on a date.”

“Bill please!” Nico said to the waiter as he walked past.

“Don’t ignore what I’m saying to you,” Will said in annoyance. The jealousy was making him more demanding than usual. Nico sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“Listen, just leave it-“

“No, I won’t! He’s just being fucking rude-“

“Shut up,” Nico snapped, “You’re being so loud.”

The waiter placed their bill on the table. Angrily Will slapped down way more cash than he needed to and violently stood up, grabbing Nico by the wrist.

“We’re leaving.”

Nico wrestled his hand free, “I can walk by myself.”

He was angry too, Will knew, but he was holding it in while they were in public. If the blonde wasn’t so furious himself he’d know that this wouldn’t end well; angry Nico was not a nice Nico. The second they came out of the toasty restaurant into the cold, wet night, the Italian exploded.

“What the fuck was that?!” he demanded, whirling on Will. The blonde felt his irritation spike.

“What the fuck was what?“

“You can’t just act all Alpha male every time a guy looks at me!”

“Looks at you?!“ Will demanded, “He didn’t look at you! He gave you his number!”

“So what? It didn’t mean anything, he was just flirting-“

“With my boyfriend,” Will finished for him, “Why are you mad at me for being protective?!”

“More like for being a jealous asshole!”

“How am I an asshole?!“ Will yelled.

“When girls hit on your in public I don’t fly off the handle!” Nico retaliated.

“That has nothing to do with this!“ now Will didn’t know if he was more mad at that man or at Nico.

“It has everything to do with this!” Nico barked. His eyes were shining with fury, cheeks flushed, hands in fists. Will hated seeing him like this, and that just made him more mad because he didn’t know how to fix it, and he was just getting more and more worked up.

“You’re acting like you liked him hitting on you.”

“Don’t be an idiot!”
“Oh I’m the idiot—”

“Just get in the car, William.”

The blonde knew fighting with Nico wouldn’t get him anywhere, it never did. They always just fought and fought until they stopped, nobody ever won. Angrily, the blonde stamped to their car and jerked open the door. Instead of getting into the passenger’s seat Nico decided to be a child and got into the back, arms crossed over his chest, obviously ignoring Will. So that’s how you want it, the blonde thought angrily as he started the engine. The tension was so thick in the vehicle you could cut it with a knife, the air almost sparking. To stop himself from saying anything stupid, like I’m sorry, Will turned on the radio. Ironically, irreplaceable by Beyonce came on.

***

“Nico,” Will said when his boyfriend came out of the shower, towelling his hair dry. The Italian deliberately wasn’t acknowledging the blonde’s presence, and it was getting frustrating, “Nico stop acting like a child.”

The dark haired boy didn’t react. Stifling a sigh Will stood up.

“What are you doing?”

It was the first thing Nico said to Will in half an hour since they got in the car. Despite having time to cool off they were still mad at each other. Will was scooping up the covers and pillows off of his side of the bed.

“Sleeping on the couch,” he said simply. Nico’s eyes widened.

“You’re not serious.”

“Deadly,” Will spat. Now he felt like it was a competition, like he wanted to win this argument. Nico crossed his arms over his chest,

“What next?” he asked bitterly, “You ask for a break?”

“You’re the one who’s behaving like a baby,” Will honestly didn’t want to continue this argument right now. He was angry and tired, and all he wanted was to spend a nice evening out with his boyfriend, and it ended in this. He stormed out of the bedroom and into the living room, dumping his covers onto the couch and climbing underneath them. He laid in the dark, waiting for Nico to come and snuggle up to him, his own form of an apology. He listened to the clock ticking, but after ten minutes he was still alone like a kid throwing a tantrum.

Will sighed and pressed his face in the pillow, and tried to sleep.

***

Will woke up in the morning, sore and aching, to the smell of bacon and eggs. His eyes fluttered up and he sniffed at the air. One of his arms was hanging over the side of the couch, fingertips touching the carpet. The covers and pillows were strewn everywhere. Grey light filtered in through the windows and Will could hear muffled sounds of the radio coming from the kitchen. Groggily, cracking his bones, the blonde got up, thankful that it was the weekend as he padded into the kitchen barefoot, ready to forget about last night’s upsetting events.

Clearly, Nico wasn’t ready though. The boy didn’t even look at Will as he bustled around the kitchen, turning the flame off from underneath the frying pan. The frying pan which had one egg and
two pieces of bacon on it. There was one piece of bread in the toaster. Nico had made breakfast only for himself.

“Seriously?” Will asked in annoyed disbelief. Nico continued to ignore him and Will was torn; on one hand he wanted to be strong and hold a grudge and fight this out, but on the other hand Nico looked delicious with his hair mused from sleep, only in an oversized t-shirt, revealing his milky thighs and long legs, “How long are you going to be mad at me?” Will asked, because all he wanted was to stop this stupid fight and have Nico close to him again. He missed sleeping with him, the couch had been cold and uncomfortable and lonely.

The boy didn’t reply again, clearly taking pride in his silent treatment, putting his food on his plate and making as if to move past Will. The blonde saw red and he grabbed Nico’s wrist, jerking him roughly towards him. The Italian gasped and let go of his plate and it smashed on the ground, though Will didn’t care as he lifted the struggling boy up, shoving him on top of the counter and pushing in-between his legs.

“W-Will-,” Nico gasped but Will silenced him with an angry, crushing kiss. It felt so good to have the Italian up against him again and ignoring his muffled protests the blonde licked his way into the boy’s mouth. Nico relaxed against him after a second of pretend-struggling, wrapping both his arms and legs around Will and pulling him closer. Will could feel the boy’s erection against his stomach, and he himself was pretty hard. The fight and the tension had made him stupidly horny, “Fuck,” the smaller boy hissed when Will bit at his bottom lip.

“You’re so fucking infuriating sometimes,” the blonde growled, shoving his hand underneath Nico’s shirt. The boy wasn’t wearing any underwear – surprise, surprise – and Will’s hand wrapped around his hard cock. The dark haired boy whimpered, his legs tightening around Will’s waist.

“A-Asshole,” his hands tangled in Will’s hair and he leaned back, resting his head against the cupboards, trembling as Will continued to stroke him, hard and fast, with no build up. Will felt himself growing harder as he looked at his boyfriend’s flushed face, a mixture of anger and pleasure in his eyes.

“Apologise,” he said

“For what?” Nico asked, and then moaned when Will’s hand twisted around his cock, “I-I didn’t a-ask the guy to- nghhh – flirt w-with me-ah!”

“Apologise for getting mad at me!” Will growled, biting marks into Nico’s neck. The boy cried out and his cock pulsated in Will’s hand.

“Y-You apologise first,” Nico stammered and inhaled sharply when Will pulled his shirt up, bunching it around the boy’s armpits and taking one of his nipples into his mouth, not stopping his hand movements, “W-Will...”

“Say sorry,” Will said, nipping at the bud and making Nico whine. Honestly he looked so fucking hot on that kitchen counter that Will didn’t care if he said sorry or not, it was just fun winding him up.

“N-No,” Nico said stubbornly as Will’s strokes slowed down. The blonde kissed down his boyfriend’s chest, almost lovingly.

“Say it,” he whispered softly against his bellybutton and Nico shivered, “Just apologise,” his mouth was so close to Nico’s cock that the Italian’s hips stuttered up, his wet with precum member sliding against his cheek. Will smirked.
“I’m so-,” he started.

“My eyes!” Percy screamed. Will violently jumped away from Nico, feeling his heart burst from his chest from getting startled. Flushing, Nico hurriedly pulled his shirt down, covering his boner. Percy stood in the doorway to the kitchen, a bag of groceries by his foot, both of his hands covering his face, “What did I just witness?!”

Nico looked at Will and rolled his eyes, and then smiled, and Will knew they were okay now, “You could’ve just knocked.”
MONDAY

“Ma’am, you can’t buy twelve guppies with no fish tank,” Percy Jackson said patiently. The woman on the other side of the counter blinked at him in surprise,

“But I can just keep them in a bowl or a plastic bag,” she said casually. Percy fought wince.

“No, ma’am, that’s illegal. It can harm the fish to be in such closed environment,” it hurt the dark haired boy to think about the poor animals suffering in a plastic bag. The woman thought for a moment and then nodded,

“Alright, how much for a tank?”

“We start at about forty pounds,” Percy said, not surprised when the woman’s eyes bulged from her head in shock.

“What?!” she screeched, “That much for a square of glass?!”

“It has filters and light that the fish need; a stable habitat. You can always look online for second hand ones and come back for your guppies later?” Percy offered. The woman snorted,

“No thanks. So much trouble for a couple fishies. I’m going to go buy a hamster from the Pet shop instead, I’ll keep it in the potatoes...”

Percy stopped listening to her because his eyes drifted to the window-wall that separated Poseidon’s Aquarium Shop from the rest of the shopping centre. Standing on the other side of the glass,
grinning, was William Solace. The blonde was Percy’s best friend who worked opposite at the florists. The blonde’s blonde curls fell into his blue eyes and he looked as happy as a kid on Christmas morning, excitedly waving at Percy with one hand. In the other hand he held two coffee’s from Costa in the cardboard holder. Percy smiled at him and waved back as his customer walked off in a huff.

“Tyson!” Percy called to his half brother. The tall teenager popped his head around the corner, “I’m gonna take my break, are you okay to handle the shop? It’s quiet anyway.”

“Yeah,” Tyson said happily, waddling over and taking Percy’s place. The eighteen year old walked out of Poseidon’s, self-consciously tugging at his ugly blue collared work shirt and fixing his hair before he caught himself even doing it. It’s just Will, he told himself as he walked into the obnoxious loudness of the shopping centre.

“Good afternoon,” Will said, mock bowing to Percy, careful to not spill the coffee. Percy grinned,

“Yo,” he said, “Is that coffee for me? You’re a blessing, William Solace.”

“Of course,” Will winked and passed Percy his coffee; a latte with extra whipped cream. They leaned against the wall and watched as the shoppers hurried past with bags full of items. Consumerism at its finest.

“How’s The Lotus?” Percy asked casually, shifting a bit closer to Will. The blonde shrugged,

“Same as always. Terrified fuck-up boyfriends buying roses for their girls, sad people buying flowers for gravestones. A little girl came demanding a bunch of daffodils.”

“Did you give it to her?” Percy asked, eyebrow raised. Will grinned,

“Course. They’re only a quid.”

“You’re too nice sometimes,” Percy said, sipping on his coffee, “Did you go see Kong on the weekend?”

“Nah, I’m waiting for all of you to get paid so we can go together,” Will though for a second, “I’m kinda hungry. There’s a cute Chinese place around the corner, do you wanna check it out?”

“Sure,” Percy said casually, finishing his warm drink, “Do you wanna go ask the others? Dunno who’s on break but we can ask?”

Will shifted and looked away and for a second Percy thought he was going to say no – why would he say no? – but then he just smiled and shoved his hands into his pockets.

“Yeah. Sure.”

They went upstairs to where all the beauty and most of the expensive clothes shops were and hesitantly walked into a massive MAC makeup store. Percy hated going in there because he always felt judged; the attendants were all flawlessly dressed with flawless makeup, ready to shove sixty pound moisturisers into your faces. Plus they tested on animals, and Percy hated that. He and his animals were very close, especially fish. Percy loved his fish.

“Hi,” an Asian girl popped up in front of the boys and then her expression fell, “Oh, it’s just you two,” she grumbled.

“Is Piper here, Drew?” Will asked, smiling as pleasantly as he could. The girl rolled her eyes,
“No, she’s off sick today. Now are you two lovebirds gonna buy anything or just swatch our expensive testers like last time?”

“No,” Will said at the same time as Percy exclaimed, “Lovebirds?!”

The next stop was Daedalus’ Bookshop, an old vintage store full of books that smelled like old paper. It was always muted here, peaceful and quiet, the only sound coming from the bookworms carefully turning pages of their favourite novels that they contemplated buying. Will and Percy crept to the heavy oak counter,

“Oi Annabeth,” Percy hissed and a blonde girl popped up out of nowhere. Will screamed in shock and the girl glared at him as the readers were startled.

“Shut up Solace.”

“We were wondering if you wanted to grab lunch?” Percy asked, leaning against the counter.

“Sorry,” Annabeth had a stack of heavy hardback books in her arms, “just got a delivery in. Have to stack these up.”

“No worries. Next time, yeah?” Will asked cheerfully and before Annabeth could reply he hooked his fingers in the loop of Percy’s jeans and pulled him back out into the main body of the shopping centre. The dark haired boy blinked at him in surprise; he didn’t know why but lately Will had been acting weird, almost protective about Percy.

The more Percy thought about it the weirder it seemed, especially when they Will complained that they wouldn’t have time to go round the mall to the rest of their friends and still have time to eat, insisting that he and Percy just go alone. They’ve eaten out together before, but for some reason Percy felt weird going with just the blonde now. Will kept shifting closer to him, the backs of their hands brushing and he unnecessarily touched Percy whenever he could. Not that Percy minded.

“It’s a date then,” Will summarised, and he seemed ridiculously happy.

TUESDAY

“Sorry I’m late!” Percy said, rushing into the aquarium shop. The walls were stacked high with fish tanks, bubbling with turquoise water but apart from the fish themselves and Percy’s boss, Kymopoleia, commonly known as Kym, there was nobody present.

“You’re a disgrace, Jackson,” the silver haired woman thundered, “Do you think the fish will feed themselves!? Ha! Lazy boy, get to work!”

“Sorry,” Percy said sheepishly, running a hand through his tangled hair and dropping his bag behind the counter. Kym always scared the shit out of him. The dark haired boy forgot about that for a moment thought when he saw a bunch of sunny yellow roses on the counter, “Um...Kym, are those yours?”

“No,” the woman snapped, “the flower boy left them here!”

“What flower boy?” Percy asked, heart skipping a beat, “Are they for me?”

“I don’t fucking know, Jackson,” Kym seethed, “Do your job. I’m taking a break since you’re already giving me a headache.”

So Percy did his fucking job until twelve when Tyson finally came in. The boy was on edge all day
because he couldn’t figure out what the flowers meant or where they came from. He didn’t know if they were for him, or if they were from Will. And if they were...well, what then? Was it a prank? Did Will mean something by them? Percy kinda hoped he did. He even googled the meaning of yellow roses; it meant friendship. Percy hated how downhearted he felt after finding that out.

When Tyson finally appeared Percy barely offered him an explanation, grabbing the roses and sprinting downstairs to where Lush was. He barrelled into the heavily scented soap shop and sought out Nico in the crowd of shoppers. The boy was easy to spot; dressed all in black, with his black Lush apron over top, black hair messy, black eyes bored. He looked out of place among pink bathbombs and purple shower gels.

“Nico!” Percy was out of breath when he stopped in front of the boy, shoving the roses into Nico’s chest, “Look!”

“Nice flowers, what do you want?” the Italian pushed the bouquet away with a look of vague disgust on his face.

“I think it’s from Will!” Percy hissed. Nico blinked.

“I’m so confused right now.”

“My boss told me this morning that some flower boy left them!” Percy said, arms flailing, blood rushing to his face. Suddenly Nico smirked, an eyebrow arching.

“You want them to be from Will.”

Percy opened and closed his mouth like one of his fellow fish, feeling his heart hammer. He was saved when Nico’s boss, Thanatos, walked past.

“I don’t see you working di Angelo.”

Before Nico could question him more, Percy ran out, clutching the roses to his chest.

WEDNESDAY

Percy actually hated himself, and he told as much to Jason and Reyna in Sport’s Direct during their break. Reyna was playing with a football as she listened to Percy’s misery.

“...and this morning he left me even more yellow roses!” the boy concluded his tragic story. Jason frowned,

“Wait, so what did you do with the first bunch?”

Percy shrugged and looked away, “I put them in a vase.”

“By your bed or in the kitchen?” Reyna asked, dribbling the ball.

“Oh...my bed,” Percy didn’t think he could get anymore red. Jason and Reyna exchanged amused looks.

“You fancy him,” the girl said, pushing dark strands that escaped her braid from her face.

“It’s obvious,” Jason rolled his eyes.

“Okay. Fine. Just don’t tell him please,” Percy begged, “all I wanna know is why he’s leaving me flowers!”
“How do you know it’s even him?” Jason asked.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Reyna rolled her eyes.

“He hasn’t visited since Monday which is weird because he usually comes every day,” Percy bit his lip. He didn’t normally obsess over things so easily, “Do you think he likes me too?”

“Oh yeah definitely,” Reyna picked up the football and chucked it to Jason who tucked it under his arm. Percy’s heart lightened a bit at the girl’s words.

“Look, go talk to Hazel,” Jason offered, “Pandora is right next to The Lotus. Maybe she saw him walk over with the roses?”

Percy face palmed, “Oh my God I can’t believe I didn’t think of that before.”

“I can believe that,” Reyna shook her head, “your plan has a major issue; Hazel is away on holiday-”

“I thought she was sick!” Jason gasped.

“So does her boss,” Reyna said solemnly, “Anyways, she’s gone to Wales to find peace with the sheep or some shit and she’s coming back tomorrow.”


**THURSDAY**

“Hazel,” Percy said as he handed the girl a cupcake instead of a hello. She bit at it thankfully, smiling brightly.

“Hi.”

“So, uh...I was wondering...have you seen Will walk to my work with like...roses or something?” Percy asked nervously.

Hazel frowned, “Roses?”

“Yeah. Yellow ones.”

“Does he fancy Kym or something?” Hazel sat up, clearly interested. Percy shook his head, then blushed, then shrugged.

“Uh, I don’t know. I was just thinking you might’ve seen something.”

The girl took another bite of her cupcake, lost in thought. Around her, expensive jewellery sparkled in glass cabinets. The girl shook her head after a moment.

“Honestly sorry but I can’t remember,” she said apologetically.

Percy nodded and said bye to her, trailing outside the shop, thinking miserably about how he was back at his starting point. He wasn’t paying attention to his surroundings, and that’s why he walked right into Will.

“Woah!” the blonde laughed, catching Percy before he could fall, “Easy there, buddy.”

“W-Will,” Percy hated how he flushed at seeing the blonde, “I...uh, you...you...I haven’t seen you around lately.”
Will shrugged, ignoring Percy’s stuttering, “Yeah. Loads of work. Someone’s having a wedding, you know how it is. So many flowers.”

“Yeah,” Percy said lamely, swallowing, “Uh...so...so something funny’s been happening since Monday.”

“Oh? Do tell.”

“I...someone’s been leaving yellow roses at the shop,” Percy fake-laughed, “I have no idea what for, or who they’re from. Or who they’re for...”

Will stared at him for a good minute, “They’re from me,” he said, as if it was the most obvious thing ever, “and they’re for you.”

“Oh,” Percy said faintly, his heart somersaulting in his chest.

“I thought that was obvious?” Will frowned. Percy rubbed the back of his neck, face burning.

“Well, now that I think about it...,” he looked up shyly, “But why leave the roses?”

Will frowned, “Are you serious? I...Christ, why do you normally leave flowers?” now he was blushing too.

“W-Will, you don’t...like me do you?”


“Oh,” Percy said again, because he didn’t know what else to say.

“Look, I gotta go back to the shop,” Will said and then practically ran into the Lotus without further explanation. Percy contemplated going after him but right now his head and heart were a mess and he needed a moment to sort it out. Besides, he had to find another vase for the yellow roses.

**FRIDAY**

Percy was disappointed when in the morning there was no bouquet waiting for him. He had texted Will the previous night, saying how they needed to talk, but the blonde was clearly ignoring him, which Percy wasn’t handling very well. However for once he made a decision just for himself, without the help of the other workers of the shopping centre.

He didn’t want Will to avoid or ignore him, and he didn’t want to be just friends either. It was complicated as hell since they were meant to be bros but Percy knew for a while that he had fancied Will. The roses had just proved that the feeling was mutual, and that made Percy weirdly happy.

So on Friday at twelve, during his lunchtime, he took one of the fishbowls from the shelves and filled it with water. Then he put in a couple fake yellow corals and plopped a yellow goldfish inside. Determinedly, he marched across the centre, cradling the bowl to his chest and making straight for the florist shop. He knew Will’s schedule and knew he wouldn’t be in until two in the afternoon. He couldn’t believe how messy things could turn in a week.

Kayla was behind the counter.

“Percy,” she blinked in surprise when he placed the fishbowl in front of her. Everything smelled like a garden in the shop and Percy tried not to stare at the yellow roses.

“This is for Will,” he said, “make sure he gets it.”
And then he went back to his own shop to miserably wait for the minutes to tick by, watching the fish in their tanks and slyly peering at the front of the florist’s through the glass wall. He was both excited and scared for Will to appear. However when two was just coming around Kym appeared and ordered Percy to go to the back and sort out some new colour changing lights that had just come in.

When he came back to the main shop ten minutes later Will was already waiting for him. Percy’s heart skipped a beat when he saw that the blonde was holding a bouquet of yellow roses in his hands. They were alone, save for the fish.

“Hi,” Percy said anxiously.


“Of course you did,” Percy rolled his eyes, relaxing a little. It’s just Will. The florist held out the flowers,

“These are for you. I figured I should finally give them to you in person,” Percy could see his hands shaking as Percy took the roses.

“Thanks,” he said with a gentle smile. Will looked at him, looked away, blushed, clenched and unclenched his hands.

“So, uh...there’s this cute Chinese place around the corner. Do you wanna check it out...again?”

Percy smiled, cradling the flowers close, “Yeah. It’s a date.”
Leo Valdez is male, he was just born in the wrong body, however everyone thinks he's cis. One day, Percy or Jason ((or Frank, you can chose~)) walk in and see him in his binder.

For Breanna_Song

“Leo seriously,” Frank was leaning over his roommate’s bed, “You’re such a lazy prick sometimes. If we don’t go now we won’t get any good spaces in the library!”

“Just go and save me a seat,” the Latino said innocently, grinning up at Frank from his bed.

“We have fifteen days until exams. Do you want to get kicked out of Uni, man?”

“I’ll come in a bit,” Leo said, “promise.”

Frank sighed and grabbed his roomie’s pillow, pressing it playfully over his face. The boy squirmed and tried to blindly punch Frank, missing. The Asian took a moment to smile, knowing that the boy couldn’t see him, and forced himself not to lean over and kiss him. He didn’t know how much longer he could take hiding his feelings, not when Leo was so damn cute all the time.

“See you in a bit, dickhead,” the boy finally pulled the pillow away from Leo’s face, ignoring the tiny boy’s flushed, annoyed face, and walked out of their dormroom, grabbing his bag as he went. It was a nice summer Saturday afternoon and the halls were quiet and peaceful, most kids either studying or out in town, taking advantage of the surprisingly nice weather. Frank whistled to himself and made it all the way out of his dorm building into the sunlit courtyard when he face-palmed and remembered that he forgot his Biology textbook.

He came thundering back up the stairs, thinking only about how at this rate he’d have to sit between bookshelves because all the seats at the University library would be taken.

“Sorry Leo I forgot my-,” he started, barging into their room and then froze. Everything came to a sudden halt. The door swung closed behind him, almost as if in slow motion, creaking, closing with a soft exhale. Frank stared. His brain whirled one way, and then the next, and then stopped working all together, unable to comprehend what he was looking at.

Leo was standing in the middle of the room, also frozen, also staring at Frank, looking as if he’s seen a ghost. Pale light came in from the window, framing Leo in an angelic way. Frank’s eyes slid over his body, his short, curly hair, his wild eyebrows and warm brown eyes framed with long lashes, now wide and full of fear. His cute button nose that Frank thought about kissing more than he should have, his plump lips, his soft jaw line without a hair on it despite the fact they were eighteen. His graceful, smooth neck and jutting out collarbones, his slightly rounded shoulders with no muscle in them. His chest, and the binder wrapped around it.

Leo had taken his shirt off. He never took his shirt off but Frank had barged in and now he knew why; because there was a strapless piece of material wrapped tightly around his chest, just above his
thin, tanned stomach. He was wearing a binder. Boys don’t wear binders. *Unless...*

It all clicked into place and time returned to normal speed. Leo let out a strangled sound and turned his back on Frank, hugging himself to hide what Frank already saw. The Latino was shaking so bad Frank thought his knees would give out. The Asian’s bag slid from his shoulders.

“Leo-“

“D-Don’t,” the boy’s voice was all choked up and Frank knew he was close to tears. He felt his throat tighten, he wanted to reach out and comfort his best friend, “Y-You...fuck, you weren’t meant to see *that.*”

“That?” Frank frowned and took a step forward.

“Me. You w-weren’t...,” Leo glanced at him over his shoulder and the quickly looked away, though not before Frank saw the tears in his eyes, “you weren’t meant to see *me,*” his voice was a strangled whisper now.

Frank didn’t even know what was happening. All he knew was that Leo used to be a girl, even he knew that much. He placed his hand on the boy’s shoulder, realised how small it was, how it disappeared beneath Frank’s palm. The boy tried to turn Leo but the boy shrugged him off.

“I-I don’t w-want you to look a-at me like this,” he said pleadingly, “I-I...I’m not *her* anymore. T-This...,” he choked on a sob, “I hate this. I-I hate that I’m *not* a proper boy-“

“You are a proper boy,” Frank said with a sudden passion. Leo shook his head, “I-I don’t n-need your pity.”

“I’m not pitying you,” Frank said and forcefully turned Leo around. The boy squeaked and squeezed his eyes shut, hiding his chest with his arms. There were tear tracks down his cheeks, “Leo,” Frank whispered.

“Don’t look at me,” Leo mumbled, blinking the tears out of his eyes, “I don’t...this i-isn’t me.”

In his confusion and heartbreak Frank’s reaction was to pull his own shirt off and pull it over Leo’s head. The Latino gratefully pushed his hands through the arm holes, letting the much too big shirt cover his chest. He seemed calmer then, wiping his cheeks. He sniffled.

“I didn’t know,” Frank said, trying to figure out how to make it better. Leo shrugged, and wouldn’t look at him.

“That was the point. Nobody w-was *meant* to know.”

“Well since I basically forced you to tell me your secret,” Frank said, heart pounding so loud he could barely hear himself, “I’ll tell you one back, okay?”

Leo rolled his tear-filled eyes and nodded, even smiling a little when he realised Frank wasn’t made at him about what he just saw, about what Leo had been hiding. Frank brushed one of his curls behind the boy’s ears and leaned in close. The Latino looked at him in confusion,

“I’m in love with you,” Frank whispered, pressing their foreheads together.

Leo stared at him, and Frank saw him swallow visibly, “You’re just saying that-“

“What? Because I just saw that you’re not cis?” Frank’s brows furrowed, “You’re an idiot if you
think that it’s because of that. And I know you’re not an idiot Leo Valdez.”

Leo puffed out his flushed cheeks and then exhaled, “Wow. Laying it on a bit thick there, Zhang,” his voice was hoarse.

Frank smiled, some of his nerves disappeared, “So you don’t hate me saying it?”

“No,” Leo shook his head, and he was blushing, “’course not.”

“Can I...uh, like kiss you?” Frank asked shyly. Leo bit his smile back,

“Someone’s brave today,” he reached out and cupped Frank’s cheek in his hand, “Don’t worry, you don’t have to be the gentleman with me. I’m not a girl,” and then he leaned forward and kissed Frank.
“These witches are very dangerous,” Chiron declared, pacing up and down the line of alert Demigods, “They seem to have came over from Scotland and re able to pass Camp borders. If anyone sees one, kill them immediately. They come after sundown so they might attack camp; everyone has to be ready. I gave you weapons, we have a rota of people checking the perimeter. Nobody walk around alone. Any questions?”

“Do the witches have pointy hats and greens skin?” Leo asked, hand in the air.

“No. They all come from the same family tree so they’re pale with dark hair.”

“Like Lady Macbeth?”

“No, Annabeth. Any more questions?”

“Are we protected by horseshoes on the doors?” Beckendorf asked.

“No point,” Clarisse snorted, “The Hermes Cabin would just steal them anyway.”

“Hey!” Connor Stoll protested.

“What about wind chimes?” Piper piped up. Chiron rubbed his nose.

“If camp borders can’t keep them back I doubt wind chimes will.”

“What about dill?” Katie Gardiner asked, “Dill helps.”

“No.”

“What about witch balls?”

“Also no.”
“What about garlic?” Frank asked.

“No, that’s vampires,” Chiron sighed, “There is a reason I sent most of the campers to camp Jupiter. There is something the witches are hunting and sacrificing, and some of the campers wouldn’t be safe here.”

Percy looked around and saw that, indeed, the dozen campers left were the oldest, most experienced campers, most of who had fought the war against Gaia.

“What do you mean?” Annabeth frown, “You don’t mean they’re sacrificing...virgins, right?”

Connor giggled and Chiron sent him a look of disapproval, “Unfortunately that’s exactly what I mean. The witches are going to be tough to fight but I won’t risk having virgins at camp when they come, and I’m sure they’ll come, probably even tonight, just a few hours away. If they got their hands on a virgin killing them would make them invincible.”

“Hence why we’re here,” Beckendorf smirked, looking suggestively at Silena who rolled her eyes. Percy subconsciously glanced at Annabeth and, although they weren’t together anymore, thought about all the times they had sex before Tartarus. Who knew that it would save his ass one day.

“Any more questions?” Chiron asked, “Not you Valdez,” he said when Leo opened his mouth.

Hesitantly Jason put his hand up from next to Percy. He looked faintly ill and the dark haired boy frowned with worry. Chiron nodded at him and the blonde looked away. There was a faint blush on his cheeks.

“What about calling a priest?”

***

Percy went back to the Poseidon cabin to take a nap between nightfall and the inevitable fight with the mysterious virgin-sacrificing Scottish witches but before he could close the door to his cabin, Jason barged in. He looked distraught.

“Hello to you too,” Percy said, half worried and half confused as he closed the door. Jason was shaking, his eyes full of panic. Percy frowned, “hey, is everything okay?”

“I’m a virgin,” Jason blurted, almost like he didn’t mean to. Percy gaped at him.

“What?”

“Why is that so surprising?!” Jason demanded. The boy shrugged,

“Because like Piper...,” he trailed off, realisation dawning on him, “Oh wait. Oh fuck. Oh we’re screwed.”

“I know,” Jason collapsed on the edge of Percy’s bed and buried his face in his hands.

“All the virgins are gone. Fuck, you need to shadowtravel-“

“I can’t,” Jason said miserably, “Mrs O’Leary and Nico have both gone to Jupiter. I won’t make it before nightfall. Fuck, I didn’t know-“

“Shit, what are we going to do?” Percy whispered faintly, “We’re gonna have to lock you up-“

“No,” Jason stood up, “Nobody else can know. I don’t want them any more stressed than they
already are.”

“Jason you’ll die!” Percy said, scared by the sudden desperation in his own voice. His heart ached when he looked at Jason and realised just what danger the blonde was in. Jason was his best friend, Percy couldn’t just let him get murdered...

“Not if you have sex with me,” Jason said suddenly, shockingly calm. Percy was speechless.

“You can’t be serious.”

“I am,” Jason said desperately, “We have maybe two hours until sundown and then...,” he swallowed.

“I didn’t know you liked guys,” Percy muttered, and Jason flushed.

“T-This isn’t about me liking guys! I trust you, and nobody else at this camp,” he exhaled shakily, “I’m scared. I don’t want to do this. But I’d rather have you fuck me than die.”

Percy could see his point, “Fuck. You’re right.”

“I’m sorry about dumping this on you,” Jason mumbled, “I just...I didn’t know who else to go to.”

Percy was weirdly flattered, “Okay. How will we do this?”

“You’ll seriously do it?” Jason asked in disbelief.

“Of course. I don’t want you to die.”

They went around the cabin, turning off the lights and pulling the curtains over all the windows until the room was drowned in darkness, almost like it was night. Then they came and stood opposite each other. Percy’s eyes were quickly adjusting to the darkness.

“I can still see you,” he whispered. He and Jason were standing close together, and Percy could make out his eyes, his nose, his hair.

“Do you mind?” Jason was whispering and that made Percy whisper too.

“No. Do you?”

“No.”

“Do you wanna do it doggystyle or-“

“I don’t know,” even in the dark Percy could see Jason blush, “I don’t know anything about sex really. Especially gay sex.”

“That’s...,” Percy swallowed, “That’s actually kind of cute.”

“Shut up,” Jason grumbled.

Percy didn’t know whether he should kiss the blonde or not. He kind of wanted to. He wanted to make this feel good for Jason because...honestly he didn’t mind having sex with him as much as he probably should’ve. Jason was attractive, and Percy liked him maybe a bit more than considered ‘normal’ for friends. And if it meant saving his life...

Percy leaned forward at the same time as Jason and their noses bumped.
“S-Sorry,” Percy stuttered, feeling his face go red.

“It’s okay,” Jason sounded uncertain. They tried again but at the first brush of their lips together they jumped apart. Percy was so tense he thought he would snap, and he knew Jason was probably feeling the same.

“Don’t move,” Percy instructed, “Just let me...,” he put a hand on Jason’s waist, to steady himself, and then leaned forward again. This time when their lips brushed it was sweet and Jason even leaned forward a little bit when Percy started pulling away, indicated that he didn’t want to stop. Shyly the boys moved their lips together, their mouths parting in a still weirdly innocent kiss. Percy was aware that they didn’t have time to take things slowly so he put his other hand on Jason’s waist too and kissed the blonde harder. There was a hint of stubble on Jason’s chin and his lips were a little chapped and tasted minty.

He was a good kisser. His tongue came out to brush against Percy’s and the kiss turned harder, deeper, sloppier. Jason seemed to break and finally touched Percy too, his hand snaking into the boy’s hair to keep him close. It was almost like a fight between them, the kiss, a fight for dominance even though Jason himself said that he wanted Percy to do him. Percy remembered the words the blonde had said fuck me...they sent a jolt through the son of Poseidon, a jolt that went right to his cock.

Jason must’ve felt that against his leg (when did they get that close?) because he pulled back.

“I’m kind of getting hard,” Percy admitted, before Jason could speak.

“Yeah. That’s good, right?” the blonde asked. Percy nodded, their foreheads brushing.

“Do you wanna get on the bed?”

“Yeah.”

They climbed underneath the covers, almost like it was a protective guard between them and the danger that was fast approaching outside. They hurriedly, clumsily discarded their clothes, throwing them somewhere in the darkness of the room.

“I’m sorry this has to happen like this,” Percy murmured when Jason pulled him on top of himself.

“It’s okay, it’s not your fault. I should’ve said something about being a virgin earlier I just...I was a little embarrassed.”

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” Percy said softly. He wished they hadn’t turned the lights off because he wanted to see Jason properly now, “I’ve never had sex with a guy.”

“Yeah. I know,” Jason said. His hands were resting on Percy’s biceps, just kind of holding gently as if that comforted him, “You just put it in-“

“I know where to put it,” Percy interrupted, flushing, “Do you have lube or anything?”

He saw Jason’s brows furrow, “No. I didn’t think about that. I was just panicking so much...”

“Okay, I’m gonna do something weird and you’re just gonna have to trust me, okay?” Percy asked. Jason didn’t hesitate, just nodded. It kind of felt weird knowing that the son of Jupiter had so much faith in him, trusted him enough to take his virginity, “Can you...uh...spread your legs a little?” Percy felt awkward asking.
Jason didn’t say anything, just did as he was told in silence. Gently Percy nudged his legs further apart, trying not to think about how both he and Jason were naked. The stress was making it hard for Percy to get aroused but somehow feeling Jason’s body heat, his breath brushing against Percy’s lips, the kissing, it all served to make Percy half-hard.

He tried not to focus on the danger ahead as his hand snaked down, finding Jason’s ass. The blonde tensed when Percy palmed his globe in the dark, trying to find his entrance. When his fingers finally brushed against it, Jason shivered.

“Sorry if this hurts a little,” Percy said.

“I can take it,” Jason replied. Percy didn’t want him to take it, he wanted him to like it. Still, there wasn’t much he could do. He took a deep breath and pressed the tip of his finger against Jason’s hole. He thought about the hum of the sea and envisioned the type of liquid he needed. And then there was gel squirting from his finger. Jason gasped and Percy’s finger slid into his surprisingly easily.

“F-Fuck,” the blonde whimpered. Percy got over the shock of how tight and hot Jason was around his digit as quickly as he could.

“Does it hurt?”

“Not r-really. Feels really weird though.”

Percy nodded and withdrew his finger and then carefully pushed it back in, “Okay just-“

Jason made a little moan at the back of his throat, his eyes fluttering shut. It went right to Percy’s cock and he felt himself harden. His throat felt dry and he repeated the movement, hearing the squelching sound that accompanied it. Jason let out that tiny sound again, his hands tightening on Percy’s arms.

“You’re doing so well, Jas. I’m gonna put another one in, okay?” the son of Poseidon asked. Jason nodded so with the help of his gel Percy squeezed another digit into the boy. It was a tight fit and the boy couldn’t help but wonder how his cock was ever supposed to fit into the blonde. When he pulled his fingers apart, scissoring the boy to stretch him a little Jason hissed in pain, “Should I stop?”

“No, no, I-I’m fine,” Jason said quickly. Percy knew he wasn’t but they didn’t have time to...well, take time. Percy fingered him as quickly as he dared, careful to keep the pain to a minimum. By the third finger Jason was breathing hard, his body covered in a thin sheen of sweat, his thighs shaking on either side of Percy. The son of Poseidon was hard as a rock by then because every once in a while Jason would moan and that was really hot.

“Do you...think I can put it in now?” he asked hesitantly.

“I-I don’t know. You can try,” Jason replied, his words slightly slurred. Percy withdrew his wet hand and then gave his cock a stroke to lube it up a little. He had to bite his lip to stop from moaning at the sensation, feeling more blood rush south. It took the two a second to figure out positioning but then finally Percy was pushing into Jason.

A dozen thoughts flew through his head; I’m having sex with my best friend and shit what if I’m hurting him and oh my God it feels so good and fuck why is he so tight?


It took a lot for Percy to do so. He was breathing hard and leaned his forehead against Jason’s
shoulder. The boy was wet and tight, tighter than Annabeth had been. They laid like that for maybe five minutes but for at least a while Percy forgot about time ticking by and lost himself in the feeling of being half buried inside Jason.

“Go on,” the blonde whispered eventually and Percy could tell it hurt as he pushed all the way inside him, though Jason didn’t tell him to stop again. In the dark Percy couldn’t tell if the blonde was hard or soft, but all he could think was about how much he never wanted to separate from Jason. He had no idea where the thought came from. His pulsing cock buried itself in the boy, all the way, and Percy felt, with a rush of arousal, Jason’s walls clamping down around him.

“You have no idea how amazing you feel,” he murmured, his arms on either side of Jason’s head trembling. The blonde swallowed.

“Just give me a moment.”

Percy kissed him, because they haven’t kissed for a while. Their lips slid together in a way that Percy hoped was comforting to Jason. He rocked ever so gently into the blonde, not pulling out, just rubbing inside him a little. Then he thrust a tiny bit, then a little harder. He pulled out an inch and carefully slid back inside. Jason didn’t protest and his hole spasmed around Percy’s cock. The blonde’s breath was hard again, brushing against Percy’s lips in insistent huffs.

“G-Gods,” the blonde sighed in a blissed out way when Percy pulled out and pushed back inside him slowly, “That’s actually really nice.”

“Good,” Percy smiled and continued to fuck Jason lazily for a bit, until the son of Jupiter wrapped his legs around his waist, pulling him deeper inside him. Percy’s thrust sped up a little then, and he got a little lost in the pleasure. Jason seemed to be enjoying himself too, his head thrown back, hand stroking his own cock in the darkness.

Then suddenly it was all over. Percy thrust in at a random angle and hit something that made Jason’s back arch and let out such a startling moan that Percy had no choice but to come right there and then.

They didn’t have time to lay around and catch their breath as they grew aware of the time again. The air was full of tension and awkwardness as the dark haired boy’s ecstasy died away. Percy wanted to ask so many things; was Jason okay? Did he like it? Did he come?

Instead he had to climb off his bed and pull on his clothes and prepare for the fight with the witches. In silence the two boys pulled back the curtains, letting in the light of the setting sun. Percy tried not to stare at Jason, his red cheeks, his mused hair, his swollen lips. Tried not to think about how he had just been inside him. And how much he wanted to touch him again. He didn’t know if the son of Jupiter would appreciate that though.

They walked to the door but before Percy could open it Jason grabbed his sleeve and suddenly turned him around, grabbing his face and kissing him fiercely. Percy blinked in surprise but before he could react Jason was pulling back.

“I didn’t just ask you to fuck me because you were the only person here,” he said solemnly, a little embarrassed, “I asked because I wanted you to fuck me,” and then he just walked out.
Leo was staring at Percy. His boyfriend was asleep next to him even though it was coming up to noon, and for the millionth time the Latino wondered how the hell someone like him ended up with someone like Percy. Not only was the dark haired boy a war hero but he was also one of the kindest, sweetest, bravest people at Camp. And he was gorgeous. He was that type of gorgeous that never paid attention to the type of average that was Leo.

Even right now, asleep, Percy was stunning; dark hair all messy as if a hair stylist had just made it to look that way, falling onto his forehead. Leo traced the line of the boy’s nose with his eyes, his lips, his cut-cheese-with-it jaw line. Percy had shoved the covers down to his waist and since he slept shirtless Leo could admire his chiselled, tanned body. He was literally almost a Greek God.

Percy’s eyes fluttered open groggily, sleepily, almost like he could feel Leo’s eyes on him.

“You got my name tattooed on your forehead.”

Leo pulled back, “What the fuck?”

“I know right,” Percy was grinning, pulling the boy back to his chest, “I was kinda living for it, so I got your name tattooed on mine too but they spelt it wrong so it was Lee and you started freaking out about who the hell Lee was but it was funny because you still had my name on your forehead.”

“Wow, you dreams really do reflect your IQ,” Leo rolled his eyes.

“Hey,” Percy protested, running his hand through Leo’s curls, “I’m smart!”

“Whatever you say, pretty boy,” Leo leaned up and pressed his lips against his boyfriend’s, feeling...
warmth thrum through him pleasantly when Percy pecked his lips once, twice, three times, smiling the whole time.

Both their phones ping’ed at the same time.

“Ugh. Group chat,” Leo groaned, “those fuckers don’t sleep.”

Percy reached across his boyfriend to grab his phone and unlocked it. He smiled and showed Leo the screen.

“Jason and Pipes checking in, look how precious,” there was a picture on the screen that Piper took, snuggled up against Jason’s chest. The blonde was sleeping, mouth open mid-snore. The girl looked content as could be.

*Miss Universe:* Good morning! <3 or should I say afternoon. Send pics.

“Aw, let’s send one back,” Percy said, and flipped on his front camera. Immediately Leo jumped away from him, shuffling to the other side of the bed.

“No.”

Percy frowned and lowered his arm, “Why?”

“I just woke up; I’m a mess,” Leo hated being like this, but he didn’t want to send a picture. Percy sighed and put his phone away, turning to look at Leo again.

“You never take pictures with me anymore,” he complained, “Not since we started going out.”

Leo shrugged, half turning away from his boyfriend in case he tried to snap a sneaky picture. The Latino hated his insecurities, and the fact they popped up at moments like this, that they were hidden in the little things. He fought the urge to grab the covers and pull them up to his chin, because then Percy would know.

“What’s wrong?” the dark haired boy asked and gently put his hand on the Latino’s shoulder, nudging him back around again. Leo avoided his gaze.

“Nothing,” he mumbled.

“C’mon, don’t give me that. What’s up?”

“I just...,” Leo bit his lip, “Do you know what the Campers were saying last time you posted a picture of us on Instagram?”

“They didn’t say anything in the comments, and it was months ago...,” Percy frowned, “Wait were they being homophobic to you?”

“It’s not that,” Leo said in frustration. Percy pulled him closer, brushing his nose sleepily against Leo’s.

“Then what? Tell me. Please. I don’t want you to worry about this yourself. What did they say?”

Percy’s calming, soothing voice made Leo hesitate, “It’s just...like, Drew and that lot said that they don’t know why you’re with me since you’re so hot and I’m so...,” he trailed off. Percy’s brow furrowed and his sleep addled brain took longer to process Leo’s words than usual.

“So what?”
Leo shrugged on shoulder, pressing half of his face into the pillow, “So average.”

“Leo Valdez I’m so sorry for you,” Percy said quietly. Leo felt a pang go through him.

“Why?” he didn’t want Percy’s pity.

“Because you’re delusional,” Percy placed one hand on Leo’s hip, using it to push the boy onto his back while simultaneously pulling himself up so he was hovering over him. “You’re so fucking delusional,” he said and before Leo could decide if it was an insult or not, the dark haired boy kissed him. It was a passionate kiss, as if Percy was trying to convey his feelings without words. Leo pulled him closer, wanting nothing more than to curl up against his boyfriend and hide from the world. Leo pulled back a little, looking up at Percy.

“I’m sorry, I know I’m being stupid-“

“Shhh. Just be quiet for a moment, okay?” there was warmth in Percy’s eyes that made Leo’s insides turn to mush, “Normally I love hearing you talk. And ramble. Even if half of the time I have no idea what you’re talking about,” this made Leo smile, “But just for right now let me talk, okay?”

“Okay,” Leo breathed.

“I’m in love with you,” Percy said.

“I know.”

“Shhh. Shut up,” Percy said, pecking Leo quickly on the lips, “I’m in love with you, and I think you’re breathtaking,” Leo pulled a face, “hey I mean it you idiot. You have no idea how goddamn beautiful you are, and that’s so frustrating,” Percy shook his head, sighing. With his every word Leo felt something squeeze at his heart, “Like when you sleep you look like an angel, which is weird since you’re normally the devil. But when you’re asleep you’re all soft edges and sometimes your eyebrows furrow if you’re having a bad dream, and you’re so warm and pliant, like a cat, just curled up against me, letting me hold you.”

“You watch me sleep?” Leo asked quietly, “Like Edward Cullen?”

“No I’m not a hundred year old creepy vampire,” Percy said with an eye roll, “my point is that you’re beautiful,” he kissed Leo’s forehead and the boy’s chest filled with warmth, “Like when you sleep you look like an angel, which is weird since you’re normally the devil. But when you’re asleep you’re all soft edges and sometimes your eyebrows furrow if you’re having a bad dream, and you’re so warm and pliant, like a cat, just curled up against me, letting me hold you.”

“You watch me sleep?” Leo asked quietly, “Like Edward Cullen?”

“No I’m not a hundred year old creepy vampire,” Percy said with an eye roll, “my point is that you’re beautiful,” he kissed Leo’s forehead and the boy’s chest filled with warmth, “when you think I’m not looking you’re actually mesmerizing, especially when you’re working on some project. Whenever I walk into Bunker Nine and you’re all dishevelled and sweaty, with dirt on your cheeks and a bandana holding back your hair all I can think about is how much I want to fuck you, how much I just want to stare at your forever,” Leo blushed vividly at this, looking away. He had no idea Percy thought that about him. Seeing his sudden shyness the son of Poseidon leaned down and kissed the corner of his lips, “Whenever we have sex-“

“Oh my Gods no,” Leo buried his face in his hands but Percy pulled them back and kissed his palms.

“Shhh, listen. You’re so fucking hot when we have sex that I honestly don’t think I could even get hard over anyone else even if I wanted to,” Leo was both shocked and embarrassed, and a little pleased too..., “I’m always so torn between fucking you slowly and seeing your every reaction, burning it into my memory so I can remember it forever, or seeing how loud I can make you scream,” he brushed Leo’s curls from his flushed face, “To me you’re the most beautiful person at Camp, probably even in the world. I’m not talking just appearance wise, you’re an amazing person, Leo. And that’s why I’m with you, and I don’t care what anybody else thinks about us being together.”
“God, sorry Shakespeare,” Leo rolled his eyes to try and hide the fact that he was about to fucking cry. He just sometimes couldn’t handle Percy and how much he made him feel.

“I can see that those tears,” Percy cupped his boyfriend’s cheek in his hand to make their eyes meet. He was smiling softly, “There’s no point trying to hide it.”

“I just...,” Leo’s voice faltered, “I just don’t know. I don’t know why I’m getting emotional,” he sniffled, “You’re just so...fuck, I just love you so much. You always know how to fix everything.”

Percy rolled back onto his side, pressing his forehead against Leo’s and tangling their legs together.

“You can take that photo if you want,” Leo said softly. Percy kissed him sweetly.

“No. I don’t need to; I’d rather just look at you all day.”
God of Ocean Tides

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys that your prompts are taking ages for me to write but there's a very long list and it's all in order of who submitted their request first but I promise yours is coming up because I'm trying to do at least one prompt per person x

Could do another Jercy where Jason says something stupid and Percy gets really mad at him and accidentally confesses?
For Broken_as_shattered_glass

“Let’s play a game,” Leo offered as the seven lounged on the beach, the sun warming up their skin. Piper looked up from where she was doodling the sea in her sketchbook and Annabeth pushed her sunglasses into her hair.

“Like what?” the blonde girl asked.

“Dunno, like anything,” Leo sighed, “I’m bored.”

“Leo, we’re here to relax,” Hazel reminded him. Frank was asleep in her lap in the form of a dog, clearly enjoying himself.

“No, he’s right,” Jason jumped at the idea to do something. He liked just chilling with his friends but after a couple of hours of just sitting on the sand and watching the waves lazily he too was starting to get aggravated, “We’re playing a game.”

“Okay boss,” Leo grinned, “How about truth or dare?” The girls rolled their eyes but shuffled around so they made a circle. Hazel didn’t bother to wake up Frank but Annabeth cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled Percy! at the top of her lungs. The son of Poseidon came jogging out of the sea, grinning and completely dry. Jason tried not to stare at his perfectly muscled body or long legs or easy grin.

“Sorry,” the dark haired boy collapsed right next to Jason on the sand, “I was talking to Jimmy.”

“Who the hell if Jimmy?” Piper asked.

“A whale. He’s cute. Frank would like him if he wasn’t too busy sleeping,” Percy tried to poke the son of Mars in the face with his toe but Hazel batted it away.
“We’re playing truth or dare,” she said, “you in?”

“’Course,” Percy grinned and then casually leaned against Jason. The blonde tried to not blush and control his heart beat. Lately he couldn’t seem to get a hold of himself around Percy, especially when the son of Poseidon was touching him.

“Okay, who wants to go first?” Leo asked excitedly, “Hazel, how ‘bout you, girl?”

The girl shrugged, “Okay.”

“Truth or dare?” Leo asked with a devil’s grin.

“Truth.”

“Pussy,” the Latino hooted, “Okay have you and Frank had sex?”

“Leo!” Hazel and Annabeth yelled at the same time.

“Hazel,” Leo started again, “Last week when you were meant to help me with the uhh...situation...and you bailed on me, what were you doing?”

The girl went bright red and looked away, “having sex with Frank,” she mumbled.

“There ya go!” Leo high-fived himself. Annabeth shook her head and sighed. Hazel, still red, turned to her,

“Truth or dare?” she squeaked.

“Dare,” Annabeth looked bored.

“Kiss someone in the circle,” Percy piped up. Jason’s stomach twisted; he was pretty sure that the two were over each other by now, after all they broke up over three months ago. But maybe Percy was hoping for something...

“Hey!” Hazel protested, “I’m asking! Annabeth, kiss someone in the circle.”

The blonde girl leaned over to Piper, who was sitting next to her, and pecked her on the lips. Piper blushed prettily and looked away with a satisfied smile. Percy clapped, Leo cheered, and Frank woke up with a start, though he chose to just go back to his dog-dreams after a second. Hazel stroked his fur.

“Alrighty,” Annabeth looked around the circle and her eyes landed on Jason. The blonde swallowed, “Jason truth or dare?”

“Uh...dare?”

“Kiss someone in the circle,” Annabeth said. Everyone groaned.

“No repeats!” Hazel protested and Jason exhaled with relief. He would’ve probably kissed Percy, and then things would get weird. Annabeth crossed her arms over her chest,

“Kiss someone in the circle,” she said stubbornly and then looked up and pointed, “or jump off that cliff.”

The cliff jutted out from the beach like a tooth out of a monster’s mouth, covered in green up the gentle slope from the beach side while being white and sheer on the side that faced the sea. It wasn’t
horribly tall, maybe a hundred feet. To Jason that was nothing. The blonde got to his feet.

“You’re not serious!” Hazel balked. Percy grabbed his wrist, trying to pull him back down,

“Don’t be an idiot,” he said, and there was...fear, in his eyes. Leo blinked.

“Yeah maybe you shouldn’t...”

“It’s just a hundred feet,” Jason freed his wrist from Percy’s grasp, “that’s nothing. I’ll jump into the sea,” and before anybody could protest he summoned the winds. They wrapped around him like invisible, caring hands and carried him up. For a good minute he saw the beach stretched out lazily beneath him and the sea’s changing colours. One of the Demigods was sprinting to the water – probably Percy – but Jason was too focused on steering the winds to pay much attention.

When he landed on the edge of the cliff he changed his mind. A hundred feet was a long drop when you were right on the edge and about to jump. Below Jason the sun reflected of the waves which crashed against the cliff in a spray of white. At least the waters weren’t shallow. You can’t back out now, Jason told himself as he inched closer to the cliff. He saw someone swimming towards the cliff and was now sure it was Percy. The idiot was probably making sure Jason didn’t accidentally kill himself.

Well, it’s now or never, Jason had done worse things than jump off a cliff. The boy took a few steps back and then gave himself a running start, leaping off the cliff. For a second he was freefalling, the air whooshing in his ears. He contemplated calling on the winds to carry him as he plummeted closer and closer to the sapphire waves, his stomach roll-y-roll-y inside him, but before he could he broke through the surface of the sea.

The cold water came as a shock. In one second Jason was enveloped in a case of ice, bubbles swirling in front of his face, disorienting him. He felt his body cramp up and when he kicked at the water he didn’t move, just continued swirling downwards – or upwards? He couldn’t tell. Everything was cold and dark and confusing and Jason started panicking. He couldn’t see the sun breaking through the water, didn’t know which way was up or down. His body wouldn’t listen to him, all tense and frozen, the cold shock being too much. He commanded the air to pull him out but there was no air.

A hand grabbed him by his bicep and his world spun as he was hauled upwards. When he broke through the surface, inhaling a gulp of oxygen and seawater he was shocked to find how close it had been in the first place. The sun warmed his face and shoulders as he gasped for air, blinking water out of his eyes and clinging onto whoever pulled him out. Then suddenly the sea was rising in a massive wave and Jason was being tossed forward.

He landed with his back on the warm sand, still breathing hard, staring at the cloudless sky above.

“What the fuck was that?!” Percy was leaning over him, blocking out the sun, water dripping from his hair and clothes. His concentration must’ve broke when Jason jumped, otherwise he would’ve been dry. Jason struggled to sit up, wiping water from his face. Percy was kneeling next to him, breathing hard, his eyes full of terror. When Jason didn’t reply to his question the dark haired boy punched him in the arm, hard enough to hurt, “Asshole!” Percy yelled again, his voice an octave higher than usual, “Answer me! What the fuck happened-“

“I don’t know,” Jason sighed, relaxing on the sand now that he knew he was safe, “I just...froze.”

“Fuck, you’re an idiot,” Percy growled, “You’re such a fucking idiot sometimes Jason I have no idea how you didn’t die in the war-“
“Okay I get it, shut up.”

Percy flinched. Jason automatically felt guilty. It was just that the near death experience really threw him off.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, “Thanks for saving me.”

Only now did Jason sit up and look at where they were, because it definitely wasn’t the main beach. It was a tiny beach of itself, nestled between two cliffs, just a small sliver of sand between rocks, the sea gently lapping at the land. It was secluded, private, pretty. The sun was beginning to dip down the sky.

“You could’ve died,” Percy said quietly.

“But I didn’t,” Jason replied. The dark haired boy was sitting next to him, legs pulled up to his chin, arms wrapped around them.

“But you could’ve.”

“Percy...,” Jason sighed.

“I’m not always going to be there to save you,” Percy snapped. Jason stood up, feeling his annoyance spike.

“I don’t need you to,” he snapped, dusting sand off his shorts, “I can take care of myself.”

“Oh, yeah, I just saw that,” Percy clambered up too, rolling his eyes. There was a tension in his shoulders that was alarming but Jason was too pissed off to care.

“You’re making such a big deal out of this, it was a dare Percy, just relax.”

“Relax?” Percy gaped at him in shock, “relax? Jason you went down like a fucking rock, not responding I-I...,” Jason’s eyes widened when he saw that Percy was actually nearly hysterical. He had never seen him like that, even when he came out of Tartarus. His hands were trembling, “shit what do you mean relax? I-If you died I couldn’t handle it, f-fuck I love you, how can you tell me to rela-,” his voice died away when he realised what he said. Jason’s heart skipped a beat, and then started pounding furiously. Percy was saying something, trying to backtrack, panic evident in his eyes but Jason couldn’t hear him, playing I love you, I love you, I love you over and over in his head.

He closed the space between him and Percy and cut him off mid-word with a kiss. The dark haired boy gasped in surprise and Jason wrapped his arms around him, ensuring that he didn’t go anywhere, just kissing him passionately. Their lips were still wet as they slid together and oh fuck Percy was kissing Jason back.

The son of Poseidon pulled back after an eternity, flushed and a little lost looking. He glanced at Jason and then glanced away, swallowed nervously and kissed the blonde again, more shyly and tentatively now. Jason brushed his hands through Percy’s hair, deepened the kiss. His heart threatened to jump out of his chest, his insides turned to mush when Percy linked his hands behind Jason’s neck.

“The others will be worried,” Percy said breathlessly when Jason pulled away. He couldn’t get enough of Percy, as if he found that he suddenly had some kind of addiction. He kissed his cheek, down his neck.
“We’ll go in a bit,” he murmured against Percy’s sun-heated skin and then lowered him down into the sand of their own little beach.
Stay with Me 'Cause You're All I Need

Story about Jason and Will. Jason is the son of a rich business man. When he comes out as gay, his father threatens his life. He hides at his fathers' rival (Poseidon?) and also starts working there. He has a lot of self-esteem issues and no experience with other guys, so his new boss sends the best escort he knows to him. Will is an expert in reading people and making them feel better. He only does the job so he'll be able to pay for university but has already saved enough - he doesn't need to work more than a few nights each month. When he meets Jason, he is astonished and falls for him as they start meeting regularly. Will even decides to stop being a prostitute. Jason's father sends a private detective to find out about the whereabouts of his son. When he discovers Will, he is furious. Then, Will's mother is sick but cannot afford the medication and therapy and Zeus thinks this is the perfect opportunity to strike. He offers Will a more than generous payment for spending a night with him (hypocrite that he is) and knows that Jason would never forgive him. Will has to make a terrible decision.

For Let_Me_Be_Your_Muse

JASON

The bottle smashed on the wall behind Jason and the boy flinched violently as the shards scattered over the expensive carpet alongside the remains of the equally expensive wine.

“My son is not a faggot!” Zeus Grace roared from across the massive living room, spit flying everywhere and causing Jason to flinch once more. The seventeen year old couldn’t believe how stupid he was; he had come out to his father during dinner, when it was just them two. How did he think Zeus would react?

“Father listen,” the blonde was seriously scared and wanted to calm the situation down, but Zeus wasn’t having any of it. The big man, in his fury, overturned the dining table. Antique china went flying everywhere, adding to the chaos. Zeus himself stepped over the debris, hands in fists, face red with fury.

“You are not a faggot!” he bellowed, as if it could change anything. Jason started backing out of the room, trying to put as much space between him and his volatile father as possible. Of course, there was only so far he could go. His back hit the wall and Zeus advanced. “I did not raise a fag, Jason Grace,” the man finally made it to his son and slammed his fist against the wall above his head. Jason jumped, bit at the inside of his cheek. He had never been so scared in his life.

“I’m sorry,” he said, trying to sound confident. His father hit him then, his fist connecting with Jason’s cheekbone. The boy whirled away, shocked, and at first was too astonished to register anything. Then there was pain blooming underneath his skin, throbbing, “Dad,” Jason whispered,
horrified. Zeus rolled his sleeves up his muscular arms,

“I’ll beat it out of you,” he growled.

Jason turned on his heel and barrelled through the door, stumbling down the stairs. The doorman
looked shocked when he saw him, all shaking, probably with a bruise already forming on his cheek,
but Jason didn’t care. He took nothing with him, no money, no clothes, just burst out into the cold
London night, wanting to get as far away from his insane father as he could.

He ran for a couple of streets of London traffic before realising that his father didn’t care about him
enough to follow. The boy stopped to catch his breath, putting his hands on his knees and breathing.
Then his breaths turned to gasps, and then to sniffles, and then to sobs. He slid down the wall of the
closest building and started full out crying.

He knew his father would take him coming out as gay hard, but he didn’t think that he’d be so
furious, that he’d threaten him like this. The realization that he had just lost the only home and
family he had crushed Jason. And to add to all of that he couldn’t turn to anyone; Zeus was so rich
and influential that he had all the lawyers and even Jason’s university lecturers in his pocket. There
was nowhere he could go. Unless...

The boy dug out his phone from his pocket, the only thing that he took with him when he had ran out
of his house, and scrolled to a number he never thought he would call. With shaking hands he lifted
the device to his ear. It rang once, twice, three times...

“Hello? Poseidon Jackson speaking.”

The voice was so much like Zeus’ that it sent a pang through Jason but it had a warmth to it that his
father’s never possessed. He swallowed, chocking down a sob.

“Hello?” the man on the other end asked impatiently, “is this a prank call?”

“U-Uncle Poseidon?” Jason asked, voice trembling. There was a heavy pause on the other end.

“Is this Jason?” Poseidon asked tentatively. Jason let out a sob. He hadn’t seen or spoken to
Poseidon since he was twelve when he and Zeus had a massive feud over their mother’s will, and
Jason’s father forbade him from speaking to his uncle. But now he was the only person Jason could
think to turn to; he was as rich and powerful as Zeus and although they were rivals Poseidon
seemed like he wouldn’t turn his back on a kid in need.

“Y-Yes, it’s me, I-I...,” Jason swallowed, cradling the phone to his ear. People walked by, giving
him curious glances, “M-My father kicked m-me out of t-the house. W-Well, more l-like I ran away
and now I have nowhere to go and it’s cold and I’m scared-,” Jason dissolved into sobs again. He
didn’t know what to do with himself.

“Hey, hey, shhh, relax,” Poseidon said soothingly, if a little awkwardly, “don’t panic. Tell me where
you are I’ll come pick you up and then we’ll work everything out, alright?”

Jason sniffled, “Alright,” he said and gave Poseidon the address of the street.

“Good kid,” Poseidon said comfortingly and stayed on the phone with Jason until he arrived to pick
his nephew up.

One Year Later

“Good work today, Jason,” Poseidon said, clapping the boy on the shoulder as they walked out of
the courtroom. Jason smiled at him proudly, “You’ve got the making of a great lawyer in you.”

“Thanks, uncle,” Jason said, sincerely.

So much had changed for him in twelve short months. He was no longer the crying, scared boy he was when Poseidon first took him in. Now he was a man, well on his way to having a great career. He was planning on moving out soon because he felt like a burden to Poseidon and Sally, his aunt, despite the size of their house. He hadn’t spoken to his father but thanks to the fact that he mostly kept off the radar the man hadn’t found him yet; and Jason was sure he was looking for him.

Some things didn’t change though; Jason was still as straight as a bendy ruler, something Poseidon accepted, and even welcomed. He encouraged Jason to go out and meet boys but the blonde was too scared and insecure for that, his father’s reaction to his coming out had planted a seed of fear inside him, and he was fearful of once again being rejected, this time by someone he loved romantically, which is why he steered clear of other guys. He hadn’t even kissed a boy yet.

“We should celebrate,” Poseidon said, grinning like a schoolboy when he and Jason went out of the courthouse onto the sun-lit steps, littered with lawyers, barristers, clients and law students.

“Drinks?” Jason offered.

“That’s the spirit!” Poseidon cheered, “My treat of course, for your good work,” they made it for the car already waiting for them, “But Jason,” the man placed a hand on the blonde’s shoulder before the boy could get into the car, “I thought we could get something special for you tonight. I never see you bring any boys ‘round-“

“Uncle,” Jason blushed, “it’s okay, really-“

“Now, I know you think that’s trouble for me and Sal but it’s really not-“

“No, not, that’s not-,” Jason swallowed, “I just...I haven’t really tried anything with boys yet. Haven’t even talked to them in a...you know, not platonic way.”

Poseidon frowned, “Don’t you have that grind app?”

“Grindr,” Jason winced, “Well yeah. But all those guys want is sex.”

“And you want a relationship?” Poseidon asked. Jason felt uncomfortable having this conversation with his uncle.

“Well...yes, no...uh, it’s hard to explain. I’d like to have sex, obviously, but it’s...I don’t want it to be a quick, uncomfortable thing. I don’t want a prostitute or a quick hook up-“

Poseidon clicked his fingers suddenly and Jason could almost literally see a metaphorical light bulb appear above the man’s head.

“I’ve got it,” Poseidon looked like Newton when the apple fell on his head, “You want to have sex but you don’t want just sex, as in the act itself! You’re right, you don’t need a prostitute; you need an escort. And I know someone perfect.”

***

Jason didn’t know why he agreed to this, probably so he could please his uncle. Anyway, it was too late to turn back now. It was coming up to nine at the night, the time when Jason’s escort was supposed to arrive. Before Poseidon left with Aunt Sally for the night to give Jason ‘some privacy’
he hadn’t said much about this boy, only that he was Jason’s age and that his name was Will, and that Jason would like him. Jason didn’t know if he would like him, didn’t know if this Will was his type, didn’t know if he even had a type. He had never given it much thought, just decided that some guys were hot and some not. He was always too scared to chat them up, scared of rejection, scared of doing things wrong. He knew how he should act around girls, his father embedded that in his brain, but in this gay world he had decided to accept he was lost.

And that was what Will was meant to be for.

When the doorbell rang Jason flinched. He had no idea what to expect from the escort as he shuffled over. He had read a little about the job online, and got mixed results raging from it was liberating to sexual assault. He told himself sternly to stop over thinking and walked to the door, stopping to check that he looked decent in the mirror. He was wearing black jeans and a grey Henley, casual but nice at the same time. He felt a little stupid opening the door in his socks, but he wasn’t about to put shoes on.

When the doors swung open and Jason saw Will for the first time his initial reaction was oh fuck. He had expected someone attractive, but not this attractive. Like, Will was the kind of attractive that made Jason feel all anxious and stupid. He was as tanned as if he had just got back from Spain, something that contrasted his blonde wavy hair quite nicely. He was a little shorter than Jason with inviting, warm blue eyes and pale eyelashes. His nose and cheeks were decorated with a sprinkle of freckles and his smile made Jason’s heart skip a beat.

“Hi,” Jason said. Will’s smile widened,

“Hi,” he stuck his hand out, “I’m Will.”

“J-Jason.”

“You seem nervous,” the boy regarded casually, “Can I come in?”

“O-Oh! Yes! Sorry,” Jason moved back in the doorway to let Will in, “I’ve never done this before.”

“Yeah, Poseidon told me. Don’t worry about it,” Will shrugged his coat off. Underneath it he wore a nice green jumper. He had an air of I’ve done this job before confidence about him.

“Would you like anything to drink? A coke, maybe?” Jason asked, suddenly wishing he had taken his glasses off.

“Yeah actually that’d be really nice,” Will’s voice was like honey.

“Uh, make yourself at home,” Jason said awkwardly, gesturing at the spacious living room, and then escaped to the kitchen. He exhaled and forced his hands to stop shaking as he poured Will’s drink. He couldn’t believe this was happening, he couldn’t believe he was about to pay someone for sex. Not sex, his uncle had explained, more like companionship. With sex. When Jason returned Will was sitting on the couch, looking at ease. He gratefully took the glass from Jason.

“Thanks,” he said, and gulped down the drink. Jason watched his throat move, sitting anxiously at the other end of the couch, “I was parched.”

“Oh. Right.”

Will smiled and put the glass down and scooted closer to Jason. He put a hand on the bigger boy’s wrist and Jason jumped, feeling blood rush up to his face.
“Hey,” Will said gently, “Relax. I’m not here to murder you.”

Jason laughed awkwardly, “Yeah. Okay.”

“It’s normal to be nervous, you don’t know what to expect,” Will said calmly, “I was terrified my first time, but I promise we won’t do anything you don’t like. Damn, we don’t have to do anything at all. We can take it slow, you know, there’s no pressure.”

“I kind of want to do it tonight if that’s okay with you,” Jason mumbled. Will squeezed his wrist,

“Yeah. Of course.”

“Can we just...talk for a bit first though?” Jason asked hesitantly, and when Will nodded he relaxed a little, “So why did you decide to become an escort? Oh. Fuck. Wait, don’t answer that-“

Will laughed merrily, “No, it’s okay, it’s a fair enough question. Honestly I did it to get through University. I’ve almost paid all of it off so I won’t continue this for much longer.”

“Oh. What do you do at Uni?”

“Medicine,” Will said. Jason’s eyes widened.

“Woah. That’s amazing.”

“Yeah unfortunately they didn’t do a stripping degree,” Will sighed dramatically and Jason actually laughed, “You’re a lawyer right? Poseidon told me.” The escort was talking to Jason as if they were old friends, but he kept his hand on the boy’s wrist. Their knees were also touching.

“Yeah. It’s kind of a family business I suppose,” Jason smiled, “Weird thing is I didn’t know I wanted to be a lawyer until I started to work for one, but helping people...I really like that.”

“Yeah, me too,” Will agreed, “it feels like you’re making a difference.”

Jason stared at him, the way he smiled, the way he talked. It felt surreal that Jason was allowed to touch someone so stunning.

“What is it?” Will asked.

“I...sorry, you probably hear this a lot,” Jason said, “But you’re insanely beautiful.”

Will actually blushed. Jason blinked at him in surprise, expecting some sort of fake and practiced response. But Will was so real.

“I...uh...wow, thank you,” the escort mumbled, tucking a piece of his hair behind his ear, “You’re right, I hear it a lot...but never said like that. I reckon it’s different when some old guy says it compared to when someone like you says it,” he laughed to ease the tension. Jason couldn’t stop himself anymore and despite his nerves he cupped Will’s cheek with his hand and kissed him.

The escort smiled into the kiss, as if he had expected it, and his eyes fluttered shut. Jason couldn’t bring himself to close his eyes, staring at Will. The boy’s lips moved against his own in a practiced way that made Jason’s heart pound. He didn’t know what to do next, where to touch, but at the same time he felt a spark of arousal in his stomach that had never been there before when he kissed girls, and this caused him to lean into Will more, deepening the kiss. When their tongues first brushed against each other Jason jolted and when he pressed against Will the boy gave way and fell back against the couch, dragging Jason on top of him. They kissed and kissed, their breaths coming out in...
short, desperate pants whenever their lips parted for milliseconds. Jason was lightheaded, he knew he needed to breathe, but for some reason he couldn’t seem to break away from Will. Who knew kissing a stranger could feel so...nice.

“You’re a really good kisser,” Will whispered, nestled in Jason’s arms, their noses almost brushing. The boy swallowed and kissed the escort again, because he didn’t know how else to react. The kiss was slow, languid, drawn out in a way that made Jason’s fingertips tingle. One of Will’s legs hooked itself around Jason’s. It seemed natural, to have a boy this close, not just any boy; this boy in particular. It was a natural progression of things, now you kiss me, and now I touch you... Will seemed to fit into Jason perfectly, filling every crevice and gap between their bodies. His lips were soft, parted, his body warm and pliant. His hand trailed down Jason’s chest over his shirt, “Is it okay if I take it off?” Will mumbled.

“I can do it,” Jason whispered, pulling back a little and tugging his shirt off, taking his glasses off while he was at it. It wasn’t that he was self-conscious about his body, it was just that...he felt weird getting naked in front of a boy, he didn’t know why. It made him all nervous about how Will would react but once he discarded the Henley he saw that the escort was lying back, staring up at him with wide eyes.

“What?” Jason frowned. Will blinked as if in a daze, “Oh. Sorry. I just...I’m not used to my err...clients, being like you,” he said apologetically.

“What are they normally like?” Jason asked. He had forgotten for a second that Will wasn’t just a boy, but that he was being paid to do this.

“They’re normally old, lonely men,” Will said, kind, gentle. He reached for Jason, pulling him down to kiss him sweetly, “but you’re something else,” he murmured, and Jason wished he knew if Will was just saying that, or if he meant it.

“Honestly I don’t know what I’m doing,” Jason admitted, getting more relaxed around Will.

“That’s okay. That’s why I’m here,” the escort whispered, “Lay down,” he said. Nervously Jason did so, swallowing hard and staring up at the ceiling. Will started undoing his belt and the boy shot up suddenly.

“Wait,” he blurted. Will blinked at him, “It’s okay if you don’t-“

“No. No, that’s not...,” Jason exhaled and tried to calm his pounding heart, “Can we go to the bedroom?”

Will’s expression softened, “Sure.”

They walked across the living room, switching off the light and made it to Jason’s bedroom. The boy felt much more comfortable here as his bed was nestled safely into the corner. He switched on the bedside lamp and before Will could lie down he grabbed his wrist and pulled him close. The smaller boy looked up at him with big eyes full of trust. Jason kissed him, feeling arousal twist in his stomach. He grabbed the hem of Will’s jumper and pulled it over his head, ruffling his hair. The rest of Will’s body was tanned too, and lean with a hint of muscle in his abdomen. There was a sprinkle of freckles across his shoulders and collarbones and Jason couldn’t stop himself from leaning down and kissing them. Will let out a small sound that was a cross between a laugh and a sigh.

“You’re sweet,” he murmured when Jason pressed little kisses into his warm skin. The boy could
feel Will’s hand playing with his hair.

“Next time I’ll light some candles,” Jason joked. Will’s lips sought his out again and they kissed once more. It was all long touches and taking their time; there was no rush.

“Sit,” Will pecked Jason’s lips, fingers hooking in the loops of his jeans as he pulled him to the bed, “on,” another kiss, “the,” kiss, “edge,” he turned them around and pushed on Jason’s shoulders so the boy hesitantly perched on the edge of his bed. Will leaned down to kiss him once more as his hands slid the belt from his jeans. Jason wriggled out of them. He felt more comfortable in the warm but dim light of the night-light, he felt that if he messed up now it wouldn’t be as noticeable.

When he was just in his boxers Will dropped to his knees in front of him. Jason wasn’t stupid, he knew what would happen next and that both filled him with apprehension and made a weird type of heat curl up in his stomach. He felt his cock fill out as Will reached for the waistband of his boxers.

When Jason’s member sprung free, tall and proud, the blonde fought the urge to hide himself as blood rushed to his face. Will calmly regarded the dick.

“Of course your cock is pretty too,” he grumbled, more to himself than to Jason, and then, without warning, licked a strip down the side from the bottom to the tip. Jason inhaled sharply, eyes widening, feeling his member twitch. Will repeated the movement and Jason shivered, his hands tightening on the covers beneath him. He forgot how to speak or even breathe, there was a lump in his throat that he couldn’t seem to swallow past as Will’s tongue flicked out to lick at the tip of his cock. Jason chocked on a moan and Will took that as an invitation to continue as he took the entire length of Jason’s cock into his mouth at once.

“Fuck!” Jason cried out, hands shooting out to grab at Will’s hair. The escort pulled his head back, releasing some of Jason’s member from his mouth, before taking it back in. As he started to bob his head Jason’s breath came out hard and laboured. He felt dizzy, a pleasure that he had never experienced coursing through his body. Will was insanely good at what he was doing and Jason had to force himself not to come within the first minute of the boy sucking him. He stared down at the escort between his legs, eyes closed, eyelashes casting a shadow on his cheeks. He looked like some kind of debauched angel, “W-Will I-I...,” Jason hissed when Will’s tongue swirled around the sensitive head of his cock, which was leaking precum.

And then the escort looked up at Jason with his pale blue eyes, darker than Jason remembered, and it was all over embarrassingly fast, not even lasting three minutes. Jason didn’t even have time to warn Will as he spilled inside his mouth. The escort didn’t even flinch and Jason’s eyes closed as he felt his orgasm wash over him, so powerful he almost fell back against the bed. Will let his cock out of his mouth with a pop.

“You okay?” he asked softly, lips red and swollen. Jason frowned at him as the world came back into focus.

“Did you just swallow?”

Will shrugged, “Yeah. That okay?”

Jason slid to his knees in front of him and took his face in his hands. He was all kinds of warm and satisfied as he kissed the boy.

“You’re amazing,” he murmured, kissing Will over and over. The escort smiled,

“Do you wanna go again?”
Jason shook his head, “That was good...for now.”

“Okay,” Will stood up, pulling Jason up with him.

“Do you want to stay?” Jason blurted, stupidly.

Will stared at him for a second, then smiled, “You know I can’t,” then suddenly his brows furrowed.

“What?” Jason asked.

“I...I...,” Will swallowed, “I’m hard?” it sounded as a question. Both the boys glanced down and the obvious tent in the escort’s pants, “Shit...I haven’t gotten hard over a client...ever....,” Will mumbled in awe.

“Teach me,” Jason said suddenly, wanting nothing more than to please Will the way he had just pleased him, “What you just did; I want to do it to you too.”

Will looked at him through his lashes, almost shy, “Alright.”

***

It was their sixth meeting in less than two weeks. Jason remembered Poseidon telling him that Will only worked a few nights a month but after exchanging numbers Will hadn’t turned Jason down at any point when he asked to meet. They didn’t always do sexual things, sometimes they just talked, watched movies, even went out. Sometimes they just laid on Jason’s bed and made out for hours, until their jaws ached and their lips were swollen. Jason knew he was dangerously close to falling for Will, and knew how much that would hurt him.

“Y-You c-can add a-another,” you’d think that with all the experience Will had he’d know how to control himself and his body, but that wasn’t the case. Jason was sitting against his headboard, the escort in his lap writhing as the boy pushed a third finger into him. Jason was completely intoxicated with Will at that moment, staring at him in the half dark as the boy panted and moaned, his cheeks flushed a deep red, mouth open to let moans spill. Jason’s hand was wet from lube as his fingers worked themselves deep inside Will.

“You alright?” Jason murmured, lips brushing against Will’s. The escort nodded, swallowing, hands tightening on Jason’s shirt as the boy continued to finger him. Will’s hole was wet and hot, hungrily pulling the digits inside the boy, and Jason couldn’t help but think about how his cock would feel in there.

“F-Fuck,” Will gasped when Jason twisted his fingers, feeling them brush against something, “O-Oh Gods d-don’t...nghhh, Jason...J-Jason...I...d-don’t stop, I-I’m gonna...”

The boy’s shirt was bunched around his hips, his hand stroking his dick in time with Jason’s movements. When Will’s back arched, his head falling back, Jason pressed his lips to the graceful line of his neck and sucked roughly.

“N-No,” Will whimpered, his thighs trembling on either side of Jason’s legs, “Don’t leave m-marks-”

Jason felt hot, sticky come against his stomach and knew that Will came. The escort slumped against him, trembling and gasping for air. Jason pulled his fingers out and grabbed a wet wipe from the bedside table, cleaning them off. He tugged his shirt on as Will shivered against him, snuggled up to his chest like a cat. Jason kissed the top of his head, and when Will didn’t react he kissed his forehead. Sleepily the boy looked up at him and Jason pressed their mouths together lazily.
“That was good,” Will murmured, “You’ve basically got most things down. You’re a fast learner;” his voice was slurred. Jason fondly brushed the hair from his face.

“You don’t look like you can walk right now,” he said, wanting nothing more than to keep Will against his chest, “Why don’t you stay here?”

Will looked away, “Jason, I can’t. I want to, it’s just—”

Jason kissed his cheek, feeling a pang in his chest, “It’s okay, you don’t need to explain yourself. I’ll call you a cab.”

**WILL**

“I wish you’d stop doing it,” Naomi Solace said as Will shucked off his shoes, sneaking back to their cluttered little apartment at three in the morning. The frail woman was leaning against the doorway, a little tube snaking from her nose.

“Mom, you should be in bed,” Will said, coming over and kissing her cheek. Her hand tightened in his shirt.

“Will,” she said, and coughed violently, “Please. You need to stop.”

Will sighed, “I know, ma. It’s okay. I’m not going to do it anymore, we have enough money saved up anyway,” he tried to smile but it came as a grimace. Naomi searched his face,

“Something’s going on,” she said softly, because she could always read him, “You started going out more again. But it’s not like before...”

Will sighed, “I...I have been meeting this boy.”

“Boy?” Naomi frowned.

“Client. He’s my age,” Will felt uncomfortable talking with his mom about Jason, “he’s...he’s something else, ma.”

“You have feelings for him?” Naomi asked carefully. Will shrugged and his heart twisted,

“I...I don’t know. It’s complicated. But from now on I won’t go see anybody else, just him. And I’m going to stop taking money for it as well.”

Naomi smiled gently, “Good boy,” she murmured, “We’ll talk more in the morning. I’m tired,” she coughed again. Will helped her back to her bedroom, made sure she was comfortable and had everything she needed, and then crept up to his tiny bedroom. He stripped down and then changed to his pyjamas, jumping underneath the covers. He was exhausted but of course his thoughts just had to drift back to Jason, the way they had every night for the past month.

Will had been an escort for a while, and the most that had happened was someone had blown him every once in a while, though it wasn’t very good. With Jason...it was like a whole new door had been opened. Jason didn’t treat Will like an escort, he treated him like a friend...that he would eventually fuck, but a friend nonetheless. And he was so kind, always making sure Will was okay. He wouldn’t just do sexual stuff with him, sometimes he’d just stroke Will’s hair or kiss his cheek or hold his hand, almost like they were boyfriends.

You can’t be his boyfriend, his brain supplied, you’re basically a prostitute. Will curled up on himself, pressing his face into the pillow and taking in a deep breath. Of course it was just his damn
luck that he fell in love with a client. It could never work; he had slept with more guys than he remembered, and Jason...Jason was pure and kind and soft, and although he treated Will like they were equals eventually he’d realise just what Will’s job meant, and then he’d probably leave him for someone that didn’t have a dozen guys’ dicks up their ass.

That thought hurt. Will was startled to find that there were tears in his eyes. Then he was just breaking down, sobbing into his pillow, his whole body shaking. He tried to stay quiet to not wake his mom, but it was hard. All he wanted was to have Jason with him right now, to hold onto him, kiss him. He hadn’t felt wanted – actually wanted – in so long, and now....now everything just hurt.

***

“You should put it on,” Will said insistently, pressing the condom against Jason’s forehead. They were finally doing it; they were finally going to have sex. Jason pouted at him.

“But you don’t have any STD’s,” he said.

Will sighed, “Yeah, but there were a lot of men inside me. It’s better if you put it on.”

Jason frowned but took the condom from Will. He opened it and then carefully rolled it onto his hard dick. Then he stopped and looked at the escort laying on the bed below him.

“Will?”

“Hmmm?” Will asked, looking up at the gorgeous man above him.

“Have you...,” Jason bit his lip, “Have you slept with anyone since we started doing anything? It’s okay if you have, two months is a long time-”

“No,” Will said, pulling Jason down for a gentle kiss, “I haven’t.”

“Is it bad that that makes me happy?” Jason murmured. Will’s heart clenched and he wanted to scream at Jason to stop saying things like that, because they were making him have hope...

“Just put it in,” Will muttered. Jason rolled his eyes fondly and reached for the lube bottle. Will watched with bated breath as he lubed up his cock. He knew that once Jason was inside him there would be no going back, but honestly he didn’t think he’d be able to tell the other boy to stop right now. He wanted him too badly.

Will wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist as the boy positioned himself. The escort could feel the blunt head of his dick pushing up against him and his heart pounded.

“Tell me if it hurts,” Jason whispered, “Or if I’m doing it wrong.” Will nodded because he didn’t think he could speak right now, and then Jason started to enter him. There was a familiar ache accompanying the push because Will hadn’t had sex in a while but overall the cock slid into him fairly easily. Will whimpered as he felt himself getting filled up, inch by inch, his hard cock throbbing against his stomach.

“Oh my God,” Jason gasped, “Oh God.”

He wasn’t moving, he had just pushed all the way inside Will and was now still, staring at Will as if he was something wonderful. Will couldn’t handle that, couldn’t handle Jason’s soft eyes. He wanted to cry. He felt so weirdly happy finally having Jason inside him.

“Please move,” he whispered, wanting to stop Jason from just looking, “Please, please, please-“
“D-Doesn’t it hurt?” Jason asked shakily. Will shook his head,

“N-No, Jason please, j-just...,” the escort gasped when Jason carefully pulled out. When he pushed back in his head fell against Will’s shoulder and he moaned low in his throat, hands finding Will’s and pressing them into the covers. The escort panted, legs tightening around Jason’s waist. The boy pulled out again slowly, and thrust back in. Will was already feeling light headed.

Jason was obviously trying to make sure that he didn’t hurt Will but suddenly he just lost all control and started fucking Will properly. Of course his technique wasn’t perfect but it still made Will’s back arch and moans to spill from his mouth. Just the fact that he and Jason were so close was enough to make sobs build up inside Will’s throat.

“J-Jason, Jason...,” he kept murmuring, feverishly, like a mantra. Jason was kissing him everywhere he could reach as he pounded him desperately.

“You’re amazing,” he kept saying, words slurred, “you’re fucking perfect.”

***

Will kept turning his phone in his hands. He had had sex with Jason the night before, and the boy had texted him to come over, repeatedly, insistently. Will didn’t think he could; he knew that if he did he’d tell Jason how he felt about him.

“Will!” Naomi called from downstairs, “There’s someone here to see you!”

Will’s world tilted for a second and his mouth went dry. Oh my God it’s Jason...his heart pounded as he sprinted down the stairs and to the door, almost barrelling into...not Jason. His shoulders slumped and he felt the taste of bitter disappointment in his mouth when he saw a man standing at the door, someone he didn’t recognise. He was tall, with a shaved head and dark glasses.

“Mr William Solace?” the man asked. Will glanced at his mother nervously, “Uh...yes?”

“Mr Zeus would like to talk to you.”

“Mr Zeus?” Will blinked.

“A friend of Mr Poseidon.”

“Oh...,” Will said faintly.

“He’s waiting in the car,” the stranger said, gesturing at an expensive limousine with tinted windows standing in Will’s shabby street.

“Will,” Naomi grabbed her son’s sleeve.

“Well,” Naomi called from downstairs, “There’s someone here to see you!”

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“Will,” Naomi grabbed her son’s sleeve.

“It’s okay, ma, this will only take a moment,” he told her comfortingly and then followed the stranger into the cold evening. The man opened the door of the limousine and Will self-consciously slid in onto the red velvet seats, wondering what the fuck he just got himself into. There was a man waiting for him, presumably Zeus. He was wearing an expensive suit and a shit-eating grin on his face, lounging on the seats like a king.

“Ah, Mr Solace,” he said, as if they knew each other. His chauffer closed the door to the limo and suddenly Will felt trapped. He swallowed as Zeus poured himself some expensive champagne.
“Yeah. Is...do we know each other?”

“No,” Zeus smiled, his eyes narrowing. “I am, unfortunately, the deliverer of bad news.”

“Bad news,” Will repeated, feeling his blood run cold. Zeus reached into the inner pocket of his suit and pulled out an envelope, holding it out to Will. With shaking hands the boy took it, not knowing what to expect. He didn’t want to jump to conclusions so he quickly ripped the envelope and unfolded the letter inside. It was from the hospital, addressed to Will’s mother.

*Dear Mrs Solace.*

*Unfortunately your condition has worsened. Here is the bill for your treatment for next month...*

Will stared at the number for a long, long time.

“Oh my God,” he whispered. He didn’t have that kind of money. He didn’t know his mother’s illness had gotten worse. He wanted to be sick, “Why...W-Why do you have this?” he asked Zeus.

“I am an influential man. And I am here to give you an offer.”

“Is it...will it help?” Will was so lost, and scared, confused. He didn’t even know what to ask, and he had so many questions. He didn’t know what he would do if his mom passed away.

“I know you’re an escort,” Zeus smirked again, “and for only one night with you I will pay the complete bill for your mother’s treatment.”

The nausea in Will increased. His hands were shaking so bad the letter fell from his hands. The first thing he thought about was Jason, the boy he was in love with it, the only person he ever wanted to touch him. And then he thought about how they couldn’t be together. He thought about saving his mother. He looked at Zeus, but where mere two months ago he wouldn’t have hesitated in letting this old, corrupt man touch him now he couldn’t bring himself to let him. He was scared he was going to throw up. His body was rebelling at the thought of someone other than Jason touching him.

“I-I can’t...,” he started shakily.

Then suddenly the door to the limousine was being yanked open and a hand was grabbing a startled Zeus by his expensive blazer and hauling him out of the car. Will heard shouts in the street and, in shock, he stumbled from the car. His breath caught when he saw Jason just a few feet away. He was shouting at Zeus, more furious than Will had ever seen him, his eyes shooting lightning.

“You don’t fucking touch him!” he yelled, shoving Zeus backwards, “You don’t go anywhere near him!”

“Oh my son has fallen in love with a fag!” Zeus spat, purple in the face. Will’s heart clenched as the pieces fit together. This man was Jason’s father. Jason’s father had proposed to have paid sex with him.

“Leave!” Jason was still shouting, “Get the fuck out of my life you piece of shit!”

Zeus swung at his son but Jason ducked and with a sudden strength punched his father in the face. Zeus crumbled to the ground and his chauffeur charged at Jason, elbowing him in the face. Will saw scarlet blood and he snapped into action. He shoved the man away from Jason.

“Get the fuck out,” he shouted.
“I’m going to call the police!” Naomi yelled, running to them from the house.

“Ma, get back in!” Will shouted, but the woman didn’t listen. Zeus’ chauffeur picked the man up off the road.

“You’re not my son!” Zeus bellowed as he was dragged back into the car.

“I don’t want to be!” Jason yelled back defiantly. His lip was split, blood running down his chin. With a screech of wheels the limo rolled away and Will, Jason and Naomi were left in the street. Naomi was crying, Will’s heart was hammering in his chest so hard he could barely hear anything. He couldn’t believe what just happened.


“Ma, he said you were getting more ill,” Will was shaking again, pretty sure he was about to burst into tears, “he showed me the hospital bill-“

“No, no,” Naomi said, soothingly, grabbing her son’s hands, “No, I spoke to the doctor earlier. I’m in the clear, I’m fine-“

A weight was lifted off Will’s chest, “What?” he whispered faintly. The letter was fake...

“I’m sorry,” Jason interrupted them, “I need to speak to him,” he had wiped the blood off his face on his sleeve and now he grabbed Will by the wrist, pulling him away from his surprised mother. Jason dragged Will into a little alley between the nearest two houses. The escort was still in shock as Jason pushed him against a wall, slamming his hands on either side of Will’s head.

“Did he hurt you?” he demanded, a fire burning in his eyes. Will swallowed and shook his head, “What happened? What did he say to you?”

“H-He wanted me to have s-sex with him to pay the hospital bill-“

“Fuck,” Jason growled. Then suddenly his shoulders tensed. He looked at Will in fear, “Did...Did you say yes? I-I understand if you did-“

“No,” Will said feverishly, “No. Fuck, maybe it’s selfish but I said no. I said no, Jason,” his eyes were filling with tears. Everything was getting too much. Jason searched his face,

“Poseidon told me you stopped taking money for our meetings,” he said, more calmly now. Will stared at his shoes, “Will...,” Jason said gently, cupping the boy’s face in his hand. Will refused to look at him.

“I can’t do this anymore,” he whispered.

“Me neither,” Jason admitted and leaned down to kiss him. Will could taste the blood on his lip but he couldn’t stop himself from wrapping his arms around Jason’s shoulders and clinging onto him like a lifeline, “I don’t want to worry about other men touching you anymore,” Jason murmured, pulling back, “I want you all to myself and maybe that’s selfish but I don’t care,” he kissed Will again, gently, and the escort thought his heart might not handle all of the emotions he was feeling, “I’m in love with you, Will.”

Will buried his face in Jason’s shoulder, finally breaking, and just crying, crying, crying...

“I w-won’t do it anymore,” he sobbed, “I promise, fuck, Jason...I-I don’t want anyone else...just you. I-I love you s-so fucking much a-and I’m s-sorry-“
Jason kissed him until he calmed down, and then he pressed him against the wall and kissed him some more. Exhaustion settled inside Will, after the shit that he went through he wanted nothing more than to go to sleep. He was happy though. He was so fucking happy.

“My mom’s gonna get worried,” he whispered. Jason kissed the corner of his mouth.

“Yeah. You better go.”

Will looked at him shyly, “Don’t you want to stay?”
This is War

Could you write a story, where after the Titan War Camp Half Blood and Camp Jupiter go to war? Could it be Jason/Percy?

For V

Percy thought that after the Titan war, after Luke’s death and all that the Demigods suffered they’d at least get a little bit of a break. Instead it turned out that something even bigger and more evil than the Titans was unfolding right beneath their noses; the Gods were losing their minds. After several months of trying to figure out what was happening, why nature was dying, why Mount Olympus was silent, it turned out that apart from Camp Half Blood another Camp existed, hidden, secret. It was called Jupiter, and it was full of Romans. More importantly the Gods were having some sort of split personality disorder, their Greek and Roman sides fighting, which obviously caused mistrust and tension between the Greeks and the Romans.

While they were indisposed the Gods who were only either Greek or Roman decided to take charge, locking the Olympians in the Mount and taking over the Camps. And that’s how the war started, by the Gods shit stirring. Percy, as one of the Heads of Camp, was sent to negotiate with the two Praetors of this new, confusing camp. They were called Jason and Reyna and no matter how much they all wanted to stop the war which was destroying both their camps, the Gods in charge were too angry and powerful, and were rousing up the campers. They had no power.

The Roman’s were led by the Goddess of war, Bellona, something that gave them an immediate advantage over the Greeks. Additionally they were aided by Janus who, among other things, was a God of endings, and he seemed determined to lead the Romans until some kind of conclusion to the war. A minor Goddess, Libera, gained power as the Olympians lost it. She was a goddess of freedom, and so she too was fiercely determined to fight the Greeks.

Camp Half Blood also had some supporters, though none as strong as Bellona. The only reason the Greek army was still standing was because of the aid of Erebus, the personification of darkness, Asclepius who healed many of the gravely wounded soldiers, and Asteria, the Goddess who created the Island of Delos and now looked over the Greek army.

Percy was only sixteen but after all he saw in his life he didn’t think it could get any worse. Whatever was making the Gods crazy was pushed to the back as the two Camps fought each other, ignoring the obvious threat. Camp Half Blood was gone, completely destroyed, and Camp Jupiter was in ruins. And yet on the Demigods fought on, even as they lost their homes. Monsters attacked search parties, killed Demigods who strayed too far from their armies. Everything was chaos, and darkness and pain.

But among all of that, Percy found a spark of happiness.
“We took Perseus Jackson prisoner!” one of the Roman soldiers said proudly, shoving Percy to his knees in the commanding tent. The boy winced; it was the fourth time this month and the only reason he was still alive was because he was one of the commanders of the Greeks and they couldn’t just kill him. Despite being behind enemy lines, he wasn’t scared.

“Good job, soldier,” Jason Grace stood a few feet away, clad in his golden roman armour, looking like a God himself, “Go to Reyna, she will award you. And make sure nobody comes into this tent,” he said. The Roman saluted him and then went out of the tent, letting it flap closed behind him. Percy craned his neck up to look at Jason. His hands were tied behind his back, the ropes chaffing his skin. He had a cut across his nose and felt a bruise blooming at his jaw. The Romans had, foolishly, taking Riptide off him but Percy knew the sword would re-appear soon enough.

“That’s the fifth time this month, Jackson,” Jason sighed, walking around the boy with a knife. He sawed through the ropes, freeing his hands.

“Fourth,” Percy amended, and Jason pulled him to his feet. They were face to face and the blonde frowned as his eyes searched Percy’s face. The dark haired boy didn’t know what to do; they were so close, and yet anyone could just walk in. His heart pounded, his eyes flickered over the Roman’s face. Jason reached out and touched the bruise on Percy’s jaw. The son of Poseidon winced.

“Gods, they got you good,” Jason whispered, and Percy could hear the pain in his voice. He cracked a grin,

“I’m still alive, ain’t I?”

“Let’s get you cleaned up.” Jason shook his head and pulled Percy over to a chair in the corner, nudging the boy so he would sit down. They both flinched when Reyna suddenly rushed into the tent and Jason took a step back from Percy. The girl didn’t even seem surprised when she saw the two together, her helm tucked underneath her arm.

“The Greeks are taking the West border,” she said, “our soldiers were distracted by fucking falling stars.”

“Again?” Jason asked in disbelief. Percy couldn’t help but smile,

“That’s Asteria.”

“We know,” Reyna and Jason snapped. It was hard being friends with someone you were at war with. It just served to make everything so much more confusing and difficult. Percy swallowed nervously,

“I’m leading a group to fight them,” the girl said, “You stay here and guard the...uh, prisoner.”

“Sure thing.” Jason said solemnly. Percy knew if it was anyone else but him the blonde would throw himself at the chance to go with his army, because he was a natural leader. But as things were, it was Percy sitting in his chair, and that changed everything. The second Reyna disappeared the blonde turned back to Percy.

There was a basin of water next to them and Jason dipped a cloth into it in silence. Percy pouted at him,

“Don’t be mad at me,” he teased. Jason wrung out the cloth,

“It’s not funny Percy,” he growled, “This is war, when are you going to understand that?”
He pressed the cloth to the cut across Percy’s nose and the boy hissed in pain, “I’m sorry,” he grumbled, like an annoyed child.

“You let them catch you, didn’t you?” Jason asked, mouth in a tight line. Percy shrugged and looked away,

“Maybe.”

Jason sighed, “Someone’s going to realise soon. We can’t keep taking you and giving you back, that’s not how it works,” Percy heard the sudden tightness in Jason’s voice as he gently cleaned the blood from his face, “you could get seriously hurt. Or killed.”

“I won’t Jason,” Percy said soothingly, looking up at the blonde general, “I just...I wanted to see you. Is that so bad?” he asked, and when Jason didn’t reply he grabbed the hand that was cleaning his face. Jason sighed and looked down at Percy’s wrist, where the rope had dug in,

“Your wrists are all bruised and scraped,” he said, gently brushing the cloth over Percy’s wrist with his free hand. Percy intertwined their fingers together.

“You can kiss it better,” he said softly. Jason looked away,

“Perce, we can’t-“

“I know,” Percy said sadly, “I know.”

Jason saw his crestfallen expression and, almost as if he was fighting with himself, he pulled their interlocked hands up, pressing his lips gently to Percy’s wrist. The Greek smiled and his smile widened when Jason leaned down to kiss the tip of his nose, careful to avoid the cut on it. For good measure he kissed the bruise on Percy’s jaw, and then the corner of his mouth, and then he was just kissing Percy. Their mouths fit together so perfectly that it was scary sometimes. They kissed for as long as they dared, keeping it slow and soft, but with underlying desperation, the desperation of not seeing each other for weeks. They made sure that they didn’t spin out of control and do something stupid while they were in the tent, where anyone could catch them.

“I missed you,” Percy whispered against Jason’s lips, a raw hopelessness in his voice.

“I love you,” Jason replied, “F-Fuck, I was so scared. After last time...I didn’t hear from you for so long. I always have this fear that someone’s gonna kill you-“

“Shh, it’s okay,” Percy murmured, “I’m fine, aren’t I? I’m here,” he stroked Jason’s cheek. The blonde slid to his knees and buried his head in Percy’s lap. The dark haired boy smiled and stroked Jason’s blonde locks, “You have no idea how badly I just wanted to touch you again.”

“I wish it could just be like this,” Jason whispered.

“You know they’re probably watching,” Percy said gently, “Bellona and Janus and Asteria and all of the other Gods.”

“Yeah. I know,” Jason looked up at the love of his life, “I wonder why they haven’t done anything to stop us yet. We’re meant to be enemies after all.”

Percy smiled, “Maybe they have hope. Despite everything, maybe they think that things will turn out okay in the end. We can’t fight forever.”

“Maybe,” Jason smiled and stood up. It was a nice, if naive, thing to believe in. He helped Percy to
his feet, “Well, I guess it’s time for you to run away from me again.”

“I hate this part,” Percy winced. It was worth it though, even for these short couple of minutes that he got to spend with Jason. He didn’t know when they’d see each other again. Jason kissed him sweetly, and Percy would’ve cried if he had any tears left. Then he stepped back and punched Jason in the jaw, hard enough to make his knuckles throb. The Roman groaned and stumbled back, “I’m sorry,” Percy said quietly.

Jason grimaced and tried to smile, “It’s okay. I’ll see you soon.”

“Soon,” Percy nodded, and then fled from the Commander’s tent.
Nico was alone at home, catching up with some of his University work, when Will came back from work. The Italian knew everyone’s footsteps off by heart so he didn’t even look up from his papers where he sat on the couch.

“Welcome home, Will,” he said, chewing on the end of his pen and pouring over maths equations.

“Hey,” the tone of Will’s voice made Nico finally look up. Normally, no matter how exhausted, the blonde was always cheery and happy to be home. Now he sounded raw and rough and when Nico looked at him he saw that he looked like that too. His hair looked like it needed a brush, and probably a wash too, his scrubs were dirty, his eyes were bloodshot and had dark circles beneath them. All in all he looked like Nico on a good day. The nineteen year old boy frowned and put his books to the side, standing up.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, walking up to his boyfriend. Will dropped his bag to the ground, his shoulders slumped, like he had no strength, “Will are you overworking yourself again?” Nico demanded, coming to stand in front of the older boy. Will sniffled and ran a hand down his face.

“It’s not that,” he muttered.

“Yeah, it is,” Nico could see that something was seriously wrong, so he softened his voice and reached out, taking Will’s hand in his, “You haven’t slept for a while, you’re always working. And something happened, didn’t it?”

Will’s eyes filled with tears, “I lost a patient today,” he said, voice croaky and choked up. Nico’s shoulders slumped and he felt his heart clench.

“Oh Will,” he whispered hopelessly, reaching for the blonde. Will collapsed against him and despite being smaller Nico somehow held him up, letting the blonde cling onto him and calm down, “It’s okay. It wasn’t your fault.”

“I know,” Will sobbed, “I know. B-But I w-wish I could’ve s-saved her...,” so far in his six months as working as a nurse Will had only lost three people, but each one came as a blow to someone as compassionate as the nurse. Nico doubted his boyfriend would ever get used to losing people, and he was okay with that, he was okay for being there for Will when he needed him.
“Come on,” Nico said softly, rubbing Will’s back, “I’ll run you a bath, hm? That’ll help you relax. And then you’ll need to sleep, okay?”

Will pulled back and smiled tiredly, his eyes redder than before, “I love you, you know.”

Nico pecked his lips, “I love you too. C’mon.”

He grabbed his hand and led him to the bathroom. He sat Will on the closed toilet and washed the bath, filling it up with hot water and bubbles. He went to their massive bedroom and grabbed Will’s shirt – actually it could’ve been Jason’s, it smelled like Jason – and a pair of PJ bottoms, bringing them back to the bathroom. He carefully laid everything out and turned off the tap as Will tugged off his dirty scrubs.

“Okay, you can get in now,” Nico said. The blonde did as instructed, submerging himself in the water up to his chin. Nico gathered up his clothes and threw them in the hamper. When he turned around Will’s cheeks were flushed from the heat of the water, eyes closed. He finally looked at ease. Nico leaned over him and kissed his forehead, “Anything else you need?”

Will opened his tired eyes, “Yeah. You. Wanna get in?”

Normally Nico hated taking baths with other people but right now he wanted to indulge Will so he didn’t protest as he stripped down, chucking his clothes in the hamper too. He climbed into the big tub and Will opened his arms pulling him down so Nico’s back was against his slick, wet chest. The Italian tucked his head underneath his boyfriend’s chin and relaxed against him.

“Thankyou for this,” Will said hoarsely. Nico glanced up at him, already feeling his hair curling because of the dampness, and kissed underneath Will’s chin.

“I’m always here for you, you know that,” he murmured. Will nodded and wrapped his arms around Nico’s waist, stroking his sides and kissing the top of his head every once in a while. They just sat in the warm water in a comfortable, sleepy silence, and Nico started dozing off.

When he felt the water start getting colder Nico repositioned himself so Will’s back was to him. He carefully washed his hair and rinsed it, and when Will was clean the two climbed out of the bath. Nico emptied it and then towelled Will dry. The blonde was too tired and upset to do much more than sit there as the Italian took care of him. It was a massive change since usually Will was the momma-hen who made sure everyone was okay. Nico helped Will into his PJ’s, and that’s when the knock on the bathroom door sounded.

“Can I come in?” Jason stuck his head around the door, grinning, “Or is this a private party?”

“We’re just coming out. Will had a bad day at work,” Nico leaned close to Jason’s head and pecked his second boyfriend on the lips. Jason frowned and opened the door fully. His eyes landed on the crushed looking Will, “Hey,” he said, kneeling in front of the shorter boy, worry evident on his face. Will looked at him tiredly. Jason took his hand comfortingly, “What happened?”

“Lost a patient,” Will shrugged one shoulder, “I’m okay now. Just tired.”

Jason stood up and kissed his forehead lovingly. He was still in his pilot uniform having just gotten off his flight to Dubai. Thankfully this time it was only twenty four hours but sometimes he could be gone for ages.

“Let’s get you to bed,” the pilot tugged Will up. He glanced at Nico and kissed his shoulder, “And you put some clothes on, di Angelo.”
The three of them walked to their shared bedroom. Jason tucked Will into bed as Nico dug out some of his pj’s. While the pilot went to shower the Italian climbed into their Queen sized bed, burying himself underneath the blankets right next to Will.

“You guys don’t have to pamper me,” the nurse said, turning on his side to face Nico. The Italian smiled and cradled his face in his hand. He wasn’t used to this side of Will, the sad, quiet, tired side, but he loved it nonetheless, “I’m okay, seriously.”

“You don’t have to be okay,” Nico said, “sometimes even you need to have a break,” he leaned forward and kissed him for a minute, a slow, warm kiss full of love. Will’s arm wrapped around Nico’s waist underneath the covers.

“You’ve got space for me in there?” Jason asked, grinning as he came back inside the room, just in his boxers, a towel around his shoulders. He switched the light off.

“Jas, no towels in the bedroom,” Nico grumbled half-heartedly as the blonde threw said towel somewhere to the side. He climbed underneath the covers on the other side of Will, spooning him from behind.

“Shhh, don’t nitpick Neeks,” he mumbled, kissing Will’s shoulder. The nurse finally smiled and it warmed Nico’s heart. He tightened his arm around the Italian’s waist and pulled him closer. Jason’s arm was around Will’s waist and he rested his hand on Nico’s hip.

“I love you two,” Will mumbled, eyes closed.

“Two as in the number two or too as in also?” Jason asked, tickling Will’s neck with his nose. Nico rolled his eyes fondly and Will giggled. Nico felt sleepiness settle over him; he was tired and although a part of him wanted to stay up and wait for Percy, the last part of their little dysfunctional family, he was way too tired. Jason was rubbing circles into his hip as he fell asleep.

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Will woke up groggily hearing someone creep around the bedroom. The closet door opened, then closed. Alert, the blonde sat up, rubbing his eyes.

“Perce?” he mumbled.

“Hey,” Percy came out of the darkness of the room. A car passed outside, illuminating his smiling face for a second. He was already in his PJ’s. He knelt on the bed and kissed Will softly, “Did I wake you up?”

“No, don’t worry,” Will smiled, “I’m glad you’re home. What time is it?”

“Around two in the morning. Sorry, manager was hesitant with closing the pub since it’s Saint Paddy’s day,” Percy said. Nico and Jason were passed out on the bed, breathing evenly. Percy frowned, “You look exhausted,” he whispered, careful not to wake up the others. Will shrugged.

“Someone died on my watch today,” he said. Percy pulled Will into a hug and since he was standing and Will was sitting the blonde’s head ended up cuddled into Percy’s stomach.

“That’s horrible,” Percy whispered. Will nodded. Honestly he felt a lot better now that he and his boyfriends were all together, but he was still tired. Nico was right; he overworked himself. The blonde pulled Percy’s shirt up a little and kissed his bellybutton. When he looked up Percy was smiling, “I know how to take your mind off it,” he whispered, and pushed Will back down on the pillows between Nico and Jason. Percy climbed on top of the blonde and kissed him.
They knew that sooner or later the others would wake up, but they still kept quiet. It was a kind of game the four of them had going; how long can you do stuff without the others waking up. They even had a score board. So far Percy and Nico were winning with forty-five minutes, losing only when Nico came and accidentally got some of it on Will, waking him up.

Right now Percy didn’t seem to care about beating the score though, only about making Will forget about everything for a moment. Their kisses were hot and desperate, their breaths mingling at every lip slide. Percy’s hand ventured underneath Will’s shirt and he played with his nipples. Will whimpered into the other boy’s mouth, feeling blood rush to his cock. Next to them Jason stirred but didn’t wake up. Percy pinched harder, grinning when Will arched against him, letting out a moan. A sleepy kind of pleasure coursed through the boy as Percy fit their bodies together. He could feel Percy’s hard cock against his own erection and the dark haired boy thrust against him through his boxers. Will’s head fell back and he cried out.

“God, you’re loud,” Jason said, clearly having woken up. His voice was thick, his eyes half lidded. He leaned over and kissed Will, their tongues tangling together. Honestly being in a poly relationship meant that Will was not usually in the centre of attention but clearly the boys were trying to make him feel better about his day, because they were all focused on him, and honestly Will loved it. Especially when Nico also woke up and joined them, mouth attaching itself to Will’s neck with no warning. Percy freed Will’s cock from its confines, pulling his boxers off and throwing them to the side. Jason lazily abandoned Will’s mouth and kissed down his body. Together with Nico they pulled his shirt upwards and while Jason continued to go downwards Nico attached his lips to one of Will’s nipples. The blonde bucked up, moaning, feeling a heat gather in his body.

“F-Fuck-“ he panted when he felt Jason’s breath against his member. Percy moved to give him space and kissed Nico briefly as Jason swallowed Will’s cock. The nurse gasped, and his hips arched upwards.

“F-Fuck-“ he panted when he felt Jason’s breath against his member. Percy moved to give him space and kissed Nico briefly as Jason swallowed Will’s cock. The nurse gasped, and his hips arched upwards.

“Shhh, none of that now,” Percy murmured, keeping the boy down.

“P-Percy-,” Will whimpered. Jason’s hot, velvety, wet mouth was making his spine tingle. The blonde’s hand went down to grab Jason’s head but Nico grabbed his wrists and pinned them down. Will wasn’t used to being so not in control but after all the responsibility at work it felt good. Jason sucked him expertly, just the way Will liked it, swirling his tongue around the head of his cock. Nico sucked hickeys into his neck, his fingers interlocking with Will’s, and Percy just watched them with dark eyes.

Will felt dizzy because of all the ministrations, like he was going to pass out. It was almost too good. It wasn’t hard or desperate, but it was just the way Will needed it right now; slow and sensual.

Heat curled in Will’s stomach, his breath came out in pants.

“J-Jas, I’m gonna-,” he didn’t get to finish because Nico crashed their lips together. The pleasure was getting too much, building up too high. With a whimper Will’s back arched and he came in Jason’s mouth. The world went out of focus. He felt Jason’s lips slip from his member but his world was ringing and white, as if a grenade had gone off. He panted against Nico’s mouth, shivering over and over.

Somewhere in the back he heard Jason say I’m gonna brush my teeth. Percy tugged Will’s boxers back up while Nico peppered his face with kisses, brushing his hair from his face as the nurse bathed in his afterglow. He felt exhaustion settle back over him as Nico pressed his back against his chest. Will didn’t even remember getting back underneath the covers; one of the boys must’ve pulled them over him.
He blinked sleepily, smiling as Nico’s hair tickled his face. Percy wrapped an arm around his waist from behind. Jason came back to the room and laid down face to face with Nico, kissing the boy gently. Then he took Will’s hand off of the Italian’s waist and kissed his palm before putting it back. And then, just like every other night, the four of them fell asleep tangled together, and Will was okay.
I'm a Lover with Robot Veins

Chapter Notes

Sorry if this is a bit off I haven't read Cinder but my sister has so she told me some stuff, so...uh...yeah

Can you do Valgrace where Leo is a cyborg and cyborgs are treated inhumanly by society (like in Cinder if you've read it) and like Jason becomes good friends with him even though he knows he not supposed to? Maybe Leo is a mechanic too idk.

For Dragon Star

Olympus, 311 AGW (After Great War)

Six year old Leo Valdez sprinted through the market-place, his little shoes kicking up dirt. He had a sack over his shoulder, almost as big as him, and it beat against his always bruised hip as he weaved himself between the legs of the market-goers. He was always a small kid, and it helped him to get from one place to another since he relied mostly on his speed. He had an important delivery to make to his mother, Maria, up at the big shop and knew he had to be quick about it.

As always, the hyperactive kid barrelled right on, not paying attention to his surroundings, and would've probably ran right into the middle of the commotion if a hand hadn’t roughly grabbed him by his shirt and hauled him back, out of nowhere, startling him.

“What the-,” the little curly haired boy squirmed as he twisted around. A little older, taller, fair-haired boy was glaring down at him, his eyes full of angry lightning. Leo blinked at him.

“Pay attention to where you’re going,” the blonde boy said, “there’s a whipping.”

Only now Leo realised that he had been pushing through a still crowd that had gathered on the edge of the marketplace in a circle, watching the events unfolding in the middle. Because of his size Leo had managed to squish his way right to the front and now the chubby-cheeked boy’s eyes widened at the scene in front of him.

There was a big man with a whip in hand standing over a woman, curled around herself on the ground, trembling. Leo swallowed uneasily as he watched the man, purple with fury, circle the woman.

“You thief!” he bellowed, and his audience watched curiously, “You’re nothing! You’re not a
Leo was confused. The woman struggled to sit up. Her long black hair covered her back and her chest which Leo realised with a start, were naked. Her blouse was tossed somewhere to the side, orange with dirt.

“I-It was my hard earned money, s-sir-,” the woman said, voice weak and shaking. The whip in the man’s hand crackled as he got her across the cheek. Leo flinched backwards, right into the blonde guy who had caught him. The boy put his hands on the smaller child’s shoulders,

“Don’t look,” he murmured.

“Why isn’t anyone doing anything!?” Leo demanded, loud enough for some of the adults above to give him weird looks, “Why isn’t anybody helping her?!”

“She’s a cyborg,” the blonde boy said, hands tightening on Leo in case the boy decided to run into the ring. Leo’s shoulders slumped, suddenly understanding. In society Cyborgs were treated worse than dirt. They were humans who ended up in horrible accidents that meant they would die. By fusing them with machinery they were saved, but also became pseudo-humans. From then on they were shamed, and had to slave for their ‘masters,’ giving whatever money to them. It was horrible and Leo never understood it but everyone around him accepted that that was just how things were.

With the next crack of the whip the woman fell forward. Leo heard gasps as her hair fell forward, revealing her back. Her artificial skin had been slashed by the whip and beneath it Leo could see whirling clockwork and wires and cables. However the fact that he could see that she wasn’t fully human didn’t make him feel better about the situation. Despite his young age Leo was compassionate and he wanted to help the woman. She was being humiliated in front of everyone, and they were just staring.

Leo didn’t realise he was crying until a tear dripped off of his chin. He was shaking.

“Hey,” the blonde stranger was clearly alarmed, “Hey, don’t cry kid.”

He took Leo’s chubby hand and pulled him away from the horrifying display. They pushed their way through the crowd, and Leo’s tears continued to fall. He even let out a sob when they spilled into the now-abandoned market place. When they got far enough from the crowd, the blonde boy stopped Leo and knelt in front of him.

“You need to calm down,” he said sternly, “You’re a big boy, don’t cry.”

“I-I’m n-not c-crying,” Leo cried, his plump bottom lip trembling. The blonde boy’s expression softened. Leo noticed that he was dressed in expensive clothes, he was probably rich then. Which didn’t explain what he was doing in this part of Olympus.

“My name is Jason. I’m nine,” the boy stood up and stuck out his hand. Leo hesitantly took his hand, feeling like a grown up and for a moment getting distracted from what he just saw by how blue Jason’s eyes were, “I’m Leo.”

315 AGW (4 Years later)

Ten year old Leo Valdez giggled as he watched his best friend creeping to the edge of the cliff. The older blonde looked nervous, his hair tugged at by the wind, his usual calm, collected composure lost. Leo watched him giddily, perched on a rock away from the edge, swinging his legs back and
forth. Since the day at the marketplace he and Jason had become almost inseparable, despite their difference in class, and always got in trouble together.

They had a day off from their studies and had both come to the cliffs jutting out over the River Styx, one of the deepest rivers in Olympus. A lot of the older kids came here and, as dares, saw who could creep closer to the edge. Leo and Jason decided they could do that too, hence why Jason was now standing near the edge, green in the face.

“Chickening out?” Leo teased. Jason glared at him over his shoulder.

“Shut it, Valdez,” he grumbled, “if you’re so brave you do it,” and just like that the blonde backed back into the safety of the inland. Leo rolled his eyes but was secretly pleased to have a chance to finally beat Jason at something. The curly haired boy skipped over to the edge happily and Jason nervously took his place on the rock, “Hey, be careful.”

“I’m fine! I’m not a scardey cat like you!” Leo stuck his tongue out at him and confidently marched all the way to the edge of the cliff, his toes sticking out beyond the edge. Below him the angry, dark water of the river swirled, melting together with the dark blue sky. A few small stones sprinkled off of the cliff.

“That’s enough,” Jason said. Leo looked over the edge, stretching his neck out to see more. His heart was pounding at how high up he was. He could see sharp rocks sticking from the water, “Leo! This isn’t funny-“

The ground shifted. Leo flailed his arms his heart came up to his throat. He heard Jason scream and suddenly he was tumbling over the side. He screamed then too, the cold air feeling his lungs as he fell at an alarming pace. The rocks and the water came closer and closer and Leo was screaming-

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Darkness.

Pain.

Beep, beep, beep...

Jason? He wanted to ask, but he felt like there was cotton in his mouth.

Voices.

Far away.

Underwater.

Pain.

Pain.

Darkness.

His hand.

He couldn’t...

He couldn’t feel it.
His hand.
Pain.
Where?

*Beep beep beep*

was

...his...
Pain.
Darkness.
Jason.

...hand?

322 AGW (7 years later)

Every day after that Leo wished that that day, when he had tumbled off the cliff, the water had swallowed him up. He wished he had smashed to pieces against the rocks, he wished the current had carried him far, far away. He wished Jason hadn’t gotten help. He wished they hadn’t pulled him out, unconscious. He wished that during the fall he hadn’t wedged his hand between two rocks. He wished he hadn’t broken it in so many places that they had to amputate it.

Every day after that Leo wished that he wasn’t a Cyborg.

When he had returned from the hospital his hand was...not real, all metal and wires and other parts that the young boy couldn’t name. It didn’t feel real. It felt heavy, fake. Leo hated it, wished he could saw it off but then they’d just give him a new one.

His mother had given him up, was forced to, and Leo, who had been only ten at the time of the accident, was auctioned off as a servant before he even came to terms with the fact that he wasn’t regarded as a human anymore. *It’s just a hand!* He wanted to scream as he was put up on the auction board, in front of a swirling mass of people. It was by pure luck that Jason convinced his family that they should purchase Leo. The blonde blamed himself for what happened, for not saving Leo in time.

The Grace’s were nice enough, as far as Masters went. Leo had his own bedroom in their attic where he retired after his days of work at the market. He grew up, his childhood snatched away from him, and accepted what he was; less than dirt.

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The sun beat down on Leo’s booth as he worked on fixing someone’s ship engine. He couldn’t remember the customer’s name but he was glad for the work, even if all of the money he earned would go to the Grace’s. Not that Leo wanted the cash anyway, he had nothing to buy. At least he had a job he liked; as a mechanic he could fill his long, long days with attaching wires, and watching sparks fly, and creating something new out of something broken. He liked that, even if he could never fix himself.

But that particular day was bad.
“Twenty Drachmas?” the man who the engine belonged to demanded when he returned at the end of the day. The sun was dipping behind the horizon and the market place was emptying fast. Leo had to get back to the Grace home on time, and that was a long walk on foot. He wasn’t allowed in carriages since he was tainted now, “For a simple fix? That’s a joke,” the man spat at the sandy ground.

“Look, mister,” Leo sighed, “I told you the price at the start, and you didn’t have any complaints then-“

“Listen you little gearbox,” the man growled, “Don’t speak to me like that and give me a fair price!”

“That is a fair price,” Leo said dryly, crossing his arms over his chest. Most days his mouth got him into a lot of trouble. The man’s face darkened with anger and Leo remembered suddenly the female cyborg he saw in the market all those years ago, getting slashed by the whip. He flinched, but it was too late. The man raised his fist and Leo was sure he was going to get hit.

Jason appeared seemingly out of nowhere, hand grabbing the man’s wrist. The blonde looked unamused, his brows furrowed, and Leo exhaled, feeling his heart pounding. Where he had no chances against the man, Jason was taller and stronger, and could definitely take him on.

“He said twenty drachmas,” Jason said calmly, “Pay.”

The man ripped his hand free and glared at Leo, then at Jason. Grumbling, he reached into his pocket and shoved the money right into Jason’s hand, not even giving Leo another look as he swept up his engine and stormed off furiously. As soon as he was gone, Jason slumped.

“I told you not to provoke them,” he told Leo tiredly. The curly haired boy shrugged.

“He was being a dick.”

“I know,” Jason sighed, “You look rough.”

“I’m fine,” Leo said immediately, shoving his tools into his back, “Seriously, just had a long day. What about you, how’s that girl with all the feathers?”

“Piper? She’s fine. I broke things off with her,” Jason said. Leo blinked.

“What? Why?”

Jason shrugged, “She wasn’t the one.”

“Gods you’re a hopeless romantic,” Leo rolled his eyes, “By the way you didn’t have to come get me all the time. I can walk by myself.”

“How many times do I have to tell you that I like spending time with you?” Jason smiled. Leo looked away and they started walking up the street.

“You’re not supposed to,” Leo mumbled. He hated how much social conventions affected him but he didn’t want Jason to get in trouble because of him. Cyborgs and humans weren’t meant to be friends.

“Nothing’s changed, how many times do I have to tell you that?” Jason said softly as they came out onto an abandoned dirt road, the short cut home. The blonde reached for Leo’s hand, the cyborg hand that was hidden beneath a glove, and the curly haired boy flinched.
“Stop it,” he snapped, protectively cradling his hand to his chest. Lately Jason kept trying to touch him whenever he could, and he wasn’t allowed to.

The blonde looked hurt, “We used to hold hands all the time.”

“When we were kids,” Leo specified, shoving his hands into his pockets. They delved into the forest that separated the market place and the Hills, where all the rich humans lived. Leo felt safer under the cover of the vegetation, “And when I was human. It was different.”

“You’re still my best friend,” Jason said, the same thing he repeated to Leo nearly every day for the past seven years.

“Whatever, Jason.”

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Two weeks later Jason didn’t come to pick Leo up from the market place and although the Cyborg insisted that he stopped coming he couldn’t help but feel hurt at the other boy’s absence. When he came home, all scruffy and dirty from the day’s work, he was shocked to see that they had guests.

In the dining room the three Graces, Zeus, Naomi and Jason sat with a girl. She was beautiful, with dark hair and almond shaped eyes and Leo hated the way she looked at Jason, like she just wanted to gobble him up.

“Ah, Leo,” Naomi said, pleasantly enough though there was anxiety in her eyes, “Miss Drew this is our Cyborg, Leo.”

The girl turned her eyes onto him lazily and Leo felt blood rush to his face at her scrutinizing gaze. He hated being in the centre of attention.

“Hello,” he said.

“Oh he is insolent isn’t he?” Drew laughed and Leo blinked in surprise at her statement. He wasn’t shocked though, a lot of humans got offended when Cyborgs as much as spoke to them. Behind her Jason frowned,

“Leo why don’t you go clean up-,” he started, but the girl interrupted him.

“No! No!” she clapped her hands, “Oh let’s make a game of it! I haven’t properly spoken to a Cyborg before, mother doesn’t like keeping them around; she says they’re dirty,” she stood up, her pretty dress rustling around her. Naomi laughed uneasily as Drew approached Leo, who flinched away from her. Jason stood up too,

“Drew why don’t you-,” he started again, but the girl interrupted once more.

“I want to see your deformity!” she declared, smiling cruelly, “Show it to me!”

“I...uh, no,” Leo said – that was the last thing he wanted, baring himself in front of everyone. The girl gasped and before anyone could react slapped Leo across the face. The curly haired boy felt a sting in his cheek and his eyes widened.

“How dare you!” Drew screeched.

“Miss Drew-“ Naomi started.

“That’s enough,” Jason’s face was tight with anger as he grabbed the girl’s wrist. She shrugged him
“Jason!” she wailed, “he offended me!”

Before Jason could say something that could ruin everything, Zeus got to his feet. The powerful man looked at Leo darkly.

“Leo, show her your hand,” he commanded. Leo swallowed. He was ashamed, he wanted nothing more than to flee from his Masters to his room, bury himself underneath his covers and forget this humiliation. He couldn’t believe how fucking unfair the situation was. But in the end he was just a worthless slave, just a form of entertainment. He couldn’t decline a command from one of his masters.

Shaking, he grabbed the thick leather glove that always hid his ugly cyborg hand and revealed it. The girl screamed and jumped back, right into Jason’s arms. Leo quickly shoved his hand back in his glove, face red, as Drew laughed.

“Oh it’s so ugly!” she said loudly, laughing and clinging onto Jason. Leo stared at his feet, wishing for the ground to swallow him up, feeling tears prick at the back of his eyes. He was so ashamed...

“Jason isn’t it so ugly?” Drew giggled.

“You better leave,” Jason’s voice was tight. Leo glanced up to see him step away from the confused girl. Zeus looked furious. Naomi looked faint.

“Leo, you’re free to go clean up,” the woman said, almost kindly. Leo fled, like a little boy. He thundered up the stairs to the second floor and by the time he reached the door to the attic he was already sobbing, tears streaming down his face. He closed the door and threw himself onto his bed, wrapping his covers around himself tightly, as if they could protect him from the outside world. He pressed his face into his pillow and cried, sobs wrecking his body violently, his heart aching. He never felt so disgusting, never hated himself as much as he did in that moment.

Every day Leo wished that when he had tumbled off the cliff, the water had swallowed him up. He wished he had smashed to pieces against the rocks, he wished the current had carried him far, far away. He wished Jason hadn’t gotten help. He wished they hadn’t pulled him out, unconscious. He wished that during the fall he hadn’t wedged his hand between two rocks. He wished he hadn’t broken it in so many places that they had to amputate it.

“Leo?” Jason didn’t knock, he never knocked. Not because Leo was a cyborg, but because Leo was Leo and usually Leo didn’t mind. He did this time as he bit the pillows to not make a sound, pulling the covers over his head. He heard the door close, “Leo?” Jason sounded closer, “She’s gone now.”

Leo didn’t know how to reply so he didn’t. His sobs subsided so he was just shivering and sniffling, face pressed in the pillow. His head throbbed, his heart ached. When he felt Jason’s hand against his back he flinched.

“G-Go away,” he mumbled.

“I’m so sorry,” Jason whispered brokenly, “they invited her over. They want me to find a girlfriend—“

“I’m not angry,” Leo’s voice was muffled, “Or annoyed. It’s fine. Just g-go.”

“You’re hurt.”

“I’m fine,” Leo protested weakly. Jason sat down on his bed.
“Leo, I know you. What she said was horrible.”

“And true,” Leo muttered.

“No it wasn’t,” Jason tugged on Leo’s healthy arm and the Cyborg had no choice but to sit up. He knew that he looked like he got dragged through hell and back, but Jason just looked at him with warm eyes, “It’s not ugly.”

“You need to stop it,” Leo’s voice was hoarse. He hated pushing Jason away but he couldn’t handle his kindness, not now, “You need to stop trying to be my friend. It’s been seven years and you’re acting as if nothing c-changed, as if we’re still the same boys we were at those cliffs...”

“Why are you trying to push me away?” Jason asked. Leo sighed, his chest hurt. He wanted to sleep.

“You’re not allowed to be my friend. You’re not...I’m your servant, Jason. That’s all I can ever be to you. I’m a Cyborg, you’re a human, you’re not meant to be nice to me.”

“If you’re my servant then I order you to stop pushing me away,” the blonde said. Leo exhaled, “Jason-”

“No, I’m serious,” Jason said stubbornly, “If that’s how it is then you have to do what I tell you.”

“Give me your hand,” Jason commanded. Leo was too tired to try and figure out what Jason was trying to do so he tiredly pressed his hand into his. Jason smiled, “The other one,” he said, looking at Leo’s gloved hand.

“I like to pretend it’s not part of me,” the Cyborg grumbled.

“But it is,” Jason said, “Please, give me your hand.”

Sighing, Leo did so. His heart twisted when Jason slowly, gently pulled the glove off. Leo’s mechanic fingers flexed nervously and Jason smiled.

“It’s not ugly,” he said.

“Shut up,” Leo was blushing, looking away. Jason lifted the robotic hand to his mouth and kissed it. Leo snatched it back, “Jason stop-”

“Since you’re my servant come sit in my lap,” Jason commanded, his face unreadable. Leo’s stomach twisted. He had no idea where all these weird requests were coming from. Still, he couldn’t refuse so he hesitated and then clumsily he climbed into Jason’s lap, sitting sideways, tense, “No,” Jason said softly, “Straddle me.”

Leo exhaled, “Jason...”

“Do it.”

Shyly, not looking at the blonde, the Cyborg turned so his knees were on either side of Jason, his hands resting on the human’s shoulders. He swallowed, feeling like his face was about to burn off.

“Now what?” he mumbled.

“Now listen to me,” Jason said, resting his hands on Leo’s waist. The boy almost jumped at the
touch, “I don’t care what society says. I don’t care that you’re a Cyborg. You’re my best friend...no, actually, you’re more than that. I have so many feelings for you, Leo, feelings I’m not supposed to have,” Leo’s heart was pounding, he couldn’t breathe. All he could think about was how close Jason was, how much he properly wanted to press himself against him. You can’t, you can’t..., “I wanted to hurt Drew before, for hurting you. I can’t bear to see how they treat you, I just can’t,” he gently took Leo’s chin in his hand, forcing the flushed Cyborg to look at him, “so now...now you can do whatever you want, Leo.”

The Cyborg leaned forward and kissed Jason.
And I Love to Hate You

Michael x Octavian hate sex? It's an alternate universe where the Greek gods don't exist, and Octavian and Michael are both in the acting industry (Octavian is an actor and Michael is - oh, I dunno, a costume designer :D ). They don't get along when they first meet, and they don't get along as they keep running into each other.

For Mysh

“Good morning, Tav,” Piper McLean said cheerfully, walking into the actor’s dressing room with a flourish, carrying a coffee. She handed it to him, “Ready for makeup?”

“Not really,” Octavian grumbled. He was always moody before his morning coffee so he sipped on it and pulled off his beanie, his pale hair ruffled, “What do you have in mind?”

“Well, since in this scene you’re meant to massacre the Greeks I think a little blood, a little shadows under the eyes,” the artist mused, pulling out her massive makeup kit and picking up a brush, “The usual. Wanna look over your lines?”

“I know them anyway,” the blonde said. He steadily woke up as he replenished his caffeine supplies and let Piper do his makeup.

“Oh, also Drew isn’t doing costume anymore.”

Octavian almost choked on his drink, “What? Why?!?”

“Dunno. She got a job offer somewhere else, just dropped anything.”

“What a bitch,” Octavian exhaled. Piper brushed powder over his face to stop him shining when he was in front of all the cameras and lights.

“There’s a new guy doing costume design though,” she smirked, “he’s really cute.”

“Stop trying to set me up, Piper.”

The girl lifted her hands in surrender, “I’m just saying. He should come ‘round soon,” she packed her brushes away, “you’re basically done. I’ll do the blood right before so it doesn’t dry.”

“Thanks,” Octavian turned to the mirror and winced. He looked paler and more anaemic than usually. The boy sighed and ran a hand through his pale hair. He was back for a second season of a hit show Heroes of Olympus as everyone’s favourite sarcastic asshole, and honestly he loved being back on set. He just wasn’t a morning person.

A knock sounded on the door and Octavian looked up.
“Come in,” he said and yawned despite himself. The new costume designer walked in. Piper wasn’t lying when she said he was cute, though maybe Octavian wouldn’t use that word. More like hot. The designer was definitely Octavian’s type, dark hair, dark eyes, tanned, tall, muscular, AKA everything that Octavian wasn’t.

“Well there isn’t much of you, is there?” the designer asked, and immediately Octavian felt his irritation spike.

“Hello to you too, asshole.”

“So you’re feisty in real life too,” the designer smirked, “good to know.”

“Are you always this rude or just in the mornings?”


“Fantastic,” Octavian said sarcastically, “You already know who I am, so let’s just get on with this costume thing.”

He stood up and the designer – Michael – shook his head, turning to the rack of clothes in the corner of the room and searching through them. Octavian wasn’t a shy or insecure person, though he supposed he should be with his pale, sickly figure, but honestly after having so many fans gush over how pretty he was made him get over it. So he casually stripped down to his boxers. Michael turned around and his eyes slid down Octavian’s body. The actor felt his eye twitch.

“Can you not?” he asked through gritted teeth.

“Sorry, sorry,” Michael said, though he didn’t sound sorry. He threw a dark red t-shirt at Octavian, “Wear that. And those dark pants.”

“Go find Piper so she can put blood on me,” Octavian growled, shrugging the t-shirt over his head.

“I don’t like you bossing me about,” Michael told him.

“Well I don’t like you,” Octavian retaliated. Michael raised an eyebrow, “You don’t even know me.”

“I don’t need to,” Octavian’s eyes narrowed as he tugged on his trousers, “I can already tell everything about you; you’re arrogant, rude, full of yourself. You probably pick up girls all the time and all the pussy had gone to your head, so now you think you’re the boss around here. Well sorry to break it to you but you’re just a clothes boy.”

Whatever amusement was still left in Michael’s dark eyes melted away. Octavian didn’t know why he was being so defensive, he just knew that the designer was getting on his nerves even though they’ve only known each other for five minutes.

“And you’re just a spoiled brat,” Michael said dryly, “who clearly doesn’t know how to handle a joke.”

“Fuck off, why don’t you?” Octavian hissed.

“You fuck off. This is my job. Just ‘cause you prance around in front of a camera like an idiot doesn’t mean other people don’t do real work.”

Octavian could tell that this was going to be a rocky ride.
What Michael Kahale didn’t know is how many grudges Octavian held. He was a salty little bitch, even he could admit that, and Michael had insulted his pride. Octavian wasn’t about to let that go, so he came to the conclusion that he would make Michael’s life hell until the costume designer left, though that proved harder than expected.

“Hold still,” Michael growled, and Octavian did, only because the man was dangerously close to him, holding multiple pins in his mouth. Octavian had lost even more weight (if that was possible) and Michael had to pin all of his clothes so they didn’t hang off him like curtains, “Fucking anorexic,” the man grumbled, shoving the pins into Octavian’s clothes.

“If you stab me I’ll poke your eye out,” Octavian said icily. His heart was pounding because of the fear of Michael hurting him with the deadly devices known as pins. Or maybe it was because of how close Michael was, and how nice he smelled. Octavian wasn’t one to deny his attraction and although he hated Michael with a passion he could admit that the man was gorgeous, and a massive turn on. Of course Octavian would never say that to the designer, no need to boost his ego. They had known each other for three weeks and as filming came to an end Octavian just felt his hate for the other man grow.

“You’d be so much better if you just didn’t talk,” Michael said, more to himself than to Octavian. The irritated blonde fought the urge to elbow him in the face,

“That’s rich coming from you. Just do your so called ‘job’ and get out of my changing room.”

“Octavian, shhh,” Michael growled, low in his throat. Octavian fell silent and fought the urge to shiver. Having Michael’s big hands on him, not matter how professional, did things to him and he just hoped he didn’t get hard with the man near him, because that would be hard to explain.

“Don’t tell me to shhh,” Octavian snapped and Michael dropped to his knees to sort out his pants. Octavian swallowed and looked at the ceiling and thought of his wrinkly old grandma in underwear, “Asshole.”

“Stop muttering under your breath,” Michael snapped, ‘accidentally’ poking Octavian with a needle and helping the start of his erection to go back down. The blonde almost kicked the designer.

“I said don’t poke me!”

“Accident,” Michael said innocently.

“I’m going to be so happy when this is over and I never have to look at your ugly mug again.”

With *Heroes of Olympus* all wrapped up Octavian had job offers flooding him. A director reached out to him, wanting to do a movie about a man lost on an island. Octavian thought he could definitely see himself being the one star of a movie so he decided to try and audition for it. He arrived, dressed in his best leather jacket, and had to wait in a line of aspiring actors also waiting to audition, however he was quickly pulled to the front of the queue when he was recognised, something that made him smug.

An agent ushered him inside a massive changing room with rows of mirrors with lights on them. A short, adorable boy with a name tag that said Mitchell popped up in front of Octavian with a compact of powder in his hand.
“I need to powder you before you go on,” he squeaked and Octavian nodded, allowing the kid to gratuitously brush some of the product over his face. There were people milling around, agents and designers and technicians and other actors, and it was a lot louder and more chaotic than the set of *Heroes*.

“Sir, this way!” a girl called, “we need to put you in a costume!”

Octavian sighed and followed her, putting on his careless facade to try and hide the fact that he really wanted this job. The girl pushed him into one of the corners, surrounded by racks and racks of stuff. People were running around in their underwear and Octavian started stripping. When he pulled his shirt over his head, Michael had appeared in front of him.

Octavian felt his stomach twist with anger and lust as he looked at the man in silence for a second. They hadn’t seen each other for two months since filming wrapped up and somehow Michael had managed to get hotter since then. He looked at Octavian, unamused, and all the blonde could think was *shit I want you to fuck me.*

“If it isn’t my favourite anaemic,” Michael said dryly. Octavian’s eyes narrowed.

“Fuck off.”

He hated to admit but it felt good to have Michael’s hands on him again.

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They kept bumping into each on different sets for the next six months and Octavian was surprised at how much bickering with Michael became part of his routine. His hate for the man only grew, the hate for his rotten personality and perfect hair and rough hands that brushed over Octavian’s hips whenever he was measuring him for clothes.

But when Octavian bumped into Michael in a gay club it crossed the line.

He was sitting at the bar, dressed in a tank top, his body painted with neon paint that glowed in the darkness of the club. The techno music made the walls vibrate and the dance floor was packed with sweaty, writhing bodies. Octavian was drinking his alcohol, minding his own business, when someone tapped him on the shoulder.

He turned around and came face to face with Michael Kahale himself, looking like some kind of Abercrombie model.

“I thought it was you,” the designer pulled a face, half between looking pleased and disgusted.

“Oh no. Get out. I was here first,” Octavian snapped. Michael raised an eyebrow, “I knew you were gay.”

“Knew?!” Octavian spluttered, “what is that supposed to mean?!”

“I’ve never seen a straight boy do squats,” Michael said, “or have an ass like yours.”

Octavian frowned, “Are you hitting on me?”

“Nope,” Michael said, popping the p, “you’re too much of a twat. You do have a nice ass though,” he winked, “See you around, dickhead,” and he melted back into the crowd as if nothing happened. Octavian wanted nothing more than to follow him, feeling his dick begin to stiffen. In the end he
stopped himself though; knowing life he’d probably stumbled into Michael again soon.

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The third season of *Heroes of Olympus* was starting and Octavian was excited to get back in front of the cameras. In this season, due to his popularity, he was becoming one of the main characters and getting a love interest. He was pleased about the screen time he was getting. Actually, he was just generally happy with life at that moment. Until Michael Kahale walked in and ruined everything.

“Nope,” the man said the second he walked in and saw Octavian, turning on his heel to retreat. The blonde boy groaned,

“Why?” he complained to no one in particular, “Why couldn’t Drew come back?!”

Michael walked back into the changing room, looking moody, “Hey, fucktard.”

“Don’t even speak to me,” Octavian already felt his blood pressure rising and he rubbed his temples to try and get rid of the headache that appeared when he heard the designer’s voice. Michael kicked close the door and started rummaging through clothes. Octavian started stripping, uncomfortable at how *comfortable* the silence between him and Michael was. They had really gotten used to each other.

“So what’s this scene then?” Michael asked casually, “Do you die yet?”

“Hilarious. No, actually, in this scene I get laid.”

“Finally?” Michael faked shock, “Wow, congrats.”

Octavian rolled his eyes, “Fuck off. You better give me something sexy to wear. The other guy is gonna-“

“Guy?” Michael suddenly stopped what he was doing and looked up at Octavian sharply. The boy blinked.

“No. A Martian. Yes, a guy, Kahale.”

“You’re having sex with a guy?” Michael took a step towards Octavian, his eyes dark and unreadable. Octavian, already shirtless, wriggled his way out of his jeans.

“This isn’t a porno, Kahale. It’s not actual sex,” he grumbled.

“How disappointing.”

“Why are you suddenly interested in my sex life?” Octavian asked suspiciously, standing in front of Michael in just his boxers.

“I’m not,” the brunette said. Octavian cocked an eyebrow,

“Oh really? Is this because you wanna fuck me?”

“I don’t wanna fuck you!” Michael spluttered. Octavian smirked. He wasn’t sure if he was reading the signals right but Michael’s reaction confirmed the suspicion that the blonde harboured since the night at the club; Michael wanted to sleep with him.

“Oh really?”
“Who the fuck would wanna have sex with you?” Michael said, “I fucking hate your guts!”

“I hate yours too,” Octavian said, and pulled down his boxers, tossing them to the side smoothly. He liked having the upper hand, liked seeing Michael’s eyes darken. He wanted to see the man wrecked, wanted to have complete control over him.

“Fuck you, Octavian,” Michael’s voice was thick.

“That’s the point,” Octavian smirked. He had sex loads of time before, he knew how to control himself. But he wanted Michael to completely lose it, go wild, say something stupid, do something stupid. He wanted blackmail material, leverage, he wanted to fuck Michael up.

The costume designer stormed across the dressing room and picked Octavian up easily, his big hands wrapping around the boy’s thight. The blonde hadn’t expected that and his arms automatically wrapped around Michael’s shoulders as the man carried him over to the vanity, swiping half of the shit on it onto the floor.

“What the-,” Octavian started, but Michael dumped him roughly onto the table and crashed their mouths together. His kiss was hard and demanding and made Octavian gasp helplessly. He hated losing control, hated how much he liked Michael being dominant all of a sudden. His body was yearning for Michael to take him, but his pride was screaming at him to get the upper hand again.

He reached out and squeezed Michael’s impressive, hard cock through his jeans. The man grabbed Octavian’s skinny wrists and twisted them behind the boy’s back. The blonde cried out at the sudden twinge of pain and Michael laughed darkly into his ear.

“Don’t even try it,” he said, and Octavian shivered. Michael pressed his lips to his neck, licked, kissed, and the suddenly he was sucking, biting at Octavian’s pulse and the blonde was losing control. Blood rushed to his cock, a moan spilled from his mouth. Michael was keeping his hands back, forcing him to submit, something Octavian craved and hated at the same time. Hated the way he hated Michael himself. Suddenly the blonde remembered that in less than half an hour he needed to get on set, and he couldn’t have hickeys all up his neck.

“No,” Octavian whined, trying to nudge the man away with his shoulder, “N-No marks,” Michael bit him then, as if in defiance, hard, and a helpless moan spilled from the blonde’s mouth, “N-No...,” he panted, dizzy, not really knowing what he was saying. The bright lights of his vanity were illuminating Michael’s face, casting shadows down it, making him look half-beastly.

“Shut up,” Michael growled, switching so he was gripping both of Octavian’s wrists in one of his hands and reaching his free one behind the actors and groping at his ass. Octavian didn’t want to think about how many marks he was going to have on his body by the time Michael was done with him. He shuddered against the designer.

Michael rummaged for something. A cap opened. There was a squirting sound.

“F-Fuck I h-hate you,” Octavian gasped, slumping back against the mirror when Michael suddenly pushed a slick, cold finger inside him. It was thick, thicker than Octavian’s, and the boy hadn’t expected it. His hole twitched and clensed. The blonde squirmed, whined like a bitch in heat and Michael continued claiming his neck as he fingered him.

“God,” Michael huffed out a rough laugh, his stubble scratching at Octavian’s chin, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen someone be as much of a slut as you are right now.”

“S-Shut up you dirty-,” Octavian didn’t get to finish because Michael forced a second finger into
him. If Octavian had been standing up his knees would’ve given out. He felt his insides turn to mush as Michael violently thrust the fingers inside of him, slick with lotion.

“You have twenty two minutes before you have to go on,” Michael growled, “You better make me come by then.”

Octavian laughed, “Don’t w-worry. It won’t take that long,” just when he thought he got some of his control back, Michael slapped his ass roughly, letting go of his wrists. Octavian bucked against him, rubbing his cock against the man’s shirt, “O-Oh God...,” he moaned when Michael removed his fingers, prying his milky legs open before Octavian could even catch his breath.

“No,” the designer grinned, all animalistic and feral, pushing Octavian down so he was half on the vanity and half in the air. Michael tugged off his shirt, “Just me.”

He lubbed up his cock.

“U-Use a condom y-you fucking animal,” Octavian growled, pushing at Michael’s muscular chest. The brunette grabbed his hands and pinned them down again.

“I’ll fuck you the way I want to,” he snarled. Octavian felt a wave of heat hit him and his cock throbbed against his stomach.

“A-Asshole,” he hissed, but honestly a part of him just wanted Michael to take him raw. He hated himself for craving the man so badly, but he knew that Michael would be the only person who’d be able to satisfy him. When he felt the tip of Michael’s cock against him he moaned, and that moan turned to a sound between a gasp and a cry as the man thrust all the way inside him at once. Octavian should’ve expected it; Michael would never be gentle with him.

He tried to breathe but it was hard when he felt so full. Michael’s cock was slick and hard and throbbing inside of him. The stretch and burn of being impaled only made Octavian more aroused. His body trembled and Michael gripped his thighs,

“Eighteen minutes,” the man sounded breathless, and he started thrusting. Octavian tried to keep his eyes open because Michael, lost in pleasure, grunting, flushed, was a sight to behold, but it was too hard. Michael pounded him violently, things fell off the vanity, crashing to the floor but neither of them cared. Octavian couldn’t hold back even if he tried; Michael was gripping his thighs so hard he knew he’d have bruises in the morning. He was being abused by the man’s cock and all he could do was sob and moan and leave bloody trails down the man’s back, and arch, and whisper his name feverishly.

“I-I hate you,” he sobbed, his throat tight, his body shaking, “G-God...oh....M-Michael, Michael...nghhh, I-I...fuck. F-Fuck...I hate you....,” he moaned so loudly he was sure everyone in the complex heard him, because Michael hit that spot inside him that made him see stars.

“C-Christ, I love the sounds you make,” Michael growled, weirdly possessively, biting at Octavian’s neck and shoulder. Octavian was panting, he had forgotten a long time ago what air was. He just wanted Michael to keep fucking him, all rough and violent and almost painful. Octavian’s hand wrapped around his cock and he started jerking in time with Michael’s savage thrusts. One of his hands curled against Michael’s chest, slick with sweat.

“D-Don’t s-stop,” he gasped as the world around him came in and out of focus. His ears thrummed, he couldn’t focus on anything other than the pleasure he was feeling, “M-Michael d-don’t ever stop-“

“I-I’m so close,” Michael grunted, his thrusts speeding up, turning more sloppy. Some of Octavian’s
mind returned and he pushed at the man, whimpering,

“D-Don’t come i-inside me-,” he whined.

“I want to,” Michael bit at his earlobe, hitting Octavian’s prostate over and over, driving him crazy, “I w-want to mark you...y-you’re mine.”

“Oh G-God,” Octavian wrapped his arms around Michael’s shoulders and his legs around the man’s waist, pulling him closer, “F-Fuck, do i-it-“

Michael stopped moving, tensed, his grip on Octavian tightened. The blonde bit his lip and moaned and continued to stroke himself furiously as he felt the bigger man’s cock twitch, spilling come inside him.

“Oh G-God,” Octavian panted, slumped against his vanity after he came. He felt like a wreck. Michael pulled out of him. His eyes were sleepy and he was grinning lazily, looking satisfied. Octavian could still feel the imprint of his fingers on his body, feel his lips on his neck. He was bruise and aching, and he loved it.

“You better get up,” Michael zipped up his jeans, “You need to be on set in ten. And you might wanna get Piper to conceal your...well...everything.”

“I hate you,” Octavian whispered, eyes fluttering shut.
I Think I Have a Little Crush on You

Chapter Notes

Halfway there guys!

How about Luke/Percy/Jason? Percy has it really bad for Luke and Jason and like thinks he's subtle about it but like isn't at all. Bonus points if someone calls Percy out for having a Type (hot strong blondes with pretty eyes). Luke and Jason both have it just as bad for Percy *wink wonk* for Skix

Jason and Luke had known for ages (actually, it was fair to say that everyone at camp knew for ages) that Percy had a crush on the two blondes. At first Luke was sceptical because...polyamory? He didn’t really know if he was into that and he and Jason...well, there was definitely some attraction there but nothing close enough to what Luke felt for Percy. For a big part of their shared time at camp Jason and Luke hated each other since they both fought over the son of Poseidon, who was sending them both mixed signals. And then they realised that Percy just fancied both of them, and while in a heated argument about who would get to ask him out the two blondes kind of accidentally kissed, and then...well, then they figured out that they liked each other all along.

And that’s when the fun part began. Jason, being the righteous asshole that he was, wanted him and Luke to confess to Percy, but Luke was a true son of Hermes and he decided to mess with the boy first, watch him hopelessly pine after him and Jason before finally giving him the satisfaction of having both of them, together.

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“Jason,” Percy said in wonder after he and the two blonde’s had a little sparring session one afternoon. They were all hot and sweaty, and Percy unabashedly was touching up Jason’s arm. Luke watched, amused, “Have you been working out?”

“Uh...no...,” Jason sent Luke a weird look and the son of Hermes hid his smile behind his hand. Percy was obviously flirting with Jason, running his hand up his muscular arm,

“Yeah, totally,” Luke grinned, “Jason had one hundred percent been working out,” he came over and casually ran his hand down Jason’s back, feeling the blonde shiver.

“Yeah...,” Percy looked dazed, “All that muscle...”

“Uh, we should go get a shower,” Jason’s face was red and Luke was pretty sure he was hard. When Percy turned away the son of Hermes winked at his lover and squeezed his ass. Jason glared and leaned in close as Percy started walking away.

“We should just tell him,” he said. Luke smacked his ass playfully,

“What’s the fun in that?”

***

The campers were doing a massive outdoor cinema experience, everyone lounging around in the field, wrapped in blankets, watching Harry Potter on a massive screen, the night sky dark above them. Luke, Percy, Jason and a bunch of other campers were near the back, lying down and talking quietly over the movie they have seen a hundred times.

“...so then the water just fell on top of him, completely drenching him, and he couldn’t dry out for three days,” Luke concluded his brilliant prank story. Annabeth and Piper snickered.

“You’re such a dick,” Piper said, grinning. Percy yawned from between Luke and Jason, where he insisted he wanted to sit.

“I’m tired,” he grumbled and then casually laid his head down in Luke’s lap, legs in Jason’s. The blonde’s exchanged a look with smug looking Annabeth who turned away, pretending she didn’t see anything. Luke smirked at Jason who rolled his eyes fondly and threw a blanket over Percy. Even he couldn’t deny that it was fun playing along with Percy and pretending that they didn’t realise the crush he had on both of them. Poor him, Luke thought as he started gently stroking the boy’s hair, he probably thinks he’s being subtle.

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They continued the game for three weeks. Percy, no matter how sly he tried to be, was obvious in his affections for the two blondes. He’d touch them for no reason, cuddled up to them, say things that had hidden meanings, go out of his way to spend time with both of them together. Honestly it was really cute and precious but Luke had to admit that he was starting to get frustrated with playing cat and mouse, and apparently so were the other two because eventually Percy broke.

The three of them were sitting by the lake one sunny day, just lazing about and enjoying a moment of peace. They were talking, as comfortable around each other as always, but Luke could sense the tension in the air. Somehow the three of them went on to talk about secrets.

“Okay what are your deepest, darkest, most hidden secrets that you’d hate for anyone to find out?” Luke asked mischievously, “C’mon, I wanna know.”

Jason exhaled, “Uh...I’m gay?”


“Well, okay then, what’s yours?” Jason grumbled. Luke smirked,
“Once when we were twelve I made Connor eat hamster droppings because it was chocolate, and I’ve never told him what it really was.”

“That’s gross!” Jason laughed, punching Luke playfully in the arm. Percy was being weirdly quiet, “What about you, Perce?”

Percy swallowed and after a moment of hesitation mumbled, “I...um...I like...t-two people,” his face was red, he was looking right ahead, hands shaking. Jason gave Luke a look and the son of Hermes nodded slowly. The son of Jupiter grabbed Percy’s chin and the boy looked at him, surprised, and then Jason kissed him. Percy gasped and Luke grinned. The kiss was quick and passionate and way too hot for Luke’s liking. Jason drew back with a smile.

“W-What-,” Percy started but then Luke turned his face to him, not wanting to be left out, and pressed their lips together. The son of Poseidon was trembling against him and when Luke pulled back he saw that his eyes were wide and confused, “How d-did you?...,” he trailed off, voice faint.

“We’ve known you like us for ages,” Jason explained.

“This is our way of saying we like you back,” Luke added. Percy swallowed, frowned, blinked, tried to wrap his head around this information.

“B-But...you didn’t say anything...and I thought I-I was so subtle...”

Jason laughed, “You really weren’t,” he pulled Percy close again to kiss him and Luke was pleased to see the son of Poseidon kissing back.

“Yeah,” Luke put one hand on Percy’s knee, the other one reaching around the boy to intertwine with Jason’s, “besides, everyone knows we’re your type.”

Percy pulled back from Jason, cheeks flushed, “I don’t have a type, idiot.”

“Oh yeah,” Luke was grinning as he leaned in for a kiss, “What about strong blonde’s with pretty eyes?”
I Will Go Down With This Ship

I would like a Jercy or Lukercy based on pirates of the Caribbean, where Percy plays a similar role as Jack Sparrow.

For Random User

Jason Barbossa’s eyes scanned the table as the Fourth Brethren Court gathered. In the dusty room it felt almost claustrophobic, everything smelled like smoke and alcohol. It felt volatile to have so many different crews and captains in such a small space but Jason had no choice but to call the Nine Pirate Lords together; there were matters to discuss.

As the room was filled with rowdy laughter, threats, and conversations spoken in half a dozen tongues Jason was the only one who remained silent. Behind the Captain of the Tempest stood his crew, as loud and rowdy as all the other pirates present. Only his sister, Thalia, remained composed at his side, her hand resting on the back of his chair from where she stood.

Next to Jason sat the Lord of the Black Sea and the leader of the Barbary Corsairs, Reyna Ammand. The woman’s cheek bones were sharp enough to cut the cheese that some of the Lord’s were gauging on, her thick brown braid held in place by a thin knife that Jason knew the Captain of Scipio could whip out faster than he could blink. Her own sister stood behind her too, whispering something into the Captain’s ear. On Jason’s other side sat the Lady of the Mediterranean Sea and the Captain of Aphrodite’ Blessing, a ship that terrorized the coast of France. Silena Chevalle, despite her dark haired beauty, was as fearsome pirate as any, though she didn’t look it now, her skirts spread around her chair, laughing at whatever her first mate, Clarisse, was telling her.

Frank Chang sharpened his knife casually, though Jason could barely hear the sound of it over the commotion of all the pirates. The Lord of the Pacific Ocean and the Captain of the Centurion was looking at everyone gathered, just like Jason, his brothers behind him bickering with some of Reyna’s pirates. Frank was a big man, and yet he dwarfed in comparison to the Captain of the Vulcan that set next to him. Beckendorf Jocard was trying to futilely get Silena’s attention, his rowdy Atlantic Ocean pirates cheering him on. Nyssa, his sister, was waving her knife in the air.

Jason’s eyes landed on Piper Angria, the Mistress of the Indian Ocean and the Captain of Katoptris. The Captain inclined his head and the woman’s smile grew. Jason looked away, not wanting to look at the native beauty any longer. He knew that the deadly pirate desired him and he didn’t want to encourage her, especially when her first mate, Annabeth, glared at him from behind her Captain’s chair. Instead Jason concentrated on Leo Villanueva, the extravagant Captain of The Argo II who was laughing at a bawdy joke his mate, Gleeson Hedge, cracked. The Adriatic Sea Pirate had his newest ship addition, a supposed witch called Calypso, perched on his lap like a trophy.

Looking at him with distaste was the youngest Pirate Lord, Nico Turner, the Lord of the South
China Sea, and the Captain of Bianca. It was Jason’s first time meeting the living legend since Nico was rumoured to be dead at least once a month, and Bianca had been declared a ghost ship years ago. He looked human though, sitting in his chair. On his left his chocolate-skinned, stunning sister Hazel kept looking at Frank, while next to her a blonde pirate Jason was sure was called Will had a hand on Nico’s shoulder, as if comforting him, or more...

The seat directly opposite Jason was empty and the pirate felt simulations relief and annoyance at the absence of the last Pirate Lord. Not that he was surprised; Perseus Sparrow was as unpredictable as the sea. For all Jason knew the man could be halfway across the Indian Ocean right at this moment, while the rest of them waited impatiently for this arrival.

Perseus Sparrow, the Lord of the Caribbean Sea and the Captain of Riptide, was a mystery o Jason even after all the years they knew each other. He was one of the most notorious pirates on the seven seas, a showman more than anything, always winding up the Royal Guard. His ransom was higher than most of the other pirate Lords put together. But Jason was irritated at his absence for a whole other reason rather than his notoriety; he wanted to see his friend, the only Pirate Lord he actually really cared for.

“We cannot wait longer,” he stood, silencing the pirates with a thundering look, “The last Pirate Lord is clearly not going to grace us with his presence.”

“Sparrow, that rascal,” Reyna growled. Frank played with his dagger absently. Now that the fun and games were over the pirates all glared at each other with their sunken eyes.

“Let’s address the issues, and the reasons why we’re all here tonight,” Jason said as the Lords watched him in sullen silence, “One of them is the East India Trading Company.”

“Scum,” Beckendorf snarled. Silena pulled an intricate fan from her bodice and fanned herself, swearing under her breath in French.

“Those dirty bastards tried to sink one of my ships off the coast of Spain only last month,” Leo interjected angrily, his curls kept back by a bandana, “I don’t understand why we don’t just shoot those bastards dead.”

“Aye,” Reyna said, unamused, “and dance the hempen jig the next morn? Nay, I like my life I’d like to keep it for some time.”

“I’d rather die with a rope around my neck then let those cunts loot my gold,” Leo snapped at her. Piper calmly pulled a pipe out of her bodice and lit it, filling the air with blue smoke. She seemed relaxed, not caring about the outcome of this...discussion.

“The issue is,” Jason said, “that this new man, Beckett, has many more ships than each of us separately does-“

“Speak for yourself, Barbossa!” Reyna grinned, her eye-patch gleaming in the candlelight, “me and mine have plenty of ship to spare.”

“Aye! And why should we waste it fighting one man?” Frank spoke. A murmur of agreement went through the pirates and Jason felt a throbbing in his head. He knew that the pirates were too selfish to see the bigger picture, and he had a feeling they’d stay at Shipwreck Cove until dawn. Foolishly the blonde found himself yearning for Percy’s presence – although the man was crude and loud and laughed at times that were serious he was smart, unlike this lot, and he’d know what Jason was getting at.
“It’s not one man, it’s the whole Company,” Jason growled.

“All they do is steal what we stole before them,” smoke seeped from between Piper’s brightly painted lips, “I say let them, and then we’ll just take it all back.”

“Aye!” some of the pirates cheered. Jason shook his head,

“They’re not just stealing. They’re taking us and ours into their courts and hanging them from bridges-“

“They’ve done that for centuries!” Silena argued.

“And they’ll continue doing it!” Beckendorf agreed, his voice a roar, “I have no trouble with the Company only with the ships that take what is my and mine-“

“Aye! And those ships will sink to Davy Jones’ Locker and never come up!” Leo shouted. Then everyone was shouting over each other, arguing, throwing insults, agreeing and disagreeing. Jason met Thalia’s eyes and she gave him the there is nothing you can do look. Pirates were wild, they always had been and always would be, that’s why they were pirates. Trying to get them to unite was a waste of time and rum.

The door to the cove burst open suddenly and immediately blades were being drawn and guns pointed. Leo threw Calypso off his knee and Nico the silent Ghost King was halfway up the table when everyone suddenly realised that the new arrival was just...Perseus. Jason fought his smile as the flamboyant Captain strolled in as if nothing happened, ignoring the weapons pointed at him, his bored-looking crew spilling in behind him.

“Excuse the delay,” Percy drawled with a smirk. His dark brown coat caressed the floor, his white shirt was stained with what looked like fresh blood. His wide hat cast a shadow on his young, handsome face when he turned to look at Jason, “Barbossa. You look radiant. Not as much as you though, Lady Silena,” the Captain bowed to her with a flirtatious grin. Beckendorf drew his dagger, “Step back, Sparrow,” he growled, teeth flashing. With a grin Percy danced away from them,

“Well, did I miss something important then?” he asked, slipping into his empty chair right opposite Jason. The moment he was present all eyes were on him, he just had that kind of charm that drew everyone in. The man placed his feet on the table, boots shining, “Unless all you bastards did was drink rum without me.”

“We waited,” Reyna snapped, “You’re not a King and we are not your subjects, Sparrow. You are one of the nine, know your duties.”

“A Pirate has no duties, except to be a Pirate,” Percy said casually.

“We were attempting to discuss the Company issue,” Jason said, leaning back in his chair. Now that Percy was finally here he didn’t want to talk about business anymore. In the months apart Percy hadn’t changed much; his dark hair grew out some but his sparkling, mischievous blue eyes were still the same.

“Discussing?” the man asked. Frank tossed his dagger into the air and caught it, and tossed it again, “What is there to discuss? Isn’t the answer obvious?”

“Oh here we go,” Piper rolled her eyes and relaxed in her seat, “Enlighten us, darlin’.”

“You are crazy,” Reyna laughed.

“Of course I am,” Percy smirked, “and yet I am also right. The Company declared war on Piracy a long time ago, it is time we declare it too, and take back what is rightfully ours. The seas had never been safe – that’s our fault lads – but now it’s not only unsafe, it’s also full of men who want to sink our ships and loot our...well, loot, and all we’re doing about it is lounging about and protecting our scraps of water. To what ends? Eventually the Company will take all.”

“I have never known you to be a pessimist, Sparrow,” Silena said, a smile playing at the corner of her mouth.

“Well I don’t intend to let this happen,” Percy looked right at Jason and the blonde smiled – Percy knew him without words, “No prey, no pay lads.”

“Aye, we need a leader for this so called war of yours,” Frank said, “and pirates listen to no governor.”

“They listen to a King though,” Percy said, and whatever whispers were in the room came to an abrupt stop. Everyone stared at him. Then Reyna burst into merry laughter,

“Oh you fool! For a hundred years no pirate could agree on a King!”

“Well, let us have a vote then. Let us be proper and democratic,” Percy cleared his throat, “go on,” he looked expectantly at Silena. The girl smirked and crossed her arms over her chest.

“I vote for Silena Chevalle for King.”

“I vote for Frank Chang,” Frank barked.

And so it went, each person voted for themselves. Jason partly wanted to give his vote to Percy but he thought better for it; the reckless pirate would most likely get them all killed before the moon’s turn. So when his turn came Jason voted for Jason Barbossa, and it looked like Percy’s plan would backfire. When the vote came to Nico the man quietly voted for himself, his voice chilly. The votes came full circle and Percy looked smug.

“I vote for Nico Turner for King.”

Of course. Of course Percy would break the rules, even the ones who didn’t exist. Jason didn’t know whether to scream at him or laugh, because Percy was...well, Percy. Unpredictable, wild. The pirates burst, shouting over one another, but all fell silent when Nico – their new King- rose, his face stony.

“Prepare every vessel that floats,” he said, voice hoarse as if he hadn’t used it in a long time, “at dawn we are at war.”

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The ships of the East India Trading Company were watery shadows on the horizon, obscured by clouds and mist that rose off the sea alongside the sun. Jason stood on the prow of Tempest, one hand on a rope, looking out at the enemy. The Pirates were hopelessly outnumbered but they were pirates and things such as more enemies never stopped them before. Jason wasn’t afraid, dying at sea wouldn’t be a dishonour.

Besides, he had the other nine pirate ships behind him, followed by some of the other vessels that belonged to the captains. There wasn’t many of them, and everyone knew that, alongside the Company. Riptide cut through the sea, spraying the air with water, and came to a gentle stop next to
Tempest. Percy’s ship was smaller and swifter than Jason’s, but both of them were equally as majestic. Jason smiled when he saw Percy on the prow of his own ship, the sun illuminating his face. He was close, and yet not close enough. There was a bottle of rum in his hand.

“Captain,” Dakota, a heavy drinker and one of Jason’s mates, appeared at his side, “King Nico has given out orders; we’re moving out.”

“Aye,” Jason nodded and broke his gaze away from Percy, “Hoist the colours!” he bellowed and in seconds the black sails of Tempest were billowing in the wind. The air was filled with orders and shouts from the other pirate Captains who took up the call, hoisting their sails. With a comforting, allied breath of the wind the ships cut through the sea, advancing on the Company’s armada.

Jason thrummed with excitement – he craved the danger and glory of battle, even if he did end up losing. The one thing he regretted was not having time to spend with Percy himself the previous night. After Nico became King the Pirates drank for a long, long time, giving Jason only some hours to rest and prepare for this morning, for this battle. You’re not dying yet, old dog, Jason told himself in comfort as his ship advanced, you still have time. The Company’s ships were struggling against the wind as they also advanced, lumbering, clumsy things, their canons ready. Jason patted the prow of his ship,

“You can do this, old friend,” he said, smiling. The Centurion pulled in next to Jason, cutting him off from Percy’s ship. On his other side the Corsairs aboard Scipio were shouting loudly, their curved blades drawn, Reyna at their head. Nico’s ghost ship slid out from the others, to the front, dark and menacing. The world grew shadowy and when Jason looked up he saw dark clouds rolling in across the horizon; the Gods were displeased. Or perhaps it was Leo’s little witch aboard The Argo II doing her magic, aiding the pirates.

The ships advanced towards each other, the sea rolled angrily. It began to rain, the Pirates soaked as they laboured aboard their vessels. The sky was dark, the sea darker still. There was a chill about that Jason couldn’t feel. What he could feel was when a cannonball launched itself into the side of Tempest, almost out of nowhere. The ship rocked and creaked as a hole shattered in its side, but bravely ploughed on.

“Let’s get them, lads!” the Captain roared, “And remember; dead men tell no tales!” His crew cheered though he could barely hear them over the thunder of canon’s blasting and the sea crashing against the ships.

“Fire in the hole!” someone yelled and the Tempest answered the Company’s canons with some of its own. Sails billowed in the angry wind, the deck was sprayed by waves and rain alike, the clouds thundered, shards of wood flew through the air. Men screamed, gave commands, ran aboard decks, died, drowned.

When two of the Company’s ships scraped across the sides of Vulcan, Pirates and Company men fighting on both the decks, Jason realised that they were outnumbered. The heavier Company ships were slower, but they were steadily advancing; they’d make it to the Pirate ships and sink them. So far there were only half a dozen ships close enough to attack, but soon there’d be more.

And then something happened. In the strip of sea between the two lines of vessels the waters began to churn, and then swirl.

“Heave! Whirlpool!” Jason bellowed, at the same time as Percy on the ship next to him as Riptide pulled in alongside Tempest. Jason’s ship stopped in time, canons blowing at the Company’s ships that were on their side of the whirlpool. Everyone was thanking the heavens for the blessing, and yet Jason didn’t, instead anxiously watching as Riptide continued to plough on despite the obvious
danger. Some of the Company’s ships were being pulled in, looking like toy boats among the crashing waves.

Jason heard footsteps behind him and when he turned a Company soldier was charging at him, bayonet raised. Jason unsheathed his spadroon and intercepted the attack, driving the soldier back. Adrenaline coursed through him as he fought the man; he forgot about the danger for a moment, the taste of a fight heavy on his tongue. He pierced the man through the throat and blood spurted from him as he crumbled to Jason’s deck. One of the Company’s ships was side by side with Tempest, the soldiers fighting the pirates.

Jason charged, cut down man after man, the rain pouring down heavily. He stabbed a man through the eye, pierced another through the chest and sent him overboard. He felt a sudden sharp pain in his shoulder but the adrenaline prevented him from feeling anything more as he whirled around. A soldier was aiming his bayonet at him but before he could fire an axe came sailing through the air and embedded itself in his skull. The light left his eyes and Jason looked up. Centurion was rushing past, free of soldiers for now, and Frank stood on the deck, throwing axes in his hands. The air smelled like gunpowder.

When the deck was free of the soldiers and their bodies were being thrown over the side Jason charged back to the prow. His stomach sank when he saw the scene unfolding in front of him. The Pirate ships were holding back from the whirlpool. Calypso stood on the prow of The Argo II, arms raised, hair tossed by the wind. The whirlpool had spread so much and more Company ships were being destroyed, while others retreated.

However Riptide had crashed with one of the Company ships, the crews fighting viciously as they were pulled closer and closer to the whirlpool.

“Shit,” Jason swore, “We’re moving in!”

“Captain!” Dakota blanched, dripping wet, “We can’t we’ll-“

“I’m the Captain on this vessel! Pirates aren’t afraid of a fight, and we aren’t afraid of death,” Jason spat. Dakota’s expression tightened.

“Aye, aye, Captain!” he yelled, and then ran to repeat the command. Tempest moved forward again. Thalia was at the steering wheel, face tight with concentration as she rode the dangerous waves, making for Riptide. When they got close enough Jason gave the order to fire, and his canons pierced the Company’s ship. Jason’s heart was lodged in his throat, his knuckles white where they gripped his ship. When they came side by side with Percy’s ship Jason was the first overboard, swinging on a rope and landing on the wet deck. Immediately a soldier was flying at him and Jason cut him down.

He charged through fighting pirates and soldiers, stabbing, cutting, looking for Percy. He found the man soon enough fighting two soldiers simultaneously while having a heated argument with Zoe, his first mate, fighting near him. He was careless, laughing, as if he wasn’t about to die. Jason flew at the fighters and pierced one of the soldiers through the heart. Percy gave him a bewildered look as he took down the other soldier down.

“Captain,” he said, “What a pleasant surprise.”

“We have to go,” Jason interjected, heart pounding, “Or you’ll get pulled into the whirlpool.”

Percy shrugged, brushing his wet hair from his forehead and giving Jason a grin, “I always wanted to see Davy Jones’ Locker-room for myself.”
“This isn’t a joke,” Jason growled. The idea of Percy dying was...he could taste a bitterness in his mouth as he grabbed the other Captain by the wrist, “Don’t be a cunt. Let’s go.”

“I can’t abandon my ship,” Percy said proudly. They wouldn’t be able to pull back, not now. When Jason glanced over the side he could see the whirlpool inches away. *Riptide* was about to be sucked in. Jason looked at his own ship in fear, and at Thalia fighting the rain. He looked at Percy, being stubborn. And then he hit him over the head. The pirate Captain crumpled into his arms like a child.

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*Tempest* was calmly sailing through the Caribbean sea, it’s azure waters stretching out as far as eye could see. Jason stood by the wheel, steering, watching the sun glitter off the waves. Below him his crew moved around like ants about the day’s business. The black flag of the pirates fluttered in the wind above them. After the fight with the Company this calm was almost disturbing.

The Nine Pirate Captains had parted ways once more, not knowing when or if they’d see each other again. Nine Pirate Captains and only eight ships. *Riptide* had been swallowed by Calypso’s whirlpool, a large part of its crew that managed to make it off coming aboard *Tempest* so they could be dropped off on the coast and find themselves another vessel. Jason was alright with this arrangement; because it meant that he was allowed to keep Percy, if only for a little while.

“He’s awake,” Thalia informed him, materialising at his side. The Captain nodded and handed the wheel to his sister as he went down on deck, and then below, to his cabin. To his cabin where he had put Percy.

“Barbossa,” the Captain of the drowned ship hissed in fury as Jason came in. The blonde had changed the other Captain while he was unconscious into one of his own white shirts and a pair of dark breeches. That, combined with Percy’s unruly hair and sleep-flushed face served to make him look more like a fallen angel than a Pirate Captain, “What is the meaning of this?!” Percy demanded as Jason closed the door behind himself.

“I had to get you off your ship,” he said simply. Percy’s eyes were dark with fury,

“No,” Jason admitted, “but I made it anyway...I couldn’t just let you die.”

“A Captain goes down with his ship,” there was a bitterness in Percy’s voice. Jason didn’t know what to say, how to explain himself. In Percy’s position he’d be furious too; he couldn’t imagine losing *Tempest*. And yet in the heat of the moment Jason had chosen to save Percy’s life for him, and he didn’t regret that decision, “I’m a **Captain** without a **ship**!” Percy raged, “That’s like being a sea without water!”

“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

Percy’s shoulders slumped, “Why did you do that?” he asked, softer now, some of his anger passing, “You wouldn’t do it for Chang or Ammand or any of the others.”

“But I did it for you,” Jason didn’t know how to reply, how to lie. He was a pirate and he couldn’t fucking lie.

Percy regarded him for a moment and Jason could see conflicting emotions in his eyes. Anger, confusion, realisation, hesitation, and then they darkened. He crossed the space between him and Jason, so they were almost face to face. Jason let out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding. He wondered if Percy was going to hit him. He wouldn’t mind if Percy hit him.
“As it is,” Percy said, voice low, eyes trained on Jason’s “you saved my life. Against my will, but you saved it,” he took Jason’s hand and placed it on his hip. Jason swallowed nervously, “I guess I should thank you properly,” the man leaned up and pressed his mouth to Jason’s. The blonde didn’t know how to react, his mind stopped functioning. He could hear his heartbeat in his ears. The hand on Percy’s hip tightened and the Captain of Riptide reached up to tangle his hands in Jason’s hair.

That’s when Jason finally unfroze and kissed back. He didn’t know that that was what he wanted until it was actually happening. All the protectiveness, the worry he felt over Percy suddenly made sense. Jason’s mouth slid against the other Captain’s, his hands winding around his waist before sliding beneath his shirt. Jason pulled Percy against him until there was no space left between them. The ship swayed on the waves and they just kissed.

When Percy pulled back both of the Captains were breathless, and the dark haired man was grinning like the devil. He straightened out the buttons on Jason’s shirt and pulled back.

“As it is,” he said, as if nothing happened, “You made me abandon my ship. I need to go retrieve it,” he picked out his Captain hat from a pile of his clothes and casually slid it over his head. Jason stared at him in shock.

“What?”

“I’m going to Davy Jones’ Locker-room,” Percy said and then brushed past Jason, and at that moment the blonde was ready to jump overboard after him.
So Please Don't Go

Luke/Ethan where Ethan stops Luke from jumping into the River Lethe to get reborn by telling him that he's liked him for a long time for Stories_of_the_Shadows

Luke stared down at the milky white waters of the river Lethe from the bank. The grass around his feet swayed to an undetectable wind. Luke shivered. He had been in Elysium for some time and now he was finally ready for re-birth.

Well, maybe not ready. The reason he didn’t immediately jump into the river the second he arrived in the Underworld was because...well, he liked Elysium. He felt at peace in Elysium. His friends were there, Silena and Ethan and Beckendorf, and there he didn’t have to worry about Titans or evil forces or demons and monsters. He was happy there. But he felt obligated to be reborn; he didn’t deserve eternal peace. He deserved a second chance, he wouldn’t deny himself that, but he didn’t deserve to, after everything he did, to just be happy like that. It wasn’t that easy.

Luke exhaled. It felt weird to leave without any possessions, felt weird knowing that once he was enveloped in that milky water he would never be Luke Castellan again. He’d be someone completely different. In Elysium he and the rest of the Camp Half Blood Demigods lived in a hotel style building overlooking a glimmering beach. Each of them got their own suite, and Luke loved it there, he created an after-life for himself there. And now all that would disappear alongside his memories.

There was another reason why Luke hesitating before he jumped. That reason was called Ethan Nakamura. He was Luke’s best friend, they stood side by side during the war, even if they were on the wrong side. Ethan was the only person Luke trusted with his whole heart, the only person he didn’t keep up the mischievous-son-of-Hermes facade around. Luke didn’t want to leave Ethan, he didn’t want to never see him again. Even the Isles of Blest seemed to dim when he thought about the fact that Ethan wouldn’t be there with him. But in a way Luke wanted to forget him. Because that would make his feelings for the boy disappear too, and that was good. Because Ethan would never feel the same things for Luke, so the blonde might as well try and move on too from his hopeless love for the boy.

“Come on,” he whispered to himself. He couldn’t stand on the edge for eternity, he had to make a decision.

“Luke!”

Surprised, the son of Hermes turned around. Ethan, who had clearly been running uphill, skidded to a halt, breathing hard and red faced. He put his hands on his knees and tried to catch his breath. Luke
was shocked that he was here.

“Ethan, what is it?” he frowned, hoping nothing bad happened. He didn’t understand why the boy was there; he had already said goodbye to him. Still, the sight of him filled Luke with warmth he hadn’t felt since running away from home and finding refuge at Camp Half Blood.

“I-I...,” Ethan straightened up and looked at Luke. His eye-patch was gone since in Elysium everyone was whole again and Luke still couldn’t get used to how piercing both of Ethan’s eyes were. And now they were wide, and full of fear, “I...I just...”

He couldn’t seem to find the words. Luke smiled at him softly, “Did you come to say bye again?”

“No!” Ethan blurted. Luke realised he wasn’t red because of fatigue, but because he was blushing, “N-No I came b-because...you can’t go, okay?”

“Ethan I have to,” Luke said, feeling his heart squeeze in his chest. As if scared that he was dramatically going to throw himself into Lethe, Ethan jumped forward and grabbed Luke’s hand in his.

“You don’t have to do anything,” he said, breathless and still scared, “You can just stay here. You don’t have to get reincarnated...I thought you were happy here.”

“I am,” Luke squeezed his friend hand, holding on as long as he could.

“Then why do you want to go?”

“I can’t...,” Luke sighed in frustration, “I don’t deserve it. I don’t deserve to be happy.”

“Yeah you do, otherwise you wouldn’t be here,” Ethan said stubbornly.

“Ethan, I’m going,” Luke tried to free his hand, because he knew the more he talked to Ethan the more he’d want to stay. But the son of Nemesis held on firmly.

“You’re not leaving.”

“That’s not your decision to make,” Luke sighed.

“I don’t care. I don’t fucking care,” Ethan snapped.

“Ethan-“

“You’re not leaving.”

“You’re being immature-“

“I don’t care Luke-“

“No listen I just-“

“I’m in love with you.”


“You can’t just say that to keep me here,” the blonde whispered faintly, feeling dizzy. Ethan’s hands curled into fists.
“I mean it.”

“No you don’t.” Luke said, feeling a pain in his chest, “You can’t just say that.”

“I’m not just saying that Luke!” Ethan snapped. Luke came up to him, grabbed him by the shirt and crushed their lips together. Ethan made a muffled, surprised sound and Luke pulled back after just a second, feeling like every inch of him was just aching to keep Ethan close.

“You can’t just say that,” he whispered feverishly and then kissed Ethan again, before the boy could reply, “You can’t,” another kiss, “You can’t say that, okay?” he kissed Ethan’s mouth, then his cheek, his forehead, below his ear, down his neck. Ethan’s breathing sped up and when Luke pulled back he saw that the boy was crying.


Luke couldn’t do it, he couldn’t leave Ethan. He didn’t think it was physically possible. He grabbed the boy and pulled him close and kissed him gently until he stopped crying.

“Tell me you’re not gonna go,” Ethan begged, eyes still wet. Luke stroked his face.

“I’m not gonna go.”

Ethan sniffled, “Say I love you back.”

I Was Insane

Nico x Will where Will gets a lip piercing and Nico can't stop staring at it until one night they're both in Nico's cabin and Nico just kinda jumps Will's bones while telling him how mad he is at Will for teasing him for GreekEgyptianGoddess

Nico was sure Will was doing it on purpose. He was fucking sure. He was sure that Will was torturing him on purpose. The two had been dating for almost a year and a half and the three nights ago they had an argument. It was about something stupid like Nico leaving his underwear lying around or something but it escalated and now basically Nico was giving his boyfriend the cold shoulder, ignoring him and cutting him off. He didn’t let Will in when the blonde came knocking at night so he had to temporarily move back into the Apollo cabin.

And now Will had got his lip pierced.

Nico never expected a lip piercing to suit someone as adorable as Will. The guy was also sunshine and rainbows and smiles but the little hoop in his bottom lip added something to him that made Nico shiver every time he glanced at him. Seriously, it was a massive turn on and that was a problem because the two weren’t talking. Essentially that was Nico’s fault since he was the stubborn idiot who held grudges.

It’s just a stupid piercing, he told himself as he grumpily stormed around Camp, feeling frustrated in more ways than one. He would’ve been okay with avoiding Will and waiting for the blonde to break and apologise first but the son of Apollo seemed to be everywhere, slowly torturing Nico with how hot he looked.

Of course he always looked hot but the lip ring just extenuated it. And Nico couldn’t stop staring at it. It gleamed in the sun, sometimes Will’s tongue would dart out to lick at it subconsciously. It was honestly driving Nico insane, to the point where he had to avoid everyone because he was walking around with a semi-hard on all the time. Will knew what he was doing to Nico, he had to know.

Because on the fourth night he came to the Hades cabin. When Nico opened the door and saw Will, dressed in grey sweatpants and his orange Camp t-shirt, looking hot as fuck, he exhaled because finally Will broke and Nico would be able to touch him again. Of course that wasn’t the case.

“I came to get my stuff back,” Will said, and all Nico could do was stare at his lip ring in shock.
“You’re kidding.”

“Nope,” Will said, “I want my stuff.”

Nico felt his irritation spike, “I don’t have your stuff!”

“That’s my shirt, idiot,” Will poked Nico in the stomach, and then brushed past him into the Cabin. Nico gaped after him and closed the door. He didn’t understand what was happening, he thought it was just a light hearted argument...What if he wants to break up with me? The thought made Nico sick. He followed behind Will as the blonde picked up whatever clothes he had in the Hades Cabin.

“Don’t be stupid!” Nico snapped.

“No you don’t be stupid!” Will retaliated lamely, turning to face Nico. The ring glittered in his lip and suddenly Nico just wanted him so badly. And since Will was basically his anyway Nico tackled him to the bed. “What the-,” Will shouted, startled, because Nico never initiated anything. Right now all the Italian just wanted to get his hands on Will. His sexually frustrated body shivered when he crashed their mouths together. Will’s lips were soft but as Nico kissed him feverishly the cold lip ring dug into his own lip, something that just turned him on more.

“You’re an asshole,” the Italian growled, feeling himself grow hard in his pants. He was straddling Will, pressing him against the headboard, hands on either side of the blonde’s face. If Will was planning on fighting Nico he lost the motivation because his hands were gripping the boy’s hips, “Fucking tease,” Nico said, low in his throat, and kissed Will again, rough and hard.

“Oh I’m the tease,” Will snorted, dipping his head to suck a hickey underneath Nico’s jaw. The boy let out a strained moan, hands tangling in Will’s hair and forcefully pulling him back up for another desperate kiss.

“Yeah y-you are,” Nico grabbed the hem of Will’s shirt and pulled it over his head. He ran his hands down the boy’s tanned, freckled body, almost forgetting what Will looked like.

“You’re the one who cut me off!” the blonde protested. Nico moved backwards and then shoved Will down so he was lying back.

“And you went off and got a fucking lip piercing!” Nico argued, kissing down Will’s body, enjoying the feeling of the warm skin against him, “You knew that it would drive me crazy,” he bit at Will’s hipbone and the blonde squirmed.

“I-I didn’t think it would,” he grumbled as Nico pulled his sweatpants and underwear off at the same time, his hard cock springing free. “I-I told you I wanted t-to get it for ages-ah!” he cried out suddenly as Nico took his member into his mouth. The Italian would’ve smirked at Will’s reaction if his mouth wasn’t full, “O-Oh God, Nico-,” Will gasped, hands gripping Nico’s head. The Italian’s eyes fluttered shut and he took the whole thing in his mouth. He had gotten used to Will’s impressive length and girth and didn’t gag even when the blonde pushed him all the way down with a desperate sound. Nico sucked and licked and listened to Will moaning, bobbing his head up and down, realising how much he missed his boyfriend the few days they were apart.

Nico loved sucking Will off and watch him lose control but his cock was throbbing and he just wanted to come so badly. He slid back up Will’s body, forced their swollen lips back together.

“I’m so mad at you,” he grumbled as Will watched him with dark eyes, “for being such a tease. Every time I saw you with that piercing I just got so fucking hard-”

Will flipped them over so Nico was nestled in the pillows and covered his body with his, kissing him
passionately.

“I’m sorry baby,” he murmured, reaching down between Nico’s legs and squeezing him through his shorts. Nico’s hips buckled up and he let out a whimper. Will kissed his neck, and stroked him gently, “I didn’t realise you got all hot and bothered over a lip ring.”

Nico panted against Will, squirming, trying to get closer. When the blonde smiled his ring glimmered in the faint light. Nico just wanted to kiss him more. He couldn’t believe how hot Will was.

“Let me make it better,” the blonde whispered, and pulled Nico’s underwear off in one swift movement, ducking his head. Nico moaned loudly when he felt the velvety heat of Will’s mouth around his member. His head fell back against the pillows and his eyes squeezed shut as the long-craved pleasure coursed through him, making heat pool in his stomach.

“Nghhh, W-Will-,” he gasped, throwing one of his legs over Will’s shoulders to give him better access. The pleasure built up, and Nico’s moans got louder and louder and then he made the mistake of looking down.

Will’s wavy hair tumbled into his closed eyes. The boy released Nico’s cock from his mouth to lick along the underside of it, his swollen, pierced lips parted. Nico’s body trembled and he cried out and without a warning he came all over Will’s face. The Italian fell back against the bed as his body trembled through his orgasm, gasping, hands curling into the covers.

When his eyes opened again Will was hovering above him, eyes dark with lust and sparkling, a little smile on his lips. There was cum on his cheek.

“Sorry,” Nico said hoarsely.

Will kissed him, “I really do drive you crazy, huh?” he mused fondly.
Also I changed my prompts list around a little bit, since we're about halfway there pretty soon so now I gave priority to the prompts I like best so I'm doing those first. Sorry if that means you have to wait longer x

Could you do a story where Frank sees Leo’s naked ass accidentally but can't stop thinking about afterwards and Leo’s ass just seems to taunt frank everywhere at camp until he can barely handle it and takes initiative?

For Lackj

“We are not skinny dipping!” Hazel said firmly, arms crossed over her chest, face red. The seven had abandoned the rest of the campers by the campfire to sneak to the beach and now Percy proposed they skinny dip in the dark.

“Nobody will see anything anyway!” the son of Poseidon argued while Leo started a little fire near them.

“I’m not doing it,” Hazel said stubbornly.

“Well I’m not getting my clothes wet so,” Jason said and tugged off his shirt and jeans. He hesitated when he got to his boxers though, while Percy happily whipped his off. Frank rolled his eyes.

“C’mon big guy,” Leo got up and dusted sand off of himself, grinning like the little gremlin he was, “Don’t be a killjoy!”

Percy was prancing around the beach naked as the day he was born while Annabeth ran after him like a mother hen. Frank, despite being bi, didn’t even bat an eye at the boy’s naked backside, or his dick either. Jason chickened out and ran after Percy and Annabeth still in his underwear, pulling Piper behind him.

“Well I’m gonna swim in clothes,” Hazel said, before Leo could even start persuading her. As she stalked off into the dark the Latino took off his shirt.
“Come on Frank,” the skinny boy whined like a child, “it’s gonna be fuuuuuun,” he pulled off his shoes and socks. Frank raised an eyebrow,

“What’s funny about swimming around naked in the sea?” he questioned.

“Gods, I forget how much of a prude you sometimes are,” Leo rolled his eyes.

“I’m not a prude!” Frank protested heatedly, “At least I’ve had sex, unlike you!”

“Congratulations,” Leo said dryly.

“I’m not gonna...,” Frank trailed off because suddenly Leo whipped off his underwear and casually tossed it to the side, almost immediately turning his back to Frank. The Asian swallowed uneasily, his eyes sliding down the tanned curve of Leo’s back. The Latino was always wearing suspenders or baggy trousers and since he was so tiny and skinny Frank just assumed he had no bum (not that he spent a lot of time thinking about Leo’s backside...okay, maybe he spent a little time thinking about it). But now he realised how wrong he was.

Leo’s ass was big, and smooth, clean shaven, a nice curve above his toned legs and below his little waist. Frank suddenly had an urge to just reach out and grab handfuls of it. He felt blood rush to his face and his cock stiffen and he almost reached out, because he had never seen an ass half so perfect as Leo’s.

“You coming?” the Latino asked, turning around and hiding his beautiful bum out of sight. Frank blushed violently.

“N-No,” he spluttered, hoping Leo didn’t notice him staring. The Latino shook his head and then ran off to where the others were splattering in the water. Frank watched his ass bounce as he went, feeling faint. Then he got up and sprinted to his Cabin, taking advantage of the fact that the others were at the Campfire to jerk off, the image of Leo’s bum burned into his brain.

***

Frank wanted to get over Leo’s ass as fast as he could but every time he closed his eyes he’d just see it flashing behind his eyelids. A week past, a week of furious wanking that left the son of Mars unsatisfied. Frank watched porn, tried to find an ass that was better than the Latino’s but it was all for nothing.

Frank always had a bit of a thing for Leo, even when they were both fighting for Hazel. He thought the boy was adorable, and Frank liked spending time with him, and that feeling just grew when he and Hazel broke up. But now that Frank knew what Leo was hiding underneath his clothes he couldn’t stop thinking that the boy was really fucking hot.

And Leo’s ass seemed to taunt Frank wherever he went. Leo would be bent over the worktop in Bunker Nine, tinkering with something, ass up in the air. He took a nap once while they were watching a movie in the Hades cabin, face pressed into a pillow, his clothed ass in clear view. Frank had to physically fight himself then to not reach out and squeeze. Because he wanted to, fuck he wanted to so badly. He couldn’t sleep at night because he kept thinking about Leo’s ass. And just Leo in general too.

It started off with Frank just wanting to touch it, just once, to satisfy his curiosity. And then it changed, he kept thinking about grabbing handfuls of it. His hands were so big they could easily knead Leo’s tender flesh. Then he wanted to slap it, see how red it could go, see how Leo would react to that. He wanted to bite, leave marks, leave bruises, to make sure nobody touched Leo’s
perfect ass. He wanted to push his tongue inside it, taste Leo, he wanted to see his fingers disappear inside the boy, wanted to see his cock all swallowed up-

He wanted to fuck Leo’s ass.

***

Frank, in his desperation to get away from Leo before he did something stupid, ran back to Camp Jupiter. There he had his own room and could wank in peace, without being scared of his half-siblings catching him. However all his attempts to be a good friend and just a friend to Leo went to shit when about three days in to getting back, after Frank had just taken a shower, there was a knock on his door.

Unbothered, thinking it was probably Reyna or someone coming to ask for something, Frank opened the door, and came face to face with a smiling Leo.

“Hi!” the Latino said happily, pushing past Frank without even being invited in. Frank stared at him in shock as Leo casually dropped his bag to the floor and stretched. His curls were messy as always, but he looked happy. He was dressed in a grey long-sleeved t-shirt since it was autumn in Jupiter, and a pair of baggy sweats. Frank’s eyes immediately drifted to where his ass was concealed.

“What are you doing here?” he demanded, closing the door. Leo shrugged,

“I came to see you and Haze, but she has some girl over so I didn’t want to interrupt,” his smile fell a little bit, “I...uh...it’s alright if I stay here, right?”

“What? For how long?” Frank was still confused. Leo shrugged,

“Just for the night. That okay?”

Frank flushed and cleared his throat, looking away, “I...uh, sure. I just...I don’t have spare covers.”

“We can share right?” Leo looked around Frank’s spacious room and whistled, “Nice place.”

“Thanks. I was...um, I was just actually going to sleep-“

“Aw c’mon,” Leo pouted, “I just got here and you wanna sleep?”

“I’m tired,” Frank explained stupidly and made for the bed, “feel free to take a shower. Actually please take a shower, you’re probably all in motor oil and some other shit. And then just...,” he trailed off, gesturing at the bed. Leo grinned,

“Okay, boss,” he saluted Frank and then sauntered into the en-suite bathroom, shutting the door behind him. The Asian collapsed onto his bed with a sigh and rubbed his hand down his face. He had no idea how he’d handle being so close to Leo through the night, having the boy snuggled up to him...even the thought of it made Frank’s stomach clench. Determined to fall asleep before the boy arrived and gave him a hard-on, Frank turned to the wall and squeezed his eyes shut. He could hear the shower thrumming softly in the back. Leo was probably naked. Frank imagined beads of water cascading down Leo’s back, to his wonderful bum...

***

He woke up with Leo’s back against him. Leo’s naked back against him, his beautiful ass inches away from his crotch. Frank panicked, jerking upward and letting out a muffled sound. Leo’s eyes fluttered open and he frowned, pulling himself up onto his elbows and blinking at Frank. The Asian
was red in the face, heart hammering, Leo’s ass up in the air.

“Why are you naked?!” the son of Mars squeaked.

“I always sleep naked,” Leo looked sleepy and lost, “I thought you knew...do you want me to put some clothes on?”

But it was too late. All of Frank’s blood rushed south at the sight of Leo’s marvellous ass. Before he could get caught the Asian jumped to his feet and stumbled over Leo, landing on his feet and making for the door.

“Hey!” Leo protested and Frank heard him scrambling after him, “Where are you going?!” before Frank could run out into the corridor and seek refuge somewhere Leo darted in front of him, pressing his back flat against the door. Now Frank had a perfect view of his front, slim, tanned stomach and chest, and a nicely sized cock between his legs, “What is it?!” Leo asked, panicking, “Why are you acting weird? What’s wrong?!”

“Your ass! That’s what’s wrong!” Frank blurted, because he was obviously hard, his dick pressing up against his boxers. Leo blinked in shock.

“What?”

“It’s not you!” Frank knew he was digging himself a grave but in his panic he couldn’t seem to shut up, “I don’t like you like that! I swear I-I don’t but since...since the stupid skinny dipping I can’t stop thinking about your ass!”

“My ass?” Leo frowned, “what’s wrong with it?”

“There’s nothing wrong with it!” Frank said in disbelief, “That’s the problem! It’s so fucking...,” he exhaled shakily, not knowing how to describe it, and Leo just stared at him. Frank took it as a good sign that he hadn’t run yet, “Has no-one...,” Frank’s voice faltered, “Ever said you have an amazing ass?”

Leo looked away, blushing wildly. Frank had never seen him blush so much. The Latino seemed to realise that Frank was almost pressing him up against the door and that he was naked.

“Nobody’s really seen my ass before,” he said faintly. Frank swallowed, and his throat felt dry.

“This is weird. I’m sorry,” he said. Leo didn’t say anything, just looked up at Frank from the floor and then glanced away again. Frank couldn’t stop looking at all of his naked skin. Nervously Leo tucked a curl behind his ear and Frank wondered whether he should move away and stop staring when the boy suddenly looked up at him again.

“You can...t-touch it...if you want,” he mumbled shyly. Leo didn’t usually get shy. Hesitantly he turned away from Frank, pressing his forehead against the door. The Asian blinked, pinched himself to make sure he wasn’t dreaming, but he wasn’t. Leo was really here, allowing Frank to touch his ass.

With a shaking hand Frank reached out. Just one touch, he told himself firmly. His fingers brushed against one of the meaty globes and Leo shivered, hands curling against the door. Frank licked his lips nervously and cupped it gently in his hand. Leo’s skin was warm, the skin smooth and soft, but firm when Frank finally squeezed it. He heard Leo gasp. His heart was hammering so much he thought he was actually going to pass out. That’s it! He shouted at himself, let go now!

But he couldn’t. He shifted closer to Leo and his other hand grabbed his other cheek, squeezing
“F-Frank-,” he started to say. Frank pressed his chest against the boy’s back.

“Just five minutes,” he whispered into his ear, hands still gripping the boy’s ass, “please, that’s all I want.”

“O-Okay,” Leo didn’t even hesitate in his reply...almost like he wanted it too. The thought aroused Frank and prompted him to bring one of his hands back and slap Leo’s backside. The Latino jolted and made a chocked off sound. He turned his head and looked at Frank over his shoulder with big, shocked, dark eyes.

Frank wasn’t himself. He grabbed Leo’s hair and pushed his face back against the door, slapping his ass once more. The boy’s hips jolted forward and a red handprint appeared on his perfect, tanned globe.

“Frank-,” Leo tried to say again, breathless, sounding almost needy, and then he pushed his ass back against the Asian’s hands. Frank never expected him to react like that, to enjoy Frank touching him. He was intoxicated with how much he wanted the boy, all of him, not just his ass...but honestly he wanted the ass too.

Frank slid to his knees behind Leo and the Latino flinched when he felt his breath against a sensitive cheek.

“W-What are you doing?” he asked shakily, looking down. Frank didn’t reply, just pried his meaty globes apart, revealing the tiny pink bud between them. Before Leo could realise what was happening, Frank leaned forward and hungrily licked a strip over the boy’s hole. Leo made the sweetest, most erotic sound, and his knees buckled. Frank caught him, pressed him face down against the carpet and pulled his hips up so his ass was in the air. Then he leaned forward and licked again and Leo made the same sound again.

“O-Oh Gods,” he moaned wantonly as Frank licked, “F-Frank o-oh fuck...”

He was babbling, but that was kind of hot. When Frank wriggled his tongue inside him Leo let out a sob, clawing at the carpet. Leo was hot and tight and as Frank got him wetter and wetter the boy lost more and more control.

“Don’t s-stop,” he gasped, hand reaching back to press Frank more against him, “D-Don’t f-fucking s-stop...nghh, Gods, I-I swear I-I’m gonna come f-from this-“

They didn’t stop after five minutes. Frank watched his fingers slide into Leo, the boy shaking and moaning as he did so, and then he finally got to push his cock inside the boy’s beautiful ass, and it was fucking amazing, watching the boy push back against him while he moaned the Roman’s name.

When they finished they dizzily stumbled back to the bed. Frank was sleepy, satisfied, happy. Leo laid with his back to him, pressing his ass against him. But Frank wanted to look at him now, so he turned the boy around. He kissed him.

“You’re amazing,” he murmured, cradling the tiny boy in his arms.

“I thought my ass is amazing,” Leo teased.

“It is,” Frank admitted, “But so are you.”
Kiss Me Once In the Snow

Will x Nico Where Jason, and Nico are on a quest or something and everyone is waiting for them to get back and, like, a week later, Piper's on lookout duty and she sees Jason's silhouette on Half-blood Hill and she goes to find Will, but stops because she doesn't see Nico. But Will sees Jason holding something bundled up in blankets and its Nico and he has, like.....major frostbite......They share a freezing cold kiss in the snow?
For GwennyPenny

Piper watched the snowflakes swirl in the air with a faraway look on her face. She was patrolling camp borders alongside Clarisse who was further down the perimeter. After the war with Gaia the weather hadn’t sorted itself out yet and the forever-summer of Camp was disrupted. Now it was actually snowing, and Piper normally wouldn’t be that bothered except for the fact that a week ago her boyfriend left on a Quest.

She remembered the moment that Jason and Nico were picked to go by Rachel and they climbed the sun-lit Half-Blood Hill, backpacks slung over their shoulders, hair glimmering in the sunshine, wearing just camp t-shirts. They brought some warm clothes with them but not enough for this kind of weather. And now the quest was taking ages and Piper was getting more and more agitated thought she wasn’t panicking yet – she knew she’d feel it if something happened to Jason.

Honestly Will was putting her in a bit of a mood though. He walked around anxious for the past day, constantly bugging people on look-out and asking about if Jason and Nico were back yet. He said he had a bad feeling. Piper didn’t know why he cared so much; as far as she was aware he wasn’t friends with Jason or Nico, or at least not good enough to be this scared about their return. Still, the girl supposed it was in his blood to worry since he was a healer, and just generally a good person.

The blonde son of Apollo hadn’t come to ask about if she saw anything for a couple of hours when something moved on the crest of Half Blood Hill. Piper squinted against the snowfall, though it wasn’t too heavy. There was a shadow moving past Thalia’s tree, clearly struggling, and the girl couldn’t tell if it was a monster or...

No. It was Jason. Piper would know his silhouette anywhere. She grinned against the cold as she saw him shuffling down, leaving tracks in the snow. She cupped her hands around her mouth,

“Jason!” she yelled, voice echoing towards the tree line. Clarisse turned and ran back to Camp a few meters away, probably to tell everyone the boys were back, but then Piper’s blood ran cold. Jason was moving slowly, as if he was cold, and he was alone. For a moment the girl couldn’t breathe. Nico...she thought, and her first reaction was to believe he was dead. Then her brain told her it could
be anything else; he could be in Tartarus again, kidnapped by monsters, shadowtravelling, anything, anything...the girl couldn’t move.

Campers came flooding out of the Cabins through the snow as Jason neared, with Will at their head. The boy wasn’t smiling as he ran up with everyone else, dressed in a heavy coat and a scarf. His eyebrows were drawn, gloved hands in fists. Chiron came clambering out and all the Campers stopped when they saw Jason’s lone figure.

“Jason...,” Piper whispered, brushing her hair back. She felt sick.

And then she saw that the reason Jason was walking so slowly was because he was carrying something in his arms, something bundled up in a ratty old blanket.

“Is that a body?” Clarisse whispered in horror. Will broke away from the group and so did Piper and together they sprinted through the snow. Jason looked exhausted, his face red with cold, his eyes drooping. He swayed on his feet but Will was already at his side, pulling Nico from his arms. Because it was Nico, they all knew it.

As Piper barrelled into her boyfriend she couldn’t help but look as Will lowered himself in the snow, clutching Nico in his arms. The boy wasn’t dead, that was a relief, but his face looked tiny and pale, eyes barely open, nose red. He was shaking violently, lips blue.

“Oh Gods,” Will whispered, brushing the Italian’s snow-crusted hair from his forehead. He kept the boy close with one arm and shrugged out of his coat, wrapping it around the son of Hades, “I thought...I thought you died...,” his voice was thick with emotion and Piper began to understand that there was something clearly between the two, something everyone seemed to have missed.

“I-I’m s-sorry,” Nico whispered, teeth clattering.

“Shhh,” Will pressed their foreheads together, rubbing Nico’s back to warm him up, “it’s okay. You’re safe now.”

And then he kissed the boy. Piper’s eyes widened in shock because he did it right there, in front of everyone. The girl waited for Nico to blush and shove him away and shout at him but...he didn’t. Instead the Italian reached a shaky, cold hand up and curled it into Will’s jumper and kissed him back sweetly, ignoring the snow, ignoring everyone.

The snow continued to fall.
The arrow trembled on the quiver as Michael inhaled, the bowstring pulled tight. He aimed at a Titan, the arrow sailing through the air. An Empousa launched itself in the way and as the arrow pierced her she went tumbling over the bridge. Around him Demigods were running, screaming, dashing over cars, fighting the enemy, but Michael couldn’t hear them, just the sound of his blood in his head.

He drew another arrow, the feather at the end tickled his cheek. The ground shook beneath him but Michael ignored it as he let the arrow fly. He didn’t see if it hit his target because suddenly the air was full of ash and smoke and the ground was giving way beneath Michael’s feet. His bow tumbled out of his hand as the bridge crumbled below him.

He screamed, though he didn’t know if it was out loud or in his head, as he was suddenly air-borne. Wind whistled in his ears. Around him chunks of the bridge fell, beneath him the water of the river glimmered, coming closer and closer. Cars crashed into the water. He squeezed his eyes shut...

Michael sat up, inhaling hysterically.

“Fuck,” he whispered faintly as he tried to control his breathing. He heard the clock ticking down the corridor in the house. It took him a moment to realise he wasn’t on the bridge anymore, that he was already dead, that it was just a memory, a nightmare.

Michael’s bedroom in the house was dark and calm. A soft breeze came in through the open window, rustling the curtains. Elysium was peaceful, calm. Michael’s covers were tangled around his waist, his t-shirt soaked with sweat. His house mates, Michael’s brother Lee, Castor from the Dionysus Cabin and Beckendorf, had explained the newcomers, AKA him, Silena and Ethan, that although Elysium was paradise they would still be plagued by nightmares of their deaths for a while, but those would eventually fade. Michael hoped they would – he hated re-living the violent moment he had been killed.

The boy had only been dead for a month and a half, and the nightmares came often, though more rarely now. From experience he knew he wouldn’t be able to fall back asleep until the sun rose so he pulled his covers back and sat up, rubbing his face. He got up and padded to his closet. He glimpsed himself in the mirror and smiled; he was looking better each day and now he was just a tired teenager, black hair messy, brown eyes sleepy. He opened the closet and pulled out a hoodie, tugging it on as he ventured out into the corridor.
Silena’s and Beckendorf’s door was closed and they were probably asleep. The idea of the two of them curled around each other sent a pang of loneliness through Michael. He had never fallen in love when he was alive, so he just assumed he’d be alone forever. A shaft of light came from underneath Lee’s door and so Michael knocked softly on it.

“Come in!” his half brother called and Michael slided in. The other son of Apollo was sitting in front of his TV, playing Call of Duty. He smiled warmly at Michael, “Bad dream?” he guessed.

Michael nodded, “Yeah. It was pretty shit.”

“Yeah. Getting crushed to death isn’t the nicest way to go,” Lee made a face, “You wanna play?”

“Nah, pass, I’d win anyway,” Michael said and Lee rolled his eyes, “I came to ask if I can eat some of your ice cream.”

Lee shook his head, “No matter what I say, you’ll eat it anyway.”

“True,” Michael said, and slipped back out into the corridor, closing the door behind him. He leaned his forehead against it. He wanted to stay in his brother’s company, in anyone’s company really, but he didn’t want to bother him. Sighing, the short boy made for the stairs. He walked past Castor’s bedroom. The boy’s doors were open and the boy was snoring peacefully inside, one leg hanging off the side of his bed. Michael wished he could be so blissfully passed out right now, but Castor had been here for a while already. He had no nightmares to worry about.

When Michael climbed down the stairs he saw a faint blue glow on the walls and realised that the TV was on. His last housemate was lounging on one of the couches, watching Keeping up with the Kardashian’s and eating popcorn out of a bowl. Before Elysium Michael had never even spoken to Ethan, especially since he was basically a traitor for a while, but now he couldn’t help but smile at the boy’s company. Ethan must’ve noticed his presence because he looked up from the TV.

“You just gonna stand there and lurk, Yew?” he asked, dark eyes narrowing. Ethan was one person who showed up after Michael, the only other one who Michael could talk about his nightmares.

“Why you watching the Kardashians?” Michael made a face, coming over and collapsing on the other end of the couch. Ethan shrugged,

“Better than re-living my death,” he said bitterly.

“Fucking Titans,” Michael grumbled. Ethan looked up at him,

“You had a nightmare too?”

“Yeah,” Michael exhaled and reached for the popcorn. Ethan held it away, “Hey! C’mon man-“

“Get your own, midget,” Ethan grumbled.

“Asshole,” Michael crossed his arms over his chest, “I hope you choke on one and die again.”

Ethan threw a popcorn at him, “Dick.”

Michael cracked a grin and then a loud crash came from above.

“Ah shit!” Lee yelled, obviously having dropped his TV...again. Michael tensed despite himself and swallowed hard, staring at the ceiling, waiting for a fissure to appear in it, for it tumble down and crush him to death-
“Hey,” Ethan’s hand on was on his wrist, as if he knew what Michael was thinking, “The ceiling isn’t going anywhere.”

The son of Apollo hadn’t even noticed he was shaking, “Sorry.”

“No, thank you.” Ethan murmured, “Thank you.”
Sex, Baby...

Leo/Luke fucking in semi public places like restaurant bathrooms, parks, empty classrooms etc and maybe throw in a daddy kink and rough sex (Leo bottoming) for Girl_With_Many_Fandoms89

Image result for forest gay porn gif

“Stop stealing my food!” Leo protested when Luke leaned over him to nick a fry off his plate.

“I’m paying anyway. Technically, the food belongs to me,” Luke said with a grin. Opposite them Piper and Jason smiled at the couple’s antics.

“You guys are adorable,” Piper said. Leo kicked Luke underneath the table.

“I’m adorable,” he said, “he’s annoying.”

Luke kicked him back, “Why are you with me then?”

“You’re a good fuck,” Leo said casually and Jason choked on his milkshake while Piper burst out laughing. The four of them had met up for a double date at a restaurant, and although Luke enjoyed hanging out with Leo’s friends he kind of wanted to get away now, and have Leo just to himself. They had dated for over a year and yet Luke was still obsessed with the little Latino. As the boy talked to the other couple, Luke reached beneath the table and squeezed his thigh. The only reaction Leo gave to that was his voice faltering ever so slightly.

Luke smirked as he watched blood subtly rush to Leo’s face, hands tightening on his coke glass. Luke playfully stroked his boyfriend’s thigh, and then travelled further up, brushing his hand over Leo’s crotch. He felt the boy begin to grow hard beneath his ministrations until Leo was stuttering and his hard dick was creating a tent in his jeans. When Luke popped open his top button the Latino stood up abruptly, pulling Luke’s hoodie that he was wearing tight around him to hide his erection.

“Excuse me for a second,” he said, blushing, “I need the toilet,” and then he scurried away. Luke smirked. Piper glanced at Leo, dashing into the bathroom, and then at Luke. Jason obliviously munched on his hamburger.

“I’m gonna go check up on him, I think he might be feeling ill,” Luke said with fake-worry and winked at Piper as he sauntered after his boyfriend. Leo was already waiting for him, leaning against the sinks, arms crossed over his chest. Luke grinned and locked the door to the bathroom, “Someone’s excited,” he said, opening ogling Leo’s crotch.

“Who’s fault is that?” Leo asked with an eyebrow raised, “More importantly what are you gonna do about it?”

Luke felt his own arousal spark as he walked over to Leo, grabbed him by the waist and picked him
up, setting him down on the counter by the sinks. In this position they were almost the same height. Leo smirked and wrapped his legs around Luke, pulling him close and throwing his arms around the man’s shoulders.

“How long do we have until Piper and Jason realise we’re not here to piss?” Leo asked, pulling Luke in and kissing him, open-mouthed and heated.

“With Jason about an hour and a half,” Luke said casually, squeezing Leo’s ass in his big hands, “With Piper minus five minutes.”


“F-Fuck,” the Latino hissed when Luke took his cock in hand, and started stroking. Luke dropped to his knees in front of his boyfriend and pulled him forward so the boy was precariously balancing on the edge. Leo threw his legs over Luke’s shoulders and the blonde took his cock in his mouth. Leo moaned loudly and then slapped a hand over his mouth when the sound echoed through the bathroom.

Luke hollowed out his cheeks and sucked, looking up at Leo through his eyelashes, monitoring his reactions. The Latino leaned back against the mirror, eyes closed, thighs trembling as Luke sucked.

“Nghhh...L-Luke...fuck...oh f-fuck...” His skinny fingers sank into Luke’s hair. An angry knock sounded on the door and Luke just took more of Leo’s cock in his mouth.

“W-What?!” Leo called shakily.

“Open the door!” someone shouted from the other side, muffled and angry. Luke didn’t stop sucking, swirling his tongue around the tip of Leo’s cock, which was leaking with precum. The Latino shoved his head down, so his entire length slid back into the blonde’s mouth. Luke glared up at his boyfriend, almost gagging.

“I can’t!” Leo said innocently, “My friend choked on the food!”

***

The birds chirped in the trees. Luke and Leo had been weaving their way among them as they paced around the park. It was a warm autumn evening and the park was full though here, among the trees, the two had some privacy. Of course they had gotten bored of the walking pretty fast and that’s why Luke had Leo down in the grass now, the boy’s thin legs thrown over his shoulders, tongue lapping at his hole. Leo’s toes curled, his trousers hanging around his ankles.

“A-Ah fuck,” the Latino was pulling handfuls of grass out. Luke smirked as he pushed his tongue inside his boyfriend, his stomach turning with excitement and arousal, “L-Luke...Luke...Oh God, oh God, oh G-God...,” Leo pressed his hands over his flushed face, “I-I can’t believe y-you’re rimming m-me in a f-fucking park...”

Luke got a kick out of it, knowing that anyone could catch them anytime. Knowing that they could get arrested for this. A part of him wanted for that to happen, he wanted people to see Leo like this, crazy for Luke, and just Luke, flushed and trembling as the blonde licked the most intimate part of
They heard voices close by.

“F-Fuck!” Leo panicked, and kicked Luke in the face. The blonde groaned as he fell back against the grass. Red-faced Leo pulled his trousers back over his erection and pulled Luke to his feet just as two girls appeared on the pathway nearby, walking their dogs. Leo grabbed Luke’s wrist and pressed himself against a tree, pulling the blonde against him. The blonde wasn’t mad at this turn of events as he grinned and kissed his boy, angling his hips so their hard cocks pressed together through their jeans. He could definitely wait for the girls to go in this position.

***

Leo’s breath fogged up the window when he moaned helplessly. Luke kissed his shoulder, the side of his neck as he thrust in and out of the boy, their interlocked hands pressed against the glass. They had gotten an apartment suite for the weekend and from the seventh story watched the traffic unfold beneath them, just dots of light in the night. Actually, they weren’t watching the gorgeous landscape because they were too busy fucking.

The problem was there were other towering hotels near them and if any of their unfortunate neighbours decided to look out of the window they would see the two boys having sex, fully naked, against the window.

“Someone’s g-gonna see,” Leo whimpered, fingers tightening around Luke’s as the blonde fucked him. He deliberately went slowly (though it was hard with Leo’s ass clenching around his cock) to prolong it, and to make Leo more anxious. He liked him like this, a mixture of shy and nervous and aroused. The boy’s ass pressed back against Luke, “J-Just hurry up-“

“Shhh,” Luke said, licking a strip up his neck and liking the way the Latino shivered, “you know you like it,” to drive the point home he impaled Leo on his cock. The Latino cried out loudly, his cock rubbing precum on the window, “Say please and I’ll make you come,” Luke murmured playfully.

“Luke please,” the boy choked on a sob.

“Do it properly,” Luke said hungrily, biting on his earlobe.

“Please daddy,” Leo whimpered. Luke shivered and started thrusting faster, Leo’s body inches away from the window. The boy moaned and Luke’s hand snaked around him to wrap around his cock, stroking it in time with his thrusts as he showered the boy’s neck and shoulders with bites and kisses.

When he emptied himself inside his boyfriend and Leo got come all over the window the blonde opened his eyes, buzzing with the afterglow. On the balcony directly opposite them stood a woman, a towel wrapped around her hair, a mug in her hand, mouth and eyes open in shock.

Leo groaned and Luke snorted.

***

Luke long ago forgot what movie he and Leo had come to see was about, because it was hard to concentrate on the screen when the Latino’s hand was wrapped around his cock, stroking slowly, teasing him. The blonde had been on the edge for God knows how long, leaning against the smaller boy and biting on his shoulder to muffle the sounds that threatened to spill out of his mouth.

“Leo,” he groaned, low in his throat. The Latino was keeping his eyes firmly on the big screen, a
smile playing on his lips, and he casually let go of Luke’s cock. The blonde fought a moan of frustration. The cinema was pretty full but thankfully Luke was sitting by the wall, and nobody could directly see him.

He blindly reached for Leo’s hand but the Latino bated him away.

“Watch the movie,” he hissed. Annoyed, Luke turned back to the screen, crossing his arms over his chest. After a few minutes, when his erection finally started to go down a little Leo’s small hand found its way back over, and wrapped around the blonde’s shaft again. Luke couldn’t take it; he shoved his fist into his mouth and moaned.

“Shhh!” someone behind him hissed, clearly not realising what was happening. Luke’s pulse sped up and his free hand grabbed Leo’s wrist, ensuring that he didn’t pull back this time. The blonde forced his boyfriend’s hand to move up and down faster and faster, feeling pleasure coil in his stomach and his orgasm fast approaching.

He came all over Leo’s hand and he slumped in his chair, panting quietly. Leo smirked at him, in power for once, and licked the cum off of his hand. Luke felt himself stirring once again. He stood up abruptly and grabbed Leo by the wrist, pulling him up. He needed to fuck him now, and if they didn’t make it home before he exploded...well, it wouldn’t be the first time.
So this isn’t incest!
Leo’s part of the family isn’t technically related to the rest of them. Zeus and Poseidon
are brothers but Jason’s adopted so he’s not related to Percy or Leo.

Can you do a Crime Family AU one? Where the gods are the leaders of different areas of New
York and Jason and Percy develop a dark love and obsession for their distant cousin Leo,
while he is in love with his so amazing cousins and just wants to be loved. And one night in one
of their clubs, they see Leo making out with some guy and they just explode, maybe taking
him out to the car and driving to one of their buildings and smut starts, with Leo bottoming?
For Arya

Nyssa, 15 / Silena, 15 / Jason, 12 / Annabeth, 12 / Piper, 12 / Bianca, 14 / Nico, 10 / Leo, 10 /
Percy, 12 / Frank, 9 / Harley, 6 months / Hazel, 9 / Beckendorf, 16 / Clarisse, 14
PERCY

Percy leaned against the wall, unbothered, a neutral look on his face as he watched his father drive his fist into the stomach of one of the men who owed them money. The man let out a wet gasp and slid to his knees, though he was kept up by Percy’s half brother Tyson and one of his father’s men.

Despite being only twelve years old Percy didn’t even flinch at this kind of violence. He was used to it since his father was the leader of the Blue Boys, one of the most feared gangs in New York City...and just generally in the states. Poseidon, Percy and Tyson belonged to the biggest gang ring in history, and every member of their family was stationed in a different state, controlling it, importing drugs, extorting money, beating people up.

Poseidon was a good father. Despite all the violence and mercilessness he projected onto the men who went against his rule to Percy and Ty he was nothing but kind, gentle and loving, the way a father should be. He eased the boys into the Gang life slowly, allowing them to watch before they grew strong and old enough to deal with the business themselves. Percy’s father wasn’t a bad man; even his mother who was a pacifist said so. Sally always repeated that Poseidon did what he had to do to remain in power. Percy used to be scared of him when he was younger, knowing that the same gentle hands that tucked him into bed killed people.

He understood his role now, knew he’d have to become like Poseidon someday. And he was okay with that. The young boy looked up to his father and since Tyson wasn’t ‘really there’ as Sally said, it would fall on Percy’s shoulders to one day become the leader of the Blue Boy’s. Of course Percy wasn’t alone; his father’s siblings, scattered around the states, had their own children by now, and all of them were growing up to become future gang leaders.

That’s why Percy was so excited for the annual family meeting, where he could see all of the kids again, and tell them about his father’s exploits. Poseidon finished with the man, knocking several of his teeth across the warehouse floor. His men dragged the unconscious guy away and Poseidon came over to Percy, wiping his bloody knuckles on a handkerchief, a warm, cheerful smile on his face.

“Ready to go, kiddos?” he asked, Tyson following behind him.

“Yup,” Percy said happily, pushing himself off of the wall. Their bags were already in his father’s pickup truck, and they had just had to finish this little ‘job’ before they were on their way for two
whole weeks of relaxation where the whole family could catch up. Percy couldn’t wait to see his cousins, even the distant ones. He was excited to be a proper gangster but in the end he was just a kid.

**JASON**

Jason Grace was talking to Percy. In theory they were first cousins but in practice Jason was adopted so they weren’t even related, that’s why the twelve year old wasn’t feeling quite as uncomfortable about the heat that Percy was making him feel as he probably should.

Most of the family was gathered in the massive beach-side cabin that they always came to. It was in a private, secluded part of Long Island, giving the family the peace they needed, away from their complicated jobs for two weeks. And Jason was more excited than normal, positively buzzing, because of Percy. The blonde spent most of his time with Jupiter’s Gang since it was ran by his father, Zeus, and the only kids near his age he got to hang out with was his half sister Thalia.

Zeus didn’t want his son hanging out with other kids. The strict mafia boss was set on making Jason a perfect copy of himself, so he could leave Jupiter’s Gang in the hands of someone he knew would make a good job of it. He discarded Thalia the second Jason turned twelve, deciding that despite her being older she was unworthy of being the leader. *She’s too wild*, he explained to Jason one night, *she does her own thing. You’re a good boy, you listen to your father.*

That’s why at the age of twelve Jason had already killed a man. In Chicago, where their base was, he was almost as feared as his father, the killer-child. He forgot that he was a kid until he got to meet up with his family again, until he got to see Percy. He just...wasn’t expecting for all the weird feelings he had for his step-cousin to appear out of nowhere. After all they’ve known each other forever.

“*I’m telling you,*” Percy said as they sat a little away from the barbeque that all the adults were preparing. The sun was setting behind the massive lake, painting it auburn, and Jason couldn’t stop staring at Percy’s bright blue eyes and boyish dark hair. He wished his father let him grow his own hair out a bit, instead of forcing him to keep it short, “*My dad just grabs this dude by the neck and dunks him in the water!*”

“No way,” Jason grinned, “*my dad did something similar! He...he...,*” his smile faltered. Now that he thought about it the thing Zeus did was not similar. They both involved water, though Zeus’ way probably involved a lot more screaming too, “*Never mind.*”

Percy frowned, “*Is everything okay? You seem sad. You weren’t like that last year.*”

“I’m fine,” Jason forced a smile, his head and heart a jumble of confusion. Near the water’s edge little Nico from the Devil’s Messengers screamed when his older sister Bianca picked him up and held him dangerously over the edge of the water. Jason’s eyes immediately slid to Hades, their father and the leader of the gang, who glanced over and just shook his head fondly. The man was standing with Percy’s dad, Uncle Poseidon, his youngest nine year old daughter, Hazel, gripping his leg tightly and refusing to step away.

Jason knew if he ever screamed like that or made a nuisance of himself Zeus would shout at him and probably hit him, though Hades didn’t seem to care what his kids did on vacation. Maybe that’s why Jason liked the Long Island House so much, because it was a different world here, calmer, softer, more peaceful. There were enough people here that he could hide from Zeus by any of them, even if just for two weeks.

Jason’s fourteen year old cousin Clarisse came running out onto the sand, her chunky body looking like a boy’s, holding a netball underneath her arm. Her father, Ares, always scared Percy and even
now Jason could see the boy’s blue eyes slide to his uncle. He felt the stupid need to protect the boy. Ares was the leader of the Dead Man’s Gang in San Diego. When they had been six and Clary was eight she had almost accidentally drowned in the lake and Ares had thought it was Percy’s thought. He had hit the boy then and the family got mad. Jason didn’t remember it too clearly.

Two blonde kids chased after Clarisse, shouting. Annabeth and Malcolm were both nerdy-smart kids from the Night Owl Gang from Montebello in California, led by their mother Athena. Annabeth was the boys’ age, Malcolm a year younger. Jason liked them well enough, though Percy not as much.

“Ugh, God they’re so stuck up,” he pulled a face.

“Don’t be mean,” Jason rolled his eyes, “They’re family.”

“No,” Percy said stubbornly, his bare toes brushing against the grass. He gave Jason a bright grin, “We’re family.”

“We’re all family,” Jason clarified, trying not to let the words affect him. Percy’s smile fell a little and he looked away but before Jason could ask him what was wrong, or figure it out himself, Piper came running up to them. Piper was their age, and both the boys really liked her. She was the daughter of their two favourite aunts, Aphrodite and Artemis, who ran the Hell’s Girls gang in Miami. She was dragging Frank by the hand. The boy was chubby, horribly shy and three years younger. You’d never guess that he was Ares’ son, and Clarisse’s half brother.

“The Valdez gang is here!” Piper said excitedly. Percy and Jason both jumped to their feet, grinning. The Valdez’s were somehow related to them, though not very closely, and they were considered immediate family. The gang from San Leon was always the most fun and together the four kids sprinted through the house, getting sand and grass everywhere in their haste to get to the front door.

In the driveway there were half a dozen expensive cars parked. Next to Uncle Apollo’s minibus was Uncle Hephaestus’ van, painted bright red. Spilling out of it were his kids.

“Nyssa!” Piper yelled, letting go of Frank’s hand and barrelling into the older girl. The fifteen year old caught her ‘cousin’ and laughed, spinning Piper around merrily. Her brothers made for the door.

“Jason,” Beckendorf was sixteen and the oldest from all the Gang kids. He was grinning as he ruffled Jason’s short hair and then clapped Percy on the shoulder, “And Perce too! Dang, you guys grew since last year. How old are you again?”

“Twelve,” the two boys said together, proudly. Beckendorf shook his head in disbelief.

“That’s insane,” he said, and then went into the house with his bags. Jason and Percy said hello to Nyssa and to their Uncle too and his little baby, Harley, and then everyone went inside the house. Except Jason, Percy, and Leo.

“Hi guys!” the ten year old Latino boy said loudly, obnoxiously, looking like Santa’s lost elf, standing by his massive suitcase and waving. Jason and Percy exchanged a look and rolled their eyes.

“I hoped he wouldn’t come,” Jason said, loud enough for Leo to hear. Percy snickered and the Latino’s smile fell off his chubby face. He recovered quickly, used to being pushed away by his older cousins. Percy and Jason didn’t like Leo because he was...childish. And loud. And nosy. And he was a baby compared to them. It was always like that; the big kids like Beckendorf and Nyssa and Clary and Silena from the Hell’s Girls gang and Thalia and all of Uncle Apollo’s kids from Atlantic City and Uncle Hermes’ kids from Detroit when they showed up all hanged out together
and sometimes they drank cider, or even beer, and sometimes Uncle Ares gave them cigarettes. Then it was Jason and Percy, and Piper and sometimes Annabeth and Malcolm if they wanted to, and Bianca when she wasn’t babying her brother, and they all ran around the beach together, and played hide and seek or did fake-war campaigns against one another. And then it was the babies, the shy little ones like Frank and Hazel, and Nico if Bianca let him out of her sight, and Tyson because he preferred to look after the small ones rather than keep up with the conversations of the older ones. And Leo was in that group too; he wasn’t allowed to play with Jason and Percy as far as the boys were concerned, even though he was only two years younger.

“Jason!” Leo ignored his ‘cousin’s’ rudeness, oblivious as always, buried by the mass of curls on top of his head, “I heard you killed someone! Is that true?”

Jason felt his face pale and his stomach churned. Percy looked away, clearly uncomfortable. He knew about it; as much as Jason didn’t want him to. He didn’t know why he was ashamed of doing that when eventually they all would have to, but he just hated Percy knowing.

“Shut up punk.” Jason didn’t know why he was getting angry but he stormed up to Leo and shoved him on the shoulder, “Don’t act so smart! You’re just a stupid kid!”

Leo blinked at him, “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“I’m not upset!” Jason yelled face red, “Stop acting like you’re family! You’re not!” and he shoved Leo again, this time hard enough that the boy fell back against the gravel. His little face scrunched up and suddenly he was crying.

“Oh great you made the baby cry,” Percy said, but when Jason turned around he was smiling. The blonde liked knowing that the boy had his back.

“What’s going on here?” Aunt Athena came storming out of the house, fuming, “Are you two picking on little Leo again?!?”

“I’m not little!” Leo protested, standing up, lower lip quivering. He was so, so little.

“Both of you inside. Now,” Athena hissed. Jason knew he’d get in trouble with Zeus later but he didn’t care because the smile that Percy gave him as they went inside made it worth it.

2 Years later

When Jason was fourteen The Valdez Gang came to Chicago to help the Jupiter Gang out with some issues, and so the kids could spend Christmas together. Jason remember how excited he was to see all of his older ‘cousins,’ Nyssa and Beck, and baby Harley too. The fact that Leo was coming = was annoying him though; he didn’t like the kid.

Still, his adopted father told him firmly that he was to come and greet the guests so Jason stood in front of their big Chicago house, watching the family spill out of their van.

“Jason!” Nyssa ran to him and was about to pick him up, the way she did a thousand times, when suddenly she stopped. She had to look up at her younger cousin.

“Dammit,” she swore to herself, but hugged him nonetheless. Beckendorf crushed Jason into his arms, and then Hephaestus was there, holding Harley in his arms.

“Wow, he’s grown so much,” Jason said in awe as the curly haired boy looked at him with big, curious eyes that all of his siblings had too. He reached out and hit Jason lightly on the nose. The blonde snickered.
“He’s weird around people,” Hephaestus said awkwardly.

“Just like his dad,” Nyssa said fondly, and then they all went into the house with Zeus. Leo was the last one out, as always, the little boy struggling with the luggage. He was twelve and although a little taller and a little stronger he still felt like a midget to Jason. The blonde rolled his eyes.

“Let me help,” he said, making it seem like he was doing Leo a favour. The Latino nudged him away with his elbow, a look of determination on his tanned face.

“I can do it.”

Jason sighed, “Just let me,” he shoved Leo to the side and pulled his bag out swiftly. When he offered it to Leo the little boy was standing there, staring at the ground, cheeks red, hands in fists. Jason exhaled, feeling a little bad.

“It got stuck on something,” he said, to make the younger boy feel better. He put the suitcase down, “That’s why you couldn’t get it out.”

“Don’t lie to me,” Leo sniffled, “I...Nyssa told me why you and Percy and all the older boys don’t like me.”

“We do like you!” Jason lied. Leo glared at him,

“You’re lying again!” he said angrily, “Nyssa said it’s because I’m not big and strong like you, and that I talk too much.”

Jason looked away, not knowing what to say, and feeling bad for picking on the kid.

“It’s okay. I get it. I’m annoying,” Leo said, wiping his nose on the back of his sleeve like he was about to cry, “all the kids at school say it too. But that’s okay. Just...,” he looked up at Jason with big eyes, “I want to fix it. I want to be cool like you.”

“You are cool,” Jason said, feeling absolutely horrible about what Leo told him.

“Then why doesn’t anyone like me?” Leo asked quietly. Jason’s heart literally broke in half. Suddenly it wasn’t his technically-maybe-kinda annoying younger cousin standing in front of him, but a boy almost his age, upset because he had no friends at school, because he thought there was something wrong with him.

Jason pulled him into a hug and rubbed his back, trying to comfort him the way Thalia comforted him. Leo sniffled and pressed himself into Jason’s chest, because he couldn’t reach any higher, his fists bunching up in the boy’s shirt at the back.

“Hi Leo,” Jason said, “it’s nice to see you again.”

Leo sniffled, face firmly hidden in Jason’s shirt, “Hi J-Jason.”

***

The two had surprisingly a lot of fun together over the summer. Since it wasn’t all the Gangs together Jason didn’t have anyone else to hang out with. Thalia, Nyssa and Beckendorf were all almost adults and they were always out and about in town, sometimes coming back drunk, sometimes with scrapes and bruises. The adults were always swarming over little Harley and so Jason and Leo were virtually stuck together, and since for Jason there were no other fourteen year olds around Leo didn’t seem that much younger.
They went to the park, had snowball fights, decorated the house, went to church, saw the lights turned on in the town square, and it was nice, and Jason didn’t feel lonely. He used Leo as an excuse to not go with his father to do business, because he hated his father. No the business, though. He was okay with being a gangster.

Sometimes the two of them would call Percy over the house phone and talk with him and the boy would tell them about his day and what was going on in New York, and how much he wanted to hang out with the two of them. It was really nice. Jason loved having everyone in their big house, since it always felt empty with just him and his father.

But of course all good things came to an end, and eventually the snow cleared up a little and the Valdez’ decided it was time to go back to San Leon, where it wasn’t as bitterly cold. Jason was helping his cousins and Uncle get back into the van, helping with luggage, saying goodbyes, kissing little Harley on his cute little nose, play-fighting with Beckendorf.

“Where’s Leo?” Hephaestus asked as his other kids climbed into their seats. Everyone looked around but the boy was nowhere to be seen in the snowy driveway.

“He probably forgot something!” Jason said, “I’ll go get him.”

He ran back into the house, hurriedly shrugging off his coat and shoes so he didn’t get any snow up the stairs (His father would kill him) and then went up to his room. Just like he expected Leo was curled up on Jason’s bed. Even though the kids had gotten their own bedrooms in the house for their stay Leo was determined to sleep in Jason’s. And now he was laying face down on Jason’s massive bed, a mop of curls peeking up from among the pillows, looking tiny.

“Leo your dad is looking for you,” Jason said. Leo sniffled.

“I-I’m not going.”

“Oh c’mon,” Jason didn’t want him to go either. He went and sat down on the edge of the bed, ruffling Leo’s hair. The boy looked up at him, eyes red and puffy from crying. Jason didn’t point it out since he knew Leo hated seeming weak, “Think about it this way; only six months until we go to the Cabin.”

“It won’t be the same,” Leo sat up, “There you’ll have Percy and Annabeth and Piper and you won’t want to hang out with me anymore.”

“That’s not true!” Jason protested, pulling Leo to his feet, “We’re best friends now, yeah? You and me and we’ll hang out on the island too.”

“Just us two?” Leo asked hopefully.

“Um...and Percy.”


“Yeah,” Jason’s heart felt heavy in his chest, his stomach doing little flips. He didn’t know why but there was a tension in the air, like he was supposed to do something. But it was Leo who did it. He stood up on his tiptoes and pecked Jason on the lips.

The blonde stumbled back, eyes wide, heart pounding. Leo stared at him.

“I didn’t mean to do that,” he whispered. Jason’s reaction clearly freaked him out and the blonde wanted to grab him and tell him it was okay, but he couldn’t move. Leo turned on his heel and
sprinted out of the house and Jason still didn’t move, and then he heard their van leave.

He called the Hephaestus house that night, mustering up the courage, but Beckendorf told him that Leo didn’t want to talk to him and asked if they had had a fight. Jason called Percy and told him everything and Percy didn’t know what to make of it, and it was all messy.

And that year, when the Valdez’s came to the island Leo wasn’t there. *He went to Mexico to his grandma,* Hephaestus had said, *he’ll come next year.*

But he didn’t come next year. Or the year after.

So for a long, long time it was just Jason and Percy.

Silena, 21 / Annabeth, 18 / Piper, 18 / Harley, 6 / Leo, 16 / Nico, 16 / Jason, 18 / Nyssa, 21 / Hazel, 15 / Frank, 15 / Beckendorf, 22 / Clarisse, 20 / Percy, 18
4 Years Later

PERCY

Percy punched the man in front of him in the face so hard that he felt the jaw crack before he even heard it. The man let out a pitiful whine, the only sound he had the strength to make and would’ve slid to the ground if it wasn’t for Tyson and Grover holding him up. Percy was doing what was necessary. The eighteen year old grabbed the man’s face with his blood-stained hand and forced him to look at him,

“Where is my money?” He asked, deadly calm, the way he had seen Poseidon say a million times. His father would’ve been proud if he wasn’t already at Long Island for the annual meeting. Percy was going that night, but right now he was keeping his excitement down as he finished business first.

“I-It’s in...it’s in my warehouse.”

Percy smiled and pulled back. He nodded at Tyson and Grover and they let the man go, allowing him slide to the ground.

“Make sure he’s telling the truth,” he said to Grover, “check that warehouse. If my money isn’t there – kill him,” he nodded his head at Tyson, and turned to the doors.

***

The house was as beautiful and peaceful as Percy remembered from the previous year and his father, Uncle Ares and his kids were the only people there. This year would be tough since some shit went down in Detroit and Atlantic City, meaning Uncle Hermes and Uncle Apollo wouldn’t be able to come until next year. Still, Percy was glad for that tiny bit of more privacy.

“Frank!” he exclaimed as he came in.

“Cousin!” Frank’s face brightened up as he came to embrace Percy. He wasn’t the shy, chubby kid getting pulled around by his older cousins anymore. Now, despite being only fifteen he was taller than Percy, and more muscular too. He was quickly catching up with Beckendorf. Clarisse came and also hugged Percy fiercely.

“It’s good to see you both again,” the dark haired boy said. Clarisse had a new scar on her chin and a healing bruise around her eye thought that was unsurprising – she always picked more fights than the other gangsters.

“Nico’s here,” the girl said, surprisingly soft for her. Percy swallowed, nodded, left his bag by the door and followed the two into the living room, where half a dozen couches faced a massive TV.
The sixteen year old was curled up on one, facing away from everyone. Percy clenched and unclenched his hands a few times, and then cleared his throat.

“Hey, Nico,” he said. Frank and Clary hovered at his sides nervously, and Nico didn’t say anything. He had his hood up, “I’m...,” Percy had trouble getting words past the lump in his throat, “I’m sorry about Bianca.”

Nico violently got up and shoved past his startled cousins, sprinting upstairs to the room that he used to share with his sister before she was killed in a police shoot-down. Percy felt a heaviness in his heart. Clary clapped him on the shoulder.

“It’s okay. Everything will turn out okay...eventually.”

They went outside where Poseidon and Ares were staring the barbeque. Apart from a few grey streaks in their hair and a wrinkle here or there it looked exactly like six years ago; like nothing changed. The trees leading down to the beach swayed in the late afternoon breeze. Percy went to say hello to his uncle and to give his father a quick rundown of what he missed at the warehouse. Uncle Hades wasn’t present – he was back in Los Angeles, getting the Devil’s Messengers to hunt down the men who killed his daughter two months prior. From what Percy could figure out he forced Nico and Hazel to come to the Cabin, probably to take a break from the mess happening in LA.

Percy was helping with starting the barbeque but not twenty minutes after he showed up there was the sound of wheels on the gravel in front of the house. Percy grinned, glad for the newcomer, and practically sprinted to the front door. Clarisse got there first though, throwing it open.

“Clary!” Percy heard Jason’s voice and his stomach did a little flip as if he missed a step on the stairs. He forced himself to slow down, to not show how excited and happy he was to see Jason again.

The blonde came in, hugging Clary, his father and sister close behind him. Percy stared at him. Since last year Jason’s hair had grown out so now it tumbled into his clear blue eyes. There was a shadow of stubble on his sharp jaw line, and a smile on his lips.

“Perce,” he said, trying to sound casual but Percy could hear the desperation in his voice. When he gave Percy a quick ‘appropriate’ hug it was so tight that for a second the boy couldn’t breathe.

“Uncle Zeus,” Percy said, going to shake his uncle’s hand, dizzy just from Jason’s presence, “How was your trip.”

“Decent enough,” Zeus scoffed, “Where is your father, Perseus?”

“Out back,” Percy replied and his uncle left, leaving his bags behind. Clarisse and Thalia glanced between them,

“Jas, why don’t you come to our room and unpack?” Percy asked, hoping the girls couldn’t hear the eagerness in his voice. Jason nodded quickly and grabbed his suitcase, and they bounded up the stairs, leaving their cousins alone to find Frank. Since Tyson didn’t come this year, deciding to spend time with his mother in Ireland, and Thalia was too old to room with her brother, Jason and Percy were sharing a room. Since Percy had gotten there almost first he dibsed the best room in the house; the attic room. It had a little curly staircase leading up to it from the third floor, and inside it was all wood, with a slanted roof with a window that always let in the perfect amount of light onto the two beds inside.

The second Jason and Percy were inside they slammed the door shut and then Jason crowded his
adopted cousin in against said door, kissing him senselessly. Percy didn’t realise how much he had been craving for Jason to touch him again until the man did, and Percy felt his knees shake. Their hands were everywhere, clinging onto each other, trying to press closer.

“I missed you,” Percy whispered feverishly in-between kisses. Jason’s hands slid down his body roughly, gripping at his hips, his ass. “Fuck I missed you.”

“Me too,” Jason pulled back a little so he and Percy were just panting in each other’s mouths. Jason’s eyes were all soft and open. He reached up and brushed his thumb over Percy’s cheekbone, smiling, “God, you have no idea how much I missed you.”

He pulled Percy into a hug and they held onto each other, just reassuring themselves that they were really together again for a while. Jason smelled like motor oil, cigarettes and mint. Percy grew up with that smell, and knew that it provided comfort and safety.

“I don’t know how much time we have,” Jason murmured, kissing Percy’s cheek and his temple. Percy smiled into the blonde’s shoulder.

“That’s okay,” he said, “We have the whole night. Today. Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow-,” Jason kissed him, smiling.

“I love you.”

Percy brushed his hair from his face, “I know. I love you too.”

They went and laid down on the bed, put on a movie to make it look innocent, and curled around each other, kissing lazily for an hour. Jason wanted to fuck Percy, but now that they were together he knew they had time – there was no need to rush.

The sound of a car parking outside and voices make the two boy’s sigh against each other’s mouths and sit up, startled out of their little bubble.

“Guess we better go see our family,” Percy said, smoothing down Jason’s hair again. Jason caught his hand and kissed it. The dark haired boy saw something flicker in his lover’s eyes, and he knew what it was, “You’re hoping Leo’s come?”

“I know he hasn’t,” Jason shook his head and then pulled Percy close, “I love you, you know I do.”

Percy smiled, “I don’t mind that you have feelings for him too.”

“It’s...,” Jason sighed in frustration, “We were so young and it happened so fast and it’s been years and I can’t stop thinking about it. I can’t stop thinking about him. And you. I can never stop thinking about you either,” he kissed Percy.

Percy should’ve probably been more bothered that the man he loved had feelings for someone else too, but he wasn’t. Because it was Leo. Percy always felt a protectiveness about the boy, especially when they both picked on him when they were younger. Of course he hadn’t seen him in four years, he didn’t even know what Leo looked like anymore. He wasn’t the twelve year old Percy remembered anymore.

Sluggishly the two walked back downstairs and bumped right into Annabeth on the second floor. The blonde girl grinned and threw her tanned arms around the two boys right when she saw them.

“There you are! Absolute wankers won’t even come down to say hello!”
“Hey Annie,” Jason kissed her cheek, “Sorry we were busy.”

“Sucking dick, eh?” Annabeth wriggled her eyebrows and both of the boys looked away, blushing, while the girl laughed. Annabeth was Percy’s best friend and the only person in the family who knew about the two’s relationship. They used to hate each other because Annabeth used to be boring and nerdy but now she was full of mischief like the rest of them.

“Where’s Malcolm?” Percy asked as the two of them made for the stairs.

“He stayed at Montebello,” Annabeth said, “he’s been chasing this girl around and juggling a part of the gang, and mom didn’t want to drag him here unnecessarily.”

“We’re getting smaller every year,” Jason sighed when they came to the landing, where bags littered the corridor.

“Hello Auntie Athena,” Percy said.

“Perseus you little rascal,” the dark haired woman scoffed, though she was shorter than Percy. She kissed his cheeks, and then Jason’s too, “What have you boys been up to? Nothing good I hope.”

“You know us, Auntie,” Jason winked.

“Do y’all wanna take a walk down to the beach?” Annabeth asked.

“Oh yes Annabeth,” Athena said dryly, “Disappear when there’s work to be done. Who’s going to unpack your bags? The holy ghost?”

“I’ll do it later.”

“You can go for a walk later,” Athena insisted.

“But the sun-“

“The sun isn’t going anywhere,” Athena said, and walked through the living room to the garden.

“Annie?” Percy asked.

“Run,” Annabeth said, and the trio threw themselves at the front door.

“Oi! Wait for us!” they heard Clarisse behind them and then she and Frank were joining the three, and they all spilled into the driveway, giggling. They dashed into the trees, barefoot, knowing the terrain, and circled around the house so nobody saw them from the garden. The Cabin was sheltered, private, so there was nobody around for miles. Suddenly the wood gave way to cliffs, and they fell down abruptly over a mesmerizing sapphire sea. Laughing, the teenagers raced down the gentle, grassy slope of one of the cliffs, down to the beach.

The second Percy’s feet sank into the soft sand he grinned, closed his eyes, and spread his arms. This is what freedom feels like, he thought, letting the early evening breeze brush lovingly through his hair. The sun was setting, but the ground was still hot from the day’s blaze.

Clarisse chased Annabeth to the sea while Frank collapsed on the sand, spread-eagled, just looking happy to be there. Percy grinned but before he could say anything Jason charged at him and picked him up. Percy screamed when the blonde threw him over his shoulder, dashing for the sea.

“Frank!” Percy screamed, laughing, reaching for Frank as they passed him. The Asian boy just shook his head fondly and the next thing Percy knew was that Jason was running into the sea,
spraying water everywhere, and then dumping Percy into the waves.

The boy spluttered as his head went under, salty water swirling in his mouth, and sat up immediately. All of his cousins were laughing at him. Annabeth and Clarisse were only wet to their knees, and because they were both wearing shorts that didn’t do any damage. Percy lunged himself at Clary and knocked her into the water.

“Asshole!” the girl splashed him. Annabeth wobbled and fell in, laughing like a maniac, and then they were all laughing and splashing, except Jason, who remained mostly dry until Frank barrelled at him and knocked him in.

When it started getting a bit colder the five teens dragged themselves back to shore and laid in the sand, enjoying the last rays of sunshine. Looking at them you’d never think they all belonged to Gangs.

When Percy was mostly dry he sat up. A thin streak of smoke was climbing in the air from the chimney, which meant someone got wood in the fireplace. The food would be ready soon and Percy felt his stomach clenching with hunger. Then his eyes landed on the slope of the cliff, and he saw people climbing down, as small as ants.

“Someone’s coming,” Percy said. Annabeth sat up abruptly, sand in her long hair.

“Fuck is it my mom?”

Percy squinted, “Uh...no...don’t think so?”

“It’s probably the others,” Frank got to his feet and dusted sand off of himself. He pulled Annabeth up and Jason, Clary and Percy clambered up after them. They stood in a tight, protective clump without even thinking about it as the small group of newcomers came closer. Percy’s couldn’t see faces, didn’t know who they were. But suddenly that group was waving and a far-away yelp of joy sounded.

“That’s Piper!” Annabeth face broke out into a grin and she dashed from the group, running towards the newcomers. Piper flew towards her as well and they collided violently in the middle as the two groups approached, laughing and clutching onto each other. Percy knew that the Valdez kids had arrived because Beckendorf towered over everyone else, arm thrown carelessly around Silena’s shoulders.

And then Percy’s eyes met Leo’s.

It came as a shock that the boy was even there because they hadn’t been expecting him. Percy couldn’t do more than stare, and neither could Jason, who’s mouth was hanging open. The last time either of them had seen the boy was when they were fourteen and he was twelve. Sixteen year old Leo looked drastically different.

He was a lot taller, but still short for his age. His skin was as tanned as Percy remembered from living in San Leon, but he had cut his curls shorter so they weren’t so all over the place. He lost chubbiness in his face, he had that laid-back, careless air around him. Leo got fucking hot.

“Leo,” Jason breathed, breaking the silence. Leo glanced at them, and didn’t smile.

“Hi.”

Percy acted on instinct. He reached out and pulled Leo against him roughly, wrapping his arms around the boy.
“God, it’s good to see you again,” he gushed, not understanding why suddenly he just wanted to cling onto the little boy. Leo laughed, relaxing and patted Percy on the back.

“It’s good to see you too,” now he was smiling, cheeks flushed a little. He didn’t look at Jason, though Jason was looking at him.

JASON

On one hand Jason loved having Leo back; the house seemed a happier place with him and they needed it, since the death of Bianca weighed heavy on them. But on the other hand it was hard. Leo was blatantly avoiding Jason, and the blonde understood that. He had spent four years thinking about what he would say to Leo when he finally saw him again, but now he couldn’t remember any of it.

He also felt back because of Percy’s sake. Jason loved Percy, but he loved Leo too, he was sure of that as days passed. But where he got all of Percy at night, when they were all alone, he couldn’t even touch Leo, and he craved him. He didn’t know who to tell, because it was wrong. Jason knew he shouldn’t be feeling these feelings for Percy, much less for Leo. The kid was only sixteen for fuck’s sake!

Where the previous summers there had been clear divisions in who hanged out with who, now everyone seemed to merge. Apart from Harley the youngest of the cousins, Hazel and Frank, were already fifteen. Beckendorf was twenty two but he didn’t seem to mind. They spent their days lounging out on the beach, helping around the house, catching up, going into town for ice cream and lunch. Doing what normal kids did on their holidays out.

Leo clung to Percy like a magnet to a fridge. Jason wasn’t jealous in the sense that he wanted to pull the two apart, but in the sense that he wanted to be with them too, to be able to walk between the two boys that he loved, and not hang back and sulk. And then Piper came up with a ‘brilliant’ idea.

“We should go clubbing,” she said at dinner, when everyone was sat around the big table in the garden. Her mother choked on her salad.

“Oh no young lady!” she wheezed when her own cousin, Artemis, patted her on the back, “Clubs are dirty, sweaty places!”

“They’re fun Aunt Aphrodite,” Thalia said.

“You keep your mouth shut,” Zeus glared at his daughter, “You’re not going clubbing.”

“We’re all adults!” Percy protested.

“Frank, Hazel, Nico and Leo aren’t,” Hephaestus interjected.

“Dad!” Leo protested.

“We’d take care of them,” Nyssa promised, “and we wouldn’t drink.”

Ares snorted, “Yeah right.”

“Percy you can go if you want,” Poseidon said. Percy grinned at his dad, but then his smile fell,

“Wait. I’m not gonna go alone!”

“I’m going,” Beckendorf gave Hephaestus a pointed look, “I’m twenty two I’m a grown man.”

“Same,” Nyssa agreed.
“Nyssa, you’re not a grown man,” Silena laughed, “we’re grown women! I can drive, since I won’t be drinking,” she looked at Aphrodite, “It’s unhealthy and bad for the skin.”

Aphrodite patted her hand, “In that case, you can go honey.”

“Mom, I’m eighteen,” Piper reminded her.

“But you don’t care about your skin.”

“You can’t let Lena go and not me!” the girl grumbled. Aphrodite turned to Artemis pleadingly but the younger woman just shrugged. You’d think that parents who were okay with their kids killing people would be alright with letting them go clubbing.

“Fine,” Aphrodite said. Ares sighed and put down his fork, looking tiredly at Clarisse.

“Suppose I have to let you go too,” he grumbled.

“I’d go anyway,” Clary said. Ares sighed, half pleased and half exhausted.

“My blood.”

Leo opened his mouth.

“No,” Hephaestus said. The Latino sulked, slid down in his chair.

“I guess there’s no point me even asking,” Frank sighed.

“Nope,” Ares said happily, munching on some meat. Jason was having an eye fight with his dad.

“I’m going.”

“So am I,” Thalia said. Zeus clearly wasn’t about to fight both of his children.

“If you get arrested for anything other than battery or murder you’re disowned,” he said coldly, and turned back to his food. The blonde exhaled. Clubbing with Percy and all of his friends sounded like fun. He didn’t understand why his stomach was churning then.

***

They decided to take the Valdez’s van. If Apollo’s lot was here they would’ve probably opted for the minibus but alas, their uncle was not present. Jason was dressed in a white tank top with his favourite leather jacket over top that Percy said made him look like someone from an 80’s biker gang. Percy himself was going in a simple dark blue t-shirt that brought out his eyes and gave him that carelessly gorgeous look that made Jason want to push him up against a tree and kiss the living daylights out of him. It was late, the adults were out in the garden, grilling, drinking and laughing and the cousins packed themselves in the van. This took some time since all the girls, minus Clary, were in heels.

“It’s gonna be a tight fit lads,” Annabeth informed them as Piper squeezed in, half of her butt in Annabeth’s lap.

“Oi!” the shout made all the teens look up from where they were trying to get in. Across the dark lawn shadows were running towards them.

“You’re kidding me,” Beckendorf exhaled.
“Oh, we’re gonna get killed for this,” Clary said just as breathless, flushed Hazel, Leo and Frank stopped in front of them, grinning.

“Get back in the house,” Jason said, his eyes on Leo.

“No.”

“Okay,” the blonde shrugged, “I’m not taking responsibility for this.”

“We won’t fit in the van,” Silena said.

“I’ll take my car,” Percy said, “No drinking for me I guess.”

“It’s okay, I’ll drive,” Jason said. Percy pushed his keys into the blonde’s hand, lingering longer than he should’ve.

“Who’s coming with us?” Percy asked. Jason low-key hoped it’d just be the two of them because...well, car sex.

“I’ll go,” Leo said, casually, as if he hadn’t spent the past week avoiding Jason. The blonde swallowed and exchanged a look with Percy.

“Okay! Let’s go before we get caught!” Hazel said, shoving Frank into the van. And that’s how Percy, Jason and Leo ended up in the car together. Jason was so nervous his hands shook when he put them on the steering wheel, pulling out of the driveway. Leo was in the backseat at least, but the air was still awkward and tense and the closest club was fifteen minutes away. Jason turned up the radio as loud as it could go and kept his eyes firmly on the road.

***

The club was packed, the music so loud that Jason’s head was ringing. There were so many people there, grinding, attempting to talk, drinking, dancing, that the blonde immediately lost everyone except Percy. The dark haired boy seemed to think this was a good thing because he pressed Jason up against the closest wall and kissed him.

“No here,” the blonde whispered, pushing him away gently. Percy pouted,

“Nobody can see!” he shouted over the music. He was right - it was so dark that Jason could barely make out Percy’s face. He leaned in and kissed him against his better judgment. Then they went to the bar, where they found Nyssa, and took a round of shots. Then they kissed some more, in a secluded corner, and then Percy pulled Jason into the dancing crowd, grinding against him. Jason felt better when he saw Silena and Beckendorf with their tongues down each other’s throats. He wasn’t even related to any of them – he was adopted after all. And Leo wasn’t related to them either, at least not closely. Why do I care? Jason wondered as Percy dragged him to a corner to make out and grope some more.

They drank, they danced, they kissed. Jason punched some guy who tried to flirt with Percy. Frank got into a straight up fist fight and Hazel had to drag him away. A few hours passed, and Jason was actually having a lot of fun.

Until he saw Leo. With some guy. Kissing.

He didn’t know what happened, just that suddenly there was this unbearable jealousy inside of him, his insides churning, hands curling into fists.
“Jason-,” Percy saw that he was staring furiously.

“I love him,” Jason said, stupidly, hopelessly. Percy didn’t look hurt. He grabbed Jason by the back of the neck and kissed him,

“I love him too,” he said, lips brushing against Jason’s. The blonde just wanted them both, in his arms, away from other men. He grabbed Percy by the wrist and pulled the protesting boy to where Leo was making out with the guy. Jason’s mind didn’t even register what the guy looked like.

Jason grabbed him by the back of his shirt and literally ripped him away from Leo, smashing him against the wall. A couple people gasped, including Leo.

“What the fuck?!” the Latino demanded. Jason raised his fist to the guy who was crumbled on the floor, but Percy grabbed it.

“Don’t,” he whispered in his ear, “that’s enough.”

Jason couldn’t control himself. He let go of Percy, grabbed Leo, and dragged him to the exit. People were shouting after him but he didn’t care. Leo was trying to free himself from his grip. Jason saw Hazel’s terrified expression, and Silena was calling to him, but he didn’t care as he went outside into the cold air.

“What the hell Jason?!” Leo was still struggling, “What is wrong with you?! What are you doing?!”

“Shut up!” Jason growled, pulling him to Percy’s car. He didn’t know where Percy was.

“Are you homophobic or something?!”

“I said shut up!” Jason yelled, opening the back door and shoving Leo inside before getting behind the wheel.

“Don’t drive!” Leo protested, “You’ve drank!”

“I’m sober,” Jason said, because he was. Leo continued to protest as Jason pulled out of the street, but the blonde turned the radio up again, blood boiling. He just needed to get back home. He sped down the rural roads, fast enough that Leo couldn’t even think of jumping out. Not that he wanted to. When Jason glanced over he was sulking in the backseat, looking pissed and confused, but calmer.

They made it home in seven minutes.

Jason parked in the road outside the Cabin, to not alert the adults that they were home. He wasn’t in the mood to get shouted at for letting the youngers come with them.

“Tell me what this is all about,” Leo said when Jason turned the engine off.

“Not here. Come upstairs,” Jason was trying to control himself. Quietly the two crept through the house. The adults were still outside, sitting by a little campfire. They didn’t see the two as they went up. Leo probably went from curiosity more than anything else, Jason was sure. When they got to the attic room it took everything in Jason not to jump the boy. He closed the door behind him and tried to calm down.

“What was that about?” Leo demanded, arms crossed over his chest.

“Where were you for four years?” Jason asked instead. Leo exhaled and looked away,
“I was sorting stuff out.”

“Stuff that had something to do with you kissing me?” Jason asked.

“That...,” Leo swallowed, “That was a mistake.”

That hurt, “Why did you do it then?”

“I-I don’t know! I was confused, fuck,” Leo sighed, “This is exactly why I didn’t come back – I couldn’t stand you asking me all of this. Can we just forget it ever happened and go back to how it was before?”

“I don’t want to forget,” Jason growled, closing the space between him and Leo, “I spent four years obsessing over it, replaying it in my head. I called you, I wanted to talk about it-“

“You didn’t kiss me back,” Leo said, like an accusation.

“You never gave me the chance to,” Jason said, and then he couldn’t take it anymore. He shoved the startled Leo onto the bed and then climbed on top.

“Jason what-,” Leo’s eyes were wide. Jason kissed him fiercely. There was no time for gentleness or soft touches. Jason wanted Leo for so long. His hands ran over the boy’s body, tongue forced its way into his hot, wet mouth. It took him a moment of dizziness to realise that Leo was trying to push him away, “Jason!” he managed to free his mouth, hands pushing at Jason’s chest, “You’re acting crazy-“

“I want you,” Jason growled, grabbing Leo’s wrists and pinning them down to the bed. Leo squirmed, tried to kick him, but Jason didn’t let him. He collided their mouths again violently. Leo somehow managed to free his hands and he pushed Jason away again.

“S-Stop it!” he gasped, hiding his face in his shoulder as he tried to keep Jason away.

“Stop fighting me,” the blonde gritted out, trying to pin the Latino’s skinny wrists back down. It should’ve been easy but Leo was surprisingly agile and kept sliding free. He kneed Jason in the stomach and the blonde rolled over with a groan. Leo was on his feet in seconds, dashing across the dark room to the dark. He was stopped by Percy who suddenly came in, slamming the door closed and blocking it. Leo barrelled right into him, not stopping in time.

“Woah!” the dark haired boy yelled in surprise. Leo tried to pull away but Percy wrapped his arms protectively around him, “Hey, calm down-“

“L-Let go!” Leo was shaking, trying to squirm out of Percy’s grip. The dark haired boy’s eyes landed on Jason, still on the bed, dishevelled. He understood immediately, and Leo was still trying to fight him. Percy needed to get him to calm down.

“Hey,” he said gently, squeezing Leo into his chest. After a second the boy stopped fighting, “Shhh, it’s okay,” Percy murmured soothingly, resting his chin on top of Leo’s head. Jason was staring at him across the room and Percy smiled at him, “It’s okay.”

“I-I don’t know what’s going on,” Leo admitted shakily, pressing himself closer to Percy as if that made him feel safer.

“What happened?” Percy asked softly, though he knew what.

“I tried to kiss him,” Jason snapped, angry and hurt that Leo had pushed him away. Leo pulled out of
Percy’s arms and whirled around, face flushed, eyes angry.

“You didn’t t-try to kiss me!” he yelled angrily, though there were tears in his eyes, “You fucking p-pressed me into the bed and-“

“Kissed you,” Jason said coldly.

“Jason,” Percy raised an eyebrow, “Clearly you did something wrong since you scared Leo.”

“I’m not scared,” Leo growled, “I’m pissed.”

“Look Leo,” Percy said kindly, “Jason didn’t mean anything bad by what he did,” he turned the confused boy around so they were facing each other, “He’s bad with words, he was just trying to tell you something...,” he looked up at the blonde, “You went about it wrong, Jas. If you wanted to show Leo your feelings by kissing him you should’ve done it like this,” and then he casually leaned forward and pressed his lips to Leo’s.

Jason watched from the bed, shocked. Leo was shocked too, his eyes wide, his hands in mid-air. Percy’s hands were on his hips and the dark haired boy was kissing him invitingly, clearly trying to get him to relax. Jason swallowed nervously, feeling himself grow hard as Leo’s eyes suddenly fluttered shut, as if he was surrendering. He let Percy pull him closer, and when he started kissing back Jason couldn’t take it anymore.

He got off the bed and stormed towards the boys, pulling Leo roughly back from Percy. The Latino flinched.

“That’s what I did!” the blonde said stubbornly.

“C’mon, show me,” Percy said invitingly. Jason wrapped an arm around his waist and hauled him close, the way he did a hundred times, slotting their mouths together. He felt Percy smile against his lips, “No,” he murmured, pulling back, “I can’t see that way. Show me on Leo.”

“If this is some sick game...,” Leo looked both confused, angry, and aroused at once. Jason just wanted the boy to like him back. He turned around and cupped Leo’s face in his hands. The boy’s eyes widened and Jason leaned in, kissing the boy sweetly. His heart was pounding, his stomach twisting. He just wanted the boy to be his the way Percy was. He kept the kiss slow, gentle, just on the right side of passionate, his lips fitting against Leo’s perfectly. When he pulled away Leo’s eyes were half lidded.

“I...,” he started shakily, and swallowed, “That is not how you kissed me before.”

“Go on,” Percy was close to Jason, closer than the blonde anticipated, mouth brushing against the blonde’s neck as he spoke. Jason shivered, “Show me properly.”

Jason crashed his lips against Leo’s and the boy let out a startled moan. This time he didn’t squirm and try to get away, instead he froze for a second but the moment he felt Jason’s tongue against his lips he parted them, allowing Jason inside. He moaned again, more submissive, like he was giving himself up. Jason had him wrapped up in his arms, kissing hungrily, and suddenly Leo’s hands were everywhere; on his face, tugging on his hair, gripping at his shoulders. He gasped when Jason bit at his bottom lip.

“I thought you didn’t like it,” Jason muttered, pulling back.

“You just s-surprised me, s’all,” Leo replied, chasing Jason’s lips with his. The blonde turned to look at Percy, and so did the Latino, and they saw that Percy was a step away, watching them with scarily
dark eyes, palming himself subconsciously through his jeans. He was hard, “Oh my God,” Leo whispered shakily, burying his face in Jason’s shoulder, “W-We can’t. Fuck we can’t.”

Jason let go of the Latino with one arm and reached for Percy, pulling him close and slotting their bodies together at the same time as their mouths met. The kiss was messy and open mouthed. Jason heard Leo gasp when his hand travelled to Percy’s ass, squeezing. Percy rubbed himself against Jason.

“H-Have you two done t-this before?” Leo asked. Percy smirked and pulled back.

“More times than I can count,” Jason murmured.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to join,” Percy said, “You can just watch,” he looked pointedly at the tent in Leo’s pants. The Latino blushed but let his two ‘cousin’s’ lead him to the bed, where they all lied down. Leo was on his side, face half-pressed into a pillow, staring at Percy, who was below Jason, kissing the blonde passionately.

Jason forgot he was being watched for a moment as he kissed Percy harder, losing himself in the boy. His hard cock pressed against Percy’s thigh and he inhaled sharply when the boy’s hand went down to his own crotch, squeezing Jason through his trousers.

“F-Fuck,” Jason growled, leaning down to Percy’s neck, kissing and biting and muffling his groans as Percy’s stroked him.

“See?” Percy said, letting out a breathy laugh, “We’re not doing anything wrong.”

His hands found Jason’s zipper and he undid it. Then both of them were pulling up and almost feverishly pulling their pants and shirts off. They laid back down, completely naked, and as Percy kissed Jason’s neck the blonde glanced at Leo. The Latino was watching them with wide eyes that slid down their bodies. His cock looked painfully hard.

Jason reached down and wrapped his hand around his and Percy’s cocks at the same time. Simultaneously the boys moaned and Leo bit the pillow, as if he wanted to moan with them. Jason stroked them once, twice, the precum sliding down their members and allowing a smoother slide, and Percy threw his head back against the pillows and groaned, and Leo broke.

He reached between them and batted Jason’s hand away, wrapping his own smaller one around their shafts.

“O-Oh shit,” Percy gasped. Leo’s hand didn’t make it fully around both of their members, but that was okay, because he stroked and Percy and Jason kissed again, messily, fingers digging into the other’s skin. Jason tried to control himself by licking and biting all over Percy’s neck, creating a mess of hickeys and bruises.

“C’mere,” Percy’s voice was almost a whine when he reached for Leo, bringing them together for a crushing kiss. Leo’s movement faltered then and Jason pulled away, driven by lust, and pushed Leo down, climbing on top of him. Before the younger boy could argue or protest Jason kissed him, full of teeth and tongue and demand. Leo melted underneath him. Percy joined them, hands pulling Leo’s shirt off. The second it was discarded Jason was kissing down his body, his tiny, tanned, beautiful body.

“S-Stop!” Leo whimpered, hand in Jason’s hair, trying to both pull him up and push him down, “W-We can’t.”

“Shhh, Leo,” Percy was distracting him with little kisses as Jason made his way to his navel, and
then further down, “It’s okay. He’ll stop, okay? If that’s what you want.”

Jason was touching and kissing as much as he could before Leo said stop, but to his surprise the boy didn’t. When Jason glanced up the Latino was looking at him with uncertain eyes. Jason hooked his fingers in his boxers and, not breaking eye contact, slid them off the boy. Leo shivered when the cold air hit his hard cock.

“God, you’re gorgeous,” Percy murmured, turning his face to kiss him. Jason hungrily licked at the tip of Leo’s cock, where the precum was gathered, and the Latino jolted. Jason held his hips down as he carefully took the head in his mouth.

“O-Oh fuck,” the younger boy whined, toes curling, “Oh fuck, fuck...”

“See? It’s good,” Percy seemed pleased with himself. Jason finally took all of Leo’s cock in his mouth, having previous experience with Percy, and swirled his tongue around the tip, licking up the vein. Leo went crazy, moaning, clutching the covers. To make matters worse (or better) Percy slid down the bed and took one of his nipples in his mouth, sucking on it roughly, one of his hands coming to caress the other one, twisting the bud in his fingers until it hardened.

By the amount of precum on his tongue Jason could tell that Leo was getting closer, so he let his dick out of his mouth with a pop.

“No!” Leo protested, “Why did you stop?!?”

Jason smirked at Percy and they switched position. The blonde surged up to pepper Leo’s face with kisses, distracting him as Percy reached for the lube. The Latino looked up from Jason’s ministrations when he heard the cap open.

“W-What’s he doing?” he asked Jason, voice laced with excitement and a little bit of fear.

“You’ll see,” Jason said as Percy’s hand disappeared between Leo’s legs. Jason knew the exact moment when Percy’s finger pushed inside the boy because Leo’s mouth fell open and he gasped and his hands shot out to grip at Jason’s shoulders.

“W-What...,” he started, and then moaned when Percy pulled his finger out before pushing it back in, “What is he... nghhh, P-Percy!”

“Shhh, good boy,” Percy murmured, fingering Leo roughly.

“How does it feel?” Jason asked, biting at Leo’s earlobe. Leo was letting out quiet breathy sounds, like he couldn’t stay quiet.

“I-I don’t know...weird...,” he bit his lip, “I-It feels weird, Jas-“

“What about now?” Percy asked, and by the way Leo’s back arched Jason knew Percy had another finger. Jason’s cock throbbed and he reached for Leo’s hand, pushing it down between his legs. Leo looked at him hopelessly, moaning as Percy fingered him, sloppily stroking Jason’s cock.

“Are you going to let Percy fuck you?” Jason asked, whispering into Leo’s ear. The boy whimpered, “Tell him. Tell him you want him to fuck you.”

“P-Percy-,” Leo was cut off by his own moan when Percy twisted his fingers inside him, “P-Percy fuck me.”

“Anything you want,” Percy murmured and pulled his fingers out. He reached for the lube again.
Jason didn’t know if he wanted to join or watch so he just kissed Leo senseless. When the boy tensed and pulled back, wide eyed, Jason looked down and saw that Percy was pushing his thick, hard cock inside the boy’s tiny hole.

Leo’s fingers dug into Jason’s shoulders, “Oh my God,” he whispered.

“Shhh,” Jason stroked his face, “You’re doing so well baby.”

“Oh my God Jason he’s inside me,” Leo whispered helplessly, eyes so full of lust that Jason didn’t know what to do with himself. Leo’s lips were swollen, his neck covered in bites and hickeys, his cheeks red, hair messy.

Jason hauled himself up and then flipped Leo so he was on all fours, shoving the boy’s face down in his crotch. Leo moaned, Percy moaned, his eyes closed as he bottomed out inside the boy, his hands gripping his ass.

“F-Fuck-,” Jason chocked on a moan when Leo drew him into his mouth, sucking vigorously, trying to muffle the sounds he was making. Jason threaded his fingers in the boy’s hair, and forced him further down onto his cock. Leo whimpered and Percy pulled out, just to slam back in. Leo let Jason’s cock slide out of his mouth as he cried out.

“Fuck-,” he was sobbing, “Oh f-fuck P-Percy-“

Jason pushed him back down and his dark eyes met Percy’s, “Fuck him,” he growled.

So Percy did. He started thrusting into the boy with a brutal force, the Latino’s whole body shaking. Leo was sloppily sucking Jason, moaning, sobbing, clawing at the blonde as he got pounded. The fact he was seeing Percy fuck Leo, completely destroy him, and that his cock was in the boy’s mouth made Jason creep closer and closer to the edge.

But out of the three of them it was Leo who came first. His back arched suddenly, and he pushed himself back against Percy, releasing Jason’s cock as he screamed, shooting strings of come all over Jason’s lower half. The Latino then slumped against Percy, who continued to fuck him furiously and Jason wrapped his fist around his own wet cock and started stroking vigorously and honestly he wasn’t sure who came after that.

Jason was leaning back against the headboard, trying to catch his breath as he came down from his high. Leo was curled up right next to him, face pressed into Jason’s thigh, panting, boneless. Percy pulled out of the boy and went and got a towel on shaky legs, wiping himself and Leo and then leaning over and wiping Jason’s stomach.

Jason stood up, feeling like his limbs were cotton wool, and tugged on his underwear, so did Percy. Leo didn’t move, just laid there like a puddle of pleasure.

“I love you,” he said, suddenly, out of nowhere. Jason and Percy both looked at each other, shocked, and then looked at the boy. He had curled in on himself, and there were tears leaking out of his eyes. He choked on a sob and squeezed his eyes shut and Jason realised that it was because he thought that he and Percy were going to push him away again, like they did when they were kids.

“Hey,” this time it was Jason’s turn to be gentle. He came over and picked Leo up carefully, bridal style. The boy’s head rested on his shoulder. Percy pulled back the covers, “Shhh,” Jason laid Leo back down, and then slid in next to him. Percy got in behind Leo, pulling the covers over them. Leo was still crying quietly. Percy wrapped an arm around his waist, kissed his hickey-splattered shoulder and neck gently.
“What’s wrong?” he murmured. Jason reached down and cupped Leo’s cheek in his hand, wiping his tears.

“I-I don’t know,” Leo’s voice wobbled, “it’s just all...so much.”

Jason kissed his forehead, “I love you.”

“B-But...”

“Don’t,” Percy said gently, snuggling up against Leo, “we’ll ask questions tomorrow. I love you too. And Jason loves you. Just go to sleep, I’m exhausted.”

Leo looked at Jason, as if looking for confirmation, and Jason nodded. He pecked Leo on the lips.

“Go to sleep.”

***

Piper cornered him in the bathroom in the morning.

“We heard everything,” she said casually, “and as entertaining as it was, please shut the fuck up next time.”

Jason went bright red, “I-I...I-“

“Don’t worry,” Piper smiled, “Your secret’s safe. Nobody cares anyway; we kill people for a living, we’ve done all the bad things under the sun. Anyway it’s not like you’re actually related.”
Firecracker: heyyyyy
Firecracker: Will
Firecracker: WILLIAAAAAM
Firecracker: R u aweak??
You: I am now. Why r u texting me so late?
Firecracker: its noit larrte
You: It’s 2 in the morning
You: wait r u drunk?
Firecracker: No
You: are you lying?
Firecracker: Yes J
You: where r u?
Firecracker: no idera
Firecracker: idewa*
Firecracker: fuck
Firecracker: Idea*(
You: ffs Leo. What do u see
Firecracker: Firecracker sent an attachment
You: leo wtf are you doing out in central at this time?!!??
Firecracker: clubbing

Firecracker: i was with a guy

Firecracker: r u jealous

You: no. Wheres the guy

Firecracker: he left. I dontt think he likwed me

You: u need to go home

Firecracker: dunno how

You: can u not get an Uber

Firecracker: i don’t wanna goi gome

Firecracker: home*

Firecracker: im so druik loooool

You: got youre such a messy friend to have

You: im gonna come pick u up ok? Send me an address

Firecracker: omg ur the best love u sm

You: yhyh ik you should worship me for taking care of your dumb ass

You: leo? No reply?

Firecracker: sorry

Firecracker: i didnt mean tobother u btw

Firecracker: i was gonna ho home with that guyui

Firecracker: i think he wanted to fuckl me

You: wtf?! U didnt go with him right?

Firecracker: did that make u jealous?

You: why do you keep asking that?

Firecracker: dunno

Firecracker: i kinda wantr u to be jalous

You: im putting my clothes on stay put

Firecracker: come nkaed i like u wiithouy cloths

You: ur so drunk

Firecracker: i love u
You: don’t go anywhere ok?
Firecracker: im serious i love u
Firecracker: donwt ignore mer when i say that
You: im not ignoring u im trying to make sure ur gnna b ok
Firecracker: r u gona kis me when u get here
You: why would i kiss you?
Firecracker: dunno
Firecracker: hav u never thouhtt bout kissin me]
You: thats a weird question. Have you thought about kissing me?
Firecracker: yes
Firecracker: all the time
Firecracker: im gonna hate myself when im sober
Firecracker: will?
Firecracker: y havnt u replie
Firecracker: d
Firecracker: r u driving or smthgn]
You: i have thought about kissing u.
Firecracker: that just made me feel rlly warm in my chest
You: youre cute sometimes u know
Firecracker: only sometimes ;)
You: idiot
You: im getting in the car ok? Go stand in a offlicence and wait for me ok?
Firecracker: ok
You: and leo?
Firecracker: yeash?
You: i love u too
Could you do a Jercy fic where they both just can't get enough of each other? And even some fluff where they still can't believe how lucky they are together?

For Lauren

I Never Needed You Like I Do Right Now

Jason was staying over at Percy’s tiny flat and the dark haired boy wanted to make him breakfast, just to be sweet before they went off to work. The radio was on, a quiet hum in the background as Percy flipped the eggs in the pan. It was a nice spring morning and sunshine spilled in through the window, painting little shapes on the marble counter. Percy couldn’t remember the last time he was so happy so early in the morning.

The boy heard footsteps behind him and he grinned, but before he could turn there were arms wrapping around his waist. Percy automatically leaned into Jason. They had dated long enough that the boy knew what Jason felt like, what he smelled like in the mornings (clean linen, shampoo and sunshine).

“Good morning beautiful,” Jason murmured into Percy’s ear, voice hoarse from sleep. When he kissed Percy’s cheek the boy felt his stubble against his skin.

“I’m making you breakfast,” he said proudly, “So you can stop saying I never do anything for you.”

“I never say that!” Jason protested and turned Percy around in his arms. He pressed their lips together in a sweet kiss. Percy pulled a face.

“Brush your teeth,” he said, grinning, but leaned in for another kiss. It was kinda gross but not really. Jason pulled back to look at Percy with sleepy eyes, then leaned in for another kiss, and then looked at him again.

“I still can’t believe you’re mine,” he said softly. Percy’s heart clenched and he grabbed Jason by the back of the neck, drawing him in for another desperately sweet kiss.

“I love you,” he breathed, throwing both his arms around Jason’s neck. He had a wooden spoon in his hand but neither cared as Jason buried his face in Percy’s shoulders, pulling him flush against him. He kissed the boy’s shoulder through his t-shirt. Both of them had been through a lot in their life, a lot of bad things, and finding each other saved both of them. A year later they were just as obsessed with each other as the first few weeks. Percy would’ve gladly spent all of his life in Jason’s arms if he could.

He smelled eggs burning.

“Fuck!”
Percy came to Jason’s flat, completely drunk off his face. He explained that it was Tyson’s birthday and they had celebrated a bit too much.

“I don’t understand why you didn’t give the Uber driver your own address,” Jason said when Percy collapsed on his couch. The blonde knelt in front of him and untied his shoes, pulling them off. Percy wriggled his toes in Jason’s face.

“I gave him my home address,” he said stubbornly, words a little slurred.

“This isn’t your house,” Jason laughed.

“It’s my home,” Percy shrugged, “Because you’re here.”

For a second Jason couldn’t breathe, “God I love you,” he surged up and pressed Percy against the back of the couch, kissing him. The boy tasted like whiskey. When Jason pulled back he looked at him with big eyes and Jason thought he was going to say something sweet, that he was going to say I love you back.

“Can I have some bread?” Percy asked innocently. Jason snorted and kissed the tip of his nose.

“Yes,” he said, and then went to the kitchen. He got Percy a slice and when he came back in the living room with the bread and a glass of water the boy was happily sitting cross legged on the couch, just in his underwear, “Percy!” Jason couldn’t keep a straight face. He put the water and bread down and then grabbed a blanket, throwing it over Percy’s shoulders, “You’ll get sick.”

“But I’m warm!” Percy whined, like a child. Jason grabbed the glass of water and pressed it to his boyfriend’s lips.

“Drink,” he said, and Percy glared at him over the rim of the glass like the brat he was, but drank. Then Jason passed him the bread and the boy grinned, munching on it happily. Jason watched him fondly, stroking up and down his thigh, “You went wild today, didn’t you?”

“Just a little,” Percy slurred. Jason leaned down and kissed his thigh,

“I’m glad you came. I didn’t even know I missed you until you showed up.”

Percy was still chewing his bread when he leaned forward and pecked Jason on the lips, “You’re my favourite person.”

Jason’s mouth twitched into a smile, “Finish your bread idiot.”

Percy finished his bread and Jason wiped the crumbs from his mouth, kissing him every once in a while. Percy looked sleepy now, staring at Jason as if he was the best thing in the world.

***

“Fucking traffic,” Percy groaned, reaching across Jason and pressing the horn on the man’s steering wheel. Jason jumped.

“Don’t do that, twat!” he smacked Percy’s hand away. The roads were absolutely jammed. It was late and the two boys just wanted to get home. Jason impatiently drummed his fingers on the steering wheel while on the radio the broadcaster updated them on just how far the traffic went.

Percy leaned over and kissed Jason’s shoulder without warning. The blonde glanced at him and then
inched a little forward with the car. Percy leaned in closer and pressed little kisses to his neck. Jason smiled, eyes on the road.

“Stop molesting me Jackson,” he said. Percy kissed below his ear, then his cheek, then turned Jason’s face and kissed him.

“Sometimes I just look at you and I can’t get enough,” the dark haired boy admitted, stroking Jason’s cheek. The blonde’s heart melted.

“I’m obsessed with you.”

“I love you,” Percy kissed him again, for a little longer, “Gods I love you so much Jason.”

Jason brushed their noses together playfully, “As cheesy as it sounds you’re literally my everything.”

“You’re a walking cliché, Jason,” Percy teased. Someone honked at them violently behind them and the boys jumped apart. In front of them the road had cleared and they were blocking the traffic. Someone shouted at them to move and sheepishly Jason drove forward. Percy stared at him, smiling.

***

Jason came home at two in the morning, absolutely exhausted. They had kept him back at work and honestly the only thing the blonde wanted was to call Percy and hear his voice before he went to sleep. If he had more strength he would’ve driven to the boy’s flat, but as it was he just wanted to lie down.

He shucked off his shoes, tossed his keys into the bowl by the door and then started stripping, just dropping his clothes as he went to the bedroom. He’d clean up in the morning, right now he didn’t have the strength to. He went to his bedroom and the second he opened the door he stopped.

His bed had been transformed into a pillow fort, one of his blankets spread out so it looked like a tent. Jason couldn’t keep the smile off of his face.

“Knock, knock,” he said softly, but there was no reply. Smiling Jason parted the ‘doors’ to the fort and slipped inside. Percy was laying on his side, asleep, cuddling Jason’s pillow to his chest. The blonde laid down among the mountain of pillows and covers and just looked at Percy for a moment.

The boy’s eyes were closed, mouth slightly open letting out little breaths, eyelashes dark against his cheeks.

Jason immediately felt better having the boy close. He reached out and tucked a piece of Percy’s hair behind his ear. He remembered a time when they had just been friends, dancing around each other and their feelings for months. Now, having come clean, Jason was so much happier. Percy was his, and Jason loved him so, so much that sometimes he forgot how to breathe.

Percy’s eyes fluttered open and his eyebrows scrunched up when he saw the blonde, though he quickly relaxed, a small smile appearing on his lips.

“Jason,” he whispered softly. The boy leaned forward and kissed him. He didn’t even know what to say. I miss you and I love you seemed such small ways to describe what Jason was feeling. So he just didn’t say anything, kissing Percy over and over. The dark haired boy woke up a little and they laid in the fort, exchanging little touches. Jason mapped out Percy’s face with the tips of his fingers, ran them through the boy’s fluffy hair, kissed along his collarbone, stroked his sharp hipbones. Percy pressed kissed to the corner of Jason’s mouth, played with his fingers, intertwining their hands over and over.
And then they just fell asleep next to each other.
Drunk in Love

Do a fic with the boys drunk? Like, Percy is a secluded drunk, Leo is an emotional (depressed) drunk, Nico is a clingy drunk, so on and so forth. You can pick the parings.

For Gone_With_File_29

It was Piper’s birthday and the seven, plus Nico, Will and Reyna, were in the Poseidon cabin having the time of their lives. Of course, it got out of hand pretty quickly and everyone got absolutely thrashed. It was coming up to four in the morning by the time the girls stumbled out to go to the Hades cabin, leaving the emotional, drunk boys behind.

This is the fuckery that took place.

“Bye guys!” Jason said, slurred and happy, throwing his arms around Hazel and Reyna simultaneously and holding them close to his chest, “I love you! You’re all my best friends!”

“Gods you’re such a mess,” Annabeth was grinning as she sloppily shook her head, linking her arm through Piper’s, “We’re going now. Clean up. Make sure nobody’s sick.”

“And find Percy,” Reyna added. Jason blinked at them and then turned around in a clumsy circle, stumbling into a wall.

“What?!” he whined, “Where’s Percy? I love Percy,” he looked around but couldn’t see the boy in the brightly lit cabin, “I miss Percy! I want Percy!”

“Find him then,” Piper snorted.

“He’s a secluded drunk,” Annabeth said, “He’s probably hiding somewhere,” the girls were already walking out of the door, “Bye guys!”

“Bye!” Jason said cheerfully, waving. He had no idea where any of the guys were but his plan was to find Percy first and foremost. Jason’s body felt like jelly and he didn’t want to be by himself, he wanted to cuddle, he wanted his friends, “Percy!” he called, walking into the bathroom. Someone had spilled water everywhere but the boy wasn’t there. He wasn’t under the bed, or on it, for the matter either.

Frank and Leo were in the corner, and Will and Nico somewhere on the couch, but Jason didn’t care. He walked out of the sliding door onto the little patio, still calling Percy’s name. Everything was fuzzy around the edges and Jason couldn’t seem to walk in a straight line. He was also feeling sad now that he was by himself and couldn’t find his best friend.
He saw a bush rustle to his left and with a grin he got to his knees and crawled into the darkness. He bumped into Percy’s arm.

“No!” the dark haired boy whined, “There’s no space! Get outta here Jason!”

“No!” Jason yelled back, defiantly, “I was looking for you... I missed you! I love you, Perce. Why are you here by yourself? You’re my best friend don’t you wanna hang out?”

“I wanna be here,” Percy pouted.

“Well can I be here too?” Jason asked, making puppy dog eyes at Percy. The boy contemplated this for a moment.

“Yeah. Okay. I guess you can.”

“Great,” he snuggled up to Percy, “it’s us two again – the wonderboys!”

Percy snorted, “Cute.”

“Remember that time we had that sleepover and watched the breakfast club?”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah, that was nice,” Jason grinned, “Man, I love you. You’re such a great person, you know that? Like honestly you saved the world and you’re so humble about it.”

“You’re such a sentimental drunk,” Percy teased. Jason leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, and Percy jumped.

“You’re my best friend.”

Percy smiled, “You’re my best friend too,” he patted the leaves around them, “and this bush. This bush is my best friend also.”

“Your hair is so fluffy, like a feather,” Will mused after he saw Jason stumble outside. He was laying back on the couch, all fuzzy and warm from the alcohol, and Nico was literally on top of him, just snuggling against him like a cat. Will found everything funny, and he petted Nico’s head, “you’re like a bird. A pigeon. You’re a pigeon Nico.”

“Fantastic,” Nico slurred, clinging onto Will like an octopus. Will leaned forward and pressed his lips against his boyfriend’s forehead. He puffed out his cheeks and blew and Nico recoiled, “Ew!” he complained, wiping his forehead as Will dissolved into giggles, “Gods you’re such a child.”

Will was holding a bottle of beer in his hand and he balanced it on the small of Nico’s back,
grinning, “Yeah well you like me for it.”

“Whatever,” Nico grumbled, “my head’s spinning like crazy,” he buried his face in Will’s chest and hiked his leg up around the boy, “You’re mine, yeah? You’re not going anywhere.”

“Someone’s clingy today,” Will joked, and then he slipped a hand underneath Nico’s shirt and started tickling him.

“No!” Nico squealed and flinched away from him so violently that he ended up on the floor with a thump. Will laughed maniacally and the beer slipped out of his hand.

“Oh!” he said, looking at the puddle on the carpet.

“I’m gonna kill you,” Nico threatened, getting to his feet. He wobbled and then stumbled backwards. Clumsily Will stood up and grabbed his hand and they both started laughing. Frank and Leo were in the corner, “Let’s go to the bathroom,” Nico said.

“You gonna puke?” Will made a face, “Ewwwwww.”

“No, just come,” Nico grabbed him and pulled him into the bathroom, closing the door behind them.

“I’m getting in the bath!” Will declared, and before Nico could stop him he climbed in, fully clothed. The blonde grinned at his boyfriend who clearly wanted to be as physically close to him as possible so he reluctantly climbed in after Will, lying on top of him. They were both giggling a little, exchanging tiny kisses. Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s neck.

“I’m not moving,” he said loudly, “I’m just gonna stay like this forever.”

Will slid his arms around the boy’s waist, “Okay.”

The door burst open and Jason and Percy stumbled in.

“I think he’s gonna be sick!” Percy yelled, helping the blonde to the toilet.

“Hold my hair back bro!” Jason yelled, looking green in the face.

“You don’t have enough hair to hold back!” Percy said, panicking. Will found that hilarious and started laughing. Nico rolled his eyes and pressed his face into the blonde’s chest. He heard the sounds of Jason throwing up.

“I love being drunk!” Frank said, smiling.
“I hate being drunk,” Leo miserably kicked a red solo cup and it rolled across the floor. Will, Nico, Percy and Jason were all in the bathroom and the Latino was pretty sure that Jason was puking. He hated being drunk – it always made his energy go away so he was just depressed.

“Brighten up, flamey,” Frank playfully poked him in the cheek but Leo batted his hand away in annoyance. His head was throbbing and everything was weirdly blurry. The boy got to his feet with some difficulty and stumbled to Percy’s bed, collapsing onto it.

“Goodnight.”

“Oh c’mon!” Frank complained, “it’s a party! Cheer up!”

“Shut up, you’re so loud,” Leo groaned. Frank came up to him and dropped on top of the boy, “Fuck off! You’re so heavy! Frank!” Leo tried to wriggle out from underneath the son of Mars. Frank rolled off of him and laid next to him, smiling. Leo glared at him and buried his face in a pillow, “I hate you.”

“Oh, someone’s not having a good time,” Frank teased.

“I’m drunk leave me alone.”

Frank propped himself up on his elbow, “You know why you’re miserable? Because you didn’t make out with anyone.”

“What?” Leo looked up at him with a sour face, “I’m miserable because that’s how I get when I drink.”

“No, listen,” Frank looked like he was having an epiphany, “Jason got off with Pipes, and I’m pretty sure he might’ve kissed Perce too. Will and Nico were all over each other the whole night, and so was Reyna and Hazel and then Annabeth and Piper kissed. Us two were the only ones who didn’t get any action!”

“I don’t care!” Leo grumbled.

“Well I wanna make out with someone so I’m gonna make out with you,” Frank said casually. Before Leo could protest the Asian leaned in and kissed him. The Latino tried to squirm away but Frank climbed on top of him and...well, just made out with him. It was messy and sloppy since drunk Frank clearly couldn’t coordinate, and the kiss had way too much tongue, but for some reason Leo liked it. He melted into the pillows and kissed back, tangling his tongue around Frank’s, letting the bigger boy’s hands trail up and down his body.

“See?” the son of Mars asked proudly, pulling back, “That’s better, isn’t it!”

“No,” Leo grumbled and chased him, desperate to press their mouths together again.
Berlin in the Cold

Chapter Notes

I changed this a little bit. I don't know if you wanted this set specifically during WW2 and the Holocaust but I felt really uncomfortable writing about that specific period of time so I set it a little earlier, still in Nazi Germany. Hope you still like it x
PS. Sorry this got really deep
PPS. Sorry I couldn't write any smut for this. It just didn't feel right.

Can you do maybe a Dominant Nazi officer Jason and a Jew American soldier Percy doing it in a bunker or something?
For The_Man_Called_Madara

Berlin, Germany, November 1938

Jason Grober was the perfect Aryan man. Blonde, tall, strong, with bright blue eyes he was exactly what the Fuhrer described as superior. In 1935, at the age of fifteen he joined the Hitler Youth and already his leadership qualities emerged during that time. He was blindly loyal to the Fuhrer and the Third Reich, and believed in their values.

His father told him about Germany before Hitler, about the Kaiser, the last king of Germany and someone Jason’s family always supported, abdicating and the weak weasel of a man, Ebert, taking his place. The new president created a Republic, a democracy, and signed the Treaty of Versailles. Jason’s father always told him about the Treaty like it was the devil’s work. It brought the end to the fighting and brought Jason’s father home, which was a good thing, but it also meant that all of their army was taken away. No tanks, no airforce, no ships. Germany remained isolated, surrounded by enemies.

Father said they had to pay money to France and England and America, all these people from across the seas, all these faceless, nameless countries. Father said that’s why they never had any food when Jason was very, very small, and why he couldn’t find work, and why there was so much money being stacked up in the streets like useless paper. He called it hyperinflation but Jason had been so young he didn’t know what that meant.

He grew up in a divided, violent country. First it was the Communists and their rebellions, and then it was the right wing and their Putsches, and the French invaded the industrial part of Germany and they couldn’t trade anymore and the economic situation just got worse. Jason went hungry, he went
with shoes that were too small and had holes in them. But Jason had been young – he barely remembered that time. There were strikes and uprisings and assassinations and Jason hated it so, so much. *It’s the Allies*, his father told him over the flickering candle when they turned the electricity off because the ‘police’ rose up against the government and they had to starve them out, *they are allies, ja, but not our allies. They’re the enemies. They plundered our beautiful Germany and left behind this smoking carcass.*

When Stresemann became Chancellor Jason was two and abruptly everything changed. Censorship disappeared and because of the loans that America gave them there was an economical boom. Jason remembered walking home from his grandma’s in the early evening and seeing all these nightclubs open up. They popped up all over Germany like mushrooms, but were most prominent in Berlin. Music and dancing and sex and women’s rights all took the first page. Jason’s father hated that too, said it was untrue to the real nature of Germany. Jason saw him reading a book in the evenings. It was called *Mein Kampf* and when Jason asked about it his father explained that it was written by a powerful, powerful man.

He taught Jason about the NSDAP, the Nazis. He told him about their beliefs and about Hitler, the greatest leader who went to jail for his beliefs, and he showed Jason the red arm patch he had, with a complicated black symbol on it. *It’s the swastika, Jason,* his father would say, *flames of passion in his eyes, it will lead us to glory.*

He died that same year, a murder never solved. His body came up in the river and that was that and Jason and his mother were left alone, and they had nothing but some of his father’s savings and his war trophies and his Nazi arm-patch and whatever little money the boy’s grandparents gave them. Jason’s mother wasn’t like his father. She went to the clubs and she played in some of the pictures, but Jason went away from that and was drawn by the one thing that his father had faith in – the Nazi party. He joined the Hitler Youth with all the other young boys and they went camping and to rallies, and Jason got to see Hitler speak and it was really *something.*

He grew up surrounded by Nazis, by people by him, blaming the destruction of Germany on everyone but themselves; on the Allies, the Capitalists, the Communists, Jews. Those last ones especially; Jason was taught that Jews were greedy, manipulative bastards who brought down Germany to bring about their wealth. But Hitler fixed all of it. The Fuhrer united Germany.

Jason wasn’t a cruel person, he just wanted the country his father had reminisced about back. When Jason was thirteen everything changed again and the music and the bright pictures disappeared, and the swastika was *everywhere,* and Jason joined the Youth where they trained like soldiers and repeated *heil Hitler* over and over.

When they gave him a hammer one night, when he was eighteen, and told him to smash all the windows to all the Jewish shops he didn’t hesitate to do so. He had a picture painted in his head of what Jews were; greedy, slimy, cowardly people who caused the war.

All of that changed when after that night, *Kristallnacht,* the night of the Broken Glass, Jason met Percy Jackson.

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Percy was six when in 1926 he and his family moved to Germany from America. Percy liked New York well enough but when Percy’s German grandfather passed away they moved so they could take over his business. Percy’s father ran a market. They lived in Berlin, Percy went to school, they had a little flat above the shop.

Of course Percy felt a little isolated because of his religion. He accepted that being Jewish was part
of his identity but he was more than just a Jew, and the Germans had a harder time understanding that than Americans. Percy was bullied for a while, pushed around in the school yard because he’d stumble over his vowels and mix his words and have a stupid accent, and he had to pray three times a day, which the other kids didn’t seem to respect.

But then Percy decided to defend himself and by the time he was fifteen he was strong and tall and nobody bullied him anymore. But he had other worries then. What seemed like an economic boom in Germany collapsed in 1929 after the Wall Street Crash back in America. As Percy’s father struggled for work and they started rationing their food he kept repeating at least it’s not as bad as back home, but it was bad, nobody could deny that. That’s when the Nazi’s got popular.

At the age of ten Percy couldn’t imagine being scared of anything more than the Nazis. They were...angry, and loud, and they had all these rallies in the streets that Percy watched from his windows. The red, black and white banners would grow to become his worst nightmare. The Nazis screamed a lot of things about how the war was the fault of the Jews, and Percy couldn’t comprehend that. He hadn’t even been born then, and his father hadn’t been in the army. Still, America helped Germany after unlike the Allies so Percy didn’t understand why they were being targeted.

His father tried to explain. You have different identities, Percy. One of them is being American, and that means that people are always going to see you differently. It’s not a bad thing, be proud of your heritage, but he also said you’re also Jewish and some people don’t like that. Don’t hide your religion, but don’t boast about it either, son. That was the truth, Percy knew that, but his father also told lies.

Don’t worry Percy, the Nazis will never be in power. They will never hurt you.

In 1933, when Percy was thirteen, Hitler was elected chancellor. A year later mysteriously members of one of Hitler’s organisations, the SA, were murdered. He eliminated competition. The Reichstag, the government building, burnt down in a fire that they blamed on the Communists. It started getting dangerous for Jews then. Percy’s father still had his shop in the street, but barely anybody went inside. People spat at the pavement in front of it. They were making Jews feel ashamed for their religion, but Percy was just mad. He didn’t understand why they were being targeted, called greedy thieves, when all the Jews he knew were nothing but peaceful and kind. They were banned from the pool, museums and playgrounds. Percy watched his mother wither away, and his father contemplated returning to America since the business was failing anyway. But they had no money to do that.

Percy was eighteen when Kristallnacht happened. The day before had been...well, quite ordinary. Percy went to his job at the market, did some reading, met up with some friends. He came home for a poorly dinner that he told his mother was delicious. They heard the news from their neighbour; a Jewish teenager in Paris had shot a German.

Paris seemed a world away, in a different universe. It was so, so far away that Percy didn’t understand why it matter. But it did matter. Jews barred their doors, afraid of retaliation, and retaliation came. Apparently the boy did it because of the Germans forcing Polish Jews out of their country and leaving them stranded in no-man’s land.

Percy woke up on the 10th of November early in the morning by the sounds of shouting in the streets. He almost goes back to sleep because he’d been used to shouting waking him up since people were always fighting in this area of Berlin. But instead of dying away the shouts just grew, and they weren’t shouts of anger but of despair. Eventually Percy dragged himself from his bed and went to the window and saw smoke filling the air outside, and people running towards it. His
stomach flipped when he realised that it was his synagogue that was on fire, a dozen other similar smoke columns in the distance indicating other fires.

“Papa!” Percy ran into his parents’ bedroom, and his father sat up abruptly, panic in his eyes at Percy’s hysteria, “Papa! They’re burning the synagogues!”

Percy’s mother tried to force them to stay in the house but their pride was too much. The two of them got dressed in a hurry and ran through the streets of Berlin. They boiled with anger and resentment. Percy and his father tried to help put out the fires. Percy knew he’d remember the waves of heat coming from the building where he used to pray with his community on the Sabbath for the rest of his life. It was futile; buildings were going up in flames, the Nazis and other people were attacking the Jews, fighting. The police was there but they weren’t helping, if anything they were just making things worse for the Jews.

After an hour Percy and his father gave up their attempt to salvage the synagogue and decided to return back home.

“We’re leaving,” Percy father said as they ran back, both their faces stained with soot. They pushed past crowds of Jews and Germans, shouting, crying, “We’ll go to Stuttgart to your aunt and then we’ll get to Switzerland,” he seemed so sure of himself.

Percy remembered running past his father’s shop, the one he grew up in, and seeing the front window smashed to pieces, the broken glass littering the street. That sight broke his heart, as did his mother, throwing herself at the two when they came in through the door, sobbing and saying how she didn’t know if they were going to come home.

They packed few things; materialistic belongings seemed insignificant in their circumstances. When they were locking the door to their flat Percy wondered if he’d ever see his home again. They flooded into the street alongside dozens of their Jewish neighbours. At the start Percy was confused why there were so many of them going in the same direction – surely they weren’t all leaving?

And then he heard shouts behind him and he realised that they were being herded off by Nazi officers. Children were crying, people shouting, praying. Nobody knew what was happening, people were tripping over their own feet.

“What’s going on?” Percy asked his father, but then man just shook his head, as lost as everyone else. There was a heavy feeling in Percy’s stomach and he knew wherever they were going wasn’t good.

A Nazi appeared next to him, carrying a complicated looking gun whose name Percy didn’t know. He didn’t know why he even bothered to speak to him. Maybe because the man wasn’t really a man, but a boy looking around Percy’s age. He didn’t have that cold harshness in his eyes that the other Nazis did. He wasn’t pointing his gun at the mass, like some of the others were, just carrying it loosely in his hands.

“Where are we going?” Percy asked, no, demanded. The blonde looked at him, as if shocked that Percy had even looked at him, much less spoken.

“What?” he asked.

“Where are we going?” Percy repeated. The boy opened his mouth, and then closed it quickly, eyebrows drawing.

“Shut it,” he barked, and raised his gun a little as if a threat. Percy swallowed. Panic was making him
ask stupid question.

“How old are you?”

“What?” the blonde asked again, exasperated, as if he didn’t understand why Percy was still talking.

“You...you look like you’re my age. I’m eighteen.”

The Nazi looked away, “Uh, ja. Me too.”

“Oh,” for some reason that made Percy feel better; he had something in common with this boy, even if it was only one, single thing, “What school did you go to?”

“You sure do ask a lot of questions.”

Percy smiled at that, slowing a little so he was walking right next to the boy.

“Sorry. Everything’s just really confusing. Can you...uh, can you really not tell me where we’re going?”

The blonde shifted, “You’re getting the train. They’re taking you out of the city.”


“I’m not supposed to talk to you,” the blonde said.

“Right, sorry,” Percy said sheepishly. The he bit his lip. The Nazi wasn’t looking at him, “Thankyou though. For talking to me. That calmed me down a little.”


They were nearing the train station; Percy could see it coming into view. He had taken the train from there a hundred times to go visit his family and friends. Honestly, he was glad to leave. Glass of destroyed Jewish properties crunched underneath his boots, alongside the snow. Percy couldn’t feel the cold. Wherever they were going he was sure that he and his parents could find a train to Stuttgart.

“Almost there,” Percy huffed out a laugh that changed to a white cloud in front of his face, glancing at the blonde Nazi. He looked paler than he had minutes ago and his gloved hands were shaking on his weapon. Percy and his parents were near the back of the crowd, and to one side. His father’s arm was wrapped around his weeping mother. Percy just wanted this nightmare to be over. The first people at the front were being ushered into the train station.

“You can’t get on that train,” the Nazi said suddenly, as he exhaled. Percy blinked, “Huh?”

Suddenly someone in the middle of the crowd broke out and started running away. Nazis started shouting, someone caught him, they hit him over the head with their gun and the man crumpled to the ground. Someone screamed, someone else gasped, and then it was chaos, again, people being forcefully shoved forward. Percy stumbled and lost sight of his parents.

“Papa!” he yelled over the havoc, “mama!”

A hand on his wrist hauled him back and suddenly he was stumbling backwards into a destroyed,
dark shop through the door-less entrance.

“What the-,” he turned around and came face to face with the blonde Nazi. There was pain and guilt in his eyes as he pulled Percy to the back of the destroyed, abandoned shop, letting the wave of Jews stumble by, “What are you doing??” Percy tried to free himself from the blonde’s grip, “I need to go to my parents-“

“No,” the Nazis said desperately, “No you can’t go - you’ll die.”

“What?” Percy’s mouth felt dry. The blonde squeezed his eyes shut, as if he wanted to forget what he was about to tell Percy.

“They’re taking you to the Camps.”

Percy felt sick. The ‘Work’ Camps was where Hitler’s political enemies and other people who angered him went and...well, most of them never returned. Everyone knew that something horrifying happened in those Camps, and now Percy’s family was being sent to one.

“I need to warn them,” he said, and attempted to run for the door but the Nazi whirled him around and slammed him against the wall.

“You can’t,” he said firmly, “You can’t or they’ll catch you and take you too.”

“My parents are there!” Percy yelled, and the Nazi slapped his hand over his mouth, anxiously glancing over his shoulder as they last of the crowd disappeared. Percy tried to squirm out of his grip but stopped when he realised that the blonde was shaking. He was scared too. That’s another thing we have in common...

“If you go with your parents that will be the three of you dead,” the Nazi said brokenly, and in the semi-darkness Percy could see his eyes shining with tears, “I...I can’t help all of you b-but if you just come with me then maybe I can...” he didn’t finish, letting his hand fall from Percy’s mouth. The horrible realisation of what just happened hit Percy so hard he almost doubled over.

“No,” he whispered, feeling tears sting his eyes.

“Bitte,” the blonde murmured, “Just come with me.”

“Why are you helping me?” Percy asked bitterly, not understanding, “There were children out t-there you could’ve-“

“I don’t know,” the Nazi said, more aggressively than before, “I don’t know why I did it! I’m...you’re...they told me you’re these greedy thieves and I just-,” he took a deep, shaky breath, “You’re my damm age. Fuck, under different circumstances we could’ve maybe been f-friends or...our roles could’ve been reversed. I-I can’t just let you die...”

“I can’t let my parents get murdered,” Percy whispered, feeling a hole being slowly ripped in his chest. His tears wouldn’t fall, breathing hurt.

“You can’t save them,” the Nazi whispered, “so please. Please. Just come with me.”

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Jason lived in the city with his parents but after his grandparents passed a few ways back they left the boy his big house on the suburbs. That’s when he took the Jewish boy. Where before he had been talkative now the only thing Jason got out of him was that his name was Percy. As they snuck
through the city and caught the bus through Berlin nobody bothered them, mostly thanks to Jason’s Nazi arm-patch and his SS uniform and his gun. The whole half an hour that it took them to get to his grandparents’ house he kept having an internal battle with himself.

On one hand he had already saved Percy, God knows why, and he should’ve just left him to try and sort everything out himself. After all they were both grown men and Percy looked like he could take care of himself. But on the other hand Jason wanted to protect him. It was crazy – he had always thought he was like all the other Nazi boys, and that protecting Germany was his upmost priority, and yet now he was jeopardising everything for a Jew, someone he was supposed to hate.

Percy was silent for the most part, clearly trying to comprehend what just happened, and the fact that his parents were most likely going to die, and there was nothing he could do about it. Jason had a foolish urge to reach out and comfort the boy, though he didn’t know how. He didn’t know if Percy wanted him to, didn’t know if he blamed Jason for what happened. Looking at him the blonde couldn’t understand how he was expected to just let him die; Percy seemed so...like Jason. He was just a boy, he wasn’t evil, he wasn’t even alive for the war he was getting the blame for. For the first time Jason started questioning the beliefs of his party and his leader.

His grandparent’s house was on a little hill, surrounded by a big garden that was blanketed in snow right now. A little wall surrounded it to keep out the foxes, and there was quite a bit of space between this house and the neighbours. Jason trekked through the snow, Percy a little way behind him.

“Come on,” he said, feeling a chill in his chest. It was cold out, he wanted to get inside and make himself some tea, figure things out in his head. He also didn’t want anybody to see Percy. A thick line of trees separated this tranquil neighbourhood from the city, which was close by. Jason could see the smudges of smoke rising in the sky from all the places that were still being burned.

He quickly slotted the key into the door and ushered Percy inside, wanting to get out of the November snow. The two boys found themselves in a gloomy hallway and Jason locked the door as Percy just stood there, looking around with dull eyes. The little bag he had with him earlier was gone, probably lost somewhere back on the main streets of Berlin. Jason didn’t know what to do now. The grandfather clock to his left ticked obnoxiously loud. Jason cleared his throat.

“I...uh...there’s...there’s a bath upstairs? You can wash if you’d like.”

“I shouldn’t be here,” Percy whispered weakly. His back was to Jason. The blonde had no words of comfort to offer. He didn’t know what Percy was going through, he had his own turmoil to deal with.

“Come upstairs,” he said, taking his shoes off. Percy hesitated, then slowly took his off too. He followed Jason up the stairs. The blonde went to his bedroom. Lately he had been staying in this house because his mother was loud and drunk a lot, and the boy preferred to feel independent. He pulled some clothes from the heavy oak wardrobe and handed them to Percy.

“Danke,” the boy said dully. You wouldn’t have thought he was the same boy who merely an hour before was smiling and talking to a Nazi officer as he walked towards his doom. Still, no matter how upset Percy was, Jason was glad he saved him. It just felt right. Percy disappeared in the bathroom down the hallway and Jason took some time to circle around the bedroom next to his. Overall the house had six bedrooms but the blonde wanted Percy to stay next door, just in case.

For how long? The blonde asked himself, what do I do now? How do I help him?

Jason wasn’t daft; he knew that Kristallnacht was just the beginning of more horrible things to come.
But every minute longer he spent with Percy he was less willing to give the boy up. *He had an American accent,* Jason mused as he changed the bed-sheets, *maybe he has some family there? But how would I help him return to the states? I don’t have enough money...*

Jason walked out into the hallway and knocked on the door,

“Percy?”

“Sorry. Do you want me to come out now?” the boy’s reply was muffled.

“No, no, it’s alright. Take as long as you need,” Jason said. He didn’t get a reply, but heard water sloshing in the bath. He changed out of his uniform in his bedroom, putting away his Nazi armband. For some reason it felt like an offence to wear it around Percy. Jason didn’t want the boy to see him as a Nazi first and foremost.

He went downstairs and checked the store room for any food. It was mostly empty; he’d have to go to the shop. Still, there were some biscuits and tea so the blonde prepared some of that in the homey kitchen. Cold, winter light fell in through the window. It would get dark soon. Jason didn’t know what to do. When tomorrow he went to meet the other SS men what would he tell them?

The creaking of steps alerted the boy that Percy was coming down the stairs. When the boy appeared in the doorway he looked like a ghost. On all the propaganda posters Jews were always shown as ugly, big-nosed, dark haired people, but Percy didn’t look like that. Well, he *did* have dark hair, now damp from the bath. His skin was a little tanned, but then so was Jason’s, his eyes were red from what Jason assumed was crying, but that just made the fact that they were blue more noticeable. His nose was small, his bottom lip bleeding where he bit it too hard. He was skinny since Jewish families weren’t doing so well nowadays, and Jason’s clothes hung loosely on him. He wasn’t *ugly.* He just looked like a normal teenage boy.

The blonde could hear the clock ticking in the hallway in the uncomfortable silence. Percy wouldn’t look at him.

“I made you tea,” Jason said, “But I think it’s cold now. I’ll make you a new cup. I only found biscuits and some food in jars...I...sorry, I didn’t know anyone would be over. I’ll...go to the shop tomorrow. Are you really hungry right now, I’m sure we could find something-“

“I don’t think I could swallow anything right now,” Percy said softly, “but thank you.”

“Will you at least drink the tea?” Jason asked hopefully. He wanted Percy to smile at him again.

“Actually I think I should go. I have an aunt in Stuttgart.”

Jason frowned, “That might be difficult. Do you have your papers?”

“No,” Percy hugged himself, “they’re back in my flat. But I can go get them.”

“They all say you’re Jewish on them, I doubt you’d get let out of Berlin, much less halfway across Germany,” Jason sighed, “Besides do you have any money?”

“What else should I do?” Percy asked desperately which meant no, he didn’t have money.

“Are...,” Jason didn’t know what to ask, “Are you cold?”

Percy’s eyes snapped up at him and they were full of disbelief, “No,” he said, “No I’m not cold. Do you know who’s cold? My parents on a train to a camp where they’re going to die.”
Jason flinched, “Look I’m sorry-“

“Why did you help me Jason?” Percy demanded, suddenly angry, “You’re a Nazi! Aren’t you meant to hate me?!”

“You’re the one who talked to me first,” Jason said, for lack of a better argument.

“Because I wanted to know where we were going!” Percy yelled, and now there were tears in his eyes, “That’s all I wanted-,” he choked on a sob and turned away, burying his face in his hands, “I-I never asked f-for you to help me.”

“I’m sorry,” Jason mumbled, staring at his feet in shame. He knew he was part of the reason why the Jews were being taken away, as was every other Nazi who didn’t stay at home during Kristallnacht or didn’t do anything to stop the persecution of the minority.

Percy turned and threw himself at Jason and for a split second the blonde thought that the Jewish boy would hit him but instead the boy barrelled into him, wrapping his arms around Jason’s shoulders. He knocked him back a little with the impact and Jason was shocked when Percy hugged him tightly, burying his face in Jason’s shoulder and sobbing, shaking.

_He’s scared. He’s scared and upset and heartbroken. Of course he needs a fucking hug._

Jason wrapped his arms around the boy and held him as tightly as he could, rubbing his back.

“It’ll be okay,” he whispered, though he doubted Percy could even hear him, “I’m gonna keep you safe, okay? We’ll figure it out. Don’t cry, you’re safe...you’re safe, I promise...”

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Percy waited for the day when Jason would break his promise, just like Percy’s father had. _The Nazis will never be in power. They will never hurt you_, he had said and yet the opposite had happened. Though not completely – _this_ Nazi hadn’t hurt Percy, he had helped him, so maybe in a way his father had been a little right. Still, Percy didn’t know how Jason could possibly keep him safe, so he waited. He waited for the other Nazis to come and get him, and put him on a train.

Days passed. Percy spent most of them in the big bed in the bedroom Jason gave him, praying for forgiveness, for mercy for his parents. He cried, slept, he was exhausted. He had nightmares about what was happening to his mother and father. Jason went out to the city everyday with the Nazi patch on his arm. The patch that Percy had learned to hate. He brought Percy food that he bought with the salary he got paid for being an SS man.

Percy was grateful to Jason, he really was. As guilty as that made him feel he was glad he wasn’t destined to die like his parents...at least not yet. Jason wasn’t like all the other cruel, abusive Nazis that Percy had previously encountered...he was kind, and warm, and caring. He looked after Percy, risking his own life and safety.

Weeks passed. Percy wasn’t allowed outside during the day in case neighbours saw him and put two and two together. Jason’s reputation as a top Nazi kept most of the suspicions away, but they couldn’t be too careful. Jason left in the morning and came home in the evening. Percy read, cleaned, cooked, generally tried to figure out what to do with himself. He prayed a lot. He couldn’t stay in Jason’s house forever – no matter how much he might want to. Sometimes Jason had to stay in the apartment with his parents and Percy was left alone in the house at night. He hated that, and couldn’t sleep, sitting curled up near somewhere he could hide in case the Nazis came for him. Of course he didn’t tell Jason how scared he was of being alone; he didn’t want to bother him. He exchanged
some letters with his Aunt in Stuttgart and she was happy to help him, though her situation was bad and Percy had to wait for the right moment to come.

The moment took over a month, at first.

The more time Percy spent around Jason the more scared he got of the blonde finding out the truth. Of course there was no way for him to actually find out since Percy had never told anyone, but the fear was still there. In the end Jason was still a Nazi, and had their beliefs. He might’ve gotten over Percy being Jewish, but the boy didn’t know how the blonde would handle the fact that Percy was also homosexual. Those two combined things were enough to send him to a camp. Percy just prayed that Jason didn’t somehow find out until after he left. But that meant he had to leave.

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18th December 1938

Percy watched the candle flickering on the table. The house was still, quiet, the lights out so the neighbours didn’t grow suspicious. Percy was alone again, and he was in Jason’s room. He didn’t like his own room, he connected it with all of the tears he cried the first few days he spent in the house. Jason’s room was warmer, more lived in. And it smelled like him. Percy had come to associate his smell with safety so when he was most scared about Nazis coming to arrest him he laid in the blonde’s bed, face pressed into the pillow, with just a flickering flame as company.

But that specific night he couldn’t sleep. It was a special night – it was the beginning of Hanukah. It was usually a time for celebration in Percy’s community, even when they didn’t have much money. Families came together to light a candle each day, to pray, and rejoice. And now Percy was alone, and he didn’t know if he had enough candles to light for each of the eight days, but he supposed God would forgive him because of the circumstances.

He couldn’t stand just laying there so eventually he got up and padded downstairs, flinching at how dark it was. He was wearing two of Jason’s jumpers and a pair of his trousers. He pulled on a coat, the only piece of his own clothing he kept apart from his shoes and went outside. The snow crunched underneath his feet. Above him the vast sky stretched for miles, alight with billions of stars. It was the same sky in Berlin, the same one in Stuttgart, the same one in America, the same one wherever his parents were. It was his first Hanukah alone, and he had a feeling it wouldn’t be the last.

He could hear the soft sound of people singing at mass in the nearby Church. They probably had no idea what day it was, and how important it was to Percy. The boy stayed outside for a few minutes, watching the twinkling lights of Berlin around him, but he kept thinking he heard the trees rustling and got too spooked, returning inside.

He took off all of his clothes except one of the jumpers and climbed underneath Jason’s covers. He kept a kitchen knife next to the candle and stared at the flame until his eyes watered. Then he realised that they were watering because of tears. Then he fell asleep.

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“...rcy. Percy...”

Someone’s hand was on his shoulder. Percy’s brain woke up before his body and before he could open his eyes. Someone was next to him, touching him. The boy jolted awake, throwing himself back, away from that someone, and automatically curling his arms around his head as his breathing came out hard, waiting for the bullets.
“Percy.”

The boy’s arms fell from his head and he looked at the person with wide eyes. It was Jason, with snow melting in his hair, looking every bit as startled as Percy. Of course it was Jason, who else would it be? Percy’s heart was hammering, and he could’ve laughed with relief.

Instead he burst out crying.

Jason’s expression fell, “Oh God. Perce, I didn’t mean to scare you-“

Percy just shook his head and buried his face in his hands, shaking and crying. All of the tension from the night built up in him. And then sadness too. He hated being alone, especially tonight. He felt Jason’s hand wrap around his ankle comfortingly.

“Es tut mir Leid. I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“I-I...,” Percy swallowed, forced his voice to work properly as tears spilled down his cheeks, “I thought y-you weren’t g-going to be b-back here t-tonight.”

“Clearly, otherwise you wouldn’t be in my bed,” Jason’s eyes were soft, “I realised it was Hanukah, and that you were alone. So I came.”

Percy stared at him. He opened and closed his mouth, like a fish, trying to find something to say. Jason, a Nazi, came back because he remembered a Jewish holiday. Percy shakily wiped his cheeks.

“Danke.”

Jason smiled, “No need to thank me. It’s what friends do, right? I uh...I didn’t know if you eat anything specific or anything like that. But my mama made cake and I brought that?”

“That’s...you didn’t have to do that,” Percy said. Jason shrugged and got up, playfully pulling on Percy’s feet so the boy almost slid off the bed. He giggled and stood up, feeling giddy and happy now that the tension had passed. They went downstairs in the dark and suddenly Percy was feeling brave. He grabbed Jason by the sleeve before the blonde could reach for the light switch.

“Percy?” Jason asked, voice all weird.

“I’m serious. You didn’t have to come here tonight,” Percy whispered, even though nobody could hear them anyway, “you’re not like the others.”

His sleeve slipped from Percy’s grasp and the boy could barely make him out in the darkness, “Who are the others?”

“The Nazis.”

“Percy...I am a Nazi.”

“I know,” Percy’s chest felt tight, “But you’re not like the others. You’re not cruel. You didn’t kill me, you saved me.”

Jason turned away and Percy could’ve sworn he murmured I’m exactly like the others.

***

Percy was being dragged through the snow, felt it sipping through his clothes. Someone had him by the back of his shirt, and he couldn’t see them as he struggled.
“No!” he yelled, “Let go!”

He saw Jason’s house looming in front of him, more dark and menacing than it really was, massive flags billowing from the windows, the swastika glaring at Percy. He wanted to shout Jason’s name, but he couldn’t, it wouldn’t make it past his throat.

Suddenly the person let go and Percy heard the crunch of snow as they came around. His stomach twisted when he saw familiar golden hair glittering silver in the moonlight. Jason stood in front of him, expressionless, his gun raised and pointed at Percy’s forehead. The boy scrambled back,

“J-Jason-“

“Silence, der Jude!”

Percy swallowed, “What are you doing?”

“You’re filthy. You’re an abomination,” Jason spat in the snow, “you’re a disgusting homosexual. I knew there was something wrong with you! I can’t believe I allowed you to say at my home!”

“Jason please-,” Percy felt sick.

“No. You don’t get to speak to me. I am Aryan, I am superior. You deserve to end up in the Camp like your parents,” Jason’s eyes were burning with a cold fire, “but I will offer you mercy.”

He pulled the trigger.

Percy sat up in his bed, gasping, heart beating so fast it hurt. The covers were tangled around his legs, trapping him, and his shirt was soaked with sweat. It took him a moment to remember where he was; that he wasn’t dead. The panic didn’t pass though. He stumbled to the window, pulled back the curtain to make sure that there were no Nazis coming towards the house. The fields were empty and calm and dark. It was January and the snow was melting.

I can’t stay here, Percy told himself firmly. He turned around in a circle blindly, trying to think of where to go, what to do. His aunt hadn’t told him to come yet but he didn’t care – he had the address, all he needed was to get to the station, get on a train...

Shaking, he went to the wardrobe. There were a few suitcases pushed in the corner. Percy didn’t want to steal from Jason, but he had no choice. He opened it and started pulling out the clothes Jason gave him, shoving them inside. I have to go downstairs and take some cans and jars of food. Then back to my apartment. Hopefully my papers are still there, and some money-

The lights flickered on and Percy froze.

Jason stood in the doorway, rubbing his eyes, looking sleepy and confused. His blonde hair was tousled and fluffy, his white shirt crumpled from sleep.

“Perce?” he asked, “What are you doing banging around so late at night?”

Percy didn’t know what to say. Jason’s eyes landed on the suitcase.

“Percy-,” his eyes widened.

“I’m leaving,” Percy blurted.

“In the middle of the night?” Jason was confused, “Did your aunt send a letter? Why didn’t you wake me up?”
“There was no letter, I just can’t stay here,” Percy said, reaching for more clothes, frantically. He felt claustrophobic, trapped. Jason reached out and grabbed his wrist, probably to stop him from packing, but all Percy could think about was the blonde pointing the gun at him. He stumbled away from him, “Don’t touch me!”

Jason looked shocked, “Percy what the hell happened?”

“I...I had a dream that you killed me,” Percy didn’t see a point in lying. He was so worked up he could barely stand still.

“That’s absurd, you know I’d never do that,” Jason looked confused.

“I don’t know what you would do!” Percy yelled, “You’re one of them! Maybe you’re just pretending to be my friend.”

“Why would I pretend for over two months?!”

“I don’t know-”

“Percy I don’t care that you’re Jewish-“

“This isn’t about that! This is about me being homosexual!”

Jason stared at him. Percy stared back at Jason. He had just admitted that to the Nazi. His stomach twisted with nausea.

“Percy,” Jason broke the silence, and his voice hadn’t changed. It was still warm and comforting, “I would never hurt you. No matter what you are.”

Percy exhaled shakily and leaned on the wall, closing his eyes.

“It just felt so real,” he said brokenly, “and I thought you’d find me disgusting if I told you. That you’d throw me up-”

Jason crossed the space between them and this time Percy didn’t flinch away. Jason reached out and took his hand, and just held it.

“I’m not disgusted,” he said, “You’re my friend, before anything else. Before being homosexual, or Jewish, you’re Percy,” he looked at their hands, “I’d like to think that to you I’m Jason before being a Nazi.”

Percy boldly threw his arms around Jason’s shoulders and hugged him. The blonde easily hugged him back, rubbing his back comfortingly.

“It pains me that you thought I could ever hurt you,” the blonde murmured. Percy pressed himself closer. He felt so goddamn safe in Jason’s arms, he never wanted the blonde to let go. That was a new thought, and a dangerous one.

Guiltily, Percy pulled away. Jason might’ve been alright with him being homosexual, but Percy doubted he’d be able to accept that the Jewish boy was falling in love with him.

***

Jason and Percy were eating dinner in the kitchen, just beans and bread and a little bit of chicken, when Jason got the horrible gut feeling that something bad was about to happen. He didn’t want to scare Percy, especially since the boy wasn’t sleeping so well lately, so he casually got up and walked
to the living room. He peeked from behind the curtain and his stomach clenched when he saw one of the Nazi cars rumble out from behind the tree line.

“They’re here!” he yelled, before he could stop himself, running to the kitchen. Percy jerked to his feet, eyes wild and full of fear. He threw himself at the backdoor but Jason caught his hand, “No! No, they’ll see you,” he turned the terrified boy around, “upstairs. Hide under my bed – go!”

Percy didn’t have time to protest, because Jason shoved him to the stairs. The boy pounded up them and Jason heard the door of the car slam closed outside. His eyes fell on the kitchen table. And the two plates on it.

“Scheiße!” he swore, throwing them into the sink. The knock on the door sounded and Jason felt his mouth go dry. He smoothed out his shirt. Act normal, he told himself as he went to the door. When he opened it he came face to face with the young men from the SS: Octavian, Michael and Bryce.

“Jason!” Octavian exclaimed, as if they were the best of friends. The red, black and white armbands they were wearing only reminded Jason that he wasn’t wearing his.

“Boys,” he inclined his head.

“Can we come in?” Octavian asked. Jason could barely hear them over the blood rushing to his head. They know about him. God, they’re going to hurt him, he didn’t care about the trouble he’d be in if they found out he was helping a Jew. All he cared about was Percy. He had promised to keep him safe. Still, he couldn’t just send the three away so he nodded, inviting them in.

“Would you like some tea?”

“How about something stronger,” Bryce grinned coldly. Jason nodded and led them to the kitchen, where he pulled out one of the whiskeys his grandfather had saved and three cups, hoping the men couldn’t see his hands shaking.

“God Jason you’re such a pig,” Michael laughed, peering into the sink, “Get yourself a woman so she can clean up.”

Jason laughed, “Ja, it gets pretty messy in such a big house.”

“You sure have a lot of shoes,” Octavian noted, looking at his and Percy’s mixed shoes by the door. Jason swallowed and poured the drinks.

“You know how it is – the soles keep scraping.”

“I have the same problem,” Michael nodded, “nobody makes shoes properly these days.”

Bryce threw back his drink, “Why don’t we get down to business, gentlemen?”

Michael leaned against the counter, “So, we’re going to war.”

“Right,” Jason said, trying not to show his relief, of course. God, this isn’t about Percy. The whispers had circled the SS for a while now, and nobody was surprised. However where a few months ago Jason would’ve been happy to go and fight for the glory of his country now he really didn’t want to. Not after he saw what the Fuhrer and his people were capable of.

“We got orders from Himmler that we’ll be on the front lines,” Octavian seemed proud of that.

“Ja, of course,” Jason tried to sound enthusiastic, “When do we invade?”
“September. We’re going to hit Poland first – they’re not expecting it,” Bryce grinned, “after that we crush the Allies, and America.”

“Japan stands with us, so do the Soviets,” Michael said, “We’ll win this time.”

“From now on training will be more intense,” Octavian said, “We have nine months, everyone has to come every day.”

Jason nodded, “Starting tomorrow?”

“Starting tomorrow,” Michael and Octavian finished their drinks.

“Well, we better be on our way,” Octavian said, “we have a few more errands to run. Wanna come with?”

“No, thanks lad.”

“Just thought we’d share the good news with you,” Bryce smirked.

Jason laughed with his comrades as he walked them to the door. He just wanted them to get out of his house, he wanted to reassure Percy that he was safe. The second the door closed behind the boys and Jason locked it he was running up the stairs, heart throbbing in his chest. He didn’t remember when he got quite so protective over Percy, when he felt the need to be close to the boy. Right now all he wanted was to have him in his arms, and that was scary.

He burst into his own bedroom.

The curtains were drawn so it was semi-dark and, of course, Percy hadn’t listened and hidden. Instead he stood directly opposite the door, a determined look on his face, pointing Jason’s gun at the blonde.

“They’re gone,” Jason said. Percy lowered the gun slowly, and then it just tumbled out of his hands as his arms went slack. The blonde closed the door, wanting as much...security, as they could get. He heard Percy’s shaky exhale.

“It wasn’t about me, was it?” Percy whispered.

“No,” Jason said, “I told you to hide.”

“I thought...I thought if they came here I could pretend I b-broke in. And then you wouldn’t be in danger because of me.”

“Perce...” Jason said softly. Percy hugged himself and looked away,

“What did they want?”

“They...there’s going to be a war,” Jason said, and Percy nodded as if he expected it, “I’m going to have to fight.”

Percy’s eyes snapped to Jason, “No.”

“No what?”

“No, you’re not going,” Percy said. Jason smiled a little, feeling warm at Percy’s protectiveness,

“I have to.”
“No!” Percy crossed the room and stood right in front of Jason, looking at him defiantly, “You’re not going anywhere.”

“It’s alright. It’ll take nine months-“

“Nein,” there was a raw desperation in Percy’s voice and his eyes stared right into Jason’s heart, “You’re...you’re the last person I have. You’re not leaving me.”

Jason’s heart clenched, “You’ll have to go soon. You’ll find a wife, or a man that will love you and-“

“I don’t want that!” Percy yelled, his face red, eyes glassy, “You don’t get it, Dummkopf.”

“What don’t I get?” Jason asked softly.

“I don’t want to go to Stuttgart. I don’t want to go to Switzerland. I don’t want to go to America,” he was rambling, “I don’t want to find a wife or some man. I don’t want to- fuck, Jason I just want you.”

Jason couldn’t breathe for a second, “You do have me,” he said, and he felt like his heart couldn’t take it. He wasn’t meant to be like this. His whole life he was told it was wrong, that two men together were an abomination. He was told to hate Jews, and homosexuals, and yet looking at Percy he didn’t see any of those things. He just saw a boy who he had fallen madly in love with.

“Not the way I want to have you,” Percy whispered. Jason closed the last little space between them, cupped the boy’s cheeks in his hands and kissed him, just to prove how wrong he was.

Percy’s lips were soft, and parted underneath Jason’s in surprise. He was trembling, his nose brushing against Jason’s. The blonde expected some gut wrenching feeling of regret when he finally kissed the boy, but all he felt was a warmth fill his chest, a warmth he wanted to hang on to. His body tingled, his heart hammered, he felt dizzy even though the kiss was innocent. And it felt so, so right, more right than anything Jason had ever felt before.

“I don’t understand,” Percy whispered when Jason pulled away. The boy’s eyes were half open, their mouths inches apart. Jason searched Percy’s face, his thumb subconsciously stroking the boy’s cheekbone.

“Ich liebe dich,” Jason whispered, not even knowing where the words came from. I love you.

Percy kissed him again, mouth open, desperate, heated, trying to get closer to Jason. The blonde let go of his face and his arms slid to Percy’s waist, wrapping around it and pulling the boy close. They kissed and kissed, wrapped up in each other in the middle of the room. Tentatively, Jason licked at Percy’s bottom lip and the boy opened his mouth, deepening the kiss.

They fell onto the bed somehow, tangled together. There was desperation in their movements even though there was no need for them to hurry. They were clinging onto each other as if scared the other would disappear. They pulled their clothes off, to be closer, skin to skin, and Jason traced Percy’s body with his fingers, and then with his mouth.

Afterwards the sheets were too ruined to sleep in them so they moved to Percy’s room. They laid on their sides, staring at each other, Jason’s hand trailing up and down Percy’s bare side. He waited for the guilt and the hate to hit him, but it never did. Every second he looked at Percy he felt more relaxed, more at peace. They had a candle on the bedside table, flickering, so they could see each other.
Jason leaned forward and kissed the place where Percy’s neck met his shoulder, tracing his collarbone gently with his lips.

“Your skin’s so warm,” he murmured, in awe. It felt surreal that he was allowed to touch Percy like this, to kiss him wherever he wanted, and that as long as they weren’t caught nothing bad would happen. Percy smiled and tugged Jason up to kiss him.

“I would’ve thought you’d try and fight this more,” he admitted.

“I can’t. Not when it’s you,” Jason brushed Percy’s hair from his face, “*Sie sind so schön,*” he murmured, *you’re so beautiful.* A blush appeared on Percy’s face, and then he smiled.

“I can’t remember being this happy in a long time.”

“We neither,” Jason couldn’t stop looking at Percy. He was so close, so warm, so *real,* “I keep...I keep thinking about that day we met. There were so many things that could’ve gone differently. What if I hadn’t been walking next to you? What if you hadn’t spoken to me? What if that man hadn’t run, and I hadn’t pulled you into the shop? What if I had saved someone else?” he pulled Percy close, wanting to make sure that the boy wasn’t going anywhere, “it would’ve been so easy for me to lose you, to leave you in that crowd,” he shook his head, “if you got taken from me right now I don’t think I could take it.”

There was a fierce love in Percy’s eyes, “God, I love you. I love you and I’m here, and I won’t go anywhere. For a while at least, alright?”

“Alright.”

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**Essen, Germany, June 1939**

“...remember, when you get off the train you only go with Piper, okay?” Jason said again, looking at Percy, ignoring how much his heart hurt. He himself was dressed in his freshly pressed SS uniform, and Percy was in some clothes they had gotten him a few months earlier. He was holding one of Jason’s suitcases in his hand, “don’t go with anyone else, avoid the police. The fake documents should get you through fine. Then, when you get to the Netherlands you go straight to Hague and get on the boat to Great Yarmouth. From there they’ll get you to America.”

“Jason,” Percy smiled, “I know.”

Jason exhaled, “I know you know,” he nodded. Clouds of steam were billowing off the train and the station was packed. The mechanical monster would be going soon, taking Percy away from Jason, “I still can’t believe that we’re going to be fighting on opposite sides of the war.”

“You can still come with me,” Percy sounded hopeful.

“You know I can’t. My mother is here,” he looked hopelessly at Percy, his heart clenching, “I wish I could kiss you right now. I should be allowed to kiss you, dammit.”

Percy reached out and quickly squeezed his hand, “I love you.”

Jason pulled him into a quick, appropriate hug, “Take care of yourself. Be safe Percy. I didn’t take care of you for eight months for you to get yourself killed.”

“I won’t. And after...” Percy had trouble speaking, “after it’s all over I’ll find you again, okay?”
“Ja,” Jason’s hands clenched and unclenched. The train whistled and people flooded in, “I don’t know how to end this. What to say.”

“Don’t say anything. This isn’t goodbye,” Percy reached out and squeezed Jason’s hand one more time, and then turned to the train and all Jason wanted was to cry.

**Brooklyn, New York, December 1945**

Twenty five year old Percy Jackson walked through the streets of the city. It was snowing, people were hurrying past, heads pressed into their chests. Everything was teeming with life; pubs and restaurants were open, automobiles rumbled past, Christmas decorations adorned the buildings, and Percy remembered this city riddled with Depression all those years ago. He remembered heated concrete and people watching from their windows with dull eyes. How much things had changed since they won the war.

The war was a dark time, and Percy fought every day of it. For him, for his parents, for all the Jews who were left in Germany, for Jason. Every day he fought the Germans he wondered if the blonde was just a few steps away, and he just didn’t know it. He thought about him every single day, missed him, yearned for him, loved him.

Now that the war was over Percy felt a hole in his chest, next to the one left by the death of his parents, the hole of unknowing if Jason was still out there somewhere. He was wrong, during his last Hanukah in Germany. He never spent one alone. He had found a home in the army, where his brothers in arms celebrated with him even though they knew nothing of the holiday, and now, as Hanukah neared again Percy knew he had a community he would celebrate with. He had a synagogue he could go to without fear of it burning down.

He turned into a snow-filled alleyway and crossed through it to another main street. He fished his key from his pocket and opened the door to his apartment building. Once inside he shook the snow off of his coat and jogged up the stairs. He wanted to make himself some coffee, maybe take a nap, maybe listen to the radio. He was going to meet up with Annabeth and Reyna later on as well, they’d probably go dancing.

“Percy?”

The voice made Percy stop abruptly. He was on his corridor and sitting outside his flat door was a man. He stood up quickly and Percy’s brain told him that what he was seeing was impossible, that he was imagining it.

His hair was shorter, he was broader, there was a scar on his upper lip where there hadn’t been one before, and he looked like he needed a shave. But there was no mistaking him.

“Jason,” Percy whispered, and then again, “Jason,” because he couldn’t believe it. Time seemed to slow for a minute, and Percy could almost hear the sound of the grandfather clock ticking in Jason’s house in Berlin.

They both moved simultaneously and collided into each other half way. Jason was laughing and Percy was crying and they were kissing feverishly, hands grabbing whatever they could reach. Percy felt like he was drunk, like it wasn’t real but it was. Jason was right in front of him, kissing him like no tomorrow. They didn’t care that they were in the middle of a public corridor – here they didn’t have to.

Jason picked Percy up, spun him around, kissed him again.
“You came back to me,” Percy was sobbing, clinging onto the blonde. Jason peppered his face with kissing,

“I love you. Fuck, I didn’t stop loving you.”

Percy wanted to forget Germany, and he hadn’t spoken German in years, and yet now he did, so he could repeat over and over, “Ich liebe dich.”
Everybody's Got a Dark Side

I don't know anything about split personality, sorry if it's weird.

Nico is a timid, friendless and quiet kid at school who is picked on everyday while doing nothing to defend himself. Will is a passing student who tries to break up the fighting one day but ends up getting involved in the mess when the bullies attack him as well. At that moment, Nico rises up and starts defending both Will and himself as though possessed by the devil himself, laughing maniacally as he scares the bullies away. When the bullies are gone, Nico reveals his personality split to Will, with the current violent one only coming out when the dominant timid one begs (while ensuring the former would go no further than self-defence and verbal torture). Will later gets to know both personalities and ends up falling for one angelic/devilish Nico di Angelo. A smutty scene with both personalities in the end would be great.

For emma

Will was late to class, hurrying through the hallways and shoving the homework he just did on the bus into his bag. The seventeen year old swore as he stumbled on the stairs. The locker-lined hallways were empty, all the students already in class. He would get into so much shit with Mr D for being late...

He heard voices as he rounded the corner of the corridor, almost making it to his class, and stopped when he saw a bunch of boys crowding in around a locker a few steps away. They were the year above, all buff, tall guys. They were jeering and yelling and Will had a bad feeling that there was someone trapped in the ring.

“Hey!” he called, and when the four guys turned to look at him he immediately regretted his decision, because what else was he meant to say?!

“What the fuck do you want?” one of the boys spat, turning to Will. By moving he revealed the person trapped by the boys. It was Nico di Angelo, a quiet, shy boy from Will’s math class. The blonde’s heart twisted when he saw the small boy leaning against the lockers, hands in fists, face red, eyes full of tears.

“We’re late to lesson,” Will advanced on the boys, because he couldn’t back out now, “Nico c’mon Mr D is gonna kill us,” he tried to reach out and pull the boy out but one of the older guys shoved him back.
“He ain’t going anywhere,” he said with a sickly sweet smile, “We have things to discuss, don’t we Nico?” he asked, placing his arm above Nico’s head, caging him in. The Italian flinched, but didn’t look up. Will frowned, and although he was scared he knew that he couldn’t just leave the boy here.

“Why don’t you back off?” the blonde asked, eyes narrowing at the guy.

“Why don’t you fuck off?” another one of them demanded, “This ain’t your fight, kid. Go on, scram!”

“I’ll go but Nico’s coming with me,” Will said coldly.

“Fuck this punk’s pissing me off,” the biggest guy turned on Will and suddenly he had him by the shirt, pulling him close so Will could smell his acidic breath, “Get the fuck out of here before I turn you into a bloody pulp.”

Will’s instincts kicked in and before he could try and diplomatically calm the situation his hand curled into a fist and he swung, punching the guy right in the nose. The boy howled, stumbling back and letting Will go, clutching his nose that was spurting blood. One of his friends roared and charged at Will and tried to hit him but the blonde ducked. When another guy circled around him he wasn’t as lucky. He felt his arms being painfully twisted behind his back, exposing his stomach, where one of the guys took aim.

When he punched Will in the gut the boy groaned and his knees buckled, but he was being held up by the second guy. The next hit came to Will’s cheek, throwing his head to the side. He felt pain throbbing in his lip and nose and cheek, and tasted blood in his mouth.

“Stop it!” someone was screaming, and it took Will a moment to realise it was Nico, “Let him go!”

There was a ringing in Will’s ears and he fuzzily saw the guy lifting his fist one more time. A hand appeared out of nowhere, tiny, but with surprising strength, stopping the guy’s fist mid-air.

“What the-“

“I said,” Nico said icily, “stop it.”

The guy moved back revealing Nico who, despite being tiny, suddenly seemed to fill the room. His eyes were gloomy, dark and angry, trained on the guy in front of him, his lips curled in distaste. He looked like a completely different person from the boy who was close to tears just minutes ago.

“What are you playing at Di Angelo?” the older guy growled.

“Let him go,” Nico turned his terrifying gaze to the guy holding Will and he complied. Will slid to the ground, pain blooming in his body, “Bryce you and your little friends might want to leave, or things will get ugly.”

“Are you threatening me, Di Angelo?!” one of the guys demanded, though Will couldn’t see which ones. Then Nico started laughing. It was the most chilling laugh Will had ever heard; cold and cruel without an ounce of mercy and remorse in it. It made the hair on Will’s arms stand.

“You think I don’t know?” Nico’s voice sounded like it belonged to someone else, low and steady, “about what you are? Oh I know. You know it Bryce. It could ruin you, one word from me and everything for you would be over. Look at your pathetic little friends do you think they’d stand by you if they knew who you really were? What you really were?” Will looked up a little, head pounding, and saw that Bryce stood frozen, his face pale, “how about your father? Do you want bruises? Do you want more bruises? Oh Bryce you stupid, pathetic little boy you haven’t learnt
anything have you?"

“S-Stop it-,” Bryce whispered, terrified.

Nico smiled icily, the smile of a maniac, “Scram.”

Bryce escaped first, his friends hot on his heels. Will had never seen anyone run so fast in his life. He wiped the blood off of his chin, and looked at Nico. The boy lazily shoved his hand in his pockets and turned to Will, a smirk playing on his lips.

“You alright?”

Will stared at him, “I’m okay. You?”

“I’m perfectly fine,” Nico huffed out a laugh, “Appreciate the...intentions. Next time know which fight to pick.”

“I just...I...,” Will didn’t know what to say, “What did they want from you?”

Suddenly Nico’s entire demeanour changed. The smirk melted from his lips and his face relaxed and once again he was standing in front of Will, scared and anxious. His hands slid from his pockets, his shoulders slumped. He pulled the sleeves of his jumper over his fingers and took a little step back, looking at Will with wide eyes.

“I...it doesn’t matter,” he looked like he was about to cry. Even his voice was different – quieter, softer. Will didn’t understand what was happening, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for them to hurt you,” and then he just turned on his heel and sprinted down the hallway, just leaving Will there.

***

You went too far.

Someone fucking had to. As always you just made us stand carelessly by and do nothing.

What were we meant to do? Those guys scare me.

Well, they don’t scare me. Next time let me up before they do something bad. They could’ve hurt us! Bryce has been making eyes at us since-

No. No. Be quiet. I don’t want to know about it. It makes me sick.

What about that dude? The blonde kid, Will.

What about him?

Don’t tell me you didn’t feel anything. I felt something.

I feel the same things you do, idiot.

I know. But there was something there. That guy’s pretty damn fierce. I like him.

He...he was the first person to try and help.

Brilliant. So it’s all set – I have your approval to let him fuck us?

What?! No! Are you crazy-
I decide what we do past eight at night, you know it. That’s the deal.

I know, I know. But not him.

Why not? You actually like this one for once.

I said no.

Pussy.

***

Will couldn’t stop thinking about that encounter the whole weekend, about how Nico had just switched so easily. He tried to find the guy on social media to message him and make sure he was okay, but he didn’t have any accounts. He asked a couple friends if they knew someone who had his number, but they didn’t. Will knew Nico didn’t have any friends; he always sat alone at lunch. People thought he was weird because he talked to himself sometimes. Will didn’t think he was weird, he thought he was hurt, and he desperately wanted to help the boy, who seemed troubled.

That’s why he gathered up the courage and when on Tuesday, right before lunch, he saw Nico shuffling down the corridor, head down, he grabbed him by the wrist and dragged him into the closest empty classroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

“W-Will-,” the boy looked shocked that the blonde had grabbed him, as if he had expected him to forget the encounter. His eyes were big, and he seemed closed off.

“I was worried,” Will said, before Nico could ask, “Nico, what happened on Friday?”

“I-I’m surprised you even know my name,” the boy mumbled, looking away, cheeks red.

“Of course I know your name. On Friday, those guys...that’s happened before, right?” Nico didn’t say anything, guiltily looking at his shoes, “Nico if you’re being bullied you need to tell someone,” Will said gently. Nico shook his head.

“No. No, I...,” he bit his lip. He looked so small and scared and nervous and shy and Will kind of really wanted to be his friend. He also wanted to know what happened with the weird switches in the boy.

“On Friday you acted like you were two different people,” Will said. He had learned that there was no point beating around the bush with people. However the statement made Nico curl up on himself even more, like he was building a protective wall between him and Will.

“I’d r-rather not talk about it.”

“What...,” Will shifted nervously, “What about the other one? Because there is another one, right?” the boy studied psychology, he was pretty sure Nico had some form of split personality. The hesitant nod from the boy confirmed this, “Okay. Will he tell me what’s happening?”

Nico straightened up suddenly, eyebrow arching in amusement, arms crossing over his chest. He still looked like Nico with his dark eyes, and dark hair, but his posture completely changed, like he was a different person on the inside.

“Excuse us,” Nico said, and his voice was laced with sarcasm, “we get shy around hot people sometimes,” Will blinked in surprise at this, “Actually he gets shy around everyone,” Nico brows furrowed and he looked at the ceiling, “Oi, cut it out! Me and pretty boy are trying to have a
conversation,” he was obviously talking to the other part of himself. He grinned at Will like a predator, “So, you have questions then?”

“I’m sorry this is so...,” Will was staring at him.

“Freaky as fuck?”

“No, fascinating,” Will said. Nico kissed his teeth in annoyance,

“I’m not a science experiment.”

“No! I know, I know!” Will said quickly, “I just...how did this happen?”

“This is a coping mechanism,” Nico shrugged, “I’m a coping mechanism you could say, though we’re the same person. I developed it when I felt threatened. Dad used to beat me up pretty bad,” he laughed, as if that was funny, “I was just a kid then, and my automatic reaction would be to curl up on myself and take it and cry about it later,” he spread his arms, “and then I found this switch inside me. It’s hard to explain but there’s not two of us in here; we’re both Nico. This part of me is stronger though, protective, the way I always want to be. But I’m also dangerous,” he looked at Will as if he wanted to eat him up, and Will didn’t know if that made him uncomfortable, or something else..., “The other side of me, the normal side you could say, is the way I am most of the time. I usually take over during the night, to get all the frustration of life out. I came out yesterday because I didn’t want those guys to properly hurt you.”

“I...I don’t know what to say,” Will admitted. Nico shrugged,

“That’s alright. You’re the first person I’ve ever told,” he blinked, “Actually, I don’t even know why I’m telling you this. The other part wants to trust you. It’s hard being alone all the time, I wouldn’t mind having a friend too. Wait, what am I saying?” he laughed, “you wouldn’t be me friend! Look at you, you look like you’ve just seen a ghost.”

“It’s just a lot to comprehend,” Will said, trying to wrap his head around everything Nico just told him, “I just...I was worried. Over the weekend. I didn’t want those guys to hurt you.”

“They didn’t hurt me,” Nico bared his teeth at Will like a wolf, “they hurt you...,” he sighed, “I want to flip again. The bigger part of my brain – the pathetic little coward – has the power here. I can’t hurt anyone ever, because the other part of me if holding me back. Anyway,” he army-saluted the shocked Will and then the blonde saw Nico’s posture change again. He looked like he wanted to throw up, “I’m sorry,” his voice was quiet, “I didn’t mean to freak you out,” he reached for his bag, clearly about to dash again, but Will grabbed his wrist.

“Wait! You didn’t freak me out, really,” he said sincerely. Nico blinked at him in surprise and Will smiled, “I...it’s a lot to take in but...I was wondering, do you wanna come eat lunch with me?”

“What...why?” Nico asked weakly, glancing away, clearly thrown off, “I’m a freak.”

“You’re-,” Will almost said adorable then, because Nico was. The blonde wanted to protect him, even though he knew full well that Nico could protect himself perfectly well, “not a freak,” he said instead.

“You really wanna eat lunch with me?” Nico asked in disbelief. Will’s smile grew,

“Sure. Also,” he fished his phone out of his pocket, “let me give you my number. If those guys bother you again-“
Nico blushed prettily and smiled a little at his shoes, “I can handle it, Will.”

The blonde liked the way Nico said his name, “I know. You can still take my number though?”

Nico nodded and pulled out his phone and then hesitated. He glanced at Will, and then glanced away again, “you’re not...this isn’t some prank is it?”

“Well?” Will’s brows furrowed. Nico shrugged,

“You’re not just doing this so you can take the piss...,” he looked at Will hopefully, “right?”

Will didn’t want to know how many people had hurt Nico in his life.

“This isn’t a prank,” he said, and he hoped Nico believed him.

***

He likes us! He likes us!

Shhhh, you’re being so loud.

Sorry, sorry...you saw him though! He wants to be our friend!

Do we trust him?

You know we do.

That’s stupid of us. God, we’ve become stupid.

Oi, no we aren’t. Seriously though, how nice was it to talk to someone for once? I sure missed it.

Yeah. It was really nice.

We’re gonna text him right?

What?! No! Are you crazy!

We’re crazy. And we should text him! I’m serious man, we should hang out-

And let him watch us stutter and stumble all over the place? You know how awkward and clumsy we are.

Not if I’m in charge.

I don’t trust you in public places.

Whatever, boss. I bet he’s gonna text first anyway.

***

Will twirled his phone in his hands, and contemplated if he wasn’t being too forward. He really wanted to go out and see Ghost in the Shell and he was meant to go with all his friends...but he kind of wanted to go with Nico. In a not very platonic way. The more Will thought about it the more attracted he was to the quiet Italian boy...to both sides of him.
The problem was he didn’t know how to ask the boy out. He had his number but he was scared that if he texted Nico he would freak out and say no, or he’d laugh and take the piss out of Will, depending which part of him was in charge. *God you’re such a coward,* Will told himself mentally, *the movie’s in two hours, now or never.* He wanted to not give Nico any time so then, if the boy didn’t want to go, he could just say it was too much of a short notice.

Will exhaled, “Okay. Here we go.”

*You: Hey! Sorry if this is a bit forward but I wanted to see ghost in the shell tonight and i was wondering if u wanna come with? Its ok if ur busy.*

He quickly locked his phone, face burning, and groaned. He hadn’t even tried to make it seem not like a date...he could only hope that Nico didn’t catch on to it. His phone beeped within seconds and Will squeezed his eyes shut, not wanting to check the message, but eventually he got up the courage.

*Nico di Angelo: Why would you want to go with me?*

Will exhaled.

*You: we’re friends right? Kinda. Dunno thought we could get to know each other a little better. Its just a movie Nico don’t freak out.*

*Nico di Angelo: Right.*

*Nico di Angelo: Sorry.*

*Nico di Angelo: What time?*

Will grinned, sent Nico the time, and told him that he’d come pick him up at eight. Now it *really* seemed like a date, and the blonde was excited – he wouldn’t let Nico back out this time. Will had been on a bunch of dates before, had even had sex with a girl one time after the movies, but he was never as nervous about it before. And it wasn’t even a *proper* date! Will didn’t even know if Nico liked guys.

He showered, tried to sort out his hair, changed three times. It was unlike him but he wanted to look nice. Finally he settled on a green flannel and climbed into his car and left before he panicked and chickened out. He showed up outside Nico’s house right on time and texted him the standard *I’m outside* text because...well, he wasn’t about to ring the doorbell. The boy came out of his house hurriedly, dressed in a jacket that was too big for him, his hair freshly blow dried and fluffy. He gave Will an uncertain smile and the blonde waved, grinning. The Italian got into the passenger’s seat and immediately did up his seatbelt.

“Hi,” Will said.

“Hi,” Nico replied, glancing at Will, a little blush already on his cheeks. Will started the car,

“You excited for the movie?”

“Yes, looks really good. I watched the anime,” Nico was playing with a loose string of his shirt absently as Will drove.

“You watch anime?” the blonde asked, surprised. Nico shrugged,

“Just some of them,” he looked at Will, “what about you?”
“Watched Death Note, that’s about it,” the boy laughed. Nico smiled a little,

“Well, anyway I hope it’s a good adaptation. Sometimes movies are really shit adaptations of books and anime and manga and...,” he trailed off as if realising he was rambling.

“Yeah, I agree.” Will desperately wanted Nico to open up to him more, “We can...uh, grab some food after if you want?”

“Won’t it be really late?” Nico asked quietly, almost mumbling.

“Don’t tell me you have a curfew?”

“No it’s just that....” Nico bit his lip, “I tend to get a bit out of control late at night.”

Will knew what he meant, “Oh. Okay. We can skip food then?”

“I mean if you want to we can still go,” Nico blurted, face bright red. His hands were clenched in his lap as if he was embarrassed of saying that. Will reached out and ruffled his hair – he just couldn’t stop himself. Nico looked at him in shock and Will glanced over from the road, grinning.

“We’ll see how we’re feeling, okay?”

“Okay,” Nico agreed, sliding down in the seat and subconsciously touching his hair.

***

This is so aesthetically pleasing.

Do you know what’s aesthetically pleasing? Will Solace. Just look at him.

No. We wanna watch the movie.

We wanna watch Will! Boy at least hold his hand!

No!

We both know it’s a date.

We...We don’t know. Let’s not assume ‘cause it’ll be embarrassing if we’re wrong.

Seriously though lemme come up there, and then we can have a hot makeout with him.

We’re in public!

It’s dark! Everyone’s too focused on main bae Scarlet anyway! Nobody will notice.

Except Will.

I’d be worried if he didn’t notice.

Let’s stay in control and not do anything stupid and get food later, ok?

God, I sure like hanging out with him.

Yeah. He’s so sweet.
And hot! Suck his dick!

Oh my God no! Stop it! We’re trying to watch!

I’ll let things go smoothly if you at least hold his hand.

Oh God no...we can’t! What if we’re just hanging out?

You know that’s not true! This is a date.

I’m surprised he’d even be into us.

Honestly same. Oi! Stop changing the subject! Hold his hand.

Later.

Promise?

You know I’m serious! I will hold his hand...and burn up in shame as well, but I’ll hold it.

Good boy. And suck his dick after.

Oh my God can we just watch the movie in peace?

***

Will and Nico chucked away their empty KFC bags and walked through the dark parking lot. The ground was wet from rain earlier.

“...I mean it literally looked the exact same!” Nico gushed, and Will swore he was falling in love every second that the boy excitedly gestured with his hands, talking about the movie as if it was the eighth wonder of the world, “Yeah it was a little rushed, and everything, but God, it was just so good!”

“Yeah, I liked it too,” Will agreed, “especially the Geisha’s. They were hella creepy.”

Nico grinned at him, “Yeah,” he said, and reached out, grabbing Will’s hand out of nowhere. The blonde hadn’t expected it. In the cinema he had contemplated touching Nico, doing the classic I’m-yawning-but-actually-I’m-putting-my-arm-around-you move but he was too scared that Nico would freak out. And now the Italian’s small hand was in his, warm and trembling a little. Will froze, staring at him with wide eyes.

Blood rushed to Nico’s face and he pulled his hand back, “I’m sorry I didn’t-“

“No! No, it’s okay!” Will snapped out of his shock, “I-“

“I just kind of...I-I...,” Nico was stuttering, clearly embarrassed, shoving his hands into the pockets of his coat as if to protect them, “I didn’t meant t-to do that...No. No I did mean t-to I just wanted to hold your hand a-and I know it’s stupid but-“

“Hey!” Will interrupted him, and Nico shut his mouth abruptly. They were standing under a streetlamp so the blonde could see him clearly. They had literally only known each other a few days but Will had never wanted to kiss anyone as much as he wanted to kiss Nico in that moment, “It’s okay,” he said instead, and reached into Nico’s pocket, pulling his hand out. He slotted their fingers together, and smiled, “I wanted to hold your hand too.”
Nico stared at his shoes, blushing all the way to his ears.

They didn’t say anything more as they walked to the car, hands clasped between them.

***

*I hate this. I hate doing this.*

No you don’t. And you know we need it.

*You need it!*

We *both* need it stop pretending we don’t!

God how long will it take for us to come?

I don’t know - this guy’s shit. Guy last time was better.

*I don’t remember him-

Ouch!

Ouch!

That hurt!

Fucking asshole doesn’t know what he’s doing. God, he’s bad at this. Does he even know what a prostate is?

*Just come, just come, just come...*

If this guy doesn’t change his technique we’ll have a flip fuck situation going on.

*I don’t like this guy.*

Coz he’s shit!

Ouch!

There he goes again...let’s just pretend it’s Will.

*No! No, no, no...*

You’re already doing it. Pretend that it’s his hands on our hips...

*His hands our bigger.*

I know. So is his dick, probably.

*God.*

Shhh, imagine it’s him fucking us

*You just want him to have sex with us*

Hey! We both do!
Will learnt how to recognise which ‘mood’ Nico was in by the time two weeks were up. Normally the boy tried to make himself even smaller than he was, attempting to almost disappear. He’d avoid eye contact with everyone, keep his answers short. He’d always fiddle with things and hide his hands in his sleeves. He’d also blush like crazy and when they were alone he’d reach out and hold Will’s hand. When they were hanging out he’d keep to the opposite side to Will, aware of his personal space. He never swore, never texted in slang, his voice was always soft and warm.

When, rarely, he was in the other mood he would stand up straighter and stronger and would always have a mischievous smirk on his lips. His eyes would grow colder and more calculating, and whenever he looked at Will they’d get darker. He would go out of his way to annoy people, was louder, angrier, cursed like a sailor, made crude sexual jokes. He was like a crackle of lightning then, and he spilled more secrets than he did when he was in his normal mood. He’d drape himself over Will like a cat, purposely seek out physical contact.

Will was obsessed with both sides of the boy.

Nico was starting to open up more to Will, and told him about all of his struggled living with a split personality. One thing he told Will one night that they walked around after dark, holding hands, bothered the blonde more than it should’ve. Nico was staring at his feet, listening to Will talk and then out of nowhere he just said *I fuck strangers whenever he takes over*. He explained to Will that it helped him focus on reality, and all of this, in a jumble of stutters and blushing and Will had this horrible twisting in his stomach that he recognised as jealousy.

When he was dropping Nico home later that night he grabbed the boy’s wrist before he could get out.

“Don’t do it again,” he said, “I know it’s asking a lot but...”

Nico looked away, “I’ll try,” and then he left.

Another two weeks passed in a flurry and one night Nico was over at Will’s. They were watching Brother Bear, alone since the blonde’s parents were away for the night. Will was having a terribly hard time focusing on the movie. Nico was in his normal mood, so sitting with a gap between them but Will was still hyper aware of the other boy next to him. He had started to get weird dreams about the boy, where he was moaning and shaking, grabbing onto Will, whispering his name. It made him all hot and bothered to even look at the boy, even when he was almost drowning in a too-big hoodie, like right now.

The movie ended. Nico sniffled.

“It always gets me so emotional,” he mumbled. Will smiled and closed the laptop, drowning the room in darkness. The two were silent for a moment, just half-laying next to each other.

“You can sleep over if you want,” Will said eventually, heart hammering.

“I...I don’t know if that’s a good idea,” Nico admitted. Will turned his head to say something, maybe persuade him to stay, but he hadn’t been aware of just how close Nico was. The Italian’s eyes widened in the darkness and when he let out a shaky breath it brushed against Will’s lips, their faces inches away. The blonde forgot how to breathe for a second. Nico’s eyes subconsciously flickered to Will’s lips. The blonde couldn’t take it anymore, his hands were itching to touch the boy. He leaned
in-

Nico sat bolt upright, “I can’t do this!” he gasped, and then scrambled over Will, grabbing his stuff and sprinting through the door before the blonde could even react. Will’s heart clenched at the rejection.

***

What are we doing?! What are we doing?! Get us back in there!

I can’t. I can’t. He wanted to kiss us!

Bitch I am aware!

I wanted him to kiss us. God we both wanted that.

Which is why I don’t understand why we’re still running! We don’t know where the fuck we are, moron!

I can’t just- God you understand!

I know we’re scared. Fuck, even this bit of us is scared, but we want him, both of us.

I can’t face him. Not now. I think we’re gonna cry.

Don’t you fucking dare. Give me control.

No. No, you’ll make us do something stupid.

We already made us do something fucking stupid! We rejected him! He wants us and we want him, just let me have control!

Fine! Fine just take it!

***

Will had time to mentally kill himself three times and put the laptop away when he heard the furious knocking on the door. Not giving it a second thought and still beating himself up over being so forward with Nico the blonde went downstairs and pulled the door open.

Nico stood outside, and that shocked Will. What shocked him even more was that it was his second personality. Will could tell from how angry and dark his eyes were.

“Nico-,” he started, but the boy just roughly pushed him back, shoving the door shut. Will slammed into a wall and Nico twisted his shirt in his hands and crashed their lips together. The blonde’s eyes flew open in shock and the shorter boy stood on his tiptoes, violently pushing him into the wall, licking his way into Will’s mouth. The kiss was rough, angry, raw. Will snapped back into reality and he tried to slow the kiss down, but Nico wasn’t having it so the blonde just let go.

He grabbed Nico’s shoulders and pushed him up against the opposite wall, taking control over the kiss, his tongue fighting the Italian’s. Nico moaned, throwing his arms around Will’s neck and burying his fingers in the blonde’s hair. Nico pulled back suddenly, and he was flushed and breathless and grinning like a maniac.

“I want you to fuck me,” he growled. His words went straight to Will’s dick like liquid fire. He
grabbed the boy by the ass, kneading the flesh, crashing their mouths together again. Nico pushed him towards the stairs, not stopping their volatile kiss. They stumbled up, groping, discarding clothing as they went.

They landed on Will’s bed in a naked heap and the blonde pulled back. He needed to clear his head, to slow down. He wanted to look at Nico’s body underneath him, touch him everywhere, but the boy wasn’t having it. With a sudden surge of strength he flipped them over, pressing Will down into the pillows and straddling his waist.

“Nico-,” the blonde started, breathless, but Nico didn’t let him finish.

“You have no idea how crazy you drive me,” he leaned down, biting at Will’s neck. The blonde groaned and Nico smirked at him, “I think about you. When I do it with other guys,” Will’s stomach clenched and Nico must’ve seen a change on his face because his smirk widened, “You hate that don’t you? Some other man touching me?” When Will didn’t reply Nico grabbed him by the chin roughly. His sudden dominance sent a thrill through the blonde, “Answer me.”

“I hate other men touching you,” Will admitted heatedly, “I want to be the only one.”

Nico grinned like a cat, “Good boy,” he said, leaning forward and kissing Will again. He pulled back way too fast for the blonde’s liking, “lube?”

“First drawer,” Will murmured, his mind barely registering that he and Nico were about to have sex. The Italian leaned over and rummaged in the bedside drawer and Will took the time to appreciate him, all pale and thin and willowy, gracefully, beautiful. Everything was happening so fast, like time had sped up. Will watched the boy squirt lube on his fingers, looking like he belonged in Will’s lap, all cosy and comfortable.

Until he reached around himself and pushed a digit into his hole.

“Fuck,” Will gasped, “Turn around. Let me see,” he tried to look over Nico’s shoulder but the boy grabbed him by the throat and pushed his head back against the headboard, hard enough to hurt. He laughed, and it ended on a moan.

“You don’t get to look,” he said, pleased with himself. He kissed Will again, moaned against his lips. The blonde could hear the squelching sound as the boy fingered himself. Will’s hips jerked upward, hard cock brushing against Nico’s.

“God,” the blonde moaned, biting the boy’s shoulder, “F-Fuck, Nico…”

“Two fingers,” The Italian breathed into Will's shoulder, and then slowly grinded forward, so his cock once again rubbed against Will’s. The blonde moaned, sounding wrecked even to himself as his world spun with pleasure, “Nghhh, f-fuck…”

Will’s hand snaked its way behind Nico to touch him but the Italian pushed it away.

“You don’t get to do that either,” he hissed, eyes dark and full of lust, “Don’t make me tie you up, Will.”

The blonde almost whimpered. His body yearned for the boy, “P-Please-,” he gasped, cock throbbing and twitching, leaking precum all over Nico’s milky thigh.

“Since you ask so nicely,” the Italian smiled and slid forward a little, then raised himself, and Will felt the blunt tip of his cock press against the boy’s wet hole. His mouth fell open in a moan and Nico pushed the fingers that had just been in in him inside Will’s mouth. The blonde should’ve been
grosse out, but he wasn’t. Nico watched him darkly as he slowly started to slide down, taking the boy inside of himself.

“F-Fuck-,” Will gasped, Nico’s fingers slipping from his mouth. The Italian chocked on a groan as he slid further down.

“G-God you’re- ah! Big... nghhh...”

Will kissed him, didn’t know what else to do. When he was fully sheathed inside the boy he thought he was going to pass out from how good it felt. Nico was groaning and moaning against his mouth, biting at his lips. He lifted his hips again before Will was ready. The blonde let out a chocked off sound that sounded like a sob as his hips jerked upward into Nico’s delicious heat. The boy started riding Will slowly, torturing him, and the blonde felt his orgasm approaching way too fast.

“Nico-,” he tried to tell the boy this but was unable to, his hands gripping the boy’s hips, “Nico...Nico-“

“Shhh,” Nico kissed him as he picked up the pace, moving gracefully, languidly, “you feel so good, Will.”

Soon enough both of them were panting, establishing a rhythm where Will thrust up and Nico slid down so they could both moan against the others skin. Then they were suddenly going at it like rabbits, hard and fast, Nico’s fingers digging into Will’s back, leaving behind angry red scratches and a pain that just added to Will’s wild pleasure. He bit into Nico’s neck and shoulder, leaving behind a mess of hickeys, bite marks and bruises.

“Harder,” Nico gasped, “G-God...W-Will fuck me harder-“

Will flipped them over. Heaven knows where he found the strength to do it. He had Nico on all fours now, his delicious pale back and ass on display in front of him. Like this he had the control. He pulled out, gasping and then thrust back in. Watching his cock disappear inside the boy brought him a step closer to orgasm. Nico cried out as his body rocked forward, hands clawing at the blankets.

“Y-Yes,” he gasped, burying his face in the pillow, ass up in the air. Will started pounding him, hands gripping his ass, “W-Will! Will, God, yes, yes, yes, p-please more I-I... nghhh, Will-“

Will reached under the boy to stroke his cock clumsily because he needed Nico to come before he did. He covered the boy’s body with his own, kissed his neck to muffle the desperate sounds spilling from his mouth and suddenly Nico’s ass clenched around him and the boy bit the pillow, his body jerking, shivering and Will felt come against his hand.

“F-Fuck Nico-,” Will’s thrusts got less uncoordinated, and he felt his climax fast approaching. Before he could come though, Nico scrambled away, Will’s cock sliding from him. The blonde whined at the loss.

***

No! We need to make him come what are you doing?!

Come on, you go.

No, I can’t. I’ll be all clumsy and un-sexy and weird. We both know it!

Just do it. You know you want to.
He doesn’t want us like this.

Stop chatting shit. Go on.

No-

Stop fucking saying no! You want him!

I love him.

Fuck I know we’re the same damn person!

Okay.

Okay.

Fuck.

***

Nico was staring at him, wide eyed, gasping. His face was flushed, his eyes full of confusion and fear and arousal and something else that Will couldn’t place. He was just sitting there, messy and trying to catch his breath, naked and breathtaking, and Will knew he’d had a personality switch.

“Nico,” he whispered, softly.

“I...I...,” Nico swallowed, and then looked down at the come drying on his stomach. He squeezed his eyes shut, “I c-can’t do it like before. I’m not like that r-right now.”

Will grabbed his foot and pulled him forward so the startled boy slid underneath him again, this time facing him. Will brushed his hair from his sweaty forehead, pushing his own need to come to the side for a moment. He kissed Nico’s forehead, then his mouth, and just underneath his jaw, where the bruises were beginning to bloom.

“I don’t mind if you’re like this,” Will said softly, “I like you both ways,” he stroked the boy’s hip.

“I just...I...,” Nico wasn’t looking at him again, and there were tears in his eyes. He was a completely different person than seconds ago, “I just...,” he couldn’t seem to finish.

“Is it okay if I’m inside you again?” Will asked gently, “I really need it right now.”

Nico glanced at him, bit his swollen bottom lip and nodded. Slowly, not wanting to scare him, Will grabbed his legs and spread them. Now Nico was looking at him, his gaze so innocent and full of trust that it made Will pause.

“You were never...it was always the other side of you during sex with those guys, wasn’t it?” He could tell; this Nico seemed to not have any experience.

Shyly, the boy nodded. Will kissed the inside of his thigh but then his erection got too much and he started to push back inside the boy. Nico threw his head back against the pillow and whimpered, his eyes falling shut.

“You’re beautiful,” Will whispered, before he could stop himself. It wasn’t just sex anymore, like it had been minutes ago.

“D-Don’t say things like that-,” Nico gasped. Will took his hand and intertwined their fingers,
pressing it into the bed. He gave Nico a minute to recover from his first orgasm, and then started to thrust in and out of him again, this time slower and more gentle, heat pooling in his stomach, “Hey,” he said, breathless, “Hey, Nico, look at me.”

Hesitantly Nico opened his eyes. Will leaned down and kissed him.

“Is it okay?” he asked, rocking into the boy slowly. He could see Nico beginning to harden again.

“Yeah,” Nico cupped Will’s face in his hands, keeping him close, “it’s g-good. It’s really good...ah...”

Will’s thrusts sped up slightly and he kissed Nico’s neck, “I’m not g-gonna last long,” he warned. Nico nodded, gasping and moaning.

“W-Will-,” he whimpered. The blonde started fucking him harder, faster, couldn’t stop himself. He felt his orgasm building up and Nico reached down and started jerking himself off, writhing, letting out the sweetest sounds, flushed and wanting. Will couldn’t get enough of him.

“I’m gonna come,” he gasped, cock sliding in and out of the boy. The pleasure was getting too much and Will barely had the time to pull out. He came over Nico’s stomach, as did the boy, who followed suit, crying out. Their come mixed together and pooled in Nico’s bellybutton.

***

**Tell him we love him.**

*I can’t.*

**Do it or I’ll have to, and then it won’t be all cutesy.**

*It’s too soon. He probably doesn’t feel the same.*

**Probably, but we need to say it or it’ll drive us crazy. Want me to do it?**

*No. I’ll do it.*

***

They were sitting on the floor of the shower, water cascading down their exhausted bodies. Both of them were sleepily looking at each other. Will was carefully shampooing Nico’s hair, leaning in every few seconds to kiss his wet mouth.

“Will?” Nico spoke for the first time since he climaxed.

“Hmmm?” the blonde hummed, pleasantly comfortable.

“I love you.”

Will was too tired to be surprised at the confession. He leaned forward and kissed Nico again.

“I love you too. Every little bit of you.”

The warm water ran out suddenly and the two were bombarded with a freezing shower. Nico’s entire posture changed.

“Fuck!” he screeched, jumping to his feet, “Ah! Motherfucker! Fuck! *Fuck!***
Will started laughing as Nico launched himself out of the shower, reaching for a towel.

“Fuck! Fuck that! Fuck that shower! Fuck you Will Solace!”
Athens, Greece, 782 BC

“Young Master!” the nurse said, impatiently hands resting on her hips and crinkling the material of her peplos, “Young Master! You must get up at once!”

“I mustn’t do anything I don’t wish to!” five year old Octavian August argued, buried underneath piles of blankets, the sheer canopy shifting around his bed like a protective wall. The nurse wasn’t having it.

“You are an heir to the throne and you’re acting like a common child!” she said, clearly meaning to shame Octavian into coming out. But it wouldn’t work on the boy, because she was wrong. King Apollo, the handsome and charming king currently on the throne of Athens, was only Octavian’s uncle, and had five children who were heirs before the blonde boy. It seemed unlikely to the little boy that all of his cousins would die and he’d ever become king, and that thought stung even at such a young age, and that was why he was refusing to leave the safe confines of his bed, “There are Spartan Lords coming to Court this morning do you want them to believe that the heir to the throne is a sickly little boy?”

“I’m not the heir!” Octavian exploded. He just wanted the woman to shut up. He threw back his covers and sat up, fury brimming just beneath his fingertips. The nurse seemed startled by his outburst but quickly composed herself.

“But you are still a prince,” her voice was icy, “So get up from bed and act like one.”

Octavian knew she wouldn’t give him the peace he yearned for. Everyone always called him Prince and heir and yet he wasn’t allowed to even stay in bed as long as he pleased. The five year old climbed out, deliberately not speaking to the nurse to let her see his anger. He allowed her to clothe his skinny, sickly, pale body in a fresh pallid chiton that hung about him like a sack of potatoes. Still, when the woman swept a golden chlamys over one of his shoulders he felt better. A cloak always made him feel more secure...and hidden too.

Out in the airy hallway Octavian’s nurse brought him out to meet with his youngest cousin, Kallisto, who everyone simply called Kayla. The little girl was of age with Octavian and they were playmates. Simultaneously, out of all his cousins, Kayla was the only one Octavian could tolerate, perhaps because she also had as small chances of ever sitting on the throne as Octavian, not only because of her age but because of her sex as well. The sight of her sickened the boy sometimes, because she
was plump and rounded like young children were meant to be, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes and hair as pale as Octavian’s, to the point where it had a green sheen to it. She was the epitome of health and everyone knew she would live long. Octavian had always been sickly, and looking at his healthy cousin he couldn’t help but regard his own frailty, and the fact that most likely he’d never live long. He was his parents’ last surviving child, and his other twelve siblings had perished, either still in his mother’s womb, or mere days after birth.

As their only heir Octavian’s parents, fearing for his health, sent him from the windy mountains of Cyrene to live at Court in Athens with his cousins, to prepare him for perhaps becoming King someday.

“Khaíre!” Kayla greeted Octavian.

“Khaíre,” he said with less enthusiasm. Kayla was firmly holding onto her own nurse’s hand, oblivious to Octavian’s troubles. The four drifted down the richly decorated hallways of Apollo’s palace and Kayla told Octavian about her elaborate dream that the little boy didn’t care about. He was glad to get rid of her as they came into the dining room, with two long tables stretching along the walls. At the head, on a small rise, was a third table where the Royals sat.

The side tables weren’t filled with Noblemen as they ordinarily were, but with the Lords who came down from Sparta. The eyes of the strangers turned to Octavian and Kayla as they walked in and the pale boy could feel his cheeks growing red under their judgmental gazes. He wanted nothing more than to hide in the skirts of his nurse, as much as he disliked her. He kept his head raised though, not looking down at his feet, walking with pride he could barely hold on to, clinging onto his nurse’s hand.

He was squeezed at the end of the royal table and the morning feast begun. Octavian didn’t wish to eat, his stomach churning, eyes watching the newcomers. Every word, every whisper seemed to be about him, *That’s the nephew, not the son, they seemed to be saying, and look how small, how sickly...that one will not last to adulthood...poor little boy...he will never be King.* Octavian felt like he was going to vomit all over the bread and grapes on his plate. Everyone else seemed to be enjoying themselves, laughing and shouting bawdy jokes over one another.

When Octavian glanced up again to see who was staring at him this time his eyes landed on a little boy who looked his age. He was sitting at the far end of one of the tables, a distance between him and Octavian, though that didn’t stop him from staring at the blonde. He must’ve been the son of a minor Lord since he was so far, but Octavian could still make out his dark, unruly hair and dark eyes, set in a rounded, nourished, tanned face. Octavian’s eyes narrowed, and his hand tightened on his spoon, but the other boy didn’t look away. Instead he did something peculiar; he smiled.

Octavian found himself dropping his eyes, and immediately hating himself for it. His cheeks burned once more and it took everything in him not to look up again, and even more not to throw one of his grapes in the boy’s face.

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Octavian and Kayla were out in the gardens, playing, dipping their little hands into the cold water of the fountains. It was warm day and the liquid felt pleasant sliding between Octavian’s fingers. Kayla was talking, as always, about irrelevant little things that Octavian didn’t care for. Their two nurses were strolling close by, heads bent together, keeping an eye on the children. Octavian barely noticed when his nurse broke away and disappeared among the rose bushes, returning to the palace. She reappeared minutes later, leading a little horde of children with her.

Octavian was horrified. He *despised* other children, and now they were swarming around him,
shoving their wooden toys in his face, splashing water everywhere – they were the sons and daughters of Spartan nobility. Octavian wanted desperately to get away from them, feeling trapped with all of these little strangers around him. When someone playfully shoved someone else into the fountain all the children squealed and jumped in, spilling water everywhere. The nurses started shouting, pulling them out and Octavian dashed into the closest bush.

He pushed through the sun-filled garden, getting further and further away from the loud children by the fountain, as well as the palace. The royal gardens were long and wide, so Octavian pushed on until he found himself underneath a great tree with branches stretching out wide, like a protective roof. There the boy collapsed on the grass, closing his eyes, glad for finally having some peace.

“Khaíre,” the voice came out of nowhere and Octavian’s eyes snapped open. Standing in front of him was the boy from the dining room, the one who looked like the complete opposite of Octavian himself.

“What do you want?” Octavian barked, defensive, “I wanted to be alone.”

“Oh. Syngnōmēn ékhe,” the newcomer apologized, seeming sheepish, but didn’t move to leave Octavian alone. The blonde shielded his eyes from the sun with his hand,

“Well – what do you want?” he prompted. The child looked at him for a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders.

“Nothing in particular. I saw you walking off and thought that maybe you were hurt.”

“I don’t need a bodyguard,” Octavian huffed.

“Have I offended you?” the boy asked, “I’m sorry if I did. I didn’t mean to. Athens is so different to where I come from...”

“You’re a son of a minor lord, aren’t you?” Octavian demanded, “I’m a prince! You should bow to me before you speak.”

The boy blinked at him, as if Octavian was a particularly interesting animal. The blonde felt embarrassed under the bigger boy’s gaze, but that tended to happen with most people. Octavian felt inadequate around everyone, but especially around this new child who was exactly what Octavian wished to be.

“My name is Michael Kahale,” the boy introduced himself.

“I don’t care. I didn’t ask,” Octavian got to his feet.

“I...I just wanted to make a friend-,” Michael started.

“Go back to the fountain,” Octavian interrupted with irritation, “There’s plenty of children there; you can make friends with all of them for all I care.”

Michael looked at him, “But I want to make friends with you.”

“Well I don’t want that,” Octavian said, not knowing why Michael was being so persistent, “I don’t have time for the children of some lord or other! I’m going to be the future king.”

“I’m going to be a guard!” Michael said, grinning.

Michael’s smile fell, “I...there isn’t much else I can do. My older siblings will get my father’s lands, and I will be left with just my title...”

Suddenly the anger went out of Octavian, and he felt a little bad for snapping, which was peculiar since he never felt bad for anything. He didn’t particularly want to be friends with this boy but he understood what it felt like to be lonely and to be the youngest. He thought about how nice it would be not being alone all the time...

“My name is Octavian,” the blonde blurted, sticking his hand out, chin raised in an attempt to look down at the bigger boy. Michael smiled and gripped Octavian’s small hand in his own larger one.

“I’m Michael!”

“Yes. You’ve already said that,” Octavian said impatiently.

“I don’t want you to forget.”

785BC (3 Years Later)

“Octavian you must get up,” his nurse insisted, “Please. For the sake of everyone you must make an appearance.”

“I-I can’t,” the eight year old replied shakily as his small body was wracked with coughs where it was concealed by a mountain of covers. Winter had come and although it wasn’t as severe and bitter as in Cyrene it still took a toll on someone as weak as Octavian, making him bed ridden for the past fortnight. Everyone feared for his life.

“I am begging of you,” his nurse said desperately, “you must visit a physician. Otherwise your parents-”

“I c-can’t get u-up,” there was no snarkiness or coldness in Octavian’s voice, just weakness. Every inch of his body hurt; his head throbbed, his lungs felt as if they were on fire, his stomach clenched around the emptiness inside. Octavian couldn’t talk properly, couldn’t eat, all he could do was shiver and sleep.

“In that case is there anything I can do for you?”

Octavian knew the nurse didn’t understand, nobody did. Nobody knew what it was like to know you would most likely die. The children who passed away young weren’t aware of how fragile they were, but Octavian was old enough to realise the truth. He didn’t care for the nurse staying in the chamber with him but he didn’t want her to go; he was scared that Death would come for him the moment she had disappeared. Octavian thought that perhaps Thanatos would come, and he’d bring him to the little boat that Charon ferries over the rivers in the Underworld. Octavian didn’t know whether he’d go to Elysium, or end up in a place much, much worse. He was terrified, and he wanted to feel safe. Only one person made him feel that way.

“S-Summon...,” he had to pause to cough, a shudder wrecking his weakened body. Octavian curled around himself more, “M-Michael.”

“Your cousin?”


“Michael Kahale?” the nurse asked in surprise. If the prince had the strength he would’ve groaned. The nurse seemed to understand though, because she nodded and slipped through the door. The
room was quiet, watery sunlight coming through the gap in the heavy curtains in the windows. They were meant to keep the cold out but all they did was make the room darker. The wood cackled in the fireplace as it burned, and it sounded like the footsteps of Death coming for Octavian. He squeezed his eyes shut, refusing to look.

“Tav?”

Michael appeared faster than Octavian anticipated and in his excitement the boy almost sat upright, though his body forced him to stay down.

“M-Mike...” he rasped weakly. He could barely see with all the covers he had around his head but Michael appeared in front of him, kneeling next to the bed. His dark eyes were worried, his chubby cheeks flushed as if he had run up the stairs. There were grass stains on his chiton and he smelled like it too, and like fresh air, and like Michael. Octavian wanted to cry, he was just so glad that his friend was there.

He slid his shaking, pale hand out from underneath the covers. Michael glanced at it and then clumsily grabbed it with his own. His one was nice and cool, Octavian’s was burning; he had a fever.

“I’m going to die,” he whispered, Michael’s eyebrows furrowed.

“No you’re not,” he said with as much conviction as an eight year old could, squeezing Octavian’s hand. That made the blonde feel better than all the ointments and potions the Court physicians forced into him.

“I want y-you to be here,” Octavian swallowed past his dry throat, “I don’t...I don’t know h-how long it w-will take b-but...I don’t w-want to be a-alone...,” his voice was quivering with fear.

Michael stood up, shoved off his sandals and then nudged Octavian back a bit, sliding into the bed with him. He pulled the covers over both of them.

“M-Mike you’ll get sick too,” Octavian said weakly. Michael found both of the blonde’s hands under the covers and enclosed them in his cold ones, bringing them to his chest, so Octavian could feel his heart beating.

“I’ll stay here until you get better,” he said cheerfully, “because you’re not dying, understand?”

“Are y-you giving me orders, K-Kahale?” Octavian asked, shuffling close to his friend.

“No. I just don’t want you to forget.”

Octavian didn’t die.

788BC (3 years later)

Octavian sprinted as fast as his skinny legs would take him, weaving around bushes, hopeless laughter spilling from his mouth. He was eleven, he was alive. His cheeks were flushed from effort, his lungs burned, his legs ached. He’d have to stop soon.

Suddenly there was an arm around his waist. Octavian screamed as he was twisted around and then he was falling backward. Michael stuck his arm out, his other arm still wrapped securely around Octavian’s waist. The bigger boy kept the blonde close to his chest so when they landed Octavian didn’t even touch the ground.
Michael lowered him down gently and both of them were gasping for breath, and laughing in between.

“Caught you,” Michael said proudly.

“Don’t treat me like glass,” Octavian said, grinning, panting. Michael hovered above him, “I’m not going to break.”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt,” Michael said, as if it was an established thing. The protectiveness in his eyes made Octavian feel all strange and warm.

“I’m not going to get hurt, idiot.”

“You’re an heir to the throne, people are always going to be out to hurt you,” Michael said smartly. In the peaceful, sunny garden it was hard to think about people trying to murder Octavian. The blonde rolled his eyes and the birds chirped in the trees, happy, oblivious.

“I’m not properly an heir.”

“You’re still important, Tav,” Michael pulled back so he was sitting and tugged Octavian up too, “you don’t realise how dangerous the world is, Octavian. I just...,” the boy bit his lip. In the six year the two had known each other for it was the first time that Octavian had seen Michael nervous, “I always want to be here for you. I want to protect you.”

“What are you saying?” Octavian was puzzled.

“I suppose I just...I want to be your guard,” Michael blurted. Octavian looked at him. His first instinct was to laugh, because that’s just what he would do. But the determined, serious look on Michael’s face prevented him from doing so.

“Mike, you’re too young to be a guard.”

“I know, but I’m learning. In a few years I’ll be big and strong enough to protect you,” Michael wasn’t giving up, “We could still be friends! I’d just guard you. I’d stand outside your door and make sure nobody comes in-“

“I don’t need your protection,” Octavian huffed, chest puffing with pride. In a flash Michael had him on his back again, his wrists in his hands, pressing them down into the grass.

“Free yourself,” he said. Octavian glared at him,

“You’re a fool, Michael,” the boy hissed and then squirmed, trying to squeeze his wrists from out of Michael’s hands. The boy held fast, having no trouble keeping Octavian down. The blonde gritted his teeth, attempting to squirm his way free, but it was impossible. He felt sweat bead on his forehead and his muscles hurt from the strain. Eventually he went slack, out of breath once more.

“You’re weak, Tav,” Michael said, not unkindly, “there’s no use lying about it. And if someone – a grown man, an assassin – comes into your room at night you will have no chance.”

“Neither will you,” Octavian snapped, his pride injured. Michael released his wrists,

“I will get big and strong,” he promised, “I don’t want you to forget that I will protect you. So please, just let me.”

Octavian exhaled, “Fine. If that’s what you want.”
Octavian was fourteen and bored, slowly being lulled to sleep by the steady sway of the carriage. He and his two youngest male cousins were on their way to the Temple of the Gods to pray, and the day was warm. From outside the dark, cool carriage Octavian could hear the life of the city.

He heard horses, donkeys, mules. People shouting in half a dozen languages, the sound of hammers on swords from the blacksmiths, chickens squawking in the butcher’s. It all made a terrible clangour. Octavian kept telling himself that they weren’t far, comforted by the thought that his best friend was just outside the carriage, escorting him.

Auxentius was sitting directly opposite Octavian and he had succumbed to sleep. The boy preferred to be called Austin and was only two years older than Octavian. His skin was bronzy, unlike some of his siblings, since he was the son of King Apollo’s second wife. Sitting next to him was Will, peering behind the curtains shielding the windows with curiosity. He was the golden boy, only nineteen but looking more and more like his father every day. Looking at them Octavian couldn’t help but feel resentment; on one hand they were his family, no matter how distanced they felt, and on the other they were stopping him from becoming the great King he yearned to be. He would never sit on the throne because of the boys, and he’d be condemned to a life of mediocrity. He’d have his great house, of course, and his own Court and he’d live in wealth and luxury but he’d never be the best. Octavian wanted to be the best, if only at one thing. He had contemplated killing all of his cousins more than once, mostly when they angered him, but he knew he’d never be able to do it. He was a lot of things; selfish, arrogant, cold, short-tempered, but kinslayer was not one of them.

The carriage came to a sudden halt, jolting Austin awake.

“Are we here?” he asked, blinking sleep out of his eyes.

“No, something’s-,” Will started, and then they all froze. There was sudden shouting outside, loud and aggressive. Someone screamed, and then there was the sound of blades on blades. Octavian tensed and his heartbeat escalated. Someone was thrown against the carriage and it shook. They could hear the horses going wild outside.

“We’re being attacked!” Austin whispered feverishly. Will’s mouth was in a tight line and he reached to his belt, pulling out a dagger. Someone new screamed and suddenly all Octavian could think about was Michael. In his panic he reached for the door.

“No!” Austin grabbed his wrist, “What are you doing?! Do you want to get us killed?!”

Octavian sat back, because saying my friend is out there seemed foolish in this situation. His hands were shaking, fear coursed through him. He didn’t know what was happening. With no warning the door to his side was suddenly ripped off its hinges. He screamed, in fear and in shock, and a large, dark hand reached for him, seizing him by the wrist. Octavian didn’t know how to react as he was suddenly hauled out of the carriage. Will shouted something, Austin tried to reach for him but it was futile.

There was dust in the air from the road where people had been running, and it was utter chaos. There was a band of ragtag men, swinging rusty, crude swords at members of the guard. Blood splattered the ground and the carriage. Everyone was shadowy monsters. Michael. Michael. Octavian wanted to yell his name but he couldn’t get a word out of his mouth.

The man that had him by the wrist had multiple cloths wrapped around his head so Octavian could only see his furious, merciless dark eyes. He was horrifyingly taller than the prince, and stronger too.
“Let go!” Octavian suddenly found his voice again, remembering the tranquil day he had with Michael in the gardens, when the boy had pinned him to the ground. The blonde tried to free himself, kicking at the man and hitting him with his free hand, but clearly it had no effect. Octavian’s world suddenly flipped upside down as the man picked him up as if he was a doll and threw him over his shoulder. Everything spun, there was dust in Octavian’s eyes and nose. He squirmed, kicked, clawed at the man, tried to get free. The man was running away from the carriage, away from the safety that Michael provided. Octavian began to cry, hopelessly, because he realised how weak and insignificant he was. Nobody even noticed he was gone. He was going to get killed, he knew it.

The man carrying him delved between two buildings, and the sun disappeared. Octavian was still fighting though strength was seeping out of him. He weakly beat at the man’s broad back and sobbed. Suddenly Octavian was dumped onto the ground. Immediately he tried to stand up but his legs felt unsteady so he just slid as far away from the man as he could, face wet with tears.

“Don’t worry, my Lord,” the man’s voice was like sand, gritty and raw, “We’re not going to kill you,” he pulled a piece of rope from behind his belt, “we’re going to take you somewhere nice, and your royal family will pay us money to get you back.”

“N-No they won’t!” Octavian yelled, “I’m only the King’s nephew, I’m not worth much-“

The man roughly pushed him to the ground and the fourteen year old boy really felt the fear then. He froze up as the man climbed on top of him, rolling Octavian over onto his front. The boy squeezed his eyes shut and tried not to cry as his face was pressed into the dirt. The man violently jerked Octavian’s arms behind his back, tying the rope around his thin wrists too tightly. Then the boy was being forced to his feet and there was a sack being pushed over his head.

Octavian let out a panicked breath as everything went black. He could feel his heart struggling to work properly, he thought he might lose consciousness. There was something sharp and cold pressing against his back and it took him a moment to realise it was a knife.

“Walk,” his abducted growled, like a predator, so Octavian walked.

He took maybe two steps before he heard a throaty shout behind him and the knife left his back.

“Let him go!” Octavian heard, as if through a fog, and heard blades crash against each other. Someone had come back for him. The boy took a step, and his back hit a wall of a house. He slid down to the ground because his knees were shaking too much. He twisted his hands, tried to free them and only managed to scrape the skin on his wrists. Octavian couldn’t hear anything except his rapid breathing, but he did hear a scream.

Then there was a hand pulling off the sack on his head. The boy squeezed his eyes shut at the offending light that suddenly blinded him, getting ready for the man’s rough hands to pull him back to his feet.

“Tav!” Michael exclaimed and Octavian blinked, his vision focusing. The guard was on his knees in front of Octavian, pure panic in his eyes. His hands were gripping Octavian’s face though the prince could barely feel it as relief hit his body so hard that he forgot how to breathe. Michael was touching him as if to make sure it was in one piece, brushing dirt and tears from the boy’s cheeks, rambling, “Gods, I thought he killed you! There was so much blood, Tav, and I just...Oh God you weren’t in the carriage and I was so scared and I just...I couldn’t breathe-,” Octavian was slowly coming out of his shock. His eyes landed on the body behind Michael. The kidnapper was laying face down in a pool of his own blood. He was dead.

“You killed him,” Octavian breathed, hysteria evident in his voice.
“I-I...,” Michael seemed in as much of a shock as Octavian. The blonde stared at him, “Let me untie you,” the guard was avoiding his eyes, as if ashamed of what he just did. He pulled a knife from his belt and reached behind Octavian, sawing through the rope around his wrists. The moment the blonde’s arms were free he threw them around Michael’s neck and pressed himself against him.

“Thankyou,” Octavian gasped, “Gods, Michael...thank you. Επαίνω, επαίνω, επαίνω...”

“Hey. Hey, it’s alright,” Michael hugged him back carefully, hand sliding comfortingly up and down the boy’s back. Octavian just wanted to bury himself in the guard’s arms forever. He felt so safe by the boy, even if there was a corpse a few feet away from them, “You’re safe now.”

“I was so scared,” Octavian whispered faintly, “I thought everyone would abandon me...”

“I would never abandon you,” Michael said firmly, pulling back, eyes full of fiery passion, “You’re my friend. I...don’t forget that. I don’t want you to forget that.”

Octavian nodded. The only thing he could do was nod, because if he opened his mouth he was sure he’d say something very, very foolish.

806BC (5 years later)

A day after King Apollo died, when Athens was still in mourning, his eldest son Leonidas was murdered. He had not yet been thirty, and was found in the morning, slumped by his desk, parchment strewn everywhere. A servant had found him. Someone had slit his throat.

The news left a hollow feeling in Octavian’s stomach, and a sick taste in his mouth. He and Leonidas, who everyone knew as Lee, had never been close. Lee had been almost twenty years older than Octavian but the fact that he was death left the nineteen year old in a state of shock. He had known about the dangers of being an heir to the throne since the day of his attempted kidnap. He had just never realised just how serious it was until Lee was killed.

At first they didn’t assume anything. A murder; Lee had enemies. A fortnight after his passing his one year old brother, Michael, was crowned and proclaimed King of Athens. Octavian went to the coronation, and to the feast afterwards, and had gotten horribly drunk with his guard. It had come to the point where Michael had to carry his best friend to the room and then, instead of standing outside and guarding him as normal, he fell asleep right next to him.

Waking up to Michael’s face inches away from his, blissful and relaxed and gorgeous, made Octavian’s heart clench. He knew that his feelings for the guard ran deeper than just friendship, and he hated being reminded about it. Ever since Michael saved him he became almost addicted to him. He didn’t feel safe unless Michael was close, which was understandable because of the trauma, but the other feelings weren’t as...understandable. Like the fact that Octavian couldn’t help admiring Michael physically; the man was tall, broad, muscled like a God. He was everything he wanted to be as a child while Octavian remained short, lanky, pale and sickly.

That same morning they found Michael and the girl he went to bed with dead in his chambers. Their wine had been poisoned.

The palace went into lockdown. Nobody was allowed in or out.

“It’ll be alright,” Will, who became the new King, reassured everyone, “We’re safe here.”

Will was put under triple protection, and it was for good cause. Not two days after Michael’s murder Austin was found in his bed, stabbed to death. The assassin was in the palace, and nobody knew which of the heirs would be next. Octavian shocked himself when Michael came to tell him the news
of Austin’s assassinations, because he burst into tears. He hadn’t realised how much he cared for the other boy. He had only turned twenty one, and now he was dead. This also helped Octavian realise something else – he didn’t want to be king anymore.

Somewhere among his misery and self pity he had let that dream go. He wanted other things now, things he did not dare name, and the crown seemed insignificant to the yearnings of his heart. This didn’t mean he was any less of a target.

The night after Austin’s murder the palace seemed to hold its breath. Octavian felt claustrophobic and trapped in his chamber, though he knew it was for his own safety. Somewhere in the dark corridors of the castle stalked the assassin who wanted to murder all the heirs. Heavy drapes, like the ones Octavian had when he was sick as a child, were put over the windows and he was not allowed to go near them given that the assassin try shooting him with arrows. His door was barricaded, with guards lining the hallway.

“Someone needs to be inside with you,” Chiron, the captain of the guard, said, “for your ultimate safety.”

So of course Octavian chose Michael.

“Drink it,” the guard said now, pressing a goblet of rich red wine into Octavian’s hand, sitting opposite him in a chair by the fireplace. “It will help with the nerves. You’re shaking.”

“Can you blame me?” Octavian huffed out a dry laugh. Michael’s eyes were soft when he looked at him. The blonde took a sip of the wine. Some time prior to this Octavian had persuaded Michael to lose his armour and cloak, insisting nobody would get into the chamber, so now the man sat opposite him in just his chiton. He had even taken his sandals off. Octavian himself had been preparing for bed, therefore he was in a soft cotton nightshirt that went to his mid-thigh. The only light came from the fireplace.

“You should rest,” Michael said softly, “in the morning it will all go away.”

“That’s naive, and we both know it,” Octavian shook his head, “I’m too anxious I don’t think I could fall asleep right now.”

“I’m here to protect you,” Michael reached out and placed his hand on Octavian’s knee, “I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

Octavian smiled, “I know,” he got up and walked to his large bed, pulling back the covers and climbing underneath. Michael remained in the chair by the fireplace, but Octavian could feel his eyes on him, “I can’t sleep with you staring at me,” he said, voice laced with annoyance.

“You look like an angel sometimes, you know,” Michael said. It was such a sudden, shocking confession that Octavian’s eyes snapped open. He couldn’t see Michael’s face, shadowed.

“What?” the blonde breathed.

“Nothing,” Michael said hurriedly. Octavian swallowed, convinced himself he had imagined Michael saying that, and pressed his face into a pillow. He needed rest, he knew that. Minutes ticket by, slowly, so slowly that it made Octavian’s fingers itch, and sleep didn’t come.

“Michael?” he said eventually.

“Yes?” Michael replied immediately, as if expecting Octavian to speak.
“Can you come here?” the prince asked softly, “When you’re close...it makes me feel safe.”

Michael didn’t question it, just came to Octavian’s bed. The blonde pushed himself to the side, leaving space for the brunette, and asked him the silent question with his eyes. Lay down next to me. A barely there smile tugged on Michael’s mouth and he slipped underneath the covers, facing Octavian. He reached down and took the prince’s hands in his, bringing them up and pressing them against his chest. Octavian could hear his steady heartbeat.

“It’s almost like when we were children,” he whispered, eyes trained on Michael’s. It was a lie though. As children the gesture was innocent, and now all Octavian could think about was how close Michael was, how warm.

“That was different,” Michael murmured, like he could read Octavian’s mind.

“I wish I was strong enough to protect myself,” the boy said, feeling a frustration flow through him at the fact that he couldn’t do anything. Michael’s thumb stroked the back of his hand comfortingly.

“It doesn’t matter,” he said softly, “I’m here. And you’re...you don’t need to change Octavian.”

The blonde rolled his eyes, “Goodnight, Michael.”

He closed his eyes and exhaled. He tried to sleep, he really did, but Michael just kept stroking his hand, keeping him awake. Not that Octavian minded, he was warm, comfortable and safe. He didn’t know how much time passed but he was hovering in the space between asleep and awake, but he suddenly realised that Michael wasn’t stoking his hand anymore, but his cheek instead.

Octavian forced his breathing to remain calm and steady. Michael’s hand travelled up and brushed through the blonde’s hair in an almost...loving way. Octavian’s heart was pounding and he could only hope that the other man couldn’t hear it. Michael’s big, calloused hand trailed down Octavian’s neck, and his shoulder, and then returned back to his cheek just when the prince thought he wouldn’t be able to stay still anymore.

“I know you’re awake,” there was warmth in Michael’s voice. Octavian’s eyes fluttered open and he looked right into Michael’s dark ones. They seemed to be closer than previously. Michael didn’t remove his hand.

“What are you doing?” Octavian murmured.

“Making sure you’re safe,” Michael leaned forward and kissed Octavian’s forehead. It made a sweet shiver go through the blonde, “go to sleep.”

“I can’t,” Octavian mumbled, “You bewilder me, Michael.”

“How...would...” Michael seemed to have a hard time grasping words, the air between him and Octavian sparked with invisible lightning, “would you hate it if I-“

Octavian leaned up and kissed him. He just couldn’t take it anymore; Michael’s little touches, his soft words. The feeling inside Octavian’s chest was becoming unbearable. Of course he was scared about the assassin but he was more scared of the things he was feeling towards Michael. He felt Michael inhale sharply, and his hand stilled on Octavian’s cheek, just cupping it. The blonde pulled back, feeling dizzy. Michael was looking at him as if expecting an explanation, but Octavian didn’t have a valid one, just-

“I love you.”
Michael reacted faster than Octavian had ever seen. He rolled on top of the blonde, both his hands framing the boy’s face, and leaned down for another kiss. This one was more eager, desperate, passionate. Octavian’s back arched to get closer to the man, his hands gripping at his shirt. Michael’s lips were chapped, his kiss hard and demanding. When his tongue licked along the seam of Octavian’s mouth the blonde didn’t hesitate to let it in. The two took out years of frustration in that kiss.

“M-Michael-,” Octavian gasped when Michael broke away to leave a wet trail of kisses down the boy’s neck, “Michael...” Octavian whimpered when Michael grabbed his skinny wrists in his big hands and pressed them down into the covers. Subconsciously Octavian hiked his legs around the man’s waist, his nightshirt bunching up, revealing his undergarments.

Suddenly Octavian wanted Michael the way he had never wanted anyone. There was a burning in his stomach that he knew could only be satisfied by the man above him.

There were shouts behind the door. Michael pried himself away from Octavian. His cheeks were flushed, eyes wild, hair mussed. Octavian wondered if he looked like that too as he laid there and tried to breathe. A scream sounded outside and Michael scrambled off of Octavian.

The fear returned abruptly, erupting in Octavian’s stomach. He sat up and saw Michael fastening his belt around his waist hurriedly. Someone was thrown against the door, and it shuddered.

“Michael-,” Octavian started.

“Stay here,” Michael said, “I’ll-“

The door banged open and a guard stumbled in. He had a spear through his stomach and oozed blood all over Octavian’s carpet before he crashed forward, dead. If Octavian was going to scream he didn’t. He stared in horror at the corpse. Michael drew his sword and a servant walked into the chamber. It was silent – the other guards in the hallway were dead.

The servant was not one Octavian recognised – an undercover assassin. His dark eyes slid over Octavian, still on the bed and then, lightning fast, he pulled out his sword and threw himself at Michael. The guard was faster though, spinning out of the way, his sword already drawn. With a roar of rage the two clashed together. Octavian’s blood ran cold as they whirled around each other, weapons colliding. He got his senses back when he saw the man cut a thin line against Michael’s cheek, and it bled. It also lasted seconds.

Octavian shakily got to his feet and looked for a weapon, knowing he had to help Michael. His eyes found a heavy golden candle holder. The six candles in it were unlit and melted. Michael and the assassin were dark shadows spinning in front of the fireplaces. The candleholder was cold against Octavian’s heated palms. He swallowed, hearing his heart pounding in his head. You’re strong enough, he told himself, you’re strong enough...

He lifted the candleholder and sent it crashing over the head of the assassin.

The man crumpled like parchment, blood spurting from his wound. Octavian remained with the candleholder above his head, breathing hard as if it took a lot from him to do that one movement. Michael stared at him, sword loosely in one hand. His cheek was bleeding, dripping onto his shirt, but apart from that he wasn’t hurt. They stared at each other in silence, the wood crackling in the fireplace.

Simultaneously they dropped the weapons and fell into each other’s arms.

The guard was touching his face the same way he did when Octavian almost got abducted, like he needed to physically make sure that the boy was safe. The blonde made him stop when he kissed him. In the back somewhere he could hear footsteps of the guards pounding down the stairs, but he didn’t care as long as Michael was right there, holding him.

***

Will was murdered before the assassin came for Octavian, alongside all of his guards. The morning was a grey, drab one as all the councillors and lords gathered in the throne room with the last two surviving heirs.

Octavian was traumatised and exhausted, dressed in his best chiton, a scarlet cloak swept over his shoulder. He looked tiredly over the gathered crowd while Kayla sat at his side, eyes red from crying about her brothers. The councillors were debating the outcome of the situation but all Octavian could look at was Michael, standing in the corner of the room, smiling at him.

“We have come to a conclusion!” the head councillor, Zeus, came forward, “that henceforth Octavian August will become King of Athens!”

Octavian saw all the blood drain from Kayla’s face and he felt sick. He didn’t want this. The crowd cheered his name as he stood up. He needed sleep, badly. He silenced the people with a trembling hand.

“Apollo was only my uncle,” he said, surprised his voice was loud enough to fill the room, “I had wanted to be King for a long time, but it’s not my wish anymore,” he saw puzzled looks from the councillors as he openly gestured at Kayla, “Here sits King Apollo’s daughter, of flesh and blood. She shall inherit her father’s throne, not I!”

“But...she is a woman!” Zeus protested. Octavian fought his irritation,

“The Gods choose the rulers, not us,” he said, eyes sliding to Michael again. Zeus exchanged looks with the other councillors, and then cleared her throat.

“All hail Kallisto August, Queen of Athens!” he bellowed. Kayla got to her feet and the court cheered and bowed to her. As she was swarmed with congratulations Octavian slipped away. The palace was empty, everyone gathered in the coronation room, so Octavian easily spotted Michael waiting for him at the bend of a corridor. Everything was fuzzy around the edges and he just dreamed of sleep.

“You were wonderful,” Michael said when he saw the blonde, taking him into his arms, “I am so proud. I love you.”

Octavian stood on his tiptoes and kissed him, “I don’t want the crown. I just want you. And a bed.”

Michael smiled and kissed the corner of his mouth affectionately, in a way that made Octavian’s heart tumble in his chest, “I love you.”

“Yes,” Octavian rolled his eyes, “You’ve already said that.”

“I don’t want you to forget.”
I'm Sick and Tired

Percy × Jason × Will × Nico where all four of them are sick and huddled under the blankets and Will keeps trying to take care of them but the others have to tell him to stop since he's starting to make himself worse?

For will_i_am_solace

“C’mon Neeks,” Will cooed, as if talking to a child. Nico would’ve glared if he had the strength, “eat the soup.”

“I don’t want it,” Nico grumbled. He was horribly ill since there was a flu going around camp and for the past two days he had been stuck in bed. His hair was messy, face permanently red from his fever, and Will was worried. Currently he was perched on the edge of the bed, holding a bowl of chicken soup in his lap. He scooped some up and then held it out to his boyfriend.

“You need to eat.” Will said sternly, “Your body’s immune system is battling the illness and weakening your body, and it needs energy for that.”

“Okay Doctor House,” Nico rolled his eyes and sat up a little. He opened his mouth and Will fed him the soup, smiling. Nico ate quietly, sneezing every few minutes, until the bowl was empty.

“That wasn’t that bad, was it?” Will teased.

“Don’t you have other patients?” Nico grumbled, sliding back underneath the covers.

“I do,” Will shrugged, “But Kayla and Austin are taking care of them. I’m here to make sure you’re alright,” he leaned over and kissed Nico’s heated forehead, “Don’t worry you’ll get better soon.”

“You’re such a mother hen sometimes,” Nico rolled his eyes as the blonde stood up to put the bowl back. The door to the Hades cabin burst open and Percy tumbled in, grinning.

“Hey!” he exclaimed cheerfully, wrapping an arm around Will’s waist and sweeping him into a kiss before the blonde could react. The doctor smiled against his boyfriend’s mouth, “How you feeling, kiddo?” Percy let go of Will to jump on top of Nico and attack his face with little kisses. Nico tried to futilely squirm away from his overly-affectionate boyfriend.

“Get off him Percy!” Will reprimanded, “We don’t want you getting sick too!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t,” Percy grinned, kissing Nico between each word.
“I can’t believe I got sick,” Percy sniffled, his nose red. He was tucked in next to Nico, both of their dark heads sticking above the covers, shivering.

“I told you not to kiss Nico,” Will sighed as he came over with two glasses of water, “you just made the germs spread. Drink up,” he helped Percy up a little and pressed the glass to the weak boy’s mouth. Percy drank greedily,

“Thank you,” he said when he finished the glass and kissed Will’s wrist, “You’re the best.”

Will ran his hand through the boy’s hair lovingly, “Don’t worry. You’ll get better soon,” he went around the massive bed and then pressed the glass against Nico’s mouth, “You took the pain killers earlier didn’t you?” he asked, and Nico nodded like the good boy he was.

“Ah, shit,” Percy slumped against the pillows, “I forgot!”

“Of course you did,” Will said with an eye-roll. He went to the bathroom and pulled out a box of paracetamol’s. When he returned to the bedroom Nico and Percy were laying on their sides, exchanging little kisses. Will’s heart warmed at the sight and he wanted nothing more than to curl up with the boys, though he knew he couldn’t in fear of catching the flu. He passed the packet of pills to Percy and the door to the Hades cabin opened.

Will turned around eagerly, eyes landing on Jason. Finally his healthy boyfriend came home so Will could get some affection. His spirits fell when he saw the blonde though; his face was flushed, his eyes half lidded.

“Hello,” he said quietly.

“You’re sick too aren’t you?” Will sighed.

“No,” Jason said, and sneezed violently.

Will’s brain throbbed like a giant bruise as he brought his boyfriends water. The three of them were cuddling in the big bed, watching cartoons. Nico was napping, half on top of Jason’s chest.

“Here you go,” Will mumbled, putting the glasses down on the bedside table. He turned around, rubbing his forehead. His throat felt sore, his eyelids seemed to have sand beneath them. He refused to believe he was sick though – he was the son of Apollo! He shouldn’t get sick!

“Will?” Percy asked, frowning, “are you okay?”

Will smiled at him weakly, “Perfectly fine,” he walked over to the boy and pressed his hand over his forehead, though he couldn’t tell if it was hot or cold, “How are you feeling?”

Percy sat up, “Will, your hand if freezing,” he covered the boy’s hand in his own ones and brought it to his mouth, blowing on it gently. Will smiled fondly, “Here, sit down,” Percy clumsily climbed out of the bed and pushed Will down to sit on the edge of the bed, “I’ll check your temperature!” he turned to the bathroom.

“I’m fine!” Will protested weakly. Jason reached out and took his hand.

“He’s right; it’s really cold...you don’t look that well either.”
“Gee thanks,” Will rolled his eyes and Percy returned with the thermometer, “Guys seriously I’m fine...”

“Shh, shut up,” Percy stood in front of him and tried to press the thermometer into Will’s mouth.

“Shake it first,” the blonde grumbled. Percy shook it and then put it in Will’s mouth. The blonde rolled his eyes, feeling stupid with all of their eyes on him. Nico woke up. Jason was stroking his hand comfortingly while Percy stood in front of him like a police officer. When the thermometer beeped Percy pulled it out. He frowned,

“What’s the normal temperature?”

Will rubbed his forehead, trying to get his headache to go away, “Between...uh...36.1 degrees and 37.2.”

“Well you’re 38.6,” Percy said, putting the thermometer down, “You’re sick.”

“That’s okay let me just-,” Will tried to stand up but Percy pushed him down and Jason grabbed his arm, pulling him so he was forced to lie down.

“No, you’ve done enough,” the son of Jupiter said soothingly, preventing Will from leaving by wrapping an arm around him. Nico propped himself up on his elbow, looking sleepy.

“Idiot,” he mumbled, and then climbed off the bed. He disappeared in the bathroom with Percy.

“I need to take care of you guys,” Will mumbled. Jason kissed his forehead, then his mouth, gently, softly.

“You don’t need to do anything,” Jason murmured, brushing Will’s hair from his forehead, “you just need to lay here and get better.”

“Here,” Percy was back, a glass of water in his hand. Jason sat up and pulled Will up as well. The son of Apollo felt stupidly weak and drained when Percy pressed the glass to his lips. He drank, not realising how dry his throat had been. Nico popped up next to Percy and cupped Will’s face in his hand. Percy pulled the glass away and Nico pressed a paracetamol to Will’s lips. Percy gave him more water to help him swallow the pill down.

“Now lie down and stop being a doctor for a moment.” Nico grumbled, climbing back into the bed. He pressed himself against Will, buried his face in the blonde’s shoulder. Jason slipped an arm around Will’s waist and kissed the sliver of neck peeking out above his t-shirt. Percy pulled the covers over all of them, lying behind Nico.

Will was exhausted, and sick, and his body ached, and he wanted nothing more than to stay between all of his boyfriends and sleep, but his doctor’s instincts prevented him from doing so. He sat up.

“I need to make you guys soup-“

“For fuck’s sake, Will,” Nico pulled him back down, “Stop it! You’re just going to make yourself worse.”

“He’s right,” Jason agreed, kissing Will’s cheek, “You’re always taking care of us, let us take care of you.”

“I’ll call Hazel,” Percy said, “She’ll bring soup.”
Nico glared at Will, and then leaned in and kissed him, his expression softening.

“Just sleep, okay?” he mumbled.

Will exhaled and relaxed, “Okay,” he said, and sneezed right in Nico’s face.
Someday Wearing a White Dress

Can you do a prompt where Leo has to crossdress for a quest and Jason doesn't know how he feels about that for ButThat'sNotFair

Jason, Percy and Leo crouched down behind the tree line, eyes trained on Skyros. The ancient Greek city had somehow materialised in the desert of Nevada and now rose above the sand, all white palaces and buildings. In ancient times Achilles’ mother, the sea nymph Thetis, had dressed her son up as a woman and hidden him in Skyros to prevent him from dying at war. The ghost city had now returned, and the boys had been sent on a Quest to retrieve Achilles’ armour from its walls. It was created by Hephaestus millennia’s ago and was said to be impenetrable – both the Camps could make use of it.

“Where the hell is Frank?” Leo was lying on his back, staring at the canopy of trees overhead, looking bored, “He better hurry up I wanna be back for dinner.”

“I see him!” Jason had binoculars on his eyes. He frowned, “Wait...why is he carrying a sack?”

“Noooo!” Percy complained, “Don’t tell me he kidnapped someone?”

Just then a massive bold eagle descended from the trees, carrying a brown sack. He released it from his deadly claws and it landed right on Leo’s face. Jason snickered and the eagle landed, turning back into slightly out of breath Frank.

“We have a problem,” the Asian stated.

“Is that why you brought us a present?” Leo questioned, poking the satchel.

“It’s some kind of virginity festival out there, I managed to ask a few people. It’s something about girls asking some princess or whatever for a blessing-“

“Deidamia,” Jason remembered, “Achilles got her pregnant didn’t he?”

“I see the problem,” Percy nodded, “None of us are virgins.”

“None of us is are women Percy,” Frank deadpanned.

“Uh...is there a reason you raided a sorority?” Leo asked. Jason and the other boys looked at him and saw that he was pulling out a white dress from the sack, complete with a pair of pearly sandals. The three exchanged a look, and then glanced at Leo again.

“No,” the Latino said.
“Aw, c’mon Leo!” Percy pouted, “you’re the smallest one, you could totally pass for a girl!”

“Wow, thanks man,” Leo said dryly, “just what every guy wants to hear.”

“He’s right though,” Jason stood up, “if we put your hair in a low bun and you put the dress on...,” he nodded.

“What about me screams female?!” Leo demanded, arms flailing dramatically.

“You have super long eyelashes and plump lips which is usually like a girly feature, also your eyebrows aren’t bushy and you’re super thin but you kind of have a butt so that helps too,” Jason said on one breath.

All of them stared at him

“...Yeah,” Percy agreed after a second.

“We’re wasting time – Leo go change and let’s finish up and go back to Camp,” Frank snapped. Grumbling about how he was only doing this for dinner Leo stamped into the bushes, dragging the sack after him. Jason sighed and pressed the binoculars to his eyes again to try and hide how red his cheeks were. He couldn’t believe he had just said such an idiotic thing.

“Jason?” Percy started innocently, meaning that what he was going to say next probably wasn’t going to be innocent.

“What?”

“Do you...fancy Leo?”

“What?!” Jason scoffed, pulling the binoculars away, “No! No way!”

Frank and Percy exchanged a knowing look, “Sure. Okay bro.”

“Right, we need to come up with a plan,” Jason said. The three started brainstorming but a few minutes later rustling came from the bushes and Leo came back out. Jason looked at him, and then couldn’t look away again.

The boy’s face was red, maybe from the effort of putting the dress on or maybe because of embarrassment. The dress itself was white, complimenting the boy’s tanned skin. It was one of those off-the-shoulder ones, revealing his skinny collarbones and shoulders. Leo usually wore baggy clothes but the dress was tight, showing off his tiny waist and falling down to his feet in a cascading waterfall of white. Like the boys had suggested he had put his long-ish hair back in a low bun but some curls had escaped and now framed his face in an endearing way.

Jason didn’t understand why his mouth was suddenly dry, and why there was heat in his stomach. He swallowed nervously.

“That’s perfect!” Percy clapped his hands.

“Is that eyeliner?” Frank asked.

Leo shrugged and dumped the sack with his own clothes into the bushes, “I have some in my belt because Piper sometimes needs it.”

Sure enough his eyes seemed darker, more...sultry.
“Bite your lips!” Percy suggested, “so they get more red.”

Leo nibbled on his bottom lip until it looked like he was wearing a light layer of lipstick.

“Great,” Frank grinned, “Let’s go get that armour.”

Leo looked at Jason, “Hello?” he waved his hand in front of the stunned boy’s face, “Earth to sparky.”

“Sorry,” Jason felt blood rushing to his face when Frank and Percy snickered, “I...you look so...weird.”

“You’re all boosting my confidence so much today guys,” Leo sighed,
Percy glanced slyly at Jason, “You two should go as a couple. We’ll cover your backs.”

“But-,” Jason started just as Leo said “Okay!” and then started walking down to the city. Jason tried not to stare at his ass as he sighed and followed.

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They made it through the city gates with no trouble, mingling in the crowd that filled the streets. Everyone was dancing, laughing, listening to the ancient music that filled the air. Jason got some weird looks because of his clothes, but nobody stopped them.

“We need to get to the palace,” Leo said under his breath. His hand was resting on the inside of Jason’s arm, and the blonde was hyper-aware of it. They pushed through the crowd and Jason felt awkward, like he was walking next to a stranger and not his best friend. He kept looking at Leo in that dress and getting all kinds of weird emotions flooding his body; anxiety, arousal, awe. He half wanted to touch Leo in the dress and half to take it off the boy, to reveal more of his smooth skin. He had no idea where the weird thoughts were coming from but he couldn’t seem to stop thinking them.

They pushed through the celebrating crowd of Greek entities and made it to the white steps of the Skyros palace. They climbed up, Leo adopting some kind of gracefulness that seemed to come with the dress.

“Halt!” the two guards at the door crossed their spears to prevent the two from going inside. They had ancient Greek helmets on their head and their weapons looked deadly. Jason almost winced, “Who are you and what are you looking for here?”

More than ever Jason wished for Piper’s charmspeak then, but Leo saved them.

“Good evening,” he said, in a light, giggly voice of a girl. Jason did his best to hide his surprise as Leo’s hand tightened on his arm, “We are here to speak with the King.”

“The palace is not open to the public,” one of the guards barked. Jason could feel Leo’s hand shaking and maybe that’s why he suddenly started to improvise.

“How dare you!” Jason snapped, breaking out of his shock, “Public? Public? Do you know who she is?” he looked at Leo pointedly.

The two guards exchanged puzzled looks, “I...uh...no?”

“I am Princess Leonna!” Leo picked up, “of Long Island!”

“I can’t believe this insolence!” Jason yelled and then turned to Leo, “I apologize my lady-“
“I’m going to explode,” Leo fanned his face in a girlish manner. The guards started to look afraid now.

“I will have both of you executed at once,” Jason threatened.

“No! No your Ladyship!” the two hurriedly bowed to Leo, “Excuse our mistake – the Princess is waiting.”

They opened the heavy doors of the white palace and Jason and Leo hurried in. They acted like they knew where they were going, and the second they made it around the corner of the deserted hallway Jason grabbed Leo’s hand.

“We need to find the armour,” he whispered.

“Way ahead of you,” Leo pointed. Jason look followed his hand and his eyes landed on a rich golden breastplate, enclosed in a glass case at the end of the corridor, like an exhibit in a museum.

“That’s too easy,” the blonde whispered. Leo shrugged,

“I’ll take it,” he said, and the two hurried to the case. Leo automatically reached for his belt before remembering it wasn’t there, “For fucks sake.”

“Don’t overcomplicate,” Jason told him and managed to pry his eyes away from Leo’s dress for long enough to turn the old key at the back of the case, popping it open. He slid his empty backpack off his shoulder and shoved the armour inside, zipping it up hurriedly, “Let’s get out here,” he whispered.

“My lord! My Lady!” a voice boomed. Guiltily Leo and Jason turned around. There was a herald standing a few feet away, chin raised high. Jason automatically placed his hand on his sword but the herald seemed not to notice the missing armour, “Princess Deidamia awaits to give your Ladyship her blessing,” he bowed, “If I may ask my Lady, what is your name?”

“Princess Leonna of Long Island,” Leo said hurriedly.

Jason and Leo exchanged a panicked look but they couldn’t do much more than follow the herald down another corridor. Leo’s hand was painfully gripping Jason’s arm and neither of them spoke in fear of blowing their cover.

The herald took them to a massive double door that reached the high, arched ceiling, and pushed it open.

“Princess Leonna of Long Island and her escort!” the herald boomed.

Jason’s stomach dropped to the floor as he and Leo walked into the hall. It was massive, made of white marble with open windows that most likely normally let in the smell of the Greek sea breeze but now only brought in the Nevada heat. The walls were lined with people, hundreds of them, Lord and Ladies in white dresses and chitons – Jason couldn’t see any monsters. Leo looked vaguely sick, though he seemed to fit in. Jason couldn’t help but think that Leo looked more beautiful in his dress than all the other women present.

“Princess Leonna!” there was a pretty, young woman on a throne on a rise, looking down at Leo and Jason with a cold, proud smile. On the larger throne next to her sat what Jason assumed was her father, looking like a frail, sickly version of Gandalf, “I welcome you to the Court of Skyros!”

“Your Grace,” Jason bowed, pulling Leo down into a curtsy.
“I assume you came here for my blessing, beautiful lady,” Princess Deidamia exclaimed, “for the harvest season!”

“Yes, your Grace,” Leo inclined his head, making things up on the spot, “I want nothing more than for your blessing to bring me love and luck this uh...harvest season.”

“Very well,” Deidamia said, “I will give you my blessing, dear sister, but first I must ask of you what I ask of all my female subjects. I must have you prove you are truly a woman.”

“What?” Jason saw the shock in Leo’s eyes.

“As you are aware that bastard Achilles,” at the sound of his name a murmur of distaste went through the court, “Concealed his real sex in order to hide himself in the palace of my father,” she placed her hand on the King’s shoulder, “I must know you are truly a woman before I give you my blessing.”

“Fuck,” Leo whispered, barely audibly under his breath. Jason eyes slid over all the armed men in the hall; he could not take on all of them, and Leo had no weapons on him. Percy and Frank wouldn’t be able to help them. They’d have to do what Deidamia wanted.

An idea came to Jason’s head and he acted on it before he chickened out. He wrapped an arm around Leo’s skinny waist, pulled him close, and kissed him in front of everyone. He heard and felt Leo gasp against his lips but it was drowned out in the sudden cheer from the court. Deidamia clapped cheerfully, laughing with glee. Leo’s lips were so soft and plump and inviting that Jason just wanted to kiss him forever, but of course he couldn’t. They had a quest to finish.

When he pulled away, heart pounding, Leo looked like he was in shock, his eyes sparkling, wide, his mouth parted in surprise. It took everything in Jason not to kiss him again.

“Wonderful!” Deidamia laughed, “Princess Leonna I give you my blessing for this harvest!”

“Thankyou,” Leo said faintly, still staring at Jason.

“Wait, hang on,” suddenly Deidamia’s voice changed. The two boys glanced at her and saw that her eyebrows were furrowed as she stared at Leo, “Is that my dress?”

“Fuck!” Jason grabbed Leo’s hand, “Run!”

They sprinted for the door.
Smells Like Roses to Me

A cabin swap AU, where Nico is a son of Aphrodite, and Jason is a son of Hephaestus. Jason has a big crush on Nico, but doesn't talk to him because "he's an Aphrodite kid, so attractive and fashionable and smells nice and I'm full of grease and dirt and sweat. way out of my league." and kinda feels inadequate because Jason spends all his time in chb's forge or just working on fixing things around the camp so he doesn't bother talking to him. But then he gets the chance to when the Aphrodite cabin needs a few minor repairs but he still doesn't say much to Nico except a hello and goodbye, or if he needs to ask what it is that he has to fix. Nico gets a little frustrated because Jason doesn't talk to him the whole time he's there, only fixes things, and little does Jason know that Nico actually has a big crush on him too, but can never visit him because other guys keep showering Nico with attention and essentially eating up all his time. So maybe like, just a cute thing where they confess their feelings at the end, a shock to everyone.

For Anon N. Miss

JASON

Jason had stopped eating his dinner and was staring across the dining pavilion, chewing slowly, thoughtfully. The tables were full of campers, talking, laughing, telling their half-siblings about their days, eating. Jason's eyes were on the Aphrodite table, on one of the kids. Nico di Angelo to be more specific.

Jason had a big, unhealthy crush on the son of Aphrodite, but then so did half the Camp. Nico was beautiful in a way that was different from all of his other siblings – all dark hair and dark eyes and pale, flawless skin. Where the other Aphrodite kids were outgoing and confident Nico was shyer, quieter. He was also sarcastic and sassy, and hard to get which just made all the gay boys at camp want him more. That's not why Jason liked him though...the boy was kind, and sweet, and caring, and brave and just ugh...Jason was so head over heels for him even though they barely ever spoke to each other. Why would they? The son of Hephaestus was exactly the kind of guy that Nico wouldn't go for; always sweaty and dirty from working at the forge, wearing scruffy overalls most of the time. With so many other boys swarming Nico Jason was well aware that he would never have a chance with him, and he was trying to come to terms with that.

"Gods," next to Jason his sister, Nyssa, laughed, "you're so obvious. You might as well stand on the table and proclaim your love for him."

"Shut up," Jason grumbled, quickly dropping his gaze, flushing.

"Just talk to him," Beckendorf told his half-brother on the other side of the table, gesturing with his spoon, "you're a good looking lad maybe he has the same feelings for you?"

"Doubt it. He's way out of my league," Jason sighed.
“How, man?” Nyssa shook her head, “you guys would make a sweet couple. Nico looks like he likes the riff-raff type.”

“No, no way,” Jason looked at his siblings, “He’s all...attractive. And his clothes are nice and he always smells like roses and I...smell like motor oil.”

“For fuck’s sake I’ll get you some damn perfume for your birthday,” Jake butted in, “Stop making excuses; you just don’t want to talk to him because you’re scared.”

“I’m done talking to you guys,” Jason stood up picked up his plate. His siblings sighed at his mood change but the blonde ignored them. He walked to the brazier and threw his leftovers in the fire for the Gods and then stalked off into the cool night. He walked through the forest, the sounds of the other Campers dissolving into the background and giving way to the sounds of the trees; leaves swaying in the wind, nymphs whispering to each other, the spring tinkling as it ran close by. Bunker nine emerged from the darkness and Jason eagerly went inside; he wanted to drown himself in work to stop thinking about Nico. Lately his feelings for the boy just seemed to grow, and it was frustrating.

As Jason went to the hammer station he caught sight of himself in a large mirror that Beckendorf was making for Silena as a birthday present. Jason sighed at his reflection; messy blonde hair held back with a bandana, t-shirt streaked with black. There was even dirt on his face. The boy couldn’t believe he went to dinner like that.

“I have no chances with him,” he told his reflection dully.

**NICO**

Nico watched Jason Grace disappear into the woods, though nobody else seemed to notice. Immediately the Italian lost his mood and appetite, though he didn’t have much of one to start with, too hyper-aware of the blonde’s presence to eat.

Silena poked her half-brother in the ribs and smiled at him, “You should go after him.”

“Don’t be an idiot,” Nico grumbled.

“I’m serious,” Silena was still smiling, “He was staring at you all through dinner.”

“Seriously?! Is there something on my face?” Nico asked self-consciously. Silena laughed,

“No. He obviously likes you though.”

“I hate when you say that,” Nico rolled his eyes, “Why would he like me?”

“You’re adorable, Neeks.”

“That’s not enough to like someone...,” Nico bit his lip, “You have to be...hot and sexy and strong not adorable. Jason’s...Jason’s so damn hot.”

“I bet he thinks the same about you,” Silena said innocently.

“Why? Has Beckendorf said something?” Nico asked, a little hopefully. The girl shrugged,

“No. Not really.”

Nico slumped in disappointment, “He probably thinks I’m some posh weakling. All of the Hephaestus lot thinks that’s what we are.”
“That’s not true,” Silena frowned.

“I think I’m just gonna call it a day,” Nico was feeling down on himself, “I’m not really hungry.”

He broke away from the table and threw his uneaten food into the fire. The second he was out of the brightness of the pavilion he felt better. He shoved his hands in his pockets, brooding, and then stopped. He glanced at the woods, where Jason had went, probably to Bunker Nine, and something pulled him to follow the blonde. But what would he say to him? He’d probably embarrass himself in front of his crush. Jason was so laid back, he didn’t care what people thought about him, and Nico was the opposite.

“Hey Nico!” the voice startled the boy and he turned around to see Lee Fletcher from the Apollo cabin run up to him.

“Hi,” Nico said half heartedly when the grinning boy stopped in front of him.

“I was wondering if you wanted to sneak out with me later?” he asked.

Nico looked away, “Uh...no. I’m really tired.”

“Oh.” Michael’s shoulders fell a little, “Well do you mind if we partner up for sword fighting tomorrow?”

“You know I’m horrible at that,” Nico mumbled. Lee grinned,

“Well we can work on it.”

“I...okay. We’ll sort it out tomorrow,” the Italian said. Lee’s smile grew,

“Awesome!” he waved and then ran back to the pavilion. Nico exhaled and made for his cabin. He hated the weird attention he got from all the gay boys at Camp, mostly because the one guy he wanted clearly wasn’t interested in him.

JASON

He stood nervously in front of the doors to the Aphrodite cabin. Earlier that day Beckendorf had asked him to come and fix the sink since the Aphrodite lot were complaining that it was messing up. **He’s not in there, Jason told himself, it’s late they’re all out doing whatever they’re meant to be. Nico’s not here stop being such a pussy.** The blonde took a deep breath, opened the door and walked in.

The Aphrodite Cabin smelled like roses, and there were flowers in vases on every possible surface. The beds were all perfectly done up...except for the one at the end of the room, on which Nico was sitting. Jason froze. The boy was in sweatpants and an oversized hoodie, hair still messy from sleep. It was so unlike him and yet somehow it made him even cuter. He looked up when he saw Jason and his eyes widened.

“Hi,” Jason said, forcing his voice to remain steady, “I’m here to fix the sink.”

“I...uh...it’s in the bathroom,” Nico said, still staring. Jason nodded and then dashed to the bathroom, wanting to get away from Nico before the Italian saw him blush or he said something stupid. He saw himself in the mirror – red in the face, but thankfully clean. There was a fresh burn on his bicep. He looked a mess, as always. To try and take his mind of how awkward he was around Nico he reached into his tool belt, pulling out things that would help him with the sink.
He was halfway through taking it apart when he felt someone’s presence behind him. He turned to see Nico standing in the doorway, now in a black long-sleeved t-shirt and a pair of jeans as normal. Jason swallowed when he realised how close to him Nico had been while changing.

“What’s wrong with it?” the Italian asked. Jason turned away from him quickly and continued to work.

“Uh...something clogged up the pipe. It won’t take long to fix.”

“Oh. Okay,” there was a tension in the air and Jason couldn’t think of anything intelligent to say. Here was his chance to...what? Seduce Nico? It sounded stupid even in Jason’s head. Just finish your job and get out of here before you do something idiotic.

“So why are you here?” Jason asked, glancing over his shoulder, just wanting to break the awkward silence. Nico gave him a puzzled look, “I mean why are you not doing your activities?” Jason said quickly. Nico shrugged, long eyelashes fluttering as he blinked. He was so damn pretty it was hard for the son of Hephaestus to focus on anything else.

“I’m avoiding someone.”

“Oh...,,” Jason wanted to say more but his throat tightened with nerves the more he looked at Nico. He was just so mesmerizing, “Right,” he turned back to his work.

“Good talk,” Nico sighed, and disappeared from the bathroom.

“Idiot,” Jason mumbled to himself, face red with embarrassment. He finally had the chance to talk to his crush and he had messed it up. Of course he fucking did.

NICO

Nico felt like an idiot and if it was up to him he’d never face Jason again. He had acted like an absolute moron! First he had told Jason that the sink was in the bathroom – of course it was in the fucking bathroom! – and then he had bothered Jason while he worked. The blonde had given him short answers and the younger boy now felt stupid. Of course the blonde wasn’t interested, and Nico was acting like a love-sick puppy, desperate for his attention.

Which was why he was horrified when two days later someone knocked on the door of the Aphrodite Cabin and he had to go open it – coming face to face with Jason once more. The rest of the Aphrodite kids were out sunbathing but Nico was pale as death and all he did was burn in the sun so he stayed inside. Now he wished he hadn’t.

“Hi,” Jason smiled at him, a little awkwardly. He was wearing a white tank top, revealing his muscular arms, his hair was artfully messy, and there was a shallow cut on his cheek – probably an accident at work. Nico tried not to be aware of how he himself looked (normal, boring, mediocre) as he felt heat fill him. Jason was just so gorgeous.

“Hi,” Nico replied, his stomach twisting. He just wanted the blonde to like him, “What are you doing here? Don’t tell me the sink broke again.”

Jason grinned and that eased some of the tension in Nico’s shoulder, “No. You’ve got some problems with the light apparently.”

“Oh,” Nico stepped back to let the blonde in, “Yeah. The light bulb doesn’t work.”

Jason arched an eyebrow, “So you lot can’t change a light bulb? Sounds like a bad joke – how many
Aphrodite kids does it take-“

“Shut up,” Nico blushed. He already knew the Hephaestus kids thought the Aphrodite lot were useless, he didn’t have to prove it as well, “We’re all too short to reach.”

“Can’t you get a ladder?”

“I...the Hermes kids won’t give it to us.”

Jason nodded and then walked to the centre of the room, and pulled a fresh light bulb from his belt. Nico tried to think of something to say that would make the older boy interested in him. Meanwhile Jason stood on his tiptoes and unscrewed the light bulb.

“Here – take it please,” he held it out to Nico. The Italian had to stand on his tiptoes too to reach his hand and his shirt rode up a little. He could’ve sworn that Jason’s eyes flickered down to the exposed sliver of skin and the next thing he knew was that the bulb that the blonde was holding cracked into pieces, “Shit!” the blonde hissed in pain and Nico stumbled back as the glass fell to the floor. Some pieces had pierced Jason’s hand and now he was bleeding profusely.

“Oh Gods,” Nico gasped, “Come to the bathroom – now!”

Jason followed him and sat down on the edge of the bathtub, holding his hand out. It was shaking and blood was dripping from where the glass was sticking out from the skin. Nico clumsily opened the drawers and pulled out a first aid kid.

“I’m sorry about this,” Jason said apologetically.

“No, no, don’t-,” Nico didn’t know why he was panicking so much. It just looked like Jason was in pain. He came up to the blonde, “Don’t apologize.”

He carefully grabbed the biggest piece of glass.

“Don’t,” Jason grabbed his wrist and Nico jolted at how warm and calloused his hand was, “You’ll cut yourself.”

“It’s fine,” Nico’s voice sounded weak even to himself, “I know what I’m doing.”

He pulled the glass free and more blood gushed out. Jason’s jaw clenched in pain, “I would’ve thought you would scream and faint at the sight of blood,” he laughed, though his face was paler than normal.

“Well you thought wrong.” Nico carefully picked out the glass from Jason’s palm, “You need to see the Apollo lot.”

“I’m fine it’s just a cut,” Jason said.

Nico carefully cradled the boy’s big hand in his two smaller ones, pulling him to the newly fixed sink. He turned on the tap and then slowly submerged Jason’s hand underneath, washing away the blood. He could feel the blonde’s eyes on his but refused to look up.

“You c-could’ve gotten seriously hurt,” Nico said shakily, subconsciously stroking Jason’s wrist under the water, “a-and died. I don’t know what to do with a dead body, idiot.”

“Sorry,” Jason murmured, smiling a little.

Nico turned off the tap and then carefully bandaged Jason’s hand, taking extra care not to hurt him.
“I should clean up the glass. And you should see Will.”

“You did a good job I don’t need to see Will,” Jason interjected. Nico blushed from the compliment.

“I need to clean up the glass,” he said and left the bathroom, face burning.

JASON

He was so embarrassed about breaking the light bulb in front of Nico that he wanted to die. The boy had just leaned up and Jason saw his pale, thin stomach and it was more skin than the Italian usually exposed and...it just did things to Jason. He hadn’t meant to clench his hand on the bulb.

He was confused when a week after the incident he was working on a project in the forge, taking extra care to not injure his hand further, Nyssa came up to him, smirking.

“Someone’s at the door for you,” she almost sang. Jason frowned but he knew that if Nyssa hadn’t straight away told him who it was she wasn’t going to. The blonde rolled his eyes and walked towards the exit, wiping his sweaty forehead on the back of his hand. In the main part of the cabin it was a lot cooler than in the forge.

Nico was nervously hovering near the door, playing with his sleeves. When Jason saw him his stomach twisted and he realised how sweaty and dirty he was.

“Hi,” Nico gave him a little smile, “sorry, didn’t realise you were busy.”

“Uh...what’s up?” Jason asked, trying to subtly wipe the dirt off his cheek,

Nico shrugged, “There’s all these electrical cables in the cabin that just kind of tumbled out of the wall....” the boy twisted his fingers together, “I tried to sort it out but...yeah, it didn’t work. I was wondering if you’re not busy...”

Jason was very busy, but Nico had specifically asked for him, and that made him proud, “Sure, I’ll fix it.”

He followed the boy into the sunny afternoon. They must’ve looked like a weird pair; Nico all graceful and beautiful, followed by Jason who looked like a cross between a miner and someone from an 80’s biker gang. They sure got a few curious looks – and a few glares as well from a bunch of boys who were clearly jealous. It made Jason a little happy.

They walked into the once again empty Aphrodite Cabin and Jason’s eyes automatically scanned the walls for the cables.

“Okay where’s the issue?” he asked.

Nico grabbed his wrist, turning him around, stood on his tiptoes and kissed him.

“There’s no issue,” he whispered, pulling away almost immediately, leaving Jason shell-shocked, “I just wanted to see you.”

The tension in Jason’s body finally exploded. Oh my Gods Nico di Angelo just kissed me, he realised. Then he was pushing Nico into the closest wall, crowding him in against it with his body and crashing their lips together. Nico smelled like roses, his lips were dangerously soft, drawing Jason in.

“Ha! Fucking knew it!”
The two boys jumped apart to see Silena triumphantly standing in the doors, the rest of the Aphrodite kids behind her, all looking like they just won a bet...actually, they probably had.
It was past midnight and Will was chilling in the Hades Cabin. Yeah, okay, maybe it wasn’t ‘normal’ for him to hang out with Nico so late at night but Will didn’t care. No matter what anyone said they were just friends...as much as Will wanted that to change, it seemed impossible. Currently Nico was curled up next to Will. Both of them were under the covers, watching one of the final destination movies. It was dark in the Hades cabin but Will could still see Nico in the light cast from the TV.

Will had been learning Italian. He knew that was stupid but some part of him hoped that maybe Nico had the same feelings for him. Of course the shy Italian would never outright confess, and neither would Will. A few months back Annabeth had suggested learning the language, just in case Nico said something in his native tongue that would mean he reciprocated Will’s feelings. Now, the blonde thought, was the best chance to try out what he had learned.

“Nico,” Will turned on his side, propping himself up on his elbow and resting his face on his hand, looking at the dark haired boy who was still staring at the TV, “Can you say something in Italian?”


“I don’t know. I never heard you speak it, I’m curious.”

Nico finally looked away from the movie and glanced at Will, “Sei un idiota.”

“I wonder what that meant,” Will rolled his eyes, though he knew full well that Nico had just called him an idiot. The Italian shook his head and turned back to the TV, “Hey!” Will complained, poking him in the side, which was just an excuse to touch him, “Say something else.”

“What does that mean?”

“Watch the damn movie,” Nico huffed. Of course Will already knew that. He slid back down so he was laying next to Nico and grabbed the boy’s shoulder, forcing him to face him, “Will!” Nico complained, but Will’s hand on his arm kept him down. The blonde grinned.

“C’mon, talk to me.”


“Dunno. I like it. Come on, say something.”

Nico was close to him, his eyes soft but sleepy. Will forced himself not to stroke the boy’s arm. What Nico said next startled Will, though he couldn’t let it show.

“Tu mi fai sentire al sicuro,” Nico whispered, all warm and soft, voice like melted chocolate. You make me feel safe. The words made Will’s heart squeeze and he fought the urge to hug Nico close, remind him that nothing bad would happen to him again. He knew the boy was scarred after Tartarus, and the fact that being around Will made him feel safer...well, that was a lot for Will’s heart to handle.

“What does that mean?” Will asked quietly. Nico’s gaze dropped so he was staring at Will’s chest.


“Keep talking,” he murmured. He might’ve imagined it but he thought that he saw Nico shiver. The Italian shifted a little closer. In the back someone died a gruesome death on the TV but neither of the boy’s cared.

Nico’s tongue nervously licked his bottom lip and despite himself Will glanced down at his plump lips. He swallowed, wanting nothing more than to kiss the boy. For some reason there was a tension in the air, and the little space between him and Nico seemed charged with electricity.


“What does that mean?” he murmured, hand casually sliding off Nico’s arm to rest on his hip.

“Guess,” Nico smirked a little.

“I don’t know,” Will lied.

Nico shifted a little closer again, so when he spoke his breath brushed against Will’s mouth, “Non hai idea di quanto tu mi faccia diventare pazzo.”

You have no idea how crazy you make me.

Will’s mouth went dry. He didn’t even bother to ask what it meant, “Go on.”

“Ti voglio,” Nico repeated again. I want you. He continued to talk and with every word Will got harder, and it became more difficult not to touch the boy, “I want you. I want you to kiss me. I want you to touch me.”

Will didn’t know why he was still holding back, maybe because he wanted Nico to continue talking.
There was a desperation to the boy’s voice now.

“I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me right now. Gods,” the Italian moved even closer so his chest pressed against Will’s. He whimpered when his own erection brushed against Will’s. The blonde’s hand tightened on his hip, he had no idea how they ended up in this situation, “Fuck me, Will. I know y-you want me too. Just fuck me. Por favour.”

“I don’t know what you’re saying,” Will whispered, because he liked Nico like this – all red and flustered. The boy was rocking gently against Will, trying to get some release.

“P-Please,” Nico whispered shakily, in English.

“Bravo ragazzo,” Will cooed softly, smirking. Good boy. Nico’s eyes widened in shock but Will didn’t give him time to process what just happened. He pulled himself on top of the boy in one swift movement and crashed their lips together. Nico automatically let a gasp out, one of his legs hitching around Will’s waist. They kissed desperately, tongues tangling together. The blonde sat up, pulling Nico up with him so that the Italian was sitting in his lap.

“Y-You’re such an asshole,” Nico gasped. Will kissed his neck passionately, sucking on the skin until Nico was squirming in his lap, rubbing his clothed erection against Will’s stomach. When the Italian tried to grab Will’s head and pull him in for another kiss the stronger boy grabbed his wrists and pinned them behind his back, “Will,” Nico whimpered, helplessly grinding against the blonde.

“I didn’t say you could stop talking,” Will said, voice low and raspy, biting at Nico’s earlobe. Now that he finally had the boy against him he wasn’t going to make this easy.

“I hate you,” Nico moaned. Will kept both of his wrists in one of his hands and used the other one to pull Nico’s shirt over his head. Thanks to the position Nico had a tiny bit of leverage and he looked down at Will with dark, aroused eyes, messy hair falling into them. Will pulled him in for a bruising kiss full of teeth and tongue that left the boy’s lips swollen. The blonde let go of the Italian’s wrists and playfully ran his hands down Nico’s back, and then dipped one into the back of the boy’s jeans. Nico wasn’t wearing any underwear.

“Someone’s been a bad boy,” Will teased as he squeezed Nico’s ass.

The Italian choked on a moan, “Shut up.”

His hips stuttered forward so he was grinding on Will’s harder, like a dog in heat. It went straight to Will’s cock and he was dizzy with arousal. The blonde leaned forward and took the Italian’s nipple into his mouth. Nico grabbed his face in his hands and pulled him up to kiss him desperately. Will swallowed his moans.

“W-Will please,” Nico whispered, “Please, please, please, please-“

“Please what?” Will asked innocently. He had no idea where this sudden need to dominate Nico was coming from.

“Fuck me,” Nico growled in Italian. Will shoved him back down roughly, pining the boy down with his own body, and then kissed Nico until the boy could barely open his eyes and he was completely at Will’s mercy.

“Do you have lube?” the blonde murmured, looking down at his dishevelled, panting soon-to-be-lover. Gods I hope he has lube or I don’t know what I’ll do.

“T-Top drawer,” Nico said breathlessly. Will grinned and reached into said drawer, pulling out the
lube. He hooked his fingers in the loops of Nico’s jeans and tugged them off. The second they were on the floor Nico turned to his side, bright red, trying to cover himself.

“Don’t,” Will growled, grabbing his wrists and pulling him back around. He pinned the boy’s hands down once more and then nudged his knee between his legs, forcing him to spread them. Now Will could stare at the boy’s flawless pale skin as long as he wanted. His cock throbbed so he reached for the lube. He pressed it into Nico’s hand.


He released the boy’s hands and Nico shakily poured some lube over his fingers. Will watched hungrily as he shyly reached underneath himself, pressing his finger against his tiny hole. Will could feel precum pouring from his cock as he watched the digit disappear inside the boy. Nico’s back arched and he let out a whimper, toes curling. It was so mesmerizing that Will was ready to come right that second. Nico’s eyes were squeezed shut as he slowly slid the finger in and out of himself, little moans leaving his mouth. His rock hard cock twitched against his stomach, precum pooling in his belly button.

“Un altro,” Will commanded so Nico complied and pushed another finger inside himself. His free hand was gripping the covers, his thighs were trembling. Will ached to touch him, “Faster,” he growled and Nico started pushing the fingers in and out of himself faster, the digits greedily swallowed up by his hole, “Faster,” Will hissed.

“I-I can’t,” Nico gasped, the side of his face pressed into the pillow. Will grabbed the lube and poured some over his own hand, pulling Nico’s fingers out of him. He grabbed the Italian’s legs and tugged him closer and then shoved two of his fingers straight into the boy. Nico cried out, back arching again. Will’s fingers were a lot thicker and longer than his and he fingered Nico roughly, almost violently, though the boy seemed to enjoy it, thrashing against the bed, moaning.

“Talk to me Nico,” Will leaned over him, pushing a third finger into the boy. Nico bit his lip, leg hiking up Will’s waist to give him better access.

“I want your cock,” Nico moaned, and Will was so light headed with lust he wasn’t sure if the boy was speaking English or Italian.

“Condom?” he asked breathlessly. Nico shook his head desperately, “You don’t have one?”

“I don’t want one,” Nico opened his eyes and pulled Will down for a messy kiss, “I want to feel you,” he was whimpering, clinging onto Will, “No c-condom. Please.”

“Gods,” Will groaned, pulling his fingers out of the boy, “Okay. Good boy, c’mere,” he nudged Nico’s legs and the boy wrapped them around his hips.

Will hurriedly undid his belt and shoved his underwear down so his cock sprung free. Being completely clothed while Nico was naked underneath him gave him some sort of power rush. He grabbed the boy’s hip with one hand and wrapped his hand around his own cock with his other one. A hiss escaped his lips at the feeling and he stroked himself a few times before lining his cock with Nico’s hole. The moment he started to push in Nico’s body began pulling him in on its own accord.

They gasped simultaneously.

“Yes,” Nico’s hands were gripping the covers, his head thrown back as Will entered him, “Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes...”
“Fuck y-you’re so tight,” Will groaned, his cock being pulled further and further into Nico’s intoxicating heat. The walls of his body clenched around Will’s shaft and the pleasure coursing through him was almost too much. The second the blonde was all the way inside Nico the boy got impatient.

“Fuck me,” he growled.

Will pulled his cock out and then thrust back in immediately because he couldn’t stand being outside of Nico for longer than a second. He repeated the movement, again and again, watching Nico’s mouth part and all these delicious moans spill out. Then he started to properly thrust; hard, precise movements. Nico was already breathless and moaning but when Will hit his prostate the boy sobbed, legs tightening around Will’s waist.

“Will!” he cried out and there were actual tears of pleasure in his eyes. Will picked up his pace, stomach tightening. And Nico panted, clawed at the bed, thrashed, squirmed, just completely lost control. Will couldn’t stop looking at his cock disappearing inside the boy as he picked up his pace, fucking Nico so hard he was sure there were going to be bruises all over the small boy, “O-Oh Gods...Will...Will! Nghhh...I-I...oh...oh...there. Right there, o-oh fuck-“

Will was completely lost in him, “I’m going to come,” he gasped, feeling the heat inside him build up until he knew it was going to explode soon. He made to pull out but Nico’s legs tightened around him and forced him deeper inside the Italian.

“Voglio che tu vieni dentro di me,” he moaned. I want you to come inside me.

So Will did. He exploded inside the boy, filling him with come, seeing white. He was still thrusting into Nico and as his vision cleared he saw the boy stroke himself once, twice, three times and then come all over himself with a cry of Will’s name.

They cleaned up in silence, but neither had any misconception that Will was going anywhere. There were no questions asked. The blonde stripped to his underwear and Nico put on some underwear and then they climbed back under the blankets. Will felt warm and fuzzy and he pulled Nico close and kissed his forehead. The Italian snuggled into his chest, almost passing out. Will couldn’t stop looking at him.

“Sai come sei bello?” the blonde murmured. Do you know how beautiful you are?

Nico looked up at him with sleepy eyes. The movie was still playing in the back, though neither of them noticed. The Italian pulled Will in for a slow, tired, content kiss.

“I love you.”
It Was a Crush

Could you do a Percy/Leo where they went to the Poseidon cabin after campfire and they get bored so Leo asks Percy if he likes someone and he says yeah...you? and Leo’s like yeah and when Percy asks if she's pretty his eyes glaze over and he's like "yeah. He’s gorgeous."

For beaver

“What campfire ends at midnight?” Leo shook his head in dismay as he followed Percy to the Poseidon cabin. The Latino had said that he didn’t want to go back to his own cabin because his siblings were loud as fuck. Percy didn’t have that problem since he lived alone, and he liked having Leo over.

“All the kids were exhausted.”

“I didn’t stop them from not sleeping!” Leo complained.

They broke away from the crowd of Demigods shuffling home and walked to the Poseidon cabin. Most of them looked the same in the dark and the two boys climbed the short steps and went inside Percy’s one. The interior was nice and cool and smelled faintly of the sea.

“What anything to drink?” Percy asked as Leo shrugged his shoes off and then threw himself at Percy’s bed.

“Do you have alcohol?”

“I have coke,” Percy offered, walking past and ruffling Leo’s hair fondly and flipped on the light. The Latino looked up at him tiredly.

“You know what I’ll take that.”

Percy went to his mini fridge that he had illegally bought from the Hermes kids and pulled out a can of coke. He plopped down on the bed next to Leo and drank a bit. He offered it to his best friend after,

“I’d give you your own one but I’m running low,” Percy apologised.

“At least they still sell to you,” Leo grumbled.

“If the Hephaestus lot didn’t use all the cokes to get rust off their equipment then you’d still be their client,” Percy teased. Leo rolled his eyes as he drank, and then passed the can back to Percy. They finished the drink talking about everything and nothing, and then Percy laid down next to Leo, stretched out and happy.

The Latino was on his stomach, chin resting on his hand, looking down at Percy who was lying on his back, big smile on his face, eyes closed.

“So...Perseus Jackson,” Leo started, “do you have a crush on someone?”
“What are we? Teenage girls?” Percy cracked one of his eyes open. Leo shrugged.

“I’m not, dunno bout you,” he grinned. Percy flicked him in the cheek playfully, “Seriously though, has anyone caught your eye?”

Percy’s eyes softened, “Yeah.”

Leo blinked, “Wait seriously?!” then he grinned and clapped Percy on the shoulder, “Congrats man! It’s been a while since Annabeth, about time!”

Percy smiled, “What about you? Fancy anyone?”

“Um...yeah. I guess,” Leo looked away suddenly, a little blush dusting his cheeks.

“Is she pretty?”

Leo blinked and then got this really weird dazed look in his eyes. Percy frowned, “Yeah,” Leo smiled a little to himself, “he’s gorgeous.”

Percy’s heart jumped, “He, huh?”

“What?!” Leo snapped out of the daze he was in and blood rushed to his face, “That’s not- I...I meant she! She’s gorgeous!”

“It’s okay if you’re gay,” Percy smiled, “You know I don’t care.”

“I’m not gay...I like both I guess,” Leo mumbled. Percy smiled and reached up to brush Leo’s curls from his forehead, the way he always did.

“So he’s gorgeous then...who is it? I’m curious.”

“I’m not saying,” Leo shook his head.

“Oh c’mon,” Percy pouted. Leo bit his lip and looked at him, “You tell me first.”

“It’s a boy too,” Percy shrugged. Leo gaped at him in shock and then pulled a face, “Ugh...imagine we like the same person!”

“Nah,” Percy laughed, “I doubt it. Give me a hint about yours.”

Leo thought for a moment, “He’s tall.”

“Okay to you everyone’s tall,” Percy rolled his eyes.

“Oi!” Leo protested, punching him playfully in the shoulder, “I’m not that short! Okay you give me a hint.”

Percy puffed out his cheeks and thought for a moment, “He’s pretty short.”

Leo groaned and dropped his face into a pillow, “To you everyone is pretty short!”


“Blue. You?”
“Like...chocolatey.”

Leo frowned, “So brown?”

“No!” Percy scoffed, “It’s like really warm chocolate.”

Leo pondered it for a moment, “That really doesn’t narrow it down.”

“Is yours Jason?” Percy asked suspiciously.

“You’re crazy,” Leo burst out laughing.

“Is it me?”

Leo abruptly stopped laughing and looked like he forgot how to breathe for a second, eyes wide. Normally he’d laugh it off but Percy’s question shocked him so much that he didn’t know what to do except stare.

“Leo,” Percy was serious now, “Is it me?”

“Is yours me?” Leo fired back, swallowing past his nerves.

“Yes,” Percy didn’t hesitate. Leo’s heart flipped in his chest.

“Oh.”

Percy sat up so he and Leo were face to face, “You didn’t answer my question.”

“A-Ask it again?”

“Do you fancy me, Leo?”

“Yes,” Leo whispered. Percy smiled.

“Okay. That’s good,” he put his hand on top of Leo’s that was resting on the covers, “You can breathe now.”

Leo exhaled, “Sorry.”

Percy’s smile widened, and then Leo smiled a little too. He squeezed Percy’s hand. Percy cupped his cheek gently. They were so comfortable around each other and suddenly it all made sense. They leaned in at the same time and pressed their lips together in a sweet kiss. It was short but it made both of their hearts skip a beat.

When they pulled away they were grinning. They kissed again, a quick peck. Then another, and another, and another, and they exchanged little kisses for the rest of the night.
Nico was asleep, face pressed into Will’s pillow.

Will was away on conference in the next state over...again. The Alpha was the head of one of the biggest hospitals in New York City and a lot of the time he had to meet with other doctors to discuss some shit that was too complicated for Nico. The Omega worked in a flower shop so all the mathematical stuff that Will always tried to explain to him flew over his head.

Since Will had claimed Nico as his own and bonded with him it had gotten harder and harder for Nico to handle being away from the blonde. Will felt it too and always tried to come home early; they were constantly on the phone to each other, texting, or just wanting to hear each other’s voices. When Will wasn’t home Nico’s inner wolf craved him, ached for him, and it was hard for Nico to fall asleep.

He managed it tonight though, mostly because he had skyped Will earlier and seen his face, but also because he was just wearing one of Will’s dirty t-shirts (gross but whatever) that smelled so much like him that it felt almost like the blonde was lying right next to the Omega. The pillow smelled like Will too, which was why Nico’s face was pressed into it when he was suddenly startled awake by someone slotting the key into the front door.

Nico sat up, sleepy and confused. The bedside clock said that four hours had passed since he had fallen asleep. The Omega had been tired so he went to sleep pretty early. He got up from bed and padded into the hallway in his bare feet. The front door opened and the smell of Will hit Nico. The boy’s shoulders slumped.

“Will!” he exhaled. The Alpha flipped on the light and Nico threw himself at him, wrapping his arms around the blonde’s neck and pressing himself close.

To his surprise Will shoved him away. Nico stumbled back, confused, and saw that Will was furious.
Nico’s wolf could sense his mate’s wolf; fuming and growling somewhere deep inside the man. Nico’s own wolf whimpered in response and curled up inside the boy. Will’s eyes were dark, his jaw clenched.

“What the fuck Nico?” he seethed.

“What?” Nico’s heart started beating a bit faster. The emotions Will was projecting were all negative, something that never happened.

“Where were you?” Will demanded, eyes blazing.

“What...here,” Nico said, confused.

“Why weren’t you picking up your fucking phone?!”

“Will you’re freaking me out,” Nico took another step back and his back pressed against the wall, “I was asleep. I didn’t realise you’d call.”

“Then why the fuck is Bryce messaging me saying that he was with you?” Will hissed.

“What?” Nico’s mouth went dry.

Bryce was Nico’s first boyfriend back in highschool. Nico had liked him...well enough, for a while. But he started to feel that Bryce wasn’t the right one so he broke up with him. Unfortunately at-the-time eighteen year old Bryce really wanted to mate with his fifteen year old Omega boyfriend. It came to the point where he lured Nico into his car and almost raped him, and after Nico got a restraining order against him he had continued to stalk him. Even now, five year later, he was still bugging Nico and Will, even managing to find the latter’s phone number. He was always messaging Will, telling him that Nico belonged to him and that they were having sex six times a day but of course Will never believed that bullshit...which was why Nico didn’t understand why he was believing it now.

“He knows our address!” Will barked, “he said you gave it to him! He knew the date of my meetings!”

“Because he’s a stalker,” Nico tried to interrupt weakly.

“Oh yeah?! Right I’m sure that’s what it was!” Will was getting himself more and more worked up. Nico could sense his emotions – anger, jealousy, frustration. The blonde couldn’t seem to sense Nico’s fear though. Because for the first time since they started dating five years ago Nico was scared of his mate, “He messages me all that shit and then you don’t pick up your phone, what am I supposed to think?!”

Will was shouting. He never shouted. Nico felt sick.

“He’s a liar,” he said, “Will you know that-“

“Then what’s this?” there was a coldness in Will’s voice as he pulled out his phone and shoved it in Nico’s face.

There was a picture of Nico on it. He was asleep in a stranger bed, half of his face pressed into a pillow, hair messy, covers pulled all the way up to his chin. His face was blurry and unclear.

“You had sex with him didn’t you?!” now hurt joined the array of emotions Will was feeling. He threw his phone to the side and crowded in around Nico and for a split second the Omega actually
thought Will might hit him, “What about all those other times?! Have you been cheating on me all this time?!” he was shouting and tears were prickling the back of Nico’s eyes and he was having trouble breathing. Bryce had taken that picture when he was fifteen, something that couldn’t be clearly seen from the blurry shot. But Nico couldn’t tell Will that because he couldn’t breathe, “You said you fucking loved me! You’re such a bloody liar I can’t believe you did this to me! You’re my mate! I fucking love you! How could you?!” Will punched the wall next to Nico’s head so hard that some of it crumbled away.

Nico flinched violently and then he dashed underneath Will’s arm because he couldn’t handle it and threw himself in the bedroom. He slammed the door shut but there was no lock on it so Nico just curled up on the floor by the wall, his legs shaking too badly to keep his up. He buried his head in his arms and started sobbing.

He just got so damn scared of Will, something he never thought would happen. But he also felt rejected, and hurt, and ashamed because of the time he was with Bryce when he was younger. He just broke down, he wanted to disappear. He was sobbing so loudly he didn’t hear the door open and Will walk in.

“Nico,” his voice was still full of anger but he wasn’t shouting anymore, “Nico. I...just please explain it to me.”

“I-I-I...,” Nico couldn’t speak, his voice broken up by sobs, “h-he...he took...I-I was f-fifteen...i-in the p-picture...I-I didn’t...I d-didn’t c-cheat y-you a-asshole!”

He looked up to see Will sit on the floor a little bit away from him, probably to seem less threatening. His eyes were full of pain. He didn’t say anything, just sat there and let Nico cry.

“D-Don’t c-come n-near me,” the Omega whimpered, because Will’s words had hurt.

“Okay. Okay I won’t,” Will said softly. His voice was hoarse from shouting. So he just sat there and Nico cried until his tears dried up. Then he was just shallowly gasping for air, his head throbbing, “Can I touch you now?” Will asked gently.

Nico looked up at him with puffy, red eyes. A part of him wanted to tell Will to fuck off and go sleep on the couch, but the bigger part of him just wanted for Will to hold him. He couldn’t handle Will being mad at him, and clearly the blonde couldn’t handle it either. Slowly, Nico nodded.

Will came a little bit closer and placed his hand on Nico’s knee. He kissed his bare skin gently. Nico sniffled.

“I’m sorry I scared you,” Will whispered. He took Nico’s shaking hand in his and kissed his knuckles, then his palm, his wrist, “I’m sorry,” he took his other hand and kissed it too. Nico felt himself relax with each little kiss. Will leaned forward and brushed his own shirt that Nico was wearing to the side, and kissed his collarbone, “I’m sorry,” he pressed a kiss over Nico’s pounding heart, “I’m so sorry,” a kiss to the hollow of Nico’s throat, “I’m sorry,” his shoulder, “I’m sorry,” just underneath his ear, “I’m so, so fucking sorry,” the top of his head, “I’m sorry,” a gentle, loving kiss to his forehead, “I’m sorry,” a kiss to each eyelid, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry,” the tip of his nose, “I’m sorry,” his cheek, “I’m sorry,” finally, finally, a little kiss to Nico’s lips, “I’m sorry I scared you.”

“How could you think I could ever be with anyone but my mate?” Nico asked hoarsely. Will pressed their foreheads together.

“I don’t know,” he murmured, “I just...he sent me the picture and he told me...I can’t even think about it now. Just all these horrible things and I...I just lost it, Neeks. I left the hotel and I just drove
here.”

Nico looked at him and sniffled again, and then leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips.

“It’s okay.”

Will shook his head, “No it’s not. I...God, I hate myself right now.”

“Don’t,” Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s neck, “I...I get it. It’s okay.”

Will picked him up easily and carried him to the bed, laying him down carefully as if Nico was a child. The Alpha shrugged off his shoes and coat, leaving them on the floor and then laid down next to Nico, pulling him so close that there was no space between them. He slid down the bed a little and pressed his face into Nico’s neck, nosing at his pulse, kissing, scenting him. Nico cradled his head and kissed the top of it over and over.

“I can’t,” Will pulled back suddenly, and there was desperation in his eyes, “I can’t...I hurt you. I hurt you Nico, and I can’t take that.”

Nico took his mate’s face in his hands, “I forgive you. It’s okay.”

“It’s not. I keep seeing the way you looked at me a-and you looked so scared-“

“We just got into a stupid fight, that’s normal,” Nico murmured.

“You should shout at me too,” Will said shakily, “Or hit me.”

Nico winced, “I don’t want to hit you, Will.”


“Welcome home,” he said lovingly. Will’s shoulders slumped. He took Nico’s hands off his face and kissed his palms again.

“I love you,” he said hoarsely, brokenly. Nico pressed himself against him and closed his eyes, feeling safe again.
Leo couldn’t move, couldn’t see anything. On one hand that was terrifying because he was definitely not used to not being in control. His ADHD meant he was constantly moving but with his wrists tied to the headboard with his black tie there was nowhere he could go. The blindfold wrapped around his eyes meant that no matter if they were open or closed all he could see was darkness.

On the other hand it was arousing as hell.

“F-Frank?” Leo asked, surprised at how shaky his voice sounded. He was naked save for his boxers, and could feel the cool air against his skin.

He and Frank had never done this kind of thing before; bondage, that is. They had been dating for three years and always kept their sex pretty vanilla. Then Leo had suggested, casually, that they should try some bondage. Clearly Frank liked that idea because here Leo was, completely at his boyfriend’s mercy.

“Shhh,” Frank’s voice came from somewhere near, but Leo couldn’t tell from where exactly. It sounded deeper than usual, and sent a shiver down Leo’s spine. He felt like an exhibit at a museum, or a fancy meal, all laid out for Frank to look, to touch. Except Frank wasn’t touching him, and that was becoming a problem.

“Frank,” Leo whined impatiently, fingers curling around his makeshift rope, “touch me.”

“I’m looking,” Frank said, voice laced with amusement, “didn’t realise we were in a hurry.”

When Leo felt Frank’s fingers gently skim over his stomach he jerked, his senses heightened, and then arched up into the man’s hand. Frank splayed his warm, calloused fingers against his stomach, and then his second hand joined. He brushed both of them over Leo’s skinny hips and the boy felt some of his blood rushing to his cock. He swallowed, eyes squeezed shut under the blindfold even though he couldn’t see anything anyway. Frank playfully dipped his fingers under the waistband of Leo’s boxers and then quickly withdrew them. Leo whimpered, not knowing whether he liked the complete control Frank had over him right now or not.

Frank kissed just underneath Leo’s jaw, out of nowhere, his mouth wet and hot and rough. Leo gasped, feeling a tingle of pleasure run through his body, making his toes curl. He craned his neck to try and catch Frank’s mouth with his.
“Hey, you’re not supposed to move,” Frank huffed out a laugh against his skin.

“I want to kiss you,” Leo mumbled, almost needily. Frank covered his body with his own and pressed their mouths together. It was passionate but slow, reminding Leo that they had all the time they wanted. When Frank’s tongue slid into Leo’s mouth the Latino’s hips jerked upwards again, and his semi-hard cock brushed against Frank’s. The Asian was hard as a rock.

Frank placed a hand on Leo’s hip and pushed him back down, “Not yet,” he breathed against Leo’s lips.

“I want you,” Leo whimpered.

“Gods, this really has made you desperate,” Frank mused, kissing the corner of Leo’s mouth.

“It’s ‘cause I can’t touch you,” the Latino gritted out.

“Well, let me touch you,” Frank responded and reached between Leo’s legs, groping him through his boxers. Leo’s back arched as he felt the pressure against his erection. His body felt too hot and he stupidly tugged on the tie, even though he knew it wouldn’t budge. Leo cried out when Frank reached into his boxers and wrapped his hand around his cock.

“F-Fuck...”

Leo pressed half his face into a pillow and panted as Frank started to stroke him slowly. The Asian leaned forward and placed open mouthed kisses down his neck. For some reason Leo felt everything a hundred times more, every tug at his cock, every flick of Frank’s thumb against the head. It was all so intense that Leo was left shaking, toes curling, gasping for air. Frank sped up his movements, and all Leo could concentrate on was the pleasure. It tightened in his stomach and seemed to grow with every second until Leo knew he wouldn’t last to the actual sex, not when he was under Frank’s mercy.

“Frank!” he moaned when the man twisted his hand. Then simultaneously Leo came, still in his boxers, and his hands burst into flames. He reduced his tie to ashes instantly and lay there, gasping.

“Shit, Leo!” Frank panicked.

“I’m okay,” Leo mumbled, hands dropping uselessly on either side of his head. He felt like he had no bones in his body. He hadn’t come so fast in ages. Frank pulled his blindfold off and the Latino had to blink a few times to get used to seeing again. His boyfriend was hovering above him, eyes wide.

“What?” Leo frowned.

“Nothing I just...” Frank bit his lip, “You haven’t burst into flames since our first time.”

“Yeah well,” Leo shrugged, “It was a lot to handle.”

Frank kissed him, “We can go slower.”

“No. No I liked it.”
Apollo liked Camp Half Blood so much that when he got his normal body back he decided to stay there. He told everyone it was because it was so much less stressful than Olympus where everyone was always arguing about power. In Camp Apollo could really be himself. Whatever the real reason was, Paolo Montes was pretty damn happy about it.

Apollo was one of the few people that Paolo could actually talk to since nobody else understood Brazilian Portuguese. He tried his best to learn English but it was hard since nobody was willing to really sit down and teach him even though he could basically understand it. Except Apollo, that is. The God had cheerfully agreed to help Paolo and in return the boy had chosen to tutor the Apollo kids in medicine. Well, maybe ‘tutor’ wasn’t the best word...he had agreed to be a guinea pig for the younger kids trying out their medical skills. He had come to the conclusion that this would be okay since he healed faster than normal since his mother was the Goddess of youth. Also he believed nothing worse than getting both his arms and legs ripped off in the three legged death race would happen.

Something worse did happen, though. Paolo fell in love with a God. Apollo, to be precise.

It was a disaster. Paolo didn’t fool himself, he knew he could never be with the blonde the way he wanted to. No matter how human Apollo seemed, strolling around Camp in his orange camp t-shirt, looking perfectly chiselled and gorgeous, he held unimaginable power. He was also thousands of years old and had countless lovers – Paolo would never be good enough for him. Still, as he and Apollo poured over dictionaries every evening, speaking in hushed Portuguese that Apollo spoke fluently, Paolo couldn’t help but hope that maybe they could at least be friends. Apollo would eventually get bored of Camp and move on, and Paolo knew if he tried anything it would only leave him more heartbroken than he already was.

“Ouch!” he exclaimed when one of the clumsy Apollo girls sank the knife into his palm, “What are you doing dumb kid?!” he demanded in Portuguese.

“Sorry! Sorry!” the twelve-year old blushed with embarrassment, “I didn’t mean to!”

“You need to be more steady with the scalpel,” Apollo said from where he was leaning against the wall. He sent Paolo a charming grin, “otherwise you’ll hurt your patients.”

“I’ll get bandages!” the girl said, panicking. Apollo placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. It was weird to think that he was her father when he looked no more than five years older than her.

“No need,” the God clapped his hands and everyone in the medical bay glanced at him, “It’s getting
late, kids. Our guinea pig looks pretty tired,” Paolo was cradling his hurt hand to his chest, “let’s break it up for tonight and try again tomorrow!”

Everyone nodded and thanked Paolo for helping. Apollo casually took the Latino’s healthy hand in his. Physical contact was normal between them since that first time when Paolo kissed Apollo’s cheeks when he had been in Lester’s body. Back then the son of Hebe never expected to see Apollo again, or spend six months with him. Still, he let the God pull him into the cool night. Campers were cleaning up for the day and trailing back to their Cabins, heads bowed together. Apollo and Paolo automatically turned to the Hebe cabin. Apollo had his own room in the Big House but he preferred to chill at Paolo’s cabin and, honestly, the Demigod preferred that too.

As Apollo walked a little in front of him now, still holding his healthy hand, Paolo couldn’t stop looking at him. The God was half a head shorter than Paolo himself, and his skin made a gorgeous contrast down where his fingers intertwined with Paolo’s darker ones. Apollo was nicely muscled, like an archer, but not as big as Paolo, his wavy blonde hair curling down to his shoulders. Honestly he looked more like an angel than a God.

The Hebe cabin was always ready to entertain guests, even though Paolo was the only occupant. Most of the parties happened here as it was mostly all one open space, full of bean bag chairs and couches clustered around a large flat screen TV where a PS3 and an Xbox were plugged in. The fridge was always full of snack food, which Paolo was glad for most of the time. There were beds shoved into one corner, to create one giant one on which Paolo and whoever was sleeping over slept.

“So, should we pick up where we left off yesterday?” the Demigod offered as Apollo sat down on one of the couches.

“What about your hand?” the God questioned. Paolo lifted it and showed the blonde his palm. The cut on his palm was just a thin red line now. Apollo’s mouth twitched into a smile, “Of course.”

“Anything to drink?” Paolo asked, “Ambrosia?”

“No. I’m alright for now, thankyou,” Apollo leaned back against the couch, “you know, Hebe used to serve all the nectar and ambrosia back on Olympus. She doesn’t anymore...I just find it amusing how now you’re offering me the same thing.”

Paolo pulled a face, “Please don’t talk like that. It reminds me how old you really are.”

“Does that bother you?”

“No...it’s just weird,” Paolo shrugged and sat next to Apollo on the couch, “we were at figuring out the verbs and-“

“I don’t want to tutor you today,” Apollo interrupted. Paolo frowned,

“Well, what else do you want to do?”

Out of nowhere Apollo leaned in. Paolo’s heart jumped to his throat and he flinched away. The blonde frowned.

“I know you want to,” his voice was lower than seconds ago. Paolo swallowed.

“I don’t,” he said, and attempted to stand up. Physically he was a lot stronger than Apollo, but the God had his incredible power on his side so he easily grabbed Paolo by the wrists and pinned him down to the couch in one swift movement, before the Latino even knew what was happening. His world flipped. Apollo straddled his hips, looking down at him with dark eyes. Paolo’s heart was
hammering, and he felt a little dizzy. And really confused. And scared. And aroused.

“I spoke to Aphrodite,” Apollo leaned in so close that Paolo felt his breath brush against his lips when he talked, “She told me you have feelings for me. I’m a God, Paolo, don’t lie to me.”

“Get off me,” Paolo asked calmly.

Apollo forcefully kissed him. Paolo firmly kept his mouth closed. He couldn’t do it – he couldn’t give in to Apollo, no matter how beautiful he was, and how much he made Paolo’s heart ache. It wouldn’t end well – the fates of Godly lovers never ended well...but Apollo’s lips were so tempting against Paolo’s, warm and rough and demanding...

“Kiss me back,” the God pulled back, growling.

“No.”

Apollo’s facial expression changed suddenly. For the first time since Paolo knew him uncertainly flickered in the God’s eyes. It was almost like he was Lester again, the awkward human, just for a split second.

“...Aphrodite lied to me, didn’t she?” the God asked quietly, freeing Paolo’s wrists but still remaining on top of him, “Olympus, she’s such a bitch sometimes,” he laughed, and it sounded strained. Paolo couldn’t believe that this was actually affecting the God. Apollo gracefully climbed off him, “I’m sorry,” he straightened out his camp t-shirt, “I must’ve gotten the signals mixed up. I hope this doesn’t...ruin anything. Does it?”

Paolo sat up, his head was spinning, “You’re crazy.”

Apollo flinched as if Paolo had slapped him and then looked down at his feet, his curls hiding his facial expression, “I apologize, I’ll leave.”

“No!” Paolo jumped to his feet and grabbed his wrist as the blonde turned to the door. For some reason he suddenly couldn’t bear to let him go, “No wait Aphrodite she...,” his voice faltered when Apollo looked at him with eyes like a sunny sky, full of hope, “She...she...,” Paolo couldn’t seem to finish his sentence.

“Do you love me, Paolo?” Apollo asked, voice almost shaking.

Paolo took his face in his hands and kissed him with a passion he didn’t know he possessed. And then they were on the bed, though Paolo couldn’t remember getting there, and their positions were reversed, so Apollo was trapped beneath him, Paolo’s hands gripping his wrists to prevent him from going anywhere. They kissed hungrily, desperately, licking their way into each other’s mouths, gasping. It made Paolo’s head spin.

“Clothes off,” Apollo gasped, and Paolo didn’t have time to be self-conscious about being human because he felt drunk off the God. Apollo’s graceful fingers tugged Paolo’s shirt over his head, messing up his dark hair, and then the Latino was doing the same to Apollo, revealing his tanned, muscled chest and stomach.

“Gods you’re beautiful,” Paolo growled, greedily taking in the sight, sure that this was a one time thing, that Apollo would never let him touch him again.

“So I’ve been told,” Apollo huffed out a laugh. Paolo buried his face in his neck, kissing, licking, marking. Gods, he wanted nothing more but to leave some kind of mark on the God, even if it would fade. He sank his teeth into Apollo’s skin, not hard enough to draw blood but hard enough to hurt,
and Apollo gasped. He reached up to grab at Paolo’s hair but the Latino grabbed his hand and intertwined their fingers. “I want to touch you.” Apollo murmured, pushing their intertwined hands down.

Paolo continued to hungrily kiss and lick at his neck and he tensed when he felt Apollo’s hand on his cock, squeezing him through his trousers. He didn’t even remember when he had gotten this hard. The Latino pushed his hand away and shoved his pants down along with his underwear. Apollo did the same, in an endearingly clumsy, human way, and then they pressed their hard, naked cocks together.

“Gods, yes,” Paolo gasped. Apollo threw his head back, hair spread around him like a halo, and swore in ancient Greek.

Paolo wrapped his hand shakily around both their erections, feeling pleasure course through him. He collided his and Apollo’s mouths together as he started to stroke. He didn’t even know what he wanted; if he wanted to climax like this, his come mixing with Apollo’s, he didn’t know if he wanted to take the God’s cock (it was as perfect as the rest of him) in his mouth, or if he wanted Apollo to take his cock in his mouth. He didn’t know if he wanted to slowly worship the blonde, kiss every inch of him, or if he wanted to go rough and fast. He didn’t know if he even wanted to go all the way, if he wanted to top or bottom. He couldn’t think ahead — focused explicitly on each luxurious second he spent with Apollo.


Apollo made the decision for Paolo, breaking away from their kiss, lips swollen, “I need you inside me now.”

His words made Paolo shiver, “I need t-to prepare you-,” he started.

“No,” Apollo laughed breathily, “No, I’m a God. I can take it.”

Paolo grabbed him by the shoulder and flipped him over, covering the blonde’s body with his, kissing his back, hand coming down to grope at his wonderful ass. He hadn’t realised that Apollo had frozen until he went to kiss the side of his neck. Apollo’s muscles were tense, his face pressed into the pillow. He was shaking.

Paolo felt his stomach twist. The atmosphere in the room changed, “Apollo?” he asked softly.

“Carry on,” Apollo sounded chocked off and muffled. Paolo pulled back and forcefully turned the blonde back around. Immediately the God threw his arm over his face, as if he wanted to hide. Paolo didn’t know what to do.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. N-Nothing, just do it,” Apollo whispered.

Gently Paolo took his hand and moved it from his face. Apollo didn’t try to fight it and looked at Paolo with tear filled eyes.

“Why are you crying?” Paolo asked, fearfully, worried. Apollo sniffled.

“I’m sorry...I’m sorry I just...,” he took a shaky breath, “The only time I’ve ever been with a man was...”
“I know the story,” Paolo’s stomach churned. Apollo looked at him hopelessly.

“When...When you turned me around and I couldn’t see you, and I could just feel you, for s-some reason I thought of him. I’m s-sorry.”

“No, no,” Paolo kissed him comfortingly, wanting nothing more than to make Apollo okay, “It’s fine, I’m not...I’m not angry. You loved him, that’s understandable—“

“I love you too,” Apollo whispered, looking right at Paolo, “So much. You have no idea.”

Paolo found it hard to breathe, “Just look at me,” he whispered shakily, “just look at me and think only about me, okay?”

Apollo nodded, and pulled him in for a kiss. It wasn’t hard and desperate anymore, it was soft and gentle and Apollo clung onto Paolo as the Latino parted his legs and pushed his cock inside the God.

For lack of a better word, Apollo felt heavenly. Somehow he was wet, allowing Paolo to slide in easily, his walls giving way and then clenching back around the member, sucking Paolo in. The Latino groaned loudly into Apollo’s shoulder as the blonde shook.

“Oh...oh f-fuck...,” Apollo gasped, his hole clenching around Paolo’s cock, “I-I forgot how this felt...nghhh...”

Paolo was already thrusting, even though he didn’t mean to, his hips rocking in and out of the God slowly. Apollo gripped his face in his hands as he got fucked, kissing Paolo wherever he could reach, running his hands through the Latino’s hair, and Paolo couldn’t remember ever being so fucking in love with anyone.
Give Me so Much Pleasure and Cause me so Much Pain

Solangelo one where they are not a couple yet but they make a deal that every single time Nico does something right (like not shadow travel for a week or eat his food when he's supposed to) Will rewards him with sex and by the end they become a couple (even better if someone walks in on them once) I would like bottom Nico and whenever Nico does something right will praises him during sex and when he does something wrong will uses spanking and humiliation for Zoë's nightshade 465

Will didn’t know when it started. One moment he and Nico were virtual strangers, then they were friends, then they were more, balancing on that thin line between equally confusing feelings. Then they had sex and denied that there was anything between them. And then they were having regular sex, and then Will was using it as leverage to make sure Nico stayed safe and healthy. Nico confessed to Will that sex with him was the only thing that kept him sane, but Will said they would only continue to have it if Nico didn’t put himself in danger. It was weird – Will was apprehensive about Nico, a little scared by him, but so incredibly attracted to him that he could barely keep his hands off the boy. He wasn’t scared of catching feelings for Nico; he wasn’t his type, too dark, too broody, with too many secrets. Will was happy being his friend, and his way to escape the world for a bit, nothing more.

Or so he thought.

“I didn’t shadowtravel for a week,” Nico said instead of a hello when Will opened the door to the Hades cabin.

Earlier the Italian had asked Will to come round and the second that all of the blonde’s siblings were asleep the boy had managed to sneak out. He knew exactly what Nico wanted, and he wanted it too, and he was semi hard before he even made it to the Hades Cabin. He got fully hard when he saw Nico, standing in the doors, skin pale in the moonlight, eyes dark and full of hope, hair mused beautifully, wearing nothing but a t-shirt that barely reached his mid-thighs.

“Good boy,” Will breathed, pushing against Nico to get him inside the Cabin. He kissed him, passionately, deeply, and shoved the door closed, drowning the room in darkness.

As much as Will liked to pretend he did this to help Nico, he himself craved the boy too. He loved the feeling of the smaller Demigod below him, how every part of him seemed to fit perfectly against Will. He picked Nico up easily and the Italian automatically wrapped his legs around the blonde. Will adored how needy he was, how clingy. His arms were around Will’s neck, keeping him close, as if afraid to let go. Will pushed them up against the wall.
“I did it for you,” Nico breathed in the dark, and Will could barely make out his face. He wanted to flip the light on but couldn’t bear to let his boy go to do so, “so you wouldn’t be worried.”

“I know,” Will cooed in a soft voice. He knew how much it affected Nico to have good things said to him – the boy was so insecure of being a failure to his friends it almost physically hurt Will, “I know, you did so well baby,” Will kissed his neck, which was directly in front of him. Nico’s skin was warm, “you’re such a good boy, Nico.”


“Shhh, shhh,” Will whispered soothingly, his hands sliding down the underside of Nico’s bare thighs, “Let me take care of you baby, you deserve it,” he pressed his lips to Nico’s. It was slow and passionate, but with an edge to it, “Where do you want to do this?” Will asked, knowing exactly what Nico needed, “you choose sweetheart. Anywhere you want.”

“Right here,” Nico gasped against Will’s mouth, “I-I...just...I...,” he couldn’t find the right words.

Will pecked him quickly, “I know.”

He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a little bottle of lube he brought with him from the Apollo Cabin. Keeping Nico up mostly with his hips Will squirted some of the lube onto his hand. Then he reached under the boy, squeezing his ass gently.

“I missed touching you,” Will whispered, continuing his ministrations on Nico’s neck, his breath tickling the wet patches where he had just licked, “you’re so perfect for me. You know you are, don’t you?”

Nico just whimpered in reply. Will’s long fingers found his hole and he pushed one of them against the bud gently. It hadn’t been long since the last time they had sex, just two days, so Nico’s body eagerly opened up to the familiar digit, pulling it inside the boy. Nico’s forearms shook against Will’s shoulders.

“Nghhh...a-ah...W-Will...”

“You’re so ready for me, I don’t even need to prepare you,” Will murmured in awe, slowly sliding his finger in and out. Nico was panting, letting out little whiny moans, “Gods, you’re driving me crazy with those noises you’re making.”

Nico’s response was to close his mouth and whimper.

“No,” Will coaxed his lips to part with his tongue, “No, I want to hear you. You’re making me so hard. You’re so beautiful.”

Nico kissed him needily.

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“Ah!” Nico’s back arched off the bed, “S-Stop. T-That hurts!”

Will’s thumb pressed into the bruise on the boy’s hip as he roughly twisted his fingers inside the boy, “That’s what you get for being an idiot.”

Nico tried to free his hands but they were firmly tied to the headboard with the pieces of silk Will got from the Aphrodite cabin. No matter how much Nico twisted and squirmed he couldn’t get away from his furious lover. He had gone out past camp borders that very same day, being an idiot, and a
monster had sniffed him out. Nico returned to the camp covered in scrapes and bruises, proud of himself for killing the thing.

So now Will was punishing him for putting himself in danger. He hated how much Nico affected him, because he wasn’t pretending – he was actually furious with the kid. The idea of losing him made Will’s heart ache.

He tried to distract himself from his thoughts and he bit at Nico’s shoulder, where the biggest bruise was. The Italian cried out in pain though his cock twitched with arousal.

“Shut up,” Will hissed, forcing a third finger inside the boy. Nico was helplessly shuddering and moaning, hair plastered to his sweaty forehead, “I should just leave you like this,” the blonde growled, forcing his fingers deeper inside the boy.

Nico’s toes curled and he bit his bicep to muffle the sounds he was making, “Ah...”

“You’re such a dirty whore you probably did it deliberately so I’d punish you,” the blonde taunted him with a hoarse voice,

“N-No I-,” Nico started but Will didn’t let him finish as he suddenly started fingering him furiously, fingers sliding in and out of Nico’s hole with a wet sound. Nico literally screamed, head thrown back as his cock twitched and spilt a heavy drop of precum onto the boy’s stomach.

Will withdrew his hand angrily and didn’t give Nico time to catch his breath as he flipped him over. He gripped his ass in one hand, and then slapped it, hard.

“Ah!” Nico cried out, body jerking, “W-Will n-no-“

The door to the Cabin burst open and Percy ran in, sword raised high.

“Who’s getting hurt-,” he started and his eyes landed on Will and Nico, who were both staring at him in shock.

Then it was Percy’s turn to scream as he ran back out.

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Will brushed Nico’s hair from his face, then leaned down and kissed him.

“Look at you,” he murmured, “so damn pretty for me. Such a good boy.”

He was inside Nico, rocking into the boy gently, touching him everywhere. He tucked his dark hair behind his ears, kissed his forehead. Nico swallowed nervously, exhaled shakily, face flushed and eyes dazed.

“Can you go a little h-harder?” he mumbled. Will smiled,

“Anything for you baby. You deserve anything you want,” he said, and then pulled out only to thrust back into Nico. The boy panted, gripping onto Will’s biceps. The blonde was determined to starve off his own orgasm in order to make Nico feel good.

The Italian had actually eaten a proper meal at dinner that night, something he forgot to do a lot of the time and something he knew worried Will. He did it to ease the blonde’s consciousness, and as bad as that reason was at least it mean that Nico was staying healthy. And that was good – Will didn’t know if he could handle Nico being the way he was during the war again, weak and unstable,
looking like he could die any moment.

“Do you like that?” Will breathed against Nico’s mouth, continuing to thrust into him deliberately. He knew off by heart where the boy’s prostate was, “Do you like me inside of you?”


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“How...dare...you...disappear...on...me...like...that?” Will demanded, punctuation each word with a rough thrust into Nico. Even if the boy wanted to reply he was unable to; his face was pressed into the pillow, a gag in his mouth, hands tied behind his back. His ass was up in the air, all on display for anyone who walked into the Cabin to see. Will had deliberately left the door unlocked.

The blonde’s cock was sliding in and out of his lover, glistening with a mixture of precum and lube. Nico’s ass was angry red from the spanking he received from the blonde earlier. He was also impossible tight, something that might’ve been because he had just disappeared from Camp for two weeks without telling anyone.

Of course he should’ve known this would happen. Will didn’t want to be this rough with him, even though he knew Nico liked it, but it was a way for him to take his anger out. Also, Nico was insanely hot like this, all tied up and helpless. He had to be punished.

When they were done and Will had finally calmed down enough to untie Nico they laid next to each other in silence.

“I don’t understand why you care so much,” Nico said dully.

“You know I care about you,” Will murmured, you just have no idea how much. Now he felt a little bad because Nico had a couple new bruises in the shape of his fingers.

“It was just two weeks and you’re acting like you’re my boyfriend, all protective and shit.”

Will tugged on Nico’s t-shirt so the boy rolled over so they were facing each other.

“What if I want to be?”

Nico made a face, “Don’t tell me you’ve caught feelings.”

Will kissed him, heart clenching, “Never mind. Forget I said anything,” he said, not wanting Nico to withdraw from him again. He didn’t want to scare the boy with what he felt for him.

The Italian rolled his eyes and snuggled into Will’s chest. The blonde kissed his forehead.

“I thought we were already dating,” the Italian mumbled quietly.
The last thing Frank remembered was all these cloaked men sliding out of the trees. He and Leo had gone off the Argo II to scan this weird forest in Greece that Hazel said gave her weird vibes. The two had been bickering, not really paying attention, and then out of nowhere these figures had appeared, and then everything was black.

Frank remembered all of this when he finally regained consciousness. He groaned as he felt himself wake up; his eyes felt like lead, his head heavy on his shoulders, his brain throbbing with pain. His eyes fluttered open after a moment of struggling, and the rest of his senses woke up. He had no idea where he was or how long he had been out for. He smelled dampness, something animal-like. His arms ached horribly and he didn’t realise why until he noticed that there were heavy metal braces around his wrists and his arms were kept above his head, chained to the wall. The boy struggled to his feet to try and ease some of the pain in his joints.

“Finally,” Leo exhaled.

Frank’s vision cleared. He was in what looked like a dungeon, with black walls trickling with water and grown with mould. There was a heavy door in one corner and no windows. More importantly Leo was there too. There was a smudge of black on his cheek, probably from laying on the ground, and he was in the same position as Frank on the opposite wall. The son of Mars exhaled, glad that the boy was in one piece.

“You okay?” he croaked, voice hoarse.

Leo nodded, “I have no idea where we are,” he said, and there was fear in his eyes. That made Frank weirdly anxious, and he felt like he had to go and make sure that the Latino was okay...that was something he had been feeling for a while, “I tried to burn through these,” Leo rattled his heavy, old chains, “but this shit is like brick.”

“We need to get out of here,” Frank fought against the pain in his brain, “We don’t have time for this,” he tugged on the chains impatiently.

“Don’t even bother, I already tried to get free,” Leo sighed.

Just a Touch of Your Love

Frank x Leo, where they both get captured on a quest, and they're chained to the wall, and when the jailer comes in, he takes an unhealthy liking to Leo going as far as to forcibly kiss Leo, etc. But when he tries to take it to the next level, frank goes all ballistic, breaks out, and almost kills him until Leo calls out to him. And after everyone wonders what happened and why they're holding hands.

For Elizabeth May
“Not to say anything but I’m a lot stronger than you,” Frank said pointedly. He tensed and pulled on the chains, his stomach hurting with the effort. The chains groaned but didn’t budge, “Maybe I should shapeshift?”

“Maybe you shouldn’t,” a voice replied.

Both of the boys’ heads snapped up. Neither of them had realised that the door had opened and now there was someone in the cell with them. The man was big, probably around Frank’s size, with a cruel smirk on his cold face. There was something inhuman about him but Frank couldn’t pinpoint what exactly. He wasn’t a Demigod or a normal person, he was a well disguised monster, that much was clear.

“Great I was starting to get bored,” Leo said dryly.

The man who seemed to be their guard glanced over at him and his eyes narrowed as his smile grew. Frank hated the way he looked at the Latino, like he was a piece of food to gobble up.

“Ah, the son of Hephaestus,” the guard said, drawing out his s’s.

“Ah, another dickhead,” Leo replied. In a flash the guard was in front of him, gripping Leo’s face in his deathly pale hand. The Latino seemed unimpressed, raising an eyebrow.

Frank felt tension in his stomach and he tugged futilely at his chains. The guard completely ignored him, eyes sliding over Leo leeringly.

“Isn’t this one precious?” he cooed, leaning into Leo’s face, “they told me to keep you guys alive, but nobody said anything about untouched,” he leaned in even closer and Leo turned his head to the side. His eyes met Frank’s, and fear flickered through them. That’s when Frank started to get angry, “Give us a kiss.”

“Get away from him,” Frank growled, chains rattling as he tried to take a step forward.

“Aw, your boyfriend over there getting jealous?” the guard laughed.

Normally the comment would annoy Frank, but now all he cared about was getting Leo as far away from that creep as possible. Except he couldn’t; he was hopeless, tied to a wall. The guard’s cold eyes slid over to Frank and he smirked, still holding Leo’s face.

“Why don’t we put on a little show for him, eh? Entertain him?”

“No thanks,” Leo said, and there was an edge to his voice, like panic. The guard jerked his face so the Latino was forced to turn back around. Frank forcefully tugged on the chains but they wouldn’t budge.

“Sorry, you don’t get a choice, honey,” the guard smirked, and then he kissed Leo.

Frank wasn’t prepared for the explosion of fury in his body. His hands tightened on the chains, he gritted his teeth. The man’s lips were on Leo’s for maybe a second before the Latino turned his head away, but it was enough to get Frank’s blood boiling.

“Aw, you don’t wanna play?” the guard cooed.

Leo was visibly shaking, his face red.

“Get the fuck away from him,” Frank demanded.
“Down, boy,” the guard looked at him, amused. Then he leaned closer to Leo again. The boy flinched violently when the man put a hand on his hip, forcing him to turn around. “Be a good kid,” the guard grabbed Leo by his hair roughly, preventing him from moving and crashed their lips together.

Leo struggled, tried to kick the man, but it didn’t work. Every time he tried to inch away the man would tug on his hair, causing him to cry out in pain. Frank was pulling on the chains to the point where it was painful, but he didn’t care. He just wanted to get Leo away from that man. He saw red when the guard’s tongue forced itself into the boy’s unwilling mouth.

He’s going to rape him in front of me and I won’t be able to do anything, Frank thought, horrified.

The man’s mouth moved to lick at Leo’s neck and his hand slid underneath Leo’s t-shirt.

“Stop it!” the boy gasped, and there were tears in his eyes.

Frank’s chains snapped in two. He didn’t even know what he was doing, just that he was suddenly charging at the guard and knocking him into a wall, as far away from Leo as possible. The monster slid down said wall like a rag doll but Frank didn’t care, picking him back up and slamming his fist into his face. Blood spurted from the his mouth and nose and Frank just continued hitting. Everything was red, and he couldn’t think. All he knew was that he had to make sure this man didn’t lay a finger on Leo again.

“Frank!”

Leo’s cry stopped the son of Mars. It sounded terrified, and helpless, and desperate. Frank blinked and his vision cleared. The monster in his hands was passed out, head lolling around with no support. Frank let go of him and the man tumbled to the ground. When Frank turned around he saw that Leo was still chained to the wall, and that he looked like he was about to cry.

Frank picked up the keys from the guard’s belt and unlocked his wrist cuffs before quickly stumbling to Leo and undoing his too.

“Gods, I’m sorry,” he babbled as he freed the boy, “I didn’t...I just...I didn’t mean to scare you I just...”

“We need to go,” Leo was having trouble breathing. The second he was free he wiped his mouth on the back of his shaking hand, “come on F-Frank we need to...,” his eyes were wide and unfocused.

Frank grabbed his free hand and pulled him towards the door. He didn’t care about anything except getting Leo to safety, taking him back to the Argo II and making sure he was okay. He used the guard’s keys to open the door. He didn’t even know how he and Leo got back outside; Frank slammed one man into a wall and punched the next one unconscious.

The Argo II was waiting for them, parked in the air, and the ladder unfolded the second that Annabeth saw the two, and the Demigods scrambled up it. When they got on the deck they were still holding hands. Everyone was confused as to why there was blood on Frank’s clothes, why Leo looked like he was going to be sick, why they were holding hands. Frank brushed all of them off, and pulled Leo below deck.

His head only cleared when they got into his cabin. The curtains were pulled over the window so it was dark. The second the door closed Leo leaned against the wall and buried his face in his hand, exhaling.

“Leo,” Frank started.
“Thankyou,” Leo whispered.

Frank pried his hands from his face. He couldn’t bear to leave Leo alone right now, he had stupid instincts to hold the boy, cradle him in his arms. The Latino was shaking and when Frank pulled his hands back he saw that he still had tears in his eyes.

“Leo,” Frank repeated, brokenly.

“I was so scared,” Leo mumbled. He pulled his hands out of Frank’s and pulled his shirt over his head, “I feel so disgusting,” he whimpered, and then he was crying. He hugged himself and then tugged at his hair as if he wanted to pull it out, “I-I want to scratch my f-fucking skin off...,” he choked on a sob.

“Hey, hey,” Frank grabbed his hands before he could do so, “You’re not...you’re not disgusting, Leo,” he didn’t know the right words that would make Leo feel better.

The Latino took a shaky breath, “I need you t-to touch me w-where he touched.”

“What?” Frank asked, shocked.

“I know i-it sounds weird b-but....” Leo had to take a deep breath to calm down, “I c-can still feel h-his hands on me and...I-I need you to t-touch me so i-it goes away...”

“But why me?” Frank didn’t understand, “I can get Hazel or Jason or someone-“

“No,” Leo wiped a tear that ran down his cheek angrily, “I-I just need you-“

“Okay, okay, shhh,” Frank ignored his own confusion to comfort Leo, “Just tell me where.”

Leo took his hands in his tiny, shaking ones and placed them on his cheeks, where that man had grabbed. The Latino sniffled and closed his eyes, snuggling against Frank’s palm. The son of Mars stroked his cheekbone in awe, touching Leo as if he was made of glass. He brushed his tears away with his thumb when they fell silently.

Leo didn’t have to ask for the next part. Frank leaned in and kissed him gently. The boy exhaled against him, and his trembling lips parted underneath Frank’s. Carefully, slowly the Asian licked his way inside the boy’s mouth, keeping everything gentle and steady. Leo took his hands from his face and placed them on his hips. He was so small that Frank’s fingers almost touched. The thought that the other man had laid his hands on Leo, that he could’ve easily broken him, made Frank’s anger flare again.

Leo kissed him back hesitantly, lips sliding against Frank’s, tongue pressing against his. Frank’s hands stroked his hips.

“Is that better?” the Asian murmured, pulling away a little. Leo nodded. Frank’s heart clenched at how dazed and flushed the Latino was.

“I like it when it’s you,” he whispered. Frank inhaled sharply and then kissed the corner of Leo’s mouth, trying to keep his emotions at bay.

“Where else did he touch you?” he asked gently.

“On m-my chest,” Leo said shakily, “a-and my neck.”

“Show me,” Frank asked softly. Leo glanced down at where his hands were still on the Latino’s
hips. He took one of them off and carefully placed it over his heart. Leo’s skin was warm under Frank’s hand, and his heart was pounding wildly.

Frank kissed the boys neck, making sure to press his lips over every inch of his skin. Leo was clutching the man’s hand on his chest protectively, making sure Frank didn’t move it. When Frank was done with one side of his neck he moved to the other one, for good measure. He decided he should probably stop when Leo let out a tiny gasp that went right down to Frank’s pants.

He pulled back and rested his forehead against Leo’s, “Better?”

Leo nodded, “T-Thankyou.”

“I’m sorry I let him hurt you.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Leo murmured, “and you saved me.”

“I’m never going to let anyone touch you like that again, okay?” Frank said determinedly. Leo nodded, then bit his lip.

“Can...can you kiss me again?” he asked, almost shyly.

“Yeah. Course. Anything you want,” Frank whispered, and pressed their mouths together again.
Nico's a shy person while Luke is popular. Nico has a crush on Luke who also happens to be his bully. Then someone else tries to beat up/molest Nico but Luke stops them. Then they confess their love for each other (I'm sorry this may make them OOC) for AlienAmongUs

Nico sat on the benches in the boy’s changing room, still in his PE shorts and t-shirt, refusing to change until the other guys left. At seventeen he was still small and insecure, and the other boys liked to tease him about it, among other things. One boy in particular; Luke Castellan. The Captain of the rugby team was currently a little way away from Nico, talking with his team-members, laughing obnoxiously. Nico couldn’t stop looking at him.

Luke Castellan was the heartthrob of every girl in the school, and every guy who even remotely swung that way. Tall, blonde, muscular, the star sportsman of the school, charming, dangerous, mischievous, complete with a scar on his cheek that somehow just made him more attractive, always getting into trouble. Nico hated to be like one of those walking idiots, making heart eyes at the blonde because he should hate him, after all Luke had bullied him for most of his highschool life, to the point where he had left bruises. Thankfully the other rugby players left Nico alone for the most part, almost like Luke had claimed him for himself, as his personal victim. Nico hated and liked the thought at the same time, and despised himself for feeling that way towards Luke.

Now the blonde stood a few feet away, casually shirtless, comfortable with his own body, looking gorgeous as always. Nico tried to figure out what it was about him that attracted him so much since Luke was such an asshole to him all the time when the blonde looked over and caught his eye.

“What you staring at faggot?” the blonde sneered.

It was a weird insult coming from him since he was openly bisexual. Of course nobody seemed to mind that because it was Luke, but if someone like Nico came out it was suddenly a big deal.

The Italian dropped his eyes to his feet and pretended he was untying his shoes, face burning with embarrassment. He was such an idiot! He couldn’t make it more obvious that he had a crush on Luke. God, he was probably a sick masochist. He didn’t even know what he wanted! For Luke to kiss him? Date him? Have sex with him? Even the thought of that made Nico all nervous and embarrassed. He imagined himself doing something stupid in front of Luke. The blonde would probably mock him the whole way through and then discard him to the side after he was done, like he did with everyone else he slept with.

Nico was so lost in lacing and unlacing his shoe that he didn’t notice when the changing rooms started to empty out. He only realised when there was suddenly a hand on his shoulder, shoving him backwards so the back of his head hit the lockers behind him painfully. Nico winced and looked up...
to see Luke standing over him, smirking.

“Not changing, di Angelo?” the blonde teased.

“Fuck off Luke.”

“Classic reply,” Luke tutted, “Why don’t you give me something more interesting for once?”

Nico didn’t reply. He hated this, he hated how much Luke picked on him, and yet at the same time he craved the blonde’s attention. He was the only person in school who ever noticed Nico.

“Cat’s got your tongue?” Luke asked.

Nico got up and grabbed his stuff. He’d leave in his PE kit if he had to. He made to move past Luke but the blonde grabbed him by the arm and shoved him back against the lockers. Nico gritted his teeth as he felt the ache spreading through his back, knowing he’d have a couple new bruises in his collection.

“Where you going di Angelo?” Luke seemed to be enjoying himself, “You haven’t changed.”


“Well, let me wait for you,” he crossed his arms over his chest and looked at Nico pointedly.

“I’m not changing in front of you,” Nico stated.

“Oh come on!” Luke laughed, “You’re like a teenage girl, all shy and insecure! You’ve got what we all have...or do you?” he peered at Nico closely and the Italian flinched. Luke smelled like sweat and mint, “go on, what are you hiding under all those baggy shirts? I’m curious.”

“You’re such a prick,” Nico snapped.

“And you’re a pussy. Come on, special snowflake, just change in the changing rooms like everyone else and stop making a big deal of yourself. You’re not that interesting.”

Luke’s words stung more than his pushes. Nico felt blood rush to his cheeks and he looked down at his feet again. Just fucking do it, he told himself. He could already hear Luke’s insults in his head as he grabbed the hem of his oversized t-shirt. He tugged it over his flushed face, mussing his hair in the process and probably making a bigger mess of himself than he already was.

Nico self-consciously held his crumpled up t-shirt to his chest, like a barrier.

“Gosh you’re blushing like a virgin on her wedding day,” Luke laughed. Nico wanted the ground to swallow him up. He had never felt so embarrassed in his life. Actually, that was a lie. He felt more embarrassed that one time two years ago that Luke made all his friends take up all the cubicles in the toilets and Nico had peed himself, “You’re so scrawny,” Luke laughed, poking at Nico’s skinny side. The Italian jumped away from his hand, “No wonder you’re so shit at PE. Actually...is there anything you’re not shit at?”

“Being a decent human being, but you wouldn’t know anything about that,” Nico growled, as a defence against his shame. Luke laughed as if it was a joke and slapped Nico’s red cheek playfully.

“Get dressed Death Boy, you look like a damn skeleton,” and just like that the blonde casually walked off.

Nico stayed leaning against the lockers, and then he buried his face in the t-shirt he was still holding.
He tried to keep back his tears. It was the first time Luke had ever seen him anything even remotely close to naked, and he hadn’t liked it. Of course he didn’t like it, Nico scolded himself, why would he? God I’m pathetic.

He got dressed as fast as he could.

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The paper ball hit Nico in the back of his neck, and the boy’s hand tightened on his pen. Ignore it, he told himself, just ignore it. Luke was sitting behind him with a straw he had gotten from the cafeteria, scrunching up pieces of his maths homework into tiny balls and blowing them out of the straw, hitting Nico every time.

Nico could hear him and his friends snickering behind him as the teacher droned on, and he got redder and redder with each little ball that hit him. To make matters worse more and more people were noticing, and they were starting to laugh too. Nico could hear whispering, and he could only imagine what everyone was saying about him. If he at least had a friend he could make eye contact with then maybe he would feel better, but as it was he was so antisocial and awkward that he had no one.

“Mr di Angelo,” the professor turned to him, “Do you know what x is?”

Nico looked at the board where a complicated equation was written out. Normally he was really good at maths but as he felt another paper ball hit him in the back of the head he couldn’t concentrate.

“I...uh....,” he stuttered, and jumped when Luke managed to get a ball right behind his ear. He heard the sound of a high five behind him and flushed, “I-I...”

The teacher frowned, “Mr di Angelo are you feeling okay?”

“C-Can I go to the bathroom please?” Nico asked, voice higher than usual.

The teacher nodded and Nico jerked up. Of course, because it was his luck, he managed to nudge the table, causing his pencil case to tumble off it and spill pens everywhere. Bright as a tomato Nico dropped to his knees, accompanied by several snickers and hurriedly, clumsily, packed his pens away. He got up and hurried to the door, wanting to get out of the class as fast as he could. When he was at the door he felt a paper ball hit him in the ass, and the whole class exploded with laughter.

Nico was never so glad to get out of somewhere. He practically ran down the corridor, breathing shallow, on the verge of tears from embarrassment. At that moment he hated Luke so much for making a joke of him in front of the entire class. He went to the medical room, telling the nurse that he was feeling sick, and spent the rest of the lesson there, trying not to cry.

He was shocked when two minutes before the bell Luke casually sauntered in, carrying Nico’s bag.

“Sorry nurse,” the blonde said, “I just brought Nico’s stuff since he didn’t come back to class.”

“Oh Luke,” the nurse cooed, “You’re such a sweetheart.”


“You’re welcome, Nico,” Luke said pointedly, then waved and walked out.

Suspiciously Nico reached for his bag and opened it. It was full of fucking pencil sharpenings.
Normally Nico didn’t eat lunch, or if he did he did it in his tutor room, away from everyone else. But there was some kind of meeting in that room so the boy was forced to go and get food from the cafeteria. What’s the worst that could happen? He asked himself as he walked into the room full of loud, obnoxious teenagers.

He went to the lunch queue, anxious that any moment someone would push him or laugh at him, tense as he took his tray. Nobody did anything, everyone too invested in conversations with their friends, ignoring the lonely boy. He was just being paranoid. The Italian got his food and was eager to find some corner he could sit in and eat in peace.

Before he ventured into the hall he made sure that Luke was nowhere to be seen. He was sure that the boy wouldn’t miss a chance to make Nico embarrass himself. Thankfully the blonde wasn’t sitting with the rest of the rugby team so Nico deemed it safe to pass. He found a spot close by and made for it, tray held firmly in his arms so he didn’t drop it.

He was almost there, almost to safety. Then suddenly he tripped over something.

His tray went flying up from his hands and Nico himself landed painfully on his ass. An explosion of laughter sounded nearby as Nico felt food land right on top of his head. After getting over his initial shock the boy realised what happened. Bryce Lawrence, one of the rugby players, had stuck his foot out and tripped him up. It was the oldest trick in the book.

Nico felt gravy sliding from his hair down his cheek as he looked at the rugby players. He could feel the eyes of the entire cafeteria on him. And then everyone started laughing. Nico’s stomach fell to the floor, followed by his heart. Blood rushed to his face and his throat tightened. He could feel tears prick at his eyes but he refused to cry here, in front of everyone.

Nico scrambled to his feet and turned to the door, feeling a panic attack coming on. He almost smacked directly into Luke, who had just come in and was looking at the scene with wide eyes. The Italian shoved past him, feeling sick at the sight of the blonde, and got out of there as fast as possible.

“Nico!” Luke called after him, but Nico didn’t care. He threw himself at the stairs, sprinting up, wanting to get to the closest bathroom, “Nico!” Luke was thundering up the steps after him, but Nico didn’t know why. He was crying, tears sliding down his red cheeks.

“Fuck off!” he yelled at Luke over his shoulder, shoving open the door to the boys bathroom. He tried to close it but Luke was faster, managing to shove his way inside.

The blonde locked the door and Nico looked at him, shaking, crying, “G-Go away,” he sobbed. He caught sight of himself in the mirror; red in the face, mash potatoes and gravy in his hair and on his cheek. He just cried harder.

“Come on,” Luke said, and there was no maliciousness in his voice for once. He grabbed Nico’s hand and pulled him to the sink. He easily picked the boy up and sat him down on the edge, turning on the tap. There was something about his stern, angry expression that made Nico calm down a little, and surprise mixed in with his embarrassment. He had never seen the blonde in that state, “I’m going to kill him,” Luke proclaimed as he wet some tissues.

“D-Don’t touch me,” Nico tried to push his hand away, choking on a sob, but Luke caught his hand in an almost tender way and held it as he carefully dabbed at Nico’s cheek, cleaning away the food.

Nico was confused to say the least. He had no idea where this gentle, kind side of Luke was
suddenly coming from. It just served to anger him more.

“A-Asshole,” he said, still crying, shoulders shaking, “F-Fucking asshole.”


“I-I’m talking about you, i-idiot.”


“It’s your fault! I-If it w-wasn’t f-for y-you t-they wouldn’t p-pick on me!”

“I-I...,” Luke swallowed, “At least I never made you cry...right?” he seemed unsure.

Nico looked away, not wanting to answer that question. A big part of him still liked Luke, and he didn’t want to see him upset. He saw no point in projecting his misery onto someone else.

“When....,” Luke cleared his throat nervously, “When did I make you cry?”

“We’d be here a-all day,” Nico laughed humourlessly, though he stopped crying. He could feel that his eyes were red and puffy, which he supposed didn’t make him any more attractive.

“Well, tell me the last two times then,” Luke demanded, still wiping Nico’s cheek gently and holding his hand.

Nico sniffled, “When you were t-throwing those paper b-balls at me on M-Monday.”

Luke froze and looked at Nico in surprise, “But...they were just paper balls. It was a joke.”

“Well, it wasn’t funny,” Nico said, wiping his eyes on his sleeve, “not with everyone laughing at me, and making me feel like an idiot.”

“I...I’m sorry,” Luke said weakly, “I didn’t mean to...I just wanted you to turn around, but you wouldn’t and I-“

“Stop making excuses,” Nico snapped, “You’re an asshole and that’s that! You’re worse than Bryce. You make me feel like shit every day.”

“Okay but that was one time-“ Luke started desperately. Nico was hyper-aware of how close the blonde was, practically in-between Nico’s legs.

“That wasn’t the only time! For example last week when you forced me to change in front of you!”

“But...I-I...,” Luke was at loss for words, probably for the first time since Nico met him. He was squeezing a wet tissue in his hand, “I just...”

“You just what? You wanted to embarrass me and make me feel like shit for being skinny, and we both know it.”

“That’s not what it was,” Luke said softly, and looked away, “I just wanted to look at you,” he mumbled. Nico blinked at him,

“What?”

Luke shrugged, “I wanted to see you with your shirt off.”
“Is this some sick joke?” Nico asked faintly, “Why would you want to see that? Were you going to steal my clothes or something?”

“No. I just wanted to look at you,” Luke said, glancing at the Italian, “Nico I...I thought this was kind of obvious but...I like you.”

Nico burst out laughing, and it was hysterical and dissolved into sobbing.

“Please don’t cry,” Luke’s expression crumbled, “I didn’t mean to...I just...I didn’t want to hurt you. Or upset you I-I just-...I didn’t know how to approach you and I just...”

“You made my life hell,” Nico sobbed. Luke reached for him and then stopped with his hands mid-air. He thought better of it and dropped his arms.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. Nico just cried harder, “You’re breaking my heart.”

“S-Shut up,” Nico buried his face in his hands, “Y-You don’t get to say that.”

“I just wanted you to pay attention to me,” Luke said desperately. Nico didn’t think his heart could handle this overload of information. He still felt like this was one, big, elaborate prank.

“I-It doesn’t m-make sense...”

“What doesn’t?” Luke asked gently. Nico took a deep breath to calm down and wiped his eyes on his sleeve again, looking at the blonde.

“Why would you like me?” he whispered, “It makes no sense.”

Luke opened and closed his mouth like a fish, “I’m sorry. There’s so many reasons I...I have them written out at the back of my English book. I know, it’s dumb. But I just...I’m sorry I can’t think about anything right now apart from how beautiful you are.”

Nico’s heart clenched, “I-I have fucking g-gravy in my hair.”

“I don’t care,” Luke smiled gently. He put his hand on Nico’s knee carefully, “Let me fix it. Let me fix all of it, please. I just have this massive crush on you and I don’t know what to do about it.”

“I love you,” Nico whispered brokenly, though he didn’t mean to say it.

Luke’s entire demeanour changed and he surged forward, grabbing Nico’s face in his hands and kissing him fiercely. It was so desperate and so uncharacteristic for Luke that it made Nico’s heart melt. Luke was kissing him as if he was scared that Nico would disappear, as if he wasn’t the most popular guy in school and Nico was some nobody. The Italian almost couldn’t kiss back.

Luke was saying things in between his kisses, things Nico could barely focus on because of how breathless Luke was making him with his mouth. The blonde was murmuring I love you and God I love you so fucking much and I didn’t know how to say it and I’m sorry. The bell went, marking the end of lunch, and the two just continued kissing.

Finally they pulled apart, but just enough so they could speak. Nico’s heart felt too big for his chest.

“I’m going to take you out on a date,” Luke said, “Tomorrow. At eight. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“What do you want to do?”
“I...,” Nico shrugged, “I don’t know. I’ve never been on a date before.”

Luke pecked him again, “Okay. We’ll decide later. We have history now. Let’s get the rest of the food out of your hair and then we’ll go to class, and you’ll come sit next to me...if you want, that is. And we can hold hands, but only if you’re comfortable and-“

“How long are you gonna apologise for that?”

“Forever, probably.”


Nico was curled up on one of the beds in the medical bay, buried underneath a blanket. Will knew he was asleep, he knew goddammit, but being as pale as he was it kind of looked like he was dead. And nobody knew what was wrong; one moment he and Percy had been sparring outside and the next the Italian had just collapsed. The panicked Demigods had immediately brought him to the medical bay where Will almost had a heart attack.

None of the Apollo kids knew why Nico was unconscious; he wasn’t having a seizure, his heart was beating normally, his blood showed nothing, and yet he was cold as ice and pale and asleep. They fed him ambrosia, but it didn’t help, Nico just continued sleeping.

Will, as his best friend, sat at his side now, holding the small boy’s hand hopelessly. Nico’s fingers were freezing in his and no matter how much Will rubbed and cradled them in his hands they wouldn’t warm up. The medical bay was full of people, shouting, arguing, trying to figure out the best course of action as Chiron tried to calm them down. Will ignored all of them, staring intently at Nico’s face, not wanting to miss any sign that the boy might be waking up. Or dying.

The room went quiet suddenly so Will forced himself to look away from Nico. He blinked in surprise when he saw Apollo standing casually among the Demigods casually, everyone gaping at him.

“Apollo,” Chiron seemed as surprise as everyone else, “What are you doing here?”

The blonde God shrugged, “I came here because you’re all screaming off your heads and four people already tried to Iris-message Olympus. Iris is getting annoyed. And Zeus, but he’s always annoyed so what’s new?”

“Something’s wrong with Nico,” Will said, scared by the desperation in his own voice, not letting go
of the boy’s hand. Apollo’s mouth twitched into a smile.

“There’s nothing wrong with him. It’s normal.”

Will gaped at him, “He’s unconscious.”

“Everyone out,” Chiron said, realization clear on his face. He ushered the disappointed Demigods out. Will’s hand tightened on Nico’s.

“I’m not going anywhere,” he told his father determinedly. Apollo rubbed the bridge of his nose,

“There’s no need for you to go,” he came up to Will and placed his warm hand on his shoulders. He clicked his fingers and suddenly Will, Nico and Apollo were in the Hades cabin. Will’s stomach flipped at the sudden scene change. Nico was lying in his own bed now, still wrapped in the blanket from the medical bay, his hand still in Will’s, face relaxed.

“What’s wrong with him?” Will demanded fearfully, “You know something, don’t you?”

Apollo sighed, “He’s part incubus.”

“A what?” Will blinked.

“Incubus, Succubus,” Apollo shrugged, “Call it whatever you want. Originally they were spirits of men and women that had sex with people in their sleep.”

Will gaped at Nico, looking all curled up and innocent, “He...he has sex with people in their dreams,” he stated in disbelief. Apollo laughed.

“No. That’s just the traditional outlook; in today’s society, although rare, incubi are usually depended on sex. It’s like food to them.”

“But...he’s never been like this before,” Will mumbled. He was basically being told that Nico’s life depended on sex and that was too much to handle.

“He turned eighteen a few weeks ago, his instincts are just starting to kick in. Besides he’s not fully incubus,” Apollo explained, “Look, I don’t have time to sit here and tell you about the in and outs of this.”

“But he’ll wake up won’t he?” Will asked desperately. Apollo rubbed the back of his neck uncomfortably,

“Well yes. If someone has sex with him.”

It took Will a good minute to process this information, “What?” he asked eventually, slowly.

“If someone has sex with him his body will come out of hibernation and he’ll be okay. Then he just needs to start having regular sex,” Apollo shrugged, “Simple.”

“Simple?! “ Will spluttered, “He’s asleep! That’s rape!”

“That’s why you’re here,” Apollo said soothingly, “When you were all panicking I asked Hypnos to try and find Nico’s spirit in the dreamscape, and he explained the situation to him. Nico said if someone has to do it he wants it to be you.”

Will didn’t know whether he should be flattered or horrified, “I can’t,” he said weakly.
“Did I mention that if you don’t do it by...,” Apollo pondered, “two days tops, he’ll die?”

“Gods,” Will let go of Nico’s hand and buried his face in his hands.

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out,” Apollo said, “You’ve got this, kid. I have to run, see ya!” he waved and Will squeezed his eyes shut. He saw a flash behind his eyelids as Apollo took on his divine form and returned to Olympus. When he opened his eyes he was alone with Nico in the Hades Cabin.

He looked at Nico hopelessly. He couldn’t imagine having sex with him while he was asleep, while he couldn’t consent, or tell Will to stop, or that it hurt...the thought of basically forcing the boy into it made Will feel sick. But there was no other choice, and Will knew that.

He took Nico’s hand back into his and stroked his fingers over the back of it soothingly.

“I’m sorry,” he murmured, bringing the hand up to his mouth and kissing Nico’s palm. At least the boy wouldn’t be able to feel it until he woke up – Will could only hope he remained unconscious until he was done. When would he be done anyway? Did he have to make Nico orgasm for him to wake up? Did he have to go all the way? He had so many questions and no answers.

Just keep going until he wakes up and then you can stop, Will told himself. Shakily he reached for the hem of his Camp t-shirt and pulled it over his head. He didn’t know why he was taking his clothes off, maybe because he wanted to do this properly. It’s not like he hadn’t ever thought about having sex with Nico. Sometimes at night, when he couldn’t sleep, he let his thoughts wander...but he didn’t want it to happen like this.

The blonde pulled his trousers and underwear off. He needed to get hard but he didn’t see how he could in this situation. Sighing, he pulled the blanket off of Nico’s curled up body. He was so cold it was scary. Will rolled him over onto his back and brushed the boy’s hair from his face. Nico was beautiful, the blonde couldn’t deny that. He leaned forward and kissed his forehead gently.

He got to work at the boy’s clothes, figuring this would go easier if the Italian was naked too. He got his aviator jacket off, then his t-shirt, revealing his skinny, pale body. For some reason the more skin Will saw the more he wanted to kiss Nico everywhere. He eventually just left the boy lying underneath him in his boxers and pulled the covers over both of them, feeling more comfortable that way. He just kind of looked at Nico for a little bit, stroking his face.

“I should probably kiss you, yeah?” Will said, and then laughed nervously because he was essentially talking to himself. He cupped Nico’s face in his hands lovingly and kissed him gently. It was a peck more than anything, and Nico’s lips felt only a tiny bit warmer than the rest of him. Will took a calming breath and leaned down, once again pressing their mouths together. Nico was still and closed off underneath him, and Will hated that. But the kiss itself wasn’t bad; Nico’s lips were soft and pliant and he tasted like chocolate and smelled like a freshly cut grass for some reason, a smell Will adored. He pressed his face into Nico’s neck, and kissed him there too, just little kisses. Despite how uncomfortable the situation was Will felt himself stirring a little, just because of how close Nico was to him.

He hesitantly put a hand on the boy’s chest and ran his fingers down his smooth torso all the way down to his belly button. He could’ve been imagining it but he thought Nico was getting warmer, or maybe Will was just getting used to his temperature. Keeping his face pressed in Nico’s neck as if to hide from judgement the blonde reached down between the boy’s legs slowly and pressed his hand over the boy’s crotch.

Nico was rock hard.
Will jerked back, eyes wide in shock. The Italian was still passed out cold but his cheeks were flushed, his cock straining against his underwear. He was breathing a little harder. For some reason Will felt a rush of heat and arousal got through him and he kissed Nico again passionately,

“Come on,” he whispered feverishly, hands running over the boy’s body and squeezing him through his underwear, “Wake up.”

But Nico remained asleep. Will, feeling more hopeful now that he figure he wouldn’t have to go all the way for the Italian to regain consciousness, hooked his fingers in the boy’s underwear and tugged it off. Nico’s cock sprung free, tall and proud. When Will hesitantly ran his fingers over it, it twitched and Nico’s breath hitched. With no further ado Will leaned down and took the boy’s member in his mouth, eager to get him off. It was heavy against his tongue, and wet, and Will kind of liked that. He took it all the way in and Nico jerked. There was no denying it, he was getting warmer, closer to waking up with each passing second.

Will started bobbing his head up and down, licking up the underside of Nico’s cock, swirling his tongue at the tip where all the precum gathered. Nico’s breath started coming out more and more laboured, but after about ten minutes Will’s jaw started to ache and he came to the conclusion that his little incubus would need more than a simple blowjob to wake up. When he pulled his mouth off he swore that Nico shivered.

Will was past feeling bad as he pushed Nico’s legs open. He imagined the boy would be embarrassed when he woke up but right now Will didn’t care because for once he could just look at him without worrying about being caught. When he looked down he saw that Nico’s hole was clenching around thin air, and he was wet.

“Fuck,” Will whispered, biting his lip, feeling his cock twitch. It took everything he had to not just thrust into the boy.

He contemplated turning Nico on his stomach to make everything more comfortable but he guessed Nico would probably freak out more if he woke up on his stomach with his face in a pillow and no idea who was touching him to give himself better access. Then he reached down between the boy’s legs and brushed his fingers over Nico’s hole, before pushing one in. It went in like butter, Nico’s body invitingly pulling the digit inside.

Will glanced at Nico’s face. The boy’s eyes were still closed, his mouth open to let out little harsh breaths. He definitely shivered when Will slowly pulled his finger out before pushing it back inside. He fingered the boy leisurely, taking his time to open him up. Nico’s cock was spilling precum over his stomach casually, even as the boy slept. Will wondered if he could feel anything. He pushed another finger in after a moment, watching as his digits disappeared into the boy, mesmerized. Will started thrusting them in, then he went harder and faster, and Nico just took it, little gasps ripped from his mouth.

“Wake up,” Will kissed the inside of his thigh of the leg that was on his shoulder. In response Nico’s toes curled and he made a little keening sound.

Will leaned in and kissed the boy’s neck again, this time harder, more passionately, leaving little kisses and bites into his skin. He pushed a third finger into the boy, Nico’s hot flesh pulsing around his fingers, pulling him inside deeper.

The Italian’s body shifted. His muscles tensed up and a loud gasp spilled from his mouth. Will’s hand stilled and he pulled back abruptly. Nico was looking up at him with dark, half-lidded eyes, breathing hard.
“W-Will?” he mumbled, confused.

“Shit sorry,” Will panicked and tried to pull his fingers free but Nico clumsily grabbed his wrist and forced the blonde’s fingers back into himself. He whimpered.

“D-Don’t stop...t-that felt good...”

Will stared at him in shock, not knowing what to do, “Nico are you okay?” he asked breathlessly.

“J-Just keep going,” Nico slurred, as if he was drunk, his cheeks red, “Please.”

Will pulled his fingers out and thrust them back in. Nico’s toes curled again and he closed his eyes, mewling like a cat. Will returned to his original pace, fingering Nico just on the right side of rough as the boy panted, hands curling into the covers below. The boy looked like he was enjoying himself.

“We should stop now,” Will said, throat dry, feeling dizzy just from looking at Nico. He really looked like an incubus now, writhing on the pillows, glistening with sweat, wet, hungry hole clenching around Will’s fingers.

The Italian shoved at Will’s shoulders and the surprised blonde flipped over, landing on his back. Nico was straddling him in seconds, suddenly completely awake, dark eyes wide and full of lust. Before Will could ask anything the Italian crashed their lips together, hungrily licking at the blonde’s mouth.

Shocked, Will somehow managed to kiss Nico back, tangling their tongues together. Nico’s hands grabbed at his hair roughly, he bit at Will’s bottom lip and then pulled the boy away and pushed him into his neck. Will grabbed his hips, understanding that Nico didn’t want to do this gently. His cock was throbbing with arousal as he bit into Nico’s neck.

"Ah!" the Italian cried out, back arching, “G-Gods y-yes...”

He reached behind himself and wrapped a hand around Will’s cock as the blonde ruined his neck with kisses, bites and bruises. He groaned when Nico stroked him a few times. Then the boy picked himself up and pressed the blunt tip of Will’s cock against his hole.

“N-Nico-,” Will gasped, not knowing if he wanted to encourage or stop him. He didn’t get to say anything else because in one, swift, easy movement Nico took his member all the way inside himself. They both cried out at the same time. Will’s head dropped to Nico’s shoulder at the sudden assault of pleasure he felt at Nico’s throbbing, hot insides clenching around him. Nico panted, fingers digging into Will’s back. He didn’t give either of them time to adjust to the sudden pleasure as he started to ride Will as if it was his second nature.

Will fell back against the pillows, bones turning to mush. Nico looked down at him hungrily, looking like a...well, a sex demon. His dark hair fell into his eyes, he was flushed and weirdly in control even as he bounced on Will’s lap, establishing a brutal pace.

“G-Gods,” the blonde moaned, hips stuttering upwards, “N-Nico...f-fuck...”

Nico was moaning too, loudly, clearly not caring about anyone hearing, one of his hands on Will’s chest as he took the boy inside himself, over and over. Will had no idea how long he would last, but he knew it wouldn’t be long, not with the sounds Nico was making, and the way he looked, and the way he felt.

He flipped them back over, suddenly wanting to have control over Nico. He kissed the boy greedily
and continued to pound him furiously. Nico went wild underneath him, scratching down Will’s back in a way that the blonde knew would make him bleed though he didn’t care.


Will kissed him, over and over, wetly and hotly, feeling his orgasm nearing. His stomach was all in knots, shoulders tense, biceps trembling.

“I-I’m going to come,” he warned.

“Yes,” Nico hissed, biting at Will’s neck, “Do it. C-Come, Will...”

The blonde choked on a moan and didn’t have time to pull out (though he doubted Nico would’ve let him do that anyway) and spilled inside the boy. Nico cried out, hole tightening around Will’s cock, and spurted his own come all over himself.

They lay there, panting, too tired to move. Will’s head was spinning as he came down from his high. Nico was shivering, his skin warm now. After what seemed like an eternity Will finally found the strength to pull back and look down at Nico. The Italian’s eyes were closed.

“You okay?”


“Hey,” Will said gently, “look at me.”

Nico looked at him. The hungry, needy look was gone from his eyes, “I’m sorry,” he said hoarsely. Will frowned, “Don’t apologize.”

“I...Gods,” Nico rubbed a hand down his face, “I c-can’t believe I just did that.”

Will felt a pang go through him, “I’m...I...”

Nico wrapped his hand around Will’s wrist since it was on the side of his head and pressed his face against it.

“Thankyou,” he said softly, “for this. I needed it.”

“I’ll do it anytime you need to,” Will blurted. Nico blinked at him, then blushed and looked away again.

“You don’t have to.”

Will brushed his hair back and kissed his temple, “I want to.”

Nico smiled a little, almost to himself.
I'm Only Human After All

Luke/Nico where Nico is the blood slave of a vampire king (Kronos maybe) who keeps him locked away in a dungeon. Luke is Kronos' loyal servant (Luke is also a vampire) and he slowly falls in love with Nico and is reluctant whether to save him. Take this where you want.  
For MsJackson53

LUKE

Luke walked down to the dungeons, a flaming torch in his hand. He hated it down here, the stone walls emanated a malicious kind of cold that seeped through Luke’s skin, all the way down to his heart. It smelled like rot, and blood, and misery, and death. King Kronos’ Castle was generally not a nice place, cold, old and boisterous, full of dull eyed slave-servants bustling about like mice, tense with fear of being killed at any moment. Kronos was a tyrant, and Luke was his most loyal man because he remembered a time when the man was different.

When Luke was thirteen Kronos had taken him in, become a brotherly figure to him. It was just when the war between Humans and Vampires had broken out and Luke had been bitten by a rouge vampire in the woods one night when he went to gather wood for the fire. His family and the villagers had cast him out. Scared, hungry and alone, with a grotesque scar on his cheek, Luke had practically stumbled to Kronos’ front door. Since then eight years had passed and Luke remained loyal to Kronos as the war progressed, becoming more bloody and horrific. Kronos became a tyrant; he tortured people in the throne room, in front of a delighted audience of hungry Vampires, he raped girls from villages his armies pillaged and drained them off blood afterwards but the worst of all was the fact that he kept blood slaves.

Luke was against most of Kronos’ ways, even though he never dared to go against his adopted brother, but he truly hated the fact that Kronos kept blood slaves. There were plenty of people willing to be blood donors for Vampires, oft kept by Kings as Mistresses or Lovers, giving them blood whenever needed. And yet Kronos shunned this ancient way and instead chose to use captured humans as blood slaves instead. His newest ‘toy’ was called Nico di Angelo. He was an archer in one of the armies sent by King Zeus to fight Kronos, captured during a battle. Kronos had taken a liking to Nico and spared him, if it could even be called that, killing his comrades and locking the boy in this reeking, cold dungeon where he came every night to drink blood from the boy.

Normally Luke would stay well away from the blood slaves, one because he didn’t want to see it and know he can’t do anything about their imprisonment, and two because he didn’t want to get attached since in the space of a few months the slaves usually died from malnutrition, the cold or blood loss. However he felt personally responsible for this particular blood slave since he was the one that led the army that crushed Nico’s in battle.

Christopher Rodriguez was standing guard by the heavy wooden door leading that protected the deepest part of the dungeons. He was leaning against the wall, a spear in hand, the fire from the torches that lined the walls reflected mutedly off his armour.
“Halt!” he cried when he heard Luke’s footsteps, straightening up, “Who goes there?”

“It’s only me, Chris,” Luke emerged from the stairwell leading to the higher parts of the dungeons, a sack in one hand and a pale of water tucked under one arm.

Christopher relaxed slightly, “Are you here to see to the slave?”

“Yes,” Luke tried to keep his voice as steady and emotionless as possible, “Is he...bad?”

Christopher shrugged, “Eh, he’ll live...for now,” he cracked a cruel, cold grin at Luke. Maybe once Luke would’ve returned the smile but now he had no strength to do so, “Uh...would you like the key?”

“No, thank you, I have my own,” Luke nodded, reaching into the pocket of his cloak. Christopher nodded and unlocked the wooden door. Beyond it was a dark corridor, even colder than the one Luke stood in now, a draft coming from seemingly nowhere.

“Don’t loiter,” Christopher joked.

Luke didn’t reply as he delved into the familiar corridor. There were doors on either side of the narrow passageway, leading to for now empty cells. Luke’s shoes sounded obnoxiously loud as they scuffed against the stone floor, his torch casting phantasmal shadows on the walls and giving him just enough light so he could see a mere few feet in front of him. With each step it grew impossibly colder until Luke’s breath was coming out in a white cloud in front of his face.

He finally stopped walking when he reached the door at the very end. He pulled the heavy iron key out of his pocket, the one he specifically had asked Kronos for so he could get in and out of this cell whenever he pleased, and slotted it into the keyhole. He turned it and heard the familiar click as it unlocked.

The door swung open with a loud creaking, revealing a drab, simple cell. There was a straw mattress in one corner with a thin blanket on top of it. The cell lacked windows or other furniture, and the only light came from a single, sad candle dripping wax on the floor.

Nico di Angelo was sitting against the wall on the straw bed, his legs drawn up to his chest, face buried in his knees, arms wrapped around himself protectively. He was dressed in a simple white tunic, which left his arms bare to the cold of the cell. At the side of his neck, which Luke could see clearly, were two ragged wounds where Kronos had drank from only a while ago. Instead of the clear, small punctures that Vampires usually left after feeding Kronos preferred to really destroy the neck of his victims, and make the feeding as painful as possible. He liked when his victims screamed.

“Nico,” Luke said, closing the door behind him. Immediately the boy’s head snapped up, eyes wide. His face was dirty, two clean tear tracks down his cheeks. He looked paler than the previous evening when Luke had seen him. His greasy, blood-matted hair hung in his eyes.


Luke hated how much the boy’s voice shook. He didn’t know when he first started caring about him. It had started out as more of a guilty thing, taking care of Nico after Kronos’ visits, a way for Luke to redeem himself for putting the Human in this situation. But as Nico stopped fighting him and trying to escape Luke grew more and more attached to him, to the point where it physically hurt the Vampire to see the dark haired boy in pain.

But the smell of his blood was still as intoxicating as the first time that Luke had smelled it. It was metallic, like all blood, but it had a deliciously sweet undertone to it. The blonde desperately wanted
to taste it but he refused to hurt Nico like that. *Do whatever you want,* Kronos had told him, *what is mine is yours also.* But Luke refused to take anymore blood from the terrified boy. He had suffered enough.

“It’s just me,” he said in what he hoped was a comforting way, “let me take a look at those wounds.”

Once Nico would’ve fought and threatened him, but now he knew that Luke was more of a friend than anything else, and that he’d never hurt Nico, so the boy obediently slid over to the end of his straw bed and with a wince exposed his neck fully to Luke. He looked exhausted, his tunic dirty and stained with old and new blood.

“I brought you a fresh shirt,” Luke said as he put down the sack he brought with him, settling down next to Nico on the bed.

“It doesn’t matter,” the boy said dully, “I’ll be dead soon enough.”

Luke could’ve lied to comfort him but that made no sense; everybody knew the fate of blood slaves. Instead the blonde dipped a clay cup from his sack in the water, “Drink,” he said, pressing it to Nico’s lips. The boy did so greedily, water running down his dirty chin. Luke pulled a clean cloth from the sack and dipped it in the water. Nico closed his eyes and winced when the Vampire pressed it to his wounded neck, but this pain was clearly nothing compared to what he had gone through before.

“Luke,” Nico said softly as the Vampire cleaned his neck as gently as he could, “How much longer is it going to take?”

“What is?” Luke asked, one of his hands cradling the back of Nico’s neck while the other worked on getting the blood off his skin.

“My death.”

Luke felt sick and his hand froze, “I don’t know.”

Nico opened his eyes and looked at Luke, his eyes wet with tears, “How long did it take Kronos’ last blood slave?”

Telling him that it took that girl two more months to finally pass seemed cruel, “Not long,” Luke lied softly, his heart feeling heavy in his chest. Nico smiled a little and nodded, “Don’t think about it.”

“That’s the only thing I think about,” Nico said, voice hardening suddenly, “the sweet relief that death will bring me.”

Luke’s hand tightened on his neck subconsciously, “I thought all you Humans wanted to do was live.”

“I thought all you Vampires were greedy blood suckers and yet here we are,” Nico snapped, turning so his and Luke’s faces were inches apart. They held each other’s gazes for a tense moment, both of them too proud to back down. Eventually Nico’s expression softened.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I...you’re so kind, and I don’t know how to react to kindness anymore.”

Luke wondered if Nico would die of misery before any of the other things got him.

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Nico was asleep on his straw bed when Luke arrived, a fortnight later. For a split second the Vampire felt panic grip at his dead heart because he thought that Nico was dead. But then he forced himself to calm down and he heard the boy’s heart, beating and alive, with his Vampiric hearing. He exhaled and walked over to the pallet on the floor, kneeling next to the boy’s head.

Nico was curled up under his thin blanket, shivering violently. His lips were blue.


“Luke?” he slurred, reaching out and touching the blonde’s cheek. Luke jolted. It was just the Humans reaction from exhaustion and blood-loss, Luke knew that, but for some reason the simple touch made a warmth bloom inside him. He reached into his sack and pulled out one of his own rich blankets he brought from his chambers. He threw the ratty thing off Nico and pulled the new one over his body. It was bigger, and covered him completely. Nico smiled a tiny smile and closed his eyes, “I’m sorry,” he mumbled, “I can’t sit up for you to inspect me.”

“That’s alright,” Luke said gently. So Nico just laid there, half asleep as Luke bandaged up his neck. He was about to stand up and leave, giving Nico the peace he deserved, when the Humans hand shot out and grabbed his. Nico half opened his eyes.

“Stay,” he mumbled. Luke couldn’t move. Nico’s fingers tightened on his hand and he tugged a little until Luke’s hand was pressed against his cheek, Nico’s own hand keeping it there. The Human closed his eyes.

So Luke just sat there and stroked his cheek and Nico slept.

***

One of the expressionless maids woke Luke up from his slumber. It was late and she was standing over his bed, shaking him awake. His grand bedchamber was chilly, the fire in the fireplace reduced to embers by now.

“What is it?” Luke was awake at once. Awake and agitated. He found it hard to sleep lately, mostly because every time he settled among his warm, comfortable pillows he couldn’t help but think about Nico, slowly freezing to death somewhere far below him.

“It’s his Highness, my Lord,” the maid said dully, “he’s asking for you.”

“At this time?” Luke asked rhetorically, slipping out of bed and pulling his nightgown over his bare chest. He felt a pang in his stomach; he’d have to eat soon. Whenever he didn’t have blood for a while he started to feel weak and more human, he slept for longer, the cold got to him, he felt as if there was an invisible itch underneath his skin that he couldn’t get. The maid patiently waited for him and then escorted him down the dreary corridors of the castle, carrying only a flickering candle and looking like an apparition. Luke hated how strongly he could smell her blood, the river of life-giving liquid surging just underneath her soft skin. He fought the urge to bite her.

She led him to Kronos’ bedroom, which was located in the South Tower, from where he could see all the villages that had gone up in flames in his Kingdom. When the maid knocked and opened the door for Luke the blonde’s blood froze.

The fire was roaring in the King’s fireplace and his lavish bedchamber was decorated with gold and ebony and scarlet but Luke already knew that, and it wasn’t what shocked him. Kronos was wearing a night-gown, pacing up and down the room in agitation, furiously red eyes snapping up when they saw Luke.
“Finally,” he growled as the maid retreated outside. Luke’s mouth was dry.

“What happened?” he asked.

Nico was collapsed on the floor next to Kronos’ massive bed, a thin trickle of blood coming from the two new punctures at the side of his neck. It took everything in Luke not to run to the boy and take him into his arms. *It’s over,* he thought brokenly, *he’s dead. He’s really dead.*

“He just collapsed,” Kronos snapped, “Wake him up! I didn’t get to feed!”

“He’s too weak,” Luke shook his head, “You’ll kill him.”

“When has that ever bothered me before?” Kronos demanded, “I’ll eat and then get another one.”

“If you kill him now you won’t have a blood slave until we can attack another village,” Luke said, trying to keep his nerves at bay even as his hands curled into fists. For the first time in his life he wanted to kill Kronos. He owed him so much, he was Luke’s *only* family, and yet the blonde was ready to rip him to shreds because of some *Human.*

“What do you want me to do?” he asked coldly. Kronos’ eyes narrowed.

“Get him out of here,” he seethed, “and bring me that maid.”

“Aye,” Luke said, eager to get Nico as far away from the tyrant as possible. He walked over to the boy and carefully picked him up in his arms. Nico didn’t wake up, head lolling helplessly against Luke’s shoulder. He was as light as a feather and Luke’s Vampire strength ensured he could carry the boy easily. Thankfully he could hear his pulse thumping away, slower and weaker than usual but still present.

He kept the boy up by one hand and reached for the door with his free one.

“If he’s too weak just finish him off,” Kronos said coldly. Luke nodded once and opened the door. The maid was standing right outside, still holding her candle. Kronos beckoned her in and Luke brushed past, Nico still in his arms.

He walked down the dark corridor alone. The wind howled against the windows and Luke began to understand just how much he despised the castle. Once it was a home, and now it was nothing more than a massive torture chamber. The world outside was no better, cold, dark, uninviting, just waiting to burn because of this pointless war.

Instead of taking the Human back to his cell Luke turned and climbed up the stairs to his own bedroom in the North tower. Right now it felt like the only safe place, the only chamber free from Kronos’ cruelty, where the Vampire King couldn’t go.

Luke laid Nico down on his own bed after he locked the door. The boy was dirty, sweaty, pale. He hadn’t bathed in weeks, but Luke didn’t care. He brushed the boy’s matted hair from his forehead.

“You’re going to be alright,” he said softly, but Nico didn’t stir.

Luke threw more wood into the fireplace, his hunger forgotten, the emptiness in his stomach filled with his sickening worry for Nico. As the Vampire started up the fire again he wondered how much it would take for him and Nico to just...disappear. Luke had coin to pay the guards, but most likely Kronos would catch them before they could leave the palace. *What if I just asked?* Luke mused, *what if I told him that I wanted Nico for myself?* Kronos didn’t seem too attached to the small boy, already ready to get another blood slave...so what if Luke asked to keep Nico? But then what?
He called on a maid and told her, in hushed tones, to run a bath. She bustled around in the bath room, as dead eyed as the previous one, the one Kronos was most likely feasting on right now. *Nico and I couldn’t stay here*, Luke told himself, *he wouldn’t be able to live with himself if he was just replaced by another slave. He’d be unhappy...what if we ran away though?* The chaotic thoughts ran through his head. Luke didn’t know when he had gone from ‘me’ to ‘us.’

“The bath is ready, my Lord,” the maid told him.


Luke made a decision to help Nico heal with his blood. Vampire blood could save Humans, but it stayed in their body for a day, and if they died in that day they’d be reborn as the Undead. It was a risk the blonde was willing to take. When Luke bit his wrist and pressed it to Nico’s mouth he promised himself to be careful. Nico drank some of his blood weakly but it would take time to go into full effect since Nico looked like he was on the brink of death. The boy remained unconscious.

Luke grabbed Nico’s tunic and pulled it over his head. He swallowed uneasily when he saw his body, dirty but pale and lean. And dangerously skinny. The blonde murmured a quick apology to the Human and then pulled off his soiled underwear. He left Nico’s dirty clothes in a pile by the door and picked Nico back up.

The Vampire picked carried the unconscious boy into his private bath room. The bronze bath was steaming with cloudy water that the maid had scented with oils and flower petals. Careful not to shock him with the sudden temperature change, Luke lowered Nico into the water. He let the youth sit there for a while, asleep as steam curled around him. Then carefully, methodically, Luke began to wash him.

He was starting to come to terms with the fact that this was more than just a way for him to forgive himself for getting Nico in this position. He should’ve given the boy his blood and returned him to his cell and yet here he was, slowly bathing the boy with gentleness he didn’t know he possessed while his heart twisted in his chest as if it was trying to remember how to beat again.

Luke scrubbed the dirt off Nico’s skin, ran his hands over the boy’s body for maybe longer than necessary, soaped up his hair and then washed the suds out. By the time it was done a storm had started outside, rain insistently beating on the glass windows, and the water in the bath had turned grey.

**NICO**

When he woke up he was warm and comfortable, something he never thought he’d feel again after months in the cell of Kronos’ castle. Naturally his first thought was that he had *finally* died and gone to heaven, but as feeling returned to his body he realised that that wasn’t the case. There was a dull ache in his neck and a throbbing behind his close eyes. And there was a *somebody* pressed up against his back.

Nico’s eyes fluttered open, and he saw a large window covered with a dark crimson curtain. His cell didn’t have windows. He could hear rain. His eyes widened as he realised he was in one of the Nobility’s bedchambers. It wasn’t Kronos’ though, and that’s where he had been last. There was a gentle light coming from the fireplace, and warmth around him. There was a soft pillow beneath Nico’s head, and a strong, secure arm around his waist. His own hand curled protectively against his chest, feeling his pounding heart as he tried to figure out where exactly he was. *Who exactly he was with.* He wasn’t wearing his clothes anymore, but a pair of fresh breeches and a snowy white button up shirt that was several sizes too big on him. His hands were clean and he felt clean too. When he carefully touched his head his hair felt fluffy and soft.
Have I been rescued? He wondered. There was only one way to find out. Slowly, Nico turned around in his saviour’s arms. He came face to face with Luke. His chest was flooded with warmth and all his muscles relaxed. The sleeping Vampire was holding Nico in his arms, as if trying to shield him from the outside world. Of course he helped me, Nico thought, feeling tears gather in his eyes. He didn’t know if he was dreaming as he reached out and touched Luke’s scarred cheek.

When he was left to his own devices in his freezing cell he had often curled up on his thin mattress, his dirty blanket thrown over him, and he had dreamt about being with Luke in this way. He imagined Luke holding him the way he was right now, he imagined they were living together, somewhere far away, happy. Nico had never dared to believe that that would ever happen, sure that he would die in that cell, and yet here he was, in Luke’s arms.

He made a sound that sounded like a soft sob and Luke’s ruby eyes snapped open, alert. They immediately softened when they rested on Nico’s face.

“I-...I-...,” Nico couldn’t find the right words. Luke started to withdraw his arms but Nico made a desperate noise of protest so the Vampire froze, “D-Don’t I-“

Luke sat up abruptly, and shot out of bed. He buried his face in his hands and swore, turning in a hopeless circle in the middle of the room. Nico sat up and wiped his tears on the back of his sleeve, his shoulders shaking. Subconsciously he reached up to his neck but where the raged wounds that Kronos left usually were, there was just soft, new skin.

“What happened?”


Nico felt his throat tightening. He did it - he ruined his bubble. His hands tightened in the covers, “Please,” he whispered. Luke looked at him, “P-Please don’t m-make me g-go back there,” Nico’s face contorted as another sob shook him.

And suddenly Luke was kneeling in front of him on the bed, his arms firmly wrapped around Nico as if he couldn’t bear to let the Human go.


Luke got dressed, threw a cloak over Nico’s shoulders. He was frantic, too fast for Nico’s Human instincts to keep up with him.

“We’re getting out of here,” the Vampire promised as he got Nico ready. He led him out into the dark corridor, taking nothing with him, his hand firmly wrapped around the Human’s.

Nico’s mind was spinning, his heart pounding in his throat. He felt sick as he and Luke dashed through the dark, quiet castle. They were leaving, and yet Nico couldn’t believe that. It couldn’t be that easy, they couldn’t just walk out of the front door. He didn’t understand why Luke was risking everything for him. They made it down the great spiralling staircase without being stopped, the servants moving into shadows at the sight of them. And yet it was too beautiful to be true.

Luke had his hand on the front door when everything fell apart.

“Stop.”
The blonde Vampire turned around, pulling Nico with him. At the top of the stairs stood Kronos, fuming. Nico wanted to be sick. His body flinched at the sight of the man who had caused him so much pain and he pressed himself into Luke protectively, squeezing his eyes shut and willing it all away. But when he opened his eyes Kronos was still there and it was real and suddenly Nico didn’t want to die anymore.

“I’m taking him, brother,” Luke said, his voice echoing powerfully through the great hall. The chandelier above them glimmered with moonlight refracting through the windows.

“Like hell you are,” Kronos growled, baring his fangs. Nico could feel eyes watching him from the deep shadows around the staircase.


“He’s a blood slave,” Kronos said coldly, “I thought you understood that, Luke.”

“He’s also Nico,” Luke said, and Kronos frowned in confusion, “Oh, you didn’t know, did you? He has a name, Kronos. His name is Nico, and I love him.”

Nico’s breath caught in his throat and Kronos’ eyes narrowed, “You would choose him over me?”

“You have already chosen for me. I did not come to the door of a tyrant, all those years ago,” Luke said, and there was pain in his voice.

Kronos smiled coldly, “Luke, you were never made for this life. They were better off leaving you as a feeble Human,” he snapped his fingers at one of the servants, “Get a carriage ready,” his eyes slid over Luke and Nico, “my brother had made his choice.”

“I am sorry it has to be this way,” Luke said, his hand tightening on Nico’s.

“And I am not,” Kronos said, “I assume you will go to the cottage in Olympus first.”

“Aye,” Luke said carefully. Kronos nodded,

“I give you a fortnight to find a ship and get the fuck out of my Kingdom.”

Luke inclined his head and his expression tightened, “Goodbye, brother.”

“Goodbye traitor,” Kronos replied.

One of the servants jerked open the humongous double door of Kronos’ palace. Fresh air hit Nico in the face and the boy inhaled greedily. He didn’t remember air having a taste and yet now it had, so fresh and sweet he could’ve cried. Luke pulled him out into the courtyard and Nico clung onto his hand like a drowning sailor to a rope, and the boy expected a knife to embed itself in his back any moment. He couldn’t understand that Kronos was just letting them go.

Luke sat opposite him, eyes full of melancholy looking out of the window. He gave up everything, everything for...me, Nico couldn’t comprehend that. He also couldn’t comprehend that he was actually free. Nobody would drain him of blood against his will anymore. His body slumped
forward, the weight of awaiting death finally leaving him. He buried his face in his hands and started sobbing, tears streaming down his cheeks, just completely breaking down.

Luke didn’t say anything, didn’t touch him, just let him cry.

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They had separate beds in the cottage, which turned out to be a tiny but cozy one bedroom structure with a domed roof, safely hidden in a forest, far away from Kronos’ castle. The servant that had brought them here returned back to the castle with the carriage, leaving two horses in the yard for when the boys were ready to go to the port.

And now Nico was lying in the bed, staring at the ceiling, unable to sleep. It all felt surreal to him, the softness of the bed, the covers he had gripped in his hands. Luke was passed out on the floor, insisting that Nico take the bed. But for some reason the Human couldn’t manage the fact the blonde was so far away from him, even though he could see him perfectly. He remembered what he had said in Kronos’ castle. I love him.

“Luke,” he whispered, over and over, more insistently, until Luke’s eyes finally fluttered open to look at him in confusion. Nico swallowed, “I...I can...can you come sleep in here with me?”

Luke closed his eyes, “My throat’s dry.”

“Do you want water?” Nico was still whispering even though there was no need. Luke shook his head and sat up.

“I need blood,” there was something rough about his voice that sent a shiver down Nico’s spine, “I need to go find a donor,” he got to his feet. He was going to leave Nico.

“No!” the boy shouted, almost involuntarily.


“Like what?”

“I don’t know but you smell heavenly right now, so it’s probably not good for me to stay around you.”

Nico bit his lip, feeling a heat pool in his stomach, “What...what if you feed on me?”


“What...what if...,” Nico swallowed nervously and looked at his hands nervously clenched in the covers, “What if I want you to?”

“You don’t mean that,” Luke said softly.

Nico looked at him, “You did so much for me. You...I can’t even formulate words that could tell you how...how grateful and happy I am right now...,” he sighed, “I just want to help you too.”

“You don’t have to,” Luke said gently, “You don’t owe me anything.”


He shakily reached up and undid the top button of the shirt Luke gave him, pulling it to the side to reveal his freshly healed, pale neck to Luke. He literally saw the Vampire’s eyes darken, “I want you
to bite me,” Nico whispered.

Luke was on top of him in seconds, pressing him down into the bed, pinning Nico’s hands down with his own ones in an iron grip. Nico gasped as his neck was suddenly assaulted, but with kisses not bites. Luke was running his lips over Nico’s skin as if tasting it, in an equally gentle but desperate manner.


“Tell me you want me to bite you again,” Luke asked hungrily, peppering Nico’s neck with kisses.

Nico didn’t hesitate, “I want you to bite me,” he whispered breathlessly.

Luke sank his fangs into Nico’s neck. It hurt, a flash of white passing over Nico’s eyes as he remembered all the times Kronos massacred him. But it wasn’t like that. The pain passed almost instantly and Luke let go of Nico’s wrists to wrap his hand loosely around his neck, the fingers of the other hand intertwining with Nico’s.

And it felt good. Nico moaned before he could stop himself as he felt a wave of heat hit him as Luke fed. It had never felt like that before, and that confused him. He felt dizzy, this unexplainable pleasure coursing through him, making him thread his fingers through Luke’s hair to pull him closer. Luke’s mouth on him felt insanely good, nothing like what Kronos’ bites had felt like. Luke licked, sucked, and Nico’s legs wrapped around him, drawing him closer in fear the Vampire would pull away.

“G-Gods yes,” Nico gasped, panting, “D-Don’t stop...nghhh...Luke...”

The Vampire did pull away eventually, pupils blown wide. Nico felt like a puddle of pleasure on the pillows as he watched Luke wipe his mouth on the back of his hand.

“We’re leaving tomorrow,” the Vampire said hoarsely, “we’ll board a ship and leave and never come back. I have enough coin to buy us a mansion, a nice big mansion where we can live together and-“

'Cause You're Such a Pretty, Pretty Face

Chapter Notes

Ok so they didn't go all the way in this chapter because Nico wouldn't have had straight up sex with a guy he doesn't really know that well.

Will/Nico? Where Will is a punked-up bad boy and Nico is an adorable nerd who wears braces and hangs out with this weird misfit group of teens (you know who i'm talkin' bout :) And Will never really talks to Nico but kinda makes it clear to other guys that Nico is his, you know? Anyway, after school one day Nico gets surrounded by a group of teens, b/c there is a guy who likes him (um, please don't make it Octavian though, ew) and says something about Will not being able to have Nico and Nico's, like, hella confused but Will comes around the corner looking hella badass and Nico has like a mind orgasm...I know it's weird but, you know...Also, maybe they could have smut in a car with terribly inexperienced Nico?

For QueenofMe

Will was staring at Nico again. You should really stop doing that, you’re probably freaking him out, he told himself, annoyed, and yet he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off the seventeen year old. The kid was sitting on the bench with his friends, eating lunch in the sunlit yard of their school. Will knew the names of all his friends, despite the fact that they were in the year below. There was Rachel, the eccentric redheaded art student that was always rallying for one cause or another and getting arrested for public protests. Next to her sat Leo Valdez, who studied mechanical engineering and was probably the loudest and most childish guy in Nico’s year. Then it was Hazel, the sweet sixteen year old girl who skipped a year because she was smart. She was also Nico’s half sister. Sitting next to her was her brother, the one who Will had his eyes on.

Nico di Angelo was quite simply the most adorable thing on Earth. In the typical highschool hierarchy he was part of the misfits but if it was up to Will he’d be in a clique all by himself, and he’d call it ‘cute as hell.’ Will had never actually spoken to Nico, mostly because he was one year older and in a different year, but also because he and Nico were in completely different circles. Nico was the quiet, nerdy, shy kid always sitting at the back of the library if it was raining and his friends wasn’t all sitting outside eating lunch. Will drove an SUV and smoked cigarettes and wore leather jackets and beat people up if they threatened his friends.

He was pretty sure that Nico was scared of him, but then Will didn’t blame him. He could be pretty intimidating if he wanted, though he was a big softie on the inside. Also, the fact that he was
constantly staring at Nico definitely didn’t help. Honestly, he wished he could just go up to the kid and strike up a conversation, but he was too nervous too, something you’d never expect him to be just from looking at him. Six foot, wearing all black, with the typical laid back attitude. And yet here he was, having a mental breakdown over some kid for the third time that week like some love-stricken schoolgirl. Nico probably thought he was a creep.

“Pining over the di Angelo kid again?” Jason Grace popped out of nowhere, an easy grin on his face.

Will would consider him and Jason acquaintances, or even friends, even though the boy wasn’t in Will’s group of friends. Jason was the younger brother of Thalia Grace who got held back a year. The punk girl was Will’s best friend so he and Jason were on a speaking basis despite the fact that Will didn’t really talk to the jocks.

“I’m not pining,” the punk protested. Jason rolled his eyes, “Oh c’mon, are you still on that? The whole school knows you’ve called dibs on Nico...except maybe Nico himself.”

Will exhaled, “It’s pretty obvious, isn’t it?”

“Just talk to him,” Jason shrugged, re-adjusting his sports bag, “he’d probably be ecstatic that an older is interested in him.”

“You’re making it sound like I’m some predator that just wants him for sex,” Will made a face. Jason raised an eyebrow, “Uhh...well, don’t you? I mean you don’t even know the kid.”

“Exactly,” Will reached into his pocket and pulled out a packet of cigarettes, “I want to get to know him,” he offered the fags to Jason, who made a face.

“Nah, I need my lungs in one piece thanks,” he said. Will shrugged and put a cig in his mouth, lighting it, “he’s pretty cute though,” Jason said, glancing over. Will glared at him and the boy held his hands up sheepishly, “Sorry, sorry. I’m not gay, your Juliet is safe, Romeo. Fuck knows for how long though, I heard some guys talking about him in the locker rooms.”

Will exhaled an angry cloud of smoke, “Which guys?” he demanded.

Jason shrugged, “Some youngers, Bryce and that lot. It’s no biggie.”

“Oi!” Thalia came walking over, her dark hair spiky around her annoyed face, “Scram kiddo.”

Jason rolled his eyes, “You’re only a year older, grandma.”

Thalia clicked her fingers. Jason sent Will a big sisters, eh? look and then turned on his heel, walking off. Thalia leaned on the wall next to Will and helped herself to his cigarettes.

“What were you talking to my brother about?” she asked curiously.

“Nico,” Will admitted. Thalia smiled as she lit her fag and inhaled, “Well then, what’s new?” she teased. Will hunched in on himself and the girl poked him playfully, “Aw, c’mon. Cheer up.”

Will glanced wistfully at Nico and was shocked to see that the boy was already looking at him. The
Italian’s eyes widened and he quickly looked away, cheeks going red. Will’s heart jumped in his chest but before he could say anything to Thalia they heard a teacher across the yard.

“Grace! Solace! No smoking on the school premises!” the Coach bellowed, bee-lining straight at them, “You’re both in detention!”

All the heads in the yard swivelled to them curiously.

“For fuck’s sake,” Will swore, dropping his cigarette and putting it out with his foot. Thalia blew on hers until it went out and then tucked it behind her ear. Then both of them took off, sprinting for the wall that caged the school in. It was pretty tall but Thalia and Will had jumped it a million times and this time was no different. As the Coach ran after them, the two easily hauled themselves up and over the wall and then, snickering, went to Subway for a late lunch.

***

Nico couldn’t stop thinking about Will, especially after that stunt he pulled with jumping over the wall. Will was just so cool. And hot...goddamn, he was so hot. Hot to the point where Nico fantasised about having the blonde’s hands all over him constantly. It was pretty ironic since he hadn’t even had a first kiss yet.

There were plenty of gay and bi and pan guys in school; Will, Ethan Nakamura from Nico’s year, Frank and Bryce from the football team, Michael Kahale and Michael Yew, Octavian, Mitchell from the year below, Paolo Montes...and yet none of these boys had ever showed interest in Nico, which honestly just made him really insecure. He wasn’t ugly or anything, but he was too short and skinny and pale, and his hair never laid down the way he wanted and he had braces, which didn’t explain why nobody ever went for him in school. He wasn’t that bad, was he?

It wasn’t that Nico wanted any of those guys; he had horrible social anxiety and was as awkward and nervous as possible. He only wanted Will, but he doubted feeling was mutual. Will was the kind of guy to have a badass girlfriend or a sexy boyfriend, not someone as...not sexy as Nico. He was a year older too, and although the Italian sometimes caught him staring at him he didn’t fool himself and pretend it was because Will was attracted to him – he was probably just staring because...well, Nico didn’t really have an explanation for why Will Solace, the biggest bad boy in the school, would constantly be looking at him.

Sighing Nico made his way out of school on Friday, still lost in thought about the blonde. How can you have this much of a crush on someone you’ve never met? Maybe that means I’m shallow...Nico thought miserably. The only thing he was going off of was Will’s appearance and how freaking cool he was. He didn’t actually know him, even though he desperately wanted to. Maybe it’s love at first sight...

Nico was so lost in thought that he didn’t notice as he walked right into a group of the jocks hanging out in the parking lot. He slammed right into Bryce Lawrence and stumbled back in shock.

“Shit sorry,” the Italian apologized quickly as all the jocks looked down at him. They were massive and intimidating and Nico found himself blushing with embarrassment.

“Pay attention to where the fuck you’re going,” Luke Castellan from the year above snapped, an arm around some girl. Someone else snickered.

“Hey, give him a break,” Bryce grinned, surprising Nico. Before the boy could carry on his way he threw a casual arm around his shoulders and pulled him into his side. Nico swallowed nervously, suddenly really wanting to get out of there, “How’ve you been, Neeks?”
“Uh...o-kay,” Nico said nervously, because Bryce had never really talked to him before. Nico’s heart was hammering but not in a good way. It was later than normal because Nico had stayed in the library to finish his book and give it back before the deadline and now the parking lot was deserted apart from a little sprinkle of cars and Bryce’s group.

“Aw look at him he’s all red, how cute,” Bryce teased, and his group laughed, and Nico just got redder, not knowing if they were making fun of him or not.

“Hey, Nico,” Luke smirked, “Why don’t you come back to mine with this lot?”

“Uh...”

“Why the fuck would he come?” Octavian made a face. He wasn’t really into sports but was here because of his boyfriend, Michael.

“So poor Bryce doesn’t feel left out again,” the girl clinging onto Luke smirked.

“Hey, she’s right,” Luke nodded, “I got my girl, Mike’s got Tav. Who’s poor Bryce going to have fun with?”

Nico’s stomach dropped as he understood the implications. They were inviting him over so Bryce could have sex with him. Nico tried to extract himself from Bryce but the boy’s arm tightened around him.

“Thanks but...uh, I need to go home and help my sister-“

“Aw c’mon,” Bryce leaned in closer, grinning, “It’ll just be a bit of fun, no need to be so tense.”

Nico swallowed nervously, “I...no, thanks, really but...”

“Christ, is this because of Will?” Bryce asked with an eye roll. Nico blinked at him.

“Huh?”

“That idiot thinks he owns you or something,” Bryce laughed with his friends as Nico tried to comprehend what was happening, “Well, clearly he can’t have you.”


Luke peeled away from his girl and pulled the door of his car open, “Alright get in assholes.”

Everyone laughed and made for the car, and Bryce pulled Nico along.

“No, I’m not coming,” the Italian protested, more desperately now.

“Oh stop being such a prude,” Bryce had him by the arm and was literally pulling him to the car. Nico panicked and struggled.

“Bryce,” the voice came out of nowhere, icy and powerful, “Get the fuck off him.”

Bryce and all of his friends froze, halfway inside the car. Nico turned around and saw Will walking towards them, fuming. There was a cigarette tucked behind his ear and his normally bright eyes were dark with anger.

Nico’s breath caught in his throat at the sight of the older boy. He made right for Bryce, all leather and danger and for a split second Nico thought he would actually beat up the other boy.
“Fuck,” Bryce swore and let go of Nico’s arm.

The Italian didn’t know what possessed him but he really didn’t want Will to get suspended for fighting so he broke away from Bryce’s gang and threw himself right at the blonde, burying his face in his chest since he couldn’t reach any higher and wrapping his arms tightly around the blonde. His heart hammered and Will’s expression shifted, softening as he looked down at Nico in surprise.

“Can we go please?” Nico mumbled, relief flooding him now that he was away from Bryce.

“Yeah,” Will didn’t hesitate, “Yeah, of course,” Nico pulled away from him and Will grabbed his hand, surprisingly gently. He glared at Bryce who was frozen in his spot, paler than before, “Don’t ever fucking touch him again unless you want to lose an arm,” Will growled. A shiver went through Nico at how possessive Will was, followed by a wave of heat. He ducked his head to hide his blush and let Will pull him to his car.

He didn’t understand what just happened, why Will had intervened and why he had gotten so protective over Nico. He was in shock as Will opened the door at the passenger’s side of his SUV, ushering Nico inside. The boy sat there, still comprehending what just happened and mentally hyperventilating at the fact that he was in Will Solace’s car, as the blonde drove.

“Did he do anything?” Will demanded as he sped down the road, voice still tense, with an edge to it. One of his hands was still holding Nico’s, though he didn’t seem to realise that.

“N-No...he, uh...he wanted me to go Luke’s with him,” Nico said shakily, “but I didn’t want to...um...thanks for...y-you know...”

Will glanced at him and his expression softened, “Put your seatbelt on,” he said, gentler now.

“I...,” Nico swallowed, “Actually can you stop somewhere please?”

Will frowned, eyes still on the road, and let go of Nico’s hand, “Do you want to get out? I can drive you home-“

“No,” Nico interrupted abruptly, “Just stop.”

“Here?” Will asked.

“No...I...uh...,” Nico pointed, “that parking lot, stop there.”

Will didn’t ask any more questions as he swerved off the main road, earning an angry beep that he answered with his middle finger out of the window, and drove into the shadowed, secluded parking lot.

“Any particular level?”

“Bottom one,” Nico said. His heart was pounding so hard he was scared it was going to jump out of his chest. He couldn’t believe he was about to do this, but technically this could be his only chance to seduce Will Solace and show him that he was more than just some nerdy seventeen year old with braces.

Will parked the car and switched off the engine, so it was kind of dark in the car. He turned to look at Nico.

“Any particular reason why we’re here?” he asked.
Nico slid out of his seat and into Will’s, somehow managing to straddle him without breaking anything. Will looked up at him, bewildered, and Nico, who had never even had his first kiss yet, put his hands on either side of the blonde’s face and crashed their lips together. Will clearly wasn’t expecting it because he tensed and Nico just kissed him. He didn’t know what he was doing, his mouth moving against Will’s sloppily, almost violently. Their teeth clanked and Nico forgot he was supposed to breathe and it was rough and messy and wet, and Will pushed him away.

Nico finally inhaled, breathing harder than normal. Before he could feel embarrassed about what he just did Will cradled his cheek in his hand and leaned up,

“Slow down,” he said softly, just before he kissed Nico.

The younger boy melted in his lap. Will’s lips moved against his softly, gently, invitingly. For some reason this made Nico more aroused then if Will had roughly kissed him. The blonde’s hands drifted down to Nico’s waist and he wrapped his arms around it, drawing Nico a little nearer. Nico’s hands slid from Will’s face to his shoulders. He was so close to Will that it was unreal; the boy was so warm, and solid, and he smelled like cinnamon.

“You’re shaking,” the blonde whispered, pulling away just enough so that he could talk, though his lips still brushed against Nico’s with every word, almost like he was teasing him, “Are you scared?”

“No,” Nico replied, swallowing past the lump in his throat, “Just...nervous I s’pose. I...I’ve never even kissed anyone before.”

Will smiled, “I can tell.”

Nico blushed and ducked his head, once again wondering what the fuck he was doing. Will sweetly kissed his forehead. These little touches were weird coming from someone as...intimidating as the blonde. He was all muscle and leather and yet up close his eyes were soft and caring.

“It’s okay,” he whispered, “We don’t have to do anything. I...we should probably talk about it first-“

Nico kissed him nervously to get him to shut up. He tried to copy what Will was doing earlier and he must’ve been doing something right because he felt the blonde smile against his lips. When Nico felt a tongue brush against his bottom lip he automatically opened his mouth. Will licked inside it, arms tightening around Nico’s waist. The Italian tried his best to keep up with the kiss but it took his breath away and he had a hard time concentrating on anything except how freaking warm and comfortable he was just sitting there, pressed against Will.

The kiss turned more passionate though and that’s precisely when Nico’s cock decided to come to life. The Italian felt blood rush south when Will suddenly broke away from his mouth and kissed his neck. It was just a neck kiss, the gentlest thing, and yet it made Nico gasp and shiver, his hands tightening on Will’s jacket as his cock got hard.

“You’re so sensitive,” Will murmured, in awe, feeling the dark haired boy’s bulge press against his stomach. Nico didn’t think he could get any redder.

“Shut up,” he mumbled and then let out a little moan when Will sucked on his neck with no warning. Nico slapped a hand over his own mouth, embarrassed, but Will’s hand came up to grab his wrist and pull it away as he continued to kiss anywhere he could reach, “W-Will...”

“Is it okay if I...?” Will trailed off, his hand sliding down Nico’s body. The boy had a brief thought to stop him as he reached his belly button, but his body was screaming at him to let Will continue. He was nervous, but not scared, the way he thought he might me.
Will pressed his hand over the bulge in Nico’s school trousers. The Italian whimpered and leaned forward, burying his face in Will’s shoulder and squeezing his eyes shut. Will slowly undid the buttons of Nico’s pants, allowing him to back out if he wanted to. But Nico didn’t want to.

“Tell me if you want to stop,” Will said quietly, reaching inside Nico’s underwear.

The Italian tensed, let out a shaky breath. His whole body jolted when Will’s hand wrapped around his hard cock, and sudden pleasure went through him like an electric shock. It was nothing like his own hand getting him off, every time Will stroked it was unpredicted, unexpected. In seconds Nico was writhing on the blonde’s lap, moaning quietly.

“W-What...nghhh...what if someone sees us...o-oh-“

“It’s okay,” Will was staring at Nico, not taking his eyes off him, watching for every little reaction. He ran his thumb over the head of Nico’s cock and the dark haired boy’s hips bucked forward, “There’s nobody here.”

“C-Can you g-go f-faster?” Nico asked shakily, feeling as if his body was on fire. His thighs trembled.

“Anything you want,” Will murmured, kissing up his neck hungrily, speeding up his strokes. The pleasure began to build up and now Nico was just openly moaning, hands gripping at Will’s back and hair. He kissed the blonde, messily, but neither seemed to mind.

“I-I’m c-close,” Nico warned.

Will’s strokes sped up impossibly, “Come for me, baby.”

***

Nico sat on the edge of Will’s bed awkwardly as the blonde rummaged in his closet. Will decided that Nico fit in with his bedroom and all of his rock band posters with his dark hair and brooding look. He passed the boy one of his shirts since his one had come on it.

“You sure you don’t want to shower?” Will asked. He wanted to make sure Nico was comfortable.

“Yeah I’m good, thanks,” Nico hadn’t looked Will in the eye since the car, and the blonde wondered if he did something wrong. Nico gripped his shirt in his hands,

“Uh...can you...um t-turn around please?” he asked nervously.

“Sure,” Will said, and turned around.

He heard the sound of rustling as Nico changed, and fought the urge to turn around and look at the boy. He tried to think of what to say to the kid, but all he could think about was how hot Nico had been in the car. Will knew they weren’t going to do anything more right now; he didn’t want to push Nico...

“Um...you can turn around now.”

Will did so. Nico stood in the patch of sunlight falling in through the window, Will’s shirt too big on him, arms crossed over his chest protectively. Will smiled.

“What?” Nico looked at him shyly. Will crossed the space between them and kissed him sweetly. Nico’s eyes widened,
“I know that probably wasn’t the best way to start things,” he said softly, “But...I’ve liked you for a really long time and I just...I was wondering if you wanted to be my boyfriend?”

Nico bit his lip, studied Will’s face, “You’re not joking?”

“No,” Will smiled, “I’m serious.”

“Then yeah,” Nico looked at his feet, smiling a little too. Will grabbed his chin and turned his face up, so he could kiss his now-boyfriend again.
I Am Consumed By You

Aphrodite sees how much Leo and Frank love each other, but is exasperated because they’re both hopeless and act like they hate one another so she makes Leo a Neko in heat who can only be taken care of by Frank? Maybe Frank gets jealous because he finds the Latino kissing someone else as soon as his heat hits?

For Awkward Nugget

When Leo woke up his body felt weird. Not I-slept-in-a-weird-position weird. No, he felt like not himself. Before he even opened his eyes his fingers were tingling and the palms of his hands were sweating. It was early in the morning, still dark outside but just turning to dawn. Leo’s heart was pounding at a rate that was alarming, and his body ached for something he couldn’t place. When he sat up his stomach lurched and his head spun. His skin felt sensitive where it touched the blankets, and he could see clearly in the darkness of his Cabin.

Leo stumbled from his bed, led by his instincts. He clumsily picked his way through his sleeping siblings. He didn’t realise how hot he was until he slipped out of the front door and the cold air of pre-dawn hit him in the face. Thing was, Leo never got hot. Heat just didn’t affect him. And yet now his body seemed to be burning now.

He leaned against the door and gasped for air, and he felt something brush against his leg. He looked down weakly and his stomach dropped. There was a tail swinging between his legs. A brown cat’s tail.

“W-What the fuck?” the boy whispered shakily. A shot of molten heat went through him and he whimpered, eyes squeezing shut. He was starting to realise what the heat was. Lust. His body was burning with lust, so violently that it took everything in Leo not to rub himself against every available surface he could see. There was a wetness in his pants, and his cock was hard and aching, straining against his pyjama pants.

Leo stumbled through the Cabins. He didn’t know where he was going, just knew that he had to find something – or someone – that would quench this thirst inside of him. He was dizzy, he wanted big hands on him, rough lips.

“Frank,” he whimpered, and then slapped his hand over his mouth in shock, heart pounding. What the hell is happening?! Why did I just say his name? Frank and Leo were barely friends, why would the Latino want him?

“So Leo?”

The son of Hephaestus turned around at the surprised voice. He hadn’t even realised he was leaning against the wall of the Zeus Cabin until he looked up and saw a sleepy, confused Jason standing in the doorway. Leo doubled over with a moan when his instincts flared up. Alpha, alpha, alpha, they
“Leo what’s wrong?” Jason’s eyes widened, “Shit Leo why do you have cat ears? Is that a tail?”

Leo staggered towards him and his knees buckled, but thankfully Jason caught him before he hit the ground, “Hurts,” Leo whimpered, feeling flames creep across his skin where Jason was touching. Simultaneously his body was telling him to pull Jason closer because he was an Alpha, whatever that meant, and to push him away because he wasn’t Leo’s mate.

“What’s this ruckus?” Piper asked, coming out of the Cabin and looking equally as dishevelled as her boyfriend. Her expression changed when she saw Leo, “Oh Gods, what’s wrong?”

“I have no idea!” there was a hysterical edge to Jason’s voice. Piper’s expression tightened, though Leo could barely concentrate on either of their faces.

“This is Aphrodite’s job,” Piper growled, “and I know what she’s trying to do. Jason get Leo inside, I know who can help.”

“Wait, where are you going-,” Jason started, but Piper already strode off.

The blonde hauled Leo into the Zeus cabin. Leo was gasping, shaking, his bones feeling like they were melting. It wasn’t a bad type of heat, but a type that made him crave someone to touch him.

“J-Jason-,” he tried to talk but it was too hard. He leaned into the blonde, trembling. Being closer to another person helped him, though Leo was scared of doing something weird. He didn’t want Jason.

“Hey,” the son of Jupiter stroked his back comfortingly and Leo’s new tail flicked side to side in agitation, “It’s okay buddy. Piper will fix this.”

“I-I d-don’t know w-what’s h-happening,” Leo explained shakily, his lower lip trembling.

“I think you’re in heat since someone cursed you to, at least in some part, be a cat.”

Leo looked up at him, breathing as if he had ran a marathon, “I-It f-feels weird-“

“Hey, I know,” Jason said softly, and touched what Leo assumed was a cat ear on his head. That was a mistake. Leo’s body jerked forward as a shot of pleasure went through him and without meaning to he crashed his lips against Jason’s, hands clutching at the blonde’s shirt. Jason stumbled back in shock and Leo’s body immediately screamed at him to get the fuck away but he couldn’t move, his lips glued to the blonde’s.

“What the fuck?” a new voice demanded. The voice sent a shiver through Leo, so powerful that he managed to somehow peel himself away from shell-shocked Jason. His eyes landed on Frank, standing by the door with Piper.

Unlike the other two Frank was perfectly clear. Leo could make out his furious expression, his big hands in fists. His mind went into a carousel of mine mine mine and mate, mate, mate and Leo’s knees gave out. Jason caught him again and Leo tried to squirm away, suddenly just wanting to be close to Frank, not wanting anyone else to touch him.

“Get the fuck away from him!” the son of Mars growled. Piper looked confused.

“Frank,” Leo whined, and maybe he would’ve been embarrassed at how needy he sounded if he wasn’t too busy becoming a puddle of pure want for the Asian.
Frank’s expression softened, the anger evaporating, “Hey...,” he started, and took a step forward.

“Jason, come,” Piper said, and the blonde let Leo go. The Latino stood shakily, just staring at Frank, and Piper and Jason left the Cabin. Leo had no idea where they went, and honestly he didn’t care.

He heard the door close and he reached out a little to Frank. The Asian crossed the space between them, driving Leo up against the wall. The second he pressed his body against Leo’s the Latino lost it. He uttered a choked off Frank and his arms wrapped themselves around the bigger boy’s neck, hands sinking into his hair.

“Shhh, it’s okay,” Frank murmured. He clearly didn’t know what was going on either but his calm, warm voice soothed Leo. He put both of his hands on Leo’s hips and the Latino shook at the feeling, his body tensing at how nice and cool the Asian’s hands were, quenching that horrible fire, “I’ve got you, Leo.”

“Mate,” Leo whispered.

Frank kissed him. Leo shuddered, not realising how much he needed Frank to do that. His body slumped against the wall and his legs opened on their own accord, letting Frank between them. The son of Mars picked Leo up and the Latino automatically wrapped his legs around his waist, crossing his ankles against the small of the Asian’s back, panting against the boy’s mouth. Frank’s tongue slid past his lips and Leo took it, kissing back passionately. For some reason in this state Leo didn’t want to fight or argue with Frank the way he normally did, he just wanted the boy to keep holding him like this.

Frank pulled away to kiss down Leo’s neck, putting out the fire on his skin. Leo didn’t think he would ever be able to stop shaking, his hands gripping at the back of Frank’s t-shirt.

“I-I love you,” he gasped, legs tightening against the boy. He rubbed himself against Frank’s stomach, trying to ease some of the need he was feeling, “I love you. I-I l-love y-you, I l-love y-you."

“Don’t say things you don’t mean,” Frank said softly, and then pulled Leo away from the wall, carrying him to Jason’s bed. He pushed the Latino down onto the covers and kissed him again, almost as if he knew what Leo was craving. Where Jason had been Alpha, Frank was really Alpha, his pheromones overpowering Leo and making him want to fully submit to the Roman.

He pushed at Frank’s shirt, wanting the boy to get it off. The Roman understood and pulled it over his head and then Leo’s small hands were all over him, touching wherever he could. Frank brushed his curls out of his face and kissed his flushed cheeks. Leo scrambled to get his own shirt off and pulled it over his head, because he craved Frank’s hands on his bare skin.

The Asian reached up and stroked Leo’s cat ear. The Neko cried out, back arching, as a blush flooded his cheeks.

“You’re so needy,” Frank whispered hungrily, “I love it.”

He leaned down and kissed down Leo’s chest. The Latino tried to catch his breath but it proved impossible when Frank took his nipple in his mouth. Shots of pleasure ran down Leo’s spine and he gripped at Frank’s body, not knowing whether to push him away or pull him closer, because the little touches were entirely too much and not enough at all.

“I-I...,” Leo scrambled at Frank’s shoulders, pulling him back up so he could gasp against his mouth, “I n-need you inside m-me."

“Fuck,” Frank groaned, and then he was roughly pulling Leo’s pants off, his following soon enough.
That’s what Leo needed; he needed roughness, he needed Frank to leave marks on his body.

Precum pooled on Leo’s flat stomach and dripped on the sheets when Frank flipped him over onto all fours. Leo’s tail was flickering in the air as the boy arched his back, presenting his ass to Frank.

“Gods, Leo,” the Roman was having trouble keeping a hold of himself as his big hands took hold of Leo’s ass and squeezed. Leo mewled, and shuddered when Frank licked up his spine. He attached his mouth to the side of Leo’s neck and sucked. The Latino moaned and he knew he’d have a hickey. He reached behind him and cradled Frank’s head closer. His body was throbbing with need, his cock and hole twitching.

Frank, almost as an afterthought, wrapped his hand around the base of Leo’s tail, and stroked up. Leo’s knees gave up and he slumped against the bed, moaning with abandon against the pillows.

“You like that, huh?” Frank wondered in awe.

Leo couldn’t reply but Frank continued to stroke and he kind of felt like he died and went to heaven and kind of like he was drowning and kind of like he was still burning. He struggled back to his knees and pushed himself up against Frank, feeling the man’s rock hard cock sliding through the crevice of his ass.

“P-Please,” Leo whimpered, burying his face in his arms, ears twitching.

Frank gripped his hips, fingers digging into his hips, and just started to push his cock into Leo. There was no preparation, no lube, no nothing, and yet it didn’t hurt. Leo was producing slick, his hole wet, and accustoming itself to Frank’s huge cock immediately. The boy felt a burn, but then he had been burning for the past half an hour.

“Yes,” he gasped, choking on air. There were tears of pleasure in his eyes and he bit the pillow below him, “F-Frank...”

“Fuck,” Frank gasped, “Fuck, f-fuck, fuck...”

Leo’s thighs trembled when Frank bottomed out inside of him, the Latino’s body pulling him in further. He felt so full, so satisfied, the cat in him preened at being mated.

“Frank,” he sobbed, gripping at the pillows, “m-move...G-Gods m-move...”

“If I move right now I’m g-going to come,” Frank said weakly. This made Leo moan weakly.

“Yes, yes,” he whimpered, “Do it. C-Come inside me.”

Frank played with Leo’s tail and the boy melted again, panting, clawing at the sheets as Frank stroked it. It felt better than touching his dick, shaking him to the core. Paired with Frank’s cock stuffed inside him it brought Leo closer and closer to the edge.

Before he could orgasm though, Frank released his tail and pulled out, before thrusting back into Leo. The Latino lost his shit. He thrashed and squirmed against the blankets as Frank fucked him, slick pouring out of him and sliding down his thighs. The son of Mars established a brutal, dominating pace, abusing Leo’s hole and biting his shoulders and neck as he pounded him.

Leo couldn’t take it. The heat was back, building up inside him, and he was dying over and over, but the thing was he wanted to keep dying, he wanted to go dizzy and breathless, he wanted Frank to break him. And he did, but in the best way.
Leo was curled up against Frank’s chest, his tail thrown carelessly over both of them. Frank was sleepily petting his hair and the sun was rising over camp, peeking shyly through the window. Every once in a while Frank would kiss Leo’s forehead as their bodies came down from their climax.

“I love you,” Leo said, probably for the sixth time since he came.

Frank didn’t reply. A few minutes passed in a comfortable silence, and Leo felt himself being lulled into a delicious sleep, wrapped up in the arms of the boy he loved.

“I love you Frank.”

Still no reply. Biting his lip, Leo glanced up, only to see that Frank was asleep. He smiled and shuffled up a little to place a kiss on the boy’s mouth.


Frank cracked a smile but didn’t open his eyes, “Love you too, dipshit.”
Nico/Will. Where Nico is obsessed with these new puzzles that make a little show when your through with them and Will is getting irritated because all Nico is doing for the past week are these godforsaken puzzles. During a head counsel meeting regarding something about the Romans visiting Nico is in the middle of a skull puzzle and Will tries to get his attention by doing sexual things and Nico's hella confused because Will is running his hand over his crotch and Nico's like dude let me finish my puzzle. Will gets mad and Nico's so, so confused. Will starts feeling guilty when he sees Nico's sad puppy eyes the next day but before he can apologize, a Hecate boy comes to comfort him and Will gets angry again and everything ends well when Nico shows up at the infirmary that night, shy and wondering if Will would like to do a puzzle with him.

For HellsAngel

“Whacha doing?” Will asked, draping himself over Nico’s shoulders at the Hades dinner table and kissing the top of his boyfriend’s head. The Italian wasn’t eating, instead spread in front of him was what looked like a complicated puzzle.

“Oh, it’s a birthday present from the Hecate kids,” Nico said, glancing up at Will and then going back to his puzzle.

“They gave you...a puzzle?” Will asked, confused.

“It’s not just a normal puzzle,” the fifteen year old said, seeming exasperated, “it’s magical. When I finish making it, each time it shows a different image, and it moves.”

“Oh, sounds cool,” Will grinned, “Can I do it with you?”

Nico pulled away from the blonde, “Actually it’s too loud here. I’ll finish it in my Cabin.”

Will frowned, “Hey,” he grabbed Nico’s wrist gently as he got up, “Is everything okay?”

“Yes,” Nico glanced around to make sure nobody was paying attention to them, and then kissed Will quickly with a small smile, “yeah. I’m obsessed with stuff like this. I had this whole mythomagic card phrase...”

“Mytho-what?” Will frowned.

“Ask Percy, he’ll tell you,” Nico pushed the puzzle pieces back into a plain cardboard box and tucked it under his arm. Will tried not to be jealous about that. When Nico had first appeared at Camp he had been friends with Percy, but Will himself hadn’t spoke to him properly until after the
Titan War. He didn’t know the cheerful, bubbly twelve year old that Annabeth and Percy liked to reminisce about sometimes, to piss his boyfriend off, and that made him ache. He wished he knew more about Nico.

He watched the Italian walk away and felt even worse when he realised he wasn’t just jealous of Percy. He was jealous of that stupid puzzle as well.

***

A week later Will wasn’t just jealous of the puzzle – he fucking hated it. He spoke to his boyfriend maybe four times that whole week because the Italian was always consumed with making more and more puzzles, watching the characters run around the board after it was done with a goofy smile on his face.

Will loved that Nico was happy, but he just hated how Nico seemed to be pushing him away in favour of the game. Lou Ellen had assured him that Nico would get bored soon since there were only so many pictures the puzzle could show, but so far it didn’t look like Nico was anywhere done with the game.

It came to the point where he brought it to a Counsellor meeting.

Will felt himself getting more and more irritated as he sat next to Nico. Clarisse was fighting with the Hermes cabin about something that went missing and Chiron was trying to calm them down, but Will wasn’t paying attention. Neither was Nico, who was intensely staring at the puzzle pieces spread on the table in front of him, putting them together like some kind of religious ritual.

He hadn’t even said hi to Will when he came in, too busy with his game. That hurt the blonde. The Italian smiled as he placed the last puzzle in place and the whole thing shimmered, before revealing what looked like the French catacombs, where the realistic skulls tumbled off the skeletal walls to dance on the floor. Nico grinned at it like a kid and then took the thing apart, and started putting it back together.

Will just wanted him to look away from the damned thing. He shifted his chair closer to Nico though nobody noticed, too busy watching the fight between Clarisse and the Stoll’s develop. Percy had a packet of popcorn in his lap and was sharing it with Piper next to him.

Will slipped his hand under the table and placed it on Nico’s thigh. The Italian sent him a quick glance. Get off, he mouthed, and then turned back to his puzzle. Will wasn’t about to give up, so his thumb started to stroke his boyfriend’s thigh. Nico ignored him so Will’s hand slid a bit up. He still got no reaction. The conversation changed to something about the Romans visiting and Will’s hand slid over Nico’s crotch. The boy jumped and a blush flooded his cheeks.

“Stop it,” he said under his breath, glaring at Will.

The blonde grinned innocently and when Nico turned back to his puzzle he repeated the movement. Annoyed Nico grabbed his hand and shoved it away.

“Let me do my puzzle,” he growled.

Will got annoyed. All he was trying to do is get Nico to pay even just a little bit of attention to him.

“Screw you,” he snapped and then got up.

“Will?” everyone blinked at him, surprise by the sudden movement.
“Hey-,” Nico started, but Will turned on his heel and strode out, irritated, ignoring the Italian’s confused and hurt expression.

***

When Will saw Nico the next day at breakfast the guilt really hit him. The blonde was never the one getting mad, and yet this time he was determined to hold his grudge...until he saw Nico making sad puppy eyes at him across the dining pavilion. He looked so adorable that Will almost threw himself at him and hugged him and kissed him and told him to smile.

But then he saw that damned puzzle in front of Nico on the table and he changed his mind.

When noon hit Will couldn’t take it anymore – he missed talking to Nico, missed touching him. So he went and looked for him, ready to apologise and fix everything between them. *It’s just a stupid puzzle,* he told himself as he checked the Big House and the Hades Cabin, but Nico wasn’t there.

He was outside the Hecate Cabin instead, talking to Alabaster Torrington. The boy was *too* close to Nico, one of his hands resting on the wall of the Cabin, caging Nico in. The Italian didn’t look caged though, smiling up at the Hecate boy, hugging the stupid puzzle box to his chest. *He was probably the one who gave the puzzle to Nico.* Will felt his anger spark, and his hands clench into fists.

Nico glanced at him and his eyes widened, “Will,” he said, interrupting Alabaster mid word and pulling away.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to intrude,” Will said, hating how jealous he sounded, and then he walked away, because he didn’t know what else to do. Nico seemed to rather hang out with everyone else apart from his boyfriend. *What if that means he wants to break up?*

***

That night Will was cleaning things away in the infirmary, the other Apollo kids back in their Cabin. There were no patients present today so Will had time to himself to contemplate his relationship. He loved Nico, horribly, unconditionally, that much was clear...and yet he couldn’t help but think that lately Nico was giving him the cold shoulder.

Maybe the puzzle was nothing more than Nico’s way of trying to get Will to give him space. The blonde hated that thought, and it made his heart hurt. He didn’t know what else to do. Nico seemed to rather hang out with everyone else apart from his boyfriend. *What if that means he wants to break up?*

***

When he opened it he expected to find some wounded Demigod wanting immediate help and was shocked to see Nico instead. The boy’s hair was fluffy and wavy and Will knew he had just gotten out of the shower. He was in his pyjama bottoms and his shoes were unlaced. He was almost drowning in one of the hoodie’s Will left at his Cabin once. His eyes were on his shoes, his cheeks red, the cursed puzzle box tucked under his arm.

“Nico,” Will said.

“Um...hi,” Nico glanced up at his boyfriend, shy and cute. Will’s heart clenched.

“What are you doing here?” he asked, mouth dry, terrified that Nico would say those five horrid words. *I’m breaking up with you.*

“I just...I...,” Nico bit his lip and looked away, and then held his puzzle box out, like a peace offering, “I wanted to know if you wanted to put a puzzle together with me.”
Will blinked at him, “What?”

“It’s okay if you don’t,” Nico hurriedly shoved the box back under his arm, burning holes in the ground with his eyes, “I just thought it’d be nice...,” he mumbled self consciously.

Will grabbed his shoulder and leaned down, kissing the boy’s forehead, relief flooding him.

“I’d love to do a puzzle with you,” he said with a smile, feeling as light as a feather. Nico smiled right back at him. *I can’t believe I was jealous of a damn puzzle,* Will thought as Nico came in.
Percy x Nico where Nico has been pining for years. Percy knows his affection and uses it to manipulate him. He also keeps playing around with guys and girls and flaunting them to Nico to make him jealous. He dismisses Nico because he knows that even though the raven keeps saying that he'll leave him, he didn't and he can't. That's until 'something happens' and Nico started falling out of love. Percy didn't know how to react at this but he didn't want to lose his loyal friend(?). So he chases him back. The hard way. Because after the lies Nico heard from him, it's hard to consider the truth in what he says anymore. Happy ending please.

For Anonimousse

Nico shuffled through the mess in his locker, desperately looking for his biology textbook. It was at times like this that the fourteen year old was regretting never keeping his locker in order. All the other times, he didn’t really care.

“Hey, Neeks!” Percy Jackson said cheerfully. Nico would recognise his voice in the dark, and he hated how it made him jump a little. He just surprised me, the Italian told himself as he pulled away from his locker to complain to his best friend about never being to find a goddamn thing in the dark pit.

His mouth went dry when he turned around though.

Percy was standing in front of him, grinning, arm casually slung over the shoulders of their class president, Annabeth Chase. Casually probably wasn’t the right word for it – it wasn’t in the way that Percy sometimes put his arm around Nico, in a friendly manner, but it was in a romantic way. In a girlfriend-boyfriend way.

Nico had no idea why his stomach was suddenly somersaulting.

“Hi,” he said, swallowing past the lump in his throat.

“I wanted you to be the first to know,” Percy was grinning proudly, “me and Annabeth are dating now.”

Annabeth rolled her eyes fondly and the way she looked at Percy made Nico feel sick.

“O-Oh,” he said, shakily, not knowing why his knees felt weak. It was just Percy. And his girlfriend, “Uh...congrats man.”

“Thanks, Neeks,” Percy clapped him on the shoulder and Nico fought a flinch. And then the fourteen year old leaned down and kissed Annabeth, right there, in the middle of the hallway. In front of Nico.
Don’t run, Nico told himself sternly as he felt his stomach and heart twist with...sadness? Jealousy? Confusion? He couldn’t tell. Don’t run. Don’t run.

He stayed where he was, frozen to the ground as Percy kissed Annabeth, and maybe it he had ran away then, like the coward he was, then he would’ve saved himself some pain.

***

At the beginning it was just dating. At the beginning it was holding hands and slightly awkward, uncoordinated kisses in the corner of the cafeteria. At the beginning it was just a sickening feeling in Nico’s mouth whenever he looked at the couple.

And then the next year it got worse.

Then it was sex too. It was Percy telling him in explicit detail how good it felt for him to be inside Annabeth, what noises she made, all in this awe-stricken voice that made Nico’s stomach lurch and his hands tremble. He wanted to be happy for Percy, but it was hard as he came to terms with his horrible, soul-destroying crush he had on his best friend.

Nico would’ve thought that the more he looked at Annabeth and Percy acting like two lovebirds the more his feelings would disappear, but if anything they just intensified more. Nico was in that stage where he was questioning himself – his newfound realisation that he might just be gay (backed up with a lot of porn browsing and several wet dreams involving his best friend) rocked his world.

And then Percy got invited to the first highschool party. Nico didn’t notice that somehow, in the year that the boy had been balancing his friendship with the Italian and his new girlfriend, he had somehow climbed up the social hierarchy and was now one of the ‘popular’ guys. And being that, he got Nico invited as well.

Nico found himself smooched on someone’s couch with two people in on either side, acting like he was part of the furniture. All night his eyes were trained on Annabeth and Percy in the corner of the dark living room, snogging each other’s faces off. Only alcohol seemed to help drown his feelings out. Nico had never drank before and yet the only time these popular kids acknowledged him was to push red solo cups into his hands and chant drink drink drink, only to go back to ignoring him after he finished the cup.

He had finished four cups. Of God knows what.

His head was spinning, his bones felt like they were made of styrofoam. His eyes felt like they weren’t properly attached to his skull and things seemed weirdly funny, to the point where Nico was slumped on the pillows, giggling at nothing.

“Nico,” Percy came up to him, frowning. Annabeth had evaporated somewhere and the boy seemed sober when he grabbed Nico’s wrist and pulled him up off the couch, “How much did you drink?”

Nico giggled, “Fuck knows,” he slurred, slumping against Percy. The boy rolled his eyes,

“Oh, time to get your ass home,” he said. Nico heard him say goodbye to a bunch of people as if through fog, and the next thing he knew was that he and Percy were out in the cold air of the winter night, “Buses ain’t cruising anymore. Uber or walk?”

In reply Nico shoved him against the wall. His brain wasn’t working properly so he didn’t know whether he did it consciously or if his body just lost balance. Either way he ended up pressing against his best friend. He was a good head shorter than Percy so he had to stand on his tiptoes to kiss him.
Almost instantly, before Nico’s mouth could register what Percy’s lips felt like, he was being shoved away.

“Nico what the fuck?!” Percy demanded, wiping his mouth, “I’m not gay!”

“I like you,” Nico blurted, and then giggled, and then bent over and threw up at his feet. He heard Percy sigh,

“Uber it is,” he said.

Nico woke up in the morning with a hangover and Percy was gone, and when they saw each other in school the next day neither spoke about what happened.

***

They were sixteen and Percy gave Nico a spare key to his flat. Nico didn’t know why he did that, though Percy kept repeating it was because Nico almost lived at his anyway, and it was easier to hang out there since Percy’s mom worked evening shifts.

Nico wasn’t kidding himself – he remembered what he said to Percy over a year ago, cried over it, but Percy had failed to acknowledge it. He was clearly sparing Nico’s feelings by not rejecting him openly. But then he’d go and do things like this – like give Nico his flat key. As if they were more than friends.

Nico’s feelings for the blue eyed boy weren’t going anywhere. They had lodged themselves permanently in his heart and were eating away at him from the inside. He had lost weight, lost appetite, he couldn’t sleep at night. He was understanding that what he was feeling for Percy was more than just a crush.

Which was why it hurt so fucking much when he let himself into Percy’s flat one afternoon, only to find the boy only in his boxers on his bed, with some stranger boy underneath him, kissing. Nico stood frozen in the doorway.

“Fuck!” the guy who he didn’t know stumbled from the bed, and he was butt naked. He grabbed his clothes, “You said we’d be alone!” he shouted at Percy, annoyed, and then shoved past the shocked Nico, and went down the corridor.

Annoyed, Percy sat up, rubbing his head.

“Can’t you fucking knock?”

Nico couldn’t think properly.

“I thought you weren’t gay,” he said, voice strained. Percy rolled his eyes and reached for his trousers, pulling them on.

“Yeah, well, I don’t like labels.”

“But...but...,” Nico swallowed, “What about Annabeth?”

Percy snorted, “We broke up last week.”

“And you didn’t tell me?” now Nico was really hurt, “I’m your best friend for God’s sake.”

“I didn’t know how you’d take it,” Percy shrugged. The front door slammed close as Percy’s hook up escaped, “Well, he’s gone. Thanks for the blueballs, Nico. Wanna do something about it?” Percy
grinned at Nico suggestively. The Italian flinched.

“Is that what you think of me?” he asked, anger creeping into his voice. It was the first time Percy had acknowledged Nico’s feelings for him, “That I’m so in love with you that I’ll just get on my knees and suck your dick because you ask?”

Percy rolled his eyes again, “God, this is what I meant, this is why I didn’t want to tell you about me and Annabeth. Relax, it was just a joke Neeks.”

“I can’t take this,” Nico exhaled, staring at his feet, “I...I can’t...we need to end this.”

“What? Are you friend-breaking up with me?” Percy asked, wriggling his eyebrows. He thought this whole thing was a joke and Nico wanted to scream at his feelings, ask them why they were still inside him, why they weren’t evaporating the more Percy taunted him.

“I’m going home,” Nico said faintly, turning on his heel.

Percy caught his wrist, “C’mon it was just a joke. Don’t be dramatic. I’ll make popcorn and we can watch that new movie you wanted to see? I downloaded it for you.”

Nico swallowed. This is what he meant – Percy would sometimes do things like this, things that confused Nico and blurred the line between love and friendship for him. He exhaled and his shoulders slumped. In the end, no matter how much he hated it, he was powerless against Percy.

“Yeah,” he said, “Okay.”

***

How many times had Nico repeated ‘I can’t do this anymore?’ since that time? Too many to remember. Percy was constantly flaunting girls and boys in front of Nico, as if to get a reaction out of him. And each time Nico just curled in on himself and gritted his teeth and told Percy I can’t do this anymore and Percy reminded him that they’re best friends or something stupid like that, and the seventeen year old would drag himself home to cry into his pillow about how much his heart hurt, only to do it all over again.

Three years. He had had feelings for Percy for three years. Three torturous years of watching him be with other people, shower them with his affection and attention, with Nico always standing there, just yearning for him. It was killing him inside but Percy didn’t seem to notice that, almost as if it was a stupid joke for him, to see how far he could push Nico before he snapped.

He knew full well about the boy’s feelings for him, and yet he still chose to hurt him. Nico didn’t understand why; did Percy get some kick out of it? Did Nico get some kind of kick for sticking around?

He finally got a reality check the night of his eighteenth birthday.

Percy had asked him the previous week to come to his flat that night. They had planned it for ages, it was a tradition – to eat cake in their pj’s and then watch Nightmare Before Christmas. They did it every year for Nico’s birthday.

Which didn’t explain why the freshly-eighteen year old was sitting at Percy’s kitchen table all by himself as the minutes ticked by. It was almost midnight and Percy was nowhere to be seen, even though four hours have passed since Nico arrived. He didn’t pick up his phone or answer his texts. And Nico, like the love sick idiot he was, waited for him. He sat at the table and stared at his wrapped up cake miserably, and with each passing minute his heart sunk lower.
He’s not coming, he told himself. He felt annoyed with himself when he felt tears prick the back of his eyes. Percy’s an asshole, Nico thought, and for the first time he kind of believed that. The pink sunglasses he had been wearing seemed to evaporate now. Not only did Percy hurt him as his crush, but now he also hurt him as a friend.

When it got to midnight Nico stood up from the table. It was his eighteenth birthday and instead of having fun, partying, getting drunk, he was waiting for someone who would never going to want him back. It was like someone had doused Nico in cold water. He shrugged on his coat, put his shoes back on, and left Percy’s flat.

He bumped into the flushed, breathless boy outside the building. Seeing him didn’t make Nico feel anything other than more pain.

“Nico,” Percy said, gasping for air, because he had clearly been running, “I-“

“Save it,” Nico said, emotionless, cold. He started to walk away, hands in pockets. He wanted to go home and forget about everything. Percy chased after him

“I’m sorry! I got caught up with...with...I didn’t forget I swear-“

“You were busy fucking someone and you forgot, don’t make excuses,” Nico said bitterly. Percy grabbed his arm to get him to stop walking but Nico roughly shoved him off, “It’s over, Percy.”

“C’mon don’t say that,” there was a desperation in Percy’s eyes, “I’ll make it up to you. Please I-“

Nico stopped walking and turned to look at his best friend, “I can’t do this anymore,” he said, voice unwavering. Percy looked at him, and then his expression crumbled.

“Yeah you can,” he said, sounding almost broken, “I’ll fix this.”

“You can’t,” Nico shook his head, then laughed miserably, “there’s nothing to fix. I’ve been in love with you for four years. Did you know that? Who am I kidding, of course you knew that. And yet you tortured me for all this time, parading all your fuckbuddies in front of me like a damn fashion show.”

“Nico, that’s not-“ Percy started, but Nico wouldn’t let him speak.

“I don’t want to see you again Percy. I can’t take it,” he sniffled, feeling the tears come,

“Congratulations, you b-broke me. That’s w-what you wanted w-wasn’t it?”

“No,” Percy said desperately, reaching for Nico, “Neeks I didn’t-“

Nico stumbled away from him. Percy tried to convey something through his eyes, but Nico wasn’t looking anymore. He turned on his heel and ran, like he should’ve done all those years ago.

***

Percy was persistent, Nico would give him that. He flooded Nico’s phone with messages, and the boy had to block him on everything, even fucking Skype. He felt better with every block button he pressed, lighter, freeing himself from the pain he had brought on himself. He wouldn’t have to watch Percy kiss anyone anymore, won’t have to listen about his sex life. He wouldn’t have to hurt anymore.

He could find himself a guy who wasn’t Percy Jackson, and fall in love again and not get his heart broken. Yes, he could do that. Or at least that’s what he told himself.
Percy came to his door, knocking and begging Nico to open, promising he could explain, apologize. Nico ignored him every time, squeezing his eyes shut until the knocking eventually died away. It felt good to know that Percy was suffering too – that fucker deserved it. And yet each time he came to Nico’s door a part of the Italian wanted to run into his arms.

Then the letters started. Every Wednesday for two months straight, Percy would leave him a letter. Nico could never get through more than a few lines of them without his heart burning unbearably.

Dear Nico. I fucked up, I know. I didn’t realise you’d actually leave...

Dear Nico. Are you ever going to forgive me? I’ll fix things, I promise. I’ll change. I didn’t realise how much I meant to you...

Dear Nico. I miss you. I miss you so damn much. I shouldn’t but I do...

Dear Nico. Please. Write back. Anything. I need to talk to you, badly...

Dear Nico. Are you ever going to reply? Am I going to have to send these letter forever?

Dear Nico. Do you even read these? Or do they just pile up under your door? It’s one of the things I think about. I think about you, a lot, about how...

Dear Nico. You’re breaking me. I guess I deserve that, since I broke you too. I need you to know that I never meant for this to happen...

Dear Nico. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I want my best friend back. I want you back...

Nico reckoned if he forgave Percy it should be a big, dramatic, I’ll-jump-into-your-arms-in-the-middle-of-the-road kind of thing. But it wasn’t.

Nico woke up one Wednesday morning and a question appeared in his brain, a question he hadn’t bothered to ask before. Why am I punishing myself? Sure, Percy was miserable, but so was Nico. He could pretend all he wanted that his feelings for his best friend were gone, but he would be lying to himself. He loved Percy, and each morning he woke up, and each beginning of a stupid letter he read, he just loved him more.

So when he heard the familiar shuffling of paper being slotted underneath his front door on that particular Wednesday, Nico got up, went to the door, and opened it.

Percy was startled. He clearly hadn’t expected for the door to open. There were dark circles under his eyes, and he looked exhausted, his hair messier than usual. His hand was frozen mid-air as his eyes widened.

“Nico,” he breathed, in shock.

“Yeah,” Nico said, emotionlessly. Percy exhaled, and Nico could see his shoulders shaking. He opened and closed his mouth a couple times, looking for words.

“I’m sorry,” he said eventually.

“Okay.”

“Nico I—“

“I said okay.”
Percy bit his lip, “Can I come in?”

Nico shrugged and moved to the side to let him in. Percy perched on the edge of Nico’s sofa as if he was a stranger in the boy’s home, as if he hadn’t slept on that specific sofa a hundred times. Nico made him coffee, and himself a cup of tea, and gave it to Percy, and sat on the opposite edge of the couch. Methodically, emotionlessly, like a robot.

“Can I ask you a question?” Nico asked after a moment of hesitant, tense silence. Percy took a sip of his coffee.

“Yeah. Anything you want.”

“How many people have you slept with since my birthday?”

Nico knew the answer would hurt him. Percy turned to him, his eyes soft.

“None,” he didn’t even hesitate. Nico looked away.

“Can I ask you a question?” Percy asked nervously. Nico put his cup down, his hands shaking too much to hold it, and pulled his knees to his chest. He shrugged, hugged himself and looked away, “Go on.”

“Are you still in love with me?”

Nico hated himself for his answer, “Yes.”

Another heavy silence settled over them.

“Nico?”

“Yeah?”

“I think I love you too.”

“...Okay.”

They sat in silence, and Nico’s mind tried to very calmly analyse what Percy just told him. It didn’t seem real. It felt like a lie. The blue eyed boy reached across the couch space and took Nico’s hand. The Italian glanced at him, then looked away, but didn’t move his hand away. Percy squeezed.

“I don’t expect you to forgive me straight away,” he said softly.

“I won’t,” Nico looked right ahead, but his fingers slotted between Percy’s.

“Okay.”

Okay was all Nico could hope for right now, but it was enough. It was okay.
The whole camp thinks Will is in love with Lacey but in reality he's in love with Nico but Lacey also has a thing for Will so what the Aphrodite cabin does is they give will a potion that makes him desire sex with the one he loves and everyone thinks he's going to go for Lacey but ends up going for Nico

A/N: This prompt has been altered by yours truly, because it included Will raping Nico which I not only think is OOC but also rape is something I refuse to write in a love-context rather than a traumatic past experience. Normally I just wouldn’t write a prompt with rape but I liked the first bit of it, so I’m still going to write that.

"Just give it to him," Drew giggled, pushing the little vial into Lacy’s hand. The younger girl looked at her uncertainly,

"A love potion?" she asked hesitantly, "I don’t know..."

"You fancy Will," Valentina Diaz stated, a smirk playing on her face, "and everyone in Camp knows Will is head over heels in love with you!"

"But...,” Lacy bit her lip, turning the vial of the see-through liquid in her hand nervously, “How do you know?"

"He’s nice to you. He’s always talking to you when he sees you around,” Drew shook her head, “What more evidence do you need? I heard him talking about mesmerizing dark eyes to Lee.”

"That doesn’t mean anything,” Silena spoke for the first time, from her bed where she was flicking through magazines, “There’s plenty of people in camp with dark eyes,” she sat up, “and a love potion is a seriously bad idea.”

“It’s a brilliant idea!” Drew snapped.
“Well...,” Valentina started to look unsure, “I mean...maybe a sex love potion isn’t the best one to pick...”

“Oh, don’t be a wimp,” Drew rolled her eyes, “When Will drinks that potion he will desire to have sex with the one he loves,” she wriggled her eyebrows at Valentina who giggled. Lacy blushed but smiled a little, “and our little sister over here will get herself a hot, Apollo cabin boyfriend!”

“I still-,” Silena started.

“I’m doing it,” Lacy stated, shoving the vial into her pocket, “I’m gonna get Will. He’s mine.”

“Spoken like a true daughter of Aphrodite,” Drew grinned at her.

***

Lacy sat on the edge of the bench at dinner time. None of the Aphrodite kids were even pretending to be eating as they anxiously awaited the arrival of the Apollo kids. Lacy’s sisters had assured her that the second Will saw her the potion would come into action and she’d have to be ready for him to act on his feelings and whisk her off to have passionate sex with her.

Several of the other kids were aware of this plan, and were grinning at each other at their tables, waiting for Will to finally get with Lacy.

“Here they come,” Valentina hissed, grinning. Next to her Silena rolled her eyes and Piper sighed, “This isn’t going to end well,” she said.

“You got everything?” Drew double checked as the group of kids came down from the infirmary, “lube, condoms?”

Lacy nodded, “Yes.”

“Great.”

All the Aphrodite girls leaned forward as the Apollo kids spilled into the dining pavilion. Will was at the very end, and it was very clear the potion had taken effect. His cheeks were redder than usual, his eyes darker. He looked flustered and uncomfortable.

Almost in slow motion his eyes slid to Lacy. The Aphrodite girls held their breath. Will looked at the girl for a second. Then he smiled, a tense, small smile. And then he looked away.

“What the-,” Drew started, but then Will’s eyes landed on Nico di Angelo.

The Italian was sitting with his visiting sister at the Hades table, talking to her in hushed tones. Everyone stared in shock as Will suddenly made for him, direct and with purpose. Nico looked up, startled, and Will grabbed him by the wrist.

Before anyone could react he pulled Nico from the table and then literally dragged him towards the Hades Cabin, the dark-eyed boy asking a million questions a second, face bright red. The campers watched them go in shock.

“Oh fuck,” Valentina whispered.

“We fucked up,” Drew groaned.

Silena and Piper high-fived under the table.
Will slammed Nico against the wall inside the Hades Cabin, roughly. The Italian looked at him in surprise and confusion and Will slapped his hands on either side of his head. He didn’t look like himself, his eyes were almost black with...lust. The realisation made Nico’s breath catch. The blonde was looking at him with hunger – the Italian had no idea where it came from.

“Will what the hell is going on?” he asked shakily.

“They gave me something,” even Will’s voice was rougher than normal, “I don’t know what.”

“Who did?”

“I...I...,” the blonde squeezed his eyes shut, his hands trembling as if he was trying to control himself, “I-I...I need to have sex with you right now.”

Nico’s mouth went dry, “I-Is this some kind of joke?”

“I love you,” Will blurted, “I love you and I-I can’t control myself, so please, please say yes or get away from me o-or...or...fuck.” he gasped. Nico’s eyes slid lower and he saw a bulge in Will’s trousers. He felt a shock of warmth go through him and his own cock replied with a twitch in his pants.

“I...I...,” he tried to think of something that would justify this crazy situation but came up with nothing, “Yes,” he whispered, “Okay. Yes.”

Will collided their mouths together in a passionate, breathtaking kiss. Nico didn’t know why he let him, why he hadn’t said no. He wasn’t the kind of person to just have sex with anyone...but then again, Will wasn’t just anyone. He was most likely the love of Nico’s life though the Italian didn’t like admitting that, even to himself. Right now his body was admitting it though, his hands grasping at Will’s Camp t-shirt, pulling him closer, their mouths moving together as if they were created to be pressed together like this, tongues sliding against each other, noses brushing ever so gently.

One of Will’s strong arms was wrapped around Nico’s waist and Nico had never bothered to assign an adjective to the boy’s arms of all things, but as he felt the hard muscle rest against him he decided that Will was definitely strong. Strong enough to force Nico to stay here and have sex with him, and yet he had given him an option – to go or to stay. And with each second of their passionate, jaw-aching kiss, Nico was more and more okay with his decision.

Nico pushed Will away suddenly as everything clicked in his head, “W-Wait...did you j-just say you love me?”

“I said that like five minutes ago,” Will replied, as breathless as Nico.

“Oh,” the boy mumbled, melting a little. Will looked like he wanted to say something but clearly whatever he was under was stronger than him because he ducked his head and kissed Nico again.

His hands scrambled, almost clumsily, but in the most endearing way, at the bottom of Nico’s t-shirt and tugged it over his head. Nico’s automatic reaction was to cover his skinny, pale body because nobody had ever seen him naked, but Will pushed them away, kissing down Nico’s neck hungrily, desperately, like he couldn’t get enough of him.

“You’re gorgeous,” he gasped against Nico’s skin, making him shiver and bite back a moan, “You’re so perfect. I’m obsessed with you.”
“Y-You’re under some love potion aren’t you?” Nico whimpered when Will bit his nipple suddenly. His hips jerked forward and his erection – which he couldn’t remember getting – brushed against Will’s thigh.

“Yes,” Will pressed their foreheads together. The blonde’s skin was hot to the touch, “But everything I-I’m saying...I mean it. This potion is just making me hella fucking brave.”

His eyes slid to Nico’s lips and his mouth followed seconds after. Will’s hands were groping everywhere, across Nico’s hips, his ass, his thighs, and the Italian didn’t care, hands sliding into the blonde’s hair and pulling him closer to him, so they were pressed into each other almost painfully.

Nico had never had someone be so into him, especially not someone as gorgeous and amazing as Will, so it was all a bit much. Will pulled away only so he could pull his own shirt off. Nico’s eyes slid down his freckled, tanned, muscled chest, and the blonde kissed the side of his neck, bit at his earlobe, decorated his neck with hickeys. When he pressed closer Nico felt his cock brush against his leg.

“Bed,” Will muttered feverishly, pulling Nico from the wall and walking him backwards towards the bed, “Now. I have to...I need you now...”

Whatever Nico was going to reply was drowned in Will’s mouth, which returned back onto the Italian’s. The boy felt his soft covers beneath his back when the blonde pushed him down. He felt safe like this, nestled among the pillows, Will on top of him, kissing him like he was the eighth wonder of the world.

“I want to go slowly,” the blonde said suddenly, breaking away to bury his face in Nico’s shoulder, which he then proceeded to automatically kiss, “I-I want to do this p-properly but...ngerhh, fuck it’s s-so hard when you’re s-so gorgeous and I j-just-”

Nico could tell that Will was having an internal war, trying to fight whatever potion they had given him. To help him Nico shoved his own trousers down, alongside his underwear, throwing them to the side so he just laid there, underneath Will, completely naked.

“Fuck,” Will murmured, eyes wide, just staring at him to the point where Nico started fidgeting, “Fuck,” his voice was laced with need and he quickly undressed himself, and then tangled his naked body with Nico’s. His skin was so hot, or maybe Nico was just cold. Either way it caused him to shiver.

Will climbed off the bed and scrambled in the pocket of his jeans, discarded on the floor, pulling out a condom and lube before hurriedly climbing back on top of Nico.

“Do you usually just carry that with you?” the Italian asked with an eyebrow raised. Will shrugged and kissed the hollow of his throat as he rolled the condom onto his impressive cock. Nico subconsciously swallowed at the size of it.

Will’s expression softened, “Please tell me you want this,” he breathed, “I need to hear it.”

Nico’s heart warmed at how gentle his words were, “I want this,” he said, and Will’s naked, freckled shoulders slumped with relief, “I want you.”

Despite how much the love potion was pushing Will to just claim Nico, the Italian could tell Will was determined to make sure he didn’t hurt him. He took his time opening Nico up, thrusting his long fingers inside the boy until he was writhing and mewling against the covers.

It hurt when Will first pushed his cock in, but the look on his face, of absolute bliss, made it worth it.
Nico tried not to show his discomfort or make any noise as Will sunk into him with a soft gasp, hands fisting in the sheets next to Nico. The blonde buried his face in Nico’s shoulder and tried to breathe properly, and Nico’s hands came around him to cling at his back.

“I love you,” he murmured, as he felt Will’s throbbing cock inside of him, stretching him, burning. Will muttered something, voice muffled, but Nico didn’t couldn’t make it out. He kissed the side of Will’s head, panting for air, “M-Move,” he asked after a moment, when he finally started getting used to how full he felt.

Will pulled out and pushed back in, surprisingly gentle, and the two moaned simultaneously. Nico’s head fell against the pillows and Will pulled back to balanced on his arms. When he thrust in again Nico’s legs fell open on their own accord, giving him better access.

“I can’t,” Will gasped, and then without warning he was pounding into Nico, holding his hips in a bruising grip. Nico cried out, feeling pain spike up his spine, mixed with pleasure suddenly coiling in his stomach.

With each of Will’s thrusts the pain disappeared and the pleasure built up, until all Nico could do was moan the blonde’s name and try not to come. Will’s hair was falling into his sweaty forehead, his eyes were black, his muscles rippling as he fucked Nico.

The son of Hades was just getting used to Will’s cock penetrating him, over and over, when the blonde suddenly hit something inside of him that made air disappear from his lungs and all his muscles to tense as liquid fire dripped to his groin.

“F-Fuck o-oh G-God-“

Will’s thrusts sped up, and he hit that spot over and over until Nico was sobbing, scratching bloody lines into his lovers back.

***

Will and Nico walked into the dining pavilion holding hands in the morning. Will had dark circles under his eyes and his hair was messy, something unusual for him. Nico was wearing one of the blonde’s sweatshirts, his neck decorated with hickeys. Everyone was staring, open mouthed.

Nico went to the Hades table and Will casually walked over to the shocked Aphrodite table.

“Thanks,” he said, throwing the empty love potion vial at them, smiling, and then went to join his boyfriend.
Beautiful Girls

Nico x Will Where the Hecate cabin accidentally turns Will into a girl and a head counsellor meeting is called and Will is, like, hiding beneath the ping pong table or something. Will refuses to let Nico see him but Nico doesn't care and maybe kisses him while he's in that form. It would be funny if Will was still way taller than Nico while in that form and still had short hair. (Like a pixie). The potion wears off.

For GwennyPenny

Nico walked up to the Big House with his heart heavy in his chest, feeling like someone was squeezing his insides. An emergency Counsellor meeting had been called, and the only thing the Hermes kid delivering the message had told Nico was that it was urgent, and that it had something to do with Will.

The Italian hadn’t seen the blonde all day and normally he wouldn’t have worried because Will was always busy with injured Demigods and so they often didn’t see each other. But now Nico was terrified that something bad had happened, even thought he was sure that if Will had been hurt he would’ve felt it.

He was the last one into the room, which was already crowded with other Demigods, and he forcefully shoved his way to the front.

“Where’s Will?” he demanded, interrupting Chiron mid-word.

“Don’t worry,” Laurel Victor from the Nike Cabin rolled her eyes, standing next to her twin sister, “Nothing’s happened to your little boyfriend.”

“Where is he?” Nico demanded, again, ignoring the girl. Percy put a comforting hand on his shoulder,

“Relax. It’s not serious.”

“Not serious!?” Butch Walker from the Iris Cabin demanded, the big boy’s brows furrowed, “this is incredibly serious!”

Nico’s hands were shaking, “Can someone just explain what the fuck is happening to me?”

“Language, Mr di Angelo,” Chiron chided. Piper took Nico’s hand and bit her lip,
“So...uh...there’s been a bit of a...mishap...”

Nico swallowed, feeling like he was going to pass out from worry, “Is he hurt? I-Is he...is he...”

“Oh for God’s sake,” Annabeth snapped, waking up Clovis from the Hypnos Cabin, who had been sleeping on the ping pong table, “The Hecate Cabin put a damn spell on Will.”

All eyes turned to Lou Ellen. The girl looked uncomfortable, “Objection!” she protested, “putting implies it was intentional! It wasn’t...,” she looked at Nico sheepishly, “it was an accident.”

“What kind of spell?” Nico asked, throat dry, “Where is he? I want to see him,” he was frantic.

Leo snorted in amusement, “Oh, he’s right here bro,” he was grinning. Nico’s shoulders relaxed a little bit – if Leo was grinning then it wasn’t serious. The Italian’s eyes swept over the room, but his boyfriend was nowhere to be seen.

“Did you turn him invisible?” he snapped at Lou Ellen, more aggressively than he had meant. He felt bad when the girl flushed in shame and looked at her feet.

“No...it’s not that...”

“They turned him into a girl,” Jason said with a sigh. The tension in the room broke abruptly. Leo hid his smile behind his hand and Conor and Travis openly giggled. Nico blinked at them in surprise.

“You,” he took a deep breath, “turned my boyfriend...into a girl.”

“Yeah,” Lou Ellen fidgeted, “it was an accident, I swear.”

Nico ran a hand through his hair, “Alright, where is he?”

Sherman Yang looked pointedly at the table that Clovis was napping at, “He refuses to come out.”

“I don’t want you to see me,” Will finally spoke. He sounded miserable, his voice a higher pitch than normal and more girly. Nico couldn’t hide his smile,

“I thought you died with the big deal everyone was making of this,” he scolded playfully, “Come out so we can fix this.”

“Yeah, please let me fix this,” Lou said desperately.

“This is gonna be good,” Pollux from the Dionysus Cabin pulled a bag of popcorn from his pocket and started sharing it with Katie Gardner.

“Actually I think everyone should leave,” Piper said sternly, “give them some privacy.”

“Piper is right,” Chiron nodded, “Everyone except Nico and Lou Ellen please go.”

There were groans of disappointment but aided by Annabeth, Piper and Jason, Chiron managed to get the group of Demigods to shuffle out of the House, leaving Nico alone with the daughter of Hecate, the sleeping Clovis, and his now-female boyfriend, still under the ping pong table.


“No,” Will replied stubbornly, and it was still his voice, but it was altered somehow, “You’re not seeing me like this.”
“Will please,” now Lou Ellen spoke, “I feel horrible, but I need you to come out so I can get you back to normal. Please.”

Will was always sympathetic and kind and he wasn’t immune to the guilt in Lou’s voice so after a second Nico heard a heavy, depressed sigh, and then there was shuffling under the table. A hand brushed back the table-cloth...a slimmer, more delicate hand than Will’s, but still probably bigger than Nico’s, and then Will emerged in his new form.

Nico didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

Will as a girl...well, he was pretty. His hair was in an adorable pixie cut, his curls only slightly longer than normal, framing his face. His bone structure had changed so his jaw was softer, his eyelashes longer, lips more pouty. There was a blush on his freckled cheeks, but his eyes were the same. Where normally he was all straight edges and light muscle now he was softer, hips more curvy, small breasts pressing against his shirt. Nico felt himself blushing looking at him, because if he had been straight he would’ve thought Will in this female body was hot as fuck.

The infuriating thing was that the blonde was still taller than Nico. And not even by a little bit, towering over the Italian by at least a good head.

“I hate this,” Will mumbled, and then looked at Lou Ellen, “Fix it.”

Lou Ellen started feverishly try to remember a counter spell and Nico turned to the flustered Will.

“You’re pretty,” he said. Will glared.

“That’s not helping.”

Nico shrugged, “I love you.”

Will couldn’t help but smile at that, “I love you too,” he said in his new, soft, girlish way. Nico took his hand and pulled him closer and stood on his tiptoes. Will still smelled the same – of medicine, apples and deodorant – and his lips were still a little chapped and tasting like strawberries when Nico kissed him. With his eyes closed, he forgot that the blonde was a girl.

Lou Ellen chanted something in Ancient Greek and the hair on Nico’s arms stood up. He pulled away from the kiss, eyes fluttering open, and Will was back to normal, looking a little dazed and flushed. Nico smiled.

“There’s my man,” he said, and kissed Will again.
Can you do a Jerce where Jason keeps challenging Percy to a sword fight to prove that he's better. Percy ignores him at first but Jason gets annoying and makes fun on Percy's masculinity. That pisses Percy off who proceeds to put Jason in his place. One thing leads to another and the fight devolves into Percy fucking Jason.

For Guest

Percy was teaching a class of twelve year old Demigods how to properly swing a sword. He liked this, being a teacher, giving the younger ones support he himself had gotten from Luke...minus the whole scorpion and betrayal part.

But he couldn’t teach when Jason Grace was leaning against the wall, watching him with challenge in his blue eyes. Ever since he had showed up from Camp Jupiter, acting like some kind of God, he had been challenging Percy and his leadership. It was hard, especially since they were going off on a Quest together soon, to have two Alpha males in one place at once.

“Come on Jackson!” Jason yelled defiantly when the kids started practicing their moves. The blonde had a hand casually resting against the sword at his belt, “Why don’t we show them how it’s really done?”

“I’m not going to sword fight with you,” Percy sighed, for the third time that week.

He hated Jason. The blonde seemed set to prove he was better than Percy. Normally the Greek would’ve physically asserted his dominance but it was hard since Jason had the same body structure as him, was the same height...and just generally looked like he could take Percy on. Of course, the Son of Poseidon was pretty strong too, and he could definitely hold his own, but if he tried to fight Jason it could go either way, the chances were fifty-fifty...

“Don’t be a coward! Let’s see what you got Jackson!” Jason taunted, and it was seriously starting to get on Percy’s nerves, “Hey kids, who do you think would win in a swordfight?”

The kids dropped their positions, distracted, and chorally replied, “Percy!”

“That’s not a coward, Percy!” Jason grinned, clearly expecting this response. His blue eyes slid to Percy, “See? You have nothing to worry about – even your kids believe in you.”

Percy’s eyes narrowed as the children eagerly looked at him, “I’m not fighting you, Grace,” he seethed, “Class over.”
Percy crept through the forest, Riptide in hand, on the lookout for any other Demigods. The moss muffled his footsteps. He had teamed up with the Ares kids for this Capture the Flag, and now he passed between the trees, avoiding everyone else, trying to locate the flag.

Maybe he would’ve been successful if Jason Grace didn’t suddenly slide out from between the underbrush, casually swinging his sword. Percy had to admit, he had a weird kind of grace about him, his movements fluid and almost captivating. Don’t get distracted, Percy reprimanded himself as he stopped walking.

“Jackson,” Jason inclined his head, “Fancy seeing you here.”

“Get out of my way,” Percy growled.

“Why don’t you move me yourself?” Jason teased, raising his sword. Percy was tempted, he was very tempted, but he didn’t trust himself to fight the Roman. He didn’t know his style or if he played fair, though he seemed like someone who would. But Percy wasn’t risking it.

“I told you I’m not going to fight you Jason.”

“Are you scared?” Jason raised an eyebrow, “I’m starting to think you are.”

“Why do you want to do this so badly?”

“In Rome we make sure our fighters are worthy of Quests. You’re the biggest fighter here, the best warrior, according to some people,” he smirked, “I want to see the best that Greece has to offer.”

Percy raised his hand, but not the one holding his sword. He flexed his fingers and Jason’s brows furrowed, and then there was an arch of water coming over the treetops from the nearby spring, and crashing down on Jason, forcing him to his knees.

The blonde stared at Percy in shock, dripping wet. The dark haired boy casually rested his sword on his own shoulder as he walked past.

“That’s the best Greece has to offer.”

***

As the beginning of the Quest of the Seven drew nearer and nearer Jason got more and more persistent about fighting Percy, to the point where the son of Poseidon found himself starting to break. He wanted to finally wipe that shit-eating grin off Jason’s face, and show him who was the boss. Nobody had ever got under the skin quite like the Roman managed to.

Percy was relaxing in the forest, leaning against a tree, getting out of washing the dishes duty by...well, avoiding the dishes. The sun was setting and what little sky Percy could see through the dark green canopy of the trees was orange and pink. The ground was mottled with little flakes of sunlight that broke through the leaves. It was spring, just getting chilly as night fell, the birds singing their goodnight song in the trees.

The tranquillity was suddenly interrupted by Jason, who came crashing through the trees. Immediately Percy was straightened up and on alert, hand reaching into his pocket to grab Riptide. The blonde Roman made straight for him.

“That’s it,” his voice was angry, “fight me, coward.”
Percy didn’t get a choice, because Jason drew his sword mid-step. Percy barely had time to click Riptide open before the blonde swung. The son of Poseidon stumbled back, barely parrying the blow.

“There you go!” Jason grinned, proud of his victory as he continued to force Percy back with his powerful blows. Percy felt the anger explode inside of him – Jason had forced his hand.

“Fuck you asshole,” he growled, and then counterattacked by throwing himself forward and slamming his own weapon against Jason’s. He almost smiled when he saw Jason stumble and grit his teeth at the impact.

They circled around each other, eyes glaring as if looks could kill. Percy dashed forward, but Jason was ready for him, his sword ready. As they danced around each other, the sound of steel on steel filling the forest, they kicked up dead leaves.

Soon enough both the boys were sweating and breathless. Percy ached to take his shirt off since it was sticking to his back but he knew if he put his sword down Jason would take that as a sign of weakness. The blonde wasn’t looking so great himself, his cheeks were flushed, pale hair sticking to his sweaty forehead. But there was something about his breathless, flustered body that made a sudden heat coil inside Percy.

_Gods no_, the boy thought horrified as he realised that he was hard. Jason charged at him and Percy’s reaction was to duck. Then, purely by luck and led by the sudden panic of being aroused over this situation, Percy managed to knock Jason’s sword out of his hand with his elbow.

However his victory was short lived as Jason grabbed Percy’s wrist and twisted. With a cry of pain the dark haired boy dropped Riptide. His anger sparked, fuelled by his lust, and he barged into Jason, pushing him down onto the forest floor. Jason groaned when his back hit the ground, “Dickhead,” Percy spat. Jason kicked the legs from underneath him and before Percy realised what was happening he was sent sprawling, the breath knocked out of him. Jason scrambled forward and climbed on top of Percy. One of his hands grabbed the boy’s throat, keeping him down, while the other curled into a fist. The dark haired boy couldn’t breathe, and he felt dizzy, but if anything that just made him harder. Jason raised his fist to deliver the blow, but Percy brought his knee up and kicked Jason in the stomach.

The blonde gasped and his grip on Percy loosened. Greedily the dark haired boy gasped for air, his hand curling in Jason’s shirt. He _pulled_, and heard a rip, and then he shoved Jason back, so the blonde landed on his back once more. Before he could escape Percy climbed on top of him. Jason hit him in the face and pain erupted in Percy’s lip as it split.

_“Fuck you,”_ Jason hissed, trying to throw Percy off. The angry boy grabbed the blonde’s hands, forcefully pining them down as the blood from his lip dripped onto Jason’s bare, sweaty chest. When Percy had ripped his shirt it had fallen off, and now lay among the leaves, “Get off!” Jason panted, trying to kick Percy off.

Percy didn’t know where his strength was coming from but he somehow managed to switch Jason’s wrists to one hand and _still_ keep him down. He prepared to deliver another blow when Jason suddenly brushed against him and Percy felt something hard against his thigh. His stomach twisted with pure want as he looked down at Jason, flushed and panting, writhing, trapped underneath him.

_“What’s this?”_ Percy demanded with a smirk, his voice low and gravelly. He reached down between Jason’s legs and squeezed at his hard cock. He felt the member jump against his hand and Jason cried out in shock and arousal, “You got hard over this?” Percy laughed, as he continued to palm
Jason through his pants, “You sick fuck.”

“S-Stop,” Jason was more breathless than a second ago, trying futilely to free himself as his muscles turned to mush with every second Percy touched him, “S-Stop t-touching...l-let go-“

“Is this what you want?” Percy leaned in close, his breath brushing against Jason’s flushed face. He started to stroke the Roman roughly through his underwear.

“N-No,” Jason gasped, as his head fell back against the ground and his hips stuttered up, “I-I hate y-you, y-you fucker nghhh, O-Oh f-fuck stop-“

Percy’s thrusts sped up and Jason mewed, tossing almost like he couldn’t control his body. His thighs trembled and Percy felt powerful having the blonde so helpless below him. He forcefully pulled the blonde’s trousers and underwear off, and his large cock stood up tall and proud from his muscular body, dripping precum.

Percy felt his own cock twitch as he wrapped his hand around Jason’s member and continued to stroke. The Roman’s back arched and he completely lost it.

“N-No stop...o-oh fuck nghhh, ah...ah, no, no, s-shit...J-Jackson...ah! I-I hate y-you s-stop-“

“Why?” Percy asked innocently, feeling Jason’s meat throbbing in his hand, “You seem to be enjoying it.”

He ran two of his fingers over the head of Jason’s cock, lubbing the digits up with the blonde’s precum, and then trailed them down, over Jason’s balls and then lower. The blonde’s eyes widened and Percy stopped. The air between them cackled with electricity. Percy waited for Jason to tell him to stop, but eventually the blonde just turned his head to the side, eyes squeezed shut, and stopped struggling. It felt like he was submitting to Percy, and that sent a shiver of desire through the son of Poseidon.

His wet digits found Jason’s hole, and he felt it twitching hopelessly against the pads of his fingers. He didn’t bother being gentle as he pressed two against the entrance straight away. Jason’s hole sucked him in and the blonde cried out, the sound echoing through the woods. His legs fell apart on their own accord, his hands scrambling against Percy’s wrists since he was still pinning them down.

The second the digits were in Percy pulled them out and then forced them back in, twisting. Jason’s cock let out a trickle of precum and Percy leaned forward, licking it off. His fingers continued to push in and out of Jason at a bruising pace.

“F-Fuck you J-Jackson,” Jason said through gritted teeth, but his anger seemed stupid when the sentence ended on a moan of pleasure. Percy smirked.

“No,” he leaned down and licked a strip up Jason’s neck before biting down, “fuck you.”

He released Jason’s wrists in order to pull his own clothes off and he was pleased when Jason didn’t move his hands, keeping his arms over his head, eyes hungrily sliding over every inch of skin that Percy revealed.

The Greek spat on his hand and then slid it over his cock as make-shift lubricant, mixing it with his own precum. Jason’s eyes narrowed.

“No, screw this,” he sat up, “I’m fucking you,” he reached for Percy but the son of Poseidon slammed him back down, pining his wrists down once more. There were purple bruises already appearing on said wrists,
“Nice try,” Percy smirked, and with his free hand he reached for his cock.

“I’m not letting you dominate me,” Jason growled.

“Too late.”

Percy positioned his cock at Jason’s twitching hole, and then started to push. He groaned as he sank into the Roman’s heat and Jason whimpered, thrashed against the ground, tried to push Percy away and pull him in at the same time.

“Oh, he moaned weakly, sounding like he couldn’t breathe, “Oh Gods-“

Percy hadn’t even noticed how dark it was until he heard thunder over head and saw that dark clouds were covering the sky. He wondered if it was Jason’s doing. The blonde was shaking as Percy sank into him, inch by inch.

“Jackson,” Jason panted when Percy was all the way in, “F-Fuck...Jackson...”

“It’s Percy,” the son of Poseidon growled possessively, “My name is Percy. Say it.”

“P-Percy,” Jason whimpered, legs wrapping around Percy’s waist.

“Again,” Percy demanded, pulling out slowly and thrusting back in, driving Jason into the ground.

“Percy,” Jason choked on a sob, hair falling into his eyes.

Percy started to fuck him, hard and rough and fast like everything else he did with Jason. His cock slammed into the blonde at a bruising pace until Jason was screaming, back arching and toes curling, pulling Percy impossibly nearer with his legs.

“Harder,” he moaned, “Faster! G-Gods...Percy-“

Percy kissed him, smearing blood all over Jason’s mouth.
Frank had been at Camp Jupiter for two months straight, helping Reyna with some Praetor stuff and Leo, as his boyfriend, didn’t think it was physically possible to miss someone as much as he missed Frank. He walked around Camp so miserable that after a couple weeks several Demigods Iris-messaged Frank to get him back to Half-Blood. Of course, the Roman missed Leo just as much, which was why he refused to stop touching him the second they got into the honorary Roman Cabin – the only place the boys got some privacy.

“Frank,” Leo whimpered, feeling his boyfriend’s lips trail down his spine. He had already come three times that night and was exhausted, his body hyper-sensitive. The son of Mars seemed determined to kill the Latino with his dick, it would seem.

“Hmm?” Frank hummed, voice laced with pleasure.

“I-I c-can’t,” Leo was shaking, face buried in the pillows below him as Frank thrust into him gently.

“I love you,” Frank whispered in reply, burying his face where Leo’s neck met his shoulder and kissing there, hands gripping Leo’s hips, pushing him down.

Leo couldn’t deny that it felt amazing to have Frank inside him, but three orgasms in two and a half hours were a bit much, even for someone as...well, horny, as the Latino. It had been a long day and the tiredness was catching up with Leo. The combined softness of the bed and Frank’s warm back covering his made Leo’s eyes feel like lead. Their sex had been passionate the first time, rough the second, full of kisses and I love you’s the third, and now it was the lazy, warm sex that made Leo’s heart clench.

“I can’t keep my hands off you,” Frank sucked yet another hickey into Leo’s neck, continuing to rock into him. He had told him during the second round that he wanted to mark him, to make sure that everyone knew that Leo was his even when he wasn’t there.

“Nghhh...” Leo moaned as Frank’s thrusts sped up ever so slightly. The Latino’s hands clenched in the covers as he felt his cock begin to stand to attention again, rubbing against the sheets, “Ah, F-Frank-“

The Asian pulled back, hands still gripping Leo’s sharp hips, and started thrusting to him, gasping.
Leo knew that he was close, because his movements were sloppy and hurried. He couldn’t help the little moans that fell from his lips as Frank fucked him – there was nothing that quite compared to this, especially after two months apart.

Leo felt the moment when Frank came inside him (again), and the cum immediately poured out, sliding down Leo’s thighs. The Latino moaned faintly at the sensation as Frank collapsed against him, almost crushing him.

“G-Get off you bear,” Leo complained. Frank showered his boyfriend’s back with kisses and then turned him around gently.

He looked down at Leo lovingly, something he didn’t do often since most of their relationship was bickering and annoying each other, and brushed the boy’s curls from his sweaty forehead. He leaned down and kissed his nose, pressing against Leo’s semi hard-on.

Leo whimpered and Frank grinned, “Another round?”

“No,” Leo shook his head, looping his arms around Frank’s neck, “I literally can’t.”

Frank pouted, “Come on Valdez, you’ve only come three times.”

“Frank,” Leo complained when Frank started nuzzling into his neck, “I’m sore and tired. I need rest-Ah!” he cried out when Frank bit the sensitive spot underneath his jaw.

“Last round?” Frank pulled away and gave Leo his best puppy eyes. It shouldn’t have worked on someone as big and manly as Frank, and yet he did, “Please?”

“You said that last time,” Leo grumbled.

Frank kissed he corner of his mouth, hand drifting downward, to where his come was still spilling out of Leo’s hole. He pressed two fingers against the Latino’s entrance and then pushed them in.

Leo gasped, “Frank don’t-“

Frank kissed him hungrily, not allowing Leo to speak. The Latino felt a shot of pleasure travel up his spine as his cock twitched against his stomach, Frank twisted his fingers inside him, scissoring him roughly, in a way that made Leo feel like jelly.

Frank pulled away a little so Leo could gasp into his mouth, back arching, trying to get Frank’s fingers in deeper. They were brushing against that little bud of pleasure inside him and the boy couldn’t breathe. He was over-sensitive, every touch was heightened.

“I-Just like this,” he moaned, and Frank stared at him intently, as if trying to memorise every inch of his writhing, moaning, mess of a boyfriend, “D-Don’t put...oh....just-“

“I know,” Frank kissed his neck, adding a third finger, “I won’t put it in. I just want you to come.”

And Leo would, he realised with a startle. The boy could feel heat burning up in his stomach and he knew he was going to have another orgasm, one that Frank was forcing him to have...not that the Latino minded.

“Oh Gods...F...Frank...Jesus, F-Frank I-I-,” Frank’s reply to his blabbering was to speed up his hand, abusing Leo’s prostate, “O-Oh fuck-“
Leo didn’t even get to warn his boyfriend as his back arched again and he came onto his already messy stomach. Frank grinned with satisfaction as Leo collapsed against the blankets, moaning with the aftershock.

“Shower?” the Asian asked innocently, withdrawing his fingers.

Leo cracked an eye open, looking at the two messes that they were, “Yeah. I guess.”

Frank jumped up, “Another round in the shower!” he proclaimed. Leo groaned.
Percy walked down the busy London Street, chubby hands nervously clutching at the strap of his bag. Despite it being a cold autumn day he was still sweating because...well, because he was Percy Jackson and he was less fit than his alcoholic drama teacher, Mr D.

The eighteen year old made the mistake of turning his head to a shop window, out of pure boredom. He stopped walking when he caught sight of himself, a blush of shame flooding his face. His baggy hoodie couldn’t hide how fat he was. It wasn’t that he was morbidly obese or anything, but he was big enough to the point where he could only label himself as ‘fat’ and nothing else. Which was precisely why he was in the nice part of London, where he usually never went. He had finally broke and hired a personal trainer.

Some skinny guy barged into him on the busy street.

“Watch it fatass!” he called in annoyance as he hurried on his way.

Percy already had a million little pins stuck in his heart from every time someone called him a name, and this one joined the lot, making him feel a little pang. You’d think that after two years of severe bullying he wouldn’t feel it anymore, but he did. And he was determined to change.

Embarrassed, he hurried on his way, Google maps open on his phone. Because he was ‘the fat kid’ he had gotten into the bad habit of always associating a person with their body. When he saw someone on the tube he didn’t think the woman with red hair or the balding man. He thought the skinny girl and the curvy girl and the guy with man boobs and the fat lady...oh wait, she’s just pregnant. And Percy hated it, he hated how much he paid attention to everyone’s bodies, including his own. He was sick of being the fat one, of always putting himself down.

He delved into a quieter side street, away from the traffic and ruckus of Central London. Here the houses were tall and beautiful, their windows glimmering in the sun. Uneasily the teenager found the door to the apartment building of Luke Castellan, the twenty year old he had employed as his trainer, and with a chubby, trembling hand he reached up to the buzzer and pressed the button to the man’s apartment.

It took only a second for Mr Castellan to answer, “Hello?” he sounded annoyed and groggy. Percy swallowed nervously and forced himself to stay and not sprint down the street.

“Uh...it’s Percy. Percy Jackson.”

“Oh shit is it ten already?” the voice on the intercom swore, “Alright, let me just-“
The door buzzed and clicked open. Suddenly wanting nothing more than to get himself off the street, Percy pulled on the handle and slipped inside. He got into the lift to the fourth floor, where Mr Castellan lived, and was too anxious to even notice his surroundings. There was some girl in the lift with him, and it had a massive mirror on one of the walls. To avoid his flustered, out of breath reflection Percy kept his eyes on his scruffy trainers.

He contemplated running away once again when he stood in front of Luke Castellan’s door. Apart from it there was only one other one on this floor, and Percy wondered what the hell he was doing in this red-carpet-cream-walls apartment building with his ratty hoodie and shit shoes.

However before he could decide if he should knock or not the door swung open on their own accord, revealing Luke Castellan.

Percy’s first thought – He’s gorgeous. His second thought – he’s muscular and perfectly in shape. Percy noticed the weirdness of the thought order, because normally he’d notice the body first. The only other person this has happened with was Jason Grace, Percy’s massive crush at university.

Mr Castellan had clearly just gotten out of bed. His sandy blonde hair stuck up in weird directions but in a way that was weirdly flattering, it was literally the I-don’t-give-a-fuck look, and it suited the trainer. His eyes were sleepy and bright blue as he curiously took Percy in. There was a scar on his cheek, slightly lighter than the rest of him, but if anything it added to the man’s rough around the edges attractiveness. The five o’clock shadow on his sharp jaw added to the look. Mr Castellan was dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a loose t-shirt, but Percy could still tell he most likely had a six-pack made from iron and pecks from the heavens. What he could see were Mr Castellan’s biceps, prominent even with the blonde not flexing and just casually leaning against the door.

“Hello,” the blonde finally spoke as Percy continued to gape at him like an awestruck fish...which actually summed him up perfectly, “I’m Luke,” he stretched his hand out.


Luke laughed, and it was an easy and warm sound that made Percy blush in embarrassment, “God, you’re adorable.”

It was a casual compliment. Percy was sure Luke didn’t mean anything by it, and yet it hit him...hard. Percy hadn’t gotten a compliment from someone who wasn’t his mom in a long time and it made him literally speechless. Luke frowned and waved his hand in front of Percy’s face.

“You alright in there? Did you try turning off and on again?” he joked. Percy just blushed harder.

“Oh c’mon now I’m not an old man,” Luke rolled his eyes, and then stretched and yawned, “I’m only like...what, two years older?” Percy nodded mutely, “Exactly. Just Luke’s fine. Okay why don’t you come in? I’m dying for a coffee.”

“Aren’t you meant to be having like a kale smoothie or something?” Percy asked as he timidly followed Luke into his apartment.

“I fucking hate kale,” Luke said. There was a casual laid-back aura around the blonde, the kind that all the people who knew they were good looking had about them. Luke was confident and comfortable with his own body, and Percy dreamed of being that way too.
The Trainer’s apartment was freaking nice too. He led Percy to the kitchen, with all marble tops and stainless steel ovens.

“So, coffee?” the blonde asked.

“No I don’t like coffee it taste like dirt.”

Luke snorted, amused, “Not only cute but funny too.”

Percy tensed and stared at his feet, “You don’t have to call me cute just to make me feel better.”


“I’m not cute,” Percy mumbled, “I’m *fat.*”

Luke put the cups down on the counter, “The first thing you need to realise about changing your body is that it doesn’t define you, kiddo. You can be cute and big, one doesn’t rule out the other.”

“Easy for you to say,” Percy mumbled, glancing at the Trainer. He looked like a God, like one of those statues in ancient Greece – perfect, chiselled, athletic. The more Percy looked at him the more he blushed. *Don’t get a crush, don’t get a crush...* he already had problems with one unattainable hot blonde, he didn’t need another one.

“I’m probably being unprofessional anyway,” Luke sighed, and then yawned. He put the kettle on and leaned against the counter, “Okay, let’s talk about the plan of action. Why do you want to lose weight?”

“Because I’m fat?” Percy offered. Luke rolled his eyes, “Okay, but is there another reason? Like maybe you think you’re unhealthy?”

Percy shrugged, “Yeah...I guess. I also just generally feel shit about myself. I wanna join the swim team but the coach just said I’d sink to the bottom if I did...,” he bit his lip, “also...uh, this is pretty stupid but there’s this guy I like...I wanna ask him out but...,” he gestured at himself as if it explained everything.


“No!” Percy protested, “It’s for me. So I can finally be happy. So someone can love me-,” he faltered. He hadn’t known Luke for five minutes and already he was spilling his heart out. Luke’s expression softened,

“If you think losing weight will make him love you then I’ll do anything I can to help.”

***

Percy sat at lunch by himself, on a bench outside, and stared at his Tupperware, full of...green. He pulled a sour face as he picked some up with his plastic fork and forced it into his mouth. It tasted like grass, but if it had been good Percy would’ve been fit ages ago. He swallowed uneasily.

It was a never-ending cycle for him. In primary school he had been horribly shy and never had any friends. Because his growth spurt came much later the bigger kids started picking on him since he was the quiet, friendless one. Because of that Percy started to find comfort in food, and that led to his weight gain as he grew up, which just made people bully him more, causing him to eat more, and so on...
The Tupperware went flying from Percy’s hands suddenly, spilling his salad all over the ground. The shocked boy blinked, his hand stuck mid-air for a second, and then felt a blush flooding his chubby cheeks as cruel laughter sounded.

“What’s with the rabbit food, Jackson?” one of the jocks, Octavian, asked, grinning like the devil he was as he and his friends flooded in around Percy, cutting off his way of escape. Jason was hanging out near the back of the group, hands in his pockets, looking unhappy but not doing anything. Percy’s heart clenched.

The boy swallowed nervously, “It’s just a salad,” he said, because saying I’m on a diet sounded dumb. Apparently Octavian’s gang found this hilarious because they dissolved into laughter,

“You don’t eat salad!” Michael Kahale smirked, muscular arms crossed over his chest, “You eat burgers and all the other shit that makes you fat.”

“At least I’m not an asshole,” Percy snapped, hands shaking. He was embarrassed and wanted to get out of there as soon as possible.

“At least I don’t have a crush on someone out of my league,” Bryce Lawrence remarked with a sneer. The boy’s oooooh’ed and Percy wanted the ground to swallow him up. He had, stupidly, confessed his feelings for the blonde to one of the girls and now the whole school knew about his crush on Jason. There was nothing he could do other than ask Jason out, but for that he’d have to get fit fist...

“Piss off Bryce,” Percy grabbed his bag and stood up, wanting to get as far away from them as possible from the group. Octavian shoved him back down. Percy’s chubby hands curled into fists.

“Guys, let’s just go,” Jason said.

“Aw c’mon, Jas,” Michael rolled his eyes.

“Let’s have some fun with fatass over here,” Bryce smirked.

“I said,” Jason snapped, “Let’s go.”

The boys all glared at Percy but listened to their Captain and began to pull back.

“See you in a bit, Piggy,” Octavian hissed and pinched Percy’s cheek painfully before following his laughing group of friends.

Percy sat on the bench long after they were gone, alone, fighting back tears and staring at his ruined salad on the ground.

***

He felt like he was dying. There was acid in his throat and mouth, sour. His breath scraped through his aching lungs like little needles. His stomach felt like someone was repeatedly squeezing his intestines, harder and harder, until he felt he would explode. His legs were burning, hurting. There were rivulets of sweat running down his bright red face and he was hot, even though it was a cold February morning.

“Come on Percy,” Luke was running at his side, effortless and gorgeous as always, not even out of breath, “You can do it! Just to that tree!”

“I-I c-can’t,” Percy wheezed, feeling like he was about to have a heart attack. His vision was blurry,
his head pounding. He couldn’t even see the tree Luke wanted him to run to.

“Yes you can. Just a few steps. Don’t give up now,” Luke cheered him on and, surprisingly, it helped, “ten more steps,” he said, and Percy’s steps sped up, “nine, eight, you’re doing amazing, seven, six, five...almost there, four, three, two, one-“

Percy’s hand slapped against the rough bark of the tree and he slid down to the damp grass, gasping for air like a fish out of water. He laid on his back and squeezed his eyes shut as his legs trembled.


“S-Sorry,” he stuttered. Luke didn’t look angry. He grinned at him and passed him a water bottle. Percy drank greedily, not caring that the liquid was running down his chin and onto his sweat-soaked t-shirt.

“That was good,” Luke praised him, “Obviously you’ll be able to run faster and further the more you train, but it was a really awesome start.”

“I-I can’t do t-that again,” Percy complained.

“Hey,” Luke playfully poked his cheek, “I never said this was going to be easy. It’s going to be a lot of sweat and pain and tears but it will be the best thing you’ll ever do.”

“I want a cheeseburger,” Percy moaned, leaning against the tree.


***

Percy met up with Luke four times a week after college, and after three weeks he found that he started looking forward to the visits. Luke wasn’t like the personal trainers Percy saw on TV. Of course Percy still had to pay him quite a lot of money, but he wasn’t the terrifying, shouty-types that made their clients cry. He was kind and encouraging and almost friendly...yeah, he felt like a friend.

Percy got through school with his head down, ignoring Jason and his group, his mind set on what he had to do.

It got easier, if only by a little bit. Percy still hated having to eat rabbit food though.

He was sitting at home, after his own little work out session in his living room, finishing up an essay for Biology when his phone ping'ed. Distractedly, Percy looked down on it and blinked in surprise when he saw a text from Luke.

**Trainer Luke: Yo. What did you eat today?**

Percy smiled at the fact that Luke cared, and quickly texted back.

**You: Lettuce. A lot of lettuce.**

**Trainer Luke: What, are u a guinea pig or some shit?**

**You: Apparently yes. I’d rather be a fish tho**

**Trainer Luke: Instead of being one you should eat one dumbass**
Trainer Luke: It doesn’t matter – either way be ready in 10 i’m taking you out to eat

You: I thought i got myself a trainer not a sugar daddy XD

Trainer Luke: What you’re going to get yourself is a trip to the hospital for not eating properly.

Percy couldn’t say he wasn’t excited to go out with Luke. He scrambled off his bed, essay long forgotten, and proceeded to take the quickest shower of his life and then change his shirt four times. Then his excitement died a little as he looked at himself in the mirror.

He had lost a tiny bit of weight, but not enough to actually make that much of a difference. He was still fat, and no matter what clothes he wore the first thing people would notice about him was that he was fat. Well...apparently not everyone.


“Stop saying that,” Percy grumbled, subconsciously checking Luke out. The blonde looked stunning as always, wearing a leather jacket, his hair carelessly swept back.

“Get in,” Luke ignored Percy’s remark and patted the hood of his car, which was just as nice as its owner.

They arrived at the restaurant breathless from laughing the whole car ride. It was a nice little place, not too fancy but still pretty nice. Luke led Percy inside, where it was even cosier than outside. Little lanterns were strung around the restaurant, giving it a warm but intimate glow. A skinny, pretty waitress led them to a secluded table in the corner and with a pang Percy thought that it looked like they were on a date. It felt like it too. The thought wasn’t unwelcome, but it still made Percy blush.

“Alright,” Luke sat opposite him with an easy grin and reached for the menu, “let’s look at what we have here.”

Percy reached for his own menu and made a face when the first couple things he saw was steak followed by burgers.

“We’ve come to the wrong place,” he told Luke. The blonde smiled.

“No we haven’t. You need to know that healthy food doesn’t mean just gross lettuce,” his eyes scanned the menu, “Let’s see...hmm, I’m gonna have the pie I think.”

“How is chicken pie healthy?” Percy shook his head.

“This particular one is made with brown flour and no oil. It’s wood roaster, and the chicken is cooked and then grilled, so it’s also oil free. There’s also plenty of veggies inside,” he shrugged, “it’s great.”

“Um...,” Percy bit his lip, “Well guess I’ll have that too.”

The waitress came around and took their orders, and the returned with their drinks (juice, no coke, to Percy’s dismay). Percy couldn’t help but notice she was making eyes at Luke, though the blonde seemed oblivious, his attention focused solely on Percy. It made the dark haired boy equally pleased and uncomfortable.

He wasn’t used to going out with anyone – even friends – and so he generally avoided restaurants unless it was with his mom. This...this was nice. His and Luke’s conversation flowed naturally, but after all they have known each other for three weeks now.
When their food came Percy was astounded. It looked and tasted *amazing*.

“Oh my God I’m in heaven,” he moaned as he dug into his pie. Luke watched him, amused.

“See, told you.”

“I’m never eating lettuce again,” Percy pierced a delicious piece of chicken with his fork and put it in his mouth. He sighed with pleasure and leaned back, “You’re my God.”

Luke laughed, “Obviously you can’t afford to eat here every day, but you can cook this stuff at home.”


“I’ll teach you.”

“Okay, Gordon Ramsey,” Percy teased, “I thought you were a trainer not a cook.”

“I’m not but I do like to eat healthy,” Luke said. Percy made a face,

“Wait, are we still doing cardio tomorrow?”

“Yup,” Luke confirmed, putting another piece of chicken in his mouth. Percy found that that thought didn’t make him as depressed as it would’ve two weeks ago. The waitress came and took their plates when they were done, sending a flirty smile to Luke, to which he responded with asking for the bill.

“She’s flirting with you,” Percy remarked, stirring the remains of his juice with a straw.


“You wish,” Percy snorted, and the two shared a grin that was weirdly intimate and made Percy’s heart flutter in his chest a little.

The waitress reappeared with the bill, and also with a tiny, folded piece of paper in her hand. She placed it in front of Luke.

“That’s my number,” she winked, “you should call me.”

“Actually I’m here with someone,” Luke replied, not missing a beat, and gesturing at Percy. It wasn’t a rude remark, just a gentle let down.

The waitress’ eyes widened and she looked between Luke and Percy, “Oh, I didn’t....um, I didn’t think you two-, that you’d be with um...”

*A fat boy,* Percy finished in his head, and dropped his gaze, cheeks burning.

“Well, I am,” Luke replied, much more coldly now, and shocked Percy by reaching over and taking his hand, “So no, I don’t want your number.”

Embarrassed, the waitress snatched up the paper and scurried away. The second she was gone Percy pulled his hand back, *idiot,* he told himself, *how could you ever think it looked like a date? Someone as hot as Luke would never go out with you.*


“Let’s go, okay?” Percy asked quietly.
The blonde paid and then they got their jackets and went outside into the cold air. Percy sniffled.


“Yeah. I’m used to it,” Percy said, even though it still hurt.

“I hope that despite that you still had fun.”

Percy looked up at Luke, and couldn’t help but smile, “Yeah. Thank you.”


***

It had been two months since Percy met Luke, and he had lost seven kilograms, which meant he just had thirty eight to go because his goal of being seventy kilograms. Percy, for the first time in years, was feeling a little happy. He had a friend, as weird as it was for him to be friends with Luke, and a goal.

Which was why he was shocked when Jason somehow found his Instagram, and messaged him, asking him to come to his party. Percy didn’t know why he agreed – maybe it was because it was Jason who asked.

And now here he was, in the blonde’s house, with all the lights off except the flashing ones Jason had installed in his living room and garden. The house was packed with drunk teenagers, laughing, talking loudly, snogging, dancing or already throwing up. Percy felt horrendously out of place, and spent most of his time on the stairs, contemplating if he should just leave.

What stopped him were two things – number 1: nobody was being mean to him. Even Octavian and Bryce, when they had walked past, had merely nodded at him, which had shocked him. Number 2: half an hour ago Piper, one of the cheerleaders, had collapsed next to Percy, so drunk she couldn’t seem to keep her head up. Crying about how her friends abandoned her, and Percy felt responsible for her.

It was coming up to midnight and Percy was entertaining himself by texting Luke, keeping an eye on Piper.

You: I hate this why did i come here

Luke: you need to socialise moron

You: But i hate ittttt :'(  

Luke: do u want me to come get u

You: no no its ok

You: its not that bad

Luke: well make up your mind idiot

You: what r u doing

Luke: is the next question going to b what are u wearing ;)

You: fuck off i hate you
Luke: aw youre so cute love u too man

You: asshole

It was coming up to midnight when Piper’s friends finally arrived to collect her, seemingly annoyed at having to do so, and Percy was left alone on the stairs again. He decided it was probably okay for him to go now – he had drank more than he had meant to and now his head was spinning, when Jason suddenly appeared in front of him.

“Hey,” he said, smiling at Percy. The dark haired boy blinked in surprised,

“Hey.”

“It’s too loud here,” Jason shouted over the music, making a face. He grabbed Percy’s hand and pulled him up. Before the dark haired boy could react the blonde pulled him up the stairs and the next thing he knew was that he was in the quiet darkness of Jason’s bedroom.

“Jason-,” Percy started to ask, but then the blonde pushed him against the wall and kissed him.

It took a moment for Percy alcohol-addled brain to catch up with what was happening. Jason’s kiss was almost aggressive, his tongue forcing itself into Percy’s mouth. The dark haired boy’s heart pounded as he tried to make sense of everything.

Jason’s kissing you, idiot! Kiss him back!

His mind screamed.

Percy’s eyes fluttered shut as he submitted to Jason’s kiss, but then Luke’s face flashed behind his closed eyelids, so he opened them again. Jason pulled back and tugged off his own shirt.

“Come on,” he whispered heatedly against Percy mouth, and pulled him away from the wall and onto the bed.

As Percy landed among the pillows he still didn’t know what was happening. Jason was between his legs, squeezing his ass, and Percy couldn’t decide if he liked it or not. When he reached for Percy shirt the drunk boy’s insecurity kicked in and he pushed him away lightly.

“Why are you doing this?” he asked, breathless and flushed. Jason shrugged,

“I always wanted to have sex with a fat boy,” he said, and kissed Percy again.

It took the dark haired boy a second to comprehend this, and when he did pain exploded in his chest. He violently shoved Jason off the bed.

“Ouch! What the fuck?!” the blonde demanded as he landed on his ass.

Almost hysterical, Percy scrambled off the bed and grabbed his jacket, which he didn’t remember taking off.

“You’re fucking d-disgusting,” he told Jason, voice trembling with the promise of tears. He shoved open the door and stumbled down the stairs and out of the front door. Nobody tried to stop him, nobody wanted him there, they had all been decent to him because they knew Jason wanted to fuck him – no, not him, just a fat boy.

Percy threw up on the street a few houses away from Jason. He was sobbing, his body shaking, his head aching. He had never drank, he felt like a mess. He collapsed on the pavement and brought his legs to his chest, burying his face in his knees. He didn’t know what to do with himself. He felt
pathetic.


After three rings Luke picked up.

“Hello?” he asked, groggily, voice slurred with sleep.

“C- Come get m-me,” Percy said, choking on a sob.

“Percy?” Luke was alert immediately, “Shit are you okay?”


“Yes. Yeah, of course. Send me the address.”

Percy didn’t know how much time passed, his drunk mind wouldn’t let him assess that. He just sat on the pavement, and calmed down until he stopped crying. However then Luke’s car pulled up and the blonde stepped up, still in his pyjama top and a pair of jeans, looking worried.

Percy stumbled to his feet and Luke sighed with relief, “Jesus Christ you scared me.”

Percy burst out crying, just because of how happy he was to see Luke, and threw his arms around the blonde.

“Woah,” Luke stumbled back a little, but automatically wrapped his arms around Percy. They had never hugged before, and yet now it was exactly what Percy needed. He buried his face in Luke’s shoulder and sobbed, “Hey, hey, shhh, it’s okay. You’re okay.”


“Do you want me to take you home?” Luke asked. Percy shook his head, though the alcohol stopped him from making up an alternative route.

“Percy,” Luke said, “are you drunk?”

Shakily, Percy nodded. That was the last thing he remembered.

***

He woke up in the morning to the smell of bacon wafting to his nose, and he thought he was imagining it. He was in a stranger bed, wrapped up in soft white covers. The side next to him was empty, but it was clear someone had slept there. Not someone, Luke. Percy’s heart clenched as he remembered last night’s events.

When he sat up his head spun and he groaned. He needed a drink and was pleasantly surprised to see a water bottle sitting by the bedside table alongside some painkillers. He drank half of it in one gulp, took the pills and then climbed out of Luke’s bed. His trousers and jacket were thrown over the back of a chair, and Percy was just in his t-shirt. He automatically felt super self conscious about his thighs being on show so he grabbed Luke’s bathrobe and wrapped it around himself, before he padded out into the living room, still holding his water bottle.

He saw plates on the table, piled high with bacon and eggs, and another plate of toast. Two coffees
stood steaming next to them. *I’m still dreaming*, Percy thought in shock. Luke came out of the kitchen in his pj’s, holding a bowl of baked beans.

“Oh,” his face brightened up when he saw Percy, “I was just going to wake you up.”

Percy swallowed nervously, “What’s with the food.”

“Today’s your official cheat day,” Luke grinned. Percy hesitantly returned his smile,

“Thank you.”

“That’s alright.”

“No...just like generally. For yesterday. For all of it,” Percy sighed, “I was a mess.”

“Yeah, you were,” Luke said fondly, sitting at the table. Percy sat opposite him, “Are you gonna tell me what happened?”

Percy bit his lip, “Um...uh...well...Jason he...he took me to his room and...and like kissed me and stuff,” Percy felt stupid saying it, and stupid about the meltdown he had. He looked down at his hands, “and like...I was being an idiot and I thought he might actually...you know...want me,” he laughed bitterly, “and then he told me he always wanted to fuck a fat guy.”

Luke didn’t say anything for a while, maybe because he didn’t know what to say. Percy reached for the bacon.

“Percy-“

“Can we just forget about it?” Percy asked, glancing at Luke, “I don’t...just...”

“Okay.”

Luke took a toast.

***

Three more months passed, and in June, when the school year finished, Percy was ninety four kilograms. He had lost fourteen since the whole ordeal with Jason, thanks to Luke pushing him. He was right about it all being sweat and pain and tears. Percy was getting closer and closer to his goal, but honestly the situation with Jason had just made him more insecure than ever.

“How much longer do you think it’ll take?” Percy asked, curled up on Luke’s bed as the blonde put away diet books that they had been going through. It was late but the dark haired boy didn’t feel like leaving yet – he loved hanging out with Luke.

“A few more months,” the blonde said, “but after that you’ll have to continue working out to maintain it.”

“I don’t think I’ll be able to without you,” Percy said pulling a face. Luke turned to him.

“That reminds me that I wanted to talk to you about something,” he crossed his arms over his chest, “It’s clear we’ve become friends and I don’t feel comfortable taking money for training you anymore.”

Percy frowned, “Are you dropping me?”

“Seriously?” Percy’s eyes widened.

“Yeah.”

“I...wow. I...you don’t-,” he stuttered.

“Hey, I’m serious. I don’t want your money,” Luke smiled, “and I’ll train with you as long as you need me to. As long as you want me to.”

“That might be forever,” Percy admitted with an eye roll.

“Speaking of; have you looked at yourself in the mirror recently?”

Percy automatically hugged himself self-consciously, “No. I don’t wanna.”

“Well I think you should,” Luke said, voice all soft and warm, like melted chocolate.

Percy shook his head, “I hate the idea of that. I hate the idea of seeing all the rolls and flabs and just...I can’t stand anyone touching me either, not after Jason.”

“What about if it’s me?” Luke asked suddenly.

“Huh?” Percy blinked.

“Would you be okay if I touched you?”

Percy swallowed nervously, “I...I guess I wouldn’t mind as much.”

Luke took this as an invitation because he crossed the room and sat down on the bed next to Percy. The dark haired boy’s heart started pounding when Luke placed a hand on his knee, pushing it down so his legs were straightened out. Percy was hyper-aware of every one of Luke’s fingers through the thin material of his sweatpants. Subconsciously his hands tightened on the covers underneath him.

“So,” Luke’s thumb was gently stroking Percy’s knee, “what parts of yourself do you dislike the most?”

Percy swallowed, “Like the whole thing.”

“But if you had to name say one thing,” Luke’s mouth twitched into a smile.

“My thighs would be one,” Percy mumbled, looking away.

“Why?”

Percy shrugged, “These questions are so weird.”

“Just answer.”

“Dunno...they’re all like big and...curvy I guess. Like a girl’s.”

Luke’s hand slid further up so they were actually resting on Percy’s big thighs. The dark haired boy fought the urge to bat the blonde’s hands away. It wasn’t that he hated Luke touching him, it was more that he hated him touching him before he reached his ideal body. The blonde didn’t seem to mind though.
“I like your thighs,” he said softly, and there was nothing professional about it. Percy felt a blush rising to his cheeks.

“They’re horrible.”


Percy dropped his gaze, “Jesus, why do you always say things like this?”

“Sorry. Do they make you uncomfortable?”

Percy shrugged, “It’s not that. I...I guess I’m just not used to people being nice.”

“Alright, give me another spot you hate then,” Luke said.


“I hate it,” Percy explained weakly.

Luke leaned down, and Percy’s hand tightened on his. Somehow he couldn’t seem to find the strength to say stop again. Luke kissed his stomach through his t-shirt and Percy shivered. His hand was shaking.

“Where else?”

“My c-cheeks,” Percy stuttered, “they’re still kinda c-chubby.”

Luke sat back up, accidentally ending up between Percy’s legs, and placed his hands on the boy’s blushing cheeks. His thumbs stroked them,

“They’re adorable.”

“I don’t want to be adorable,” Percy said, “I wanna be like you.”

“So be like what?”

“Dunno...like hot.”

Luke smiled, “You are hot. At least to me.”

“I can’t tell if you’re lying,” Percy whispered breathlessly and suddenly he wanted desperately for Luke to kiss him. The blonde was so close to him, and yet Percy couldn’t move.


“My lips,” Percy said, feeling brave. Luke’s eyes flickered down, and then back up. He leaned in and Percy felt his breath on his lips. He trembled when Luke brushed his nose against his.

He didn’t ask any questions, just kissed Percy. The dark haired boy’s breath caught in his throat. The kiss was nothing like Jason’s – this one was slow and sweet and yet passionate at the same time, making Percy’s spine tingle.
“You’re beautiful,” Luke murmured, breaking away just enough so he could say it, “You’re so goddamn beautiful.”

And just like that Percy didn’t care that he was fat, he just wanted Luke to touch him – anywhere, everywhere. When the blonde’s hand found its way under Percy’s shirt the dark haired boy didn’t protest.

***

He finally reached his goal after seven months, in August. When Percy looked at himself in the mirror he finally liked what he saw. He was skinny, toned even, and tanned from all the runs he went on with Luke over the summer.

“I’m so nervous,” he told the blonde as he pulled into the college parking lot.


“Dunno...of everyone seeing me.”

Luke turned the engine off. Already the college kids were gathered in clumps talking excitedly, “I’ll come with you if you want.”

“Actually that’d be great,” Percy told his boyfriend. They both climbed out of the car. Percy felt lighter, stronger, healthier. He felt like his weight didn’t define him anymore, but he had for a while now, ever since the first time he slept with Luke. When the blonde reached into the back and pulled his bag out, Percy didn’t notice his weight either, his only thought being fuck, he’s so gorgeous and he’s all mine.

“Here ya go, kiddo,” Luke said with a wink, passing Percy his bag.

“Percy?” someone asked in astonishment, and Percy froze before slowly turning around, “Percy Jackson?”

Jason stood a few steps away from him, mouth hanging open, his group gathered behind him, equally in shock.

“Hey,” Percy said.

“Oh my God,” Jason grinned, “You look amazing.”

“Thanks,” Percy didn’t want to talk to him, or any of them. Luke was close to him, and that’s all that mattered.

“Maybe you’d wanna eat lunch with us today?” Jason asked, “and you should definitely try out for swimming now, man. Clearly you’ve put in a lot of work-”

“I’m already on a different team,” Percy interrupted coldly, “And about your lunch offer – no thanks. I don’t eat with assholes. They put me off my food.”

Jason’s expression darkened, “Look, about that one time-“

“Jason,” Percy said sweetly, “Kindly fuck off and stop wasting my time.”

Percy took Luke’s hand, and the blonde was smirking, and they walked towards the school together. Luke had been right – it was the best thing Percy ever did.
Twelve year old Percy hesitantly walked into the house.

“Hello Percy,” Mrs Chase said kindly, smiling down at him.


“In the living room with the other kids, come,” the blonde woman led the kid to the living room where his best friend, Annabeth, was hosting her thirteenth birthday party.

Percy felt nervous when he walked in and saw a room full of new kids from Annabeth’s high-school. New *big* kids. Percy had always been small for his age, something he made up with his humour, but now he could feel people judging him as they looked *down* on him.

“Percy!” Annabeth made her way towards him.

“Happy birthday blondie,” Percy playfully punched her arm and handed her the present he got her.

“Thanks,” Annabeth gave him a one armed hug, “Let me introduce you to my school friends.”

That kind of hurt, knowing that Percy wasn’t part of Annabeth’s *school* friends anymore. However despite going to different high-schools Percy was determined to stay friends with the girl.
“This is Jason,” Annabeth said, pulling Percy to a tall blonde guy. He turned around and looked down at Percy with the superior look in his eyes that all tall people seemed to get. Percy felt horrible, especially since Annabeth was taller than him too.

“Why is this nine year old here?” Jason asked Annabeth irritably, completely ignoring the fact that Percy was right there.

“I’m twelve idiot,” Percy snapped.

“You sure are short then,” Jason teased, “you’re like a shortcake.”

“Give him a break, Jason,” Annabeth rolled her eyes but then someone else came in and she went to greet them, leaving Percy with the blonde.

Determined to ignore this new, rude boy Percy turned and pretended he was looking for someone. His heart fell when he realised he knew literally nobody in the crowd. He could feel the blonde’s eyes on him.

“I’m Jason,” the boy said, sticking his hand out. Percy turned to him,

“Yeah. I know,” he said grumpily.

“You’re supposed to shake it,” Jason said, pointedly looking down at his hand.

“I’m Percy,” the dark haired boy replied hesitantly, deciding making enemies was probably not the way to go with this, and took Jason’s hand, shaking it. The blonde grinned.

“Okay Shortcake,” Jason casually slung his arm around Percy’s shoulders, though it had to be uncomfortable because of the height difference, “Let’s go pick out the bacon crisps from that massive bowl.”

Percy made a face, “Oh no, did Annabeth mix all the packets together again?”

***

They were coming back from football when Jason couldn’t take it anymore. The fourteen year old grabbed Percy’s arm and pulled him from the crowd of football fans chanting support for their team, and drew the boy into a dark alleyway.

_Idiot, idiot, idiot, don’t do it_, his mind chanted.

Since he was thirteen Jason knew he was gay, or at least bisexual. He didn’t really know if he liked girls because his attention was always focused on Percy. At first he thought it was because Percy was his best friend, and that was normal. But then the wet dreams started and he realised he had a massive crush on the dark haired boy.

He wasn’t going to do anything about it, wasn’t going to confess or anything. But then at football Percy had been _so cute_, something that might’ve been thanks to how short he was. But Jason had been so busy staring at the boy that he missed three goals, and then, as they were walking to the bus stop, Percy had been _buzzing_, excitedly telling Jason all about the match as if the blonde hadn’t seen it. He had the white and blue QPR scarf wrapped around his neck and his cheeks were flushed from the cold and Jason just wanted to kiss him.

“Jason?” Percy asked worriedly, having to crane his neck up to look the blonde in the face. The alleyway was dark, “What’s wrong? Are you going to be sick? You look really pale...”
Jason’s heart was beating so fast he thought he might pass out, “I-I...I just...I...”

Percy frowned, “Jason?”

“I-I...,” the blonde was stuttering, suddenly bright red. Don’t tell him, don’t tell him..., “I fancy you,” he blurted, and then immediately squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for rejection, or a punch or anything.

Instead he felt soft, trembling lips brush against his. Jason’s eyes snapped open in shock and he saw that Percy was standing on his tiptoes, hands gripping Jason’s shirt so he didn’t lose balance. His lips were firmly pressed over Jason’s.

The smaller boy pulled back, “I fancy you too,” he said breathlessly.

Jason shoved him against the wall and leaned down to kiss him. However he misjudged the space between them and his nose bumped against Percy’s painfully.

“Ow,” the dark haired boy grumbled. Jason felt himself blush,

“S-Sorry,” he stuttered.

Percy reached up and looped his arms around Jason’s shoulders, pulling him down a little so they were almost the same height. Jason’s back hurt from this position but he didn’t care since it meant he could kiss Percy. Oh my God I’m actually kissing him.

***

A year later the two were happily dating. Well, almost always happily. Not right now though. Because right now they were bickering as they strolled through Hyde Park on a sunny spring afternoon.

“Just lift yours!” Percy complained, “Reaching down is harder for me!”

“What do you mean?! I’m gonna get an elbow cramp,” Jason protested. His boyfriend glared up at him.

“I had to bend my knees last time! It’s your turn!”

“You’re so annoying!”

“Do you want me to end up like Quasimodo with one shoulder higher than the other? Do you?”

“For fuck’s sake,” the fifteen year old blonde growled, and reached up to grab Percy’s hand. The dark haired boy smirked, knowing he’s won and slid his fingers through Jason’s. They walked through the park holding hands, as uncomfortable as it was.

After a moment of Jason being pissed off and giving Percy the silent treatment the dark haired boy squeezed his hand, “Don’t be mad.”

“Fuck you, Shortcake.”

Percy let go of Jason’s hand and instead slid his arm through his boyfriend’s, so they were linking.

“There,” he was the perfect height to snuggle into Jason’s shoulder, “Better?”

Jason rolled his eyes but after a second on thinking leaned down and kissed the top of Percy’s head,
“Better.”

***

“I look like an idiot,” Jason complained, arms crossed.

“Just come!” Percy called from the hallway outside the bathroom, voice laced with amusement.

Sixteen year old Jason sighed and waddled out of the bathroom after a moment. Percy took him in, and after a second burst out laughing. Jason glared,

“Shut up.”

Percy’s mom was gone for the weekend and Jason was staying over. However instead of making out and giving each other sloppy handjobs like most couples their age did, the boys decided it would be hilarious to swap clothes.

Hence why Jason was now standing in the corridor, looking like he was wearing a crop top, Percy’s shorts halfway up his legs. The blonde was tall and lanky and kind of tree-like, and he looked like an idiot in the too-short, too-tight clothes. Percy was having the time of his life though, having collapsed on the floor, rolling around and crying with laughter.

“Oh my God I hate you,” Jason groaned.

“Y-Y-You...O-Oh my G-God,” Percy couldn’t seem to be able to breathe, “Y-You l-look s-s-so...s-s-o dumb!”

“Alright shut it, it’s your turn Shortcake.”

Jason was dressed in his pj’s, waiting eagerly outside the bathroom so he could make fun of Percy in his clothes. He couldn’t wait to roast the smaller boy.

“I’m not coming out!” Percy declared from inside the bathroom after a few minutes.

“Don’t be a pussy, I did it and so you have to do it too!” Jason said with a smirk, ready to make Percy feel like an idiot.

His boyfriend poked his head around the door of the bathroom, and his cheeks were a little red, “You’re gonna laugh at me,” he grumbled.

“Yeah, like you laughed at me. C’mon now Percy,” Jason grinned, “take it like a man.”

Almost shyly Percy opened the door and stepped out. Jason’s smile fell off his face and mouth went dry.

“I look like an idiot,” Percy mumbled, staring at his feet.

In all respects he should’ve. Jason’s shirt was a bit like a dress on him, falling to his mid-thigh. The sleeves were so long that only the very tips of Percy’s fingers were visible. The trousers bunched up around his skinny legs and trailed on the floor.

He looked goddamn adorable though.

Jason closed the space between them and wrapped his arms around Percy, pulling him in close. He leaned down and kissed him passionately. They had long ago figured out a way of kissing so their noses didn’t bump or their teeth didn’t clink or anything like that. Percy stood on his tiptoes, fingers
sliding into Jason’s hair as he eagerly returned the kiss.

“You’re so pretty, Shortcake,” the blonde murmured.

“Does that mean I can stay in these clothes? ‘Cause they’re actually kinda comfy.”

***

The opening act was on and Percy couldn’t see anything. He and Jason had waited years to see Imagine Dragons and now, when they were finally at the concert, Percy couldn’t see shit. Everyone around him was tall and muscular, including the dark haired boy’s boyfriend, and the small boy couldn’t see the stage. Jason must’ve noticed that Percy was pissed because he leaned down and shouted over the band.

“What’s wrong?”

“I can’t see anything!” the seventeen year old shouted back, irritated. Jason kissed the top of his head in comfort but it didn’t really help.

Everyone kept bumping into him, and the boy was sure he was going to have bruises in the morning. He had desperately wanted to get standing tickets, even though Jason had warned him this would happen, and now Percy was regretting his decision. The crowd’s deafening scream was the only thing that alerted him that the band had come on stage.

They started playing *It’s Time* almost immediately and Percy wanted to cry because it was his favourite song and he couldn’t see anything but the bobbing heads and hands in the air of the people in front of him.

Suddenly Jason dropped to one knee, “Get on!” he shouted to Percy, patting his shoulder. The boy blinked at him in surprise but he didn’t have time to protest. He climbed shakily on the blonde’s shoulders and Jason stood up.

Percy’s stomach clenched as he was suddenly pushed above the crowd, with a perfect view of the stage, and everything else surrounding it. Jason was firmly holding his thighs, making sure Percy didn’t fall. It was breathtaking, seeing the lights from all the phones in the crowd taking videos, the beautiful stage and the band, jamming out to their song.

Percy wasn’t the only person this high up. Around him at least a dozen more people were on their friends’ shoulders, all short like him. Grinning like a madman Percy lifted his arms and started singing along.

***

Jason thrust into Percy, and his collarbone bumped against Percy’s nose.

“Ouch!” the dark haired boy complained. The blonde froze and pulled back to look at him. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes dark with lust, hair sticking to his sweaty forehead.

“Shit, do you n-need me to pull out?” he asked shakily, his arms trembling on either side of Percy’s head.

“No,” Percy grumbled reaching up and rubbing his nose, “Your goddamn collarbone keeps hitting me in the face.”

Jason exhaled, half in relief, half in annoyance, “Well I’m sorry that you’re so short.”
“It’s your fault for being tall,” Percy grumbled stubbornly. Jason smiled a little at that and brushed his eighteen year old boyfriend’s hair from his face. He kissed his forehead and Percy sighed.

“We really don’t work well together, do we?”

Jason frowned, “You don’t mean that...do you?”

“Course I don’t,” Percy smiled, and reached up to stroke Jason’s cheek.

“Shortcake?”

“Hmmm?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” Percy whispered. Jason leaned down to kiss him and for that he had to pull out. The dark haired boy felt empty without his boyfriend’s cock inside of him. At times like this he wished they were the same height, so this could be easier.

Jason pulled away and sat back against the headboard, “C’mere,” he opened his arms. Hesitantly Percy climbed into his lap.

“You wanna do it like this?” he asked. In this position he was a tiny bit taller than Jason.

“Yeah. That okay?”

Percy nodded and kissed him. Jason reached behind his boyfriend, squeezed his ass playfully and then grabbed his cock. He positioned it and then pushed back into Percy. The dark haired boy gasped and Jason buried his face in his shoulder with a groan.

“F-Fuck,” Percy moaned sweetly, “O-Oh f-fuck...”

They set up a rhythm with Jason thrusting up and Percy pushing down, and they could fuck and kiss at the same time and suddenly they fit together perfectly.

***

“I’ll have a beer please,” Annabeth said, casually leaning on the bar with her card already in her hand.

“Oh you pussy,” Jason teased, arm wrapped around Percy’s waist, “I’ll have whiskey on the rocks.”

The bartender lady nodded, “Coming right up.”

“Oh, can I get a jaegerbomb?” Percy piped up. The bartender raised an eyebrow at him and the fact he had to lift his arms up to reach the bar. Jason knew what was going to happen next.

“ID please.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake!” Percy complained, “I’m twenty two!”

“Sir, ID,” the bartender said dryly. Annabeth and Jason snickered and the dark haired boy delved into his pocket in annoyance.

“I can’t believe this,” he handed it to the Bartender, “is this what my life has come to? Fuck this I hate being short so much.”
“Alright, relax,” Jason said with a grin, kissing the top of Percy’s head. The Bartender handed him back his ID.

“A beer, whiskey and a jaegerbomb coming right up,” she said cheerfully.

***

It shouldn’t have worked – Percy was too short, Jason was too tall. Like a lot of things in their life their first wedding dance should’ve been awkward and taken them a moment to figure out, just like their first time having sex had been. And yet it wasn’t.

Percy’s hand was resting in Jason’s, small and fitting perfectly. His small arm was wrapped around Jason’s shoulders, gripping at the material of his tuxedo at the back. Jason’s chin rested on top of Percy’s head, his arm was wrapped all the way around his waist, keeping him close as they danced slowly to the music, making at least half the guests cry with emotion.

“I love you,” Percy whispered, his breath brushing against Jason’s neck. The blonde kissed the top of his head.

“You’re the best thing that ever happened to me, Shortcake.”
Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

Can you do one where Will loves to make a mess of Nico in public by being really affectionate and open with their relationship. Then when they're alone, Nico loves to make a mess of Will and Will loves every moment of it. Bottom Will, Top Nico full of smut please!

For Meeka

He finished the last bit of his coffee.

“I’m really glad you’re working with me now,” he told the new paramedic, Lacy, “It gets hard handling everything with just Kayla sometimes.”

The scrub-clothed girl smiled, “I’m so excited to be a paramedic. It’s been my dream for such a long time.”

“Well, I’m excited to have you on my team,” the blonde said sincerely. Lacy bit her lip,

“Okay I have a bit of a personal question.”

“Shoot.”

“Uh...so I heard from the other girls that you’re gay,” the young girl said, fidgeting. Will smiled, “Yup. I’m as gay as a bendy ruler.”

Lacy blushed, “So you have an actual boyfriend?” she asked in awe. Will fought a laugh,

“Yeah,” he glanced at his phone, “Actually he should be here any minute to come get me.”

Lacy squealed and then slapped a hand over her mouth, “Shit sorry.”

“It’s alright,” Will cracked a grin.

“Sorry, where I’m from all you see is straight couples,” Lacy admitted, “So...tell me about him!”

Will exhaled, trying to figure out how to describe the love of his life, “Well...his name’s Nico. He’s my age, and Italian, and kind of old fashioned. He's gorgeous and...,” he smiled, “and yeah.”

“God that’s adorable,” Lacy was just a pile of Fangirl now, “Can I meet him?”

“Of course,” Will was always happy to flaunt his hot boyfriend in front of his friends, not because he wanted to show off but because he was proud and happy to be with Nico out in public. He also liked to get him all flustered and embarrassed by being overly affectionate.
He heard the familiar engine of Nico’s shitty car pull up to the side of the street, close to the little cafe Will and Lacy were sitting at. Will watched, smiling, as the dark haired boy stepped out of his vehicle. He was wearing his aviator jacket, and dark sunglasses over his eyes. He hadn’t cut his hair for a while and it grew wild and messy in the hottest way. He casually put his hands in his pockets and walked over to Will.

“Hey,” he said casually, and Lacy almost had a heart attack.

Since their high school days Nico had really grown; now he was more muscular, almost Will’s height, and his voice sounded, if Will had to compare it to something, like rough wood.

“Hey babycakes,” Will said affectionately, and grabbed Nico’s arm, pulling him into his lap.

“Oi!” Nico flailed and tried to get away from Will. However the blonde held on firmly and rested his head on Nico’s shoulder. The Italian slumped, giving up the fight and pushing his sunglasses into his hair, revealing his dark eyes, “Asshole.”

“Oh my God you’re so cute,” Lacy gushed, and she had a napkin to her nose as if she had gotten a nosebleed...actually, maybe she had.


A blush flooded the Italian’s cheeks, “C-Cut it out, idiot!” he grumbled.

“He doesn’t like PDA,” Will explained to Lacy as he continued to pepper his boyfriend’s neck with pecks, making sure he couldn’t run away.

“Have I ever told you how much I hate you, Will Solace?” Nico grumbled and turned to Lacy, “Don’t you just hate him?”

“Well I love you,” Will said stubbornly. Nico rolled his eyes.

“Wanna say it any louder? I don’t think the people in that church heard,” Will opened his mouth and, blushing, Nico hurriedly slapped his hand over the blonde’s mouth, “I was kidding, you idiot!”

Will kissed his palm, and then licked it. Nico’s blush got stronger and Will loved watching him react to every little thing.

“Stop it!” the dark haired boy hissed, snatching his hand away, “We’re in public! We’re in company!”

“Oh, I don’t mind,” Lacy piped up.

“I think it’s time to go home,” Nico said darkly, and finally managed to free himself from Will, “It was nice to meet you, Lacy.”

“Nice to meet you too,” Lacy said sweetly. Will stood up and took Nico’s hand,

“Let’s go babe!” he said, pulling his boyfriend along, “Bye Lacy!”

***

“You’re an asshole sometimes you know?” Nico mused, tracing his finger down Will’s naked torso, “A real asshole.”
“N-Nico,” Will choked on a moan, his hands curling around the black ribbon that was keeping his hands tied to the headboard.

“Shhh,” Nico bit playfully at Will’s jaw. The blonde panted, arching into his touch. His hair was mused, sticking to his sweaty forehead and curling from the humidity. His eyes were half-lidded and dark with need, lips were swollen, neck marked with a dozen bite marks and bruises. He looked like a mess.

*Good,* Nico thought with satisfaction, *now he knows how it feels.*

“Move,” Will gasped, “N-Nico...G-Gods...p-please...”

“This,” Nico bit at the blonde’s earlobe and Will whimpered, “is your punishment for all the PDA you did in public today.”

Honestly Nico didn’t know how he was keeping his cool. His body was thrumming with pleasure, his cock buried in Will’s delicious, tight heat. He could feel every pulse and throb of Will’s hole and it was driving him crazy – it wasn’t long until he’d have to give in to his boyfriend’s needs, but right now he just wanted how much of a mess he could make him.

“I-I’m sorry,” Will whimpered, and tried to rock against Nico. The Italian stopped him by pushing his hips down and biting his lip.

“No you’re not,” he growled, and leaned down, taking Will’s nipple in his mouth. He bit down, hard, and Will cried out, back arching. The heat in Nico’s stomach intensified. *Don’t lose control, don’t lose control,* he told himself over, and over. This was meant to be a punishment.

Suddenly he thought of something even better.

With no warning he drew away from Will, pulled out and pushed back in, in a swift, borderline rough movement. He knew he wouldn’t last long the second Will’s lips fell open in a moan. He tugged helplessly on his silk restraint.

“N-Nico, Nico...Nico...Nico,” he blabbered, blonde hair spread like a halo around his head on the pillow, and every noise he made brought the Italian closer to the edge.

Nico started thrusting, gripping his boyfriend’s hips, fucking into him hard and fast. Will’s cock twitched against his smooth, tanned stomach, leaking precum into his belly button, but Nico didn’t reach for it to help his boyfriend get off.

He gritted his teeth as he felt the pleasure build up, “F-Fuck—“

“N-Nico please,” Will sobbed, shivering.

Nico crashed their mouths together and pulled out, coming all over his boyfriend’s stomach. Will panted against his mouth as Nico pulled away, his orgasm making him dizzy.


“I’m gonna take a shower,” he said and climbed off. Will gaped after him and pulled at his binds,

“W-Wait you’re not serious!” his cock twitched and Nico’s come dried on his skin. Nico reached into the closet and pulled out a tower. He casually slung it over his shoulder.

“I’ll see you later,” he winked and walked into the bathroom, leaving a hard, needy Will behind.
Will snuggled into Nico’s neck, kissing just underneath his ear. The dark haired boy jerked back in surprise,

“What are you doing?” he hissed at Will. The blonde shrugged,

“Nothing,” he said innocently.

Around them Nico’s family moved around the dark garden, strung with bright lanterns, orbiting around the barbeque in the centre, manned by Nico’s very loud uncle. It was the first time the family had met Will, even though he and Nico have been dating for quite a while, but they seemed to take an instant liking to him, and that was why Will was being open with his affections.

Clearly, this didn’t please Nico, “I’ll break all your fingers,” the boy threatened quietly. Will sighed and dropped his chin on his boyfriend’s shoulder.

“Is it because you’re ashamed of me?” he asked dramatically.

Nico rolled his eyes, cheeks bright red, “You know it’s just because I don’t like public displays of affection.”

“But I like them,” Will grumbled, wrapping his arms around the boy’s waist, “I like showing everyone you’re mine.”


Will grabbed his hand, “I also like how blushy and embarrassed you get.”

“I don’t get blushy,” Nico snatched his hand away and then got up and marched towards the house. With a smirk Will followed him.

The di Angelo kitchen was big, and curved so you couldn’t see parts of it from the garden. In this little ‘secluded’ place Will pinned Nico against the counter.

“Will,” Nico warned, hand curling in Will’s shirt. The blonde smirked,

“Nobody can see,” he said, and hungrily kissed Nico. The Italian turned away, bright red,

“Someone can walk in,” he muttered. He looked adorable, not at all like the sex devil he was in private. Will slid his fingers into his hair and forced his face around, colliding their mouths. This time Nico grudgingly gave in and kissed Will back.

“What are you two lovebirds doing here?” a voice asked, and Nico pushed Will back violently.

“N-Nothing!” he stuttered, face red. His sister Bianca stood there with an eyebrow raised and a bowl of potato salad in her arms. She glanced between the two; smirking Will and red, messy-haired Nico, and shrugged.

Okay,” she said, and walked off. Nico glared at Will.

“I’m gonna get you for this later.”

Will couldn’t wait.
Sweet Child of Mine

Chapter Notes

Only 40 chapters to go! (Which actually seems like a lot)

The Hecate cabin try something but by mistake the trick goes a little wrong and Nico gets trapped in a spell due to which he becomes a child (either he stays the same physically and just becomes very immature mentally or he all over becomes a child...You could decide) and Will is given the responsibility to take care of him as he is his boyfriend....While the Hecate cabin tries to find the spell to get Nico back to normal the camp and Will both see a totally different and innocent side of the dark and quiet son of Hades. The whole camp (even Clarisse) absolutely adores Nico after he gets back to normal while Will just falls deeper in love with him. All I ask for is Solangelo (with Nico as a 2-3 yr old fluff, Nico being adorable and the whole camp as friends) and Will (as his boyfriend) taking care of him.

For Emily23

Do not walk near Cabin 20 for the whole day as the Hecate children will be trying out new spells. Tyche’s and Hebe’s Cabins are advised to leave for the day also, because of their proximity to Cabin 20.

Everyone had heard the announcement made by Chiron at breakfast, and nobody had cared. The Hecate the kids were...wonky, at best, with their magic. The only ones that were any good were Lou Ellen and Alabaster since they had been at camp for a while. The best thing the new kids had managed to come up with were a couple of clouds of smoke, couple rainbows and a badly placed donkey’s tail. So nobody was too worried about their magical abilities, especially not the older kids.

Which was why Will and Nico were casually strolling past Cabin 20 in the late morning, minding their own business. Will had taken an early lunch break from the infirmary so he could walk Nico to sword-fighting, which the son of Hades was teaching, when it happened.

The chanting had been part of the Camp’s ruckus all day, and neither of the boys noticed as it got louder, lost in their conversation about how the Walking Dead was going to shit. And then, out of nowhere, as they walked past Cabin 20, there was a shot of furiously blue light.

“Look out!” Nico shouted, shoving Will away, always the fighter and protector, and the blonde watched in horror as he was hit directly with the beam. The air was filled with bright purple smoke.
that assaulted Will’s nose. The son of Apollo stumbled back, coughing and trying to identify what
the weird smell of the smoke was.

The air started to clear, and Nico was nowhere to be seen. Terrified, Will looked down and
understood what he was smelling.

Baby powder.

The horrified Hecate kids ran out of their cabin.

“Oh shit,” Lou Ellen whispered. They all stared at the ground.

“Goddammit Oscar,” Alabaster snapped, “I told you not to aim at the window!”

“It wasn’t me it was Larissa!”

“I didn’t know you had a baby, Will,” one of the kids snickered, and was followed by giggles.

The blonde swallowed, “That’s not my baby. That’s Nico.”

Sitting on the ground was maybe a child of two. He still looked like Nico, but a good fourteen years
younger. His black hair stuck out in incredibly soft looking tufts, his dark eyes were framed by
slightly paler eyelashes. His tiny nose was upturned, his pale cheeks chubby and flushed with colour.
His bottom lip was wet as he was currently busy blowing spit bubbles, his tiny, chubby hands
coming up to pop them. The funniest thing was that he was still wearing his aviator jacket and skull
t-shirt, just in a much smaller sizes.

“We turned the Ghost King into a baby,” Lou Ellen said in horror.

Baby Nico looked up and only now saw the crowd of on-lookers surrounding him. His tiny face
scrunched up, cheeks becoming redder, and suddenly he was wailing like a police siren, hands
jerking helplessly in the air.

“Oh crap!” Alabaster panicked as everyone took a step back.

“Turn him back!” Lou Ellen demanded.

“I don’t know how!” her older half-brother said hysterically.

Baby Nico lost his balance sitting upright and tumbled over onto his side. He beat at the grass,
attempting to get up but unable to. Will was at his side in a second, his heart twisting at seen the
baby’s helplessness.

“Hey, shhh, shhh,” he said, carefully taking his now-baby boyfriend into his arms. The child
continued to feebly hit at Will, but the blonde could barely feel it. He cradled him as best as he could
in his arms and patted his back awkwardly, “You’re okay, don’t cry.”

Nico hiccupped and stopped crying, snuggling against Will’s camp t-shirt.

Lou Ellen smiled, “He recognises your smell. It comforts him.”

“Do you know what would comfort me?” Will asked uneasily as Baby Nico started playing with his
hair, tugging on it almost painfully, “If I could get my boyfriend back. And not the fun-sized version–
ouch! Cut it out Neeks!”

“We should take him to Chiron,” Alabaster said.
“Can I hold him?” one of the younger kids asked.

“Me too!”

“No,” Will stood up and held Nico protectively in his arms, “you’ll drop him.”

“Let’s go to Chiron and sort this mess out,” Lou Ellen shook her head and started walking. Will hurried after her, still holding Nico, as Alabaster stayed with the rest of the Hecate kids. They made it to the Big House with just a few curious looks thrown their way. Nico was fidgeting in Will’s arms, distracted by virtually anything, from other Campers to gusts of wind.

“Chiron!” Lou Ellen burst into the house, interrupting the Centaur’s and Mr D’s card game.

“What is it-,” Chiron started, and then cut off when his eyes landed on Nico in his baby for,. Mr D snorted and dealt another hand.

“Should’ve used a condom,” he sang. Will’s eyes narrowed,

“It’s not my kid. It’s Nico.”

Chiron’s eyes turned to Lou Ellen, “Did he get hit with a spell?”

The girl nodded, “I thought nobody was meant to be around.”

“They weren’t,” Chiron sighed, giving Will a pointed look, “Is there any way for you to change Mr di Angelo back?”

Lou Ellen bit her lip, “We can try but first we need to figure out who threw the spell, trace it back, find a book with it, find a counter-spell-“

“In other words it’ll take a while,” Will interrupted, sighing.

“No. Most likely the spell was weak and will only take twenty four hours to wear off,” Lou Ellen slapped Will’s shoulder, “guess you’re on babysitting duty, Solace.”

“What? Why? I can’t! I have to go to the infirmary!” the blonde protested, “I don’t even like kids!”

“Well, he’s your boyfriend!”

***

They all watched the little Italian play with the plastic cups like they were Lego’s, perched on the Apollo table in the dining pavilion.

“What are we going to do?” Piper asked, biting her lip.

Annabeth just stood there, shaking her head slowly from side to side. Hazel sat next to her brother and picked up the cups he flipped over.

“We’ll just have to wait until the Hecate lot figure it out,” she said optimistically, “or maybe he’ll change back before them, who knows. It’s not the end of the world.”

“It could be worse,” Frank agreed, peering closely at Nico, who didn’t acknowledge him, “He could be a bug.”

“You’re a bug man, move,” Percy pushed him to the side and knelt in front of Nico. He started
talking in a baby voice, “Here lil’ Nico, there’s a good boy, you’re gonna be a good boy aren’t ya-“

Nico threw a cup at him and then burst out crying. Annabeth face palmed.

“Hey, it’s okay bud,” Hazel took her brother into her arms but he squirmed uncomfortably, his little arms stretching out towards Will. The blonde couldn’t help but be flattered as he took the child in his arms.

However Nico continued to cry.

“He’s probably hungry,” Leo offered, “I always want to cry when I’m hungry.”

“What’s he supposed to do, breastfeed him?” Reyna snapped in annoyance.

“Relax,” Leo rolled his eyes and reached into a tool-belt, pulling out a lunchable.

“Seriously?” Percy deadpanned.

Leo shrugged his shoulders, “What?” he asked, opening the packet, “I get hungry easily.”

“Just give him the cheese and the ham, not the crackers, they’ll be softer,” Will said, turning the crying baby around in his lap.

“No, just the cheese,” Piper made a face, “don’t teach him the wrong ways.”

“He’s already taught,” Frank said, “that’s the normal Nico in there.”

“And Nico’s a carnivore,” Leo said, almost proudly. Almost as if to back up his point the baby stopped crying and reached for the ham in the lunchable. The Demigods all watched, smiling, as Nico took the ham in both his tiny, chubby fists and started to munch away on it happily.

***

An hour later, Will was exhausted. He was sitting in the amphitheatre, hoping the music of the Apollo kids would soothe the impatient baby, but instead Nico had crawled around, turning over drums and hitting guitars until they fell. Will couldn’t seem to keep up with him.

Salvation, surprisingly, came in the form of Clarisse.

“Who’s making all this ruckus?” she demanded, walking into the amphitheatre. Austin put down his violin,

“That would be baby Nico.”

The daughter of Ares wrinkles her nose, “Nah, I’m pretty sure that’s you buddy,” she looked over at Nico, plucking at the strings of a fallen guitar with Will sitting hopelessly next to him, looking exhausted, “You alright there?”

The blonde looked up tiredly, “Fine.”

As if on cue Nico started crying again, for no reason. Will buried his face in his hands and groaned. Clarisse smiled,

“Here,” she walked over and swiftly picked Nico up, pressing him against his shoulder. She patted his back and he burped gratefully, stopping his wailing, “let me take him and you get some rest.”
Will rubbed his face, “Are you sure?” he asked, nervously looking at Nico in the big girl’s arms, curiously peering over her shoulder.

“Yeah. He’ll be alright with Auntie Clary,” she smiled brightly, “Won’t you, little chap?”

“Uhhh...Clarisse,” Will said, “that’s still Nico.”

Clarisse cleared her throat and glared, “Yes. Of course. Go on then, Solace. Nap or whatever.”

Will woke up after dinner and went to collect Nico from the Ares Cabin, only to find all of the kids sitting on the floor with the baby, playing with toys that had been generously donated by the Hephaestus Cabin. All of them were sad to part with the small, cheerful child that was so unlike the gloomy, moody Nico they knew.

The son of Apollo took Nico back to the Hades cabin, with lack of anywhere better to go. The Hecate kids were sitting around on their front porch, desperately filtering through their books to find a counter-spell, and the inside of the Hades Cabin was cool and pleasantly peaceful.

“I reckon I better give you a bath, eh, little man?” Will asked as he carried Nico in, though the baby didn’t reply, busy tugging on Will’s hair again. The blonde didn’t have a baby bath (of course he didn’t) so he filled the sink with lukewarm water instead.

He spent a good ten minutes trying to get the wriggling Nico out of his miniature clothes, which the Italian was gleefully making hard. By the time he had a chubby, naked baby Nico sitting on his bathroom Will was sweating and the water had gotten cold.

He refilled it and then forced the squealing child inside. The second Nico was sitting among the suds he calmed down, patting the water curiously. Despite the fact that he was technically still Will’s boyfriend the blonde couldn’t feel anything but affection towards the baby because...well, because he was a baby.

Will tiredly rolled up his sleeves as Nico continued to splash about. He reached for Nico’s usual shampoo and poured some onto his hand.

“C’mon, lil guy,” he got Nico to stay still by interesting him with a bar of soap. He managed to shampoo up his little tuft of hair when his plan backfired on him as the baby started eating the bar of soap, “No, no, no!” Will pulled the bar out of his hand, “Bad boy, don’t do that,” he said. Nico pouted at him cutely but Will ignored his pleading look, carefully nudging him backwards and washing off the shampoo with handfuls of water, the way he saw his aunts do with their kids. Nico giggled at this, and clapped his hands, spraying Will with droplets of water.

The blonde washed the rest of his body as best as he could with the hyperactive child squirming around, and then pulled him out to dry him off. Wrapped up in a fluffy white towel Nico looked like a cute cloud and Will couldn’t help but kiss his adorable little nose.

“Who knew the Ghost King makes such a cute kid,” he mused, picking the bundle that was Nico up and into his arms.

By the time he got the baby into one of Nico’s way too big t-shirts, the Italian was staring to doze off, snuggling closer and closer to Will’s warmth.

“Me too little guy,” Will smiled and carried Nico to his bed. Of course he couldn’t leave the baby alone so he climbed underneath the covers with the two year old safely in his arms. His heart melted
when Nico snuggled closer, one of his chubby hands curling into Will’s shirt. He put a thumb in his mouth and closed his big eyes and fell asleep, right there, in the blonde’s arms.

Will kissed the top of his head and then went out like a light. Who knew taking care of a baby could be this hard?

***

The sun hitting Will’s face as it rose woke him up. Or maybe it was Nico looking at him that did the trick.

The Italian laid curled up on his side, looking at Will, back to his normal age and size. He looked tired and weirdly content, hair fluffy from the wash Will gave it. His dark eyes were full of warmth.

“Good morning,” the Italian said, a little hoarsely, his hand stroking up and down Will’s arm.

“Good morning,” Will leaned forward and kissed his forehead, “Welcome back.”

“That was weird,” Nico said with a smile. Will affectionately brushed a piece of his hair behind his ear,

“It really was. I’m glad to have you back.”

Nico shuffled closer and put a hand on Will’s cheek, before kissing him softly.

“You were a cute baby though,” Will said cheekily. Nico rolled his eyes and kissed him again,

“Idiot,” he grumbled as Will rolled on top of him.

And just like that, things were back to normal.
I was wondering if you could do one, Jason x Percy, where Percy takes Jason's glasses and wears them, and although Jason is nearly blind without them, he thinks they make Percy look sexy, and because Percy is happy with his new glasses, Jason is happy too.

For gay_starwars

Jason was stretched out on his bed in the Zeus Cabin at Camp Half Blood, typing away on his laptop. He tried going to University but he found he missed Percy, his boyfriend, too much during the school year and so he now took online classes to try and get a degree while staying close to the other boy.

“Hey!” the dark haired Demigod said cheerfully, coming into Jason’s Cabin without knocking. The blonde had long ago stopped caring about Percy coming and going as he pleased.

“Hey,” he threw, glancing away from the screen and pushing his glasses further up his nose as he appreciatively took in his boyfriend.

Percy had come back from training and his naked, muscular torso was glistening with sweat, his t-shirt thrown carelessly over his shoulder. The son of Poseidon brushed his damp hair from his forehead and grinned, walking over.

“Hey,” he said again, softer, and leaned over to peck Jason on the lips. The blonde smiled, his heart warming, “I see the glasses are back.” Percy wriggled his eyebrows as he sat down on the bed. A week ago Leo had accidentally broke them and the blonde had stumbled around Camp practically blind.

“Yes,” Jason rolled his eyes.

“Can I try them on?” Percy asked excitedly. Jason shook his head,

“No. Last time I let someone try them on they came back to me in pieces,” he closed his laptop, knowing he wouldn’t get any work done now that Percy was around.

“But that was Leo!” Percy pouted, “he breaks everything just to see if he can put it back together!”
Jason sighed, “They’re just glasses, Perce.”

Percy slid closer, “Okay,” he said and pecked Jason on the lips. The blonde leaned in again but Percy leaned away playfully, teasingly, before pecking Jason again, and then once more. While the blonde was distracted Percy sneakily reached up and snatched his glasses away.

“Oi!” Jason protested but Percy jumped away before the blonde could catch him. The blonde blinked blearily as the world turned blurry.

“How do I look?” Percy asked, mock-spinning like a ballerina. Jason squinted but could barely make out Percy’s face, much less the glasses.

“I can’t see anything,” he grumbled.

Percy came closer and dumped himself in Jason’s lap casually. Automatically the blonde’s hands came to rest on his naked, warm hips. Percy looped his arms around his boyfriend’s shoulders.

“What about now?” he teased, cocking his head to the side. This close up he was much clearer, and with his dark, curling hair, naked body and Jason’s glasses perched on his pretty little nose he looked pretty much like a porn star.

“You look like one of those nerds in porn,” Jason informed his boyfriend. Percy snickered and Jason leaned in to kiss his neck, “it’s kinda sexy.”

“I thought you were blind without your glasses,” Percy said playfully.

“That’s why you’re only kinda sexy and not hella sexy,” Jason joked, pulling Percy down for a heated, passionate kiss. His tongue slid into his boyfriends mouth but the dark haired boy pulled back.

“Can I keep them?” he asked, dodging Jason’s kisses and forcing him to answer.

“No.”

“Aw, please,” Percy made puppy dog eyes at Jason. The blonde blew a raspberry against his boyfriend’s shoulder and Percy giggled.

“For now you can,” he said, just to make Percy happy.
You Got Me in Chains for Your Love

Octavian kidnaps the seven and has a unhealthy crush on Leo. He takes Leo to a room/chamber/cell thingy I dunno, and makes Leo obey him and forces him to crossdress the whole time and kiss him (if he disobeys Octavian threatens to kill/hurt the rest of the seven) at first Leo hated it, but over time he started to fall in love with Octavian and enjoyed it more Octavian then orders him to have sex with him and they both enjoy ALOT So they do it all the time, to the point where Octavian doesn't even need to order him. Then they confess there love! Oh ya and you can choose what happens in the end and the rest of the 7. -Bottom Leo pls!-

for Itssara

Octavian had never been quite so proud of himself.

When he had first joined the Giants’ side of the war he had never expected that they would be winning in such a crushing way. Camp Half Blood was in ruins, as was Greece, and all the temples of Greek Gods, forcing them to take on their full Roman forms. But Octavian’s biggest success was finally capturing the heroic Seven of the prophecy.

Nico di Angelo came over to his side when he was first given the chance. There was a darkness in him and with him at Octavian’s side the augur felt invincible. Especially when Nico started raising Demigods from the dead, evil Demigods, who wanted to conquer and rule the world, just like Octavian: Luke Castellan, Ethan Nakamura, Alabaster Torrington, the fallen heroes of the Titan War.

As their ranks grew they either imprisoned Demigods, and persuaded them to join the Roman ranks, which were expanding. Octavian would be the next Alexander the Great, creating an Empire, he was sure of it. They would destroy the Giants after they stopped being useful; him and all the other Demigods. Even Reyna had seen reason and joined the augur.

The one thing that plagued Octavian was the Seven, somewhere on the seas or in their sky in their magical ship built by Leo Valdez, who Octavian thought of as a brilliant genius in his own right. After all he had managed to stay off the radar of the Romans for months, desperate to continue and complete the quest with his friends, as if they had any chance at all.

But finally, finally, Octavian’s scouts found the Argo II and the seven were captured. And they were all at the mercy of Octavian, the descendant of Apollo. The seven most powerful Demigods.

There was one problem. That problem was called Leo Valdez.

Octavian wanted to be ruthless and cruel towards the Seven, he wanted to torture them, tear them
apart. He wasn’t one for murdering Demigods, never had been. He preferred to give them time in the cold, dark dungeons to change their minds and join his side. But he had planned something special for the seven.

He wanted to wipe that insufferable smirk from Jackson’s face, to see his unwavering bravery crumple when he realised there was no hope. He yearned to see the spark disappear from Chase’s eyes, to make her see that she couldn’t outsmart him, outsmart all of them, to make her see that she had no more choices left, no plans to make, no decisions to pick from. He wanted Grace to bow to him, to break, to realise he had no power over the Romans anymore, and would never again, that his only choice was to join the ranks as a mere soldier. He wished to see McLean shatter, when she realised her pretty voice and her pretty eyes had no effect on Octavian, to see that in the dark she would wilt and dry like a flower left without water for too long. He ached to make Zhang the vulnerable, insecure, scared boy he was before the blessing of Mars, to see him return to the grey drab mouse that he once was, to blend back into the background where he belonged. He wanted Levesque to realise how alone she was, the one warm person who attracted all these friends, to see that even her brother turned his back on her.

He wanted to break all of them.

And yet he couldn’t execute it, because of Valdez. Every time Octavian went into the dungeon the curly haired boy would glare at him as if he wanted to burn holes into the blonde, which he probably wanted to. Everybody else dropped their eyes, they begged and pleaded, and showed the weakness Octavian always knew was inside them. Not Valdez. He remained strong, steady, snickering at Octavian, trying to shame him even after a week down in the dark. He was like a flame, wild and untamed. And Octavian admired him. And he desperately, desperately wanted to tame him.

But...weirdly...strangely...he didn’t want to extinguish the flame. He wanted to hold it in the palm of his hand and not get burned.

Which was why he moved Valdez away from all the other Demigods. Because he wanted him alone, because he wanted...well, Octavian didn’t know quite what he wanted.

***

“I brought you a present today,” Octavian said with a smirk as the heavy door to Valdez’ cell groaned shut behind him. It was pitch black in the cell but Octavian knew it wouldn’t stay that way for long – it never did. As if on command balls of fire curled into the air, illuminating the cell with a golden, flickering light. In this light Octavian saw Valdez. His arms were stretched on either side of him, chained to opposite walls. The chains were a little too high for the small Demigod and his feet barely touched the ground. He lifted his head up, struggling. There was a cut on his lip from where he tried to fight a guard, and his hair was dark with dirt and soot. His Camp t-shirt was ripped and stained with blood, “I’ll give it to you if you behave. I’ll even take the chains of.”

Octavian liked Valdez in chains, liked seeing him helpless and at his mercy. What he didn’t like was the fact that the skin at the boy’s wrists was chaffed and bleeding from struggling, and that he looked like he was in pain...which was probably was in. Octavian had never felt like this before, never cared for one of his war prisoners before.

“Screw you, Octavian,” Valdez spat, the fire reflecting in his brown eyes.

Octavian almost smiled, “Don’t act like a child.”

“If I was a child I’d be giving you the silent treatment,” Valdez’ eyes narrowed, “you deserve the silent treatment, prick,” he cut off as his body was wrecked by a cough.
Octavian took a subconscious step forward, “Are you okay?” he blurted, before he could stop himself. Valdez glared.

“I’m great, thanks,” he said sarcastically.

Octavian regained his posture, hiding his emotions, “You’re probably getting ill from how damp it is in here.”

“Oh gee, really?” Valdez taunted, “Dampness? What dampness? I thought I was in the Bahamas.”


“Don’t hurt her,” he asked dejectedly.

“As long as you do as I tell you.”

“Fine,” Valdez barked, “What do you want this time, dickhead?”

“Well...I did want something,” Octavian tried to think of a way to phrase this without making it seem like he cared, “but now I had a change of heart. I think I’ll give you a different cell – don’t want you dying too soon,” he smirked.

Leo laughed dryly, “You won’t kill me, coward.”

No, Octavian thought, I’ll break you.

“Guards!” he called and immediately two Roman soldiers marched into the cell, “Take those chains off and get Valdez upstairs to the prisoner rooms;” he turned to the Latino, “I’ll come back later. Don’t try anything funny or Hazel will feel the punishment.”

Valdez glared, “I hope you die.”

***

Leo’s new room was a lot nicer than his old cell, and he hated to admit it. There was a narrow bed in one corner, and an actual window, although barred. He actually got a bathroom this time, which was real nice. There was heating and electricity and even a carpet on the floor. It almost didn’t feel like a prison.

And Leo hated it. He didn’t understand why he was getting special treatment or why he had been separated from the rest of the Seven, and he had no way of communicating with them. The last Octavian had told him was that they were all being held separately and away from each other. Apparently Hazel was in some sky cell, far away from the ground and any diamonds she could pull out – the only reason Leo wasn’t panicking was because Nico (the bastard) was on Octavian’s side and no matter how evil the Latino didn’t believe he’d let the blonde hurt his sister. The others weren’t better off – apparently Percy’s cell was filled with sand, and he was being fed some weird type of water he couldn’t control. Jason was in an underground holding, with no windows so he couldn’t get close to the sky and control lightning. Piper and Annabeth were in two similar cells, and were guarded by the Amazons, who were unaffected by Piper’s charmspeak. Frank was in a new kind of prison, where it was impossible for him to shapeshift, though Leo had no idea what the prison was.

And he was here, in some nice bedroom, confused and lost.
After a day Octavian came to see him. He was the only person Leo got to encounter. All his food was slid in through the trapdoor in the actual door (Leo couldn’t get through it, he tried) and he didn’t get to speak to anyone. Except Octavian.

“Ah, I see you’ve made yourself at home,” the unimpressed blonde came in, looking at Leo’s unmade bed. He was dressed in his armour, the golden one that made him look less-dead than usual, his pale hair falling into his equally pale, cruel eyes. The thing about Octavian was that he wasn’t physically strong, he was pretty skinny – willowy, Piper would’ve called him – but still taller and bigger than Leo. It was infuriating.

“What the fuck is this?” the Latino growled.

“Your new room,” Octavian tutted, “You don’t like it? Wow, who knew children of Hephaestus were so spoiled.”

“Who knew blonde’s were such cunts,” Leo snapped. It wasn’t the best of his insults but in his defence he was tired and hungry and furious and upset and helpless and he wanted to strangle Octavian.

“I brought you a present,” Octavian ignored his comment, “Since I didn’t get to give it to you last time.”

He threw a package at Leo and only the boy’s reflexes helped him catch it. Warily, he looked at Octavian. The Roman laughed.

“Relax, it’s not a bomb.”

“It’s too light to be a bomb,” Leo huffed, “Doesn’t mean it’s not something nasty. Is this the bit where you give me someone’s chopped off pinkie?”

Octavian smirked, “Why don’t you open it and find out?”

Hesitantly, a little anxious, Leo ripped the package open. A heap of white lace fell out and the boy nervously picked it up and held it in front of him. It was a white dress.

“You’re fucking kidding me,” he breathed.

“I want you to wear it,” Octavian confirmed his suspicion.

“Kinky,” Leo said dryly.

“I’m serious.”

“Is this some new idea of yours to try and break me?” Leo demanded, shoving the dress to the ground, “because putting me in a dress ain’t gonna do it, amigo.”

Octavian shrugged casually, “I can get my guards to undress you I’m sure they don’t mind.”

“Alright, relax,” Leo rolled his eyes, “But this is stupid. This isn’t going to achieve anything except...well, me in a dress.”

Octavian’s eyes narrowed, “Strip.”

Sighing, Leo picked up the dress and took a step towards the bathroom.

“No,” Octavian said, “Change here.” Leo blinked at him in surprise, “I don’t want you starting a fire
or some other bullshit.”

“Fine,” Leo glared at him, “but turn around.”

Slowly, almost hesitating, Octavian turned his back on Leo. The Latino wanted nothing more than to stab him, though there was nothing that could make anything even remotely close to a weapon.

With no other choice, the boy started to undress. Several times he thought he caught Octavian looking at him...but why would the augur be looking at Leo? Nobody ever looked at Leo. He’s probably just checking to see I haven’t started a fire, the Latino explained it to himself. Starting a fire would cost Hazel her life, he was sure. Or at least her pinkie. The boy pulled the soft, pretty dress over his body. He felt fairly stupid, and knew this was some new form of punishing him, of making him embarrassed. The boy was determined not to let it show. He reached for his back to do the zip, but couldn’t reach. After a few seconds of struggling he made a frustrated noise.

“What is it?” Octavian demanded impatiently.

“Can’t reach the goddamn zip.”

“Turn around, I’ll do it,” Leo saw Octavian start to turn so he hurriedly turned his back to him, trying to hide his blush. *Now he has the perfect opportunity to stab me,* he thought fleetingly and then, *no. If he wanted to kill me he already would’ve.*

He felt fingers brush against his back and he flinched,

“Relax,” Octavian laughed as he reached for the zip. Leo could’ve sworn his hands lingered on his waist, but he could’ve imagined it. He hadn’t had human contact in over a month, “All done. Turn around.”

Leo crossed his arms over his chest, “No.”

Roughly Octavian grabbed his shoulder and forced the boy to face him. Leo gritted his teeth at how warm Octavian’s hand was on his bare shoulder. Someone as cold as the augur had no right to be this warm. Leo missed the warmth.

He came face to face with Octavian, closer than he’d ever been, and felt a blush flood his cheeks. It was embarrassing to be in this dress.

A weird expression appeared on Octavian’s face, almost of shock. His eyes widened, his lips parted slightly and he just stared, and Leo wanted to hide desperately but couldn’t move as Octavian’s blue eyes slid all over him. Leo wasn’t used to that, he wasn’t used to people *looking* at him, or giving him special treatment, or anything really...Octavian’s hand was still on Leo’s shoulder.

“Am I pretty yet?” Leo asked sarcastically, to break the weird tense silence between him and his captor, and to muffle the sound of his pounding heart.

“Wash your face,” Octavian said, almost softly, drawing back, “the dirt doesn’t suit the dress.”

And then he just left.

***

A week passed and it was bad. Octavian brought the dress for Valdez to wear to embarrass him and make him feel stupid. He took away his other clothes so the boy had no choice but to wear the dress or go around naked, and he had opted for the dress and now it was bad.
Because he didn’t look stupid. He looked gorgeous. The white contrasted his beautiful skin in the most amazing way, revealing just enough of it for it to be seductive. Valdez didn’t look girly in any way; his chest was flat, he had no hips, and yet he still looked good in the dress. And Octavian had a crush on him. Not just in the dress, but in general.

Which was why he came up with the new way to ‘punish’ the boy, though it was more for Octavian’s own sanity than anything else. War was complicated and hard and confusing and the moments stolen with Leo in his prison were peaceful, no matter how much the Latino swore at Octavian.

When he came into Leo’s room late in the afternoon it was bathed in amber light, and the Latino was napping on his bed, underneath his blanket. Feeling more like an asshole than usual Octavian walked over and ripped the blanket from Leo. Immediately the Latino sat up with a moan,

“What the-,” he started and then his face fell when he saw the blonde, “Oh, it’s you. Dickhead. Thought I was just having a bad dream again.”

Octavian wished the sight of a messy, disgruntled Leo in bed with one of the sleeves of the dress sliding off his shoulder didn’t do anything to him, but it did.

“Sorry to disappoint,” Octavian said, pulling back. Leo stood up and tried to sort himself out.

“So what kind of new torment did you come up with today?” he asked. Octavian smirked.

“Kiss me.”

Leo stared at him in shock, plump lips parted, “W-What?”

“You heard me, Valdez,” Octavian leaned in, “Kiss me.”

Leo turned his face away, “You’re crazy. No way in hell!”

“I wasn’t asking,” Octavian growled.

“Why the fuck do you want me to kiss you?” there was a blush rising to Leo’s cheeks. Octavian put his hands on the wall next to the boy’s head, caging him in. Leo still wouldn’t look at him, hands shaking at his sides.

“Because you don’t want to,” Octavian hissed, “and that’s a good enough reason for me,” he grabbed Leo’s chin roughly and forced the boy to face him, “Kiss me. I won’t repeat myself again.”

Why did he have the urge to cradle his face in his hand? To wrap his arms around his waist and keep him close? To keep kissing him until the boy finally gave in?

Leo surged forward and collided his lips with Octavian’s, almost painfully. The second their mouths were together the Latino was pulling back and wiping his lips on the back of his hand, disgusted.

His reaction hurt.

Octavian grabbed his arm, heart pounding, and pulled it back, forcing their mouths together again. He wanted Leo, badly. He wanted to force his tongue into the boy’s mouth, slot their bodies together, touch him everywhere.

Leo shoved him back violently, “Get away with me!” he shouted, almost hysterically, and the blanket on his bed erupted in flames. Horrified the boy turned to the bed and with a wave of his hand
put the flames out. He was shaking and suddenly Octavian felt bad...because he had scared the kid.

“D-Don’t hurt Hazel because of this,” Leo whispered, clearly unable to bring himself to say please.

“I’ll get you new covers,” was all Octavian said, heart aching as he looked at the boy, shoulders slumped, head lowered.

Don’t put out the flame, don’t put out the flame...

***

In the next three days Octavian had asked Leo for the same thing each day. Kiss me.

Octavian was repulsive...and that was exactly the problem. Leo didn’t think the blonde was his type, until he suddenly was. It was sick and twisted, he knew this, but it was hard not to yearn for the short moments he got with the blonde when he was the only person Leo ever saw anymore.

That doesn’t mean he was supposed to want to kiss him, and yet he did. Every time Octavian forced Leo to kiss him the Latino’s spine would tingle and he’s panic, but then Octavian’s lips, almost gentle on his, would soothe him, as bad as that sounded. Leo didn’t want to like it, and yet he did. It took everything in him not to touch Octavian, pull him closer, kiss him back.

Octavian came, as always.

“How we feeling today, Leo?” he asked.

The boy was amusing himself with running a flame over the back of his hand. He was wearing a new dress one, a black floor length one. He was used to the skirt rustling around his legs with each move now.

“Is there a point to this?” he asked, “you bothering me all the damn time? It’s not like I can give you any information.”

“No,” Octavian stood in front of him, “It’s fun to mess with you. It’s fun to break you.”

“I’m not breaking, asshole.”

“You’re like glass,” Octavian said, almost fondly, “You’ll break eventually.”

“I’m like a brick,” Leo glared at him, extinguishing the flame, “one that’ll eventually get thrown at your head.”

“Stand up.”

Leo stood up, arms over his chest. He ignored how hard his heart pounded with how close Octavian was to him. The blonde smelled like soap and roses, and he had ditched the armour for a soft, long-sleeved black t-shirt. He looked more human like this.

“Kiss me,” Octavian asked.

Leo swallowed nervously and looked up. It unnerved him, the way Octavian’s eyes were always on him. He was the seventh one, used to being alone, used to nobody paying attention to him. And now Octavian was giving him all this attention and Leo didn’t know what to do with it.

He stood on his tiptoes and pressed his lips against Octavian’s. He tried not to move a muscle, just leave their mouths together, not show that he was enjoying this in any way. But then Octavian
reached out and cradled his cheek in his hand, and Leo shifted in surprise and landed off of his tiptoes. Octavian had never touched him before, just kisses. Leo knew he was bright red as Octavian leaned down to kiss them again.

This kiss was almost inviting, Octavian’s lips moving against Leo’s, open but not invading. That was the thing about him, he never forced Leo into anything more than this. He pulled away and kissed the corner of Leo’s mouth and his thumb stroked the boy’s cheek and Leo couldn’t take it.

“W-Why are you doing this?” he asked shakily, turning his head away. His whole body was trembling.

“Breaking yet?” Octavian asked in a whisper.

“You w-wish,” Leo mumbled, hands in fists. Octavian turned his face so he could kiss him again. He stopped inches away from Leo’s face,

“It’s alright to kiss me back, you know,” he said in a hushed voice.

“I don’t want to kiss you back,” Leo lied, voice faltering.

Octavian stared at him, his forehead almost touching the Demigod’s, “I could force you to do anything,” the blonde said, though his voice held no malice, it never did when they did this, “and all I’m asking for is a kiss back.”

“What if I say no?” Leo asked, “You kill Hazel?”

Octavian shook his head, almost mournfully, and pulled back. He left without another word and Leo found himself aching for him.

***

Nobody came to see him in two weeks. Leo needed people – he couldn’t be alone, couldn’t stand it. Even when he was the seventh wheel and technically alone it was better than this, being isolated from everyone. Each day Leo waited impatiently for Octavian to come through the door, but he didn’t.

The Latino hated himself for having feelings for the blonde. Octavian was meant to be a traitor, the enemy, a monster. And yet, despite his remarks and digs at Leo, he was almost kind at times. He paid attention to Leo, treated him as something more than just a smart mechanic. He hated to admit it but he felt more comfortable with Octavian than he sometimes felt with the Seven. The boy wasn’t quite sure if Percy or Annabeth even liked him in the first place. Piper and Jason were his ‘friends’ and yet they never had time for him. Frank outright hated him, and although Hazel was sweet she had chosen the Son of Mars over him. He was always the second choice, or the third, or the fourth, or the fifth, or the sixth, or the seventh...usually he was the seventh. How many times he had asked himself the what if we were all hanging off the cliff...question? Annabeth would save Percy, Jason Piper, Frank Hazel and vice versa. Leo would, in each and every scenario, end up with shattered bones at the bottom of the cliffs.

Octavian would pick him, Leo was sure of that, even just so he could torment him.

The food came through the trapdoor, and a new dress every once in a while. Every time Leo put on a new one in the two weeks that Octavian abandoned him for, he couldn’t help but remember the way the blonde had looked at him every time; soft, wide eyes full of...appreciation? want? Leo didn’t know what it was.
As the days inched on, torturously slow, Leo started wondering what if Octavian died? The war was still going on as far as the Latino was concerned, and Octavian was the leader. What if he was laying dead, in some grave, and Leo would never see him again. The thought was so unbearable that for the last few days Leo could just lay in bed, going over all the horrible things that could’ve happened.

And then Octavian came back.

It was dark outside, and Leo had been amusing himself by lighting the candles the blonde had previously brought him, making shapes from the flames, when the door suddenly opened and the Augur walked in casually, as if he hadn’t scared Leo half to death. He was wearing a shirt, and jeans, hands in his pockets, insufferable smirk on his chiselled face.

Leo had never missed someone so much.

“Hello Valdez,” the Roman said, smiling, “broken yet?”

Leo stared at him in shock. Then suddenly the flames in the candles flared up as the Latino got up and threw himself at the blonde. His fist collided with Octavian’s jaw and the Roman stumbled back into the wall, eyes wide in surprise.

Immediately guards rushed into the room and the next thing Leo knew was that he was being painfully pinned to the ground, arms twisted behind his back. He gasped in pain against the carpet.

“My lord are you hurt?” one of the guards asked, voices rough.

“Get off him,” Octavian ordered, “Right now.”

The pressure on Leo’s back lessened as the Guards let him go. The boy shakily pulled himself up, so he was slouched on his knees on the floor, head hanging.

“Get out,” Octavian snapped and the Guards scurried out like scared mice, and the Latino was alone with the blonde again. He wouldn’t look at the Roman because there were tears in his eyes. His heart hurt, “That was unnecessary,” Octavian said, voice neutral.

“F-Fuck you,” Leo whispered shakily, “I f-fucking hate y-you.”

“Get up,” Octavian commanded. Not wanting the Roman to forcefully pull him up, or touch him in any way, Leo struggled to his feet and leaned against the wall. The blonde stood in front of him, “look at me.”

“No.”

“Valdez,” now Octavian’s voice was cold, “I said look at me.”

Slowly Leo looked up. There was a bruise starting to form on Octavian’s pale, sharp jaw, and a cut on his lip, still bleeding a little. His eyes were narrowed as he looked at Leo.

“You shouldn’t have hit me.”

“Fuck you,” Leo snapped. All he wanted was to climb into Octavian’s arms, make sure he was really there and not some sick phantom of Leo’s fucked up imagination, but he didn’t dare. He didn’t dare show Octavian his feelings, in case it was exactly what the blonde wanted to embarass him.

“I see you got the new dress,” the blonde said, eyes sliding over Leo’s body. The Latino self consciously crossed his arms over the scarlet dress he was wearing.
“How much longer are you going to humiliate me like this?”

Octavian cocked an eyebrow. “Humiliate? If I wanted to humiliate you I’d parade you around the barracks for everyone to see like this.”

“Where were you?” Leo demanded.

“Watch your tone. I was giving you a lesson. I can see that it worked,” Leo’s hands were in fists as he anticipated Octavian’s next command, the one he yearned for, “Kiss me.”

Leo didn’t hesitate. He should’ve hesitated, but he was a needy idiot and so he didn’t. He just stood on his tiptoes and pressed his mouth against Octavian’s. *Don’t kiss back, don’t kiss back...*he told himself, but his resolve started breaking the second Octavian’s mouth started moving against his.

Leo’s hands jerked up to grip at the Roman’s shirt to keep his balance and he tilted his head to the side and parted his lips a little, because technically that wasn’t kissing back but it gave access to Octavian’s tongue, which slid inside Leo’s mouth and mapped it out, as if wanting to memorise it. Leo heard a little, breathy sound and then he realised that he had made it.

Octavian pushed him back against the wall, caging him in and kissed him harder.

“Kiss me back,” he commanded, pulling back a little. Leo was weirdly out of breath, his stomach flipping, his heart pounding. Before he could reply Octavian collided their lips again, forcing his tongue inside Leo’s mouth. He couldn’t seem to be able to keep his hands on the wall any longer because they slid down Leo’s bare arms to rest on his hips, bunching in the silky red dress.

Leo broke. His knees felt like cotton candy and his hands moved up from where they were tangled in Octavian’s shirt at his chest, to loop around his neck, drawing him closer. Leo kissed back hungrily, his self restraint breaking. The kiss was passionate, heated, intense, it took Leo’s breath away. It was almost like a battle, aggressive, both of the boy’s trying to get the other to break.

Octavian pulled away so they could catch their breaths, panting into each other’s mouths. The blonde looked smug, his lip bleeding a little.

“That wasn’t that hard, was it?”

“I-I hate y-you,” Leo lied shakily, arms tightening around Octavian.

“Have sex with me.”

“W-What?” Leo gasped.

“You heard me,” Octavian said, “I want you to have sex with me.”

Leo’s eyes dropped to the floor, because...well, this was a bit much. He swallowed, “Is that a question or a threat?”

“It’s an order,” Octavian growled.

“Then why bother asking?” Leo whispered, when all he wanted to say was yes.

“Yes,” Octavian mused, leaning in, “Why bother?”

The second he pressed his body against Leo’s the Greek decided that he would be passive. He wouldn’t give Octavian the satisfaction of hearing him make a noise, or beg, or react to him in any way. The blonde didn’t seem to currently care as he gripped Leo’s hips in his hands and walked him
backwards to the bed. He shoved the Latino down, almost roughly, and climbed on top of him.

Having Octavian on top of Leo felt...weird. The boy’s hands gripped at the covers below him as he tried not to show how nervous he was. In the end Octavian was still an enemy, and he could seriously hurt Leo. The Latino was almost glad when Octavian flipped him over, because he could hide his face.

“Can I take the dress off?” Leo asked.

“No,” Octavian growled.

The dress was short, just barely covering Leo’s thighs, a deep red, and looked more like a night dress than anything else. Octavian seemed to like it though as he attached his mouth to the side of Leo’s neck, sucking a hickey into the skin as his hand trailed up and down Leo’s side, over the silky material. The others would be disgusted if they saw me like this, Leo thought, eyes squeezed shut, trying not to react to Octavian’s ministrations. He bit the pillow to stifle a gasp when the blonde suddenly reached down and squeezed his ass roughly.

He then pushed the dress up and gripped Leo’s globes just through his underwear. The Latino tensed and fought the urge to shiver.

“Relax,” Octavian’s voice was surprisingly soothing, “I’m not the monster you think I am. I won’t hurt you.”

“Too late for that,” Leo said, trying to keep his voice steady. Aggressively Octavian flipped him over, hands on either side of Leo’s face. He looked furious.

“I didn’t hurt you,” he growled, and then his expression faltered, “Right?”

“Wasn’t that the point?” Leo asked.

“No. No...I didn’t...I...”

“You left me,” Leo blurted, before he could stop himself. His heart pounded, “You left me all by m-myself and I thought you died-“

Octavian’s lips twitched into a smile, “You care.”

“I don’t,” Leo lied, turning his head away, cheeks burning.

Octavian kissed him, gently this time, and pulled away. He didn’t do anything, just looked at Leo. Subconsciously the Latino reached up and touched the bruise on his jaw. Octavian caught his hand and held it, and the two just stared at each other, the air between them crackling with tension. Octavian’s eyes seemed to be searching Leo’s face.

“I’ll come back another time,” the blonde said, and started to pull away.

“No!” Leo’s hand shot out and he grabbed the Roman’s hand, “No, don’t!”

He couldn’t stand being alone again, couldn’t stand Octavian abandoning him. The blonde smiled, “So you do want this?”

Leo collapsed back on the bed and threw an arm over his eyes to try and regain control over himself. “If you’re going to do it just do it,” he growled.
Octavian’s response to this was to literally *rip* Leo’s underwear off. Blushing, the Latino crossed his legs.

“A-Asshole!”

“I’ll get you new ones,” the blonde said, shoving Leo’s legs apart. With a wave of the Latino’s hand the candles were extinguished and the room drowned in darkness, “Seriously? I didn’t take you to be the shy one.”

“Shut up and get on with it.”

“Hey,” Octavian squeezed Leo’s thigh, almost painfully, “I’m the one who gives orders here. Light the candles.”

“Buy me dinner first at least.”

“Listen you little shit-“

“I want them off,” Leo said stubbornly.

“Well I want them on,” Octavian pinched the boy’s thigh. Grumbling, the Latino set a flickering flame on the closest candle, giving just enough light that the Roman could see him, “Good boy,” he cooed, earning himself a deathly glare from Leo. The blonde slid down the bed, still keeping his legs apart.

Leo had no idea what Octavian would do next, he was literally unpredictable. The Latino was shaking, couldn’t help it, and felt stupidly exposed, to the point where he kept tugging the dress down to cover his lower region nakedness.

He jerked violently when he felt Octavian’s tongue against his soft cock. The blonde laughed at his reaction,

“Relax.”

He earned himself another lick and his cock twitched as a trickle of heat travelled down to Leo’s stomach. The boy squeezed his eyes shut and tried to breathe normally, but then Octavian took him fully into his mouth and the boy couldn’t handle it. He slapped both of his hands over his mouth to muffle his whimper as he felt arousal shift through his body, his member filling out in the velvety heat of Octavian’s mouth.

The blonde was good at what he was doing, taking Octavian deep into his mouth and hollowing out his cheeks, sucking in a way that made Leo knees go weak. In seconds he was gasping, hips stuttering upwards, toes curling. He hadn’t ever gotten his dick sucked by a guy, and it was going to his head, making him dizzy and breathless. Suddenly he wasn’t thinking about the Seven or how wrong this was, all he could think was *Octavian.*

***

Octavian withdrew his fingers from inside Leo and the boy shivered when he did so. This was exactly the way Octavian wanted to have the Latino; breathless, panting, flushed. In the flickering light of the candle he looked like a fallen angel, face turned away, swollen lips parted, hands helplessly on either side of him. He wasn’t fighting the Roman, instead letting him do whatever he wanted.

Octavian reached into the pocket of his jeans, which he was still wearing, though he had lost his shirt
a while ago, and pulled out a condom. While Leo was still catching his breath, blissed out, the blonde rolled it onto his hard cock. He was aching to be inside the Latino, couldn't remember ever wanting something as badly. He grabbed his tanned legs and pulled Leo closer, throwing them over his shoulders. One of the straps of the dress Leo was wearing slipped off his shoulder, the rest bunching up above the head of his leaking cock.

“Wait,” Leo said shakily, hand on Octavian’s chest, “Just t-to clarify. I s-still hate you.”

Octavian smiled, “Of course you do.”

He lined his cock with Leo’s lubed up hole and started pushing it. In all fairness Octavian had only ever had sex with two girls, who were his fanatic followers. And Leo was nothing like them. He was hot and almost unbearably tight.

“Ow,” Leo gasped, eyes squeezed shut, “Ow, ow, ow,” his hands were curled in the covers below and Octavian couldn’t help but feel bad.

“Shut it Valdez, you don’t want the guards to hear,” he gritted through his teeth but stopped moving for a second, before slowly pushing another inch or two inside Leo. He didn’t want to hurt him, but at the same time he couldn’t stop – Leo just felt too good. He closed his eyes and leaned forward, resting his forehead on the pillow next to Leo’s, the Latino’s knees almost touching his ears in this position.

Octavian could hear his ragged breath, and Leo’s arms came around his neck to keep him close, his fingers digging into the blonde’s back. The Augur didn’t know whether to move or wait for Leo to be ready. He didn’t want to ask if the Latino was okay, didn’t want to make it seem like he cared.

Leo relaxed a little in his arms after a moment, “You can move now, asshole.”

“You can be a little nicer,” Octavian grumbled, and started to pull away. Leo grabbed his face and forced him down for a kiss.

“Better?” he asked innocently, teasing the Roman. In reply Octavian pulled out and then slammed back in. Leo’s mouth fell open in a perfect ‘o’ shape and his body trembled.

“Better,” Octavian smirked. He pulled out again and pushed back in and Leo’s body greedily pulled him in. The Greek’s eyes were closed again, as if he wanted to control himself, and after a few slow, deliberate thrusts his hands came up to slap over his mouth and muffle a moan that spilled out seconds later, “None o-of that now,” Octavian growled, and pulled Leo’s hands from his lips, pining them to the bed.

“F-Fuck,” Leo whimpered, back arching. Octavian licked his lips, completely lost in the boy and how goddamn gorgeous he was. He wanted to tell him that, he wanted to take care of him. He wanted Leo to want him back properly.

But first he wanted to make Leo come.

***

It became a routine, Octavian coming in with a new dress and the same demand.

“Have sex with me.”

“You’re s-stupid if you think I’ll betray m-my friends,” Leo growled, pulling himself up just to slam back down on Octavian’s cock, “Oh Gods,” he moaned, head falling against the Roman’s shoulder.
Octavian’s hands were roaming the back of the boy in his arms and Leo’s were thrown over his shoulders, where they were tied with a silk ribbon.

“Don’t you think,” Octavian paused as he thrust up into the boy’s heat, cock pulsing, “that this is betrayal enough.”

“I didn’t choose to do this,” Leo panted, and then whined, hips stuttering. Octavian reached between them and gripped the Latino’s swollen, hard cock in his hand and started to stroke it slowly to the rhythm of the boy’s slow, sensual movements.

“You don’t hate it though,” Octavian kissed his neck. The only answer he got was Leo’s harsh breathing. He stopped moving, his hands coming to the Latino’s hips to also stop him. He looked at the boy in his lap with a frown, “You don’t hate it, right?” he asked, and Leo looked away. Octavian felt like someone had punched him and would’ve gone soft if Leo’s wet, hot hole wasn’t gripping his cock, “Leo…tell me you don’t hate it.”

“Is that a command?” Leo asked, breathless and flushed, curls falling into his eyes. Octavian’s heart twisted.

“No. It’s a question,” he said softly. Leo looked at him, almost shyly.

“Then no,” he mumbled, “I don’t hate it.”

Octavian kissed him hungrily, “Do you hate me?”

“F-For fuck’s sake can you just fuck me?”

***

“The Giants are gone,” Octavian informed Leo, walking into his room. The Latino had been moved again to an even nicer bedroom now, and the blonde had even given him normal clothes that weren’t dresses, something he was glad for.

“Great,” he said, sarcastically. He was standing by the window, which wasn’t even barred anymore, looking at the courtyard outside. He hadn’t tried to escape, when he could’ve. Why didn’t he try and escape? He heard Octavian’s footsteps and his pale face appeared in the glass next to Leo’s.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Don’t lie to me,” Octavian turned him around. He was frowning. “I thought you’d be happy. We both wanted the Giants gone.”

“I didn’t want this,” Leo shook his head, “I didn’t want my friends to be in captivity I-“

“Is it really so bad?” Octavian asked, “My vision? My dream? Of one Empire, everyone united, everyone equal no matter if you’re Roman or Greek, no Demigod more important than the other because of who their parent are?”

Leo shrugged, “I don’t know.”

“Why do the Big Three get special treatment?” Octavian stepped away from the boy, “Why were Jupiter and Neptune and Pluto the most important? Before you ask no, I didn’t come up with this all by myself. This might surprise you but your friend, Nico di Angelo, first began to question this,”
there was anger in the Roman’s voice, “All I want is equality for everyone.”

“What you want is a dictatorship,” Leo spat, now also angry because a little part of him was starting to believe what Octavian was saying wasn’t actually that bad, “And that never ends well.”

“It wouldn’t be a dictatorship!” Octavian protested, “I admit I did want to rule it all but I am no fool, I understand that I can’t have all the power. Reyna will sit on the High Council with me, and Nico, and you...,” his voice faltered and Leo’s eyes widened, “if you want.”

“I can’t join you, Octavian,” Leo said.

“Why?” Octavian demanded, “Because of your so called ‘friends?’”

“Yes. I have loyalties to them.”

“What about loyalties to me?”

“You kidnapped me!” Leo exploded, “and forced me to have sex with you!”

“I didn’t force you!” Octavian yelled.

“I don’t want to be here!” Leo screamed, face red. He was angry, furious. He didn’t know what he wanted, in truth, and his feelings were confusing, “I want my friends back!”

“They don’t care about you!” Octavian shouted, anger burning in his eyes.

“Neither do you!”

“I love you!”

Leo opened his mouth to scream another argument but his voice died in his throat as his mind comprehended what Octavian had just said. The blonde looked shocked too, his eyes wide, his cheeks red. He took a step back and it was clear he hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

Suddenly Leo felt as if all the fire in his body had gathered in his stomach as he strolled across the room, shoving Octavian into the wall. He stood on his tiptoes and mashed their mouths together in a heated kiss. The blonde tried to speak but Leo didn’t let him. He pulled away to feverishly pull his t-shirt off.

“What are you doing?” Octavian asked hoarsely. Leo grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him to the bed, laying down and angrily pulling Octavian on top of him.

“Have sex with me,” the Greek demanded. Octavian looked at him for a long while, and then leaned down to brush his nose against Leo’s.

“I love you,” he repeated, so softly that Leo almost didn’t catch it. His heart was seized by an invisible hand and his vision went blurry. I’m crying, he thought detachedly.

“Gods why are you crying?” Octavian asked in a hushed, desperate voice, “is it what I said? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to--”

Leo shook his head and pulled him down for a gentle but desperate kiss, “I love you too,” he whispered hoarsely.

***
The Council was in session. In the great hall of the Palace Octavian sat on a throne, a red cloak swept over one shoulder. On the throne to his left was Nico, his black sword laid across his knees, eyes dark and angry. Next to him sat Luke Castellan returned from the dead, one leg carelessly thrown over the arm of the throne. Standing at his side was Ethan Nakamura and Alabaster Torrington, both eagerly watching the doors at the end of the long hall. On the other end was Reyna, her two dogs sitting patiently at her feet. Next to her sat Michael Kahale, chin resting in his hand in a casual fashion.

On Octavian’s right sat Leo, with an identical red cloak swept over one shoulder. He was sprawled out like a cat, one of his hands on Octavian’s chair, touching his arm. For the past few minutes the blonde had been fighting the urge to kiss him, but now was not the time. They would have plenty time to do it later in their room.

The door at the end of the hall finally opened and Bryce Lawrence walked in, followed by half a dozen guards, leading the prisoners in.

“Nico!” Hazel exclaimed, and jerked forward. The chains connecting her to the others stopped her from going far. Only after a moment she noticed the Latino, “L-Leo?”

“Welcome to your trial,” Octavian stood up.

“We’re going to keep this short and sweet,” Reyna also stood up, “You have a choice.”

“Let me guess,” Jason spat, and all eyes were on Leo, “join you or die?”

“Join us or be exiled,” Nico said, “simple as that. You either join the Empire or you will be left on Ogygia for the rest of your lives.”

“How could you, Nico?” Hazel asked, horrified. The Italian laughed,

“What have the Gods ever done for you sister? What has Camp?”

“The Empire puts Greeks and Romans up as equal. No more meddling.” Octavian boomed, “No more wars no more Gods dictating our lives, no more pointless Quests.”


“N-Now?” Frank stuttered.

“Now,” Leo agreed. The six of them looked among themselves in shock.

“I will never join your cause,” Jason spoke first, always the leader, and spat at the ground. Octavian nodded,

“And that is your decision to make. Next.”

Piper looked at him helplessly, “Jason—“

“I made my decision Piper,” he said, voice hard, “Come now, we can’t save them anymore.”

Piper’s eyes landed on Leo and she stared at him intensely, “I choose the Empire.”

The six gasped. Annabeth tried to get to Piper,

“Pipes no!”
A guard came to the girl and undid her shackles. She rubbed her wrists and pulled away from the six.

“He has a point,” she shook her head, “What have the Gods done for us?”

“You can’t be serious!” Annabeth yelled, “they’re monsters!”

“They killed the Giants,” Piper said, “That must count for something.”

“I assume you’ve made your choice, Annabeth?” Nico asked. The girl glared at him,

“Screw you. Screw all of you.”

“I’m with Jason and Annabeth,” Hazel shook her head, “I don’t have a brother anymore.”

“My only sister is dead,” Nico replied, emotionless.

“And I’m with Hazel,” Frank took her hand.

“Enjoy exile,” Percy spoke up, “I choose the Empire.”

“No,” Annabeth whispered, “Percy no!”

Octavian smirked – this was turning out better than he expected. The guards pulled Percy out of his chains and he came to stand next to Piper. The remaining four started shouting at them, to stop being stupid, to come with them, as they were dragged away.

Piper broke away from Percy and ran straight for Leo. Octavian’s heart jumped and he automatically reached for his sword, but then the Daughter of Aphrodite threw her arms around the Latino and hugged him, hard. Octavian relaxed.

Leo smiled.
Get a Feeling of my Naked Skin

Can you do one where cute Nico is really clueless about sex education being from the 30s so Will, as the head camp healer, has to bring him up to date but it's also awkward because they're dating?
For RainyDayKid

Will was lazily making out with Nico in the Hades Cabin. He had the Italian in his arms, pressed down into the pillows, his body covering the boy’s protectively. The blonde licked into his boyfriend’s mouth, tongues slowly dancing together. Nico’s small hands were in his hair, playing with the soft strands as he smiled into the kiss.

The son of Apollo pulled away to press his lips against Nico’s warm neck, playfully nibbling at it.

“Tickles,” Nico giggled. Will smiled and pulled back up to kiss Nico again. They fit together so perfectly that it made the blonde wonder how the hell he had ever managed to be with anyone else but the Italian. The blonde’s hand slid underneath his boyfriend’s t-shirt, and Nico stiffened, pulling back and grabbing Will’s arm, “W-What are you doing?” he asked breathlessly, eyes wide, smile gone.

“Relax,” Will murmured, “I just wanna touch your skin. I’m not doing anything more.”

Nico swallowed visibly and his fingers tightened on Will’s arm, “I’m not ready to have...it...with you.”

“We’re not having sex,” Will said soothingly, and Nico flinched at the word. The blonde pulled his hand from underneath the son of Hades’ shirt because he could see it was making his boyfriend anxious, “I just wanted to touch you. I’m sorry.”

“N-No,” Nico blurted, “It’s okay,” he was blushing and wouldn’t meet Will’s eyes. The blonde knew it was his old fashioned side coming out again, and he didn’t really mind. In modern standards four months of dating would be long to go without sex, but they were just seventeen and Will was content to wait as long as Nico wanted.

He pecked the corner of his mouth, “Cheer up.”

“It’s just...,” Nico sighed, “you know...back when I was a kid it was illegal to...to you know. Be like we are...and j-just...generally people would w-wait until marriage-“

“We can wait until marriage,” Will said, brushing his nose with Nico’s playfully in an Eskimo kiss, “I don’t mind. I really don’t. I want to marry you.”
“Why would you wanna do it anyway, though?” Nico made a face.

Will frowned, “What do you mean?”

Nico looked away and shrugged, “I understand it’s good for whoever’s on top because all you do is put it in...but for the bottom it hurts and all the girls always told me how...how bad it was—“

“What girls?”

“In my time,” Nico rolled his eyes.

“Um, Neeks,” Will felt a bit awkward educating Nico about this, especially since he was his boyfriend, but he supposed as the head medic it was his job, “That’s not how sex works. You don’t just...put it in.”

“Yeah, sometimes you have to suck their...,” Nico flushed and looked away, “y’know.”

Will rolled off him so he was lying on his side and Nico turned to face him. The blonde reached out and put his big hand on the side of his boyfriend’s neck, stroking it gently with his thumb. Shyly Nico reached out and played with his Camp necklace, eyes firmly focused on the blonde’s chest instead of his eyes, which Will was kinda glad for.

“There’s this whole foreplay thing. Sex...it’s meant to be enjoyable for both, or all, the people involved.”


“It shouldn’t hurt,” Will explained gently, and his heart started beating a little faster, “Maybe feel a little weird but not hurt. If it hurts then you’re doing it wrong.”

“If you just stick it in it will hurt,” Nico said stubbornly, shifting a little closer to Will as if wanting to protect himself from the uncomfortable conversation.

“That’s why you use your fingers first.”

“What?!” Nico looked up, eyes wide, and then hurriedly looked away again, “B-But...but that’s...”

“Yeah,” Will smiled fondly at how embarrassed Nico was, “to stretch the hole out.”

“Oh my Gods shut up,” Nico blurted, burying his face in Will’s chest.

“Hey, someone has to explain this to you.”

Nico was quiet for a second, “O-Okay...so the f-fingers...”

“Yeah. You start with one, then two, then three.”

“D-Doesn’t it feel weird?” Nico muttered.

“Yeah, sure. But it’s supposed to feel good too,” Will explained patiently and Nico pulled back a little. His face was tomato red, “there’s this thing called a prostrate up your ass, and if you touch it, it feels really good.”

“O-Oh,” Nico said shakily. Will put a hand on his hip and leaned down, capturing his lips in a sweet kiss. He could feel the heat radiating off of Nico’s flushed face, “Um...,” the boy pulled back and self consciously licked his lips, “What then?”
“There’s a bunch of stuff you can do,” Will said, aware that he was speaking quietly now, “blowjobs is one, but the bottom doesn’t have to be the one doing it. It can go either way,” Nico still wouldn’t look at the blonde, “Rimming-“

“What’s rimming?” Nico interrupted. Will smiled, already knowing what the boy’s reaction to this would be.

“If I was to, say, lick you out.”

Nico frowned, “lick me out?”

“Down here,” Will said, playfully sliding his hand down Nico’s back and over the curve of his ass. The Italian jumped and squeaked in surprise.

“T-That’s disgusting!”

“No, it’s not,” Will said, amused, “It feels good.”

Nico buried his face in his hands, “di Dio, I can’t believe I’m having t-this conversation with y-you.”

“You need a lot of kissing and touching, just generally to get comfortable and in the mood,” Will explained, brushing Nico’s hair from his forehead. The Italian peered at him through his fingers, “also lube – lubrication, to make sure everything goes in smoothly. Only then you put your dick in.”

Nico swallowed, and dropped his hands, “And then it feels good?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded, “It feels good.”

Nico hugged himself and looked away, “Then...then I guess I do want to have sex with you...sometime...soon...ish.”

“That’s good to hear,” Will kissed him, “But we don’t need to rush.”

Nico nodded, his blush going down a little, “Okay.”

Will rolled back on top of him and they returned to kissing. The blonde didn’t try and overstep Nico’s boundaries, just petted his hair, kissed his neck until his boyfriend was giggling adorably again. Then Nico took his hand and slowly put it underneath his shirt, to rest on his naked hip. Will smiled.
When You're Gone I Feel Incomplete

Freo prompt. Where Leo got hurt in a public place, a car crash or something, and before they can get him back to camp he is taken to the hospital. Maybe Sally gets a call from the hospital, I think she would look out for the seven + Nico + Reyna since most of their mortal parents are dead. Frank is really scared because they don't know what is going to happen to Leo and whether or not he will be okay, and Frank is sad because he had just come to terms with his love for Leo and he doesn’t know if he will ever be able to tell Leo that he loves him. I just really need some angsty feels. With a happy ending. Leo is okayish in the end and Frank tells him that he loves him and they snuggle in Leo’s hospital bed and there is cute fluff.

For PsychoFangirl

They were all sitting in the living room in the kitchen of the Jackson flat. It was a tight fit but nobody cared at the moment.

“The car just came out of nowhere,” Piper repeated, for the fifth time that hour, her eyes wide and glassed over with tears that had threatened to fall for a while now. She was curled up against Annabeth’s shoulder, and the blonde girl was stroking her hair.

“Piper, it wasn’t your fault,” Sally Jackson said soothingly as she passed another tissue to Hazel, who couldn’t stop crying since it happened, “You were driving correctly. It was that man that drove through the red light.”

Piper shook her head, “I should’ve seen him,” she whispered weakly.

“Your not an oracle,” Jason was sitting on the arm of the sofa next to his girlfriend, holding her hand, “and he’ll be okay.”

“How do we know that?” Reyna turned from the window, where she had been watching the rain pound over Brooklyn.

“D-Don’t say t-that!” Hazel sobbed.

“Hey, shhh,” Nico wrapped his arms around his sister on the floor and rocked her, glaring at Reyna, “He’ll be okay.”

Percy came out of the kitchen with two mugs of steaming tea, “Frank’s on his way,” he informed the Demigods as he handed a mug to Reyna and another to Annabeth. They all sipped in silence.

“I’ll try to get through to the hospital,” Sally said gently, “When Paul gets back we’ll see if it’s possible for us to check up on him.”

She went into the kitchen. Jason stood up and ran a hand down his tired face, “We need to inform
I tried Iris messaging,” Reyna shook her head, “It’s pointless, too much rain interference. Camp Jupiter knows, though.”

“I can’t believe this happened,” Piper whispered.

“We’ve been through worse,” Annabeth said firmly, “He’ll scrape through this. He’s a Demigod.”

“I’ll Shadowtravel to Half Blood,” Nico said tiredly, standing up, “They need to know what’s happening. They probably just think all of us got into trouble.”

“Alright,” Jason stood up, pulling Piper up with him, “We’ll come with you. Piper needs some peace.”

“No,” the girl ripped her hand from his, “He’s my friend! And it’s my fault! I need to be here-“

Just then a violent knock came on the door and all of their heads snapped up.

“That’s Frank,” Percy said, and walked to the door. The second he opened it a wet from the rain, distraught Frank barrelled into the living room.

“Where is he?!” he demanded, eyes full of...fear. He looked so scared that nobody could answer him for a second, all of them just staring at him in shock, “Where is he?!” Frank demanded again, louder. Nobody expected him to be so...affected.

“He’s at the hospital,” Reyna said.

“What?!” Frank snapped, “Then why are we here?! Who’s with him?!“

“No, no, no, no,” Frank said feverishly, shaking, “We need to go. Now. We need to go get him, we need to-“

“Hey, calm down,” Percy reached for him, but Frank flinched away.

“D-Don’t tell me to-“

“Frank,” Sally walked into the living room. The motherly aura she transmitted made the boy’s shoulders slump. She came up to him with a gentle smile and wrapped her tiny arms around his massive body, hugging him, “It’s good to see you.”

“Y-You too, Mrs Jackson,” Frank stuttered, not disappointing his Grandmother by forgetting his manners.

“Paul just called – he’s downstairs, and we can take a few people to the hospital.”

“I’m coming,” Frank said immediately. Sally nodded,

“Yes. Of course,” she turned to the other Demigods, “Reyna, sweets, why don’t you come too. Jason, Piper, Nico don’t be rash. Stay here for now, we will inform Camp later. Annabeth, darling, why don’t you come along too?”

“What about me?” Percy interrupted.
“You stay here and take care of our guests, Percy,” Sally said.

“We’re wasting time,” Frank said, a raw desperation in his voice. Sally nodded.

“Alright, let’s go.”

***

Frank felt like he couldn’t breathe the whole way to the hospital. He had never felt this way, never had an invisible hand tighten around his heart every time he tried to inhale. They had been in a war, survived a Quest that had seemed impossible to complete...and now something as mundane as a car crash would rip one of his closest people away from him.

When Frank first met Leo he thought he was tiny and weak and vulnerable, but as he got to know him his spark and energy and fire had made him a hundred times bigger, to the point where Frank forgot how fragile the Latino really was. An impact from a car could literally snap him in half.

What if he’s dead? Frank thought, an acidic taste in his mouth, what if I’ll never see him smile again? The thought made him sick. He pressed his forehead against the cool window, watching the city outside speed past in a blur of lights. No, think positive. What am I going to tell him if...no, not if - when, I see him? I’m going to tell him I love him. I’ll finally confess.

It had taken Frank months to come to terms with his feelings, the ones he had originally thought were hate. But during the Quest of the Seven Frank had realised that it was actually admiration, lust, infatuation, protectiveness...love When they had all decided to take this trip down to Brooklyn during spring, Frank had promised himself he would admit his feelings to Leo. But then he and Piper went to test out her new car and Frank had been on the other side of the city, visiting an aunt...

What if he can’t walk? That’s worse than death for him, being confined? What if he’s a vegetable and can never speak to me or look at me. What if he’s dead? Gods, don’t let him be dead, please, please, please...

Frank sat up when they pulled into the parking lot of the hospital. He didn’t even wait for the car to stop, just threw the doors open and spilled outside. He heard someone shout after him but he was already sprinting to the door, practically barrelling into the front desk. The receptionist looked startled.

“May I help you sir?” she asked.

“L-Leo Valdez,” Frank stuttered, breathless from his sprint.

“Yes, he was brought in a little over an hour ago,” the receptionist said in a soothing voice, “Only family is allowed in his room,” she looked over the boy, “you don’t look like family.”

“I’m his fiancée,” Frank blurted. The receptionist blushed,

“Oh. Yes. I see,” she cleared her throat and shuffled through some papers, “In that case please sign here,” she put a paper in front of him.

“Is he okay?” Frank demanded.

“He’s stable,” the receptionist assured him. Frank slumped against her desk and exhaled Shakily, feeling like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

“Thank you,” he whispered to the Gods, and reached for the pen. He Shakily signed his name on
some form and the receptionist called for a nurse to take him to Leo’s room. He was led into the lift by the bubbly, young nurse chatting about something or other, though Frank could barely hear her over the white noise of relief in his brain.

She led him down a long, peaceful corridor and then gestured at a door.

“He’s in there.”

Frank barely stopped himself from breaking the door down in his eagerness to get into the room. The door slid shut behind him the second he was inside, and the nurse didn’t follow, clearly wanting to give them some privacy.

The window was only partly obscured by curtains, revealing the lights of Manhattan at night far below them, the rain tapping against the windowsill outside. The room was sparsely furnished, and everything was ugly white. It was dark, the only illumination coming from a bedside lamp that cast a warm golden glow on the tiny bed that Leo was lying in.

The boy looked dead, and when Frank first looked at him he felt as if someone had grabbed his heart and ripped it from his chest, leaving him feeling hollow. The Latino’s head was bandaged, flattening his curls so they brushed against his cheeks, which were full of little cuts. His left cheek had a massive bruise on it, his right one an equally massive plaster. Both his closed eyes were black, there was another plaster on the bridge of his nose and a cut on his lip, healing. His arm was in a cast, clearly broken.

“L-Leo?” Frank asked shakily, because he couldn’t move, “Leo.”

The boy’s eyes fluttered open tiredly. He blinked, and it took him a moment to focus on the son of Mars. Then he smiled weakly, “Hey Frankie.”

Frank surged across the room and collapsed to his knees on the side of Leo’s bed. He scrambled among the covers feverishly and found Leo’s hand, he pressed it against his forehead and closed his eyes, feeling stupidly light at how warm and alive Leo’s skin was. The boy laughed, voice hoarse.

“You okay there?”

“I thought you d-died,” Frank’s voice cracked.

“I’m okay.”

“I thought you died,” Frank repeated in a hushed, heartbroken whisper. He felt tears of relief gather behind his closed eyelids and fought a sob. He felt a tear slide down his cheek,

“Gods, Frank are you actually crying over me?” Leo asked, sounding half like he was joking.

“Y-You’re such an i-idiot,” Frank sniffled.

Tentatively Leo freed his hand from his grip and reached out. Frank felt his small, bandaged hand brush the hair from his forehead. Frank rested his forehead against his thigh and inhaled, calming down.

“I’m okay,” Leo said again. Frank opened his eyes and wiped his cheeks. Leo was watching him with soft eyes, “How did the nurses let you get in?”

“I told them I was your fiancée,” Frank cracked a grin, eyes still wet. Leo laughed, and then winced as it caused him pain.
“That’s funny,” he said.

Frank stood up, “Move up a little.”

“This bed is tiny!” Leo protested, “there’s no space.”

“I need to be next to you,” Frank said stubbornly. Leo gave him a surprised look, but then shuffled over obediently at the look on Frank’s face. He might’ve been blushing but Frank couldn’t tell with all the bandages on his face.

“You know you can’t stay here all night right?” Leo asked as Frank climbed under his blankets. He laid down next to the sitting boy.

“Shut up. They can drag me out,” he said stubbornly. Painfully slowly Leo laid down next to him. Their faces were inches apart though neither seemed to mind. Frank could see the vague pain and haziness of drugs in the Latino’s eyes, “How are you feeling?” Frank asked.

“Alright.”

Frank frowned, “No, seriously. Don’t lie to me.”

Leo exhaled, “Hurts.”

Frank reached out and nervously placed an arm around his waist gently. Leo, to his delight, didn’t move away.

“I was scared,” the Latino whispered, “it all happened so fast, and there was so much blood.”

“From your face?” Frank guessed. Leo nodded,

“Yeah. Got a bunch of cuts,” he made a face, “I’m gonna have scars.”

“That doesn’t matter, I’ll still love you,” Frank said, without thinking.

A heavy, heavy silence fell over the two of them, and both their eyes widened. Frank’s heart stopped beating for a moment as he realised what he had just said. He swallowed nervously as Leo continued to look at him. Frank tried to think of a way to take back what he just said, make it better, because this wasn’t how he wanted to confess.

Leo leaned forward and pecked him on the lips, staying close, “Good to know,” he whispered against Frank’s mouth.

The son of Mars would’ve continued to be in shock if it wasn’t for his phone ringing. He clumsily reached into his pocket and pulled it out. It was Reyna.

“Hello?” he asked. Leo watched him curiously, sleepily, and reached up to fiddle with Frank’s hair, almost like he was seeing him for the first time.

“We’re not getting let in,” Reyna said, frustrated, “it’s really late and we’re not immediate family.”

“It’s alright,” Frank murmured, “I’ve got him,” he looked at Leo with soft eyes. The Latino smiled and pecked him on the lips again. It made warmth spread through the Greek’s chest.

“Okay. We’ll get Pipes to charmspeak us in, in the morning,” the Praetor said.

“Okay. I’m gonna stay the night.”
There was a pause, “Alright. Take care of him.”

“Alright,” Frank said, and hung up. He looked at Leo, “Guess I’m staying.”

“Is it bad that I’m glad?” Leo whispered.

“No,” Frank said, “it’s normal that you don’t wanna be alone.”

“No,” Leo shook his head weakly, eyes closing a little, “I’m glad it’s you. I’m glad you came.”

Frank’s arm tightened around his waist and he kissed his forehead, “I’m glad too.”

“I thought you hated me,” Leo whispered. Frank flipped off the hospital light. They could hear the traffic outside, the gentle rain, lulling them to sleep.

“I love you,” Frank said again, this time more confidently, “I thought you died and I’d never get to tell you.”

“I’m really happy right now,” Leo whispered in the dark, “like, everything hurts and I feel like shit, and I’m kinda drugged on all the medicine they gave me...but I’m happy. I’m so, so happy,” Frank didn’t realise Leo was crying until he let out a broken sob.

“Shhhh, shhh,” he soothed the boy, “don’t cry or the nurse will think I’m hurting you.”

“I l-love you,” Leo cried quietly.

“You’re okay now. You’re safe,” Frank said firmly, rubbing his arms gently, “I won’t let anything happen to you.”

He found the boy’s lips in the dark and they kissed as desperately and passionately as they could with Leo’s restrained movement. Then the Latino passed out and Frank stayed awake, making sure Leo didn’t die on him. He didn’t – he was going to be okay.
Can you do a sequel to chapter 93? Where (dark) Nico gets into a fight with Will about something stupid (pls no cheating my heart can't take it) and says something like "You probably like the other me better" or something like that. Then Nico runs away and Will runs after him to apologize.
For LovelyOtakuLove

It was a nice, peaceful evening at Will’s house, his mom out of town, and the two boyfriend’s were in the kitchen. The radio was on quietly and they were both chopping vegetables for dinner.

“...and so I argued with him for a good twenty minutes,” Nico finished, “and eventually he gave me the A.”

Will grinned at him, “I mean you did deserve it.”

“I know,” Nico smiled to himself proudly, “What about you? How was the pet shop?”

Will exhaled, “We got a bunch of Gecko’s in but I’m pretty sure there’s a problem with the breeder because they all came in really ill, and all of their tails have fallen off from stress.”

“That’s horrible,” Nico frowned.

“It’ll be okay. We’re trying to figure it out,” Will shrugged.

“Oh...by the way was that girl there again?” Nico asked quietly.

Will glanced at him, and knew who the boy meant, “Drew? Yeah, she works there. You know that.”

“I don’t like her,” Nico mumbled.

“She’s not flirting with me, Neeks,” Will said, exasperated, trying to finally get this through his boyfriend’s thick skull.

“Yeah, she is!” Nico said, putting the knife down and turning to Will, “You don’t see it, but she blatantly is. Especially when I’m there.”
Will wiped his hands on a cloth and took Nico’s face in his hands, “I don’t care. I love you and you know that. She can flirt all she wants-“

Nico stepped back, “How are you so causal about this?” Nico hugged himself. He looked so vulnerable and self-conscious that Will’s heart twisted.

“Because I love you. I would never go for her.”

Nico shook his head, “How can you know that? She’s...she’s...,” he bit his lip, “She’s really beautiful.”

“So are you,” Will took a step towards Nico but the boy took a step back, “C’mon don’t be jealous.”

Nico’s entire posture changed suddenly and Will knew he fucked up. The boy’s brows furrowed and his eyes went darker, his back straightening, chin rising. He was almost looking down at Will, except he was still a good head shorter.

“I’m not jealous,” he seethed. Will hated that Nico had gotten scared and uncomfortable enough that he felt the need to pull up his other personality as a defence mechanism.

“Nico, stop being difficult,” Will was tired, and he didn’t feel like fighting. Nico’s eyes narrowed.

“Now I’m being difficult, huh?”

“Listen,” Will said, “there’s nothing between me and Drew, and there never will be.”

“How am I supposed to believe that, Mr Bisexual?” Nico growled, “you’ll change your mind and break our heart and then I’ll have to pick up the pieces because the other part of me is gonna be crying for days!”

“I would never do that, Neeks-” Will said.

“God, you’re a liar William. How can you know? How can you know you won’t fall out of love? What if we get too much?”

“You’re too much now!” Will snapped, and immediately regretted his words. Nico’s hands tightened into fists and his mouth went into a thin line.

“Fuck you,” he spat, and shoved past Will. The blonde’s heart fell to the floor and he called after his boyfriend but Nico had already ran out of the front door, slamming it shut behind him. Will sighed, you fucked up, he told himself.

***

He’s an asshole. Why do we even love him, again?

Oh shush, you know it’s not true. We overreacted...again.

Well if you weren’t so insecure-

Stop acting like you’re so confident all the time! I know some of that self-consciousness doesn’t come from this side, so it has to come from you.

Oh stop brooding and talk to me.

I hate that Dew girl.
You also hate how he treats us differently.

No I like that.

Well...yeah, but I know that sometimes during sex you wish he was all cutesy with you too

Oh shut up. You better not tell him that.

Why don’t you tell him that? And why don’t we stop running?

Yeah my legs kinda hurt.

Same.

Same. Listen, he’s coming after us.

Jesus Christ every time.

Apologize.

You apologize, smartass! You started it!

Tell him how you feel or I will!

***

“Nico!”

Will grabbed his boyfriend’s arm and forced him to stop walking away and turn around. The Italian ripped his arm away from his grip and glared.

“What the fuck do you want?”

“It’s cold, come back inside before you get sick,” Will said pleadingly, reaching out to him.

“Don’t try and be all cute now!” Nico snapped, “you know that doesn’t work on me!”

Will grabbed his hand and roughly pulled him forward, crashing their lips together. He just wanted Nico to smile at him, to stop being angry. He kissed his boyfriend passionately but the boy pushed him away,

“I’m not in the mood,” he growled.

“What is this really about?” Will asked. The street was dark and cold and he was scared people would see them fighting.

“It’s about us,” Nico snapped, and Will knew that the boy meant the two sides of himself. The blonde’s shoulders slumped. They had only been dating for a little over two months and he still had so much to learn about his boyfriend, but it was hard when one side of him wanted to hide and the other wanted to fight and neither wanted to talk, “You like the other me better!”

“What, are you jealous of yourself now too?” Will snapped. He didn’t mean to fuel Nico’s anger, but he himself was angry too, and frustrated. He never expected his relationship with Nico to be easy, but sometimes it was just too much.

Nico’s face went bright red and then he was shouting, “When we have sex you’re always so sweet to
him, you’re always so fucking gentle and when I’m me it’s always just hard and fast and—"

“I thought you wanted it like that!” Will didn’t understand where these emotions were suddenly coming from. This side of Nico never spoke about his feelings.

“What?” Nico laughed humourlessly, “You think I always want it to be just sex?! From the moment I come for me to change back and you to cuddle with him and not me a-and...and—"

Nico blinked, and his eyes widened. For the first time it seemed that the personality switch had gone the other way; his dark side had forced its way back in, back behind, so he didn’t have to face Will. The other part of Nico was, for the first time, more scared that this one.

“S-Sorry about that,” the Italian stuttered.

Will’s heart twisted with pain. He hadn’t realised the other part of Nico was so unhappy, he had never thought that he wanted for Will to cuddle with him. When was the last time you just held him?

No. After sex, Dark Nico melted back into the background, and only came out in stressful situations, or when something exciting was happening.

“Can you...” Will swallowed, and then crossed to his boyfriend, who was looking self-conscious. He kissed Nico’s forehead, “Can you pull the other you back up?”

Nico smiled gently, and then frowned, “He doesn’t wanna come up.”

Will rested their foreheads together and pecked Nico’s lips, “Please. Please I need to talk to you.”

“Just talk,” Nico murmured. Will wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist and kissed the tip of his nose.

“Neeks listen. I didn’t know you wanted me to...to you know, be sweet and gentle around you,” Will started, “every time you came up you were always rough and almost like...angry, towards me. So I just thought you wanted me to be like that back to you,” Will rested his chin on top of Nico’s head and stared at the street lamp behind him, “I was scared if I was anything different around you, you’d just push me away and laugh at me and...and you never wanted to talk about how you felt. I didn’t know you wanted me to be different.”

“I don’t want you to be different,” Nico said grumpily.

Will pulled away and smiled when he saw that Dark Nico was back, arms crossed over his chest, looking away from the blonde. Will reached down and took his hand,

“Let’s go back inside.”

Not saying anything, still seemingly pissed, Nico let Will pull him back inside the house. They shrugged off their shoes but instead of returning to the kitchen the blonde pulled Nico up the stairs.

“Where are we going?” the Italian asked. Now it was Will’s turn not to reply as he went down the corridor and pushed the door open to his dark bedroom. He didn’t bother turning the light on as he locked the door and then nudged Nico backwards onto the bed.

As the dark haired boy sat down Will heard him sigh. He smiled, “We’re not having sex,” he told him. Nico blinked at him in confusion and Will pulled back the covers. He climbed in next to the boy and then pulled the blankets over them. Nico was still watching him, bewildered.
“You’re beautiful,” he said. Nico tried to roll over so his back was to Will,

“Oh Jesus.”

“No, c’mon,” Will turned him back around and cradled his cheek in his hand, “I need you to hear this,” he said. Nico sighed again. Will pecked him on the lips, “Do you know why I love you?”

“You love me?” Nico asked in mock-surprise. Will rolled his eyes,

“Be serious.”

“Alright, alright, sorry,” Nico was grinning. Will kissed the grin off his face.

“I love you because you’re feisty. And sometimes angry and aggressive, but I can live with that. You’re a little bit like a firework,” Will said softly, stroking Nico’s cheek, “unpredictable, always putting on a show. And I love that. But I also love how protective you are, even if you do seem really jealous sometimes. It’s cute, and I like how you can hold you own,” Nico was staring at Will, clearly not knowing what to think of his words, “but sometimes you need to give yourself a break. You don’t always have to be the strong one – the other you isn’t weak, he can stand his ground. You don’t have to protect everyone all the time, or pretend that everything’s okay when it’s not.”

“You’re such a sap,” Nico said weakly, but Will could see the wall he put up beginning to crack.

“Yeah. I guess. But that’s okay because that means I get to be cliché and embarrass you a little,” Will leaned forward and brushed his nose against Nico’s, “I want to see you blush, and cry, and cling on to me during sex and let me take control for once. I want you to know that I love you both equally, and I love you both so much together that I can’t even look at other people in that way. This isn’t school, you don’t have to protect yourself from bullies here. It’s just me, and I accept you the way you are. And I love you. I love you so goddamn much.”

“Okay,” Nico mumbled. Will kissed him and the boy melted into him a little, “Thank you for this,” he whispered against Will’s lips. The blonde gasped,

“Did you actually just thank me?”

“Oh shut it Solace,” Nico grinned, “Wanna go finish dinner?”

Will arm slid around Nico’s waist, “In a little bit. I wanna cuddle with you first.”

“Okay.”
How Deep is Your Love?

Michael Yew/ Ethan Nakamura one. Just a peaceful fluffy one in the underworld
for Sleepless_Dreamer

Everyone was flocking to Leo, who was temporarily visiting Elysium. He didn’t have a permanent place here, at least not yet, and was coming back up soon enough. Ethan never knew the kid so he didn’t know what the commotion was about as everyone basically jumped the guy. Well, in their defence, they haven’t seen anyone truly alive in a while.

After some time Ethan got bored of seeing everyone adore the new kid. He got annoyed at seeing one particular person adoring the new kid. Michael Yew, probably the only person shorter than the Latino, was busy listening excitedly to the boy’s retelling of his adventures regarding the war. Ethan didn’t want to watch his boyfriend’s face light up at another guy’s voice, as petty as it was, so he left.

He walked down the main cobbled road of their little town, and people called to him from various delicious smelling shops, but Ethan wasn’t in the mood to talk to anyone. He gladly got out of their little town and made it down a grassy cliff to the beach. The weather was nice and warm, the summer breeze ruffling Ethan’s hair playfully.

The boy sighed as he sat down on the sand, enough space between him and the turquoise sea that he felt comfortable. After his time on the *Princess Andromeda* he was more than happy to never go into the ocean again. Instead he took off his shoes and socks and sunk his toes into the warm sand, leaning back and enjoying the sun on his face.

Ethan Nakamura, the Son of Nemesis, enjoying the sun on his face...

_Guess everything’s possible in Elysium_, the boy mused.

“Oi Ethan!” he heard a voice drifting towards him, imposing on his peace, and frowned before cracking his eyes open and sitting up. Michael was running towards him, looking annoyed (surprise, surprise) “You’re such a dick! Why did you leave?!” the breathless boy finally made it to his boyfriend, kicking up sand, and shoved Ethan onto his back.

The dark haired boy rolled his eyes, “Your little date done then?”

“Oh c’mon,” Michael groaned and sat down next to Ethan, “You need to stop getting so jealous.”

Ethan didn’t reply. After a few moments Michael shuffled so he was laying side by side with the raven haired boy. The two Demigods closed their eyes and let the sun dance on their faces, their anger and annoyance evaporating. After a second Ethan’s hand found Michael’s, and he intertwined their fingers, ignoring the sand between their digits.
“Eth?” Michael asked softly.

“Hmm?” Ethan hummed, happy and content now that his boyfriend was back at his side.

“I love you.”

Ethan cracked a grin, couldn’t stop himself, and rolled onto his side, “I love you too,” he said, and kissed Michael’s ear playfully, hand coming up to cup his face. Michael wriggled away,

“You’re getting sand everywhere!” he complained. Ethan stood up and dusted himself off,

“Come, I’ll give you a piggy back ride, okay?”

Michael’s face lit up, “Okay!” he clambered to his feet and then gracefully climbed onto Ethan’s back. He weighed barely anything and squealed as Ethan started running up the hill. By the time they made it back into town Michael had calmed down and was now clinging onto Ethan’s back, face tucked into his boyfriend’s shoulder.

The sun was setting, sky streaked with pinks and golds, absolutely beautiful. In that moment, when Ethan stepped through the threshold of their house, his boyfriend close to him, getting sand everywhere, he was happy.

“Ethan!” Silena yelled from the stairs as Ethan let Michael down in the hallway, “I told you not to trek sand in!”


Silena brightened up at the compliment, “Lasagne. Charlie made it. Go wash your hands, we’re about to eat.”

She disappeared, leaving the two boys in the dark corridor. Ethan gently pushed Michael against the wall and leaned down to kiss him. Michael smiled against his lips and stroked the dark haired boy’s cheeks.

“Can you come sleep in my room today?” he breathed against Ethan’s mouth.

“Yeah. Yeah, anything you want,” the son of Nemesis whispered, and kissed his boyfriend again. Leo Valdez was definitely missing out.
Darlings, when I said to continue giving me prompts even if I don't do yours I didn't mean to repeat the SAME prompt, but to give me other ideas. Please don't comment the same prompt 3 or 4 times. I wish I could do all of them but there's just too many. If you give me different prompts though there's a bigger chance of me liking one a lot and writing it.
Thank you all so much for the comments and reviews and generally your support xx

Perleò where Percy is a gorgeous elf and Leo is a cute, petite, feisty dwarf (with a big bum, ofc). Cue cuteness, fluff and teasing. Bonus if at some point Leo was forced to crossdress. Another bonus if Percy at some point gets jealous at other elves for eyeing his cinnamon and desperately trying to hide it. (Include smut please, ahem-size difference--ahem--) for AWildThing

The dwarf woke up with the sun dancing on his face. He groaned and rolled over, cursing himself for forgetting to draw the curtains. He was definitely not a morning person. Desperately the boy pressed his face into his feather-filled pillow and tried to catch a few more moments of blessed rest, but he was prevented from doing so by the noise that managed to drift in from the street outside.

Laughter, someone playing some sort of instrument, a hammer on wood. *It’s the day of the festival, Leo’s mind supplied him with an excuse for the noise, you’re supposed to be putting up the main tent.* The dwarf groaned once more, but knew it was his duty to help his small village with setting this up.

Grumpily he dragged himself into a sitting position in his domed, low-ceilinged, flower-filled bedroom and opened the window that was directly next to his bed. The morning summer breeze drifted in and Leo stuck his head out of the window, yawning.

The small village below was bustling with life, everyone hanging up banners and balloons, a band already playing a cheerful tune as female elves danced to it, giggling. One of the girls was Annabeth and as she spun in a circle her golden hair made a halo around her. She spotted Leo and stopped her dance.

“Hey!” she waved, her green dress shifting with her every move, “Get down here, Leo! You’re already late.”
Leo sighed and stepped away from the window. He washed his face in the basin and then got dressed, pulling on brown breeches and a green shirt that his boyfriend said brought out the green flecks in his eyes.

The cobbled street was cold underneath Leo’s bare feet as he ventured outside, stretching his arms over his head. He wanted breakfast, desperately.

“Leo!” he heard immediately and Piper, his best friend, dropped from the sky, landing gracefully on her feet, a broomstick in hand. The witch flipped her chestnut hair over her shoulder and leaned down to hug Leo, “I’m so excited for today!”

“Me too,” now that Leo was starting to wake up he couldn’t help but smile, “Have you decided what you’re going to dress up as yet?”

“I’m going as a raven,” Piper said, “I spent all of last week gathering black feathers from the forest.”

“What about Jason?”

Piper shrugged and rolled her eyes, “Oh, he’ll probably go as a wolf. As always. It’s such an easy costume for him.”

“The pack should be banned from going as wolves,” Leo determined. Piper laughed and out of nowhere Hazel ran to them, a broomstick in hand. Even a girl as short as her was still a few inches taller than the dwarf.

“Hey Leo!” she said hurriedly, face flushed, “Pipes, Demeter is missing a dozen eggs! We need to go get some,” she threw a leg over her broom. Piper nodded and sat down on her own broom, “I’ll see you later, Leo,” she winked, and then both she and Hazel took off from the ground. Leo watched the two witches fly off, lost in thought. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the sun on his face for a moment. Suddenly he felt a hand roughly squeeze his bum.

Feeling himself blush Leo squeaked and whirled around, only to come face to face with his boyfriend. Or face to chest more like. Percy was an elf so he was all tall and gorgeous, and Leo was short. Really short, to the point where he barely reached Percy’s chest. He craned his neck to look up at his boyfriend and pouted.

“Hello to you too.”

“Hello beautiful,” the dark haired elf smiled charmingly and leaned down to kiss the dwarf, “Sorry about that,” he said, and then reached behind Leo to squeeze his bum again, “I just can’t help myself.”

Leo batted his hand away playfully, “Idiot.”

Percy grabbed his face and kissed him again, even though it was probably uncomfortable for him to lean down that far. Leo couldn’t help but smile as he felt his boyfriend’s warm lips against his. He wanted nothing more than to drag Percy into his cottage and get back into bed, to have Percy press against him. Just as Leo felt his nether regions start stirring Percy pulled away.

“I promised father I’d go hunting now,” Percy murmured against Leo’s lips. They were hidden in the shadow of Leo’s cottage, secluded from other people’s curious glances. Percy stroked Leo’s cheek, “I want nothing more than to continue kissing you,” as if to prove that he hurriedly pressed his mouth to Leo’s again, “but a promise is a promise. And the festival won’t work without food.”
“Go,” Leo stood on his tiptoes and pecked his boyfriend, “I can survive a day without you,” he said with a wink. Percy smirked and playfully smacked his bum.

“I’ll see you later,” he said, and then casually walked off, whistling. Leo leaned against the wall, smiling like a fool in love...which he essentially was.

***

Leo hurried through the cobbled streets as the sun set behind the pretty houses and tiny cottages, gardens overgrown with roses and beautiful trees. Piper’s cottage was the last one in the village, the nearest to the woods so her werewolf boyfriend, Jason, could easily get in and out. There were windchimes hanging on her front porch, alongside a few good luck charms. Leo hurriedly knocked on her door.

“What is it?” the witch threw open said door. She was in a long, black dress with raven feathers weaved into her hair. She frowned, “Leo, the carnival starts at sunset, why aren’t you changed?”

“I don’t know what to dress up as!” Leo exclaimed, panicked, “I focused so much on putting up tents and helping out that I forgot on choosing something to wear!”

“Oh Gods,” Piper groaned and grabbed his wrists, pulling him into her house, “Come, we’ll figure something out,” she said, dragging him up wooden stairs to the second floor.

“Where’s Jason?” Leo asked as Piper pushed him into her cluttered bedroom.

“Outs in the woods with Frank,” the girl said. Leo sat down on the edge of her bed and looked around. Piper had herbs hanging from the ceiling, and charcoal paintings made by Rachel, a witch in her coven, on her walls. She looked around,

“Alright, what could we put together...,” she mused, shuffling through her things.

“I thought I could just go as a fire sprite again,” Leo said.

“No!” Piper snapped. She took the carnival very seriously, “You did it last year.”

She threw open the oak doors of her wardrobe. Leo swallowed when all he saw was dresses, and felt even more nervous when Piper pulled one out. It was short, flowy and white, made of intricate lace.

“This will be perfect!”

“What does that have to do with a costume?” Leo made a face. Piper threw the dress at him,

“You can be a flower nymph! I have a white rose flower crown that would go perfectly with your hair!”

“No,” Leo stood up, “I am not putting on a dress.”

“It would make Percy go crazy for you,” Piper said. Leo blinked,

“What? How do you know?”

Piper shrugged, “Just trust me.”

Leo bit his lip. Despite the fact that he and Percy had been together for a while the dwarf was still
self conscious about the elf leaving him. They lived in a village full of gorgeous people with amazing abilities. There were people like Frank and Jason, strong, protective, dangerous to outsiders that could become wolves. Witches had wonderful powers, all beautiful girls and boys that could charm you into loving them. The elves were obviously the most good looking, and great hunters too. Dwarfs were just...there. Nothing special. Leo was nothing special.

He snatched up the dress and looked at it sceptically, “It’s going to be too long.”

Piper smirked, “Did you forget that I’m a witch?”

***

“Hey, have you seen Leo?” Percy asked Annabeth. She was dressed as the sun, her blonde hair intertwined with vines dyed golden, her dress sparkling in the light of the lanterns strung out above the street. Sweet and cheerful folk music drifted down the street and people were laughing and dancing.

Annabeth shrugged, “No. Sorry.”

Percy sighed. He had gotten back from the hunt and hurriedly put on his costume; he was dressed as a shadow, all in ebony, black mask over his eyes. He wanted to see what Leo’s costume was, wanted to kiss him after a whole day of separation, wanted to dance with him. And yet the dwarf was nowhere to be seen.

The other villages walked past, holding food in their hands, talking among each other. Some stopped to speak to Percy but he was more interested in finding his boyfriend than conversation with them. There were people dressed as all sorts, even some boys in dresses, looking idiotic, and girls dressed like boys, which looked kind of good. But none of them was Leo.

And then Percy saw him, walking arm in arm with Piper. His mouth went dry for a second as his mind registered that yes that was in fact Leo.

He was wearing one of Piper’s dresses, a white one with thin straps on his skinny, tanned shoulders. It made his waist look tiny as it went out around his thighs, brushing against his legs, which were bare, like his feet. His face was flushed and he was looking at the ground in embarrassment, a crown of pure white roses resting among his beautiful curls. He was breathtaking, and everyone knew that.

Percy noted a few of the other elves look at Leo appreciatively, and he gritted his teeth. However before he could do anything Hazel ran to the two excitedly, kissed them both on the cheeks and grabbed Piper’s hand, pulling her into a group of dancers. Leo was only alone for a second before Luke, one of the elves, was at his side.

Percy started to walk towards them but Luke wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and pulled him close. Leo smiled though he looked uncomfortable. And tiny. He looked tiny in Luke’s arms. Percy felt his jealousy spark and his hands curled into fists as he made for the pair, but then suddenly stopped. You’re going to look like a possessive bastard, he told himself and gritted his teeth again, stopping and trying to pretend he hadn’t been glaring at the two.

“Percy,” Annabeth popped up at his elbow and followed his line of sight, “They’re just dancing.”

“I know,” Percy exhaled. Annabeth smiled,

“And then Percy saw him, walking arm in arm with Piper. His mouth went dry for a second as his mind registered that yes that was in fact Leo.

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“Percy,” Annabeth popped up at his elbow and followed his line of sight, “They’re just dancing.”

“I know,” Percy exhaled. Annabeth smiled,
around each other, breathless from laughter. Some of the elders who didn’t want to dance were standing on the sides of the street, clapping along and eating the festival food.

Percy couldn’t stand it – as much as he loved his friends he wanted Leo back in his arms. He extracted himself from the girls and pushed through the dancers until he found Leo and Luke. He tried to remain neutral and not let his jealousy show.

“Luke,” he said, as he came to the couple. They stopped dancing and the blonde smirked.

“Percy,” he inclined his head, and stepped back respectively, disappearing in the crowd. Leo looked up at his boyfriend, flushed and breathless from dancing, and smiled the most beautiful smile.

“Percy!” he threw his arms around the elf’s shoulders, pulling him down and standing on his tip toes so they could kiss. Percy smiled when Leo pulled away, his annoyance disappearing, “Welcome back.”

“May I have this dance?” Percy asked, offering his hand to Leo. The dwarf smiled,

“Yes, you may,” he said, and curtsied playfully. Percy couldn’t keep the smile off his face as Leo put his tiny hand into his. The curly haired boy was way too short for the elf to comfortably wrap an arm around his waist so instead he cupped the dwarf’s flushed cheek in his hand. Leo tucked his arm under Percy’s, hand curling into the back of the elf’s shirt. It may have not been the ‘proper’ way to do it, but to Percy it was perfect.

He leaned down as the band played a slower, calmer song and pressed his forehead against Leo’s. The dwarf closed his eyes. When Percy spun him around his dress unfolded around him like butterfly wings, adding some weird sort of grace to the boy. Leo tucked himself into Percy’s chest after that, and they just swayed, happy to be back together after a stressful day.

When the music picked up its pace Percy started twirling Leo around, both lost in a crowd of blurring colours, until they were breathless and laughing. Percy easily picked his boyfriend up and spun him around in time with all the other couples, and then kissed him as he put him back down.

“Can we go to mine?” Percy asked, breath brushing against Leo’s mouth.

“The festival’s just started,” the dwarf protested. Percy pulled him closer.

“If we don’t go to mine right now I’ll have to have you right here, in front of everyone.”

Leo shivered and bit his lip, knowing that Percy wasn’t joking, “Mine’s closer.”

They discreetly extracted themselves from the celebrating crowd and ventured down the street. People were everywhere, a few bonfires going up, the street bright with all the lights. Leo and Percy managed to sneak into the dwarf’s cottage and were welcomed by dark, cooler interior. Hurriedly the two boys climbed up the stairs, Percy having to bend down to not hit his head on the low ceiling. The moment they were in Leo’s bedroom Percy pushed the dwarf onto the bed.

It was small and oval, but Percy didn’t mind as he climbed on top the dwarf. The window was right next to their heads, and it was cracked open so they could hear the party going on outside. The curtains were parted just enough that the light from the closest paper lantern hanging above the street gave them enough illumination to see each other.

Leo lay sprawled beneath Percy among all of his covers, flushed and small and beautiful. The elf couldn’t help himself as he leaned down and captured his boyfriend’s lips. They were sweet from candy he must’ve had before.
“I never thought I’d like you in a dress so much,” Percy murmured, lips brushing against Leo’s with every word. Like this, lying down, there were no awkward height gaps between them but Leo still felt small, tucked into Percy’s arms, body completely covered by the elf’s.

Percy nuzzled into his boyfriend’s neck and Leo reached to the back of his head to untie his mask and slide it off his face. He threw it to the side and Percy kissed up his neck until he found his lips once more. Leo melted against him, arms wrapping around the elf’s neck. Percy loved the feeling, loved knowing that the dwarf trusted him completely. The sound of the festival outside somehow added to the intimacy between the two boys, creating a bubble around them.

“You’re so tiny,” Percy whispered in awe, looking down at Leo as if seeing him for the first time. The boy smelled like roses, “it’s my favourite thing ever.”

Leo wrapped his legs around Percy’s waist, cradling his face in his hands and drawing him down for another kiss, this one more heated and passionate. The dwarf’s dress hitched up a little and Percy’s big hands pushed it all the way up, so it pooled around Leo’s waist. Percy brushed his hand over Leo’s undergarments, feeling his half-hard member and the dwarf let out a little moan of pleasure against his mouth, hands falling down to Percy’s shoulders.

“I only put the dress on for you,” Leo said quietly, breath catching in his throat as Percy continued to stroke him down there. The dark haired elf felt a shock of pleasure go through him at hearing his boyfriend say this, and he felt his cock start to fill out, pressing against the inside of Leo’s thigh.

“It’s ridiculous how good you look,” Percy said, hungrily kissing at Leo’s neck. The boy mewed, legs tightening around Percy’s waist, “and you’re mine...all mine...”

Leo squeaked when Percy bit him a little, and then sucked on the tender skin.

“W-What’s with the marking?” the dwarf teased in a shaky voice, “didn’t realise I-I was dating a wolf.”

“Luke danced with you today,” Percy felt like a possessive asshole saying it, but he couldn’t help it. Leo’s hand shot down to stop Percy’s from rubbing him and he took it, pressing it against his heart. It was beating fast.

“It was just a dance,” the flushed dwarf said softly.

“I know,” Percy lifted his hand to his mouth and kissed it, “but it angered me. I’m sorry. It’s idiotic I know.”

“It’s not. It’s sweet,” Leo smiled adorably, then frowned, “I...do you want me to take it off or keep in on?”

Percy looked at him, looking like a debauched angel in all the white, about to be devoured by him, “Can you keep it on? Just for now?” he asked. Leo nodded and Percy leaned down to slip the crown off of his head. He hung it off the corner of the bed frame and then kissed the top of Leo’s head, “turn around,” he whispered into his boyfriend’s hair.

Obediently, Leo turned over, looking at Percy over his shoulder. The elf slid down his body, kissing him through the thin dress, and bit lightly at the inside of Leo’s thigh.

“P-Perce,” Leo whispered shakily when Percy hooked his fingers into his undergarments, tugging them down his lefs. Percy knew Leo had a thing about being naked and exposed in front of him, but the elf loved seeing every little bit of him.
The music outside almost drowned out Leo’s gasp when Percy grabbed his ass in both of his hands. He loved how big Leo’s bum was – was obsessed with it – and Leo knew this. Percy pulled the globes apart, revealing Leo’s hole, and didn’t hesitate to lick a strip across it. Leo tensed and whimpered,

“P-Percy,” he moaned, thighs trembling. The elf buried his face in his boyfriend’s ass, and started hungrily kissing, licking and sucking at the boy’s hole. Leo pressed his face in his pillows, voice muffled as his toes curled. Percy eagerly absorbed every little noise the boy made as his tongue lapped at his boyfriend’s entrance until Leo was shaking and dripping wet. Only then Percy kissed his way back up the dwarf’s body, covering it with his own.

“You need to be quiet or they’ll hear you outside,” he whispered, biting at Leo’s earlobe. The dwarf whined quietly and then flipped over, so he was face to face with Percy again. His pupils were blown wide, cheeks beautifully red, “Gods,” Percy’s voice came out hoarse as he looked down at him, “you’re so gorgeous.”

Leo pulled him down for a kiss, his legs wrapping themselves back around Percy’s waist, “I wanna get back to the party,” he whispered, which meant hurry up.

Percy pushed his breeches down because as much as he wanted to take his time with Leo, there was something erotic about making love to the dwarf and then having him go back into the festival, smelling like Percy, with bite marks made by the elf all over him. Percy barely took the time to push two fingers into the boy hurriedly. He pumped them in and out of the dwarf a few times and then started pushing the head of his cock inside him.

The curly haired boy cried out, head falling back against the pillows and hand smacking over his mouth to muffle the noises he made as Percy’s member slid into him easily. They had had sex the previous day and Leo was still fairly loose from that. Still, Percy wanted to make sure the boy was comfortable.

“L-Leo?” he asked shakily as his body was assaulted by heat and pleasure of being back inside the tight, wet heat of Leo.

“M-Move,” Leo gasped, hand curling into a fist against his lips, “M-Move P-Percy... nghh...”

Percy grabbed the dwarf’s curvy hips in his hands and started thrusting. Leo’s head fell back and he let out a loud, helpless moan.

“P-Percy...O-Oh Gods...O-Oh f-fuck-“

Percy knew he should’ve stopped moving to get Leo to quiet down, but he couldn’t. Instead he plunged into the boy faster and deeper, and Leo just continued moaning, like he couldn’t stop himself. Percy crashed their lips together, muffling the boy’s sounds, and Leo’s hand slid into his hair, clinging onto him as Percy pounded him.

The festival continued outside, people dancing, feasting, laughing. The lanterns swung in the summer night breeze, and Percy made love to Leo in the dwarf’s tiny bed.
Dream About Me, I'll Dream About You

Could you please do a Clovis/Pollux, with Clovis trying to help Pollux with the nightmares he got after his twin died please, no smut?
For Katra_Stoll

Clovis knocked on the door of the Dionysus cabin. The fifteen year old son of Hypnos never really left his Cabin; he hated being outside because it was cold and there was nobody to sleep, and people were always getting annoyed at him for walking too slowly. The blonde was short for his age, and so everyone was always barging into him. It wasn’t his fault that he was always sleepy and slow.

He was usually forgotten for a lot of things. He didn’t really go to dinner much, sometimes venturing out for a midnight snack, and didn’t like interacting with the other Demigods – the only time they spoke to him was when they needed something. Which was why he was now standing outside the Dionysus Cabin in his pj’s, waiting for the only son of the God to come and open it.

When Pollux pulled open the door, he looked like hell. His blonde hair, darker than Clovis’, stuck up in different directions as if he had been tossing and turning all night. There were dark bags under his blood-shot green eyes, and he had lost so much weight since his twin’s death that he looked like he had one foot in the Underworld already.

Pollux was the only person Clovis considered a friend, mostly because the son of Dionysus liked to spend a lot of time in the Hypnos Cabin – he said it helped him calm down and get some sleep, though it was dangerous for him to stay in the Cabin too long. Undoubtedly after the war many people were horribly hurt, left with scars and horrifying memories. And yet nobody was as affected quite as much as Pollux, who’s twin, the one person who was always there for him, was ripped away from him.

Despite being two years older Pollux always relied on Clovis, and was probably the only person the son of Hypnos would leave his Cabin for. He didn’t remember where along the way of ‘stop pestering me Pollux’ and ‘stop waking me up P’ he had started to care for the older boy. All Clovis knew was that seeing Pollux like this, dishevelled and messy and in pain, made his heart ache.

“You okay?” Clovis mumbled quietly, leaning against the doorframe heavily. He hated being awake. Well...maybe not hated...he liked it sometimes, mostly when he could talk with Pollux.

“I...yeah. No. I don’t know,” Pollux murmured hoarsely. Clovis wanted to hug him but he knew if he pressed himself into the older boy’s warm arms he’d fall asleep.

“Can’t sleep?” Clovis guessed. Pollux nodded and then moved back to let the younger boy in.

The Dionysus Cabin was cluttered with shit. Books, weapons, clothes, empty boxes, just strewn across the place so Clovis tripped a few times on his way to Pollux’s bed, which was the only place still clean. Castor’s bed was buried beneath a pile of stuff, just like he was buried in the Demigod
graveyard. Pollux tiredly rubbed his eyes.

“Sorry about the mess.”

“S’okay,” Clovis muttered, “is it the nightmares again?”

Pollux nodded, “They just keep getting worse, I keep seeing him....” he closed his eyes as if he couldn’t bear to remember, “I keep seeing him die,” his voice broke.

“Castor’s in Elysium,” Clovis said, hoping it was comforting.

“I know. I know,” Pollux shook his head as if trying to clear it, hands in fists at his sides, “but in my nightmares he’s not. In them he’s always crying and in pain and calling out t-to me and...and nothing h-helps. The potions you gave me s-stopped working and I just-“

“Hey,” Clovis stuck his hand out, which required a lot of his energy, “Calm down.”

Hesitantly Pollux took the smaller boy’s hand. They sat down on his bed and Clovis slumped against the headboard. It was nice and warm in the Cabin, and everything smelled like Pollux. He just wanted to sleep.

“Have you been drinking again?” Clovis asked, noticing an empty wine bottle. Pollux shrugged, “I thought it might help. It didn’t. I’ve been awake for three days. I’m too scared to sleep.”

“I think I might have something that helps,” Clovis said, “But you need to lie down....” he was started to slur his words as he himself shuffled down. Pollux laid down next to him, too close almost, “Hand,” Clovis mumbled, eyes fluttering shut.

He managed to concentrate as he felt Pollux’s fingers slide through his, and then he was asleep.

***

In the dream world Clovis was perfectly awake. They were standing in a beautiful field full of poppies, so up until the horizon everything was crimson. A sun shone brightly on the field, but Clovis and Pollux were safely in the shade of a humongous oak, its leaves a pale purple.

“Where are we?” Pollux asked.

“Dreamscape,” Clovis explained. Pollux looked much better here, the bags gone, more awake and alert, “Your body and mind are asleep, and this is a place you can come to instead of your nightmares.”

Pollux frowned, “Who does it belong to?”

“Nobody. I made it for you,” Clovis shrugged. Pollux looked at him with wide eyes,

“You made it for...me?” he asked in disbelief. Clovis could feel himself blushing,

“Well...yes.”

“It’s...,” Pollux turned around in a circle, looking at the poppies swaying gently in the breeze, “beautiful.”

“Let’s go up,” Clovis said, gesturing to the tree. There were wind-chimes hanging from the branches, rustling in the wind and making a comforting chiming noise. A rope ladder hung from one
of the thick branches. Easily the two boys climbed up, and Clovis wished he could feel the rope beneath his hands, but after all, this was just a dream...

They made it to the top of the tree, where there was an alcove dug into the bark, surrounded protectively by branches and leaves. In this alcove were pillows and blankets, piled high. Clovis sighed happily at the sight.

“Home sweet home,” he said, shrugging off his shoes and then jumping in. Pollux looked a bit lost.

“So...I’m sleeping...in a dream.”

“You won’t actually fall asleep,” Clovis rolled his eyes, “but you can rest here. Trust me, you need it.”

Hesitantly, Pollux also shrugged off his shoes and climbed in next to Clovis. It was a little awkward, being this close, so Pollux closed his eyes and for a second the son of Hypnos watched him, the way the light fell on his face through the leaves above. Stop staring, he told himself, and also hurriedly closed his eyes too.

It was nice and comfortable in the blankets, not too cold, not too hot. The leaves made a peaceful sound as the wind danced through them, the chimes twinkling happily. Pollux’s presence next to Clovis was making the smaller boy happy. He suddenly couldn’t stand being in the dark and opened his eyes again.

Pollux was already looking at him. Clovis’ heart jumped in his chest and he swallowed nervously. Pollux scooted a little closer. A bird chirped somewhere up the tree.

“Thank you for this,” the son of Dionysus murmured. Clovis felt himself blushing again,

“Uh...no problem,” he mumbled. Pollux reached out and cupped his cheek, stroking it gently. Clovis didn’t know how to feel about that, “You don’t have to-“

Pollux surged forward and pressed his lips to Clovis’ quickly, shutting him up and making the breath catch in the boy’s throat. Clovis was aware that his eyes were wide and that he wasn’t blinking when Pollux pulled away.

“Sorry.”

“N-No d-don’t-,” Clovis stuttered. He didn’t have many human interactions, much less kisses, from a boy! “I-I just...”

Pollux kissed him again, almost like he couldn’t help himself. He pulled back sheepishly, “Gods, sorry.”

“S-Stop a-apologizing,” Clovis grabbed a pillow and pressed it over his face to hide how red his face was.

For a moment Pollux didn’t do anything and then Clovis felt him shift and he felt the older boy tug at the pillows in his hands.

“Hey, c’mon. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

Clovis let him take the pillow away. For a second Pollux was kind of leaning over him, and as he started pulling away Clovis’ hand suddenly shot out, grabbed his shirt and pulled him down for another kiss. He couldn’t feel anything but it still made his heart melt. Pollux smiled into the shy,
uncertain kiss and then laid back down.

Clovis closed his eyes when he felt Pollux’s arms wrap around him, pulling him close to him. He hugged him, as if for comfort, and they just laid there, peaceful.

***

When Clovis woke up, it was the middle of the night and Pollux’s back was to him as he slept. The boy sat up and immediately felt a wave of tiredness hit him again. He stifled a yawn and decided he should probably get back to his cabin now.

He put one foot on the floor when Pollux suddenly rolled over.

“Don’t go,” he slurred, not even opening his eyes as he threw an arm over Clovis, pulling him down into his chest. It caught Clovis a little off guard.

“Pollux—“

“Shhh,” Pollux kissed the top of Clovis’ head, half asleep, “Just stay...”

So Clovis stayed. Pollux’s warm arms were making him even sleepier anyway.
We Were Lovers for the First Time

Could you do a Solangelo Alpha/Omega where Nico is the Omega and has his first heat and the only thing he wants is Will. So he comes to Nico's cabin where he sees Nico in pain and they have consented smut? Plus would be awesome if they were Best Friends before! Please nothing rough.
For Lina

“You need to get yourself an Alpha,” Will said as his wooden sword whacked against his best friends. Nico glared at him heatedly, weapon in both his hands.

“I don’t want one,” he gritted out as he whirled around, sparring with Will. The blonde Alpha brushed his hair from his sweaty forehead and wished it was long enough so he could tie it up, like Nico had.

“You don’t want one now,” Will protested as he bore on the Omega, he managed to back Nico up a little but then the boy regained his footing and pushed right back, “But what happens when your first heat hits?”

“I’ll be fine!” Nico shouted, annoyed, and knocked Will’s sword out of his hands.

Of course, technically, Will was stronger than Nico but somehow when he was sparring with the son of Hades he couldn’t bring himself to put everything he had into it, scared that he would hurt the Italian. If Nico knew this he would be furious that Will was babying him, but that wasn’t what it was...the wolf instinct somewhere deep inside of him prevented him from ever hurting the Omega. And that terrified him because it wasn’t like that with any of the other Omega’s at Camp, just Nico. The blonde started to be scared that maybe Nico was his mate...but that couldn’t be right. Nico was his best friend, but he was also definitely not into Will. He needs an Alpha, Will told himself firmly, and a smaller voice in his head added, it would be nice if I was that Alpha. The son of Apollo didn’t think he could stand someone else taking care of Nico in his heat.

The Italian brushed sweat from his forehead, seeming more agitated than usual, “Stop mothering me, Will.”

“Hey, I just want to make sure you’re okay,” Will said, picking up his sword, “You’re my best friend, I care about you,” you have no idea how much.

“Well I don’t want some stranger to come into my Cabin during my heat and fuck me, okay?” Nico barked and Will flinched at the thought.

“That’s not what I meant. There’s a few willing Alpha’s at Camp.”

“I don’t want them,” Nico seethed. He shoved his sword onto the pile of practice ones, “I just
wanted to spar with my best friend, is that so goddamn much to ask?”

“What’s with you today?” Will frowned.

“Nothing, you’re just getting on my nerves. I’m not a child, Will, I can take care of myself,” and with that Nico left the training arena in a mood. The blonde watched him go and sighed. He didn’t know what he hated more – the thought of Nico getting fucked by a stranger or suffering alone in his Cabin.

***

Stupid, stupid Will. There were tears in Nico’s eyes when he shoved open the door to his Cabin. He didn’t know why he was getting so emotional, everything was just irritating, his skin felt like bugs were crawling over it, and his stomach hurt. He was generally in a bad mood already and then Will had to go and make it worse.

Recently he kept telling Nico to get an Alpha, and he didn’t realise how hurtful it was to the Italian. Of course Nico wanted one, especially when his heat hurt – he didn’t want to go through that alone, because apparently it was agonizing. But it wasn’t even just that; his wolf craved a mate, craved for someone to be with him, craved for Will.

Nico didn’t want some random Alpha, or even someone else from camp – he wanted Will. His body, his heart, they all just wanted Will. So when the blonde told Nico to get someone else it felt like someone was ripping his heart out. Not that Nico could do anything about it; Will clearly didn’t want him the way Nico did, and the Italian couldn’t expect him to take care of him during his heat just because he was his best friend. He didn’t want to force Will into anything just because he felt sorry for Nico.

The Omega buried himself underneath the covers on his bed and pressed his face into a pillow, to muffle the sound of his crying. He felt pathetic, getting so emotional over something like this, but his body ached and his head was pounding, and he generally felt like shit. He was probably catching a cold or something.

After he calmed down from the crying he realised that his body felt weird. His skin was tingling, his breath coming out laboured. Everything started to feel hot, and Nico reached up and threw the covers to the side, but he didn’t have the strength to get up. His throat was dry, his stomach throbbing with pain. He felt like he was made from jelly. Hot, aching jelly. Nico let out a whimper when he felt some of the heat that had gathered in his stomach trickle down to his crotch. His cock, despite the pain the rest of Nico’s body was feeling, suddenly stood to attention. Nico gasped as he felt something gush out from his ass, wetting the inside of his thighs.

Oh my Gods, he realised with horror, I’m going into heat.

***

Will was grumpily bandaging some Ares’ kid wrist after they twisted it when the air in the infirmary suddenly shimmered and Hazel Levesque appeared in front of the blonde.

“Will!” she yelled, her Iris-message form shifting. Will frowned at how panicked the girl looked, “Haze? What’s wrong?”

“You need to go see Nico right now,” the girl said, desperation in her voice, “I don’t think he’s okay.”
"Why? What’s wrong?"

"I can’t talk right now," Hazel said, "just go."

The image of her shifted and disappeared and Will was left stunned, looking at where she was just second ago. The Ares kid who he was taking care of punched him in the arm.

"Well go!" the boy snapped, looking impatient, "idiot."

Will would’ve had a go at him but he came to the conclusion that the kid was probably right. Biting his lip Will let go of his wrist, apologised, and then hurried out into the early evening. The air was just getting chilly but the Alpha’s heart was pounding, his body warm with fear. He started walking towards the Hades cabin, took two steps, and then he was running.

When he pushed open the door to Nico’s cabin he was immediately hit by the smell of the Omega, so powerful it almost knocked him off his feet. Shakily he closed the door as his head spun in the darkness of the cabin. It smelled like sex and desire and need and Nico. Will felt himself grow hard as his Alpha instincts took over. Jesus Christ he’s gone into heat. All of a sudden Will wanted to dominate Nico, to pin him to the bed and fuck him until he couldn’t remember his own name, to mark him with bites and bruises to-

"Will?" Nico asked, and he sounded weak and unsure. Will turned to the bed.

Nico was sitting up in a pool of moonlight, the covers pooled around his waist. The t-shirt he was wearing was soaked with sweat and his thin shoulders were trembling. There were tears in his eyes, which were black from lust, the pupils blown wide. His hair was messy as if he’d been tossing in bed, falling onto his forehead. His cheeks were flushed, lips swollen and parted. He looked like he was scared, and in pain.

"Will?" Nico asked again, eyes on the blonde. Suddenly he cried out and curled in on himself. Will shot forward, unable to stop himself. The need to dominate Nico evaporated, replaced by the need to take care of him.

"What’s wrong?" the blonde panicked, kneeling on the bed in front of Nico. The second he touched the boy’s shoulder Nico pushed himself into his arms and clung onto him, trembling.

"It hurts," he whispered, voice muffled against Will’s shoulder. He was impossibly warm.

Will didn’t know what to do, his mind went blank. On one hand he desperately wanted to wrap his arms around Nico, hold him, kiss him, give him whatever he needed to make the pain go away. His wolf was growling at him inside to mate with Nico because Will loved him and yet the other part of Will was repeating he’s your best friend and he’ll hate you tomorrow over and over in his head.

Will heard stories of Alpha’s who mated Omega’s in heat, only to abandon them or for the Omega’s to be heartbroken because their heat had been so advanced they hadn’t realised who they were having sex with.

Will felt something warm and wet against his neck and it took his muddled brain a moment to realise that Nico was kissing him, climbing his way up to Will’s mouth. The blonde turned away, preventing Nico from kissing him. The Italian slumped against the blonde.

"W-Will...,” he whimpered, hands gripping the back of Will’s shirt.

It took everything in the Alpha to force his hands to remain limp at his sides, “You don’t want this, Neeks. You don’t want me. I have suppressants in the medical wing, I’ll bring you some-"
“No,” Nico gasped, and pulled back, gripping Will’s face in his hands. His skin was hot, as if he had a fever, “I don’t want s-suppressants,” Nico whispered shakily, dark eyes glazed over with tears, “I want you.”

He tried to kiss Will but the Alpha couldn’t help but push him away – he was scared that Nico didn’t know what he was doing.

“Nico no,” he said firmly. The Italian looked at him with wide eyes and then shuffled back, so he was sitting up against the headboard.

“Then leave,” he said, and started crying, “You’re just making it worse,” he sobbed, and curled in on himself again, whimpering. Will’s heart hurt.

“Nico I just...,” Will swallowed, “I don’t know—“

“Please,” Nico sobbed, “Go away I-I...your v-voice it’s m-making me f-feel weird I-I...nghh...”

“This is why you need an Alpha,” Will said helplessly.

“I need you,” Nico gasped in pain and buried his face in his hands.

“I...we didn’t talk about this before,” Will said, hands clenching in the covers so he didn’t throw himself at Nico, “this could be your heat talking, sometimes it makes you delusional—“

“If you haven’t had sex for a few days!” Nico shouted, sitting up, now looking angry as well as upset, “I only hit like a-an hour ago I know what I want, William,” his expression softened, “And I want you.”

“I’m your best friend Nico,” Will shook his head.

“I know you don’t w-want me like that,” Nico swallowed, his face red, “s-so...just fuck me t-this one time, please. J-Just once, and w-we can forget about i-it but it hurts,” he started getting hysterical, “I-I feel like I’m going to c-combust, I-I can’t breathe m-my head’s spinning and a-all I want is for you t-to touch me and love me and...,” he started crying again.

Will closed the space between them, he couldn’t stand the fact that he was hurting Nico. But he was so scared of messing up, his wolf was strong and he didn’t want to lose control. He loved Nico, and that’s why this was so hard. But Will couldn’t deny how much he wanted the boy, desire making heat pool in his stomach, and clearly Nico wanted him too, to some extent. The blonde reached out to touch the Italian and then stopped.

“Tell me you want this,” he breathed, “look at me and tell me you want this and I’ll make it go away, I promise.”

Shakily Nico lifted his head to look up at Will with his big, beautiful eyes, “I love you,” he whispered brokenly.

Will grabbed his face and kissed him. His fingers slid into Nico’s hair as he kissed him hungrily. He felt Nico gasp against his mouth as his hands shot up to cling to the back of Will’s shirt again. Doing this with Nico was intoxicating, and made the Alpha’s wolf growl in pleasure. Nico felt so right in Will’s arms that it was almost scary, he fit perfectly against the blonde, his mouth sliding against his like it was created to be there. His cheeks were fiercely warm against Will’s hands but the blonde didn’t mind as he pushed against Nico until the boy fell backwards against the pillows.

The kiss was passionate and heated, and yet had an underlying tenderness to it. Will’s hands slid
from Nico’s face to reach the hem of his t-shirt. He pulled it over the boy’s head, ruffling his hair even more. He was dizzy and couldn’t concentrate on anything other than Nico, his Alpha-instincts taking over. *Mate, mate, mate* his wolf kept telling him and Will almost said it out loud.

Nico clumsily grabbed at Will’s shirt and the blonde pulled it over his head hurriedly before covering Nico’s mouth with his own again. Now that he had gotten a taste of the boy he loved he couldn’t bear to be apart from him. Will’s big, tanned hands slid down Nico’s skinny body, and the Italian shivered, moaning against Will’s mouth. He was over-sensitive, arching into Will’s touch so the blonde felt his erection brushing against his thigh.

“P-Please, please, please,” Nico muttered feverishly, pausing to kiss Will between each word, “I-I need you.”

“Shhh, I’m here,” Will murmured soothingly, because he knew that it was what Nico needed to hear. He kissed his neck, gently at first, just little kisses against his hot skin that caused the boy to melt into the bed, but then it became more passionate, until Nico was moaning, a few hickeys blooming on his neck.

“B-Bite me,” he whimpered, fingers sliding into Will’s hair to keep him there, “M-Make me yours.”

Will’s stomach twisted with a sudden explosion of pure *want.* But whatever part of his brain was still functioning told him that he couldn’t do it, not now, not without having Nico fully alert. Instead he pulled back, because the temptation was too strong, and roughly pulled off Nico’s trousers. If the Italian was going to protest he didn’t as Will swooped down, throwing the boy’s legs over his shoulders and kissed the inside of his thigh.

The smell of Nico’s want intensified, and made Will dizzy with desire. When he reached for the boy’s underwear he found it soaking wet, and it made his cock throb in his pants. He practically ripped the boxers from Nico’s slim hips, the Italian’s cock standing to attention, twitching every time Will exhaled against his thigh.

Unable to help himself Will leaned forward and licked a stripe up Nico’s member.

“Will!” the boy cried out, and his cock twitched before he came all over his stomach. Surprised Will glanced up at him only to see Nico panting for breath, an arm thrown over his eyes, “G-Gods....,” he moaned. The come pooled in his belly-button but his cock remained painfully hard.

***

Will licked the come off his skin and Nico whimpered. Everywhere the blonde touched, kissed, caressed, the horrible fire that hurt the Omega was quenched, and replaced instead by an incredible desire. Nico didn’t think it was possible to want someone as badly as he wanted Will. He didn’t think his heat would be as scary as it was, didn’t realize how terrifying it was to lose control over your body. But when Will showed up it all got so much better.

Nico’s mind was clouded with pleasure, Will’s mouth wrapped around his cock. Despite the fact that he had literally come only minutes before he thought he was going to explode from how good it felt. His legs, thrown over Will’s shoulders, were trembling, toes curling with each of Will’s head bobs. There was little more Nico was aware of except for Will. He didn’t realise he was biting his lip so hard it had started to bleed, or that he was clutching onto the covers below, until Will noticed it.

“’m gonna come,” Nico whimpered, and Will politely let the Omega’s cock from his mouth with a ‘pop.’ He frowned when he looked up at Nico and surged up. Nico gasped since his legs were still over Will’s shoulders and his ass was now pressing against the blonde’s crotch. *Oh Gods he’s hard,*
Nico thought distractedly as Will wiped the blood from his lip with his thumb. Nico flinched as it stung and Will leaned down and kissed the wound gently.

“You’re hurting yourself,” the blonde whispered, kissing Nico’s forehead. He placed his hands over Nico’s and got him to let go of the covers.

“P-Please fuck me,” Nico whispered hoarsely, knowing that he would be embarrassed about this when the need inside him passed.

“Okay, let me just...,” Will sat back and undid his belt. As he threw his jeans to the side Nico surged up and climbed into his lap, crashing his mouth against the blonde’s. He needed Will to touch him at all times, it seemed.

His cock throbbed where it was caught between his stomach and Will’s hard, big dick. Without even thinking about it Nico reached down and wrapped his hand against both of their members. He started stroking and Will groaned. Nico knew he was going to come. These desperate sounds started slipping from his mouth before he could stop them and Will hungrily kissed his neck again. He hadn’t shaved and his stubble scraped against Nico’s sensitive skin.

“Mhmm,” Nico tried to muffled his moans, “O-Oh fuck-“

He came in spurts over his and Will’s cocks, sobbing.

“Gods, Nico,” Will murmured, and pulled up to kiss his forehead. Nico shivered, he felt over-sensitive and yet still needy, “Let me take care of you, baby,” Will said softly, and it made Nico’s spine tingle.

Will lowered Nico back down on the bed and the Italian wrapped his legs around his waist. His hole was twitching, and he yearned for something up his ass. Preferably Will’s cock. The Alpha reached down and ran his fingers through the slick wetting Nico’s thighs and the bed. Nico literally saw his eyes darken,

“You don’t n-need to p-prepare me,” Nico whispered. All he wanted was Will’s cock.

“No, no,” Will whispered against his temple, his free hand finding Nico’s and intertwining their fingers, “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“N-No,” Nico’s face flushed, “I-I already d-did it...before you c-came.”

Will looked down at him, and then kissed him in a way that made Nico’s breath catch. His cock ached for another release, and his wolf just wanted Will to finally be inside him. As bad as it sounded, in that moment Nico wanted to belong to Will badly.

Just when he thought he’d have to plead again, Will took mercy on him. Nico felt the head of his cock start pushing against his hole, and immediately his wolf bowed in submission. The Omega cried out, head falling against the pillow. As Will pushed in slowly Nico felt like a pool of melted butter. He wanted to tell Will more, more but his mouth wouldn’t work properly, just letting out moan after moan.

“Gods,” Will groaned, “F-Fuck, Neeks-“

Nico was shaking so badly with need that by the time Will bottomed out inside him he had come again. He should’ve felt sticky and disgusting but he didn’t, because the only thing he cared about was Will’s cock, impaling him. This is the only time you will ever have him, Nico’s treacherous mind told him. In his desperation Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s neck and kissed him hungrily.
“Move,” he moaned, “P-Please move...,” his hole was clenching around Will’s cock, which felt fucking amazing inside of him.

Will kissed his neck and then pulled out, only to push back in. His thrusts were slow but deliberate, and each time he pushed in Nico let out a sob, arms still wrapped around Will’s shoulders as the blonde left a path of hickies down his skin. Nico wanted the bite so bad, but he wasn’t stupid – he knew Will didn’t want it. So instead he just kept telling him the same thing, over and over, because he had already said it anyway.

“I love you. I-I love you...nghh, W-Will o-oh f-fuck...I love you, ah!”

Will’s thrusts didn’t speed up, but he found Nico’s prostate, and with each orgasm Nico’s neediness decreased a little...and he had a lot of orgasms.

***

Will was pretty sure only his Alpha hormones were still keeping him going. It was around three in the morning and he, personally, had come five times already. Nico...countless times. They kept having sex, and Will was happy to do that. He was obsessed with Nico, and being inside him was heaven. They did it on the bed, against the walls, on the floor, in the shower when they got too filthy, in the bed again. Will could tell when Nico’s heat started disappearing as he calmed down.

Their last fucking finished back in the bed, with Nico on all fours, the front of his body slumped against the covers as Will thrust into him from behind. They both moaned simultaneously and Nico let out a small spurt of cum, completely spent. Will came inside him (for the sixth time that night) and the second he pulled his limp cock out the come gushed out.

Nico rolled over and collapsed on the cleaner side of the bed, gasping. Will sat back and watched him, brushing is hair from his sweaty forehead. Looking at Nico, lying in the bed, looking content and satisfied Will decided to fuck it and was about to say I love you when Nico suddenly sat up abruptly, looking pale.

“Neeks?”

“I’m going to be sick,” Nico whimpered, and then dashed into the bathroom before Will could stop him. The blonde scrambled to his feet, pulled on his boxers, and heard the sound of Nico throwing up in the toilet. The Alpha’s stomach sank.

He hated it. Gods, he hated it. He hates me.

Feeling nauseous himself he walked to the bathroom slowly. Nico had left the door open and was slumped against the toilet, shaking. He looked like death, exhausted.

“Neeks?” Will whispered in horror, “O-Oh Gods I didn’t m-mean-“

“N-No,” Nico interrupted, wiping his mouth with a shaky hand. He looked tiny on that floor, “I-It happens a l-lot apparently. S-Side effects of h-heat.”

Will didn’t really feel comforted, “I’ll bring you water.”

He went back into the bedroom and opened the wardrobe with shaking hands. He rummaged through it and was surprised when he found one of his own t-shirts shoved at the back. He didn’t question it, just picked out a clean pair of underwear, grabbed a water bottle from the mini fridge and went back to the bathroom.
Nico’s legs were drawn to his chest, his forehead resting on his knees. He was still shaking, and that scared Will.

“Here,” he offered Nico the clothes and the Italian looked up. His eyes were red and he snatched the clothes from Will, hurriedly shoving them on, not even realising he was wearing Will’s t-shirt, “Drink this,” he offered the boy the water bottle.

Nico drank a sip and looked away, “Thank you,” he said tiredly. Will nodded awkwardly, not knowing what else to say. Nico swallowed, “We had sex,” he whispered quietly, almost in disbelief. Will’s stomach twisted,

“Yeah.”

Nico buried his face in his hand, “Fuck.”

“Hey, it wasn’t that bad,” Will joked weakly. Nico looked up at him and his eyes were full of tears.

“I-I...,” he swallowed, “I need to brush my t-teeth.”

“Oh,” Will nodded, and clenched and unclenched his hands, “Gotcha.”

“You can go back to your Cabin,” Nico struggled to his feet, “Thanks for helping.”

***

Nico ventured out of the bathroom feeling better now. Well, better in the physical sense. Mentally he was messed up. He had just had sex with his best friend, a boy he loved, multiple times. And he hated himself for it. He didn’t dislike it – no, actually he had loved Will touching him – it was just the fact that he knew the boy wouldn’t do it again.

Also he was now marked by another Alpha, which limited his chances of ever finding anyone. Not that he cared; he was pretty sure Will was the only one for him, and the idea of having sex with anyone else repulsed Nico.

He was shocked when he walked into the bedroom and found that the sheets and covers had been changed to fresh ones, and that Will was still in the Cabin, sitting on the edge of the bed in his t-shirt and boxers. Nico felt an invisible hand tighten around his throat and he had to lean against the wall because he thought his legs would give out.

“What are you still doing here?” he asked. Will looked at him.

“Why are you so far away?”

“A-Answer my question,” Nico said shakily. Will sighed,

“Come to bed.”

Nico shook his head, “No. You’re s-supposed to go.”

“Did you hate it that much?” there was pain in Will’s eyes, and a softness too. Nico couldn’t stand it.

“I-It’s not that.”

“You said you loved me,” Will stood up and walked towards Nico, and there was nowhere the Italian could go. He felt blood rush to his face.
“I-It was the h-heat.”

Will frowned, “Was it the heat that made you want me too?” he asked gently.

Nico knew if he lied it would break Will. It would break him to think that he had forced Nico into sex in any way, which wasn’t the case.

“No,” Nico whispered, “No I wanted you I-,” he had to bite his tongue before he said *I still want you.*

Will reached out and Nico flinched when he felt the blonde’s hand on his cheek, “I need to know if you meant it,” the Alpha said softly, “if you meant the ‘I love you.’”

Nico swallowed but he knew that this was it; their friendship would never go back to normal now, “I meant it,” he muttered, staring at his feet.

“Say it again,” Will stroked Nico’s cheek. The boy squeezed his eyes shut to get a grip on his heart. “I love you.”

Will leaned his forehead against Nico’s and the Italian was forced to open his eyes, “Again.” “I-I love you,” Nico said shakily.

Will swept him off the ground and into his arms and carried him to the bed. He pushed the covers to the side, laid Nico down gently and then climbed in next to him. He pulled the covers over both of them and Nico just laid there, shocked.

“I love you too,” Will whispered, pulling Nico into his chest.

And Nico just started crying, but it was okay, because his mate was holding him.
Could you do a Solangelo where Will is maybe inside the Hades cabin reading an old diary of Nico's, and promises to himself that his goal in life is to make sure Nico is never that lonely or sad ever again? And maybe Nico comes in and Will has to hide the diary or something, but whether or not Nico realises that Will read it is up to you entirely.

For Hannah

Will was in the Hades Cabin, changing the sheets. He had never been quite so happy to change the sheets before, but the reason for his positivity was because Nico was finally coming back after two weeks in Jupiter visiting Frank and Hazel. Will couldn’t wait to see his boyfriend, and his heart ached every time he thought of having the small boy back in his arms.

Humming, Will walked around the room, dusting things off like a good housewife, making sure everything would be ready for his boyfriend’s arrival. He opened the closet to fold whatever clothes the son of Hades had chucked in there and frowned when he saw a box inside.

Will wasn’t a nosy person by any means…but he was a little curious. Nico, despite dating for two years, was still a mystery to him. I'll just take a peek, he told himself and pulled open the flaps of the box. Inside were three notebooks. Will frowned and before he even knew what was happening he was pulling the box out and sitting against the wardrobe, pulling the top notebook out. It was a soft-cover one with Vancouver Olympics 2010 written on top. Curious as to what the notebook was, Will flipped it open.

The first page was full of scribbles and little caricature sketches, clearly made by a child. Will’s mouth twitched into a smile. He flipped the page again and found a card stuck there. When he looked at it he realised it was some kind of playing card, with an image of Hades on it. When Will flipped the page once more he realised what it was. Nico’s diary.

The first page was full of messy handwriting that was very unlike the boy, but when Will looked at the date he realised it was because Nico had been ten when he wrote this. His heart jumped in his chest and he couldn’t stop himself from reading – he knew nothing about ten year old Nico, and desperately wanted to.

Dear diary.

I am writing... writing... writing... talking here coz tday something really bad happened. Today Bianca died.

Will sucked in a startled breath of air, and slammed the notebook shut. His head spun and he felt sick. Oh Gods. He couldn’t read it...he couldn’t...couldn’t...

Slowly he opened the notebook again, feeling horrible for doing so. Curiosity killed the cat, he
thought miserably. His heart clenched when he saw some of the words on the page smudged, most likely from tears.

She went on a quest with Percy and some other people and didn’t come back. I have no one to talk to and I have no friends so I’ll write it here. I’m angry. Percy said he would keep Bianca safe and he didn’t. He lied to me. He’s a liar. I hate him. But I feel bad too coz I made these skeletons come from the ground and I didn’t mean to and I thought that they would hurt Percy. I don’t want them to hurt him. Everything is weird. I don’t know how I feel. I want to hit Percy but I want him to hug me too and make it all go away. I miss Bianca. I miss her so much.

I went into this weird cave in the woods and I found a hallway. It’s long and dark and cold and I don’t know how to get out. It’s scary down here. The walls make noises. I have a torch and my mythomagic cards and this notebook that the horse man gave me. And that’s it. I don’t have anything else.

Will thought he was going to be sick. Of course Nico had talked to him a lot about Bianca, but this was different. Will could see exactly what Nico was feeling at the time, when he was ten and alone. He tried to remember what he had been doing at that time, but his brain wouldn’t work. He suddenly felt angry with Percy for not trying harder, for not protecting Nico who was a fucking child.

Not knowing why, Will continued to read, but a lot of the pages wereunreadable because of Nico’s handwriting. He found another page, months later, written slightly more clearly.

Dear diary.

I didn’t get to write on my birthday but I’m 11 now. Of cours nobody remember but thats ok coz today was a good day coz after a lot of tries Bianca’s ghost finally came to talk to me. It felt so good to see her and she looked happy. I almost cried but I almost a man now so I didn’t want to in front of the others, especially in front of Percy. We went to save the god pan but it was horrible because he spoke to everyone except me and I think its coz he thinks I’m death and bad. I don’t want to be bad but everyone tells me that my dad is evil. I don’t want to be angry with Percy for not trying harder, for not protecting Nico who was a fucking child.

“Happy birthday Neeks,” Will whispered. Reading Nico’s diary was physically painful; Will felt like there was a fist tightening around his heart. Not only was Nico’s crush on Percy clear, though Will knew about that already, but also the boy’s suffering was so prominent and nobody was doing anything about it. Will flipped to the last page of the notebook.

Dear diary.

There was a fight at camp earlier, but we won. I fought in it and I thought I was pretty ok actually. But everyone was celebrating after and I felt alone and out of place and I didn’t like it. Everyone has siblings and friends in their cabins but I’m all alone and I don’t even have a cabin. Today I went to Percy’s house coz we need to beat Kronos and I think I know how. I read a book about Achilles and his mom put him in the river styx and he became immortal and I think we need to do that to Percy. At least that’s what I’ll tell him. I actually need to bring him to my dad so he will tell me what happened to my mom. I feel bad for lying to Percy but dad promised not to hurt him. I want to make dad happy coz he said that now that Bianca’s dead he has no useful children left. I want to be useful. I want to make him proud.

But anyway I went to Percy’s house and I was gonna tell him the plan and go but then his mom invited me for cake coz it was Percy’s birthday. I was happy today for a little while. Sally was so nice like a proper mom. I miss my mom even though I can’t remember her. And Percy was nice to me too.
I really like him and I think it’s wrong coz it’s not the way you’re supposed to like boys.

Maybe if he agrees to my plan he’ll like me back too.

Will closed the notebook and looked at the window across the room, where the sun was shining on Camp, bubbling with life. He could hardly imagine eleven year old Nico having cake with Percy, and yet it happened. Will pressed the notebook to his chest subconsciously and sighed. He wished he could take little Nico’s pain away, but there was a happy ending to the story. Will knew if he didn’t continue reading it would bother him forever, so hesitantly he reached for the next notebook.

This one was hard-back with a picture of a tiger at the front, and the handwriting in it was much neater. Nico was twelve.

Dear diary.

Bianca came to me today and told me to stop trying to talk to mom’s ghost. I want to, I want to know who she was and if she loved me. I need to know if anybody loves me. That makes me sound whiny and needy but I feel so alone. I have no home, I’m just wandering around. Dad thinks I’m ok, but that’s it. Anyway so today Bianca talked to me (or her ghost did anyway) and she showed me how mom died. She showed me the hotel that Zeus blasted to pieces. It was horrible. Why do bad things happen to me? I think I deserve this. Maybe it’s because I love Percy.

Will had to look away from the page. He couldn’t stand it, he couldn’t stand his boyfriend talking about loving someone else, even if it was years ago. Hurriedly he flipped through the notebook and found a random entry.

Dear diary.

So I haven’t written for a while because lots of stuff happened. Two weeks ago was the battle of Manhattan as we started to call it, and we beat the titans. It’s crazy to think we actually did it. Anyway it was nice at the start because everyone was congratulating me and telling me that me and dad were badass but then everyone started avoiding me. They think I’m creepy I know they do and they all forgot about me again. I’m building the hades cabin for myself but that doesn’t mean I’m part of camp. I’m not. They don’t want me here. Nobody wants me.

“Goddammit Neeks, I want you,” Will growled in frustration, before realising he was talking to a notebook.

Dad finally accepted me and said I made him proud. That made me happy for a while because now I can go to his palace sometimes which is nice. The worst thing that happened apart from all the deaths was that Annabeth and Percy started dating. I really like Annabeth but I can’t look at them together, especially when they kiss. It makes me sick. I’m jealous of Annabeth and I hate myself for it. For now I think I’m going to go to my dad’s palace since there’s nothing for me here.

The next entry that Will hurriedly found, desperately wanting to read about Nico being happy, was when he was thirteen and from his slanted handwriting Will could tell that the boy was writing in a hurry.

Dear Diary.

I have a sister. No, I’m not talking about Bianca, I have another sister. A half sister. Her name is Hazel and I found her in the fields of asphodel. It’s so weird. I didn’t think I had anyone and then she just appeared. Dad told me to take her to some camp called Jupiter. Dead people are leaving the underworld but I couldn’t get Bianca because she’s getting reincarnated. I think I’m ok with that. I
want her to be happy. And now I have another sister. Sure, she's technically dead, but we'll work around it.

The next entry was almost two weeks later. Will's eyes flitted across the page, eagerly awaiting the ending he already knew – Nico ending up with him.

Dear Diary.

Percy's gone. I'm with the hunters of Artemis now looking for him and everyone really scared. My heart feels heavy but I know he's not dead because he'd be in the underworld. I want him back which is stupid because he doesn't want me.

That entrance was really quick but it still made Will nauseous. Nico's feelings for Percy back in the day were something they never talked about, and reading about them made Will uncomfortable. On one hand he was jealous and on the other he wanted Percy to realise and accept Nico's feelings and take care of the boy because reading about him in pain was excruciating. With shaky hands Will flipped the page.

Dear Diary.

So. We found Percy. He's at camp Jupiter, where Hazel is, except he can't remember anything! When he looked at me his eyes were blank and apparently he doesn't know about camp Half Blood. As bad as it sounds this means I can start over, I can be a new person to him.

No. Idiot. Idiot. I'm an idiot. Percy doesn't love me and he'll never love me. I'm pathetic and ugly and weak and Percy is amazing and Annabeth is amazing. They're made for each other and I better not fuck it up. I'm not fucking it up. I'm not. It hurts.

Will almost stopped reading there. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back and tried to sort out his thoughts. He knew Nico went through a lot, but he didn't realise how much it hurt the boy. Nico seemed so strong...Right then Will promised himself that he would make it his life goal to make sure Nico was never sad and lonely ever again.

It was good that he made that promise because in the next part Nico was fourteen and it was what Will had dreaded the most.

Diary.

I came back from Tartarus two days ago but I can only write now because my hands were shaking too badly before. I'm on the Argo II right now, sitting on the bed. I don't want to talk about Tartarus, I feel sick even thinking about it. But I need to write some stuff down so I don't forget. Gods, I'm so scared of forgetting.

Will's eyes skimmed the page because he couldn't bear to read about Nico's suffering.

Akhlys said she has never met someone as miserable as me, and could not do anything else to me because of how depressed I already am.

I never want to look at a pomegranate again.

And then Will read the last paragraph on the page and his world literally tilted to the side.

I made a decision in Tartarus, while I was in my death trance. I considered just...not eating the seeds. I could float away and die, but for some reason I continued holding onto life even though it caused me nothing but pain. I think it's because I can't bear to die before the end of the war. So
here’s my decision: after Gaia is defeated, I will kill myself. I know nobody will miss me, and for once that’s comforting.

Will flipped through the notebook to see where Nico changed his mind – if he changed his mind – but found nothing. He threw the notebook to the side and grabbed the last one. There was a picture of a beach on it and ‘Croatia’ written in fantastical writing over the cover. The first entrance was from a place called Split.

Diary.

I hate everything. I hate Croatia, I hate Cupid, I hate Jason, I hate myself. That little chubby asshole made me confess my feelings for Percy to Jason. I have literally never wanted to die more than I do right now. Every time Jason looks at me I want to throw up because he knows. He won’t tell Percy, I don’t think. But it still makes me sick.

Will mentally had to force himself not to hate Jason at this moment, the way he hated Percy, because he knew the blonde tried to comfort Nico about his sexuality. Even though it didn’t work. What was more alarming was that Will couldn’t find anything along the lines of I don’t want to kill myself anymore in Nico’s diary.

There was a very short entry from Puerto Rico where Nico simply wrote; I’m exhausted. Every time I shadow travel I feel like a little bit of me disappears. That’s ok though. I think im alright with disappearing.

Will exhaled with relief when he finally found what he was looking for; an entry from the day after the Demigods won the battle with Gaia. He felt a weight being lifted off his shoulders as he red.

Dear Diary.

I don’t want to die anymore, because of one person. But about that later. So, we finally beat Gaia yesterday and technically that means that it’s my time to kill myself, and yet I can’t do it. But let me write some stuff down first before I get into it. I feel horrible for letting Octavian die. The guy was a prick but he didn’t deserve to explode in the sky, and his death caused Leo’s as well, which I will never forgive myself for. But it’s not all bad, despite losing that little hothead. Last night I was declared a hero (everyone’s a hero, technically) and Reyna just hugged me in front of everyone. I don’t know why but for the first time I felt accepted at camp. I’m scared it’s going to end like the Titan war though, that everyone will forget about me.

But now let me talk about the person who made me decide to give life another shot. Will Solace.

Will blinked at the page in surprise, and his hear did a stupid little flip in his chest. He couldn’t help but smile and could’ve hugged the notebook. He never thought that the reason that Nico had decided to stay at camp, to live, was him.

Will is something else. He’s so weirdly kind and selfless in a way that he doesn’t expect anything in return. He just is. He’s kind and happy, and usually I hate happy people, but not him. I was scared because I thought he thought I was a monster for letting Octavian die, but he literally came to me this morning, all angry and cute (oh Gods I hope he never sees this)

Will snickered.

And he told me that he doesn’t think I’m a monster and demanded I come to the infirmary with him. So here I am, sitting in the corner, writing and watching him patch others up. Weird thing about Will: when he was bandaging me up and giving me ambrosia he didn’t avoid physical contact.
Usually people are repulsed by me and flinch when I’m around, avoiding contact, and yet Will touched me like it was normal. I liked him touching me. Jesus Christ my face is red now, great.

Will remembered that day. He had his hands full with all the injuries after the battle, and had enjoyed talking to Nico during his breaks. The kid had sat in the corner and scribbled in the notebook, though Will hadn’t realised it was his diary at the time. He remembered being unable to stop staring at Nico, and thinking how adorable he looked biting the end of his pen, eyebrows scrunched up in concentration. It was weird to know that at the same time Nico had been writing about him.

Ps. Best part today was when I went up to Percy and told him i used to have a crush on him, but not anymore. I don’t even know when I realised that I didn’t have feelings for him anymore. His face was priceless, and Annabeth even high-fived me. I hope they’re happy together, i really do.

Will filtered through the remaining pages of the diary. The last two years had been condensed into a few entries, and Nico wrote a lot less. Will hoped it was because he was happy now. He skim read the few pages.

Dear Diary.

Turns out Valdez, that prick, is alive. I’m going to strangle him when he comes back. The dick sent me a scroll with a message on it about how he found some girl called Calypso. I look at the scroll when I want to remember how angry I am at him.

Dear Diary.

Today I confessed my feeling to Will. I did it because i couldn’t keep them inside me, couldn’t let them make me miserable the way my feelings for Percy did. I expected him to let me down gently and instead THIS GUY GOES AND KISSES ME. Like what the fuck i was NOT PREPARED!!!! (it was a nice kiss though). And then he asked me out and of course i said yes and now everything’s messy but I’m happy.

Gods I’m happy.

Will’s heart was pounding in his chest and he couldn’t stop smiling, until he got a few pages in later, to the start of this year when he had just turned seventeen and Nico sixteen, and felt all the blood rush to his face.

Dear Diary.

So. Uh. Today me and Will had sex.

It was kinda awkward since neither of us really knew what the hell we were doing. And i’m not going to lie it hurt like a bitch. But then it got alright. It wasn’t mind blowing or anything, but I liked it. A lot. Mostly because of how close Will was to me. And I liked seeing him come. That was hot.

Will flushed bright red as he remembered their first time. All he could remember from that night was how tight and beautiful and perfect Nico was and he felt a little bad that he had hurt him. He flipped a few pages and found the last entry, from a month ago.

Dear Diary.

This is my final entry. There’s nothing more to write. I’m so fucking happy that sometimes I feel like I’m going to explode. I have Will and I love him and he says he loves me too (sometimes I don’t believe him). He’s amazing, the sex is amazing, just everything is amazing. I don’t feel sad or alone. There really isn’t more to say.
I love him.

Will stared at the last extract in silence, and his vision went blurry. He realised he had tears in his eyes and hurriedly blinked them away. He felt so content and satisfied, and happy. Happy that he made Nico happy. The boy shoved the notebooks back in the box and put it back into the wardrobe. Just in time anyway.

“Knock, knock,” Nico said, and opened the door, stepping into the cabin.

Will couldn’t breathe when he saw him, grinning from the doorway, dark hair pulled back into a low bun, eyes twinkling. His heart twisted and then he ran across the room, barely registering the surprised look on Nico’s face, and took the boy into his arms. He kissed him desperately, and he literally thought his heart would give out.

When he broke away from Nico they were both breathless and Nico was looking at him with big eyes.


“I missed you too,” he said, placing a hand on Will’s cheek. The blonde grabbed it and kissed his boyfriend’s palm, and then pulled him into a hug, “You’re squishing me!” the Italian protested.

“I love you,” Will was getting choked up, “Gods, I love you Nico. I love you so much.”

“Will?” Nico asked, a little worried, and hugged him back, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I am now,” Will kissed his forehead and then looked into Nico’s eyes, “But I love you, okay? I love you,” he couldn’t stop saying it.

“I love you too,” Nico said softly, and stood on his tiptoes to kiss Will. The blonde pulled away, smiled sheepishly, and said on one breath,

“Also I accidentally read your diaries I’m so sorry.”
Home is Wherever I'm With You

Octavian/Michael fic where it's an AU where Octavian never died, but got kicked out of camp Jupiter. And he's probably really depressed because the camp was his home and everything. Maybe him and Michael live together? For FieryParadox

The staircase stank of piss and vomit as Michael climbed up in disgust. The lights were broken so everything was drowned in darkness, but Michael didn’t expect anything different from such a cheap, dodgy motel. He heard someone scream outside somewhere as he made his way to the third floor. There was a man curled in a corner, groaning, reeking of alcohol. Michael flinched when the man reached for him weakly. As he passed a door he heard the sound of very loud sex, and music booming from somewhere floors above. He didn’t want to touch anything, the walls, the stairs rail, he mostly wanted to get out of there.

Michael was glad when he got to the right, familiar door, and knocked hurriedly. He waited a good few minutes before Octavian opened the door, something he was used to by now. Not for the first time Michael though that the boy looked horribly out of place in the disgusting motel. He looked like an angel...a dishevelled, tired, hangover angel, but an angel nonetheless, his almost white hair falling into his eyes.

“I told you to stop coming, idiot,” Octavian mumbled, but moved to the side to let him in. Michael smiled and let the blonde shut the door as he ventured in. The tiny room was cluttered with empty beer cans and vodka bottles, crisp wrappers littering the place. It smelled a little better here than in the corridor but Michael personally wouldn’t lie on the shitty bed in the corner, scared of bed-bugs.

“How are you feeling?” Michael asked.

“How are you feeling?” Michael asked.

“Homeless,” Octavian hugged himself and leaned against the dirty wall. He was wearing a flannel – one of Michael’s since he didn’t have time to bring any of his clothes from camp – and it fell to his thighs. He hadn’t bothered with any trousers.

Octavian wasn’t the proud, arrogant augur he had been just two months ago, during the war with Gaia. Since he was exiled from Camp Jupiter he had lost even more weight, looked more sickly, didn’t meet anyone’s eyes. Michael knew how painful it was to Octavian to be rid of a home. The boy had wanted to find a place so desperately, despite not being a Demigod, that he had ruined it all by his paranoia of losing everything. Michael knew what he had done – what they had done – was wrong, but seeing Octavian like this made him realise how unfair his exile was. Luke Castellan was allowed into Elysium, Silena Beauregard proclaimed a hero, but Octavian was kicked out even though the others weren’t any better than him. It left a bitter taste in Michael’s mouth, especially since he cared for Octavian so much.

“I thought we could go out for dinner today,” he said gently. Octavian shook his head,
“I’m not hungry.”

“You have to eat,” Michael said, “you can’t just drink all the time. You’ll drink yourself to death.”

Octavian looked away, “Maybe that’d be better.”

Michael crossed the room and wrapped his muscular arms around Octavian. He hated when the blonde talked like this, and he pressed him close, resting his cheek against the side of the boy’s head and taking a deep breath.

“Michael!” Octavian protested, trying to squirm away. He gave up after a few seconds and went limp in Michael’s arms. The son of Venus stroked his back comfortably.

“Don’t say things like that,” he said quietly.

“It’s true,” Octavian mumbled, resting his forehead on Michael’s shoulder. He felt impossibly fragile in the Demigod’s arms, “what else am I supposed to do? I-I...I can’t just live like this.”

Michael pulled back, hands remaining on Octavian’s skinny shoulders because he couldn’t bear to let him go, “Come to dinner, okay? It’s really important to me.”


“They’re...they’re okay.”

Octavian nodded, and looked at his feet, “Good...good.”

“Is that a yes to dinner then?”

“Yeah. Alright,” Octavian shrugged, looking like he didn’t care about anything. A meteor could probably fall on him right now and he wouldn’t even react. Michael hated what the Romans had done to Tav and at that moment he was happy with his decision to leave camp forever.

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They were in China town, veering through the crowds of tourists.

“I don’t like Chinese food,” Octavian complained, dragging his feet as he followed Michael. The dark haired boy had got him to shower and put on some clean clothes and now he couldn’t stop staring at the blonde.

“It’s alright, you’ll like this...or at least I hope you will.”

Someone barged into Octavian and he was taken by the crowd a little way away from Michael. The son of Venus was shocked at the explosion of fear in his chest as he quickly grabbed Octavian’s hand to prevent him from getting swept away. The blonde blinked at him in surprise but Michael turned away and pulled him along.

“Don’t get lost in the crowd,” he used the excuse to continue holding Octavian’s cold, delicate hand in his.

“Where are we going?” Octavian asked impatiently as they veered off the main, crowded street to the side ones. Here it was quieter with lanterns hanging over the streets, giving them a warm red glow.

“Stop asking so many questions,” Michael said, “I just need to pick something up from a friend.”
“You have friends?” Octavian teased, and Michael was glad that some of his humour was returning.

“It’s just up there,” he said, gesturing to an emergency staircase snaking round the back of a building. Octavian sighed dramatically but Michael noted that his hand tightened in his. They climbed up the stairs together and Michael quickly fished out a key from his pocket to open the door. Octavian didn’t question him as they went inside the dark living room. “Just one second,” Michael said, letting go of Octavian’s hand and walking over to the light-switch.

Light flooded the room and Octavian blinked in surprise. Michael hid his nervously shaking hands behind his back as the blonde looked around. There wasn’t much furniture in the room, a floral couch that Michael had gotten from his mom’s house, a small coffee table, a shitty TV. Octavian shoved his hands into his pockets,

“Uh...so where’s your friend?”

“Doesn’t exist,” Michael swallowed nervously, “I got this flat for you.” Octavian looked at him in shock, mouth falling open, and Michael felt himself blush, “I...uh...well not just for you, for both of us. I left camp. I think what they did was wrong and I just wanted to be near you and I thought it’d be nice but it’s a bit weird because there’s only one bedroom—”

His rambling stopped when Octavian closed the space between them and crashed his lips to Michael’s. He had to stand on his tiptoes to do so and Michael’s eyes widened in shock, his heart skipping a beat. He barely registered the blonde’s mouth on his. The kiss was short and when Octavian pulled away his eyes were full of tears.

“I love you,” he said, voice all chocked up. His sudden declaration caught Michael off guard because Octavian never mentioned his feelings.

_Say it back idiot._

“I love you too,” Michael said shakily, and Octavian met him half way for another kiss. They clung onto each other, mouths moving against each other. Michael’s mind couldn’t keep up with what was happening, heart pounding in his chest like it wanted to jump out and run away. Subconsciously Michael started walking Octavian backwards.

“Where...we...going?” Octavian asked breathless, each word punctuated by a kiss.

“Need to show you the bedroom,” Michael murmured, nipping at Octavian’s bottom lip. The blonde smirked as they went into the dark bedroom, with Michael slamming the door behind them. He pulled back, “No, seriously,” he said, taking in Octavian’s flushed face hungrily, “I need to show you the bedroom,” he turned the boy around.

With the lights off the small room looked intimate and cute. Most importantly there was a massive window above the bed, with China town spread out outside, glowing and beautiful and breathtaking, Brooklyn rising behind it. Michael heard Octavian’s breath catch as he leaned back against Michael.

They didn’t speak as they climbed on the bed, with Octavian in Michael’s lap, looking out of the window and the traffic and waves of tourists below. Michael had his arms wrapped around Tav’s waist, chin resting on the boy’s shoulder.

At some point Octavian started crying quietly.

“What’s wrong?” Michael asked, peppering the boy’s cheek and neck with kisses.

“Nothing,” Octavian leaned back and turned his head to the side to kiss Michael, “I’m just happy.”
Yeah, I Want You, Baby

Chapter Notes

Thanks to Mistystormz for mentioning the condom mistake it is now fixed x

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Solangelo where Nico and Will are best friends in highschool. Will is super popular and on the basketball team and Nico is quiet and shy. They hang out one day and talk about first kisses and Nico is embarrassed because he's never kissed anyone before, so Will offers to teach him, and they end up going all the way if you know what I mean ;) I'd love bottom Nico who's super flustered and inexperienced and top Will for starspecklesocean

Nico sat in the corner of the sports hall, finishing his analysis of ‘The Bloody Chamber’ for his English Lit class, looking up every so often to follow the basketball practice taking place. Nico wasn’t a sporty kids by any means; he was quiet, shy, short, scrawny and had to wear glasses for reading. He was more an artsy nerd than anything else and honestly basketball bored the life out of him. The only reason he came to practice was because his best friend was on the team.

To this day Nico didn’t understand how he and William Solace ever became best friends. It must’ve been in year eight when they were both scrawny twelve year olds and sat next to each other in geography. However as Will grew out of the Pokémon and Harry Potter stage and became super popular he didn’t drop Nico, but determinedly remained friends with him, even though he was a massive extrovert while Nico was introverted.

And so, at seventeen they were still the best of friends. Will was doing biology and sports and maths and Nico did art and drama and English lit and they were obsessed with each other. In the most platonic way...yeah...platonic...

Nico looked up, biting his pen, and watched Will dribble the basketball. His kit revealed his muscular, tanned arms and collarbones, sprinkled with freckles. His blonde hair was constantly falling into his eyes but he refused to cut it no matter how many times Nico bugged him about it. Watching him now, submerged in the game, the Italian couldn’t help but think God, he’s handsome. It wasn’t the first time he thought about his best friend, though he refused to acknowledge the feelings that came with these weird realizations.

Will scored and half the team that was playing with him cheered while the other hand groaned. They all came together for a serious of complicated handshakes and pats on the back and Nico knew it was
his cue to pack up since he was going back to Will’s for the night. He shoved his books into his bag and slung it over his shoulder as Will jogged over to him, flushed and grinning.

“Did you like the game?”

“Wasn’t really watching,” Nico said apologetically, shoving his hands into the pockets of his school blazer, “Had to do the homework for English.”

Will made his puppy-dog face, “Aw, you hurt me,” he put an arm casually around Nico’s shoulders.

“Ew, you’re all sweaty,” Nico complained as they walked to the door, following the rest of the team. Will made the face again.

“Why do you keep rejecting me?” he asked dramatically. Nico rolled his eyes fondly.

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Nico was laying back in Will’s bed, scrolling through Instagram on his phone while he listened to the distant sound of the shower that the blonde was taking. Nico had, as usual, forgotten his pyjama’s and was now nice and comfortable in Will’s too big t-shirt and shorts. He was waiting for the blonde to come back into the room so they could decide on a movie to watch.

Will padded back into the bedroom quietly since it was late and his parents were asleep downstairs. He hadn’t bothered with a shirt since it was summer and stupidly hot, and had a towel casually slung over his shoulders so his wet hair didn’t drip everywhere. His boxers were low on his hips.

“We have a game on Tuesday,” he said, scrolling through his phone and not looking up at Nico, which was probably a good thing since the Italian was guiltily staring at his muscular back.

“Do you want me to come?” Nico asked, turning his own phone in his hands anxiously. Will sent him a look.

“Of course,” he put his phone down and slung the towel over the back of the chair and flipped off the light so they only got the faint illumination from the multicoloured lights wrapped around Will’s bed-frame. He pounced on the bed and laid on his stomach way too close to Nico. The Italian tried not to show his discomfort, “Guess who popped up?”

“Oh I don’t know,” Nico rolled his eyes, “Drew maybe?”

Will poked his side playfully, “I mean yeah. She told me she liked hooking up with me at Jason’s party.”

“Oh,” Nico got a tight feeling in his stomach every time Will mentioned that, “you never really told me if you liked it.”

“No, not really,” Will made a face, “Honestly my first kiss was better than her, and that was a shambles.”

“It was probably because she was probably drunk,” Nico said, “Who was your first kiss?”

“Calypso. Remember, year seven?” Will made a face.

Nico snorted, “Oh my God I remember. Everyone was going on about it. But my question is,” he made a ‘thinking’ face, “Was it a peck or a proper snog?”

Will buried his face in his hands and groaned. Nico laughed and the blonde slapped his hand over
the Italian’s mouth, “Shhh, my parents will hear,” he scolded. Nico hoped he wasn’t blushing as his heart skipped a beat. Thankfully Will pulled his hand back quickly enough.

“For your information,” he said smartly, “It was a snog...well, as much as my eleven year old self could snog,” he made a face, “all I can remember is that it was really messy and there was a lot of tongue that neither of us could use. And her lip-gloss got everywhere.”

Nico snickered, “How could Drew be worse than that?”

“She wore lipstick,” Will deadpanned, “I looked like a drag queen after.”

“Cute,” Nico said sarcastically.

“So what about you?” Will asked, poking Nico in the side again. He seemed to really enjoy doing that lately. Nico batted his hand away, “How was your first kiss?”

Nico looked away and shrugged, “It was okay.”

“Who was better than your first kiss?”

“Uh...a bunch of people.”

Will’s eyes narrowed and he studied Nico for a second, and the Italian knew he was blushing now, “Nico,” Will said with a slow smile spreading on his face, “You haven’t had your first kiss yet, have you?”

Nico looked away again, face burning, “S- Shut up,” he grumbled when Will started laughing. The blonde pulled himself up on his elbows,

“I can’t believe you haven’t kissed anyone yet.”

Nico rolled his eyes, “I mean look at me, not like there’s a line of people desperate to kiss me,” he said. Will’s smile fell away at this.

“Hey, don’t bring yourself down.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Nico sighed, “I’m not ugly or anything, but just...I’m not like you. I’m not insanely hot.”

He tensed. He did not mean to say that out loud. His heart started pounding. Will blinked at him and then smiled,

“You think I’m insanely hot?” he asked excitedly.

“Oh God I created a monster,” Nico joked to try and not feel as embarrassed. Will pulled himself up into a sitting position.

“I have a suggestion – let me teach you how to kiss.”

Nico’s eyes widened, “You what?”

“Oh c’mon,” now it was Will’s turn to roll his eyes, “We’re best friends, it’s not like it’s gonna be weird after. We’re not attracted to each other or anything.”

Nico laughed, a little nervously, “Yeah. Totally.”
“So,” Will shrugged, “lemme teach you how to kiss so you can get more girls...or guys.”

“How will that help dumbass?”

Will shrugged, “Dunno but at least you won’t be sloppy and inexperienced when the time comes.”

“Okay,” Nico sighed, “fine. I guess it’s okay if it’s you.”

Will’s smile widened, “Okay,” he shuffled so he was sitting cross-legged in front of Nico, and then grabbed his legs and pulled him forward so Nico’s legs were thrown over his. The boy squeaked in surprise,

“What are you doing?”

Will shrugged casually, “We need to be close for this to work.”

Nico swallowed nervously and nodded, not knowing what else to do or say because he was about to kiss Will fucking Solace. The blonde suddenly swooped forward and pecked Nico on the lips. The Italian jumped and Will laughed quietly. In the light from the fairy-lights he looked dark and mysterious.

“That wasn’t that bad, was it?” he teased.

“That wasn’t a proper kiss,” Nico grumbled.

Will cupped his cheek in his hand and leaned forward and kissed Nico. His lips moved skilfully against the Italian’s, just an open mouthed kiss, little brushes, no tongue. Nico was frozen and tense, didn’t know what to do or how to react. All he knew was that this was not how two friends should be getting with each other. It shouldn’t be on a bed, with fairy-lights on and they shouldn’t be so close.


“Okay,” Will’s hand was still on Nico’s cheek, “just move your mouth against mine. Like you’re talking, okay?”

Nico swallowed again, “Yeah, okay,” he tried to sound casual even though his face was red and his heart was pounding. When Will leaned in again Nico closed his eyes.

The blonde kissed him the same way as before and tentatively Nico tried to mimic his movements. Their lips brushed over each other slowly and softly. Nico was a little clumsy, not knowing how to angle his head, his nose bumping into Will’s until the blonde’s other hand cupped his free cheek and he kept him in place while he turned his head, so that they fit into each other better.

When Will’s tongue brushed against Nico’s lower lip the boy jumped back, eyes wide, “W-What do I do?” he asked, surprised when Will opened his eyes to find them almost black.

“Nothing,” one of Will’s arms slid around Nico’s back and he drew him closer. Nico’s breath hitched, “Nothing, just sit there,” Will was breathless, almost feverish, “you’re fucking perfect,” and then he really kissed Nico.

The boy let out a muffled gasp when Will’s tongue slid into his mouth, his hands coming to push at the blonde’s shoulders. In response Will’s arms tightened around Nico, like he desperately didn’t want to let him go.
Why are you fighting him? Nico asked himself and suddenly went limp in Will’s arms. He stopped panicking at the sudden deepening of the kiss and let Will pull him all the way into his lap. Subconsciously Nico’s legs wrapped around the blonde’s waist and his hands interlocked behind the boy’s neck.

The kiss slowed down. Will’s tongue slid in and out of Nico’s mouth sensually with each brush of his lips and the Italian shivered, feeling heat gather in his stomach. He let out an embarrassing moan when Will nipped at his bottom lip, and immediately broke away to bury his burning face in the blonde’s neck.

“Hey,” Will let out a little breathless laugh and tugged playfully at Nico’s hair, “Come back here.”

“W-Will I...”

Will’s hand slid to the nape of Nico’s neck and he gently stroked the sliver of skin there, “I can stop if you want,” he murmured. Nico’s heart twisted in his chest.

“W-We were meant to just kiss...”

“We are just kissing.”

Then why am I hard? Nico thought.

“Here,” Will guided his head up and forced Nico to look at him. In this position the Italian was a little bit taller than Will, “Now all you have to do is brush your tongue against mine,” he said soothingly, “nothing specific. Just do whatever feels nice, okay?”

Nico nodded because he didn’t trust his voice. Will leaned back in and kissed him, lightly at first, until Nico closed his eyes. He deepened the kiss, his tongue slipping back into Nico’s mouth. Hesitantly Nico’s tongue brushed against his. The Italian could feel the blonde smile into the kiss as they started kissing more passionately, more heatedly. Nico’s hands slid into Will’s hair as a sudden desperation gripped him. Suddenly he just wanted Will everywhere, and the heat that so far had been in his stomach spread to the rest of his body. He forgot to breathe, pressing himself against the blonde and forgetting that he was hard, lips sliding together desperately. Nico panted into Will’s mouth and whimpered when the blonde’s hand went down and gripped his ass roughly. It sent a shock of pleasure through Nico.

“You’re hard,” Will murmured hungrily against Nico’s lips.

Nico remembered where he was, and what was happening. He pulled away from Will and slid off his lap, so they were back in their original position. There was an obvious tent in his pants and he knew he was red. He wanted to die from embarrassment.

“I-I...,” he stuttered.

“Hey, relax,” Will crawled over Nico, forcing him back until he was lying down with Will above him. It was a position the Italian never thought he’d be in with his best friend, “I’m hard too, if it makes you feel better.”

“W-Why are you hard?” Nico asked, really anxious all of a sudden. He refused to look anywhere but Will’s face, though his eyes were tempted to slide lower, to his chest, and then lower, and lower...

“Because of you,” Will murmured, eyes sliding over Nico’s face, “because I really like it when you wear my clothes.”
Nico shyly looked away, “You say really w-weird stuff sometimes.”

“That’s not weird,” Will said, “...is it?”

Nico shrugged, “Best friends don’t say shit like that.”

“Best friends don’t randomly make out.”

Nico’s eyes snapped to the blonde, “What?!”

“Shh!” Will frowned, “keep it down.”

“But you said that it’s okay because we’re friends...,” Nico mumbled in disbelief. Will shrugged, “I lied,” he said. Nico didn’t understand.

“But why?”

“God, I thought you’re meant to be smart,” Will smiled gently, his eyes all soft, making Nico melt a little, “It’s because I like you, isn’t it obvious?”

“I...I...I didn’t know,” Nico stuttered. Will brushed the hair from the Italian’s forehead.

“Well, that was the point. You weren’t meant to be. But I wanted you here, in my bed, kissing me,” Will’s voice grew quieter, “And now I have you exactly where I want you. And we can carry on kissing, or we can do other stuff. Or we can just stop and watch a movie and sleep, and you can let me cuddle you, or I can sleep on the floor. Or you can go home and I won’t be mad, and you don’t have to speak to me again if you don’t want to.”

“What other stuff?” Nico asked shyly. Will’s hand gently slid underneath the t-shirt Nico was wearing.

“I’m just gonna touch you a little, okay?” the blonde asked, leaning in so his breath brushed against Nico’s lips, “And you tell me how it feels. And when you want to stop, okay?” Nico nodded nervously. He had zero experience with this but, weirdly, he trusted Will. It wasn’t awkward like he’d thought it be to do shit with your best friend...it was nice, and intimate, and arousing.

Will kissed the corner of Nico’s mouth and then trailed his lips lower, down Nico’s neck, just brushing his lips over his skin while his hand slowly explored Nico’s chest beneath the t-shirt. The Italian’s own hands were limply on either side of him and he looked up at the ceiling, trying to breathe properly.

The blonde’s hand found his nipple and his thumb brushed over it. Nico let out a gasp as he felt it harden and Will smiled against his neck, now pressing opened mouth kisses against it as his fingers played with Nico’s buds. The boy closed his eyes and his breathing sped up, his member twitching in his pants every few seconds.

“How’s this?” Will asked, voice sending vibrations through Nico where he spoke against his neck.


“C’mon tell me more,” Will pulled up to look down at Nico. The Italian looked away,

“No. Stop making me do embarrassing stuff,” he complained. Will was smiling and suddenly he reached down and squeezed Nico’s hard-on. The Italian jolted and cried out and Will hurried covered his mouth with his own, swallowing the moans, “Shhh,” he murmured, “You have to be
“quiet, baby.”
Nico made a face, “Don’t call me that.”

“What?”
“You’re beautiful.”

Nico buried his face in his hands to hide his blush, “S-Stop it.”

Will grabbed his wrists and pulled his hands away, pining them to the bed, “I’m serious,” he said, eyes soft again, “I can’t stop staring at you,” Nico looked away, feeling embarrassed, “I always get distracted in practice with you sitting there, in your cute little glasses.”

“They’re not cute,” Nico argued quietly, “They help me see.”

“They are cute. And so are you,” Will leaned down and captured his lips again. Nico was surprised at the fact that he responded automatically, his lips parting and letting Will’s tongue inside. They kissed and one of Will’s hands let go of Nico’s wrist and trailed down the side of his body, over his side and hip and thigh, and suddenly rested on top of the tent in Nico’s pants.

Will just left his hand there for a few seconds, in case Nico wanted to push him away, but the Italian didn’t want to. His arms looped around Will’s neck and he pulled him closer and the blonde started moving his hand. He just stroked Nico through his underwear, slowly at first, and then faster. Nico’s breath came out rapid between the kisses and the pleasure he was suddenly feeling made his bones feel like liquid.

“Mhmm,” he moaned into Will’s mouth.

“Good?” the blonde asked, pulling back a tiny bit. Nico turned his head away and nodded, panting, “Good,” Will smiled and sped up his movements.

“Will!” Nico gasped, head falling back against the pillow.

“Can I take your pants off?” Will asked, eyes locked intently on Nico’s face. Hesitantly Nico nodded, still not looking at the blonde.

Will pulled the shorts he had borrowed Nico off. Underneath he wasn’t wearing anything else so his cock sprung up, hard and glistening wet at the top. Nico squeezed his eyes shut, weirdly embarrassed by Will seeing it. He hadn’t stop blushing in twenty minutes.

“Nico,” Will grabbed his chin and forced the boy to turn his head and look at him, “I’m going to suck you off, okay?” he asked, like it was the most casual thing ever.


“Let me rephrase – can I suck you off?”

Nico stared at Will, then glanced at his hard dick, and back at Will. God I can’t believe this is happening, he thought distractedly, but what came out of his mouth was,

“Okay.”

Will pushed Nico’s shirt up to reveal his body, but didn’t take it completely. He slowly kissed down
the Italian’s pale chest and stomach and Nico couldn’t help but wonder how the hell Will was so confident with everything he did. But those thoughts flew out of the Italian’s head the second Will wrapped his lips around his cock.

Nico felt his throbbing hard-on, that had only ever had his own hand wrapped around it, slide into the wet heat of Will’s mouth. He went completely limp against the covers with a whimper, his thighs trembling. Pleasure shot through him and he had to slap his hand over his mouth to muffle the sounds that started spilling out, so he didn’t wake Will’s parents.

He moaned helplessly as Will started bobbing his head up and down, taking Nico deeper and deeper into his mouth each time. The feeling was incredible, made shivers travel up Nico’s spine, and he felt dizzy with the pleasure he was suddenly being assaulted by. When he dared to look down Will looked like an angel between his legs with his blonde hair, eyes closed as he sucked Nico. The sight made the Italian realise how close to the edge he was...and yet he didn’t want to come, not yet.

“Will,” he whispered insistently, but the blonde didn’t stop. Heat curled in Nico’s stomach and he reached down to tug at his friend’s hair, “Will stop.”

Immediately Will released his dick and pulled up, wiping precum off his chin. Nico laid there, trembling, a thin layer of sweat over his body.

“Did you not like it?” Will asked, frowning. Nico looked away again, which seemed to help him not be as embarrassed.

“I was about t-to come,” he whispered.

“Do you not want to come yet?”

“No.”

“Then what do you want?” Will asked, climbing on top of Nico again. He stroked his hair gently and Nico felt himself creeping away from orgasm a little. He shrugged, not knowing what was even happening. He had no idea what he was meant to do, but he did know what he wanted.

“I want to have sex with you,” he mumbled shyly, refusing to look at Will. The blonde kissed him hungrily, taking Nico’s breath away.

“Oh, okay,” Will murmured, “anything you want. One second.”

He pulled away from Nico and climbed off the bed, leaving the boy cold and lonely. The Italian hurriedly tugged the t-shirt over his body and attempted to cover his cock with the hem, though that didn’t work. Will rummaged in his school bag and came back with a few things that he tossed next to Nico’s head before returning to his previous position.

“W-What are you gonna do?” the Italian asked nervously.

“Well I’m gonna have to stretch you out a little first.”

“I-I’m bottoming?!” Nico squeaked, and glanced down at the tent in Will’s boxers.

“I...,” Will licked his lips, “Well, if you really don’t want to then I’ll bottom-“

“No,” Nico shook his head. That way he’d come in two seconds, “Y-You...you fuck me.”

“Hey,” Will rested his forehead against Nico’s, “Don’t say fuck, that makes it sound like I’m going
to hurt you. I’m gonna make love to you.”

“Oh Jesus,” Nico buried his face in Will’s shoulder, bright red once more. He heard a bottle opening and then the blonde was nudging him backwards.

“I’m going to put a finger in you, alright?” he said softly, and Nico looked at him, a little panicked, “Don’t worry, it won’t hurt. Can you turn around? That’ll be easier.”

Nico didn’t question Will’s directions, just flipped around and eagerly pressed his face into a pillow. Now he could blush as much as he wanted and Will wouldn’t see. The minus of this position was that his ass was now fully on show. Nico squeezed his eyes shut when he felt Will’s hand grab one of his cheeks and squeeze. It sent a jolt of pleasure through him.

He’s supposed to be my best friend, the rational part of Nico’s brain told him urgently, but he had stopped listening the second Will kissed him.

“I’m gonna put one in now,” Will whispered, pushing Nico’s legs apart. The Italian squeaked when he felt something cold and wet against his hole, pushing. His body was resisting, but Will was right, it didn’t hurt. After some pressure Nico felt his hole give way and Will’s digit slid inside him. Nico had to bite the pillow to muffle his whimper.

“How is it?” Will asked, and there was worry laced in his voice. Suddenly Nico wished he could see him. He released the pillow from his mouth,

“W-Weird,” he said shakily, “r-really w-weird.”

“Okay. But it doesn’t hurt?” Will asked, and Nico shook his head.

The blonde pulled his finger out a little and then pushed it back in. Nico closed his eyes again as his mind tried to categorise whether this felt good or bad. Will started setting up a rhythm, in, out...in, out...in, out...and Nico started to get used to the feeling of having something inside him. Will’s finger was wet, which definitely helped, and it started to feel quite pleasant when Will asked,

“Can I put in another one?”

“Yeah. Y-Yeah okay,” Nico said, because he really wanted Will to have sex with him, God knows why.

When Will’s two fingers started to push in the discomfort returned. Nico gasped against the pillows and Will leaned over him, kissing his back and down his spine. After a little pushing his fingers slid into Nico. It felt really, really full and the Italian had no idea how anything else would fit inside him.

“How is it?” Will asked.

“T-Tight.”

The blonde let out a huff of laughed, “Tell me about it.”

He started moving his fingers again, in and out, but then he spread them too. This made Nico’s breath hitch weirdly in his chest, and caused his toes to curl. It almost felt good. The third finger was definitely really uncomfortable, but Nico gritted his teeth and let his body grow accustomed to it. Will fucked him with his fingers for a good five minutes, and by the end Nico was a relaxed, melted pool of want.

“You think you’re ready?” Will asked.
“Yeah,” Nico said, breathlessly, and whined when the blonde pulled his fingers out. Now he felt really empty. Without asking Nico flipped over again, so he was in his back. Seeing Will again, a little flushed and aroused, was a good look, “I need to look at you-,” Nico started and then faltered. Will had taken his underwear off, and his cock was standing up tall, thick and hard between his legs, “When did you...”

“Sorry,” Will said sheepishly, “I just...you looked so good when I was fingering you that I just...,” he shrugged.

“Is it gonna fit?” Nico asked anxiously.

“We’ll see,” Will said, and grabbed Nico’s legs. He threw them over his shoulders and Nico squeaked at the sudden position change. He could now feel Will’s hard cock against the underside of his thigh, “Are you sure you want this?” the blonde asked, eyes on Nico.

The Italian had never trusted someone quite as much as he trusted Will in that moment, “Yes,” he whispered.

Will grabbed the bottle of lube and a condom from next to Nico’s head. He rolled the condom onto his cock and then lubed it up, giving Nico time to catch his breath.

“Okay, ready?” he whispered, wrapping one of his hands around Nico’s thigh. The Italian nodded, and Will started to push.

His cock was a lot bigger than his fingers, even three of them. Nico felt his body resisting it, but then he started to open up, the wet head sliding past his entrance. He gasped at the sudden stretch and whimpered at the ache that followed. He covered his mouth with his hand as Will continued to push. Nico felt himself start to get filled up and it was so uncomfortable that his cock softened a little. Will’s eyes were squeezed shut as he continued to slide it, but then Nico was in pain.

“Stop!” he said, panicking, and Will’s eyes snapped open, “It hurts, s-stop!”

Will stopped moving but Nico was still full and aching. He felt tears prick at the back of his eyes as his body tried to comprehend what was happening. Will eyes widened.

“Oh God, Neeks-,” he started, and then started to pull out. Nico’s hand shot out to grab his arm, “No,” he said, “N-No, just...just give me a moment...”

“I’m hurting you,” Will whispered desperately. Nico shook his head, “It’s okay, it’s getting better. It’s just weird.”

Will bit his lip and nodded, “Okay...okay. You feel amazing.”

Nico smiled a little at that, “I’m glad.”

Will leaned down and kissed him gently, “I want this to be good for you.”

“It doesn’t hurt anymore,” Nico whispered, because it didn’t, though it was far from good, “Carry on,” Will’s eyes were still full of worry, “Will, seriously.”

The blonde straightened up and continued to push. Nico’s breath hitched and he gritted his teeth, taking the growing discomfort and trying not to show when he started to feel pain, until Will bottomed out inside him.
“Oh God,” Will groaned, “Jesus Christ.”

“D-Don’t move yet, okay?” Nico asked shyly. Will nodded and kissed the inside of the Italian’s thigh,

“Of course. God, you feel so good. I could come just from this,” he said feverishly. Nico closed his eyes. “Baby, just relax, okay?” Will rubbed circles into his thigh with his thumb, “Just relax.”

Easier said than done, but Nico managed to stop tensing and clenching around Will. Will’s kisses paired with the little touches left the Italian back in square one, a little bit melted. The blonde looked like he was losing it a little, eyes unfocused, cock twitching inside Nico. The Italian kind of loved it.

“M-Move,” he whispered after a while.


The blonde pulled out half way and then slowly slid back in. He repeated this a few times, and each time Nico gritted his teeth and took it. After a minute or two it stopped feeling bad and felt...okay. Will’s cock was wet and hot and that was nice, but the stretch was still uncomfortable.

At least until the blonde hit something inside Nico that made him see white.

“Will!” the boy moaned loudly, back arching.

“Shhh, shhh,” Will whispered, movements speeding up subconsciously.

“What was t-that?” Nico moaned weakly.

“Your prostate,” Will murmured.


Will thrust his cock against that spot in Nico and the boy chocked on a sob, his whole body trembling. His hole started clenching against Will’s cock, trying to pull him in deeper. It didn’t feel bad anymore. Nico’s cock filled out again, and was twitching against his stomach as Will started properly thrusting into him. Nico had a hard time keeping quiet but he was trying his best.

“How is it?” Will groaned, hands gripping Nico’s hips as he thrust into him.

“G-Good,” Nico gasped, “G-God, it’s g-good...it’s s-so good...Will...”

Will wrapped a hand around Nico’s cock and started stroking him in time with his thrusts. Nico writhed on his cock, hole convulsing, desperately just wanting Will to wreck him completely. He felt something tighten in his stomach and his moans got more high pitched and desperate.

“W-Will I’m gonna-“ he warned, and then suddenly tensed. His vision went white as he felt pleasure consume him, and he was coming all over his t-shirt, whimpering Will’s name over and over like a mantra.

Will kissed him as he pulled out, tugging the condom off. The next thing Nico knew was that Will’s come was joining his. The blonde slumped against him as Nico came back to his senses, his body shaking from aftershock. The actual sex lasted no more than five minutes and yet Nico was utterly exhausted.

He didn’t know how long he and Will just laid there, catching their breaths, but eventually the blonde pulled away and turned off the fairy lights so the room was drowned in darkness.
“You need a new shirt,” he said hoarsely.

“Yeah,” Nico had no strength to stand up. He felt Will’s lips against his forehead,

“I’ll get you one” the blonde offered. Nico nodded, and Will went to the closet. Nico felt cold and lonely and empty again, and he tried to wrap his head around the fact that he had just lost his virginity to his best friend.

Will came back and in silence pulled Nico’s shirt off, careful not to get the come anywhere. Nico slipped on the new shirt Will gave him, also belonging to the blonde, and the bigger boy chucked the dirty shirt in the hamper.

What now? Was the question that hung between them in the air.

“Nico?” Will asked.

“Y-Yeah?” the Italian asked self-consciously.

“I’m in love with you.”

Nico was silent for a moment, not knowing what to say, “O-Oh,” he murmured eventually. Will climbed into the bed.

“Goodnight,” he sounded disappointed and a little sad and Nico’s heart hurt. He turned so his back was to the Italian.

After a few minutes Nico couldn’t take it. He scooted closer and wrapped his arms around Will’s torso from behind, burying his face in the boy’s back. He threw one of his legs over Will so he looked like a little backpack on his back.

“I love you too,” he whispered softly.

Will took Nico’s hand, that was resting on his chest, and kissed it.

Chapter End Notes

Question; if I wrote an original work (lots of smut ofc) would you guys read it?
Can you please write a Jason/Percy fic where Percy breaks his leg? Maybe Percy is upset that he can't participate in activities. Or maybe the crutches are annoying him (maybe Jason could then carry him??)

to Sally

Jason kicked the ball and it went into the goal on the other side of the pitch.

“Whoop!” Hazel cheered, fist punching the air as Frank ran over to high-five the blonde.

“Five – two losers!” Reyna yelled at the Greek team, who glared heatedly at the Romans.

“Not fair!” Leo complained, “We’re one man down!”

“The teams are even, suck it up!” Frank stuck his tongue out playfully at the Latino.

“Yeah, but Nico can’t play,” Piper complained.

“Hey,” Nico held his hands up in surrender, “I didn’t ask to be here.”

“Exactly!” Leo walked over and threw a casual arm around the Italian, “Besides Frank looks like he should be playing rugby, not football.”

“Can you just play?” Percy asked from the sidelines, annoyed. Everyone glanced over to where the Greek was sitting on a bench, his crutches next to him, his broken leg stretched out in front of him. He looked miserable.

“Awe, don’t worry Perce,” Piper walked over to him and kissed his cheek, “You’ll play again soon. And then we won’t suck.”

“Let’s just finish up,” Reyna picked up the football and tucked it under her arm, “We won anyway.”

“Hey!” Leo started protesting and then suddenly hear the ice-cream truck. His eyes widened.

“Oh no,” Hazel said.

“ICE CREAM!” Leo yelled, and then he was sprinting towards the van that just appeared on the road next to the park.
“One of these days he’s gonna get kidnapped,” Frank shook his head and dashed after the boy. Hazel scrambled after them, yelling at them to wait up.

“Race you!” Reyna yelled to Annabeth and both of them started sprinting. The ball fell from underneath the Roman’s arm as they ran off, laughing and shoving each other.

“You dropped the ball!” Piper shouted, and ran after them, scooping the ball up from the ground.

“I’ll be there before all of them,” Nico growled, and dashed into the shadows by a tree, disappearing. Jason grinned and turned to Percy, but the boy hadn’t moved from the bench.

“Hey,” Jason said gently when he saw Percy’s sullen expression, “Cheer up, what’s wrong?”

“I hate having a broken leg,” Percy mumbled, “it makes me feel so useless.”

“You’re not useless,” Jason walked up to him and poked his cheek playfully. Clearly Percy wasn’t in the mood though,

“Just go get your ice cream, Jas.”

“Come with me.”

Percy shook his head and looked at their friends just making it to the van, which looked far away, “It’s too much effort.”

Jason scooped up his crutches, hating how sad Percy looked, and turned so his back was to the boy. He knelt on the grass.

“Get on.”

“What?!”

“Get on, idiot,” Jason grinned at Percy over his shoulder, “Do you want ice cream or not?”

“You won’t be able to carry me,” Percy snorted.

“Try me,” Jason challenged.

Clumsily Percy tried to get on his back and suddenly hissed in pain, falling back, “I can’t,” he said miserably, “My leg hurts too much.”

“New idea,” Jason tucked the boy’s crutches under his armpit and then easily scooped him up.

“What the-,” Percy shouted in shock as Jason started walking, carrying him bridal style.

“You’re actually really light,” the blonde said casually as Percy wrapped his arms around his neck to make sure he didn’t overbalance them.

“You better not drop me,” he grumbled, broken leg sticking out like a sword in someone’s side. And then Jason did something weird.

“I won’t,” he said, and placed a kiss on top of Percy’s head.

The son of Poseidon blushed bright red and hid his face in his arm. He didn’t say anything all the way to the truck, but his heart was pounding. He decided that he weirdly liked being in Jason’s arms.
Uh. So, I kinda started writing an original work. It would mean the world if you would check it out!
It has gayness. And Omegaverse. And stuff. So yeah. Pretty please?
Here's the link, check it out...or don't. You know. Whatever works for you x
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733
I'm The One

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Could you do a punk!Nico/pastel!Will where Nico is taller?? Will and Nico are on a date when Nico runs off the bathroom leaving Will behind. Will's just looking at these flowers when this guy comes up to him and starts flirting with him and he's really pushy and Will's internally screeching because he wants the man to go away but he doesn't want to be rude but he also doesn't want to upset Nico since he's quite possessive. Just then, Nico comes back looming over the guy and kindly tells the stranger to piss off. The guy scrams away terrified and Will is trying to tell Nico he could’ve handled it himself and he's kind of pouting and Nico kind of loses it and drives them home where he pins the shorter boy against the wall and begins marking him and telling Will he belongs to him.

For I'M GOING TO FLIP MY SHIT (・ω・)

Will flicked a grilled tomato off his plate at Nico playfully.

“Stop it,” the Italian scoffed, flicking it back at his boyfriend, “I didn’t bring you here so you could throw food at me, dumbass.”

“Oh, cheer up,” Will nudged his leg with his foot under the table, “I know work’s been shit lately but at least you’ve got me,” he batted his eyelashes playfully at Nico. The Italian smiled, looking at his adorable blonde boyfriend opposite him.

“Yeah, sorry,” Nico sighed, “I’m just in a bad mood.”

Will pouted, “Yeah, okay,” he looked down at his pasta sadly.

Will hated that his boyfriend unhappy. After pining for each other for years and being unable to get together because of the different groups they were in at school, they were finally together and yet sometimes Will felt like he wasn’t enough to make Nico happy. The Italian was this tall, cool guy who rode a motorcycle and wore leather and went to rock gigs in the Underground and Will was...well, just Will. He wore flannels and did photography at Uni and loved calm music and walks in the park. And he loved Nico, which was why he hated the fact that he wasn’t enough to make him happy all the time.

“Will,” Nico said gently, reaching across the table and taking the blonde’s hand, “I’m just having a bad day, doesn’t mean you have to have one as well.”

Will shrugged, “Yeah. I know.”
Nico put his fork down, “I’m gonna go to the bathroom. Be right back,” as he walked past Will he planted a kiss on top of his head and that made the blonde smile a little.

He picked at the rest of his pasta still on his plate and then looked around the restaurant curiously. Everywhere he looked he saw couples. Sighing, Will amused himself with spinning the flower in the vase in front of him in circles, waiting for Nico to come back. He was thinking of what would cheer him up; ice cream, cuddling, sex, watching the Breakfast Club, sleep...

“Hello,” a new voice said, sliding into Nico’s seat. The blonde blinked in surprise when he saw a stranger sitting opposite him. He was alright looking, with brown hair and deep green eyes. What he was, was definitely not Nico, “My name is Alabaster,” he stuck a hand out to Will.

“Uh...hi,” the blonde said, nervously shaking Alabaster’s hand. The man smirked, holding onto the boy’s hand for longer than necessary. Will snatched his hand back.

“So I noticed you were sitting all alone-“

“Oh, actually I’m not alone,” the blonde said apologetically, “my boyfriend’s in the bathroom.”

Alabaster arched an eyebrow, “Boyfriend, huh?” he moved the flower to the side and leaned in a little, “How much is it going to take to change that?”

“Change what?” Will frowned.

“You’re status from taken to fucking me,” Alabaster winked. Will shifted in his chair uncomfortably and sent a panicked look towards the bathroom, but Nico was nowhere to be seen and Will was too polite to outright tell Alabaster to fuck off.

“It won’t take anything. I’m with someone else. Sorry,” Will said, fidgeting. He froze when he felt a hand on his thigh. Alabaster’s hand was under the small table, sliding up Will’s leg. The blonde couldn’t breathe from fear – Alabaster was bigger than him, and when the blonde tried to push his hand off it wouldn’t budge.

“Let me change that,” the man said with a seductive smile.

Will just wanted the man’s hands off him. He felt gross with someone else touching him. He had learned one time about the fight, flight or freeze response. He was definitely freeze. The man’s hand inched up his thigh and he didn’t know what to do; he wanted to scream and shove him away, but then that would get them attention and everybody would know and Nico would flip out.

Will just sat there, shaking, and suddenly Nico appeared out of nowhere, behind Alabaster.

“What are you doing?” he seethed, voice cold and full of unspoken violence. Alabaster’s hand hurriedly disappeared from Will’s thigh and the blonde let out a sigh of relief, slumping in his seat. He was happy to see his boyfriend, even if Nico had murder in his eyes.

“We were just talking,” Alabaster said casually.

“Just talking?” Nico cocked an eyebrow and leaned into the guy’s personal space. Alabaster looked around nervously, “Didn’t realise you molesting him was just talking.” The brunette opened his mouth to say something but Nico placed his hand on his shoulder and squeezed painfully hard. Alabaster winced, “Get the fuck out of here,” the Italian growled into the man’s ear.

Alabaster jumped to his feet and stumbled away and out of the restaurant, eyes wide with fear.
“Did he hurt you?” Nico demanded, turning to a flustered Will. A few people were glancing at them curiously and the blonde flushed.

“No. Just freaked me out.”

“I should’ve killed him,” Nico growled.

“Stop making a scene. You could’ve handled that better,” Will pouted. Nico stared at him for a second, face unreadable, and then pulled his wallet out of his pocket. He slapped some money down on their table, grabbed Will’s wrists and dragged the protesting, blushing blonde out of the locale.

***

“Nico would you talk to me?” Will asked as the Italian parked the car in front of their apartment building. He hadn’t spoken since the restaurant and it was seriously starting to freak Will out. The dark haired boy shoved open the door to the car and then went around to open Will’s side.

“Come on,” he said, voice low and hoarse. Will glared at him but something about Nico’s dark eyes made him sigh and undo his belt buckle.

“You’re so dramatic sometimes,” he complained as Nico locked the car. The Italian ignored his remark as he grabbed Will’s hand and pulled him towards the apartment. They didn’t speak as they carded themselves in, all the way up the stairs, not until Nico lightly pushed Will into their dark flat and closed the door behind them.

Suddenly Will found his back against said door, with Nico’s hands on either side of his head. The tall boy leaned down and kissed Will with no warning, but it wasn’t his normal, gentle, loving kiss. This was his ‘I’m fucking jealous’ kiss, where Nico immediately thrust his tongue into Will’s mouth. The blonde gasped against the wall because Nico’s kiss knocked the breath out of him. He reached for his boyfriend but the Italian pinned his hands to the wall roughly.

“N-Nico-,” Will gasped, breaking away from the kiss to breathe. Nico’s eyes were dark and angry and the way he looked at Will made the blonde’s knees feel weak. He hated how much he loved protective Nico.

“You’re mine,” the dark haired boy growled possessively and Will shivered. As if to prove what he just said the Italian pressed his face into Will’s neck and bit at the skin, hard. Will whimpered as Nico soothed the bite with his tongue, before sucking right below it, creating a hickey. Will was starting to feel lightheaded. Nico pulled back up to hungrily kiss Will once more. The blonde wanted to wrap his arms around him but Nico was keeping him pinned to the wall, and Will felt helpless. He loved it,

“Only mine,” Nico said feverishly in-between hungry kisses, “I should’ve killed that guy-“

Will somehow managed to free his hands from Nico’s grip and cupped his cheeks in his palms, forcing their kisses to slow down. Nico relaxed against him as Will comforted him with little touches, reassuring the Italian that he was there.

“I love you,” the blonde murmured softly, “Only y-you, Neeks.”

Nico grabbed him by the thighs and lifted him up. Will automatically wrapped his arms and legs around his boyfriend. Nico buried his face in his neck and kissed it, before carrying the shorter boy to the bed. He dumped him onto the covers and then climbed on top of him. Will smiled and drew Nico down for another kiss.

“I’m sorry,” the Italian murmured, peppering Will’s face with little kisses, his freckled cheeks, nose, forehead, “I just...I love you so much. And I hated that guy touching you.”
“I hated it too,” Will whispered, “I hate anyone touching me who isn’t you.”

Nico’s mouth twitched into a smile, “Good, ‘cause I’m about to touch you a hell of a lot.”

Chapter End Notes

Shameless self promotion -
I posted the first chapter of my original work online! if ya wanna go check it out it would mean a lot so here’s the link;
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
Will love you regardless xx
Leo had a phone. It wasn’t *technically* allowed because it drew monsters but Leo had connections in the Hermes Cabin and a brilliant brain, so he messed around with the frequencies of the stolen phone a little bit, so the signal of the phone reached only Camp Half Blood. He made four phones like that, gave one to Piper, one to Percy, one to Annabeth and one to Nico, so it was easier to communicate. And he was really, really glad he did.

Leo was laying in his bunk, listening to Jake snore and desperately trying to fall asleep, when his phone suddenly lit up, throwing blue shadows across the bedroom.

“Turn that shit off,” Nyssa growled from two bunks over, “or I swear, I’ll rat you out to Chiron.”

“Sorry,” Leo said sheepishly, throwing his covers over his head so he didn’t annoy anyone with the light as he unlocked his phone. *New Message: Residential emo boy.* Nico smiled as he clicked on the text from Nico.

*Residential emo boy: are you asleep?*

Before Leo could reply another text came.

*Residential emo boy: sorry if I woke you up.*

As quietly as he could, Leo typed back.

*You: nah dw wasnt sleeping anyways ;) whatsup? ?*

Nico’s response was immediate, as if he had been staring at his phone screen, anticipating Leo’s message.

*Residential emo boy: I feel like shit. Can you come over?*

Nico got depression after Tartarus, which was perfectly understandable. Actually, he probably had depression before, and Tartarus had just made it worse. Leo couldn’t imagine literally going through *hell* alone and ever being perfectly okay again. Even Annabeth and Percy got messed up from it, but they had each other. Nico had nobody, not properly, even before the whole hell situation, and Leo could identify with that. He could also identify with being depressed and although he himself won the battle against it (not fully, but he was getting there), Nico was still fighting. And the Latino was the only person he trusted to talk about it with, something that never failed to flatter Leo.
Leo threw his covers to the side and as quietly as he could he put his shoes on. He didn’t bother with a jacket, just grabbed a hoodie in passing and then picked his way through his sleeping half-siblings. He bumped into Beckendorf by the door and they both gave each other a startled look.

Silena? Leo mouthed. Beckendorf nodded. Nico? He mouthed back. Leo nodded. Beckendorf smiled and cracked open the door, before poking his head out. He quickly drew back and Leo heard the batting of leathery wings in the air. He silently counted to ten and his brother looked out again. Beck tapped Leo on the shoulders and together they slipped out of the Hephaestus Cabin.

“Good luck,” Beckendorf saluted Leo and then took off to the Aphrodite Cabin. Leo sprinted towards Cabin thirteen, praying that the Harpies wouldn’t catch him and have him as a midnight snack. Thankfully he managed to make it to the Hades Cabin without getting caught, and slipped through the door with his heart pounding in his chest, adrenaline coursing through him, breath coming a little hard.

It was dark in the cabin and Nico didn’t react to Leo’s arrival, just remained a lump under the covers on his bed. Leo was okay with that – he understood that sometimes Nico didn’t even have the energy to sit up, he just wanted to lay there.

“Hey,” Leo said, softly, not expecting a response as he shrugged his shoes off.

“Thankyou,” Nico’s voice was hoarse and low. He peeked out shyly from underneath the covers, just his messy hair and big eyes visible.

“Mind if I get in?” Leo asked playfully. Nico nodded weakly and let the Latino climb into the bed, so they were facing each other. Maybe this was a little weird for friends, but Leo didn’t care because honestly he kind of really wanted to be more than just Nico’s friend.

He wrapped an arm around the Italian’s waist and Nico melted into him, his body relaxing as if it couldn’t do that before Leo got there. There were the same height so it was easy for Leo to rest their foreheads together as his other arm wormed underneath Nico, enveloping the Italian completely in the Latino’s arms. Nico looked exhausted, but he wasn’t sleeping, eyes trained on Leo.

The son of Hephaestus loved Nico’s eyes, all big and dark and beautiful. The Italian reached up and placed his hand on Leo’s cheek, as if for comfort.

“Tell me something,” he whispered.

Leo knew what he meant - he wanted him to speak Spanish. Nico explained before that he liked hearing Leo’s voice when he felt particularly down (that made Leo’s heart flutter and butterflies erupt in his stomach) but when he spoke Spanish it was better because Nico couldn’t understand and didn’t feel obligated or bad for not replying.

“Todo saldrá bien,” Leo murmured comfortingly, and Nico’s eyes fluttered shut. *Everything will turn out okay.*

Nico sniffled like he was going to cry. Leo tightened his arms around the boy and had to forced himself to not lean in and kiss him.

“Tienes los ojos mas bonitos,” he said instead, to stop himself from leaning in. *You have the prettiest eyes.*

Nico’s hand slid from Leo’s cheek to wrap around his arm around his neck, and soon his other arm
joined too, so he was pressed up against Leo, impossibly close. The Latino stroked his back and closed his eyes, leaning into the other boy.

“Eres la persona mas maravillosa del mundo,” he continued. *You are the most wonderful person in the world.* He said a hundred more things until eventually Nico pulled away. The Italian rested his forehead back against Leo’s, and their noses brushed. They were so close...so close...Leo’s heart hurt. He knew that Nico wasn’t in the state of mind to kiss him right now...or possible ever, “*Te amo,*” he blurted, before he could stop himself.

Nico looked at him tiredly, “*Ti amo,*” he whispered back in Italian. Leo swallowed nervously when he realised that Nico knew what he meant...but he had said it back...*He’s just saying that in a friendly way,* Leo told himself miserably in his head.

Nico didn’t say anything more, just buried his head in Leo’s shoulder and slept slumped against him, and Leo let him, because he loved him. He loved him so much.
Cause I've Been Hoping That You'll Marry me Someday

Chapter Notes

Sorry I didn't upload, I had no internet x

Percy wants to propose to Annabeth, he gives the ring to Jason so she doesn’t find it in their flat. Leo finds the ring in his boyfriend’s things (Jason’s) and thinks that he wants to propose to him, so when he returns from work Leo welcomes him with tears in his eyes saying something along the lines of “Yes, I’ll marry you.”

Percy chce się oświadczyć Annabeth, ale daje pierścionek Jasonowi by ona nie znalazła go w ich mieszkaniu. Leo znajduje go przypadkowo w rzeczach swojego chłopaka (jasona) i myśli, że on chce mu się oświadczyć, więc gdy ten wraca z pracy wita go ze łzami w oczach mówiąc coś w stylu "tak, wyjdź za Ciebie"

for Astria

“Fuck’s sake Jason,” Leo grumbled in annoyance as he dug through the blonde’s things. His boyfriend had the annoying habit of stealing Leo’s tools when he thought the Latino was working too much and now the blonde took all twelve of Leo’s screwdrivers. The small boy was pissed to say the least, and Jason was at work, so he couldn’t exactly ask him where he hid them, “I’m gonna kill you. No, I’m gonna break up with you,” the Latino swore to himself, body halfway into the blonde’s closet, shuffling through his boyfriend’s clothes and making a giant mess.

Sighing, the boy sat down on the floor, annoyed, after a few minutes. He had a bigger chance of finding Narnia in that closet than his stuff. Jason probably took his screwdrivers with him to work and now Leo couldn’t finish his project. He was a little tired though...maybe I should just sleep like he asked...maybe then he’ll give me back my stuff...he mused, but then something caught his eye. A car passed outside the window, sending a quick dash of light through Jason’s and Leo’s bedroom, and something glittered inside the closet.

“Yes, got ‘em,” Leo grinned and reached in eagerly. He didn’t find his screwdrivers. His hand closed around a small, open box. The lid must’ve lifted when he was making a mess of Jason’s clothes.

Sitting in the box was a ring. It was simple, small, silver. Leo felt his throat go dry and there was an invisible hand closing around his heart. He forgot how to breathe and his hands started shaking so badly the box tumbled right out and slammed shut.
Oh my God Jason is going to propose to me.

Leo felt sick, but in a good way. He felt like he was drunk, not really touching the ground, his mind spinning. A smile spread over his face and he couldn’t seem to take it off again. Everything suddenly became amazing, Leo forgot all about his stupid screwdrivers because *Jason wanted to marry him.*

He had to sit on the bed, scared that his legs would give out. What to do? Should he pretend he never found the ring? Yes, that’s probably the best decision...but maybe he should call Piper or Hazel first? Or Percy? No, not Percy, he’d warn Jason that Leo knows...

Leo heard the key turn in the lock and his heart jumped in his chest. He stood up, then sat down again as he heard Jason came in.

“Leo!” he called, “You home?”

Leo opened his mouth to answer, but he couldn’t answer. Suddenly his heart felt too big for his chest and there were tears of pure happiness stinging his eyes.

“Leo!”

The boy jumped to his feet and dashed across the room, sprinting down the hallway towards the door. He stopped when he saw Jason though, his body just froze. The blonde was shrugging his jacket off, looking tired, hair sticking up everywhere, blue eyes sleepy.

He was the most gorgeous thing Leo had ever seen in his life. *My future husband.*

Leo felt the tears threaten to spill. *Keep calm,* he told himself futilely, *act normal.* Jason looked up and smiled.

“Leo,” he said, in this happy tone he always did. Then he frowned when he noticed the boy’s expression, the hands curled at his sides, “Leo? What’s wrong?”

“Yes,” Leo blurted before he could stop himself, shoulders trembling, “Yes I’ll marry you.”

Jason’s eyes widened, but the smile Leo waited for never came. After a few beats of silence the blonde uttered, “What?”

Leo frowned, and his heart felt a little heavier in his chest, “The...the ring? I found the engagement ring in your stuff when looking for my screwdrivers I...,” he brushed his tears away hurriedly, feeling blood rise to his cheeks, “I thought...I thought...,” he couldn’t finish because Jason’s worried, confused expression said it all – he wasn’t planning on proposing. It was all a mistake.

“That’s for Annabeth,” the blonde said softly, “Percy’s going to propose he... he didn’t want Annie to find it in his stuff so he gave it to me and I forgot to tell you,” he shook his head, “Jesus, I should’ve known this would happen. I’m sorry.”

Leo laughed uneasily, feeling his heart crumple. He hadn’t realised how much he wanted to marry Jason until that moment. Tears pricked the back of his eyes, this time of sadness and disappointment, but he refused to let them fall.

“It’s okay. Don’t worry about it,” Leo laughed again, to try and reassure Jason that everything was alright, “We have some leftovers from last night, I’ll go heat them up,” he turned around to go to the kitchen, because he wanted to be left alone for a moment with his heavy heart. However before he could take a step Jason’s strong arms wrapped around him from behind, completely trapping him and pressing his back against the blonde’s chest.
“You wanted me to propose, didn’t you?” Jason whispered, and in his mouth it sounded soft and sweet and apologetic. Leo was tense in his arms, couldn’t bring himself to relax. He was glad Jason couldn’t see his face now.

“It’s alright, it j-just...um...surprised me is all...”

“But you said yes,” Jason’s arms tightened around his boyfriend, “You want to marry me.”

“It was in the heat of the moment response,” Leo said faintly, feeling like an idiot for thinking Jason would propose.

“So normally you’d say no?” the blonde asked, turning Leo around. He could see his face now, red, tears in his eyes. There was no point hiding.

“I love you,” Leo whispered, and Jason’s expression softened. His big hands came to cup Leo’s cheeks and stroke them in comfort. The Latino sniffled, “I love y-you and I want to s-spend the rest of my life with you. Of course I’d say yes.”

Jason looked at him for a long, long time, until finally, “Leo?”

“What?”

“Marry me.”

Leo pulled away from Jason, “Don’t do that,” he whispered.

“What?” Jason didn’t understand.

“It’s l-like a pity proposal. I’m okay with not being married to you Jason, you don’t have to ask just because you feel bad-“

“It’s not that,” Jason stepped forward and grabbed Leo’s hand, “I love you, Leo, so much like...you have no idea how much and I want to marry you. I’ve been thinking about it for a long time-“

Leo pulled his hand out of Jason’s grip, “I don’t want to talk about it anymore.”

“Leo-“

“I’m going to heat up the leftovers.”

Jason’s expression hardened, “Fine,” he said, and without warning grabbed his shoes and coat and stormed out of the flat. Leo watched him go with wide eyes and the second the door slammed shut behind the blonde he burst out crying. Jason didn’t come home that night.

***

Leo woke up in the morning to light streaming in through the window and someone’s hand stroking his cheek. When his eyes fluttered open tiredly Jason’s face was inches from his. The blonde was lying next to Leo on the bed, still fully dressed, watching him with a soft expression.

“Morning,” Jason murmured.

“What time is it?” Leo asked sleepily.

“Seven. Sorry, I needed you to wake up,” Jason stood up, “C’mon sit up sleepy head.”
“But why?” Leo complained, but sat up anyway, legs dangling over the side of the bed, rubbing sleep out of his eyes.

Jason slid to his knees in front of Leo and reached into his pocket. In moments the Latino was completely awake, eyes widening, heart starting to race in his chest. The blonde pulled out a little box.

“I went around all night trying to find a jeweller that was open,” he said softly, and Leo could feel tears rushing back to his eyes. His hands trembled, “Because last night made me realise how insanely in love I am with you, and how I can’t live without you, even when you’re being a stubborn twat. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, Leo, every second of it so,” he cleared his throat and opened the little box, “Leo Valdez, will you marry me?”

“You’re such an idiot,” Leo whispered, and started crying, “God, of course I-I’ll marry you, d-dumbass.”

Jason grinned and put down the box before surging up and kissing Leo passionately. The Latino landed back against the bed, arms wrapping around Jason as they kissed desperately.

“I love you,” Leo muttered between their kisses, and, “yes,” over and over.
Leo hadn’t come out of the Hades cabin for two weeks since he was rescued from Octavian and his loonies. The war was over and Nico and Hazel graciously offered their cabin to Leo for the time being since the Latino flinched when someone so much as breathed too close to him.

The issue was that now Leo just didn’t come out of the cabin. And Frank was the only one who persisted in trying to help the boy. The seven all tried at one point or another to find out what happened to Leo while he was a captive of the Giants and the evil Romans, but they all gave up pretty soon. They all had their partners and new lives to stars and the fact that Leo was literally broken didn’t bother them that much.

It bothered Frank.

He came to the Cabin every day, bringing Leo food, making sure he showered and hadn’t hurt himself. Every time without fail for two weeks the Latino shouted at him to go away, and started having a panic attack if Frank tried to touch him. So the Asian stopped doing that. He just mostly sat on the floor and talked to Leo until the Latino finally dragged his dangerously skinny, shaking body from his bed and ate whatever Frank brought him.

It hurt so badly to see the Latino in this state when he used to be the cheerful, light-hearted comic relief. He had been a prisoner of the giants for a month and two days, and that was enough to erase the boy that Frank knew and loved and replace him with a hollow shell. A hollow shell with a malnutritioned body littered with cuts, blisters and bruises. And burn marks.

But today was different.

“I brought you leftovers from dinner,” Frank said warmly, letting himself into the Hades cabin. It was starting to smell bad, and he knew he’d have to have a general cleaning soon since all the surfaces were littered with clothes and rubbish. Leo was a lump under the covers as always.

“Not hungry,” he mumbled weakly as Frank put down the food. They had gone through this a million times.

“But you’ll eat later.”
“Yeah,” Leo said dully.

Frank sat down on the floor a few steps from the bed to try and seem smaller and less threatening. Leo seemed more panicked when someone big was around, like Percy or Beckendorf, but weirdly tolerated the Asian.

“People asked about you today at dinner,” Frank lied. Nobody had asked; the Campers were too busy celebrating their victory with their friends to worry about Leo, suffering in silence in the Hades Cabin. Even Nico and Hazel stopped coming to see him, growing tired of Leo never telling them about what he went through, unable to help.

The Latino rolled over in bed. His hair had gotten too long and now instead of his normal bouncy curls he had a head full of tangles. His eyes looked dead, bloodshot, dark circles beneath them. He was pale, lips dry with teeth marks embedded in the lower one.

“No they didn’t,” Leo whispered, pulling the covers up to his chin as if he wanted to hide. He kept his eyes trained on Frank, making sure he didn’t move from his spot on the floor.

“They did,” Frank said firmly, hoping it would comfort Leo, “they want to know what happened to you.”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Leo closed his eyes against the horrible memories that were probably flooding his head. Frank wanted to pull him into his arms, but he knew that would only make things worse.

“What can I do?” Frank said, unable to keep the desperation from his voice, “I’ll do anything to help you-“

Leo opened his eyes, “If...if I tell you what happened I need you to...,” he cleared his throat but his voice remained hoarse, “I need you do a few things for me.”

“Of course,” Frank frowned.

“Thing number one,” Leo whispered, “I need you to turn around.”

Frank gave him a weird look, heart jumping in his chest, but swivelled around so he was facing away from Leo. He heard rustling behind him.

“The first thing the Giants did when they took me is tie me to a wall in this cold, dark cellar. But I melted through my shackles and managed to almost get out. When they took me back they beat me,” Frank flinched at that, imagining a bunch of massive men hitting his precious, tiny Leo, “then they sent the Demigods in their ranks to do the same. There was this one guy...his name...he...his name was B-Bryce and he was the worst one. They put me in this box full of water, so only my head was above ground, and it was freezing. I couldn’t use my powers, all my strength was used on staying afloat. Whenever I tried to get out someone would poke at me with a sword or a spear, forcing me back down. There were always people watching and l-laughing, like it w-was some kind of show...,” Frank had to close his eyes as he felt rage start to rise within him. He would murder every single person that ever hurt his Leo, if they weren’t already dead and rotting in Tartarus, “They got bored of that after I finally ran out of strength and almost drowned. It was horrible, water in my mouth, my nose, my lungs aching for air and my brain screaming at me to kick up...but I had no strength to do that. I’m petrified of water now, I can’t even look at the lake.”

“Is that why you had that panic attack when they tried to force you into the bath?” Frank blurted. Leo was quiet for a moment and the Asian had to fight himself to not turn around and look at him,
“Yes,” the Latino said eventually, “Do you want to hear the rest?”

Frank didn’t really, but he knew this was the first, and possibly the last, time that Leo would open up to him, or anyone for the matter. He had to know, “Yes,” he said, even though his heart hurt when he heard about the horrors Leo faced.

“After that they took me out of the water and put me back in the cell,” Leo continued, voice devoid of any emotion, “it was mostly the Demigods playing with me then, the Giants too busy with the war. Bryce was a big guy, as were his other friends. I don’t remember their names, or their faces, and I don’t want to. But Bryce’s I will never be able to forget. Anyway, so these Demigods had this game they liked to play, which was how much fire I could handle.”

The image of the burns on Leo’s arms, chest, stomach and legs flashed in Frank’s mind and he thought he was going to be sick.

“Naturally as a Son of Hephaestus I’m immune to fire. They put out cigarettes on me, drew candle flames over my arms. They burned away my clothes so I was just hanging there, naked, ashamed.”

“Leo-“

“Thing number two, I need you to listen and not speak,” Leo’s voice sounded more raw now. Frank nodded his head, “but I was hungry and weak and after a while my powers wouldn’t work anymore. It started with tingling every time a flame touched me, and then it started to feel uncomfortable. And then it hurt and my skin blistered and peeled and burned. They brought bigger flames, bigger torches, and all I could do was scream. I’m petrified of fire now, I have no desire to ever create it again. But that wasn’t what broke me. They tortured me for weeks, cut at my skin, burned me, forced my head underwater until I couldn’t breathe and then...and then...”

“And then what?” Frank whispered, fingers digging into his own knees painfully as he forced himself to not turn around.

“And then they raped me.”

Frank sucked in a startled breath and felt as if someone had just punched him in the gut. Leo didn’t stop talking.

“Bryce went first, just came behind me and forced it in. I was chained, I couldn’t move and it hurt and I cried. I thought it couldn’t be worse, but then he came back the next day and did it again – in front of all his friends.”

“Leo stop,” Frank asked.

“And then they did it too, one after the other, over and over until blood ran down my legs and-“

“S-Stop,” Frank said shakily.

“What?” Leo’s voice was hysterical now, “That’s what you wanted wasn’t it?! That’s what everyone wanted! They just wanted to hear my little sob story about w-what the giants did to me. It wasn’t the Giants it was the Demigods.”

Frank whirled around, heart hammering, and came face to face with Leo. The boy was kneeling on the floor right behind Frank, tears streaming down his pale, hollow cheeks.

“Leo,” Frank whispered and reached out, but Leo flinched away and angrily wiped his tears away. Frank saw all the pain and humiliation and shame and fear in the Latino’s eyes that moment.
“Thing number three,” Leo said shakily, “you can never tell anyone what I just said.”

“I won’t,” Frank promised. He didn’t care about how much everyone was dying to know what Leo went through; it wasn’t their story to hear and if Leo didn’t want to say anything then Frank wouldn’t force him to. The Demigods who did this to him had been punished but for other crimes, “If you don’t want to, I won’t. But I’ll be right by your side if you want to tell anyone-“

“No,” Leo said immediately. Frank nodded slowly,

“Okay. I’ll do anything you want, Leo.”

“T-Thing number four,” Leo sniffled, “Kiss me.”

Frank had a startled what? at the end of his tongue but he bit it in time. Leo clearly knew what he wanted and the Asian wasn’t about to deny him. He had just promised to do anything the boy wanted.

He reached out and placed a hand on Leo’s cheek and this time the boy didn’t flinch or move away. Instead he leaned into Frank’s palm, eyes fluttering close. Frank’s heart was hammering as he leaned in, brushing Leo’s hair from his forehead so he could press his own against it. And then he kissed Leo, sweetly, gently, just pressing their mouths together. The Latino exhaled shakily and his tiny hands came up to grip Frank’s shirt.

When the Asian pulled away Leo was watching him with tears in his eyes.

“T-Thank you.”

Frank stroked his cheek, “Can I hold you?”

Hesitantly Leo nodded. Frank drew him into his arms, the way he had wanted to for the past two weeks. Leo tensed in his arms for a second, and then relaxed, melting into Frank’s embrace.

“Y-You’re not like them,” the Latino whispered into Frank’s chest, his arms wrapping around the man too, “Y-You’re big b-but you w-won’t hurt me.”

“Of course I won’t,” Frank’s heart hurt as he stroked Leo’s back, “I could never hurt you Leo, ever. And I’ll promise I’ll protect you, and I’ll be here every day and I’ll do anything you need of me. I promise, I promise.”

“Thing number f-five,” Leo’s voice was muffled against Frank’s chest, “I-I need you to say that y-you love me. Even if it’s a lie.”

Frank’s heart twisted and his arms tightened around Leo, “I love you.”

“T-Thank you.”

“It’s not a lie, Leo,” Frank told the trembling boy.

“S-Say it again,”

“I love you,” the son of Mars whispered, kissing Leo’s forehead and hair, and anywhere he could reach, “I love you. I love you. I love you.”

Leo pulled away from him, “And now I need you to leave and come back in the morning, and I promise you I will be happy and everything will be okay.”
Frank reached for the Latino but Leo stood up and stepped away.

“I need to be alone for now. Please.”

Frank nodded and also stood up, though all he wanted was Leo back in his arms again, “Okay. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Leo offered him a small, shy smile, a ghost of what it used to be but good enough for Frank, “You’re the only person who made me feel anything since they did it to me. Thank you.”

***

Frank woke up with the sun, his whole cabin still asleep. His body immediately thrummed with anticipation of seeing Leo again, ‘happy’ and ‘okay’ as he had said he would be. The Asian couldn’t keep the smile off his face as he quietly put his clothes on and slipped outside of the Ares Cabin. He hoped Leo was awake, and if not then he’d wake him up with kisses and ‘I love you’s.’

Except Leo wasn’t in the Hades cabin. Frowning and a little confused Frank ran to the Hephaestus cabin and knocked on the door until a sleepy Beckendorf opened, as baffled as Frank, promising that Leo wasn’t inside but offering to help look for him. Frank left him to get dressed and decided to go to the Big House and the dining pavilion, to make sure the Latino wasn’t there.

He was jogging through the strawberry fields when something suddenly told him to turn around. Frank did so, heart feeling heavy, and saw Half Blood Hill. What if Leo was outside the borders? What if he was sitting there, waiting for Frank or watching the sunrise?

The son of Mars broke into a sprint, running up the hill. He was breathless when he got to the top, heart hammering. The grassy hill was empty save for the protective dragon curled around Thalia’s Tree. He was making soft, sad mewling noises, its eyes looking up. Slowly, heart heavy, Frank followed its gaze to the canopy of the tree.

Swinging from a rope attached to one of the branches was the body of the boy that Frank loved.

Chapter End Notes

Also the third chapter of my original work is up so check that out if you're up for some angst and gayness xx
Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24628749
Freo gdzie ludzie znęcają się nad Leo w szkole za to że jest aseksualny ale Frank go broni gdy ten ma zostać pobity, i przyznaje się że Leo mu się podoba.

for Imgeniush

-Co nie tłumaczyło dlaczego teraz leżeli na łóżku Mimasa.

Mimas huśtał się w obie strony, co było wiedzą powszechną, a Leo, mniej popularny, był otwarcie gejem więc patrząc wstecz pewnie powinien był to przewidzieć, tylko że Leo w sumie nigdy nie patrzył w przyszłość, był bardzo spontaniczny. Był również bardzo, bardzo drobny, dlatego wykręcanie się z uchwytu Mimasa przyprawiało mu teraz kłopot.

Miał problem z przypomnieniem sobie jak przeszli od wertowania kartek w ich książkach od fizyki do bycia splątanymi razem. Leo bardzo chciał się wypłacić, lecz Mimas miał inne pomysły. Jego oddech obijał się o szyję Leo, gdzie umieszczał mokre, niechlujne pocałunki, sprawiając że Leo kulił się najdalej od niego jak mógł.

-P-Przestań,- Leo próbował traktować to wszystko jak żart, nawet że napierał na Mimasa całą swoją siłą, próbując go oddechnąć. To nie miało sensu – starszy chłopak by większy i sielszy, i z łatwością przygwoździł Leo do łóżka, -Serio p-przestań

-Nie musimy robić tego do końca,- Mimas odsunął się troszkę, patrząc w dół na Leo z oczami ciemnymi od porządkania. Młodszy chłopak chciał zwymiotować, ale najbardziej to chciał żeby Mimas z niego zszedł, -Może mi obciągniesz?
-Nie dzięki, już dzisiaj jadłem,- Leo powiedział słabo. Mimas zmarszczył czoło,
-Przestań udawać takiego trudnego do zdobycia. Widzę jak na mnie patrzysz.

-Nie patrze na ciebie w żaden sposób,- Leo zaprotestował, nadal próbując się uwolnić. Mimas złapał jego nadgarstki i przygwoździł je do łóżka, fala strachu uderzyła w drobnego chłopca, - dobra słuchaj, jestem asekualny.

-Co to kurwa jest?- Mimas zmarszczył nos.
-To znaczy że nie chcę uprawiać seksu...

-Skąd wiesz jak nigdy nie próbowałeś? Mimas wyszczzerzył zęby w uśmiechu jakby właśnie powiedział coś genialnego. Leo spiorunował go spojrzeniem.

-Koleś, serio, to nie jest śmieszne. Nie chcę się pieprzyć.

-Kto powiedział cokolwiek o pieprzeniu?- Mimas zapytał niewinnie, -jedyne o co zapytałem to żebyś mi obciągnął.

-Nie lubię tego,- Leo warknął, -bo nie lubię seksu.

-Ale ja to lubię. Cały sens blowjobów to żeby tej drugiej osobie się podobało.

-Niestety nie jestem gotowy na to poświęcenie.

-Zrobię ci palcówke?

-Pass.

-Daj mi cię przekonać,- Mimas pochylił się do przodu ale właśnie wtedy Leo udało się uwolnić jedną rękę i walnął starszego chłopaka łokciem w twarz. Mimas zawył z bólu i runął na podłoge. Serce waliło w piersi Leo i jego brzuch się przewracał gdy wygramolił się z łóżka. Chwycił swoja torbe, zarzucił ja na ramie, i pieronem wyleciał z domu Mimasa.

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Następnego dnia Leo niezdarnie wpychał książki do swojej szawki, czekając na pojawienie się Franka, jego najlepszego przyjaciela, żeby mogli iść razem na przerwę. Jednak gdy Leo się odwrócił, czując obecność za jego plecami, nie zobaczył osoby na którą czekał. Zamiast Franka wokół chłopaka zebrał się wianuszek starszych chłopców, wszyscy wyglądać jakby czuli jakiś obrzydliwy zapach. Przez to że była przerwa jedynie kilka osób było usianych na korytarzu, i wszyscy patrzyli nerwowo na grupę.

-Cześć,- Leo powiedział niespokojnie, czując się jak zwierze w potrzasku, -zgubiliście się?

-Nie, znalazłem dokładnie tego czego szukałem,- Mimas, który stał na czele grupy, spiorunował wzrokiem Leo. Jego nos był fioletowy i spuchnięty tam gdzie Leo uderzył go łokciem. Drobny chłopak przeklaną niezręcznie i próbował nie okazać jak bardzo był zdenerwowany. Modlił się by jakiś nauczyciel się pojawił i go uratował.

-Super. Jak mogę pomóc?

-Widzisz to?- Mimas ze złością wskazał na nos, -Ty to zrobileś!

-Tak, jestem tego świadomy,- Leo odrzekł.
-Nikomu to nie uchodzi na sucho,- Mimas warknął, -walnąłeś mnię bez powodu, kurwa mać.

-No,- jeden z jego kumpli się zgodził, -on tylko chciał się bzykać, co nie. A ty nagle zrobiłeś się agresywny bez powodu.

-On chciał mnię do tego zmusić.

Mimas parsknął śmiechem, -Tylko się z tobą całałem, ty pierdolona cipo.

-Wybacz, następnym razem ci przywałe jak już będziesz we mnię,- Leo powiedział sarkastycznie, -i wtedy będziemy przeprowadzać tę rozmowę w sądzie, gdzie zarzucą ci próbe gwałtu.

-Grozisz mi?- Mimas spytał, wściekły -Zabierać go na dwór, chłopaki.

Dwóch kolesi złapało Leo za ramiona, co było niepotrzebne gdyż Latynos był dosłownie dwa razy mniejszy od nich. Jego serce skoczyło do gardła gdy pomyślał o potężnym laniu jakie zaraz miał dostać. Pewnie skończy z kilkoma połamanymi kościami, co uważał za głupie gdyż nie był w jakimś Amerykańskim filmie gdzie później zaciągnie się do domu. Poszedłby prosto na policję.

-Ej!- Głos Frank zrujnował marzenia Leo o wpakowania Mimasa do paki gdy pojawił się z nikąd, wkurwiony. Frank był...Frank był łagodny, i miły, i ciepły, przynajmniej dla Leo. Pomimo jego wzrostu i mięśni, nigdy nie zdawał się groźny drobniejszemu chłopcowi, ale teraz wyglądał jak jakiś gangster. Był wyższy od Mimsa, jego ciemne oczy błyskające złością, ręce zwinięte w pięści. Leo nigdy nie był tak szczęśliwy widząc kogoś. Wystraszeni, dwaj chłopcy póciski Leo i odsunęli się na wszelki wypadek, -Spiedalać od niego.

-O, znalazłesz sobie chłopaka Valdez? Mimas warknął, -Pewnie nie będzie czekać jeśli nie dasz mu tego tyleczka-

Frank dorwał Mimasa za bluze i podniósł go z ziemi. Zamiast pomóc jego kumple zrobili krok w tył.

-Nie zmuszaj mnie żebym dodał jeszcze siniaków do twojej twarzy,- Frank wysyczał, -I tak już jest dość spierdolona.

Póścił Mimasa. Chłopak wygląwał jakby chciał się bić ale jeden z jego kumpli chwycił go za ramiona.

-Chodź stary, nie warto być za to wrzuconym ze szkoły.

Wkurzona banda oddaliła się. Ramienia Franka opadły a widzowie się odwróciły.

-Wszystko okej?- Azjata zapytał Leo. Latynos pokivał głową chodź tak naprawdę to nic nie było okej; słowa Mimasa krążyły mu w głowie jak wkurzające muchy. Pewnie nie będzie czekać jeśli nie dasz mu tego tyleczka. Tego Leo najbardziej się bał; że nikt nigdy nie będzie go kochać jeśli nie będzie chciał seksu. Ta myśl po prostu...obrzydzała go, przerażała go.

-Leo?- Frank niepewnie dotknął ramienia chłopaka, -Cały się trzęsiesz.

-Przepraszam,- Leo nerwowo wetknął jeden ze swoich loczków za ucho trzęsącą się ręką. Frank złapał jego dłoń i zaciągnął go do najbliższej pustej klasy, zamykając za nimi drzwi. Leo usiadł na jednym ze stolików i westchnął.

-Co za dupek.

-No.

-Co się stało?- Frank stanął przed nim, ręce skrzyżowane na piersi, -Czemu ci groził?
Leo zaśmiał się niepewnie, -Pamiętasz jak ci mówiłem że ide do niego odrabiać lekcje?

-No,- Frank uniósł brew.

-Próbowałem mnie przelecieć,- Leo przelknął, -I powiedziałem mu że jestem aseksualny ale nie chciał słuchać. Ciągle próbował mnie zmusić więc przywałłem mu łokciem w nos. I teraz jest wkurzony o siniaki.

Furia powróciła do oczu Franka, ale teraz jakoś była jeszcze silniejsza, -Ja go kurwa zabije,- chłopak odwrócił się do drzwi. Leo szybko złapał go za rękaw i odczepił.

-Nie!- zaprotestował, -Nie, wszystko w porządku-

-Nieprawda!- Frank explodował, -To molestowanie seksualne!

Leo wzruszył ramionami, -Nie, jest okej. Jest okej,- spojrzał na przyjaciela. Frank westchnął ciężko i delikatnie poczochał włosy Leo. Latynos uśmiechnął się a Frank przyciągnął go ku sobie i objął, trzymając go przez jakiś czas, głaskając go po plecach. Leo nie zdawał sobie sprawy jak bardzo tego potrzebował zanim nie zaczął wtapiać się w większego chłopaka.

-Coś cię gryzie. I nie tylko to całe molestowanie..., - Frank przygryzł dolną wargę i odsunął się. Leo patrzył na podłoge.

-Tylko coś co powiedział Mimas.

-Który kawałek?- Frank przysunął się bliżej i zaczął bawić się włosami Latynosa bezmyślnie, tak jak zawsze robił gdy był niespokojny.

-W gruncie rzeczy chodziło o to że nikt nigdy nie będzie mnie chciał jeśli nie bede z nimi uprawiał seksu.

Frank zmarszył czoło, -To nieprawda i dobrze to wiesz.

-Napewno? - Leo westchnął, -A...a co jak on ma rację? No proszę cię Frankie, spójrz na mnie,- zaśmiał się kwaśno, -i tak już bardzo mały procent populacji uważa mnie za atrakcyjnego. Odjąć tych co nie będą ze mną bez seksu...co jak zawsze będzie? Co jak te 0.00002% które może mnię wogule chcieć, nie będzie bo...bo jestem aseksualny?

Frank patrzył na niego przez moment, jego wzrok dziwnie intensywny.

-Jestem częścią procentu,- powiedział w końcu, miękko, jego ręce przesuwając się z włosów Leo do jego policzków, -który uważa że jesteś atrakcyjny. I wali mnie czy jesteś aseksualny,- uśmiechnął się smutno, -teraz musisz znaleźć sobie kogoś takiego jak ja, ale kogoś z kim będziesz chciał być.

Leo nagle zaschło w gardle z powodu temu nagłemu, dziwnemu wyznaniu, -O co ci chodzi?

Frank nagle pochylił się i go pocałował, tylko szybkie muśnięcie ust. Leo poczuł jak rumieniec pojawia się na jego policzkach, jego dłonie się trząsły gdy patrzył na najlepszego przyjaciela w szoku. Twarz Frank była czerwona.

-Chodzi mi o to że mi się podobasz. Nawet bardzo- chłopak odwrócił wzrok, -I nigdy nie zmuszę cię do seksu. Po prostu...- spojrzał bezradnie na Leo, -byłbym szczęśliwy z tobą, dokładnie takim jaki jesteś teraz. Nie potrzebowałbym nic więcej.

-Czy ty próbujesz się że mną umówić?- serce Leo waliło mu w piersi.
-Tak,- Frank wzruszył ramionami, -Wygląda na to że tak. To i tak bez sensu bo już wiem co powiesz.

-Tak

-Co?- Frank patrzył na niego głupio. Leo ześlizgnął się ze stołu, zarzucił ręce dookoła szyi Frank i przyciągnął go by znów móc go pocałować, stojąc na palcach by dosięgnąć.

- Mówię tak, idioto.
I Can't Drown My Demons They Know How to Swim

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the long wait my loves x
Also guys, for the last time -
I DON'T DO INCEST STOP ASKING.

After the Giant War Leo is having a hard time because he is having nightmares and stuff. Chiron is starting to worry about Leo so he asks Sally if she will watch him because he thinks some time away from Camp may be good for Leo. Sally and Paul both agree but Percy is kinda mad. No one told him about Leo’s nightmares, just that he needed some time away from Camp, and Percy was just in Tartarus and he broke up with Annabeth and he hasn’t seen his mom in forever and he doesn’t want to share her. After time Percy starts to fall in love with Leo. Leo has had feelings for Percy for a while but he thinks Percy hates him. One night Sally and Paul went out for a date and Leo has a really bad nightmare. His screaming wakes up Percy so he goes to check on Leo. They end up confessing and falling asleep together.

For PsychoFangirl

Leo looked around the small Jackson apartment. It was cosy, and homely, and honestly it was exactly what the Latino needed right now. After the War with Gaia he thought everything would be alright, and yet it wasn’t. His nightmares intensified so much that he could barely sleep or eat. He was constantly scared to close his eyes for longer than a blink, in fear of seeing the images that plagued his dreams.

He dreamed that he was in the warehouse with his mother when she died, and watch her burn to death, screaming. He dreamt of the Fields of Asphodel which he witnessed when he had briefly died. But mostly he just dreamed of dying; burning to death, getting shot, stabbed, eaten alive. Mostly commonly he just drowned though. When the nightmares weren’t happening Leo always dreamed of being in a warehouse with many doors and stairs, and none of them leading to the exit.

When Chiron first suggested that Leo got to the Jackson’s for the summer Leo thought it was a bad idea. But the worse his nightmares got the more Chiron pressured him, and so Leo eventually broke. Honestly he was glad he chose to come in the end; Sally Jackson was the most motherly of mothers and she hugged Leo, and made him hot chocolate, and acted like he was wanted and that was exactly what Leo needed. Paul was a little awkward, but kind too. It was Percy that was the problem.
Leo was laying in bed in Percy’s room, where Sally insisted he stays while Percy moves to the couch. It was late at night and Leo couldn’t sleep, too scared, his hands trembling where they rested on his stomach. He would’ve left the light on if he wasn’t embarrassed to be caught scared of the dark. The shadows in the corner of the bedroom scared him though, so he left the door cracked open, letting in a little light from the hallway. That’s when he heard Percy talking to Sally.

“Why does he have to stay here?” Percy sounded annoyed and Leo sat up in bed, heart thumping. He slipped out of bed and crept to the door to listen in, because he was always too curious for his own good.

“Percy don’t be so selfish. He’s having a bad time settling down after the war.”

“So am I!” Percy complained, voice muffled, “You know how bad Tartarus was, and now me and Annabeth aren’t dating anymore-“

“Percy, I’m still your mom. Leo being here doesn’t change anything. Of course you had a horrible time, but so did he.”

“I don’t want to share you with him,” Percy grumbled. Then Sally must’ve closed the door because the Latino couldn’t hear anything else.

With his heart hammering the boy climbed back inside his bed. He and Percy had never been close, and there was always a bit of animosity between them because of the whole bombard-the-Romans-thing, but also because Percy was water and Leo was fire, and that didn’t go well together.

Except in Leo’s head it did, because he stupidly fancied the son of Poseidon, like really badly. Not that he could ever do anything about that; Percy had just made it perfectly clear that he doesn’t like Leo or want him anywhere near him. That hurt, more than Leo wanted to admit. It made his heart ache in his chest, so he pressed his face into a pillow to try and block out the sadness and loneliness he was feeling.

And he made the mistake of falling asleep.

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The warehouse was hot, the normally grey steel walls glowing orange, Leo could feel it on his skin, the familiar tingling. He was immune to it, but his mother wasn’t. Esperanza Valdez was at the door, pounding her fists against it.

“Help!” she shouted, voice hoarse with panic, “Help! Leo!”

The boy floated over in the dream, not feeling his feet, each of Esperanza’s hits on the door resonating like his heartbeat. I’m here mom, he said, but the words never left his mouth and Esperanza didn’t hear him, I’m right here, turn around! You’re not alone, I’m here!

The fire curled on the opposite side of the room, roaring and curling, like dragons fighting each other. Leo lifted his hands to try and fight the flames off, but his arms felt heavy and uselessly slumped at his sides. His body wouldn’t cooperate.

Esperanza was wailing now, a horrible sound, as she broke away from the hot, melting door. She stumbled back, her skin blistering, and the fire surged forward, enveloping her and Leo. The Latino saw the skin peel off his mother’s face, her mouth open in a scream of agony. Her curls burned away, her eyes melted and ran down her face like tears, until there was nothing but a skeleton standing in front of Leo.
Leo woke up, gasping, to a tentative knock on the door. Dizzy, the boy sat up, his head spinning from his horribly realistic nightmare.

“C-Come in,” he whispered. The door cracked open and Sally peeked in. She was in a nightgown, looking tired, a warm smile on her face.

“Sorry, I heard you screaming,” she said softly. Leo flushed.

“Oh Gods...I’m sorry, I didn’t mean t-to wake you up.”

Sally came into the room, “Are you alright? Can I get you anything?”

Leo felt like a child, but in a good way. He hadn’t had anyone take care of him for a while. He sat up and brushed his hair from his sweaty forehead, “No, thankyou. I don’t wanna be any trouble. I think I’m just gonna stay up for a bit...”

“Why don’t you come into the kitchen?” Sally offered in a motherly tone, “I have to leave for work soon, and we could have some tea?”

The thought of not being in this room alone for a while filled Leo with warmth. He was still shaking from his dream, his dead mother’s face flashing in his mind. Gladly, and a little anxiously, he nodded and climbed out of bed.

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The two boys walked through the aisles shoulder-to-shoulder, not saying a word. The atmosphere was heavy and uncomfortable. Percy was pushing the shopping cart in front of him angrily and Leo shuffled next to him, hands in pockets, fiddling with his phone. Sally had forced them to go to the shop together, despite how much the boys didn’t want to.

Well Leo did want to; he wanted Percy to like him...a lot. He tried to be nice to the boy and make it out that he wasn’t trying to steal his mom from him. But Percy was still cold and isolated when Leo was around, and that hurt the Latino, especially since he admired Percy so much. His nightmares were making him exhausted and all Leo wanted was to stop worrying about Percy’s negative feelings towards him so much.

Percy suddenly squatted down without warning to look at the cheese on the lower shelf.

“What one did my mom say she wanted?” he asked grumpily, the first thing he said to Leo all morning. The Latino clumsily pulled out the shopping list from his pocket.

“Gouda?”

“Grab some milk. The one with the blue lid,” Percy didn’t look at Leo as he shuffled through the cheese, trying to find some Gouda. Leo turned to the milk, which was on the parallel side, and quickly found the blue lid milk. Of course it had to be on the fucking top shelf. Determined, the Latino walked over and reached for it. He was way too short. Annoyed he stood on his tiptoes, desperately trying to reach it.

“Gods, you’re useless,” he heard Percy behind him and felt his heart drop. Then it started pounding as he felt the warmth of Percy’s chest around his back. The son of Poseidon reached over Leo and easily grabbed the milk. Leo felt blood rush to his face.
“Oh my Gosh!” someone squealed and both the boys turned around in surprise. A girl in a Beyoncé t-shirt stood in front of them, her eyes sparkling, “You guys are such a cute couple!” she gushed. Leo blushed harder.

“We’re not a couple,” he and Percy said simultaneously. The girl grinned.

“I still ship it,” she said, and walked off happily.

Percy glanced at Leo and for a moment it felt like they had a connection. There was a smile in Percy’s eyes but it never reached his mouth as he turned away from Leo abruptly and angrily threw the milk into the basket.

***

People here were like grass, swaying to an invisible wind, eyes open but not seeing anything. People weren’t meant to be like grass. When Leo craned his neck up he saw a steely grey sky, the same dull shade as everything else in the fields. A dead tree towered over him.

There was a girl next to him, and her features reminded Leo so much of someone. Somehow, he knew that this was Bianca di Angelo.

“Hey,” Leo said. The girl was looking right ahead, and didn’t react.

Leo reached for her but his hand fell short of her shoulder. When he tried to step closer he found that his feet were firmly rooted to the ground. He felt a weird sense of detached panic grip at him.

“Hey, Bianca!” he called, voice snatched by the wind. The girl didn’t react.

When Leo looked around he saw other people he knew; a blond boy with a scar on his cheek that could only be Luke Castellan, his brother Beckendorf he saw in pictures and his girlfriend Silena, Castor and Lee Fletcher and...his mother. They all faced away from Leo, swaying, dead.

“Mamá!” he called, but of course she didn’t respond, “Mamá!”

Now Leo was hysterical as he felt tears of fear and hopelessness burn his eyes. Nobody was reacting, nobody was seeing him. He fought the invisible bonds holding his feet down but it was no use – he was trapped. A sob spilled from his mouth and the boy squeezed his eyes shut, wanting nothing more than to wake up.

When he opened his eyes he was still in the Field of Asphodel, but everyone had been replaced by...him. A thousand Leo Valdez’s stood side by side, looking at nothing in particular, swaying.

“No,” Leo whispered in horror, “No, no, wake up...”

But he wasn’t really sure if he was even dreaming anymore.

“...Shh, it’s alright, wake up, you’re safe,” the warm voice broke through Leo’s sleep- addled brain and he jolted into a sitting position, breathing hard, heart pounding. Sally was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding his hand. She smiled tiredly at him, “You’re okay, Leo. You were just having a bad dream.

Leo burst out crying.

“Oh, no, honey,” Sally opened her arms and Leo fell into them, needed a motherly touch just then. Sally rubbed her back comfortingly, “It’s alright, your dreams aren’t real,” she said, and Leo just
cried, and whished Sally was his real mom.

***

Leo was sitting at the kitchen table, sketching a new project, completely sleep deprived. Sally was out and Percy was banging around in the bathroom, the noise obnoxiously loud in Leo’s tired brain. He almost fell asleep at his paper, accidentally drawing a over his project. Annoyed he reached for the rubber and erased it, just as Percy came down the corridor.

“Hey,” he said, leaning against the table. Leo looked up, surprised that Percy was talking to him, and looked away immediately. Percy was shirtless, a towel around his shoulders, hair damp from his shower. Leo felt himself blushing.

“What’s up?”

“ Weird question.” Percy looked almost apologetic, “I was wondering if...if you wanted to go down to the beach tomorrow.”

“What?” Leo frowned at him, “Percy you hate me.”

“I don’t hate you,” Percy said, frustrated. His eyes grew darker, “Look, I just don’t want you bothering my mom. You coming or not?”

“I...uh...sure,” Leo said, not even really thinking about it.

“Cool,” Percy said and walked to his bedroom, which was now being occupied by Leo.

The Latino looked down at the paper in front of him and swallowed nervously. Percy’s question had caught him off guard and now Leo was seriously regretting agreeing to going out. Of course he wanted to spend more time with Percy...but he was scared things were going to be awkward, and he hated the beach. He couldn’t go anywhere near the lake at Camp, much less a whole beach. It’s okay, it’s not like I have to actually go into the water...he told himself.

***

Leo was sitting on a beach towel, as far away from the beach as he could. The waves breaking over the sand still unnerved him though, even though they couldn’t reach him. He imagined falling under, the water closing over his head, suffocating him slowly. He shuddered and wrapped his arms around himself. Despite the fact that it was sunny Leo felt cold. Percy had drove them to some sort of secluded beach, surrounded by jagged cliffs. It was cute and intimate but all Leo could think about was the sea rising and it filling up like a fish bowl...

Percy came jogging from the sea, just in his swim-trunks, grinning. Although he could choose to stay dry he wanted the ‘whole experience’ so he was dripping wet as he came to a stop above Leo, smiling and breathless, already tanning.

“C’mon, the water is perfect,” he said. Leo looked away.

“Nah, thanks, I’ll pass,” he could’ve told Percy about his nightmares but he felt like the older boy would laugh at him or pull the ‘everyone has nightmares’ card, which Leo supposed was true.

Percy sighed, “Jeez, I ask to hang out at the beach with you and you won’t even go in the water.”

“I’m just not feeling it, go talk to your fish,” Leo said, shielding his eyes from the sun.
Percy angrily pulled a towel from his bag, “Fine, we might as well fucking go back then.”

“Oh stop being whiny.”

“No, what’s the point?” Percy snapped, “You come into my house and steal my mom and when I decide that hey, maybe we can be actual friends you act like a child and won’t even go for a swim with me! What’s the point of me swimming alone?”

“Fine!” Leo snapped, getting to his feet, “Fine, I’ll get into the damn water.”

He didn’t even know why he was so angry; Percy’s attitude towards him and the Latino’s feelings towards the son of Poseidon had just created confusion inside the boy, and frustration too, which had built up over the past few days. Percy’s eyes narrowed.

“Race you,” he said, and then took off.

“Hey!” Leo protested, and ran after him, kicking up sand. He tried not to think about the sea as he advanced, and as his feet sank into the waves he decided that he’d be okay. Percy was a few feet in front of him, laughing, and Leo couldn’t help but grin as he submerged further, the cold water climbing up to his waist.

When the sea reached Leo’s chest he stopped, feeling a little anxious. He brushed his damp hair from his face and Percy turned to him.

“I won.”

“You’re the son of Poseidon of course you won,” Leo rolled his eyes. Percy splashed him playfully and when Leo tried to splash him back the boy turned the water around and hit him in the face. The boy spluttered and Percy laughed, and for a second it felt like they were normal boys, friends even.

And then Percy rushed forward, grabbed Leo’s shoulders, and dunked him under the water.

All at once everything went silent except for the rush of water in Leo’s ears. His eyes stung as the salt got to them, and he let out a startled breath, allowing the liquid in his mouth. He tried to push at Percy but he couldn’t, he couldn’t breathe, there were bubbles and darkness everywhere, and Leo felt hot panic climbing from his chest as he struggled weakly.

Leo felt Percy release him and he surged to the surface. He wasn’t deep but his knees felt weak as his head broke through the waves, and he was gasping for air greedily. Percy was laughing and Leo’s head was spinning. His knees gave out and he collapsed into the sand, the water reaching his chin, he was breathing harshly.

“Leo?” Percy grabbed his arm and hauled him up, “Fuck what’s wrong?”

Leo pressed himself against Percy, because he was the only solid thing in this ocean of death. The boy was warm and wet and Leo clung to him, “I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die...” he whispered hysterically, feeling tears prickle his eyes.

“Hey, hey, calm down,” Percy wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and the boy felt the sea shift underneath them. The wave carried them to the beach and the Latino squeezed his eyes shut, concentrating on Percy and his strong arm around him, trying not to panic.

When he felt solid ground under his feet, Leo’s fury sparked. He pulled away from Percy and shoved him away.
“What the fuck!?” he demanded. Percy blinked, surprised.

“What?”

“Why did you do that for?!”

“Do what?” Percy frowned, “It was a joke, relax.”

“It wasn’t funny!” Leo snapped, and stormed to their bags. He didn’t speak to Percy the whole car ride home.

***

Leo was afraid to go to sleep that night because Sally and Paul were out on a date and wouldn’t be back till morning. That meant if the boy had a nightmare the woman wouldn’t be there to comfort him. So he put off sleep as much as he could, but eventually he was just too exhausted, and regretfully let the darkness take him.

*It was dark, and bubbles swirled upwards. Leo felt like he didn’t have a body, like he was detached. He knew he was drowning as he sank further and further from the tiny pinprick of light somewhere above his head. He tried to speak, but only more bubbles erupted from his mouth. When he tried to kick up his body wouldn’t cooperate. He was trapped inside himself. It was hard to breathe and although he knew it was a dream he was scared of really suffocating.*

*There was a hand around his ankle and when he sluggishly looked down he saw his mother’s pale, sunken face below him, pulling him down into the abyss. She opened her skeletal mouth but instead of bubbles a scream erupted.*

“Leo!”

The voice jerked Leo from his sleep and he sat up in seconds. He could taste the salty ocean in his mouth, before realising it was tears. He was panting, crying, his eyes adjusting to the darkness of the room. Percy was sitting at the foot of the bed in his t-shirt and boxers, hair sticking up, eyes sleepy. He looked confused and worried, his hand gripping Leo’s ankle.

In his panic, Leo jerked his leg away, “Hey,” Percy said softly, “Relax, it’s just me.”

“I-I’m s-sorry,” Leo stuttered, his eyes filling up with a fresh wave of tears, “I-I didn’t m-mean to w-wake y-you-“

“No, it’s okay,” Percy’s voice and eyes were soft, which was a surprise, “I...I didn’t realise you got nightmares. Your screams woke me up-“

“It’s o-okay,” Leo lied, “go back t-to sleep.”

“No,” Percy frowned, “You’re clearly feeling shit.”

“I-I’m f-fine-“

“Stop lying,” Percy snapped, and Leo flinched. Percy’s expression softened, “I had bad nightmares too, I know what they’re like I...,” he bit his lip, “What was this one about.”

“D-Drowning,” Leo whispered, before he could stop himself.

“Fuck,” Percy sighed, “It’s because I pushed you under isn’t it?”

“It’s f-fine,” Leo whispered weakly. Percy scooted up the bed,

“I feel so bad now,” he admitted, “because I was such a dick to you. I get why you’re here now and I...I’m sorry, Leo.”

Leo wiped his cheeks, “It’s fine, d-don’t worry about it.”

“What can I do?” Percy asked, “Do you want something to drink, another blanket, do you wanna turn the light on...?”

He was so much like his mom in that moment that Leo calmed down a little, “I’m really okay,” he said, “I’ll just stay up for a bit. You should go back to bed.”

“You’re always tired. You have to sleep.”

Leo shook his head, “I can’t, not now.”

“What if I stay here?” Percy offered.

“Percy you don’t have to be so nice,” Leo said, “you hate me, I get that-“

“I don’t hate you!” Percy said, with a sudden intensity that took Leo aback, “I don’t,” the dark haired boy repeated, more softly now. He bit his lip, “I was just jealous of the attention my mom gave you but...but also it’s ‘cause...it’s ‘cause...”

“‘Cause what?” Leo asked weakly.

Instead of responding Percy shot forward and surprised the smaller boy by wrapping him up in his arms.

“P-Percy,” Leo stuttered in shock, which only caused Percy’s arms to tighten around him.

“I don’t hate you, okay?” the son of Poseidon whispered, resting his chin on Leo’s shoulder. Hesitantly, his heart pounding, Leo pressed himself closer to the boy and melted into his embrace. He let out a shaky breath, the last of his panic dispersing as Percy stroked his back.

Somehow they ended up lying next to each other on the bed, with Leo safely tucked into Percy’s arms. It was just comforting at first, but then it started getting more...intimate. Percy would reach down to tuck a curl behind Leo’s ear every once in a while, and then he’d press little kisses to his forehead. The Latino’s heart wouldn’t stop pounding, especially when Percy’s hand slipped under his shirt and stroked his bare back.

Percy suddenly nudged Leo with his nose and when the Latino looked up sleepily the taller boy slid down a little, so they were face to face, and brushed their noses together, his eyes trained on Leo’s lips. Somehow the Latino knew exactly what he was going to do and he leaned in slightly.

Percy kissed him, a soft, and yet passionate slide of lips that made Leo shiver. He was so exhausted he didn’t even question it as he sunk further into the older boy. They kissed lazily until sleep crept back up on them.

“I don’t hate you,” Percy said once more, before he and Leo fell asleep in each other’s arms.
Will and Nico are best friends and drunk off their asses and when they start planning truth and dare their feelings for each other get a lil hard to handle and they end up giving each other some sexy truths or dares?

For Shadow_Shifter

“You know what we should do?” Nico slurred. Will giggled as he swayed a little.

“What?”

“Play truth or dare,” Nico grinned.

It was Nico’s eighteenth birthday and the two best friends had chugged a whole bottle of whiskey and were now chilling in Will’s dorm room, sitting on his single bed opposite each other. His roommate was gone for the weekend so they could get as fucked off their faces as they wanted...which was exactly what they did.

“Yes!” Will yelled.

“Shhh,” Nico hissed, pressing a finger over Will’s lips clumsily. They both erupted into laughed as if it was the most hilarious thing ever, “Okay, okay, shhh, shut up, I’m gonna go first. Will, truth or dare?”

“Truth,” Will grinned goofily.

Nico grinned brightly, “If you were trapped on an island,” he slurred, “who would you pick to be stuck with you?”


“You’re so cute,” Nico flicked him playfully on the knee.

“Okay, my turn,” Will smirked, “Do you fancy anyone right now?”

He saw the blood rush to the Italian’s face, “Yeah.”

“Oh my God! Who?” Will demanded.

“That wasn’t the question,” Nico stuck his tongue out, “Will truth or dare?”
“Truth,” Will leaned back against the foot of the bed.

“Ugh, you’re so boring,” Nico rolled his eyes, “Do you believe in love?”

“Now who’s boring?” Will teased and Nico poked him with his foot playfully, “You know I do, dumbass.”

The blonde’s head was spinning and he was pleasantly warm and comfortable. Looking at Nico opposite him he couldn’t help but think how much he liked the boy, and how much he wanted to kiss him. That was the alcohol making him brave though.

“Neeks, truth of dare?”

“Dare,” Nico said proudly, arms crossed over his slim chest.

“I dare you to let me text someone off your phone,” Will grinned. Nico looked horrified.

“Truth.”

“Too late!” Will proclaimed and Nico groaned, regretfully handing his unlocked phone over. Will smirked and quickly found Percy’s number.

To waterboy: ur hot xx ;) call me

Cackling like a witch Will handed the phone over to Nico. The small boy face-palmed after reading the message and glared at the blonde, “I hate you so much.”

“My turn.”

“Truth or dare? And you better pick dare.”

“Okay, dare,” Will said. Nico’s eyes scanned the room in search for inspiration and his eyes landed on Will’s bookshelf. A smile spread on his face.

“I dare you to act like Romeo.”

“What kind of dare is that?” Will laughed.

“Shhh, just do it!” Nico said, unable to not smile.

Will saw the chance and took it. He crawled across the bed and on top of Nico who squeaked and blushed as the blonde pushed him down against the covers. With the most serious look on his face that the boy could muster, he put a hand on Nico’s cheek and fought the urge to kiss him.

“My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,” he recited perfectly, leaning in. Nico’s eyes widened, “To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss,” he finished, and pecked Nico’s nose before climbing off, smiling like an idiot. He felt light as a feather. Nico sat up, red faced.

“I-Idiot.”

“Truth or dare, Nico?”

“Truth,” the Italian grumbled.

“Pusssyyyy,” Will sang, “What’s your biggest turn on?”
“None of your business,” Nico retaliated.

Will leaned over the bed and picked up the whiskey bottle off the ground, “We need more drink,” he announced, and took a swig. He passed it to Nico and the boy made a face before also taking a gulp.

“Ugh, I can already feel the hangover,” he shuddered.

“Answer my question,” Will prompted.

Nico hiccupped a little, and it was weirdly adorable, “Uh...what was the question?” he asked, and giggled.

“Biggest turn on,” Will said impatiently, because suddenly he really badly wanted to know.

“Like...,” Nico bit his lip, “When the guy holds me down. I don’t know...it’s just hot.”

Will felt himself stirring down there and casually slung his arm over his crotch to hide it. He could imagine pinning the smaller boy down, and having his way with him. Yeah, he’d definitely like that...

“Okay, your turn,” Nico smirked, his eyes unfocused, “Truth or dare?”

“Dare,” Will said, and immediately regretted his decision.

“I dare you to...,” Nico trailed off and suddenly got a wicked gleam in his eye, “Take your shirt off and keep it off for...uh, the rest of the game.”

Will shrugged, the alcohol making him overly comfortable, “Okay,” he said, and pulled his t-shirt off. He almost missed the hungry way Nico’s eyes slid over his bare chest and toned stomach, “Truth or dare, Neeks?”

“I dare you to play the rest of the game completely naked,” Will said, knowing he could be overstepping the boundaries. Nico gaped at him for a second, before swiping up the whiskey bottle and chugging the remaining bit at the bottom. He threw the empty bottle onto Will’s roommates bed and reached for his shirt.

Will watched, a little mesmerized and very drunk, as Nico revealed miles of creamy, pale, flawless skin. His collarbones and hipbones stuck out from his skin but his arms and stomach were lightly muscled. His nipples were dusty, and there was a dark trail leaning to his...Will’s eyes landed on his cock as the boy shimmied out of his pants. It was a little darker than the boy, surprisingly big (not as big as Will) and soft. Will wanted it in his mouth ASAP. When Nico was done stripping and his clothes were all on the floor he looked at Will defiantly.

“Like what you see?” he asked, and Will’s mouth went dry. His cock grew completely hard and he had to try hard to cover it, “Truth or dare, William?” Nico asked, clearly aware that he had the upper hand here.

“I dare you to give me a hickey,” Nico said innocently. Normally Will would’ve questioned it, but honestly Nico was hot and Will was drunk and he wanted to give the hickey to his friend. He crawled over to the boy and wrapped one arm around his waist, mostly to stay upright. Nico was flushed, but whether it was from alcohol or something else, Will didn’t know.
“Any particular place?” he slurred. Nico shook his head so Will eagerly nudged the Italian’s head to the side.

Will pressed his face into the boy’s neck, arm tightening around his waist. Nico smelled like alcohol and a little like sweat and shampoo and cologne. Intoxicating. Will ran his lips over his skin, couldn’t stop himself, and felt Nico shiver. Then the blonde placed a little kiss just below his jaw, and then another, this time open mouthed. And then he started sucking, moving his tongue against Nico’s neck. The boy whimpered, a sound that went right down to Will’s already hard cock.

He had to pull away for air and when he did he saw that Nico was red, eyes heavy lidded, mouth parted. Will’s eyes slid lower...


“So are you.”

Will grinned, “I guess that was a little hot,” he admitted, looking at the dark pink bruise blooming underneath Nico’s jaw, “Neeks, truth or dare?”

“Truth. I need to catch my breath.”

“Okay,” Will smirked, “When was the last time you touched yourself?”

“This morning,” Nico blurted.

“Who?”

“Not the question,” the Italian winked, “Truth or dare?”

“Dare,” Will slurred, because he wanted to get his mouth back on Nico.

“I dare you to let me lick whipped cream off your abs.”

Will frowned, “We don’t have whipped cream.”

“Then lemme lick your abs.”

“Okay,” Will felt his cock twitch at this and he shuffled so he was lying on his back. Nico climbed on top of him, looking a little like a cat and licked his lips. He looked at Will with dark eyes that made the blonde shiver and then ducked down to lick a strip from the boy’s belly button, up to his chest. Will’s head fell back against the pillows, and all he wanted was for Nico’s tongue to do the same to his hard cock. Nico repeated the movement a few times, leaving Will’s abdomen wet and sticky and his dick impossibly hard. Then the Italian climbed the rest of the way up.

“Truth or dare, Will?” he asked, looking right into his eyes, breath brushing against Will’s lips. At this point the blonde was too drunk and horny to think straight.

“Dare.”

“Make out with me for five minutes,” Nico said.

“Okay.”

The Italian fished Will’s phone out of his pocket, “Timer,” he said. Sloppily the blonde set up a five minute timer and tossed the phone to the side.
Nico crashed their mouths together. Their teeth clanked together and it was messy and uncoordinated at first, and they giggled into each other’s mouths, but then suddenly they just slotted together perfectly. Will pushed at Nico so they rolled over and the blonde was on top. He licked his way into Nico’s mouth and their tongues danced together. A fire erupted in the blonde’s stomach, quickly spreading through his body. Nico tasted like whiskey and mint, and was making Will dizzy.

Remembering the boy’s biggest turn on Will found the boy’s wrists and pinned them down to the bed, “F-Fuck, Will,” Nico gasped against his mouth, his hips stuttering up to brush against Will’s thigh.

The blonde was quickly realising he was moments away from completely wrecking his best friend, though they both seemed to be okay with it. Their kiss turned more passionate, sloppier, hotter. Will slotted his leg between Nico’s and the Italian started grinding down on it, his bare dick rubbing against the material of Will’s sweatpants and causing the boy to completely lose himself, moaning wildly into Will’s mouth as his movements increased sloppily.

The timer went off and Will pulled away abruptly. Both he and Nico were breathless and flushed and Will grinned as he sat back, seeing the precum that was now all over Nico’s stomach, as well as the blonde’s sweatpants.

“Truth or dare, Nico?” Will asked.

“D-Dare,” the boy whimpered. Will didn’t know how much more he could take before exploding.

“Finger yourself.”

“W-Will,” Nico stuttered. Will grabbed the boy’s hand and pulled it to his lips, taking two of the digits into his mouth and staring at Nico intently as he licked around them. The boy whined and another spurt of precum fell onto his stomach.

Will released the fingers and insistently pushed Nico’s hand down to his ass, “Do it.”

Nico didn’t protest as Will grabbed his ankles and forced his legs apart, throwing them carelessly on either side of him. Will’s cock throbbed when he saw the boy’s hole, open and twitching, closing around nothing. Nico bit his lip and almost shyly pressed a finger against his entrance. It was immediately sucked in and both the boys moaned at the same time.

“O-Oh,” Nico gasped, throwing his head to the side as he slowly slid his finger out of himself, before pushing back in.

“God yes,” Will groaned, palming himself through his pants. Nico pushed the finger in and out of himself a few more times, before whimpering as he added another. The blonde watched his best friend’s hole stretch and clench around his fingers, watched them slide in and out, becoming wetter and wetter.

“Nico, truth or dare?” Will growled.

“I-It’s your turn,” Nico’s eyes were closed and his voice shaky.

“Truth or dare?” Will insisted.

“D-Dare,” Nico whimpered.

“Go faster,” Will demanded. Nico moaned hopelessly as his fingers sped up, almost on their own accord. He pushed them as deep as they would go, pace increasing rapidly until the boy’s legs were
spread in need, his digits making squelching noises every time they slid into the boy once more, “Faster,” Will growled hungrily.

“A-Ah, n-no,” Nico was borderline sobbing, his small body shaking, “I-I c-can’t...i-it’s too much-“

“Truth or dare?” Will asked, furiously rubbing himself.


“Tell me how it feels,” the blonde asked. He didn’t know what possessed him, he just knew he needed more of this needy, slutty Nico.

“G-Good, W-Will it’s so f-fucking good,” the boy trembled.

“Fuck you’re so hot,” Will bit his lip.

Nico suddenly stopped moving his fingers, “W-Will truth or dare?” he asked breathlessly. Will blinked at him.

“Dare.”

“Eat me out,” Nico said, voice unwavering. Will felt a wave of want go through him and he was between Nico’s legs in seconds, pushing them up to the boy’s chest. He licked a hungry stripe across the boy’s stretched hole and Nico cried out, his toes curling.

Will wasn’t gentle as he shoved his tongue inside the boy, swirling it around, roughly thrusting it in and out. Nico lost in, thrashing against the covers.

“D-Deeper. I want your tongue deeper i-inside me,” he moaned, legs thrown over Will’s shoulders, “G-Gods, Will...Will, Will, Will-

And the it was over. Nico came all over his stomach, his hole convulsing, and Will exploded in his pants, and then proceeded to pass out.

The morning after was weird, to say the least.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys !
Chapter 4 of my original work is up and it has some NSFW and smut soon to come and ye please check it out thanks xx
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
Living Young and Wild and Free

AgeDifference!au with older Leo and younger Percy? Percy is, like, 10 and Leo is about 20 years old when they first met (like, their family's close or something). Percy was once a thin, short (shorter than Leo) and bratty kid who loves riling Leo and calling him an old man. But after 7 years where they get to meet again, Percy's changed so much Leo can't even recognize him. Percy's so tall (and he never fails to make Leo realize it every time) and so lean (and so gorgeous) while the only thing that's growing on Leo is his butt. When Leo's love life is almost down to zero, he's pretty sure Percy could already make a book for his. After some time, Percy confessed. Leo is stubborn because Percy's not even legal yet. Percy is just as stubborn too and he doesn't stop, even coming to the point of subtly disturbing Leo's blind dates (set by his friends because he's the only one who isn't settled yet). Cute and happy ending please. For Halley.

Leo was leaning against the wall of the house, sipping a beer out of a bottle. The twenty year old was listening to his best friend, Bianca, rant about something. She had invited Leo to his family barbeque and now the Latino watched with interest as dozens of people walked around the garden, lit by fairy-lights. Leo was an orphan and an only child so he never really got to experience any of this ‘family’ stuff. He never expected it to make his heart feel so warm, to be part of a family. Bianca’s brother was here with his blonde boyfriend, so Leo didn’t feel so much like an outsider. Her other sister, Hazel, and her husband Frank were currently busy chasing their brood of pretty children across the garden while the elders of the house lounged around the barbeque.

“And so I told her that I don’t get why she’s being so insecure since I love only her!” the Italian girl said in frustration, chugging some of her beer. Leo snickered,

“Listen, it’s double the competition for her,” he said, “after all you like boys and girls, and Zoe’s just a lesbian so you don’t have to worry about her every chasing some dick.”

Bianca rolled her eyes, “With Zoe I’m not even thinking about dick, much less chasing it.”

“You just need to explain it to her,” Leo shook his head, “Though honestly I think she’ll always mind, even when you’re old and wrinkly and nobody will want your pussy except for each other.”

Bianca wrinkled her nose, “‘Pussy’ sounds so weird coming out of your mouth.”

“What’s pussy?” a voice asked.

Both Bianca’s and Leo’s eyes snapped down, to where a little kid was standing in front of them. He was stick thin with messy black hair and curious blue eyes, staring up at the two.

“Oh,” Bianca said, “Leo, this is Percy. He’s my auntie’s Sally’s son.”

“What’s pussy?” the child – Percy – repeated.
“Uh, don’t worry kid,” Leo said anxiously, scared of getting in trouble. Little Percy frowned,

“I’m not a kid,” he said stubbornly, “I’m ten! I’m a man!”

“You’re a kid,” Leo rolled his eyes, because he hated kids, “I’m a man.”

“You’re an old man!” Percy said, sticking out his tongue. Leo gaped at him in shock and Bianca snickered. The Latino squatted down so he was face to face with the little boy, who was looking at him in defiance. At times like this Leo hated being so small for his age, because he was not intimidating at all.

“I’m actually a leprechaun,” he said dramatically, in a hushed whisper, “and I’ll steal all your toothfairy money.”

“The toothfairy isn’t real,” Percy laughed, “and you’re a pussy,” and then he bounded off, clearly bored by the conversation. Leo stared after him and looked up at Bianca.

“Jesus Christ.”

***

Leo had no idea what he was doing here, supervising a Halloween part. Oh right – getting paid. He couldn’t believe how low he fell; you’d think after getting a degree in mechanical engineering Leo would get work immediately, and instead he had to move into a goddamn social flat and scrape by getting gigs like this – being a supervisor at a high school Halloween party.

“Ew! Go away!” Leo heard a screech over the loud music, breaking him out of his thoughts. He turned around and saw a little boy dressed in a white button up shirt pushing away a red-head girl in a mermaid tail. I know that kid, Leo realised, striding over.

“Oi, what’s going on here?” he demanded. When the kid looked over his eyes widened in recognition, “You’re Percy, right?” Leo remembered, even though it’s been two years since that barbeque at Bianca’s. Since then the kid got even skinnier and a little taller, though not by much.

“I’m Ariel!” the little girl proclaimed, “and he’s Eric! He has to kiss me!”

“Back off, kiddo,” Leo said, unamused, “You can’t force him to kiss you.”

“Thank you!” Percy exclaimed. The girl glared at Leo,

“Whatever, old man,” she snapped, and scampered off. Leo shook his head at twelve year olds these days and looked at Percy,

“You okay kiddo?”

“I’m not a kid,” Percy snapped. Leo rolled his eyes,

“Alright, whatever. What kind of costume is Eric anyway?”

Leo glared, “I wanted to be Ariel but they didn’t have a boy costume. And then I wanted to be a fish but they didn’t have that costume at all.”

“Damn, you’re really weird,” Leo shook his head.

“Whatever, old man,” Percy grumbled, walking away. Leo swore he heard him mutter ‘Pussy’ under his breath.
Leo knew this house was too good to be true. It was a two bedroom, painted white, beautiful, in a nice neighbourhood with the canal running behind it. It was clean, cheap and close to everywhere. And somehow Leo, at twenty seven, could afford it. But of course there had to be a catch; a normal millenial couldn’t afford such a house in London, so Leo assumed it was illegal or that the house was haunted or that he’d have some unexpected housemates.

He didn’t realise that he would be living next to a university accommodation.

The first chance Leo got to meet his new neighbours was the first night he spent at his new house, with all the boxes stacked up and not unpacked yet. He was peacefully passed out in his new bed, happy as can be, when the music woke him up. It was so loud that the glass in Leo’s windows were shaking. His first thought as he jolted awake, heart pounding, was that he was transported back to the 40’s and an air raid was happening, or magically there was an earthquake in the middle of London. However upon closer inspection he realised it was neither, but in fact Tom Zanetti playing from...the house next door.

Leo sat up and rubbed his face as he was fully pulled from his sleep. He wasn’t twenty anymore – loud music at night got on his nerves unless it was down at the club. Annoyed and knowing he had to go down to the house and tell them to turn it the fuck down, Leo shuffled to the door. He flicked the light on and glanced at himself in the mirror; his hair was sticking up at weird angles and there were bags under his eyes. In other news he was a mess, but he didn’t care that much. After all what was the worst that could happen – he just had to face a few drunk teenagers.

The man pulled a jumper over his head and ventured outside, touching the keys in his pocket to make sure they were there (he had locked himself out countless times). The second he was outside of the house the cold air hit him and he shivered. Lights and music spilled from the house next door, disrupting the dark peace of the rest of the street. There were some teenagers loitering around in the front yard, laughing and smoking. Someone was puking in the corner. Leo quickly climbed over the wall separating the two yard and immediately bumped into a heavily making out couple.

“Uh, yo, lovebirds. Who’s house is this?” he asked, nudging the guy in the shoulder.

The two pulled apart. The girl was blonde and pretty, the guy tall and handsome, so much that Leo was taken aback for a moment.

“We all live together here,” the girl giggled, and the guy squinted at Leo, making him a little uncomfortable, “Me and Pipes and Jason and Calypso and Reyna and Percy.”

“Leo?” the guy finally spoke, his words a little slurred.

Leo cocked an eyebrow, “Do I know you?”

The guy grinned, “It’s me Percy!”

“Bianca’s Percy?” Leo’s eyes widened. Percy started laughing,

“Shit, yeah! Damn, the world really is small!” his girl was clearly bored and walked off but Percy looked like an excited puppy, “You haven’t changed a bit!”

“Can’t say the same for you, superman,” Leo said, giving Percy’s muscular biceps a pointed look. He had to crane his neck up to look the kid in the eyes, “When the hell did you get so tall?”

“Like last year,” Percy shrugged, “Want a drink?”
“How old are you, like seventeen?” Leo asked.

Percy pouted, “Don’t be a killjoy, old man.”

“Still sticking to that, eh?” Leo winced, “actually I came to ask you guys to turn the music the fuck down.”

“Have a drink with me and I’ll turn it down,” Percy winked and a fleeting thought went through Leo’s head – Oh my God is he flirting with me? – but he quickly dismissed it as absurd.

“Nice try, kiddo.”

“Don’t be a killjoy,” the kid said with an easy laugh. It was clear that he was the confident, popular type. And from what Leo could see he got girls. He suddenly felt stupidly self-conscious standing there in his sweatpants and a jumper. When Percy offered him a red solo cup he took it gingerly and took a swig. Immediately his mouth and throat were on fire and he started coughing.

“What the actual fuck is that?!”

“Absolute vodka,” Percy cackled, “Kills, doesn’t it?” he reached into his pocket and pulled out a half-smoked packet of cigarettes, “Want a fag?”

“Jesus, you’re seventeen,” Leo couldn’t believe the practically man standing in front of him, towering over him, was the same brat running around at barbecues and Halloween parties.

“Take that as a no,” Percy said and stuck the cigarette in his mouth, lighting it. Leo flinched from the smoke.

“You really have grown, huh,” he mused, looking at the boy inhale gracefully.

“You haven’t,” Percy exhaled a cloud of dusty smoke and grinned devilishly, “The only thing that’s grown is your bum, but I must say you’re looking good.”

Leo felt himself blush bright red because nobody ever flirted with him, especially not gorgeous boys ten years younger than him. He’s fucking joking, Leo told himself, what am I even doing here? I’m a grown ass man.

“Turn the music down, Percy,” Leo said dryly, and then jumped over the wall and stormed back inside him house. Percy didn’t turn the music down.

***

It was a Monday. Leo hated Mondays. Annoyed, he woke up and pushed open the window to his bedroom, yawning and stretching. The skies were bleak and grey, heavy with clouds. The man stuck his head outside to feel the breeze on his face. His eyes scanned his garden, and he decided he needed to cut the grass (God, he was such an old person). Then his eyes, by chance, landed on the garden of the house next door.

Percy was stretched out on the grass, sunglasses perched on his nose, arms folded casually behind his head, completely naked. Leo screamed.

“Good morning!” Percy waved at him as the Latino slapped his hands over his eyes.

“What the fuck?!” he demanded, voice a pitch higher than normal.

“Beautiful day, isn’t it?” Percy asked, but Leo had already turned away from him. Not that it made a
difference – the image of the boy’s tanned, muscular body was burned into the man’s mind. Including his impressive co-

“The sun isn’t even out!” Leo yelled, “put some goddamn clothes on!” and with that the Latino slammed the window shut, blushing.

***

A month had passed of Leo living next to the university accommodation and it was...interesting, at best. Leo was constantly met with intoxicated teenagers, police asking him if he was the one making the noise complaint (he never was) and, worse of all, Percy’s constant flirting that Leo was sure was some kind of joke.

One Saturday he was sitting curled up on his couch like a cat, watching the Last Kingdom on Netflix and contemplating having an early night when he heard the music next door start up and cars start to pull up. At this point it didn’t faze him anymore and he could sleep through the vibrations of his walls.

After about twenty minutes of the noise increasing there was a sudden knock on Leo’s door. The man sighed and went over to open it and tell the police officer outside that no, he didn’t make a noise complaint. However when the door opened he saw Percy standing in his doorway, grinning at him. Once again Leo was blown away at how hot the guy was, and then immediately felt guilty for thinking that. The boy was wearing a tank top that revealed his biceps and his impressive pecks, hair swept artfully to the side.

“Hey, Leo.”

“Hey kid what do you want?” Leo asked, “if you’re trying to bribe me again to not call the cops it ain’t gonna work.”

“Actually, I was gonna ask you if you want to come over,” Percy said casually. Leo blinked at him. “What?” he asked, “Percy, I’m ten years older than everyone there.”


“Gee, thanks,” Leo rolled his eyes, “But I’ll pass.”

“Oh come on,” Percy made puppy dog eyes at the man, “I really want you there.”

“I don’t think I’m dressed appropriately,” Leo said, glancing down at his ratty hoodie and jeans and mis-matched socks. Percy smiled.

“You look adorable.”

Leo made a face, “Jesus.”

“C’mon maybe you can pick up some girls,” Percy said.

“I’m not picking up kids that’s just wrong,” Leo said.

“Well then come drink, c’mon, don’t be a pussy.”

And so now here he was, leaning against the wall in Percy’s dark hallway. There was a couple making out to Leo’s left, and lights flashing from the living room, which had been changed to a dance floor. A beer pong table was set up outside, and from everywhere came laughter and music.
And Leo was pretty drunk. His tolerance wasn’t the same as it had been when he was a teenager and everything was spinning even as he leaned against the wall for support. Several people – mostly guys – had tried chatting him up but Leo shot them all down with a simple ‘I’m twenty seven.’ He felt horribly out of place, like an old man, and drinking seemed to help.

Until Percy popped up in front of him.

“Having fun?” he shouted over the music, leaning close so Leo could hear him.

“Yeah, I guess,” Leo called back, not wanting Percy to force him to have fun. The boy plucked the solo cup from the man and took a sip, grinning, “Absolute vodka?”

“No idea,” Leo slurred.

“You’re drunk!” Percy proclaimed, leaning in so his breath brushed against Leo’s ear. The boy shivered.

“A little,” Leo admitted, and Percy didn’t pull away. Instead he reached down and took Leo’s hand, “Let’s go upstairs, I can’t hear anything!” the dark haired boy yelled. Leo was tempted, but then he reminded himself that Percy was a teenager and that they were both drunk. He shook his head.

“I need to go home,” he yelled. Percy nodded.

“I’ll walk you out!” he said, and pulled Leo to the door. There were some people in the front yard (as usual) but instead of pulling Leo to the gate, Percy turned him around and pressed the man’s back against the wall, trapping him.

Leo felt very short and small in that moment, and despite being older he felt weirdly submissive, with Percy hands on either side of his head.

“Percy what are you doing?” Leo frowned, his vision unclear. Percy leaned down and his breath brushed Leo’s lips. The man gasped and turned his head, his heart jumping in his chest, and Percy’s mouth landed on his cheek.

The Latino dashed underneath his arm and clumsily climbed over the wall, heart pounding. “Leo!” Percy yelled after him and the man dug out his keys, shakily inserting them into his door and slipping into the safety of his house.

He leaned against the door and tried to catch his breath, his head spinning, his stomach twisting. Percy had just tried to kiss him! The thought was impossible for Leo to wrap his head around. Percy – who used to be a brat – wanted to kiss him. The worst part was that Leo had wanted it, just a little bit.

***

Leo avoided Percy for two days after that, just paranoid about seeing the boy and having to face what happened. It brought up Leo’s years in high school, where he was the short, chubby class clown, and where all the boys took the piss out of him and nobody would ever look twice at him in a million year. He was scared that Percy would blow the whole thing off and be cruel and rude about it and make Leo more embarrassed than he already was.

But of course he couldn’t just wallow in his mystery because two days after the party there was another knock on Leo’s door. It was late afternoon so the boy didn’t even hesitate as he went and opened the door. His stomach dropped to the floor when he saw Percy in the doorway, looking
sheepish.

“Hey,” Percy said.

“Hey,” Leo’s mouth felt dry.

“So...uh, I kinda hoped you’d come round or something so we could talk but,” the boy shoved his hands into the pockets of his hoodie, “but you didn’t. But here I am.”

“Yeah,” Leo said lamely, because his heart was pounding. He didn’t know how to act around Percy, felt all awkward and nervous even though he was older and should have the upper hand.

“I wanted to apologise about the other night,” Percy said, a little quieter, staring at his shoes, “I...I know I tried to kiss you and that was out of order.”

Leo laughed nervously, “No worries, we were both drunk, you probably thought I was someone else.”

“No,” Percy looked up, frowning, “I knew it was you. I wanted to kiss you,” he gave him a sad, lopsided smile, “and I kind of thought you might want it to. I was wrong. I’m sorry if it felt like I was pushing myself onto you.”

Leo felt his face burning, “Why do you want to kiss me?”


Leo cocked his eyebrow, “You do realise how weird that is? A seventeen year old taking a twenty seven year old out for dinner.”

“It’s not that weird,” Percy shrugged, “I have savings, I work. I can afford to take you to dinner.”

“This is starting to sound suspiciously like a date.”

“It is what you make it,” Percy winked. Before Leo could politely decline he started walking backwards, “I’ll come pick you up at eight!” and then he was gone and Leo was left, stunned and confused, in the doorway.

***

“...Eric. I mean who comes dressed as Eric?” Leo snickered and Percy openly laughed, before shoving more pasta in his mouth. They were in a little Italian place close to their houses, nice enough while still being affordable. And Leo was horrified to find that he was having fun.

“It sounded like a good idea at the time,” Percy rolled his eyes, “but I really wanted to be a fish.”

“What is with you and water?” Leo shook his head. Percy shrugged.

“So what have you been up to? Last time I saw you my mom said you were freshly out of uni.”

“Yeah,” Leo made a face, “weird that I was at university ten years ago. I did mechanical engineering and now I have a little shop in central.”

“That’s crazy,” Percy grinned.

“So how come you’re in uni at seventeen?” Leo asked.
“Uh...dunno, got an unconditional offer, asked if I could go a year early. They said yeah, so here I am.”

“And you’re doing...?”

“Marine biology,” Percy grinned. Leo’s eyes widened,

“Woah, seriously? You don’t look like a guy who would.”

“I’m offended,” Percy took a sip of his coke and grinned charmingly at Leo. The man felt butterflies erupt in his stomach and he felt as if they were actually on a date, “Listen,” Percy cleared his throat, “I know this is weird but I really want to talk to you about the other night.”

“What about it?” Leo asked, eyes dropping to his almost empty plate. He felt weirdly shy.

“I just...I like you, Leo,” Percy said sincerely, “Like a lot. Like, I think you’re really adorable and I kind of-“

“Stop,” Leo interrupted, before his heart jumped out of his chest, “I...Percy whatever you want from me, I can’t give it to you,” he looked at the younger boy, who looked like someone had kicked him, “You’re a kid, you’re not even legal. It’s just wrong, whatever you might want. I can’t...I just can’t.”


The walk home was tense. Guess it was a date after all.

***

Leo felt horrible for turning Percy down. He stopped thinking of him as that kid he used to know weeks ago and yet something stopped him from allowing the boy anywhere near him. Leo had plenty rocky relationships in the past, and honestly he was just scared of catching feelings for Percy, especially since he was younger, good-looking and confident.

Leo was sleeping and, for once, the house next door was completely, when the ringing of his phone violently woke him up. Sleepily, eyes still closed, Leo dug it out from under his pillow and picked up, pressing it to his ear.

“Hello?” he asked groggily.

“Leo?”

The Latino sat up immediately, “Percy?” he asked, surprised. He had given the kid his number two months ago, when he first moved in, for emergencies. Now he was regretting it.

“I...I...um, can you come get me?” Percy asked shakily from the other side.

“What?” Leo’s mind was still asleep, “Get you from where? What’s wrong?”

“I was at a party and it got s-shut down and now I’m in Cambridge and-“

“Cambridge?!” Leo exclaimed, “What the fuck are you doing in Cambridge?!”

“I just told you,” Percy said, and he sounded anxious and...scared. Christ, he’s just a kid, “There’s really dodgy people around and Jason got arrested, and Annabeth and Piper disappeared-“

“It’s alright,” Leo slid from his bed, “I’m going to come get you, send me your address.”
“I don’t know the address.”

Leo sighed, tugging on a coat while pressing the phone between his shoulder and ear. “Find a street corner with a post code. I’ll come get you.”

***

Leo’s car pulled into a dingy, dark, quiet alleyway, away from the rest of the cute, small street Cambridge. Percy was just a dark figure sitting on the street corner, head in his hands. He looked small and young when Leo flashed his lights at him, looking at the car with wide, scared eyes. He relaxed visibly when he saw that it was Leo and clumsily got to his feet, stumbling as he got into the passenger’s seat.

“Are you drunk?” Leo demanded, a little angry as he started the car again.

Percy shrugged, “Yes,” he slurred, “Thanks for coming.”

“Do your seatbelt up,” Leo grumbled, wondering how the fuck he got himself into this mess in the first place, “You know, I thought something happened to you.”

“I’m sorry,” Percy mumbled, “I was cold. And scared. Some dude was hitting on me.”

Leo sighed tiredly, “There’s a bottle somewhere next to your feet, drink it.”

“Okay,” Percy said tiredly, but didn’t move, “Leo?”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

“This is a onetime thing,” Leo grumbled as he pulled out of the small town. He was back on the quiet, small roads, with fields stretching out on either side, blanketed in darkness, and a house appearing every few turns. It was a quiet, isolated place.

Which is where his car decided to break down. It gave a little fart of exhaustion and then suddenly all the lights flickered off and it came to a stop at the side of the road. Leo looked at the darkness ahead in shock as Percy jolted from his little nap.

“We there?” he slurred, sitting up, looking...like a messy teenager.

“The car just ran out of gas,” Leo said faintly, feeling his hands started to shake.

Percy frowned, “You’re a mechanic, fix it,” he mumbled.

“I can’t just created gas out of nowhere!” he snapped, and pulled out his phone, “I’m gonna Google the closest station...oh, fucking great. No signal,” he rested his forehead against the steering wheel and sighed, feeling the last of his strength ease out of him. He could feel Percy looking at him.

“I’m sorry,” the boy sounded small.

“I’m not your fault, kid,” Leo sat back and rubbed his eyes. He was so tired. He thought about how he could be in his warm bed right now and wanted to cry. It was starting to get cold in the car, “I guess it’s either sleeping here or walking.”

“I’ll sleep here,” Percy declared, and then clumsily slithered between the seats to the back. Leo didn’t even try and stop him as he leaned back, “Oh look! You’re so prepared – you even have a blanket.”
“Yeah,” Leo hugged himself, shivering as the air cooled. He couldn’t believe he was in this situation.

“What are you still doing there?” Percy asked, “There’s plenty of space here.”

Leo glanced at him, stretched out on the backseat, “You’re crazy. We won’t both fit there, idiot.”

“Yeah we will,” Percy grinned and pulled back the blanket invitingly, “You’re small, we can spoon.”

“Oh God,” Leo groaned.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Percy’s expression softened, “I won’t try anything, okay?”

“Fine,” Leo grumbled, because he reckoned it was better than freezing to death. Uncertainly he climbed to the back and shrugged off his shoes. There was a tiny sliver of space left next to Percy and sceptically Leo tried to lie in it.

“Wait, turn to face me,” Percy instructed, seeming more sober now. Hesitantly, Leo lied down so his face was in Percy’s chest. The lower part of his body was hanging halfway to the floor, “Here,” without asking Percy grabbed Leo’s thigh and hauled him up. Leo squeaked as Percy threw one of the man’s legs over his waist. It was intimate and embarrassing but weirdly comfortable, “This okay?”

“Yeah, whatever,” Leo buried his face in Percy’s chest to hide his blush, “Just go to sleep.”

Percy wrapped a muscular arm around the man’s middle, “So you won’t fall,” he said softly, pulling Leo a little closer. The Latino could feel the boy’s hearting fast, and it made him feel a little better. Percy rested his chin on top of Leo’s head, his other arm coming around his back and shoulders.

Leo felt stupidly protected.

***

Leo didn’t understand how life could change so much in the space of four months. In February he had been excited about moving into a new house that was closer to his mechanics shop, and now he was living next to University accommodation, next to a seventeen year old who had feelings for him (feelings that could possibly be mutual) and now Leo had agreed to a fucking blind date.

Goddamnit Bianca.

It wasn’t that Leo wanted to stop being single. As far as he was concerned he was okay with being alone, because virtually nobody would ever go for him (except the seventeen year old next door), so he never really bothered. But Bianca had insisted that he needs to settle down because he’s almost thirty (how depressing) and set him up with some friend of hers. Leo hated to admit it but the only reason he said yes to the date was because the week before he had seen Percy and Annabeth snogging outside their house during a party again. That hurt, and just caused Leo to be more confused about the feelings he had for Percy.

So here he was, sitting in Bill’s, opposite his date. The guy was...attractive. His name was Alabaster, and he was tall and brunette and Leo’s age. But there was something unbearably old about him, and his conversation with Leo was along the lines of ‘Don’t you want to settle down?’ ‘I always wanted a summer wedding’ and ‘what do you think of adoption?’

Honestly Leo was uncomfortable; their drinks had just come and he didn’t think he could stand spending the whole night with this guy. He was nice enough but Leo didn’t want kids and a shared
mortgage and a new car, he didn’t want to marry our of convenience...being with Alabaster just reminded him of his age, and made Leo feel as if his whole life had passed already. It was depressing.

“Sorry have you decided?” a waiter asked and both Leo looked up while Alabaster glanced at the menu. The Latino’s eyes widened when he saw that the girl who served them before was gone and instead Percy stood over them, looking as surprised as Leo, a little pad of paper in his hand, “Leo,” he said, “What are you doing here?”

Leo felt blood rush to his face, “I’m...on a date.”

Alabaster looked up, “You know this kid?” he asked the Latino. Leo could see Percy get angry as he turned to Alabaster.

“I’m his boyfriend,” he seethed.

“Oh my God,” Leo started, but Percy interrupted him, putting a hand on the Latino’s shoulder,

“Yeah, we’re dating. So why don’t you fuck off and leave him alone?”

“Alabaster its not-,” Leo shrugged Percy’s hand off.

“No, no, I understand,” Alabaster got to his feet, “Clearly I got the wrong idea,” he seemed furious as he turned on his foot and stormed out. Leo felt fury explode in his stomach as he turned to Percy, who looked pleased with himself.

“What the fuck?” he seethed at the boy.

“What?”

“Why did you do that?” Leo was so angry that his hands were shaking. Percy might’ve noticed because he suddenly looked guilty.

“I...I’m sorry. I just...I couldn’t stand thinking that you two might date-“

“Thats not for you to decide,” Leo hissed, standing up and pushing at Percy’s chest to get him to move away. He was thankful that the restaurant was mostly empty, “You’re just a stupid kid that lives next door nothing more. I will never want you Percy so just leave me alone.”

Leo knew his words were harsh when he saw the pain bloom in the boy’s eyes. He stepped away and looked down, couldn’t bear to meet Leo’s eyes. The Latino now felt guilty as well as angry and hurt.

“I’m sorry,” Percy whispered.

Leo walked out.

***

Now it was Percy’s turn to avoid Leo, and the Latino didn’t know if he was glad or upset by it. He started looking at new houses online, or even just flats, because he didn’t think he’d be able to stand living so close to the kid anymore.

When Bianca set him up on another date with another guy Leo was reluctant to go, but then he thought that maybe meeting someone new – hooking up with them – would make his weird, contradictory feelings for Percy go away.
But of course, there were always obstacles. The man walked out of his house on a Friday night, surprised the house next door wasn’t having a party, but in their defence it was the beginning of June and exam season was well underway. Percy was sitting on his front step with a textbook in his lap, smoking a cigarette and enjoying the last rays of sunlight. Seeing him made Leo’s heart ache and he knew that he wanted the boy, and that he had to make sure that never happened.

Percy looked up when he heard Leo close his door and for a second they just stared at each other. They hadn’t spoken to each other since Percy ruined Leo’s date with Alabaster...though in his defence that date was pretty much ruined anyway.

“Hi,” Percy said eventually, giving Leo a shy smile.

“Hi,” Leo replied, smoothing down his shirt, “Uh...you studying?” he asked, because he still felt bad about going off on Percy that night. The kid nodded,

“Yeah. Biology is hard, man,” he grinned, “and everyone else is at some party in Central and I’m stuck here, studying.”

“That sucks,” Leo said sympathetically, “Well...have fun.”

“Thanks,” Leo took two steps to his front gate when his phone suddenly buzzed. He looked down at it and his heart dropped.

Date guy: Hey! Sorry something came up :( I don't think i can make it tonight im so sorry xx another day?

Leo sighed and locked his phone without replying, turning back to his house.

“Plan change?” Percy asked, just making Leo feel worse.

“Date cancelled,” he said and walked to his door.

“Oh,” was all Percy said, sounding vaguely hurt. God, when is he going to get over me? It’s been months...Leo bit his lip as he dug into his pocket for his key. He found his phone, wallet, earphones, oyster card...and no keys.

“Fuck,” he rested his forehead against his front door.

“What?” Percy asked, a little worried.

“I forgot my keys,” Leo grumbled.

Percy snickered and Leo glared at him, “Sorry, sorry,” Percy said with a grin, “That’s just...such a kid thing to do.”

“Shut it, kid.”

“Sorry, old man,” Percy was still smiling, “You can sleep at mine if you want.”

Leo snorted, “No way.”

“I won’t do anything,” Percy held his hands up in surrender, “I promise.”

Leo looked at him and then at his locked, dark house. The sun had set and it would be fully dark soon. All of Leo’s friends lived far and had kids and families, and he didn’t want to bother them.
“Fine,” he grumbled, climbing over the wall. Percy’s smile widened.

***

Leo felt weirdly vulnerable in Percy’s clothes. The University hoodie the boy had given him to sleep in was several sizes too big and paired with the sweatpants made Leo feel like a teenager again. Not a good feeling.

“You sure you don’t want any of the other’s rooms?” Percy asked from the doorway as Leo got comfortable on the couch.

“No, it’s fine,” the Latino said, pulling a blanket over himself. Percy bit his lip.

“Do you want water? Or tea?”

“Percy,” Leo looked at him, “I’m fine. Thank you.”

Percy nodded and hesitated, “Well...good night then.”

“Night, kiddo,” Leo said, and Percy switched the light off for him, closing the door and drowning the living room in darkness. Leo closed his eyes and fall asleep, but all he could think about was Percy.

The kid had been nothing but appropriate all night, borrowing Leo clothes and giving him some leftover Chinese. He hadn’t tried to touch him or making suggestive remarks or anything else, which Leo was thankful for. He needed to sort things out in his head without Percy’s constant flirting. He knew that he fancied the boy, the issue was that he now had to figure out how to get rid of those feelings before he got himself into something even more complicated, where he and Percy would just get hurt.

Leo tossed and turned for about an hour, unable to get any sleep, his mind plagued by thoughts of the teenager. He tensed when he suddenly hear the door open and footsteps approach the couch.

“Leo?” Percy asked softly. For some reason the Latino squeezed his eyes shut and pretended to be asleep. He felt Percy grab the corner of the blanket and pull it all the way to Leo’s chin, before his hand slid over the man’s back. Leo fought a shiver, “I’m sorry,” Percy murmured, “For always being so annoying,” Leo felt a little kiss being pressed to the back of his neck, “I love you,” Percy whispered, and then left the room.

Leo laid in the dark and his heart wouldn’t stop pounding for long, long minutes, as Percy’s words replayed in his head.

***

There was another party next door and another knock on Leo’s door. It was August 18th and honestly the whole summer was just one big party for the University kids. Leo had gotten used to it, and over the last couple of months he and Percy had become...normal. The kid stopped flirting with Leo or sabotaging his dates (which were all shit), but Leo couldn’t forget the confession that he heard the night he slept over at Percy’s.

And his feelings didn’t disappear. Leo learned to live with them, a burden, but bearable. It was hard to see Percy, especially when he was making out with some girls, but Leo supposed he chose that path. The more time passed the more sure the Latino was that Percy lost all feelings for him.

And yet now here he was, standing in Leo’s doorway with a bottle of whiskey, grinning.
“Uh, hi?” Leo said, hearing the thundering music from next door.

“Do you know what day it is?” Percy asked, grinning. Leo’s heart flipped in his chest.

“Uh...Friday?”

“It’s my birthday!” Percy proclaimed.

“Oh. Congratulations,” Leo smiled, “Finally eighteen, eh?”

“Yeah, finally legal,” Percy said, and something gleamed in his eyes, making Leo’s stomach feel weird, “so,” Percy casually held up the whiskey bottle, “I wanted my first drink of the night to be with you.”

“Percy I-,” Leo started, but the kid (well, man now) pushed past him to the kitchen. Leo sighed and closed the door, following him.

“Where are the glasses?” Percy asked.

“Percy I don’t want to drink,” Leo said.

“Aw, killjoy,” Percy pouted but put the bottle down, “Where’s my present?”

Leo arched his eyebrow, “Oh, I’m supposed to get you a present now, eh?”

“Yup,” Percy’s eyes twinkled.

“Well, I don’t have anything. I’ll get you something tomorrow.”

“Actually, there’s something you can give me now,” Percy said innocently. Leo’s heart skipped a beat.

“Oh yeah? And what could that be?”

“A kiss,” Percy said. Leo looked at him in silence.

“Percy-“

“I’m eighteen so don’t use the ‘you’re a kid’ excuse,” Percy interrupted, and sighed, “look, I just...I want to kiss you, just once. Okay? Please? It’s my birthday?”

Leo didn’t know how to say no, couldn’t think of any arguments. He wanted Percy to kiss him, and hated himself for that.


Percy grinned and closed the space between them, “Okay,” he said, crowding Leo in against the wall.

The Latino swallowed uneasily, feeling vulnerable and trapped. Percy’s eyes slid to his mouth and Leo’s hands curled into fists. He was older, he was supposed to know what he was doing, and yet he felt like he had no control.

When Percy leaned forward and kissed him, Leo’s breath hitched in his throat. Percy’s mouth was hesitant, and impossibly warm, and sent a shock of heat through Leo. It was too much too handle – Percy was too close. Leo pulled away,
“There, o-one kiss,” he said shakily. Percy frowned,

“That wasn’t a proper kiss.”

“You didn’t specify,” Leo’s heart was pounding and he tried to duck under Percy’s arm but the boy grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the wall on either side of Leo’s head. The Latino’s heart jumped in his chest, “L-Let go,” he stuttered.

In response Percy kissed him again. This time it was different, the boy’s lips were insistent against Leo’s, rough, dominating. Leo felt his knees go weak when Percy forced his tongue into his mouth, licking everywhere he could until Leo was trembling and dizzy and unable to not respond. It was stronger than him, his desire for Percy. The boy’s hands slid from Leo’s wrists so his arms could wrap around the man’s waist. Leo was lost in the kiss, in the taste of the younger man, and his hands somehow found their way into Percy’s dark hair. They pressed impossibly close to one another, the kiss turning desperate and fiery, bruising.

It was Leo who broke away, knowing if he didn’t he’d completely submit himself to Percy.

“Leo,” Percy said softly, nudging the man’s nose with his own in invitation.

“O-One kiss,” Leo mumbled, trying to catch his breath and avoiding Percy’s eyes, “You have t-to go now.”

“I don’t want to.”

“Percy, you have a party,” Leo said, exasperated, his hands dropping to his sides.

“I don’t care,” Percy said stubbornly, “I rather be here with you.”

“Percy-,” Leo looked at him, and didn’t know what to say. He had no arguments left as to why he shouldn’t be with Percy. He was just scared.

“I love you,” Percy said. Pain exploded in Leo’s chest and he tried to step away but Percy grabbed his shoulders and kept him pressed to the wall, “Leo, I love you.”

“S-Stop it. Shut up,” Leo said shakily.

“I love you,” Percy kissed him again, for a second, before Leo turned his head away, “Fuck I love you.”

Leo managed to break out of his grip. He couldn’t face his feelings, not yet, not now. He threw himself at the stairs, sprinting up. He heard Percy running after him and a part of him wanted the boy to chase him, to force him to admit his feelings, because then he could blame everything on the kid.

Leo made it into his bedroom but before he could slam the door shut Percy found his way inside. The music was loud from next door as Percy closed the door.

“What’s wrong with me?” he asked. Leo backed up against the wall, too shaken up to stand unsupported.

“Nothing’s wrong with you, Percy,” he said gently.

The boy turned to the window, tugging at his hair in desperation, and tears gleamed in his eyes.

“What am I doing?” he whispered, more to himself than to Leo, “I’m scaring you. I’m acting like an idiot,” he stopped to snuffle a little, “Fuck, I’m sorry L-Leo.”
Seeing him like this broke Leo’s heart. Before the Latino knew what he was doing he crossed the room and turned Percy around to face him.

“Don’t cry. It’s okay. I’m not scared,” he said, and Percy just gave him this broken look. Leo pulled the bigger boy into his arms and hugged him, hard. Percy slumped in his arms, and for the first time Leo felt like the older person, like someone the kid could lean on.

“I’m s-sorry,” Percy whispered into Leo’s shoulder, enveloping him in his arms, “I-I’m so s-sorry.”

“Shh, stop apologizing idiot,” Leo rubbed his back comfortingly.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Percy mumbled and Leo pulled away, “I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry—“

The Latino stood on his tiptoes and pressed their mouths together to shut the younger man up. He felt Percy tense and was about to pull away when suddenly the kid’s arms wrapped around him and he pulled him close and kissed him back in the sweetest way, and Leo just gave in.

He walked backwards, pulling Percy with him, until they both landed on the bed, with Percy on top of Leo. The kiss turned sloppy, messy, heated, months of tension were poured into that one kiss and both of the men were soon tugging at each other’s shirts, getting them off alongside their trousers, so skin pressed against naked skin.

Leo realised they were going to have sex when he felt Percy’s erection against his thigh as the boy sucked hickeys into his neck.

“H-Hey,” he said shakily, shaking a little, “Shouldn’t I be on top? Since I’m o-older—“

Percy pulled back and his eyes were dark with lust. He reached down and stroked Leo’s flushed cheek, before pushing hair out of his eyes, “No. Let me take care of you. I...just lie there, and let me do all the work, okay?” he asked, and kissed Leo without waiting for a reply. Leo kissed back just as eagerly.

***

He woke up to rain patting on the window. Typical English weather. The Latino yawned and felt his bones crack as he rolled over. Percy was already awake and looking at him, a smile on his lips, deepening the wrinkles on his face. He cupped Leo’s cheek and leaned in to kiss him.

“Happy fifty-seventh birthday, baby,” he murmured. Leo grinned and brushed his nose against Percy’s.

“I can’t believe I’m that old,” he grumbled.

“Shhh, it’s not that bad,” Percy grinned.

“Easy for you to say, you’re not even fifty yet, kiddo.”

“Shut it, old man,” Percy said, and with smiles they met each other halfway for a kiss.
Kronos strode into the interrogation room on the *Princess Andromeda*. The body of Luke was a comfortable one, and Kronos decided he quite liked possessing it. The boy was young and fit, and when Kronos took over he felt his own strengths surge. However with this body came some of Luke’s less than desirable feelings; like his arguably weird obsession with Percy Jackson.

Which was why Kronos’ priorities for the war were jeopardised as his priorities shifted to the son of Poseidon. Endlessly the Titan captured and lost the Demigod, keeping him in chains and handcuffs and blindfolds never made a difference, eventually the boy would always escape. Kronos knew keeping him prisoner on a ship would never work – the boy was part of the sea and the moment he found his way onto the deck he would simply throw himself into the waves, and Kronos would be left to eagerly await their next meeting.

Once more, the boy was on the *Princess Andromeda*. He hung in the interrogation room, arms stretched over his head, suspended from the ceiling on a heavy iron chain so his feet barely touched the ground. Two Empousai stood guard by him, snickering to each other as the Demigod glared at them with his fierce blue eyes. Seeing him made Kronos’ stomach erupt with butterflies – a stupid, human reaction that he was unable to rid himself of.

“Well, well, well,” Kronos taunted, sauntering into the room. Percy’s eyes glared at him with heat that made anticipation bloom inside the man, “We meet again.”

“Kronos,” Percy spat his name.

“Leave us,” the Titan ordered the Empousai. The two inclined their heads with respect and slithered out of the room. Kronos approached Percy, hanging from the ceiling, “Look at you, all weak and vulnerable, at my mercy once more.”

“Until I escape you again,” Percy hissed.

“Oh, so sure that will happen?” Kronos taunted, circling Percy. He saw the boy shiver and that filled him with pleasure as his eyes eagerly slid over the boy’s body.
“It always does. If you’re so confident and powerful then why don’t you free me and make this a fair fight?”

Kronos laughed, “I am far too old for your tricks, Demigod,” he gloated, finishing his circle and standing in front of Percy, looking at him like a prey. The Titan had to admit – the Demigod was gorgeous. Deadly, dangerous, yes, but gorgeous.

Kronos enjoyed having deadly, dangerous, gorgeous Demigods as his captives. He now understood Luke’s infatuation with this boy, he was unlike anyone Kronos had encountered in his millennia’s of existing. The man reached out, unable to stop himself, and touched Percy’s face. The boy flinched away from him, his expression unreadable. Kronos didn’t remove his hand, instead cupping his cheek and forcing the Demigod to look at him.

Percy’s eyes were angry and his brows furrowed as he glared at Kronos, who stroked his cheek gently, aware that his own expression was soft and that he had a foolish smile on his face. Yes, foolish, foolish...that’s what Percy made him.

“I’ve missed you,” Kronos murmured, his heart flooding with emotion. He had become too human...it was like the thousands of years he felt nothing suddenly built up immensely, and all his feelings were focused on the boy in front of him. Percy’s eyes darted to the door, “Shut up.”

“You scared somebody will hear?” Kronos asked, and leaned forward to kiss the Demigod. Percy turned his head to the side so the Titan’s mouth landed on his cheek. He sighed and stepped back, before walking to the door and locked it, “There, now it’s just me and you.”

Percy snorted, “Is that meant to be reassuring?”

Kronos lifted his hand up and waved it over the chains holding Percy’s up. The shackles fell apart and Percy slumped, stumbling a little. On instinct the Titan reached out and wrapped an arm around the Demigod’s waist to stop him from falling.

Percy threw his arms around his neck and drew him down for a heated, passionate kiss. Kronos smiled and easily picked the boy up, his celestial strength making the Demigod in his arms as light as a feather. Percy instantly wrapped his legs around Kronos’ waist, his hands sliding into his blonde hair as Kronos held him up against the wall, their tongues sliding together. The kiss naturally slowed down after a few moments of the two desperately clinging onto each other, until Kronos pulled back.

Percy was looking at him fondly, brushing his hair from his face, “I missed you too.”
If You Could Take My Pulse Right Now...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friends to lovers fic where Nico is helping Will with some kind of medical certification training (this could be a college au too. Also maybe Will asks the group if anybody could help him out with his training and somebody, probs Jason and Percy, volunteer Nico) and Nico helps out. It starts with Will taking pulse points and Nico grow to love the physical contact with Will and eventually after a while kissing results for Audrey

Nico was sitting down in the library of the university with his friends around him, nestled between two shelves of books, pouring over their respective homeworks and talking in hushed voices.

Annabeth’s tongue was sticking out of her mouth as she knelt over an A5 piece of paper, sketching a 3D design of what was starting to look like a sky-scraper. Percy was solving a marine biology quiz that looked complicated to Nico who was planning his essay for English Lit class. Jason and Piper were currently out on the track, practising for Jason’s upcoming physical education test. Nico glanced up from his essay and saw that Leo was twisting wires together to create a construction.

“What exactly are you doing exactly?” the Italian asked. Leo looked at him and shrugged, “Homework,” he said simply.

“Don’t let the librarian see you or you’ll get banned again,” Annabeth said, not even looking up as she grabbed a compass and gracefully drew a circle in the centre of her paper, before annotating it.

Just then Will Solace appeared between the bookshelves, looking tired. Nico’s heart jumped in his chest and he had to look away before he started blushing. Will was his best friend, but he was also the guy that Nico had a massive crush on. It would be hard not to – Will was gorgeous, sweet and funny. The Italian was determined not to let him know about his feelings though, scared of rejection. And nowadays he couldn’t even look at the blonde.

“Hey, Solace,” Annabeth said as the blonde collapsed next to her, “Why the long face?”

“We have to do an experiment for bio,” Will grumbled, leaning against the bookshelf.

“What’s so hard about that?” Percy asked, also looking up. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about
their homework so Nico also put his books to the side, glancing at Will every few seconds, trying not to make it obvious that he was staring.

“I need a second person for it,” Will gave a pleading smile to the group, “It’s about pulse points. I need to check them once when someone’s calm, and then again after they go for a run or something like that.”

“Oh I know about pulse points. You’re not touching me up,” Annabeth snorted.

“Why don’t you take Nico?” Leo asked casually.

In that moment the Italian wanted to kill him. Somehow the Latino had figured out Nico’s feelings for Will and now did his best to put the Italian in uncomfortable situations with the blonde. As subtly as he could Nico glared at him but Will looked at him with hope.

“Could you please?” he asked.

“Uh...I don’t know...I don’t...,” Nico stuttered. Will grabbed his hand, “Please!” he gushed dramatically, “You’re my only hope of passing this term!”

Nico’s heart thudded in his chest, “I...yeah. Okay. I guess.”

***

Regrets, regrets...so many regrets. Nico was perched on the end of Will’s bed as the other boy prepared some sort of sheets to fill out the Italian’s pulse, drawing a hurried table on it. The problem was; Nico’s heart was already pounding so the results would be wrong anyway. He couldn’t imagine his pulse remaining steady with Will touching him.

Of course they couldn’t have done this in some field in the middle of the day. No, it had to be nighttime, and the lights had to be low in Will’s room, rain battered insistently on the window, adding to the isolated feel of the situation. It had to be so fucking intimate.

“You sure you’re okay with this?” Will asked, putting down his pen and paper. Nico swallowed and nodded and when the blonde reached out he flinched away without meaning to.

“I just...my pulse is probably all over the place right now because I’m nervous...”

“Why?” Will smiled an adorable, oblivious smile, “I’m just gonna be checking your pulse. Here, let’s start with the temporal artery,” he said and pressed two fingers to the side of Nico’s forehead. That’s okay, the Italian told himself as Will shifted closer, He’s just touching my head.

“Can you actually measure anything through my forehead?” he asked to try and distract himself. Will nodded, concentrated, and pulled back.

“Yup. It’s not as convenient as the wrist and stuff, but it’s possible,” he scribbled something on his paper, “Okay, let’s go down then and do the facial artery.”

Without warning he cupped the side of Nico’s face in his hand. The Italian’s heart jumped as Will pressed a thumb near his mouth. His face was unreadable and he was clearly counting in his head. Nico had to drop his eyes as his heart pounded. It was too much, his hands were trembling.

“Okaaaay,” Will drawled, removing his hand and writing down Nico’s pulse on the paper, “Now the carotid artery. That’s the neck one,” he gave the Italian a smile that made butterflies erupt in his
stomach. He nodded mutely as Will’s two fingers slid from his face to the pulse point on his neck. Nico could feel the warmth of the other boy’s skin against his neck. Will frowned, “Your pulse is really fast,” he remarked.

“Yeah, this is a-a little weird,” Nico made up the excuse, “U-unnerving.”

“Don’t be nervous,” Will said, ruffling Nico’s hair playfully. He grinned, “Oh, your pulse jumped just then.”

“Did it?” Nico asked faintly. The blonde was so oblivious it would’ve been hilarious if he wasn’t sitting so close to the Italian, making his heart pound.

“Alright, let’s do the brachial artery,” Will sounded like a proper doctor when he whipped out all these complicated words. He grasped Nico’s arm and casually rolled his sleeve up, unaware of the effects he had on the Italian. Nico was sure his face was tomato red by the time Will took his pulse once more, this time in the crease in his arm, “now the radial artery – that’s your wrist,” the blonde said, writing down another note.

Nico swallowed nervously, “Can we skip that one?”

“I kind of need all of them,” Will said sheepishly. Then something in his eyes shifted, “Wait is there something...”

Looking away, ashamed, Nico turned his arm over, revealing his skinny, pale wrist. With long horizontal lines etched into his skin. Will stared at them with big eyes.

“You...you never said anything.”

“It was a long time ago,” Nico said quietly, fighting the urge to pull his arm back. He couldn’t continue being ashamed of things he did as a teenager.

“I-“

“Just don’t say anything,” the Italian pleaded. He had concentrated so much on not acting weird around Will or let his feelings be known that he had forgotten about the scars.

With gentleness common for him, Will pressed his fingers against Nico’s pulse. His blonde hair fell into his eyes, hiding them from the Italian. The boy wondered what Will was thinking – was he sad? Disappointed? Disgusted? Nico felt sick, and suddenly he just wanted to get out of that room.

Will pulled back his hand and wrote something down, “Can you take your socks off?”

“There’s a pulse point on my foot?” Nico asked, desperate to forget about his wrist.

“Yup,” Will was overly-cheerful, pretending he hadn’t seen anything though the worry in his eyes was clear, “You actually have two on your foot,” as Nico peeled off his sock Will pulled his small, delicate foot into his lap, “this one here,” he put his fingers just below Nico’s toes, “is the dorsalis pedis artery,” he went quiet for a moment as he listened for a pulse, before hurriedly writing a number down in his table, “and this is the posterior tibial artery,” he put his fingers on Nico’s ankle.

His touch made the Italian forget about his shame from just moments ago. His foot looked stupidly small in Will’s big, tanned hands. He liked Will touching him, but was scared that soon he might like it a little too much.

“There’s eight pulse points on your body,” Will said in his teachery voice that he used to scold
people, “for the next one I need to see your legs so do you mind taking your pants off?”

“Um,” Nico blushed, “Sure.” There was no point getting shy now – Will had seen his scars, a little bit of skinny pale legs weren’t going to change anything. The Italian clumsily shimmied out of his trousers and dropped them onto the floor of Will’s room. Now he was just sitting there in his boxers and a shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He felt exposed.

“Here, lemme just-,” Will grabbed Nico’s leg and hauled him forward. The Italian squeaked as he ended up halfway in the blonde’s lap. Will, unbothered as always, forced the boy to bend his leg and then pressed his fingers to the crevice on the underside of Nico’s knee, “This is the popliteal artery,” he said, not looking at Nico but instead focusing on his pulse, which was through the roof at this point.

“Okay, where’s the last one?” Nico asked with an uneasy swallow.

“Um,” now Will had a little blush on his cheeks, “it’s the femoral artery and it’s...,” his eyes dragged to Nico’s crotch.

“You’re joking,” the Italian gaped at him, “it’s on my dick?!”

“No, no,” Will said hurriedly, “it’s above the place where your thigh ends. It’s...I-I...I understand if you don’t want me to-“

“Just do it,” Nico said, looking away. If he backed out now it would look weird – it was just checking a pulse for fucks sake.

“Um, o-okay. Can you move your boxers to the side?”

Nico did so without looking at Will, making sure that his dick was way out of the way too, willing it not to get hard. When he felt the blonde’s fingers so close to his most intimate parts he jerked and glanced up. Will was looking to the side, mouth in a thin line, cheeks red. He can’t even look at me. Nico’s stomach felt heavy as the blonde took his pulse.

He didn’t know if he was upset or relieved when the blonde finally pulled back and wrote down the result.

“Alright,” he smiled, “Now we need to get your heart pounding.”

“I’m not doing laps,” Nico rolled his eyes.

“Well...we can watch some scary videos and gave you a jump scare?” Will suggested.

“You might as well check my pulse with your lips,” Nico joked. The blonde’s eyes widened,

“That’s a good idea.”

“What?” Nico asked faintly, regretting his suggestion.

“That would make you really uncomfortable and nervous, right?” Will asked excitedly.

“Well...yeah.”

“And get your heart beating faster! It’s perfect.”

Nico exhaled shakily, “Yeah...I guess...”
“Alright,” the smile on Will’s face was massive as he grabbed Nico’s foot and pressed his lips to the pulse just below his toes without further ado. The Italian buried his face in his hands as he felt his heartbeat escalating, his pulse speeding up.

“God, this is so weird,” he complained. Will pulled back,

“It’s working though,” he wrote down a result in his little table and then pressed his lips once more to Nico’s ankle. It was so weird. When Will was done checking that pulse he casually grabbed Nico’s leg and threw it over his shoulder. He didn’t hesitate in basically kissing the underside of the part where his calf met his thigh. His lips were warm and soft and Nico shivered despite himself. When Will leaned over him and pushed his boxers to the side, Nico flinched away.

“C-Check that one with your fingers,” he stammered. Will smiled sheepishly,

“Yeah. Of course.” He re-checked that pulse with two of his digits, and both the boys were bright red, “I...can I have your wrist please?” Will asked, the smile gone from his face. Hesitantly Nico gave him his hand.

Will flipped Nico’s arm and his eyes trailed over the scars on the boy’s skin. Then he slowly brought the arm to his mouth and pressed his lips to Nico’s pulse. The Italian watched him, tense. When the blonde finished taking his measurements he didn’t pull away, but instead dragged his lips lower over all of Nico’s scars. The boy couldn’t take that, his heart threatened to burst from his chest, so he snatched his arm back.

“Sorry,” Will hurriedly scrambled for his paper and quickly wrote down the result. He didn’t have to ask again as Nico gave his arm back and the blonde kissed the crease in it. No. He’s taking my pulse, he’s not kissing it. Nico’s heart was hammering.

When Will came in to check the next pulse Nico couldn’t help but feel a warmth in his stomach. The blonde nestled his head into the Italian’s neck, and his mouth pressed into the pulse there. Nico’s breath came out embarrassingly shaky and Will’s hand came up to cradle his face and make sure he didn’t move. It was unnecessary and Nico didn’t know why Will was touching him so much but it worked – his heartbeat and pulse were both out of control.

Without a word Will moved up and pressed his mouth above Nico’s jaw where the pulse was, his hand stroking his other cheek. Nico’s eyes fluttered shut. Finally Will moved all the way up and kissed Nico’s forehead for a few seconds. Then he pulled away and wrote all three results down. Nico was silent, staring at his hands. He couldn’t help but feel that in these short minutes something changed between him and Will.

“Oh there’s another pulse point, I forgot,” the blonde said suddenly. Nico frowned,

“No there isn’t – there’s only eight.”

“No, there’s another one,” Will smiled, “it’s right here.”

He leaned forward and kissed Nico on the lips.
Hiya!
(Yes I know you don't care but still...)
If you're down to read some smutty stuff then go check out my original work/go read the new chapter if you've already read it!
Thanks so much either way!
Here's the link:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
When it Comes to You

Could you do another Nico and Mitchell, where it's Valentine’s Day and Mitch tries to be cute/sexy but ends up embarrassed? Top Nico and Bottom Mitchell for bean0queen

Mitchell nervously looked at himself in the mirror, and once again wondered what he was actually doing. It was valentine’s day, which wasn’t really that new or exciting...but it was also Mitchell’s first valentine’s day since he started dating Nico.

Well, they did have one together before, but they weren’t ‘officially’ together back then and had never had sex so they didn’t celebrate it. But now that Mitch was finally comfortable doing steamy stuff with his boyfriend he wanted to do something sexy for him for this specific valentine’s day.

Except Mitchell wasn’t sexy.

He was skinny, bony, pale as paper. His hair was too fluffy, his lips too big, his nose too upturned. He blushed at the smallest signs of affection, trembled like a leaf in the wind no matter how many times he and Nico had sex, couldn’t control his voice and moans, and always came first no matter how much he tried not to.

But he didn’t want to be like that – he wanted to be like all those girls in the movies that always looked seductive and had their boyfriend’s losing their shit. When he listened to his sisters talking about having sex they always made it out that it was always passionate and hot and intense.

Mitchell liked having sex with Nico but with them it was never like that, because Mitch always got too shy. The two had been together for almost two years and yet Mitchell still got anxious when he was naked in front of his boyfriend, scared that the Italian might change his mind and decide he wasn’t attracted to him after all. Mitchell didn’t want to be like that, at least for this one day, he wanted it to be special and make it as good for Nico as it always was for him without his usual nerves and awkwardness.

Of course the boy had turned to his sisters for some help. Drew suggested he used his amokinesis to make himself seem sexier to Nico but Mitchell would never do that because he thought that was cheating. And now he looked at himself in the mirror, and swallowed nervously, wondering why he agreed to this instead.

He was wearing lingerie. Lingerie. He was an absolute idiot! Why did he think he could ever pull it off?! Only pretty and confident boys were supposed to wear that. He looked at his reflection and felt nauseous. His skinny, pale legs were clad in black stockings that ended mid-thigh. Mitchell didn’t mind these so much because they hid his legs a little. It was his underwear that was the problem. It was black like his stockings, standing out against his pale skin. The panties fit well at least, though Mitchell felt horrible in them. They barely covered his crotch, and were lacy. Moreover they were a
thong and the line rested uncomfortably between Mitchell’s ass-cheeks, completely exposing his backside.

Piper and Silena foreshadowed that he’d want to chicken out and, when the other girls weren’t looking, gave him a silky black dressing gown that he could throw over if he got too self-conscious. Mitchell scrambled for it now and pulled it on, hurriedly tying it. His face was bright red. He couldn’t do this.

“Gods,” he rested his forehead against the mirror and closed his eyes, “I’m an idiot.”

He heard the door to the Hades Cabin open.

***

Nico had just come back from teaching a bunch of eleven year olds sword fighting, and he was seriously in a bad mood. It was valentine’s day, and to Nico that usually just meant a day like every other...but this time he had Mitchie. He wanted to do something special for the boy he loved, or at least spend some time with him. Now it was early evening and already dark outside and Nico was tired and had no idea what he could do for his boyfriend. He was contemplating pretending that he forgot what day it was.

However as he dragged himself through the door to his cabin he stopped in his tracks. Mitchell was standing by the mirror, looking like a deer caught in headlights, eyes wide. He was dressed in a dressing gown...which was a little weird.

“Hey,” Nico said.

“Hi,” Mitchell squeaked. He was bright red which meant he was embarrassed about something. Nico was surprised at how happy he was to see his boy in that moment though. They didn’t need anything special. Nico would be happy to take Mitch to bed now, to have sex or cuddle or both.

He grinned and strode across the cabin to take his boyfriend in his arms but Mitchell took a step back, like he was scared. Nico stopped and frowned, “What’s wrong?”

Mitchell opened his mouth to reply, then closed it again and looked away, swallowing nervously. Nico reached out and took his small, warm hand in his.

“I...I...,” Mitchell brushed his wavy hair from his eyes anxiously, “I did something stupid,” he mumbled.

Nico was getting worried now, “What?” he asked, “What did you do?”

“Um...,” Mitchell looked at his feet. Only now Nico noticed that he was wearing some kind of stockings that covered his legs and disappeared beneath the dressing gown, “I...it was meant to be f-for valentine’s day but...I...um, I just d-don’t...I l-look...”

Nico was getting a vague idea of what Mitch did. He felt a smile play on his lips, “Did you dress up?” he asked quietly, taking the boy’s other hand and pulling him gently towards him. Mitchell would not look at him.

“N-No...well, not r-really...it’s...,” he suddenly buried his face in Nico’s shoulder, “it’s stupid,” he mumbled.

Nico wrapped his arm around Mitchell’s waist and kissed the top of his head. He knew how easily insecure and shy his boyfriend got, and he found it adorable, “Can I see?” he asked, feeling the slick
silky material of the dressing gown against his arm. Mitchell shook his head against the Italian’s shoulder.

“I don’t want y-you to,” he mumbled.

“Why?” Nico asked softly, pulling Mitch away a little so he could look down at the boy. Mitchell’s eyes nervously flickered up but then he just looked away again.

“I look stupid,” the son of Aphrodite whispered. Nico brushed his hair from his forehead,

“You could never look stupid,” he said. Mitchell hugged himself protectively but Nico pulled his arms back and then wrapped him up in a hug, kissing his boyfriend’s neck, “Come on...let me see,” he asked softly. The dressing gown slid to the side, revealing Mitchell’s pale shoulder. As Nico kissed it he realised with a start that Mitchell was naked underneath the dressing gown, and that made his heart pound. He had seen the boy without clothes plenty times but he never got tired of looking at him. Subconsciously he reached down to the sash keeping the dressing gown closed but Mitchell grabbed his hand.

“D-Don’t,” he said shakily, looking up at Nico pleadingly.

Nico stifled a sigh. It hurt him sometimes that Mitchell was still didn’t trust him completely, but the Italian would never force him to do something he didn’t want to. He leaned down and pecked his boyfriend on the lips lovingly instead.

“Ohkay,” he said and pulled away. Mitch’s hand shot out to grab the Italian’s.

“Turn the light off,” the son of Aphrodite blurted. Nico blinked in surprise and then hesitantly moved to the wall and flipped the light off. The Cabin was drowned in almost-darkness, the only light coming from the braziers of fire outside, casting golden shadows into the room.

Shyly Mitchell took Nico’s hand and, without looking at him, walked to the bed. He laid down, immediately pulling the Italian on top of himself as if he needed to cover his body with something. Nico shoved his shoes off and then rested his arms on either side of Mitch’s head, stroking his hair before leaning down and kissing him. It was slow, sensual, comforting. Nico felt his boyfriend melt into him.

“Promise you won’t laugh,” the son of Aphrodite whispered, reaching down to fiddle with the sash around his waist.

“I promise,” Nico murmured, kissing underneath his ear.

With shaky hands the smaller boy undid the knot on the sash but then just rested his hands on his stomach. He was biting his lip, cheeks completely red, hair falling into his eyes. Nico really shouldn’t have been as aroused as he was just by looking at him. Hesitantly, as to not scare Mitchell off, the Italian reached down and nudged the dressing gown open. It easily slid off Mitch’s shoulders, bunching up around his elbows. Protectively the boy crossed his legs as Nico pulled the lower part to the side.

The Italian’s mouth went dry when he saw what his boyfriend was wearing.

Slowly his eyes drifted over his boyfriend’s naked chest, where hickeys from a few days ago still haven’t faded completely. Mitchell’s legs were on either side of Nico, the stockings reaching his mid-thigh and looking unexpectedly erotic on the boy. The Italian had thought that the boy would simply be wearing no underwear and yet now his gaze landed on a pair of black lace panties. They hid the boy’s junk, and laid snugly against his thin, pale hips, making a gorgeous contrast.
“Gods this is so embarrassing,” Mitchell grabbed the edge of the dressing gown and pulled it close.

Nico hauled him up suddenly by the arm, unable to even think straight as all his blood rushed to his cock at once. He ripped the dressing gown from Mitch, earning a gasp from the boy and then, before the son of Aphrodite could even think about covering himself with his arms, Nico grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed. The dressing gown (or what was left of it) slid to the floor.

“Nico!” Mitch protested, blushing.

Nico didn’t know what to say, he had a million thoughts running through his head, varying from you’re so sexy to you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life. Instead the boy just settled on attacking Mitchell’s neck with kisses, enjoying the way the boy squirmed and gasped and panted little ‘Nico!’s as the Italian created new hickeys on his skin. One of his stocking-clad legs subconsciously wrapped around Nico’s waist, the way it always did when Mitch was enjoying himself but was too scared to admit it.

All of Nico’s tension and tiredness evaporated at once as he made his way down Mitchell’s body, leaving a pathway of kisses along his skinny chest and stomach. By the time Nico reached the panties the boy above him was breathing hard, his eyes half-closed and dark, cheeks redder than before.

Nico nipped at the inside of his thigh playfully before pressing his mouth to the panties, kissing his boyfriend’s cock through them. He felt Mitch’s member jerk against his lips and the boy let out a little mewl.

“W-Wait,” he gasped, his fingers sliding into Nico’s hair, “L-Let me take t-them off-“

“No,” Nico gave a little lick to the tip of Mitchell’s dick, which was peeking shyly from the lacy waistband of the panties, “you look hot.”

Before Mitchell could protest, and Nico knew he would, the Italian pushed the panties to the side and his grabbed his boyfriend’s cock in his hand, taking it in his mouth.

“Putain,” Mitchell swore in French, sending a shiver down Nico’s spine. The Italian looked up at his boyfriend as he hollowed out his cheeks, slowly sliding the boy’s cock in and out of his mouth. Mitch wasn’t looking at him, his eyes squeezed shut, mouth open as little moans spilled past his plump lips. His cock was a comfortable, familiar weight against Nico’s tongue as he sucked it. Mitchell’s thighs were trembling, the stockings doing nothing to hide that. The lace of the panties tickled Nico’s nose as he took the full length in his mouth, “G-Gods, N-Nico-“

The Italian released his boyfriend’s cock so he could lick up the underside, before swirling his tongue around the tip and the precum that was already gathering there.

“W-Wait, wait,” Mitchell suddenly grabbed at Nico’s t-shirt, forcefully pulling him up and away from his cock. He looked at the boy with lust-filled eyes, his arms looping around Nico’s shoulders, “This is m-my present f-for you. I’m supposed t-to be doing the w-work, not you.”

Nico smiled and kissed him, open mouthed and almost lazy, “You’re right,” he smirked, “You’re my present,” his hand reached down to stroke Mitchell twice through the panties. The boy squirmed and bit his lip, his leg coming to Nico’s waist once more, “Just looking at you is enough,” Nico murmured, kissing his neck slowly, “and touching you....” he had to close his eyes to get a hold of himself, “you’re so sexy Mitchie. Let me take care of you.”

Mitchell clearly was unable to protest as his hands slid to Nico’s cheeks, keeping him close so he
could kiss him more. The Italian was alright with that, especially when Mitch’s brows furrowed adorably. His hand trailed back down and he teased Mitch with his fingertips through his underwear.

“I can’t, I c-can’t,” Mitchell suddenly pushed Nico away as he rolled onto his stomach, “Just f-fuck me.”

Nico felt his cock twitch in his pants as he looked down at Mitchell, back arched, bubble butt pressing up against his crotch, the thin string of the panties disappearing between his ass cheeks. Unable to stop himself the Italian reached down and grabbed the beautiful bum, squeezing. Mitchell moaned, spreading his legs without even realising.

If Nico was more patient and his cock wasn’t already leaking in his underwear he would’ve taken his time and eaten the boy out, but as things were he just wanted to make love to him. He hurriedly undid his zipper and shoved his jeans and underwear down, though he didn’t take it off completely because there was some weird dominance he felt when he was completely dressed and Mitchell was just in panties and stockings below him.

“Where’s the lube?” Nico asked, shaking with anticipation. He felt like he hadn’t been inside Mitch in ages, though it’s only been a day.

“N-No need,” the boy peeked over his shoulder shyly, cheeks red, “I-I already prepared m-myself b-before...j-just put it i-in.”

“Fuck,” Nico swore. It was valentine’s day, he should be going slow and sensual and make it special...but he and Mitch always went slow. This was weird for them, things went smoothly, Mitchie wasn’t too shy, they were rougher and passionate than before. So the Italian let himself go, just this one time. He plucked the string from Mitchell’s ass and nudged his legs apart, grabbing the head of his own hard cock in his hand.

He shoved it in, so hard that Mitchell’s arms gave out and he buried his face in the pillow with a cry.

“F-Fuck s-sorry,” Nico said, gasping for air as his cock was enveloped in Mitchell’s intense heat.

“N-no it’s...,” Mitchell gasped, “I-it’s good...m-move...ah...o-oh...”

Nico wanted to take his time but he couldn’t. Knowing that Mitchie went out of his way to do something for him, something that made him look so fucking good, made Nico’s stomach clench. He pulled out as slowly as he could, before pushing back in, inch by inch. Seeing Mitch shake underneath him made him completely lose it though.

In the matter of seconds Nico was grabbing Mitchell’s hips in a bruising grip and pounding into him, so hard the headboard of his bed slammed into his wall violently, chipping away at the wallpaper. The boy below the Italian was moaning with abandon, sweat beading on his back as Nico slammed into his delicious, wet heat.

Unable to handle being so far away from his boyfriend Nico pulled him up so they were both up on their knees. He wrapped one arm around the boy’s waist before changing his mind and reaching down to stroke him through his panties, his other hand coming to grip Mitchell’s chin and forcing his head to the side so they could kiss messily as Nico continued to pound him.

“G-Gods,” Mitch chocked on a moan, his head falling back against Nico’s shoulder, “O-Oh Neeks...f-...ah...ngh...”

“I’m close,” Nico gritted out, his cock spasming inside Mitchell. It didn’t last long after that and for the first time it was the Italian who came first. He got a cute goodnight kiss and a ‘happy valentine’s
day afterwards so he didn’t mind that much.
Stop Your Crying It's a Sign of the Times

Frank x Leo. Leo is pining over Frank- has been for a few years now- and Frank likes him, Leo is just far too oblivious. And insecure. Frank finds Leo crying to and is really worried so he tries to help and gets angry when Leo spills all his insecurities to him because like- the boy is gorgeous?? He begins knocking down every insecurity and Leo is a flustered and crying mess. You can go where you want with this for Smol

Frank was getting more and more frustrated, though he didn’t know whether it was with himself, or with Leo fucking Valdez. How hard was it for that oblivious idiot to realise that Frank was in love with him?! The Asian thought it’d be obvious since as soon as they returned from the Quest of the Seven he had broken up with Hazel and moved to Camp Half Blood as an Ambassador. He stopped being mean to Leo, even tried flirting with him though the Latino clearly didn’t think about Frank in that way.

Frank didn’t know how he went from hating Leo to being in love with him, it must’ve happened during the war, or on the Argo II, but either way the son of Mars was sure his feelings for Leo were real. There were butterflies in his stomach whenever he saw the small Demigod, and his heart pounded when he stood too close. Frank had gone as far as taking Leo out on dates (he insisted on paying) and even cuddling with him during movie nights but the Latino didn’t get the hints, thinking that the Asian was just very friendly, and Frank never had the opportunity to outright confess or kiss him...or maybe he was just scared to.

He wanted to get the chance to tell Leo how he felt. But not like this, this is not what he wanted.

Frank always knocked before coming down to the secret room underneath Leo’s bunk. Always. He respected people’s privacy, unlike Percy who just liked to barge into places. Since he started hanging out with the Latino more, and watching movies down in his room, Frank knew how to get down there. That particular evening he didn’t knock though – Gods know why. Maybe he knew something was wrong.

The Campers were having a little picnic party down by the lake, and there was going to be a firework show later on. However Leo didn’t appear and the other Hephaestus kids said he was tired and sleeping. Everybody accepted that but Frank knew that sleep was the least important thing to Leo and he’d never miss fireworks for something he considered so ‘insignificant.’ So he went to Cabin 9, and found himself alone inside it since everybody was down at the lake.

And he went over, pulled the lever next to Leo’s bed, and walked down the steps that were revealed, without even a second thought. The door closed behind him silently. He immediately regretted not knocking first.
Leo’s second bed was nestled into a little alcove in the wall, so three sides were shielded. The table and desk were littered with projects and bits of metal, even the floor was. There were some clothes here and there, and plenty of food wrappers. Normally the Latino would be bustling around, making something or eating or watching a movie, and would welcome Frank with a big grin and a long, long hug that he probably didn’t think affected Frank as much as it did.

But not this time.

This time Leo was sitting on the bed, legs drawn to his chest, head buried in his arms. For a second Frank thought he fell asleep as he hesitated near the stairs. Then he saw, in the dim light coming from the string of fairy lights creeping across the room, that Leo’s slim shoulders were shaking. Frank’s stomach plummeted to the floor when he heard a little sniffle come from the boy, followed by a heartbroken sob. Leo was crying.

“L-Leo?” Frank blurted, before he could even think about backing out. Leo’s head snapped up in shock and seeing his tear-stained, flushed, red-eyed face made Frank’s heart clench. Subconsciously he took a step forward, wanting to make whatever was hurting Leo go away.

“W-What are you d-doing h-here?” Leo asked, voice impossibly hoarse and shaky.

“I...I just...,” Frank swallowed, not even remembering how he got here. Seeing Leo like this left him physically hurting, and the worst part was that the Latino’s tears didn’t stop falling, “Why are you crying? What’s wrong?”

Leo brushed his tears away with the back of his hand, but they continued to fall. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead another sob spilled from his lips, and then his face crumbled. He buried his face in his hands and started crying uncontrollably. Frank couldn’t take it – he crossed the room and sat on the bed next to Leo, pulling the boy forward into his arms.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry,” the son of Mars murmured helplessly, holding the other boy in his arms. Leo didn’t hug him back but Frank’s arms only tightened around him as Leo continued to cry, limp in the Asian’s arms, “Gods, I can’t take it when you cry. C’mon firecracker, tell me what’s wrong.”

It took Leo a few minutes to stop crying. Eventually he was just sniffling, head pressed into Frank’s shoulder as the bigger boy stroked his narrow back. He finally pulled back and forced a smile even though Frank could tell it wasn’t real. His eyes were puffy and red from crying.

“Sorry,” Leo laughed, a strained, tense sound, “I’m just...I got emotional over a movie.”

“Don’t lie,” Frank said. Usually he couldn’t tell when someone was lying but this time it was obvious. Leo looked down at his hands in his lap, “Tell me what’s wrong.”

“Nothing,” Leo said quickly.

“Leo.”

“Seriously,” Leo insisted, his smile looking like it was painful, “It’s nothing.”

“Nothing didn’t make you cry like that,” Frank said stubbornly, reaching out and putting his hand on the boy’s knee in a way that he hoped was comforting.

“It’s stupid,” Leo admitted, the smile melting off of his face.

“You’re stupid,” Frank shook his head, “Don’t be an idiot. Just tell me, you know I won’t judge.”
Leo sniffled and started picking at a loose thread on his duvet, “So like...Gods t-this is dumb...I-I was walking earlier and I o-overheard some A-Aphrodite g-girls talking...”

“Oh Gods,” Frank rolled his eyes, “Were they bitching? They’re always bitching.”

“Not really,” Leo bit his lip as if he wanted to contain a sob. His curls fell into his eyes so Frank couldn’t see his expression clearly, “I...t-they were talking a-about the Q-Quest. A-And um...t-they were going o-on about how h-hot y-you and like J-Jason and P-Perce are and...,” he took a shaky breath, “A-And then t-they s-said something like ‘o-oh that c-could’ve been t-the most g-good l-looking quest i-i-if it w-wasn’t for t-that Hephaestus k-kid.’ A-and fuck-,” Leo brushed his hair from his face, frustrated, and Frank saw his eyes shining with more tears, “I-I know i-it’s s-superficial a-and s-shallow b-but i-it’s not t-the first t-time I heard s-someone s-say stuff like that about m-me and...it just g-got to me y’know,” he sniffled, “S-So I guess I-I’m crying like an i-idiot b-because I-I hate being ugly.”

“What?” Frank’s brows furrowed. Leo wiped his nose on his sleeve and it would’ve been kinda gross on anyone, but when he did it Frank found it weirdly adorable.

“I know it’s stupid-“

“You’re not ugly, idiot,” the son of Mars interrupted, before he could think twice about his words. Leo rolled his tear-filled eyes.

“I d-don’t need your pity.”

“Fuck’s sake, Leo you’re not ugly,” Frank was getting annoyed now, worked up. Even now, all red and puffy Leo was beautiful to the point where the Asian’s stomach was doing summersaults.

“It’s okay,” Leo sighed, “I thought I’ve come to terms w-with it. Like, having you, Jason and Percy around all the time really made me r-realise that I’m p-prett ugly in comparison and I just-“

“Shut up!” Frank snapped, and Leo looked at him in shock, flinching. The Asian himself didn’t even know who exactly he was angry at, “You’re not fucking ugly, okay?”

Leo looked away. He looked so sad. “Sorry, I’m not really in the mood to hang out now. D-Do you mind leaving me alone for a bit?”

“No,” Frank said bluntly, crossing his arms over his muscular chest, “Not before you stop thinking you’re ugly.”

Leo ran a hand through his wild hair, “Just go.”

“No.”

“Fine,” Leo stood up, “Then I’ll go.”

Frank’s hand shot out and he grabbed Leo’s wrist before he could step away from the bed. He hauled the boy back, harder than he intended, and Leo toppled into him. That’s when Frank decided to just fuck it. He grabbed Leo’s arms roughly and pulled them behind his back, not hard enough to hurt.

“Hey what the-,” Leo started protesting. Frank grabbed a tie that was conveniently on the floor and in a few quick, swift movements he learnt at Camp Jupiter Leo’s hands were tied behind his back, “What the hell!?” the Latino exclaimed, squirming, “What’d you do that for?!”
Frank grabbed the Latino’s legs and hauled him forward, until the boy was straddling him. The Asian himself was leaning against the headboard. Leo’s face went bright red and in this position he was maybe an inch taller than Frank. Frank had no idea what he was doing – he just knew that he needed to make Leo feel good about himself. The Latino looked away, face bright red.

“F-Frank this is weird,” he mumbled.

“Look at me,” Frank said. Leo’s jaw clenched but he didn’t oblige, “Leo, look at me.”

Shyly, the Latino’s gaze met his. Frank didn’t know why he tied the boy up, but he just knew that he couldn’t let Leo get away, not now. He needed to get it inside his stupid, pretty head how goddamn gorgeous he was.

“What now, smartass?” Leo sniffled, looking away once more. The tip of his adorable nose was red and Frank had to stop himself from leaning forward and kissing it.

“Now I want you to tell me what you don’t like about yourself,” Frank said, and gently placed his hands on Leo’s thighs with lack of better place to put them.

“You’re being stupid untie me,” Leo said on one breath. As if to show that he was being serious Frank pulled Leo even closer and when the Latino tried to draw back Frank wrapped his arms around his waist and kept him in place. The moment he saw any signs of fear in Leo’s eyes he would let go.

“Tell me and I’ll let you go,” Frank murmured, face inches from Leo’s.

The Latino was making a point of not looking at Frank, “Like...,” he sniffled again, “My hair, I guess.”

“You’re not serious,” Frank’s eyes widened, “Your hair is-,” he almost said amazing but stopped himself in time, “Nice,” he finished lamely.

“It’ll never lie down properly,” Leo mumbled, like a kicked puppy, “it m-makes me look like a girl. E-Even now it’s in my eyes,” he tried and failed to blow a curl from his eyes. Frank reached up and brushed it from his forehead, though he didn’t remove his hand, instead running it through Leo’s curls. The Latino watched him, biting his lip.

“You don’t look like a girl,” Frank said, tucking Leo’s hair behind his ear and letting his thumb stroke his flushed cheekbone, “trust me.”

“I hate it,” Leo said, voice hoarse. He looked close to tears again.

“I always wanted to touch it,” Frank didn’t have anything planned to say, so he just decided to say the truth, “It’s so goddamn soft and like...curly,” Leo rolled his eyes but the Asian could see the tears shining in them. It was like his defence mechanism. He played with a strand of the Latino’s hair, “I’m serious. It’s lovely, and it looks lovely on you.”

“It’s not like y-yours or J-Jason’s or P-Percy’s,” Leo said, making a point of staring at Frank’s shoulder, “Yours always l-lays so nice, even i-in the middle of a fight, and in the morning’s it’s so like...artfully tousled. Mine l-looks like a bird’s nest in the mornings.”

“You’re looks like you just got fucked really hard,” Frank said, before he could stop himself. He almost regretted it when Leo’s tear-filled eyes snapped to him, wide with shock, but the blush flooding the boy’s tanned face made it worth it.
“I wish. D-Doubt anyone w-will ever fuck me t-to be honest,” he laughed bitterly and then his expression fell and he sniffled as a tear spilled down his cheek. He tried futilely to wipe it with his shoulder. Frank brushed it away with his thumb instead.

“Don’t cry,” he said softly, cupping Leo’s cheek in his hand, “Fuck, don’t cry you’re so...,” Frank trailed off, not quite knowing what adjective to use. He didn’t think words could describe how beautiful he found Leo, “What else don’t you like?”

“Everything,” Leo was getting frustrated. He struggled to get his hands free but Frank reached behind him and held his wrists for good measure. Frank gave him a look and the boy took a shaky breath, “I-I’m so goddamn short and s-small. I-I tried to p-put on muscle b-but it just d-doesn’t w-work...”

“I love your size,” Frank said, because he genuinely did. Subconsciously he pulled Leo even closer, so they were face to face, the tips of their noses brushing together ever so softly, “you fit so perfectly in my arms.”

“W-Why do you say weird stuff like that?” Leo asked, and there was an edge to his voice, more tears fell down his face and his lower lip trembled.

“I’m serious.”

“N-No you’re not,” Leo whimpered, “We’re friends and you’re a-acting l-like...l-like...,” he choked on a sob.

“Like what?” Frank asked.

“I don’t know!” Leo yelled, sudden anger colouring his voice, “Get t-the fucking t-tie off me!”

“No before you tell me what you hate-“

“I hate myself!” Leo exploded, pulling back as much as he could, “Everything about me! What’s so hard to understand about that?! I can’t be sexy or cute or handsome, all I ever am is ugly! Everyone around me is handsome and strong and tall and I look like a fucking goblin and I j-just...I-I...,” his voice faltered and then he slumped against Frank and let out a hopeless sob, his whole back shaking.

It took a moment of stunned silence for the son of Mars to get his bearings again.

“Do you know what I think?” Frank asked eventually, “I think you’re absolutely gorgeous. In the mornings when you show up to the dining pavilion in those stupidly cute suspenders, with your hair all over the place...Gods, you’re so unbearably sexy then. And late at night too, when you look all sleepy and flushed, you’re cuddling into everyone then. And I just want to pull you into my arms and kiss you and hide you away from everyone else so I’m the only one that can look at you.”

“S-Shut up,” Leo sobbed, shoulders shaking, “Shut up, shut up, shut up, shutupshutupshutup...”

“Shhh,” Frank murmured, “Just listen to me, okay? You’re goddamn breathtaking. I like how small you are, and although I know you can take care of yourself it still makes me want to protect you, to keep you in my arms. Even now you fit against me so perfectly, hey, shhh, don’t cry. Your ears are adorable, your face is beautiful, fuck, all of you is beautiful. I can’t stop staring at you whenever you’re around. Everything about you is perfect.”

“Y-You’re a-a l-liar,” Leo whimpered helplessly, still looking so upset.

“No, I’m not. Even when I first met you I thought this, but I assumed you wouldn’t want me...not
that I think you want me now either. But back then I was with Haze and I just... I didn’t know how to deal with my feelings for you, so I decided to be rude,” Leo finally seemed to be calming down, and so Frank reached behind him and undid the knot on his wrists.

Immediately Leo’s hands were on Frank’s chest. The son of Mars thought he was going to get pushed away but instead the Latino’s hands twisted in the material of his shirt and he shifted closer. He sniffled, looking exhausted from all of his crying.

“I still d-don’t believe you,” he said hoarsely.

“What can I do to make you believe me, then?” Frank questioned. He just wanted Leo to smile that stunning smile of his, “Gods, even now you look gorgeous,” he murmured, reaching up and brushing his fingers through Leo’s hair.

The Latino turned his face away but didn’t climb off Frank’s lap, “Y-You’re acting like y-you’re attracted t-to me or something.”

“Of course I am,” Frank said, feeling a light blush on his cheeks, “I thought that was obvious.”

Leo bit his lip, “If you don’t think I’m ugly then kiss me,” he whispered, though he didn’t look at Frank.

The son of Mars didn’t hesitate, though his heart flipped wildly in his chest – being this close to Leo already did things to him, and the permission to kiss him was all he wanted. He took the boy’s face in his hand but Leo didn’t turn.

“Look at me,” Frank asked softly. Hesitantly, Leo did.

Frank leaned forward and captured his lips. He wanted it to be a sweet, reassuring kiss, but after so long of Leo being so close, and all of his frustration building up the kiss turned a bit more... passionate... than Frank expected. The instant his mouth was on Leo’s he was pushing the boy backwards against the bed, his mouth moving feverishly against the Latino’s. Leo let out a moan, and his lips parted, giving Frank the chance to push his tongue inside. He felt all the tension disappear from Leo’s body as his hands shakily gripped Frank’s biceps. Their tongues twisted together, breaths mingled, legs tangled. The kiss left both of them breathless, and Frank’s heart was pounding when he pulled back.

Leo tiredly opened his eyes and looked at him. And then he smiled and warmth exploded in Frank’s chest.
Leo was in an abusive relationship in the past and he gets scared of Jason when Jason raises his hand near Leo's face (maybe to grab something off a shelf) and then Leo gets freaks out when someone/Jason drops something and makes a huge noise. Cute ending where Jason comforts Leo and they cuddle/maybe kiss

for Anon

Sometimes Leo had to remind himself that Jason wasn’t Bryce, and he hated himself for having to do that.

Leo thought that the second he got out of his abusive relationship and fell for someone new, someone he truly loved, he would forget all about the pain he went through. But he was wrong. He and Bryce had started dating in highschool, when they were both fourteen. They broke up when they were seventeen...three years. Three years of constant emotional, physical and mental abuse.

After Bryce Jason was like an angel, like something unreal. Leo didn’t realise that he could actually be happy in a relationship, that he could be with someone who didn’t abuse him everyday and make him feel shit about himself and didn’t leave bruises on his body. That it didn’t have to be good days and very bad days, that it could be good days and okay days and not days where Leo wanted to die. He wanted to be perfect boyfriend because Jason deserved it; he was kind, caring, warm, funny, everything Leo needed and wanted.

But Jason was a lot bigger than Leo, just how Bryce had been, and that unnerved him. Bryce had so easily hurt him, and Leo was never able to escape. And sometimes when he and Jason were lying in bed, with the blonde on top of the Latino, Leo remembered those times and got uncomfortable and nervous. He didn’t want to tell Jason, didn’t want the blonde to leave him. Nobody will ever want you, I’m the only one that would ever put up with you, he remembered Bryce’s words every time he fought a flinch from Jason’s touch.

He didn’t want to be like this, he didn’t want to be insecure and broken and scared but he couldn’t help it. Jason was fantastic and gorgeous and everything Leo ever wanted. They had been best friends while Leo had been with Bryce, and then the blonde had kissed Leo out of nowhere, and asked to be boyfriends. He knew about Bryce, but they were highschoolers, that shit like abuse wasn’t supposed to happen to them.

And Leo tried his best to get over it.

It was maybe two months into his relationship with Jason and Leo was over at his boyfriend’s house. His parents weren’t home and the Latino was starting to think that maybe they were going to have sex the first time that night. He was nervous to say the least because he remembered sex with Bryce
– the boy had pressured Leo into it way too early and every time they did it Leo hated it because it was just like the rest of their relationship; rough, aggressive and borderline painful.

Leo couldn’t imagine Jason hurting him, not when they were laying in his bed in the most comfortable silence ever, listening to some playlist in the background and pecking each other on the lips every few minutes. Jason was stroking his hair, looking at him with soft eyes and making the Latino feel all warm and fuzzy. Leo knew that Jason would be okay with just falling asleep together, and yet he couldn’t help but wonder...

“Jason?”

“Hmmm?” the blonde hummed, his hand moving from Leo’s curls to his cheek. The Latino couldn’t meet his eyes when he asked the next part, so instead he started fiddling with Jason’s t-shirt.

“Do you want to have sex?”

Jason was quiet for a second, and Leo was too embarrassed to look at his face. Then the blonde slid closer, wrapping his arm around Leo’s waist, and pressed their mouths together gently.

“Yeah. Do you?”

Shyly, Leo nodded. Jason kissed him again, deeper and more passionately. The Latino let out a shaky breath and slid his fingers into Jason’s hair. He threw one leg over the boy’s waist and Jason grabbed his thigh, pulling him closer. Leo lost himself in the kiss for a moment, clinging onto the blonde as their breaths grew more rapid and unsteady. The boy could feel his boyfriend getting hard, his crotch pressing into Leo’s leg.

Jason rolled on top of Leo, and that was alright, because they’ve kissed like this before. The blonde’s hand slipped underneath the boy’s shirt and Leo let out a little gasp against his mouth. He could tell that Jason was getting more and more excited – he had never had sex and it was weird to Leo to be more experienced than him.

Jason’s kisses turned sloppier, his hands started wandering. Not that Leo minded, in fact he was quite enjoying himself. Jason was making him feel all kinds of right and Leo actually felt safe in his arms.

“I can’t keep my hands off you,” Jason whispered against Leo’s mouth. It was so different from what Bryce used to say. With him it had been all turn around and don’t be so fucking loud and shut up and suck my dick. But Jason...Jason was actually making Leo comfortable, just by being close to him.

Then, suddenly, the blonde wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and flipped him over, pressing the boy into the covers. Panic exploded in the Latino’s mouth as the blonde covered his body with his own, pressing Leo’s face into the pillows. The movement had been so out of nowhere and so rough that Leo felt himself shaking. Images of Bryce started flashing in his mind, dark memories that Leo wanted to push away – Bryce thrusting into him from behind with barely any preparation, forcing Leo’s face into the pillow until he couldn’t breathe. He remembered all the bruises the boy had left on his back...

Jason pulled back, so he was sitting up, and roughly hauled Leo into his lap, so Leo’s back was to his chest. The Latino’s heart was pounding, he felt like he was going to be sick. Jason hadn’t noticed how scared Leo was. The Latino couldn’t see the blonde’s face and it was freaking him out. Jason’s arm around his waist was too tight, too restricting. It’s Jason, it’s just Jason, calm down...The blonde just made it worse by suddenly reaching out towards the bedside table. His hand was too close to
Leo’s face, and the boy flinched, barely registering the blonde’s mouth on his neck. Jason pulled
condoms out of his drawer, in the process shoving a stack of books off the table. It was sent crashing
to the floor with a horrible bang.

Leo whimpered, before he could stop himself, and tensed. He couldn’t help it, couldn’t help
remembering Bryce.

“You’re a fucking idiot you know that!” Bryce shouted, fuming, face red. Leo was backed up
against a wall, with nowhere to go, “Can’t you do something fucking right for once?! For fuck’s
sake what’s wrong with you?!”

“I’m sorry,” Leo whimpered. Bryce swiped his arms across the desk, sending everything flying. The
crash it caused made the Latino feel sick.

“I don’t give a fuck if you’re sorry!” the older boygrowled, striding over. Leo was so tense he was
scared he was going to snap. When Bryce’s fist collided with his jaw the boy’s legs gave out and he
crumbled to the ground, “Look at you, you’re fucking pathetic! Nobody will ever love you!”

“Leo,” Jason’s voice was warm, soft in Leo’s ear. The blonde had stopped moving and was holding
Leo more gentle now, rocking him a little and stroking his arms as he cradled the Latino close. The
boy took a shaky breath, feeling tears prick at his eyes.

“I-I’m sorry,” he stuttered.

Jason carefully turned him around. There was pain in his eyes, “I was being too rough, wasn’t I?” he
asked in a heartbroken whisper. When Leo started to shake his head the blond reached out and
wiped tears from his cheeks. Leo hadn’t even realised he was crying, “I was. I scared you.”

“I-I’m fine,” Leo lied. Jason frowned,

“You’re shaking,” he took the Latino’s hands in his and kissed them, “God, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” Leo said weakly, “you didn’t do anything w-wrong. I just...I keep remembering
him-“ he sniffled, “I hate it.”

“Let’s put the sex away for another day,” Jason said, “Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Let’s lie down,” Jason offered and slipped under the covers. Slowly, Leo followed him and turned
to face his boyfriend. He hated himself for freaking out, “I’m sorry,” Jason said gently, his hand
trailing up and down Leo’s arm.

“Stop apologising.”

“No, it was my fault. I didn’t...” Jason exhaled, “I just got excited. Because you’re so beautiful. And
I love you.”

Leo’s throat tightened. He had never heard that from a boy, not even from Bryce despite dating for
so long. “W-What?”

Jason cracked a lopsided, nervous grin, “There, I’ve said it,” he exhaled, “You have to say it back
now...well, you don’t but like it would be nice-“

Leo leaned forward and kissed Jason, wrapping his arms and legs around the blonde, refusing to let
go, “I love you too,” he breathed shakily, clinging onto Jason, “I love you s-so fucking much.”

And Jason stroked his back gently with the hands that would never leave bruises on Leo, and kissed him with the mouth that would never tell him how worthless he was...or at least Leo hoped it wouldn’t. He wasn’t sure. He’d never be sure, not after Bryce.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo got some new chapters up on my original work. If you’ve got a moment maybe check it out? if you want. Err...yeah. Thanks for reading this fic though!
Here’s the link to my original work:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
You Could Have It Your Way, How Do You Want It?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Could you do something like this but where Nico and Will have sex with their different heights. I would prefer if Will wasn't too much shorter, just that Nico has muscles and Will's scrawny and Nico is a punk and Will is a nerd and yeah. It would be interesting if they were in class and Nico and Will are secretly dating and the teacher has to leave for something and puts Will in charge (b/c Will is responsible, duh :) and some dude makes a sexual comment about Will and his bestie (Piper) tries to shut him up but the guy starts saying crap, like, "Why doesn't Solace have a boyfriend yet? He's got a great ass, and blah blah blah and Will is begging Nico with his eyes not to murder him. So, Nico drags Will out to the supply closet (or somewhere else *shrugs*) and they literally have sex right then. Kudos if Piper and Jason figure out that their dating at the end

for Jay-Bird

Nico regarded the bit of mud on his boots, that were perched on his desk. He wondered if he was bothered enough to lean forward and scrape it off. Nah...he decided after a moment, slumped in his chair, arms folded behind his head. All he wanted was to go home and get back into bed...with a certain someone...Nico’s eyes strayed to the front of the class, the way they already did many times that lesson.

Sunshine fell in through the window and hit William Solace’s head just right, so his blonde hair seemed golden and sparkling. He was hunched over his notebook as the teacher droned on and on about biology, but from this angle Nico could see that the boy actually had a book under the table and was reading it sneakily.

Nico wanted to go up to him and snog him, or better yet, drag him to his motorbike parked outside, drive them to his house and fuck Will into oblivion. But he couldn’t do that since nobody knew that they were dating. The blonde wanted to keep it on the low, scared people might pick on him since he was not only quiet and nerdy but also gay. Nico would never let that happen but he respected Will’s choice. Besides, sneaking around was kind of hot.

“Di Angelo!” Coach Hedge, the teacher, snapped, making Nico return to reality and finally drag his eyes away from Will, who had turned at this point and was giving the Italian a pointed look, “Feet off the table – that’s your last warning! I told you those boots aren’t uniform!”

“Yessir,” Nico saluted the teacher mockingly and let his legs slide back to the floor. He sent Will a grin and the blonde rolled his eyes before turning back to the front. The teacher shook his head and switched the slide on the power-point. Just then there was a knock on the door and it opened. A
flustered looking year eight stepped in.

“Sorry sir,” she gushed, “there’s been a fight in the boy’s bathroom and Miss needs you!”

“Again?” Coach groaned in annoyance, before sliding off his chair and waddling to the door on his short legs clothed in sports shorts, “Solace,” he pointed at Will, “You’re in charge till I’m gone. Keep these animals under control.” This earned him a few giggles from the class.

The second the door closed all kinds of chaos erupted in the room. It was as if suddenly there was a riot taking place as everyone shouted over each other, seemingly being loud for the sake of it. Someone threw a paper ball, someone else tried to get the glue-stick on the ceiling by throwing it upwards. Phones came out, people switched seats. Will calmly got up and walked over to Coach’s seat, plopping down with his book. He didn’t even attempt to keep anyone in check.

Nico had to force himself to stay in his place as Drew walked over and started talking to him about his bike and how she really wanted to ride it. Nico was too distracted by how delectable Will looked to pay attention to her, watching his boyfriend subconsciously brush his blonde curls behind his ear as he read, so innocent. However Nico wasn’t the only person to notice the blonde.

“Oi Solace,” Michael Kahale, the captain of the rugby team, called from the back. The blonde’s head snapped up from the book. Michael winked at him, “Looking good over there. Why don’t you leave that chair and come sit in my lap instead?”

The rugby team snickered and Nico felt his hands twitching as his blood raised by a few degrees. He’s just kidding, it’s a joke, he told himself but he hated the way Michael was suddenly looking at Will – as if he were a piece of meat. It had never happened before, usually the boys in their class didn’t flirt or hit on Will...ever.

“Hilarious,” the blonde said sarcastically, looking back to his book. The little blush on his cheeks made Nico even angrier – he could tell that Will was embarrassed, and he hated that.

“I’m serious,” Michael’s smirk grew and he turned to his friends, “Will is lowkey sexy, ain’t he?”

“For a guy,” Octavian shrugged. Will blushed even redder, not looking up, and Nico’s hands tightened into fists under the table as he tried to keep his nerves at bay.

“Christ Michael,” Piper, Will’s best friend, shook her head from where she was sitting at her boyfriend’s table, “just shut up.”

“I’m not!” Will snapped, face burning, slamming his book shut. The rest of the class was watching this like some kind of football match and Nico knew he was so close to exploding. He never thought he’d be this possessive and protective over his boyfriend, but when his boyfriend was Will...it was just the only way he could feel.

“Oh please Solace. With an ass like yours it’d be a waste if you were straight,” Michael continued. Nico crossed his arms over his chest to hide his shaky from fury and Will looked over at him, noticing the movement. He gave Nico a look that very clearly said don’t do anything, “If nobody here’s man enough to claim that sweet piece of ass,” Michael continued, making things worse, “Then I guess I will.”

Several things happened at once. Nico jerked to his feet, Piper slipped off Jason’s table and Will got up, his book tumbling to the floor. Nico saw red as he made straight for Michael, but Piper blocked
his path, looking panicked.

“Nico wait-“

“Neeks!” Will grabbed his hand and pulled him back. Michael stared at Nico with wide eyes and the Italian was fuming. The door opened and Coach walked back in, looking vaguely pissed off.

“What is this?!” he demanded, “Everyone get back to your seats!”

Nico wasn’t about to get back to his seat. He whirled around and as Will’s hand slipped from his, Nico grabbed his wrist and pulled him towards the door. Even though the blonde wasn’t that much shorter than the Italian, he was a lot weaker and scrawnier, while Nico had muscle that bulked through his leather jacket. He got Will to the doorway with ease.

“Di Angelo!” Coach yelled, “Back to your seat!”

“Nico!” Will tried to wriggle out of his boyfriend’s grip.

Nico ignored both of them as he pulled the blonde into the corridor, slamming the classroom door shut behind them. Will was tugging on Nico’s wrists, telling him to let go and stop acting like an idiot, but the Italian could barely hear him. All that was running through his head was that prick was hitting on my boyfriend. It made him so furious that Nico didn’t even know what to do with himself. What had stung the most was that Michael had made it seem that Nico didn’t want Will, when that wasn’t the case.

Nico’s eyes located the closet door and suddenly his frantically operating brain made up a plan of action. The Italian was tense as fuck as he jerked the door open and, ignoring Will’s protests, stormed inside, the blonde in hand. Nico slammed the door shut and locked it.

The two boys found themselves in a small, dark storage closet, a shelf on one wall full of boxes of balls and helmets. There was a bag full of tennis rackets on the floor, a few baseball bats propped up against the wall and a bunch of PE kits in a heap on the floor.

“Nico what the hell are we doing in here?!” Will demanded in an angry whisper. He had to stand close to the Italian, practically chest to chest or they wouldn’t have fit, “If you’re gonna have an argument with me it can wait for later-“

Nico crashed their lips together, shoving Will up against the door in the process. He was so pissed off that he could barely control his instincts as he caged the blonde in with his arms, preventing him from escaping if he wanted to. Not that it looked like Will wanted that. The blonde wrapped his arms around Nico’s neck almost immediately and let out a shaky breath against his boyfriend’s lips, dragging him a little further down and angling his head so their lips slid together smoother. Nico shoved his tongue into Will’s mouth, taking his anger out on the blonde. Will was a sucker for any kind of physical contact from Nico, and the Italian loved that.

“N-Nico,” Will whispered heatedly against his mouth when Nico untucked his white school shirt from his trousers and shoved his hand underneath, running his hands over the boy’s body, “We c-can’t do this here – ah!” Will moaned when Nico’s fingers found his nipple, twisting it.

“I can tell you want to,” Nico whispered, his breath mingling with Will’s in the dark, before passionately kissing him once more, tongues sliding together. His free hand inched down and squeezed the blonde’s crotch. Nico smirked and pulled away as Will whimpered, “You’re already hard.”

“Y-You’re hot when you’re jealous,” Will panted. Nico stroked him a couple of times through his
pants, not bothering to deny that he was jealous. Will grabbed his boyfriend’s tie and pulled him close for another sloppy, messy kiss, hips bucking forward.

Nico slid his leather jacket off and dropped to his knees gracefully and without any warning. Things were happening fast but he didn’t care anymore, he stopped caring the moment he decided to fuck his boyfriend in a storage closet. His anger was gone, replaced with an eagerness to please Will because the Italian knew the second the haze of lust was gone the blonde would be pissed about this. Right now he was too busy moaning as Nico kissed his hard cock through his school trousers. He could feel Will’s legs shaking and the blonde slid his hands into Nico’s dark locks. The Italian made quick work of his belt and the zipper, pulling Will’s cock out through the gap.

“Don’t be too loud,” he said teasingly, his breath brushing against the head of Will’s wet cock and making him shiver.

“Just do it,” the blonde whispered impatiently, pulling Nico’s head closer. Nico used to think he hated blowjobs when he was with other boys, but when he got into a relationship with Will he completely changed his mind. He didn’t think he enjoyed anything more than the heavy weight of the other boy’s heavy cock on his tongue.

Nico didn’t have time to tease Will, as much as he wanted to. He had no idea how long it’d be before someone started knocking on the door, so he hurriedly took the blonde’s entire length into his mouth. Will moaned and then immediately slapped a hand over his mouth to shut himself up. Nico swallowed around his member, and hollowed out his cheeks as he started sucking, making sure he was keeping his teeth away. His tongue swirled around the head, leaving Will above him, shaking and gasping against his palm.

Nico’s hands found his boyfriend’s thighs and he gripped them through the boy’s trousers, before sliding behind him and squeezing his ass hard.

“Nico,” Will moaned, voice muffled by his hand. Nico started bobbing harder, feeling salty precum against his tongue. He pulled back and licked against the protruding vein at the side of Will’s pretty dick before dipping his tongue into the slit at the head, “O-Oh Jesus Christ....” Will gasped, his eyes falling shut. In the darkness of the closet Nico could just make out the blush against his pale cheeks.

He let Will’s cock out of his mouth with an audible pop and then climbed back up his body. He drew the blonde’s hand from his mouth and tried to kiss him but Will turned his face away in disgust.

“E-Ew,” he said breathlessly, “Don’t kiss m-me after sucking m-my dick.”

“You’re so prestige,” Nico chuckled, pressing his face into his boyfriend’s neck and starting to kiss it, feeling his own cock steadily fill up. The Italian slid a leg between his boyfriend’s skinny ones and Will started rubbing himself against the dark haired boy’s thigh. Nico wrapped an arm around his boyfriend’s waist and sucked on his neck harder.

“A-Ah, n-no, d-don’t give me a-a hickey, i-idiot,” Will stuttered, trying to bat Nico away.

“I want Michael to know you’re mine,” the Italian said simply, the arm at Will’s waist sliding back so he could dip his hand into the boy’s waistband. He wriggled his hand inside until he reached Will’s ass. He nudged the boy’s thigh apart and then playfully rubbed his fingers against his hole. Will mewled.

“G-God yes,” he gasped, pulling Nico in for a kiss, clearly not caring about his blowjob lips anymore, “put them in.”
Nico withdrew his hand and pressed his fingers to Will’s lips, “Suck,” he ordered and Will complied. His eyes were dark and he stared at Nico intensely as he took the boy’s digits into his mouth. Nico remembered him only minutes ago, sitting at the desk, reading his book, pretending to be an innocent little nerd. Now he looked closer to a porn star. When Nico was satisfied with the wetness of his fingers he pulled them back and dipped his hand into Will’s trousers once more.

“Michael was right about one thing,” Nico whispered against his boyfriend’s lips, “You are sexy.”

He pushed two fingers into Will at once. The blonde cried out, his back arching as he pressed his hard cock against Nico’s own bulge. The Italian bit his lip to not make a noise as he started to finger Will, his movement restricted by the boy’s trousers. Will moaned, head slamming back against the door.

“Hey, shh, shh,” Nico murmured, but he was slyly pleased with the reaction, “You have to be quiet baby.”

“I c-can’t,” Will was trembling in Nico’s arms, clinging on to him. The Italian liked him best like this – his uniform messy, his hair dishevelled, mouth swollen and open as he panted. He looked breathtaking.

The bell went suddenly, startling both the boys. Nico jolted and his fingers must’ve found Will’s prostate because the boy cried out and his knees would’ve given out if Nico wasn’t holding on to him. The hallway outside filled with voices and footsteps as students flooded out for break time.

“Now you really have to be quiet,” Nico warned Will, withdrawing his fingers. The blonde nodded. They kissed quickly and then Will turned around, so his ass was pressed against Nico’s crotch. The Italian bit his lip and rocked against his boyfriend once, unable to stop himself. Then he pulled Will’s trousers down, just enough to expose his smooth, pale ass.

Nico wished they had lube but they were seventeen and neither of them was ever prepared, so he just spat on his hand and pulled his cock out, getting it wet with that mixed with his precum. No matter how rushed and improvised this was, Nico didn’t want to hurt Will.

He kissed the boy’s shoulder as he lined himself up, and then started pushing in slowly. He was immediately enveloped in Will’s familiar, tight heat. The blonde moaned, and Nico could barely hear him over how loud the corridors were. His boyfriend splayed his hands against the door, as if looking for something to hold onto, and arched his back, pushing his ass back against Nico and taking his entire length in one go. Both the boys groaned simultaneously.

“Move,” Will gasped, “J-Just move-“

There was no waiting, no time. They could be caught any moment. Nico gripped his boyfriend’s hips, dizzy with the simple pleasure of being inside Will, and he drew back hurriedly before pushing back in. Will’s hole welcomed him with a squelch and a clench. After that it went smoothly and Nico started thrusting.

It wasn’t coordinated or smooth – they were two horny teenagers in a goddamn closet. It was fast and rough and sloppy and good. Nico had to dig his nails into Will’s hips to stop himself from making any noise and the blonde was having more trouble, his hands clenched into fists against the door. They heard laughter and talking from outside and Nico pounded Will against the door, hoping it wasn’t shaking too much.

Take that, Michael, Nico thought possessively as he thrust roughly into Will, watching the boy’s shoulders tremble and his cock disappear into him, over and over. When Nico hit Will’s prostate the
blonde moaned *loudly*.

“Shit did you hear that?” someone from outside asked. Nico roughly pulled Will back and pressed him flat against the door, continuing to fuck him fast. One of his hands came around the boy’s waist and started stroking him, knowing that they both had to finish soon. Nico used his free hand to cover Will’s mouth, muffling his moans.

The blonde rested his head against Nico’s shoulder, his hair tickling the boy’s face. Nico’s thrusts got more frantic and heated, he kissed Will’s neck passionately, enjoying the hickey blooming there. His hands on Will’s dick sped up.

Before the next bell the two boys inconspicuously walked back to their class, looking prim and proper. Apart from the bruises and hickeys on Will’s neck.

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“Soooo...,” Michael casually leaned against Jason’s locker, arms crossed over his chest, “you owe me a fiver, Grace.”

Jason rolled his eyes, digging into his pocket as the ring of people around him snickered, “I can’t believe Nico actually outing himself like that, after *one* comment. Mike doesn’t even *like* boys.”

“Oh please,” Piper grinned next to her boyfriend, “it was so obvious he had a thing for Will, and vice versa.”

“True,” Silena agreed.

“I didn’t notice,” Drew pouted. Next to her Percy patted her shoulder.

“It’s alright. I’m sure Jason will borrow you his glasses sometime.”

“Sure,” Jason said sarcastically, handing a smug Michael his fiver.

Chapter End Notes

Just uploaded a smutty chapter to my original work (gay of course) ;) please check it out!
Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
I Wanna Stay High

Leo/Jason or Nico/Jason, where they’re strangers and someone puts a rape date drug in the former’s drink and the latter chases that person off and takes him to his place to take care of him.

Leo/Jason albo Nico/Jason, gdzie są nieznajomymi i temu pierwszemu ktoś podaje na imprezie tabletkę gwałtu lub dosypuje coś do drinka i ten drugi, nie wiem, przegania tą osobę i zabiera go do siebie, żeby się nim zająć?

For ImGeniush

The club was loud and dark, the flashing lights and thundering music absolutely doing Jason’s head in. The University student was exhausted and didn’t really know why he even bothered coming down to the club tonight. His friends had insisted he tag along and now Jason was regretting it – it was coming up to one in the morning and he was so tired. All he wanted was to get home, but his friends had disappeared in the dancing, writhing crowd while the blonde stuck to the bar, nursing the same drink for the past hour.

There was another kid sat two stools down from Jason, and there were two reasons the blonde paid attention to him in the darkness of the club. One – he went to Jason’s Uni. The boy had seen him around but didn’t even know his name. Two – the kid was dressed in a hoodie and was drinking a water, something unusual for a Friday night at a university club, making him stand out. It was clear to Jason that the man sitting between them, maybe around thirty years old, was chatting the kid up.

The boy was sitting facing the bar, pale hands gripping his water, avoiding eye contact with the man and trying to politely show that he wasn’t interested. Jason wasn’t a nosy person but he couldn’t not overhear their conversation.

“You should go back to mine!” the older man had to shout over the music. The kid anxiously tucked a strand of his hair behind his ear.

“Um, no thankyou,” he said, “I...uh...I have a boyfriend,” it was an obvious lie. Jason knew about all the gays in relationship in his Uni because he was one himself, and he knew for a fact that so was this kid.

“Aw, I’m sure I can do you better than some uni kid,” the man said sleazily. He was drunk, and reeked of alcohol. Jason wondered if he should step in now or let the kid pie off the man himself. He looked like he was capable.

“Again – no thanks,” the kid repeated, more firmly now.
“Don’t I even get a kiss?” the older man’s back was to Jason so the blonde couldn’t see his expression. Still, he made sure to watch the kid from the corner of his eye, just in case. Jason had a hero complex, always had to help people, and he wanted to make sure the man didn’t force himself on the dark haired boy.

“No, don’t think so,” the kid’s attention was slipping – his eyes started travelling around the club, flashing with lights, as if he was looking for someone who could save him from the situation.

“Why don’t I get you a proper drink?” the older man offered, seemingly desperate to keep the boy’s interest on him. The kid blinked at him.

“I don’t–"

“You’re here already. One drink won’t hurt and if you don’t want to come with me after it, I’ll leave.”

The kid bit his lip, contemplating the offer. Don’t do it, Jason wanted to tell him but eventually the kid sighed, “Okay. I’m gonna go to the bathroom. I’ll be back in a moment.”

He slid off the stool and disappeared into the crowd of dancers. Jason exhaled a little, hoping the kid had enough sense to make straight for the door and not return to the creep.

“Bartender!” the older man clicked his fingers. Rachel, one of Jason’s friends, sauntered over, looking bored, “vodka and coke.”

“Coming up,” Rachel said, sending Jason a when will my shift end? look. Jason sent her a comforting smile as she brought the man the drink and turned around.

Then something weird happened. The blonde looked away, but a movement from the man next to him made him, for some reason, sneakily look at him. The man was making sure that Rachel’s back was to him as he dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out a small packet. He opened it and produced a small tablet which he proceeded to pop open over the vodka and coke glass in a quick, practised movement. White powder spilled into the drink and dissolved almost immediately. The man put the empty capsule back into his pocket and it was as if nothing ever happened. The drink sat on the bar innocently.

Jason felt sick. His stomach fell to the floor in disgust as to what he just witnessed. This was the shit schools always warned them about – roofies, date rape drugs. Jason never thought it actually happened. There were hundreds of people around and yet nobody had noticed. Except him. Jason was just glad that kid was long gone.

The blonde tried to pick Annabeth and Percy out in the dancing crowd – he wanted to tell them that he was ready to go home. However it was impossible to tell one blonde girl from the other in the swarm of people, much less a dark haired boy. He sighed eventually and decided to do some active looking for the two.

He spent ten minutes wandering around the dark club like a blind man. Everything was just getting into the swing of things, people were going loud, shouting along to the house music banging through the building. Jason pulled several couples apart to check their faces, until finally, finally he found Percy and Annabeth, happily making out in the corner.

“Oi, you two,” he stood next to them, arms crossed over his chest.

“Jason!” Percy exclaimed, clearly drunk off his head. He had Annabeth’s red lipstick smeared all over his mouth, “My man!” he pulled the blonde in for a bro hug.
“We should go home,” Jason said.

“No!” Percy slurred, leaning into him, “Noooo, we’re having fuuuuuun.”

Annabeth was clearly a lot sober, “I think we’re gonna stay for a little bit. You go ahead if you’re tired.”

Jason nodded, “Alright. I’ll see you lot back on Campus.”

He was eager to get out into the cold winter night. It was a mere two minute walk to Campus from the club and as Jason ventured outside, slipping on his jacket, he was already thinking about how comfortable and warm his bed was going to be. He couldn’t wait to sleep.

The streets outside were mostly deserted. There were two girls under a streetlamp on the opposite side of the street, one bent over and puking in the gutter while her friend held her hair back. A young boy was arguing with the bouncer, and a woman across the street was angrily talking on the phone. Jason started walking down the road, hands shoved in his pockets as the cold night wind assaulted him. It felt horribly cold but refreshing after the hot, stuffy interior of the nightclub. Even now, moving away from it, Jason could feel the vibrations of the music.

He was fishing in his pocket, looking for his earphones as he walked past an alleyway. He heard voices from the inside and almost disregarded them when something made him pause. He stopped walking and listened for a second.

“N-No...,” someone whimpered shakily, “I don’t...wanna...l-let go...”

“You’re drunk, look how drunk you got,” another voice cooed condescendingly.

“I-I...one drink...l-let go p-please....,” the second voice sounded terrified and slurred. Jason recognized it – it was that kid from the bar. His stomach tumbled to the ground as he walked right into the alley, not hesitating. It was dark and the two figures leaning on one of the walls hadn’t noticed the blonde appear.

The kid was up against the wall, the older man caging him in with his arms. Where before the kid had been sober, upright and tense, now he was slumped, barely able to keep his head up. His hand was weakly pressed against the older man’s chest, as if he wanted to push him away but didn’t have the strength to. It was too dark for Jason to see his facial expression, but it was clear that when Jason left the kid had returned and drank that roofied vodka.

“Come on baby,” the older man leaned in close, his hands sliding over the kid’s hips and reaching to squeeze his ass.

“S-Stop-“

“Oi!” Jason yelled, unable to keep quiet as he approached, steps speeding up, heart pounding in his chest, “What are you doing?! Get the hell away from him you old creep!”

The man pulled back from the kid, but grabbed his wrist, as if making sure that the boy couldn’t go anyway.

“Excuse me?!” the man demanded, “Who the hell are you? This is my nephew-“

“Don’t lie to me,” Jason was close enough now to touch the man, and he did. He shoved him back with more strength than he meant to, furious. The kid’s wrist slipped from the man’s hand. Jason was mad at himself for leaving without double checking that the man wouldn’t actually roofie anyone, “I
saw you put the drug in his drink!”

“What? How dare you?!” the man hissed, eyes narrowed, “You have no proof-“

The kid was slumped against the wall, so out of it he couldn’t even talk. Jason pulled his phone from his pocket and held it up like a weapon, “I’ll call the police, I’m sure they’ll find proof.”

The man glared at him, then spat angrily at the floor and stormed off, shoving past Jason in his eagerness to get back to the street – clearly he didn’t doubt that the blonde would actually do it. Jason shoved his phone back into his pocket, slumping with relief. He would call the police later, right now he had bigger things to worry about.

“Hey,” he turned to the kid hesitantly. The boy managed to lift his head a little. His cheeks were flushed, eyes unfocused, pupils blown massive. He looked drunk, but Jason knew it was worse, “My name is Jason. We go to the same Uni. What’s your name?”

“Nico,” the kid slurred.


The boy’s shoulders started shaking, his hoodie sliding down to his elbows, “I think I’m going to be sick,” he whispered, horrified.

His knees gave out and by some miracle Jason’s PE reflexes kicked in. He jerked forward and grabbed Nico around his middle. The boy dug his fingers into his arm, which was pressed against his stomach, and leaned over it, vomiting onto the pavement. Jason really should’ve been more disgusted than he was, but right now he was just glad the kid was getting the drug out of his system. He found himself stroking the shaking boy’s back and murmuring sweet nothing’s to him.

“It’s alright, shhh, just get it out...”

Nico finished puking and sloppily wiped his mouth on the back of his sleeve. He slumped against Jason’s chest sideways, gasping for air. Awkwardly, Jason hugged him and wondered if he should take the kid to the hospital.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“D-Dizzy,” Nico whispered, sounding like it took a lot of energy for him to get that one word out. He was leaning most of his weight on Jason but thankfully he wasn’t very heavy. The blonde bit his lip, continuing to rub Nico’s back in comfort. It didn’t look like the kid was getting any worse, which was a good sign.

“Okay, I’m gonna take you to my dorm room, alright?” Jason offered. Nico nodded against his shoulder drunkenly. He seemed completely unaware of what was happening and seeing him in this state just made Jason more worried – it would’ve been so easy for that man to take complete advantage of the kid, “Right,” Jason said, more to himself than to Nico as he wrapped an arm around his waist, manoeuvring the boy’s arm so it was slung over his shoulders. Nico pressed his cheek to Jason’s bicep, “Walk with me, Nico.”

“I-I can’t s-see...everything’s b-blurry...,” the boy mumbled, eyes closed.

Jason somehow managed to get them back out into the street. The university was just around the corner and the blonde told himself he could make it. Each step was wobbly because Nico was completely throwing him off balance, his feet tripping over themselves. They walked, inch by inch.
At one point Nico started breathing hard and Jason had to let him lean on a wall while he got him to calm down.

Once they got past the Campus gates Nico collapsed. Jason hoisted the kid up into his arms and carried him the rest of the way and by the time he reached his dorm room (it was on the first floor, thankfully) he was exhausted, and his arms were trembling with the kid’s weight. The whole time Nico was shaking, eyes half-closed, but he didn’t pass out, thankfully.

When Jason got out into his small dorm room he let the kid sit on the edge of the bed as he flicked the lights on. Immediately Nico leaned forward and buried his face in his hands, moaning with nausea. Jason brought him a bucket (fuck knows why he had it) and a bottle of water.

“Hey, talk to me,” he said, keeping a safe distance between him and the boy, “How are you? Are you gonna be sick?”

“D-Dunno...,” Nico looked up. Jason finally got a good look at him; unfocused eyes, messy hair, flushed face. The kid was cute, and Jason felt guilty for thinking that in a situation like this. Nico frowned and looked at Jason, “Where am I?” he whispered, fear lacing his voice, “W-Who...Who are you?”

“I’m Jason,” the blonde said, trying to seem as non-threatening as possible, which was hard since he was a lot taller and bigger than Nico, “we go to the same Uni.”

“Are you going to force me to have sex with you?” Nico asked, lower lip trembling. His expression crumbled and his eyes filled with tears, “I don’t wanna...”

“No, no, no!” Jason panicked, and shook his head, “oh my God, I’m not going to hurt you, I swear!”

“I feel so sick,” Nico slurred, hugging himself, “b-but I didn’t d-drink m-much...”

“That man you were with...he drugged you,” Jason said, “but it’s alright. You just need to sleep it off.” Nico shakily got to his feet and stumbled forward. He would’ve fallen over if Jason hadn’t reached out and grabbed him, “Woah! Steady there!”

Nico pressed himself against the blonde, arms coming up to cling onto the back of his jacket as he started bawling against the boy’s chest. He was shaking so badly that Jason had to firmly wrap his arms around the boy to get him to calm down.

“Hey, shhhh, you’re okay now, I’ve got you, you’re safe,” he mumbled, rocking Nico a little. The kid continued to sob, holding onto Jason desperately. The blonde was glad he wasn’t scared of him anymore. When Nico calmed down considerably Jason pulled back and wiped the boy’s cheeks with his sleeve, “I’m going to borrow you some clothes okay?”

Nico nodded and allowed himself to get sat back down on the bed. He looked blankly into space and Jason forced him to drink the water as he looked through his drawers. He pulled out a shirt, a pair of shorts and some socks. The next few minutes were tedious as Jason had to get a mostly slack Nico out of his clothes and get him into the new ones. The blonde would’ve probably checked the boy out, if it wasn’t for the circumstances. In this situation he tried his best to look at Nico’s naked skin as little as possible, out of respect for the boy.

Eventually Nico was slumped against Jason, falling asleep. The blonde contemplated just sharing the bed but he assumed the boy wouldn’t remember much of this in the morning and waking up next to a stranger might freak him out. Instead Jason grabbed one of the pillows and a blanket and laid them on the floor. He placed the bucket next to Nico’s head and then helped the boy get under the covers.
He thought Nico was already asleep but as Jason pulled away from him after tucking him in, the boy’s hand shot out and grabbed the blonde’s. Nico cracked his hazy eyes open.

“Jason?” he mumbled.

“Yeah?” Jason’s heart skipped a beat.

“Thank y-you.”

Jason smiled, “No worries.”

Nico tugged on his sleeve weakly, “D-Do I get a goodnight kiss?” he slurred. He's so out of it he has no idea what he's saying. Still, Jason leaned forward and kissed his forehead sweetly.

“Goodnight.”
Leo was trying his best to get hard. Calypso had broken up with him over two weeks ago and since then Leo didn’t masturbate once. It was starting to become an issue – the boy was agitated and frustrated, especially when he went to his lectures at university and had to face his now ex-girlfriend.

He wasn’t mad at the girl for breaking up with him, after all he was planning on doing it anyway when he realised he might be quite in love with his best friend, Frank, instead of his girlfriend. But when Calypso left first so did her exquisite handjobs and Leo returned to the sad life of wanking. And now here he was, sexually frustrated, with confusing emotions about his best friend, hand around his soft dick, unable to get into the right mindset for a wank. He just couldn’t get hard, especially not from the shitty porn he was watching, but he knew that if he didn’t come tonight everything would just get worse.

Somehow his browsing through shitty videos on the internet in the dark safety in his room had brought him here – to a video of a muscular Asian man fucking a skinny boy with curly hair into a mattress. Leo hated to think that the reason he clicked on this video was because the two porn stars reminded him of himself and Frank. The guilt of watching the video and realising that Frank would never fuck him like that prevented him from getting aroused.

As if summoned by Leo’s wandering mind, the boy’s phone suddenly lit up with Frank’s caller ID. The Latino sighed and contemplated just not picking up but honestly his cock was still soft, he was in a bad mood because Cali was fighting with him, the porn he was watching was shit, so he just picked up. He turned down the porn on his laptop and chucked his phone onto the pillow next to his head, putting it on loud speaker.

“Hello, your local Latino speaking,” he said, his hands resting on his stomach as he looked up at the dark ceiling, illuminated only by the blue glow from his laptops as the two men continued to fuck, obnoxiously loud moans now turned down to a barely hearable level.

“Hey Leo,” Frank’s voice, a little nervous and very warm, filled Leo with heat. He realised suddenly that picking up the phone in this situation probably wasn’t the best idea since he was literally naked
in his bed, talking to the guy he was in love with on the phone, “*I just wanted to make sure you were okay after the whole Cali thing.*”

“You *know* I’m okay,” Leo rolled his eyes even though Frank couldn’t see him, “I was going to break up with her anyway.”

“*Yeah I know. Just wanted to make sure.*” Frank paused, “*Uh...so what you up to?*” he seemed more awkward and agitated, like he was building up to say something he was afraid of saying, which was weird since he was usually almost uncomfortably comfortable around Leo.

“Honestly I’m watching porn,” Leo admitted.

“What?!?” Frank spluttered on the other end and Leo could almost imagine him blushing at how crass the Latino was being. It made him smile, “*Why would you tell me that?! TMI Leo!*”

“What? You asked.”

“*Jesus.*”

“Nope, just me,” Leo teased. Subconsciously his hand had slipped down his stomach to his cock, and he was gently running the tips of his fingers down its side, not really paying attention, listening to Frank’s voice as he reprimanded him. Leo liked Frank’s voice. A lot. He bit his lip as he felt some blood travel south and his cock twitched with interest. Apparently the hoarse gruff of Frank’s voice was more arousing to Leo than porn. The boy wrapped his hand around his member and started lazily stroking it.

“*Why are you watching porn anyway?*” Frank questioned.

“I’m trying to have a wank,” Leo said, ignoring the fact that he was having a wank. To Frank’s voice.

“*God, I should really hang up and let you get on with it then,*” Frank grumbled. Leo bit his lip as he felt his cock fill out a little more, his hand stroking a little harder.

“Yeah,” he said, trying to keep his voice steady as pleasure started to course through his body. He was *finally* hard, “*You really should,*” he pretended that he and Frank were flirting, that Frank was on his way to Leo’s house and that the Latino was just teasing him before they’d fuck. He imagined Frank coming into his room, smirking, his hand replacing Leo’s.

In his newfound arousal it was easy to Leo’s mind to wander. Without meaning to he let out a tiny moan into the phone.

“Oh my God!” Frank yelled on the other side, but Leo was too busy jerking himself off to be embarrassed just yet, “*You’re really having a wank while on the phone to me!*”

“N-Not my fault you intruded,” Leo laughed shakily and then bit his lip once more to try and muffle the sounds trying to spill out. He pressed his face into the pillow, feeling his fully hard cock now twitch in his palm. Frank wasn’t even *dirty talking* to him, and yet Leo was harder than he had been in weeks.

“Well I *didn’t expect you to be wanking!*” Frank exclaimed, and Leo noted that he still hadn’t hung up as he reached for the lube bottle on his bedside table. His mind was getting clouded with arousal as he poured some onto the fingers of his hand. He reached behind himself as he continued to stroke his member, breath getting more and more laboured, “*You’re not going to stop are you?*”
“N-No,” Leo’s voice trembled as much as his shoulders did when he pressed a wet finger against his
entrance and cried out when the digit slid in. He wanted to get fucked so badly.

“Can you stop moaning?!” Frank demanded, seeming flustered.

“I-I literally c-can’t,” Leo mumbled, face flushed, mouth parted so he could swallow air greedily.
The video on his laptop changed suddenly and the volume jumped up, so his room was filled with
much louder moans of a gay couple already viciously going at it.

“Are you watching gay porn?” Frank asked in disbelief.

“Y-Yeah I...,” Leo swallowed and a part of his brain was telling him he was being an idiot for letting
Frank know all this, “Y-Yeah.”

“Are you gay Leo?”

“J-Just hang up,” Leo gasped, thrusting into his fists a little faster as he ground his ass back onto his
hand. His fingers were so thin and small, he wanted something big inside him, he wanted a cock, he
wanted Frank’s cock.

“You hang up!” Frank retaliated, and he sounded weirdly tense, like he was holding his breath.

“C-Can’t,” Leo closed his eyes and stuck his foot out to close the lid of his laptop with his toes,
cutting off the loud moans. This enabled another finger to slide into his hole and he whimpered at the
feeling of slowly filling himself up, “M-My hands are b-busy.”

Frank was silent for a beat, “Leo are you...,” he sounded shaky, “S-Shit are you...”

“M-My fingers a-are too small,” Leo whimpered, feeling dizzy with the long awaited pleasure.
Weeks of frustration and not getting a release were building inside him, making him over-sensitive,
“I-I need s-something b-bigger inside me.”

He expected Frank to hang up then, or start shouting, or be disgusted. Instead the other boy asked a
question over the phone, calmly, the shock gone from his voice.

“What would you do if I was there?”

“Ride you,” Leo blurted before he could think twice, because that’s what his mind was telling him.

“Fuck,” Frank groaned on the other side and the sound went right down to Leo’s groin, filling his
stomach with unbearable heat. He continued fucking himself with his fingers but flipped on his
stomach so he could grind his hard cock against the mattress, one hand gripping the pillow. Like this
it almost felt like someone else was fingerling him.

“I’d straddle y-you,” Leo gasped, needing to continue talking, unable to risk Frank’s voice
disappearing now, “press my ass against your c-cock. W-What would you do if I did t-that?”

“I’d grab your ass,” Frank’s voice was breathless but weirdly powerful and Leo found himself
getting lost in its huskiness. He moaned into his pillow, not knowing how he even got in this position
of dirty talking over the phone with his best fucking friend, “You have such a beautiful ass, Leo, I
can’t stop staring at it whenever you’re around me.”

“F-Frank,” Leo whined, losing whatever control he might’ve had at the start. He flipped on his side
and his hand went back to furiously stroking his cock.
“God, you sound so hot saying my name like that,” Frank murmured.

“A-Are you j- jerking off?” Leo gasped, conjuring up an image of Frank in his bed, hand around his dick. Leo had seen it multiple times, they were best friends after all. He imagined the thick, long member entering him now, and it made him tremble with want.

“I’m asking the questions,” Frank whispered, and Leo’s phone was close enough that it felt like the other boy was right next to him, teasing him with his voice, “How many fingers?”

“T-Two,” Leo gasped, twisting said digits inside his hungry hole, moaning as he did.

“Add another one.”

“C-Can’t,” Leo whimpered, “I-I’ll come.”

“Not yet,” it sounded like a command, “Let go of your cock and just finger yourself.”

“Don’t t-torture me,” Leo whined, though his hand slipped from his member, wet with precum as he continued to finger himself.

“Add another finger,” Frank repeated, voice an inch away from being a full out growl. It made Leo’s body hot and his brain fuzzy. His fingers sped up inside himself and he added another, feeling the welcomed burn and pleasure that came with it. Precum squirted out of the top of Leo’s cock as it twitched helplessly – Leo was unable to touch himself, “Tell me how you feel.”

“F-Full,” Leo moaned, “I-I feel so f-fucking full-“

“Your hands are so small, they’re nothing compares to my cock. Jesus, Leo, I’d destroy you.”

The suggestion in that sentence made Leo’s whole body jerk, “F-Frank, f-fuck...I’m so hard,” he whimpered, “I want you inside m-me s-so badly nghh...”

“Send me a picture.”

“N-No,” Leo bit his arm as his fingers twisted further inside him.

“Do it,” Frank growled, “I want to see you.” Leo didn’t know how to say no. He forced his fingers to slide out of him as he picked up his phone shakily, “Are you doing it?”

“Yes.”

“Good boy,” Frank praised and a shiver went through Leo’s thin body.

Leo unlocked his phone after couple tries, mouth dry, his body still humming with pleasure despite the fact he wasn’t touching himself anymore. When he flipped his camera on he couldn’t see anything because of how dark it was in his bedroom, so he just blindly took a picture with flash on.

He was horrified at how he looked; curls falling everywhere, lips swollen as if he had been kissing someone, eyes dark and looking at the camera with the terrible neediness that reflected what he was actually feeling. However because of the angle Leo had also managed to get his thin chest in the shot, and his sharp hip, with his bum curving around the back and his hard, leaking cock caught between his stomach and the bed.

Without even meaning to he pressed send.

“I-I sent it,” Leo whimpered, his fingers sliding back inside himself as he dropped the phone onto the
pillow again, eager to return to the pleasure, “F-Fuck don’t look at it.”

“I want to see you.”

Leo bit his hand and continued to roughly finger himself, hoping he’d come before Frank saw the picture, before he commented on it. Leo wasn’t sexy, he couldn’t pull off phone sex and sending nudes. He just wanted to come, hang up and forget this ever happened. His breathing was getting more laboured, his stomach tightening, hole clenching around the three fingers stuffed inside it.

He heard the ping! On the other side when Frank got the message.

“Fuck,” he heard his best friend whispered, “Leo fuck.”

“I-I need to come,” Leo gasped.

“You’re so fucking hot Jesus Christ,” Frank murmured, and the control and power was gone from his voice, replaced by a needy kind of lust, like he craved Leo. It made the Latino’s hand curl back around his dick, “Oh God, I want to touch you. I want to push my cock into that delicious ass. Fuck, L-Leo, I want to do so many things to you.”

“I want you to come inside me,” Leo gasped, stroking himself furiously, blabbering. He was completely losing his head, “I want you to f-fill me up, m-mark me, m-make me yours, o-oh God Frank I-I’m...ah! I-I’m gonna come-“

He heard a groan on the other side at the same time as he exploded all over his stomach, spilling come everywhere, including himself and his bed. He was helplessly shaking, his mind had blanked out completely and he was clinging onto his pillow now, riding his orgasm, stupidly hoping that it was Frank he was holding onto. Through the phone all he could hear was laboured breathing as Frank seemed to also be coming down from his own climax.

Leo closed his eyes as his body slumped, the tension escaping it. His nerves finally stopped tingling and then embarrassment flooded him. He suddenly felt sick at what he had just done – and Frank now had the picture too!

“I’m going to hang up now,” Leo said quietly, grabbing his phone.

“No!” Frank blurted, so suddenly that Leo dropped the device, “No don’t hang up I...I...”

“That was weird,” Leo said, “What we just did was weird. Let’s forget it, delete the picture-“

“You’re beautiful,” Frank said softly and Leo’s stomach twisted as he hid his face in his pillow, even though Frank couldn’t see him anyway. He was so confused and yet the other boy’s words make him melt into the bed.

“Shut up,” he whispered.

“I want to see you. Can I come over?”

Leo didn’t think he could handle facing his best friend right now, “No. Not tonight. M-Maybe...um, tomorrow?”

“Right. Okay,” Frank agreed hesitantly. What they did seconds ago now seemed like a dream. The Latino went to press the red call button but Frank’s voice stopped him, “Leo...before you go I...um...I actually wanted to ask you something. When I first called, before we got...er...distracted...”
“Oh,” Leo felt tiredness wash over him, “What is it?”

“Now that you’re single...would you like to be my boyfriend?”

Chapter End Notes

Hello, it's me (again) (obvs)
I'm still updating my original work and juggling it with this so it'd mean so much to me if you checked it out!
Here's a link if ya want -
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
(It's also on my profile)
Thank you for reading it, and for reading this too and see you in the next chapter ;)
Chapter Notes

We're down to the final 10 prompts guys!

Can you do a solangelo chap where idk nico just hysterically sobs while will fucks him into the mattress /lol i just want some smut and i'm also all about the seven kNoWiNg that they fucked because of obvious lovebits and hickies, clawmarks, bites, and will having to carry nico into the dining pavilion because nico can't walk for the love of the gods. AND NO CONDOM PLS I THINK THEYRE UNNECESSARY DURING BXB SMUT PLS AND THANK for Cyle

Will decided he should probably stop before he literally broke Nico into pieces but goddamn it was hard to stop. Impossible.

The Hades Cabin was dark, as it should be so late at night, but the fire in the braziers hanging on the porch gave Will just enough light that he could see what he was doing. Just enough so he could watch his boyfriend’s every little expression as he got fucked into the mattress.

Maybe Will would’ve stopped thrusting into the boy below him if he wasn’t as captivating as he was. Nico had orgasmed three times already in the past four hours and despite being exhausted he still managed to look so fucking hot that Will could barely think straight. Wrecked would be a good word to use to describe the Italian right now; cheeks red, hair so messy it stuck up in all directions, eyes barely open with tiredness, arms limp on either side of his head since he had no strength to raise them, thighs trembling, neck and collarbones decorated with dozens of bruises and hickies and bite marks.

The only reason Will had any control over himself was because he was determined to absolutely ruin Nico tonight. The boy had been away at Camp Jupiter for five days and now the blonde couldn’t get enough of him.


“Shhh, I love you,” Will murmured, leaning down so he could capture his boyfriend’s lips as he continued to fuck him. He wasn’t even going that hard anymore, his rhythm more sensual now, more deliberate so he knew he was hitting Nico’s prostate each time he pushed his cock back inside the boy.
Nico’s hand gripped his bicep as he moaned weakly against his boyfriend’s mouth, “I-I’m g-gonna come a-again...,” he whimpered.

Will sucked another hickey into his pale neck to muffle his groan as his hand went down to Nico’s dick and started stroking it in time with his thrusts. Nico moaned louder, his legs tightening against Will’s waist as he wrapped his arms around the boy’s shoulders to cling onto him. He shuddered, whimpered and Will felt hot come against his hand.

He pulled back, his hard cock still inside the Italian. The smaller boy had his arm thrown over his eyes, trying to catch his breath. He looked blissed out and a little broken, his thighs shaking. Will ran a hand over his leg soothingly and kissed the underside of his knee. He wanted to come so badly, to just end this and explode into Nico because Gods he wanted to so badly. His cock was twitching inside the boy’s tight passage but Will didn’t want it to end, he didn’t want to let go of his boyfriend just yet.

He leaned over the boy and Nico’s legs unwound themselves from his waist, falling helplessly on either side of the blonde. The son of Apollo showered his neck and shoulders with kisses and allowed Nico to calm down a little. His hands stroked the boy’s protruding hipbones.

“You didn’t come,” Nico said hoarsely, looking at Will tiredly with his dark eyes. No, not tiredly. Sleepily. The boy was absolutely exhausted and the blonde could see that.

“I’ll come in a second,” he whispered, pecking Nico on the lips lovingly, and started gently rocking into him again. Nico whimpered.

“W-Will I can’t...,” he tried to push at Will’s chest but he didn’t have enough strength. The blonde grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed. The son of Hades cried out when Will drew back and thrust back in roughly, “Will,” he protested with a moan.

The blonde let go of his wrists and grabbed his legs instead, spreading them as he established a sudden rough and brutal pace. He forced Nico down into the pillows as he fucked him, hips snapping forward fast, pounding into the boy. Will clenched his jaw to keep quiet, his head swimming with pleasure as he fucked his boyfriend.

“Will! W-Will...Will,” Nico was literally sobbing and when he opened his eyes they were shining with tears. Will’s rhythm faltered and for a wild second he thought that he was hurting Nico. But then the Italian wrapped his legs and arms back around him and pulled him close, crying against his shoulder in pleasure, “O-Oh Gods...O-Oh fuck...”

Will licked his way into the boy’s mouth, feeling his orgasm fast approaching. Nico’s hole clenched around his cock and the blonde lost it, exploding inside his boyfriend. Literal seconds later the Italian came for the fifth time with a quiet gasp.

Will slumped against Nico, driving him into the mattress as he panted, his body shuddering with post-orgasm pleasure. When he finally pulled back after a few minutes Nico was passed out.

***

Piper blinked in surprise as she saw Will and Nico roll into breakfast a good fifteen minutes late. They both looked tired but weirdly happy. Will had a smile on his face as he walked in, giving Nico a piggy-back.

“It’s almost like Nico can’t walk,” Percy said, staring.

“Hmmm, wonder why that is?” Annabeth snickered, winking at Piper. The two girls grinned.
The boys slid onto the bench opposite them and Will helped a grumpy Nico swing his legs over.

“I hate you,” the Italian told him. In reply Will kissed his forehead fondly.

“Nico,” Piper said, casually leaning her chin on her hand, looking over the purple bruises and bite marks over his skin, “I love what you did with your neck.”
If I Was Your Boyfriend

Leo x Jason. The boys are in a long distance relationship because they study at different Universities. Leo loves talking about his wonderful boyfriend, but nobody believes him because what could the hottie from the pictures see in Leo. The only person who believes Jason exists thinks he’s with Leo out of pity and certainly found himself someone better at his own university.

One day Jason decides to surprise Leo and waits for him after a lecture.

Leo x Jason. Chłopacy są w związku na odległość, ponieważ studiują na różnych uniwersytetach. Leo uwielbia opowiadać o swoim cudownym chłopaku, ale nikt mu za bardzo nie wierzy, bo co przystojniak ze zdjęć mógłby widzieć w Leo. Jedyna osoba, która wierzy z istnienie Jasona uważa, że jest on z Leo z litości i na pewno znalazł sobie kogoś lepszego na swoim uniwersytecie. Pewnego dnia Jason postanawia zrobić Leo niespodziankę i czeka na niego po wykładach.

For Astria

“Do you want to be my boyfriend?”

The words completely shocked Leo Valdez. The fourteen year old gaped in shock at his best friend, Jason Grace. They stood under a lantern in the middle of a snowy London street, on their way to the bus stop from the cinema, way late for their curfew. Jason was meant to be sleeping over at Leo’s. Right now he was standing with his hands clenched into fists at his sides, his slightly chubby face flushed, glasses a little steamed up from the cold. His tongue flickered out to lick at his chapped lips nervously, and there was snow in his hair.

“What?” Leo asked stupidly, his mathematical brain somehow unable to comprehend what the blonde just said. Jason pushed his glasses further up his nose.

“I-I said,” his voice trembled, as did his hands, but he seemed determined, “Do you want to be my boyfriend?”

The night air was brushing Leo’s face, making his cheeks red. Or maybe he was just blushing. His heart was hammering in his chest so hard that the boy was scared it would jump out and flop around in the snow like a fish. He didn’t know where the sudden question came from – he and Jason were just friends.

And yet the thought of going out with the blonde didn’t repulse Leo. They lived in the big city where not many people cared about other people’s sexuality, and Leo had his suspicions that he might like boys. He thought this would be a great way to find out. Besides, kissing Jason wouldn’t be the worst.

The Latino shrugged, “Okay,” he said, a little smile on his face.

He remembered how much Jason had slumped in relief, letting out a breath that turned to a white
cloud in front of his face. He grinned and Leo grinned back and then they hugged, not really knowing what to do now that they were ‘boyfriends.’

They went back to Leo’s and played video games until the Latino’s mom scolded them and made them go to sleep. They took turns showering and then lay next to each other in the bed, giggling about stupid teenage jokes. And then they kissed. It came out of nowhere, they both just kind of leaned in. It was dark, so that helped. The kiss was clumsy, awkward and uncomfortable. And nice. It was really nice.

***

Leo Valdez sat in his mechanical engineering lecture, bored out of his mind. His thoughts were on the Friday party in two days and how absolutely thrashed he’d get. He couldn’t wait since it was the only chance that he and his housemates got to hang out since all of them were on different courses.

Leo watched his professor, Daedalus, drone on about architectural structures. For some reason this particular lecture was combined with Architecture, which on one hand was baffling since Leo was better at building cars and engines rather than actual buildings, but it was also good because it meant he could sit with Annabeth, one of his best friends.

The girl was dutifully taking down notes and Leo knew he’d copy them later on. His chin was in his hand and he was doodling a little cartoon character in the corner of his paper, eyes shifting up every few minutes to look at the hands on the clock, moving past torturously slowly.

A quiet ping jolted Leo out of his half-awake state and he pulled his phone out of his pocket, earning a scowl from Annabeth. The boy hid the device beneath the bench and unlocked it. He grinned when he saw a text message appear.

Sparky: Got let out of sports early today. Im so knackered. Can u talk?

Leo typed back eagerly.

You: i wish im stuck in a class with architecture?? Like hi hello this is engineering

Sparky: pay attention maybe u will learn somthing for once idiot

You: im not an idiot i just have a short attention span

Sparky: not when it comes to me ;)

You: thats coz ur interesting but that could change fast pretty boy >:)

Sparky: don’t make me come down there

The smile melted off of Leo’s face and he bit his lip. Since he and Jason were kids they were inseparable, especially since they started dating almost five years ago. The Latino was sure that Jason was the one for him and yet they both decided to go to different Universities – Jason got into Cambridge, the smart fucker, and Leo decided to go to Newcastle. You could literally take a plane from one place to the next even though they were in the same country. Leo sighed. He wished he could see his boyfriend every day but mostly they kept their relationship long distance, having to make do with Skype calls, facetime, texts and the occasional phone sex, only seeing each other a few times a year.

“Oi,” Annabeth leaned in close, “put your phone away you little shit,” she glanced over Leo’s shoulder at his phone but the boy quickly locked it, “Who you talking to?”
“Jason.”

“Oh,” Annabeth snorted and leaned back. “your imaginary boyfriend.”

“For the last goddamn time he isn’t imaginary,” Leo hissed back.

“Chase, Valdez,” Daedalus’ voice shushed the two students, “Since you’re in a talkative mood why don’t you explain this equation to me...”

***

Leo was fiddling with his phone, barely touching his food, checking the screen every few minutes. Around him the hall was full of voices; laughing, shouting, cutlery clinking against plates. Outside it was snowing.

“What’s up with you?” Percy was sitting opposite him, shovelling eggs into his mouth.


“He’s been talking to Jason again,” Annabeth teased, saying ‘Jason’ as if he were a unicorn. For some reason Leo’s friends were dead certain that Leo’s boyfriend didn’t actually exist and although they made up reasons why they thought this Leo knew the real one.

Over the years Jason got tall, he started wearing contact lenses, his acne disappeared. He got broad and muscular from playing rugby, and he just generally got really, really hot. Well, he was always hot to Leo so he didn’t really notice until prom season came around and sixteen girls asked Jason to go with them. Of course, he declined them all.

Leo stopped growing around fifteen; he was still as skinny and short as he was back then. His hair was curly and never styled because it looked even worse that way than it did normally, like a mop on top of his head. He had ADHD so he was always buzzing around, and according to some people he looked like some kind of elf, which he didn’t really care about. He knew that Jason was considered out of his league but Leo was weirdly secure in their relationship; Jason didn’t even look at other people when he was with the Latino.

“I don’t know why you even still bother keeping up this charade,” Annabeth shook her head, “I know you like acting but damn.”

“He’s real for fuck’s sake,” Leo groaned.

“He looks like a model,” Annabeth said pointedly, “Did you Google ‘hot guys’ and download the first pictures that came up?”

Leo sighed. This had been an ongoing joke among his friends for a while now and he stopped reacting to it for the most part.

“I don’t know, I think he’s real,” Percy informed Leo, the way he always did, “But he seems like a fuckboy. Are you sure he’s not lying to you and doesn’t have a whole harem of girls at his own Uni?”

“Percy you’re a fuckboy,” Leo deadpanned, but the implication that Jason could cheat on anyone hurt Leo. The blonde was the most righteous person the Latino knew and he’d never ever do that.

***
Leo was in a miserable, miserable mood and his friends were noticing. It was Friday and they were all filtering out of their University, meeting up at the main gate, their clothes dusted in snow like icing sugar.

“What’s wrong, Valdez?” Reyna asked, throwing an arm around the boy’s shoulders.

“Jason,” the little Latino said, even though he knew nobody would take him seriously anyway, “He hasn’t replied to my texts since yesterday.”

“Did you stop messaging yourself?” Piper joked. The whole group of them laughed but Leo didn’t even crack a smile. He was honestly worried and his friends were just dampening his mood.

“Whatever, it doesn’t matter,” Annabeth said, “We’ll go to the party and you can pick some guys up and cheer up.”

“I have a boyfriend,” Leo said, but nobody heard him anyway as they all walked into the main street, chattering and laughing. Leo watched his shoes thread through the snow and glanced futilely at his phone. No new messages. He sighed and walked right into Percy’s back, “Ouch, the fuck Jackson?” he complained and then stopped when he realised that everyone was frozen, staring ahead with their mouths hanging open, “What?” a spark of worry appeared in Leo’s stomach. Was there an accident? What were they all staring at? Leo walked around Percy to see for himself what they were gaping at like fish, half scared of what he would see.

His stomach somersaulted when he saw what his friends were staring at. Or more like who.

Jason stood a couple steps away, leaning against a tree. He was dressed in a nice black jacket, a blue scarf tied loosely around his neck, bringing out his bright eyes. His hair was perfect as always, sprinkled with snow adorably. He noticed the big group and turned to look at them, and when his eyes landed on Leo he broke into a smile.

Leo didn’t know how to react, he just stood there, frozen.

“Is that...,” Annabeth started faintly.

Leo broke into a run and tumbled right into Jason’s arms, the way he did a thousand times. The blonde caught him easily, the way he always did. The second his strong arms closed around the Latino it all felt real. His heart pounded painfully.

“Oh my God, Jason,” Leo gasped, clinging onto his boyfriend. He was warm, he smelled like his cologne and apples. Jason laughed and hugged Leo fiercely and then pulled back and just casually kissed him, right there, in the middle of the street, in front of all of Leo’s friends. His mouth was so familiar and comforting that Leo’s knees almost gave out.

“Hey,” the blonde said, pulling away a little, smiling like an idiot as he cradled Leo’s face in his cold hands.

“Hey,” Leo whispered faintly. Jason kissed him again sweetly and Leo felt warmth explode inside him. He couldn’t believe that Jason was actually here, holding him.

“God, I missed you,” the blonde said, showering Leo’s face in kisses, his cheeks, nose, forehead. The Latino was still in shock, “I missed you so much baby. They gave us a week of school and I just...I wanted to see you so badly.”

“I can’t believe you’re here,” Leo whispered. Jason smiled.
“Yeah, that’s why I wasn’t replying to your texts. I was on the plane,” he frowned, “but look at your cheeks they’re all red. You’re freezing cold. Idiot, how many times do I have to tell you to wear a scarf?” the blonde took off his own scarf and wrapped it around Leo’s neck, and then kissed the tip of his flushed nose. Only then did he break away from the Latino enough to look at the group of his friends, all still standing there in shock. “Why don’t you introduce me to your friends?” Jason asked cheerfully.

Leo turned to face them, and his boyfriend intertwined their fingers, putting their hands into his warm pocket together. The Latino couldn’t help but smile, feeling like he could fly. He was so happy that Jason was there, that he could look at him, touch him, hold him, be close to him. It’s been months since they last saw each other and looking at his boyfriend now made Leo realise how much he loved him.

“So guys, this is Jason. My boyfriend,” he said. Percy closed his mouth first.

“Damn,” he breathed.

“He’s actually real,” Annabeth shook her head in disbelief.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Jason seemed confused.

Reyna snorted, “Don’t worry.”

“Shit they actually look really good together,” Piper admitted.
Percy sat on the bottom of the bleachers, a sketchbook in his lap, drawing and glancing up every so often to watch his best friend out on the muddy field, playing rugby. It was a stuffy summer day, and the sky was an angry grey – it would rain soon, but the athletes didn’t seem to care as they charged after one another like angry bulls. It was quite funny to watch them practice, especially from the point of view of someone who had no idea what was going on. The only reason Percy was here was because of Jason, and right now he was having a hard time keeping his eyes off his blonde best friend. Although sweaty and dirty with mud, the muscular boy looked insanely hot.

Percy averted his eyes, blushing and scolding himself internally for still having feelings for Jason. It had been two years for fuck’s sake! Percy had suffered through Jason’s girlfriends, and recounts of one night stands, and parties where he drunkenly got with everyone around Percy, all in hopes of finally getting over the blonde. No such luck.

“Oi Jackson!” the pissed off shout made Percy snap his sketchbook shut, since it was full of little
drawings of Jason mid-movement as he whirled around the pitch. The boy saw an angry squad of cheerleaders approaching, out of their uniforms but in expensive designer clothes way too skimpy for this weather.

“Drew,” Percy addressed the girl at the head, who had shouted.

“Why are you here again?” Drew put her hands on her hips, stopping a few steps away from Percy, her gang filing in around her, all trying their best to look menacing. Percy could’ve laughed – he might’ve been a lanky-ass, pacifist nerd with glasses but he was still taller and stronger than all of them.

“Why do you keep approaching me like this is some American movie?” the boy questioned. He saw Drew’s eye twitch.

“How many times do I have to tell you to stop stalking my boyfriend?” she growled. Percy rolled his eyes so hard it hurt.

“You do remember that you guys broke up a month ago, right?” the boy asked, “and for your information he’s my best friend. Oh wait, you already knew that, you’re just in some fucked up form of denial.”

“I don’t get what he sees in you,” Drew snorted, “he has so many cool friends in his classes and on the team, and us of course,” she gestured at the cheerleaders, “Why does he insist on hanging out with you?”

Percy shrugged, “Dunno maybe he wants to have an intelligent conversation once in a while.”

Before Drew could reply anything to him Jason jogged over, kicking up mud and looking like a Greek God. An angry Greek God.

“Drew,” he stopped in front of Percy, a little out of breath from his practice, “are you bothering Perce again?”

“Oi, I can take care of myself big guy,” Percy teased, smiling now that the blonde was close to him again. Jason turned to him with a grin and flicked him playfully in the forehead, ignoring the girls.

“Yeah, right.”

“Monday’s my photography deadline and I was wondering if you could help me later, like model for me and stuff,” Percy swatter his hand away. It was normal for them – Jason was Percy’s usual model since the boy didn’t have many other friends, outside of the ones also majoring in photography.

Before the blonde could reply, Drew grabbed his arm and turned him around. Now that he was present her entire demeanour changed. She was suddenly smiling brightly, all her anger having evaporated.

“Jason, I was going to ask you something!” she exclaimed, ignoring Percy’s words seconds ago, “I was looking for you to tell you that we’re hosting a party tonight and it would be awesome if you’d come.” Her cheerleaders giggled.

Percy’s heart fell. Jason loved parties and meeting up with all his friends, and so the boy started frantically looking for someone else he could use for his project while also trying to ignore his disappointment.

“No, thanks,” Jason said bluntly to Drew, surprising both her and Percy because although they were
best friends Jason almost always chose parties over doing anything else with anyone else, “I’d much rather help Percy with his project.”

“You’re such a sweetheart, helping him with that,” Drew cooed, “But I’m sure that doesn’t take long-“

“Drew,” Jason interrupted, a weird look in his eye, “Thank you for the invite. I’m not coming.”

The girl’s mouth was in a thin line as she glared at Percy.

***

It had finally started raining and as Percy prepared one of the photography rooms for his shoot he revelled in the sound it made, hitting the old windows of his University. Percy had chosen the theme ‘pastel’ for his final project so now he re-arranged plastic flowers in his frame. They were pale pink and white mostly, with a few baby blue one’s to break up the monotony. The lights were bright, mimicking the sunshine that Percy was missing right now.

He heard the door open and Jason slipped inside the small room silently. He had showered and changed since practice and was grinning as he strode over, “Hey.”

“Hey,” Percy was fiddling with the settings on his camera and barely glanced up, “There’s a shirt on the table – can you wear it please?”

Jason silently complied, a rustling accompanying his changing, “How do I look?” he asked in a teasing way after a moment. Percy glanced up and swallowed hard. The shirt he had gave Jason was one of his – a pale pink one, and it was too small, stretching against the boy’s muscles in a very attractive way.

“It’s a little small,” Percy laughed, trying not to stare, “Sorry.”

“That’s okay, it makes my muscles look good,” Jason joked, wriggling his eyebrows. Percy rolled his eyes and followed the blonde as he went to sit among the flowers. He produced a white rose flower crown. Jason gaped at it, “You’re not serious.”

“Please?” Percy asked.

“I’m not wearing that. That’s a stretch,” Jason protested. Percy pouted, “Pretty please? It’s important.”

Jason eyed the crown like it was some kind of bug, “What do I get for doing this?”

“Oh come on!” Percy exclaimed.

“I want you to do anything I want for an hour after the shoot’s over,” Jason said, crossing his arms over his chest. Percy sighed, but he realised that the worst thing that could happen was he would have to do Jason’s homework or go clean his dorm room.

“Ugh. Fine. I hate you.”

“Brilliant,” Jason beamed and Percy gently placed the flower crown among his soft blonde hair. The athlete was starting to look like a fairytale prince by the second.

“Alright,” Percy backed away from the boy and sat down on a stool opposite him, bringing his camera to his glasses, “let’s do a couple test shots.”
The shoot lasted over half an hour, mostly because the two boys kept laughing and cracking jokes. Percy got a few really nice pictures in, because Jason was a stunning model who knew exactly what angles looked good on him, and followed Percy’s instructions well. All in all, by the time they were done and the storm outside was in full effect, Percy was pleased. Until Jason graciously reminded him about what he had promised.

“So,” the blonde took the flower crown from his hair and chucked it on the table as Percy flicked through the pictures on the camera, “now you’re my slave for an hour.”

The boy sighed and put down his equipment, “Great, I assume you want something right now.”

“Yeah, I do,” Jason admitted, and he seemed a little nervous somehow as he came to stand in front of Percy, still on his stool, “but when I do it just...just...”

“Just what?”

“Nothing,” Jason shook his head, “Just don’t freak out. Close your eyes.”

“And open your mouth?” Percy guessed, arching an eyebrow, “I’m not eating anything weird.”

Jason looked serious though, “No. Just close your eyes.”

“Fine,” Percy did so, completely confused and a little scared that Jason was going to prank him. He flinched when he felt the boy’s hand on his chin and his eyes snapped open.

“Chill,” Jason was closer than before, “close your eyes.”

Percy did so, heart pounding with nerves. The next thing he knew was that Jason was kissing him. Percy gasped, eyes snapping open once more. Jason’s were closed, and the hand on Percy’s jaw prevented him from pulling away. The boy just sat there, frozen, in complete shock and instead of stopping, Jason kissed him harder, his free hand resting on Percy’s thigh.

Finally, with a shaky breath, Percy’s brain comprehended what was happening and that this wasn’t a joke or a mistake. Jason’s mouth was moving gently against his and Percy kissed back shakily as his hands jerked out to grip at the too-tight shirt Jason was wearing. Encouraged by the dark haired boy finally reciprocating, Jason nudged his legs apart and settled between them, wrapping both his arms around Percy’s waist.

Percy’s eyes fluttered shut as a warmth spread through him. He hesitantly looped his arms around Jason’s shoulders, drawing him closer, his legs subconsciously wrapping around the boy’s waist. He couldn’t think about anything other than Jason’s mouth on his. The blonde deepened the kiss, turning it more passionate and making Percy’s head spin as their breathing sped up.

Lightning crackled outside, making the two boys pull apart. Jason stared at Percy and the boy tried to sort out his thoughts.

“You could still make it to Drew’s party,” he said softly, because it was the first thing that came to his head. He was blushing and mistaking the happiness in his body for confusion. Jason cupped his cheek,

“I’d much rather be here with you,” he admitted, and kissed Percy again.
Guys my original work is almost done and the new (smutty) chapter is up! (pls read it means the world)
Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
And thanks for reading this chapter !! x
And Let Me Kiss You

Chapter Notes

So I know this was a bunch of separate prompts but I liked them all so much I compiled them into one XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stuck in an airport because the flights were SO VERY delayed and it's like two am AU/on the same college tour AU/forced to share a table at the coffee shop a couple days in a row because crowded coffee shop and no room AU/"i'm pretending to be your boyfriend because you looked VERY uncomfortable with that person at the bar hitting on you AU/I'm in my underpants in a Laundromat waiting for my clothes to get washed and your clothes are in the machine next to mine and I noticed that when you put your clothes in they were all covered in blood what the fuck AU/"the girl playing your wife went home early today and i'm her understudy so i guess i'm your wife now haha why you looking at me like that AU/ "you hate this party too? wanna go get ice cream or something?" AU
for Imgeniush

Leo stared at the little display screen in front of him blankly, and mentally beat himself up. Not only, like an idiot, had he chosen to leave his family in London and move to Newcastle upon Tyne to go to University there, but he had also paid a ridiculous amount of money for a plane ticket, and now his flight was delayed for six fucking hours!

The University student stared helplessly at the red word next to his plane number. DELAYED. DELAYED. DELAYED. He wanted to cry. Here he was, already nervous because he knew absolutely nobody in Newcastle, with a suitcase almost the size of him, absolutely exhausted, looking like a hobo in his oversized hoodie, at two in the morning. He couldn’t call his parents – they were asleep and there was no point going home now anyway.

The Latino collapsed into an uncomfortable plastic chair and buried his face in his hands. The waiting room was emptying rapidly as people went to buy food or returned home before the flight. Leo had nowhere to go. He was going to have to take a nap or something. He sighed and fought back tears of tiredness and frustration.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” someone exclaimed, making Leo’s head snap up.

There was a guy around his age standing by the display screen, looking pissed. He was Asian, his features dark and angry, a backpack hanging off one muscular shoulder. Leo, in his tired and dejected state of mind, noted that the guy was really good looking.
“Fuck,” he spat again, turning from the screen. His eyes landed on Leo, who was staring at him. Unfortunately the Latino was just that kind of person that wouldn’t politely look away, but instead kept on staring.

“You’re on the plane to Newcastle too?” he guessed. The anger melted off the Asian’s face and he rubbed the back of his neck, looking sheepish about his little outburst.

“Ah, yeah,” he laughed uneasily, “I thought I was late and already pissed my Nan off, so now she won’t come back to get me again.”

“Yeah,” Leo said sympathetically, sitting up straight, “Me too. I guess it’s the plastic chairs for me tonight,” he patted them fondly. A little hesitantly the Asian sat down next to him, keeping a seat between them.

“I’m Frank,” he offered the Latino his hand. Leo smiled.

“Leo Valdez, at your service,” he said playfully, sliding his considerably smaller hand into Frank’s, “Didn’t really expect moving to Uni to go so badly.”

“I know,” Frank rolled his eyes, “First those ridiculous plane ticket prices and then-,” he stopped and his eyes widened before snapping to Leo, “Wait. Are you going Uni?”

“Yup,” Leo said, popping the ‘p’ and feeling very awake suddenly. Frank grinned,

“No way! Me too! Newcastle University?”

“Yeah,” now Leo was grinning too, “Oh my God. That’s crazy. What subject?”

“Veterinary medicine,” Frank said excitedly, “What about you?”

“Mechanical Engineering.”

“That’s so cool!”

“Hey,” Leo decided to push his luck with this really good looking guy, maybe because it was 2am, or maybe because it was an airport, or maybe because he and this stranger had something in common, “there’s a McDonald’s downstairs. Do you wanna grab some food while we wait?”

Frank’s smile widened on his handsome face, “Sure.”

***

Leo was lost in a whirlwind of getting set up for two days at Uni, to the point where he forgot all about Frank. He slept the first day and the second he spent unpacking and getting to know (or rather attempting) his roommate, a gloomy, emo kid called Nico. After getting off the plane he and Frank had been exhausted. They got into the same cab, split the price, and said their goodbyes outside the University gates. And honestly Leo didn’t expect to ever see Frank again; they weren’t friends, they were too random guys who met at an airport, and the Uni was so big and had so many people that it wasn’t likely that a kid from Engineering and a kid from Medicine would bump into each other.

On the third day Leo woke up early because he promised himself he would live in Uni and not just exist. He tried to persuade Nico to come to the University Tour with him but the kid was not a morning person and definitely wasn’t getting up at nine to go walk around the school. So Leo went by himself.
He put on a pair of dungarees (because he loved those), one of the straps hanging off his shoulder, paired it with a t-shirt and some trainers, brushed his teeth, ran a hand through his curls and walked out into one of the last warm days of autumn.

A group was gathering in the lobby to go for a tour, and Leo happily joined at the end. People around him seemed to already make friends and the usually outgoing boy felt a little shy. He decided he would slide into someone’s conversation once the tour started, or maybe flirt with the guy leading it, when suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Leo! Hi!”

When he turned around he saw Frank looking down at him with a bright smile. Leo blinked in surprise that a) Frank remembered and recognised him b) Liked him enough during their day together to actually come up and talk to him.

“Hey!” Leo felt himself cheering up.

“What are you doing here?” Frank asked.

“Hunting sheep, what about you?” Leo joked. Frank rolled his eyes and the big group started moving, the two boys attaching themselves to the back, and naturally sliding in a conversation.

“So, how’s your roommate?” Leo asked, surprised at how easy it was to talk to Frank, “mine’s some depressed quiet kid, I’m kinda scared he’s going to do the Ouija board and my room will get possessed.”

Frank laughed, “It’s alright I know a few priests. My roommate’s this guy called Percy, he seems pretty cool, he’s already joined the swimming society.”

“Oh shit,” Leo groaned, “Societies. I forgot. Do you have any clue which one you’re going to join?” The tour guide was droning on but honestly Leo wasn’t even paying attention to where they were going.

“Dunno. I’m thinking rugby,” Frank admitted, “I did it in sixth form. But I really want to join drama too.”

“I have no idea what I should join,” Leo sighed.

“You should do drama too,” Frank offered, “it’d be nice seeing a familiar face.”

Leo bit his lip. He wouldn’t mind seeing Frank’s face. It was a very nice face.

***

The coffee shop closest to the University was always packed...surprise, surprise. Literally everyone came here with their friends to catch up, do homework or drink copious amounts of coffee. Personally Leo was here waiting for one of his newly made friends, Piper, to get off work so they could go grocery shopping together.

This particular coffee shop had this thing that every time it was too full up instead of turning customers away they just seated strangers together...which was okay most of the time since the majority of the customers were students from the same University anyway. Leo quite liked this because the few times he came to the coffee shop he was seated with random people that he quickly became friends with. For example he met Hazel one day, and then the next found out she was running the drama society which he had decided to join (Frank was in the society too but Leo had
been too nervous to go talk to him and there were so many people there they didn’t get a chance to speak).

But right now Leo had the privilege of sitting alone in a tiny booth in the corner, secluded from the rest of the spacious but cosy coffee shop, all by himself. He was sipping his hot chocolate (he hated coffee) and watched dead leaves being strung along the pavement by the cold autumn wind.

“Sorry Leo,” Piper suddenly appeared in her cute green apron, looking sheepish, “We’re overloaded, so you’re gonna have to share.”

“Oki doki,” Leo shrugged. Piper gestured at someone and then none other than Frank appeared. Leo’s eyes widened when he saw his airport buddy slide into the seat opposite him, Piper setting down his steaming drink in front of him. Frank was wearing a dark blue jumper that somehow made him look even bigger than usual and made Leo feel stupidly small. The Asian looked shocked when he looked up and saw the Latino.

“Oh my God are you following me?” Leo mock-gasped. Frank cracked a grin,

“Jesus, we keep bumping into each other don’t we?”

“It’s fate,” Leo said dramatically, reaching across the table to grab Frank’s hand. Instead of flinching or removing his hand, Frank slid his fingers through Leo’s.

“When’s the wedding?” he teased, clearly not noticing the blush rising on Leo’s face. As inconspicuously as he could, Leo removed his hand and used it to tuck a curl behind his ear, suddenly nervous and embarrassed, his heart pounding.

“Dunno always wanted a June wedding,” he said half-heartedly.

“So anyway,” Frank took a sip of his drink, “I saw you in drama.”

“Yeah. I was surprised there were so many people,” Leo admitted, “Didn’t get a chance to speak to my fiancée,” he wriggled his eyebrows.

“I know, heartbreaking,” Frank joked, “honestly every time I tried to walk over someone would stop me to talk or ask to pair up.”

“Yeah, next time maybe,” Leo offered.

“Definitely,” Frank said eagerly, which surprised Leo who wasn’t used to hot people actively wanting to be around him, “by the way how do you know Hazel?”

“Met her here actually,” Leo gestured at the shop, “and she persuaded me to come drama.”

“I thought I persuaded you to come drama,” Frank pouted.

Leo rolled his eyes playfully, “What about you? How do you know her?”

“Oh we’re...,” Frank averted his eyes, “We’re doing a thing I guess?”

Leo’s stomach plummeted and he tried not to let the disappointment show on his face. Of course. A little flirting and he already thought that Frank liked him..., “Cool,” Leo laughed, trying to sound casual, “so what do you mean ‘thing’?”

“Dunno, like we kissed a couple of times,” Frank shrugged, “Nothing serious.”
“Do you...have feelings for her?”

Frank laughed, “It’s been like a couple of weeks, relax Romeo.”

“True,” Leo shrugged, “Well, are you going to ask her out?”

“Eh...nah, probably not,” Frank admitted, “There’s...uh...,” he cleared his throat, “There’s someone else I’m interested in.”

Leo had finished his hot chocolate and his mood was ruined and he didn’t have the energy to pry. He stood up, said his goodbyes and walked out of the coffee shop, thinking bitterly about how it was just his luck to get a crush on a straight guy.

***

It was November and Leo practically didn’t speak to Frank anymore, except occasionally in drama. But they had started doing a modern rendition of Romeo and Juliet, and Frank was Romeo, Hazel was Juliet and Leo was ‘backup Juliet’ as a joke. The boy decided it would be better for him not to get hurt if he stepped back from the guy he fancied. He had learned in highschool that straight boys don’t magically turn gay and he knew Frank would never like him like that so...so Leo basically avoided him.

And yet he still saw Frank a couple times a week in drama and had to watch him kiss Hazel a lot and it still bothered him even though he didn’t ‘technically’ even know Frank that well. So he decided to live off pot noodles for a week in order to go to a club and get absolutely thrashed.

There were plenty of clubs in Newcastle, but Leo had chosen a smaller one to sit in. There was a packed dance floor and a few nice booths by the walls, and the bar had a nice assortment of drinks. The music was mostly EDM but Leo didn’t really mind because once he got drunk he’d dance to virtually anything. He was on his second whiskey and coke, on his way to being tipsy, when a guy suddenly appeared next to him.

The man was probably around thirty, with a blonde beard and sandy hair, “Hello there,” he said, speaking loudly so Leo could hear him over the music,

“Oh...hi,” the Latino said, not really feeling like talking to someone ten years older than him.

“I’ve never seen you here before,” the man said, acting like he knew everyone in Newcastle, “My name is Kronos.”

“I’m Leo,” Leo said, finishing his drink. Before he could ask the bartender for another one he felt Kronos’ big hand on his thigh.

“It’s nice to meet you, Leo,” the man said sleazily, a gleam in his eye. Leo picked up his hand and slid it off his leg.

“I have a boyfriend,” he lied.

“Oh so you do swing this way,” Kronos said, clearly pleased as he slid closer, “Perfect.”

Leo desperately scanned the club for somebody he knew but there was no-one. He had never been in this situation before and was scared of leaving in case this creep followed him and so the Latino tried to make eye-contact with the bartender, who unfortunately was busy dealing with a bunch of clearly underage girls.
“I may be gay but I don’t like DILFS sorry,” Leo said, hoping to scare the man off. Instead Kronos laughed.

“How do you know if you’ve never tried?” the man asked, and then leaned in sickeningly close, his hand sliding back up Leo’s thigh, “I bet I could do you real good. You’d never even look at these Uni boys again.”

“P-Piss off,” Leo felt panic bubbling up in him as he tried to push at Kronos’ chest, but the man was a lot bigger and wouldn’t budge-

Suddenly Kronos was literally hauled backwards, so he fell against the bar, looking shocked. Thankfully nobody else noticed. Leo’s heart was pounding with fear but before he could turn around to see who just saved him, an arm slid around his waist. A strong, muscular arm. Leo’s hands immediately latched onto it to try and push it away but then he heard Frank’s voice.

“What the fuck are you doing touching my boyfriend?”

It was almost a growl and Leo’s pounding heartbeat escalated further, but not from fear anymore. He relaxed against Frank’s chest and looked up at him, to see the boy absolutely fuming. Kronos glared at both of them.

“I didn’t know he was taken,” he lied.

“I literally told you!” Leo yelled.

“Shhh baby,” Frank kissed the top of Leo’s head, making him feel like he was actually going to die, “It’s not worth it. Come, let’s just go.” He took Leo’s hand in his and the next thing the Latino knew was that he was being dragged through the sweaty bodies on the dance floor.

Cold air hit his flushed face when he and Frank finally got outside. Leo let go of the Asian’s hand and slumped against the wall, closing his eyes, “Jesus Christ.”

“You okay?” Frank said worriedly.

“Yeah. That was fucking scary,” Leo opened his eyes and smiled at the other boy, standing there a little awkwardly, “Thankyou.”

“No problem,” Frank shrugged, “I just noticed you looked uncomfortable. What were you even doing in that club?”

“Trying to drown my demons in alcohol,” Leo said, “but they know how to swim. And they’re alcoholics apparently.”

Frank cracked a grin, “Let me walk you back to your dorm room, eh? Gotta keep my fiancée safe,” he winked.

“Sure,” Leo pushed himself off of the wall and shoved his hands into his pockets, “So how’s it going with Hazel?”

“Eh...all we’ve done is kiss,” Frank admitted, “and since we have to do it all the time in the play it kind of lost its appeal...”

***

It was two in the morning and Leo honestly hoped nobody would come down to the Laundromat
because he was just chilling in there in his underwear, watching his clothes get swirled around in the washing machine. Since that time last month that someone stole all of his socks the Latino didn’t trust the people enough to leave his shit unattended. And he decided that while he was at it he could also wash his pj’s, so now here he was, almost naked, perched on top of a machine, scrolling through Instagram on his phone and listening to the hum of the working machine.

He looked up when he heard the door open, probably looking like a deer caught in headlights. It was just his fucking luck that someone would walk in right now...his stomach fell when he saw that the ‘someone’ was none other than Frank, shirtless and looking like some Greek sculpture. The boy seemed equally as surprised to see Leo.

“Hello,” he said, blinking.

Leo raised an eyebrow and subtly crossed his arms over his chest when he saw Frank’s eyes sliding over him, trying to slyly hide his scrawny body, “This isn’t your building, Zhang.”

“Yes, I know,” Frank shrugged and Leo had to forcefully pry his eyes from his deliciously muscled chest, “I was hanging out with Hazel figuring out lines and stuff,” he said. Leo felt like an idiot for getting jealous, “anyway...I just need to wash this so...,” Frank showed Leo his shirt and then chucked it into the washing machine next to the boy’s stuff.

“Is that blood? What the fuck.” Leo frowned, noticing the dark stains on the shirt.

“Yeah,” Frank laughed, turning the machine on, “Hazel accidentally elbowed me in the nose and I started bleeding. No biggie.”

“Shit are you okay?” Leo demanded, “Come here, let me have a look.” Hesitantly Frank walked over and stood in front of Leo, “Jeez, you’re so extra,” Leo complained, grabbing Frank’s arm and pulling him between his legs so they were closer and he could get a good look. He was so invested in examining Frank’s nose (it was fine, just a little swollen and red) that he completely missed the fact that the boy was blushing furiously.

“Leo. You know what this looks like, right?” he asked.

“Huh?” Leo asked, and glanced down. Frank was nestled between his thighs, Leo’s skinny legs almost wrapped around his waist. The Latino was nearly naked and Frank was shirtless..., “Oh shit,” the boy shoved Frank away and then laughed awkwardly, “Thank God Hazel wasn’t here or it would’ve been awkward to explain.”

Frank pulled a face, “We’re not like that.”

“Oh. Cool,” Leo said, not really believing him. Besides, if it wasn’t Hazel it would be some other pretty girl.

“What about you?” Frank asked, leaning on a washing machine opposite the boy, “Anything interesting going on in your love life?”

“My love life is as dead as Napoleon.”

“Cute,” Frank said sarcastically.

And just like that they had another conversation in the middle of the night, and Leo found himself liking Frank more and more, though he wished he didn’t.

***
“You’re such a selfish bitch,” Leo told Hazel. The girl smiled at him apologetically.

“I’m sorry! I can’t just cancel the dentist,” she said. Leo hissed in pain as the costume girl tightened the strings of the corset around his small waist.

“That’s like the oldest excuse in the book,” Leo complained.

Hazel was tapping out of rehearsal early and Frank had to work on an important scene with her. With the performance date looming closer and closer they couldn’t afford to cancel the rehearsal so now here Leo was, getting into Hazel’s costume as her understudy. He never thought he’d actually have to do this.

“Anyway,” Hazel glanced at her phone, “I have to run. Love you loads Leo, I owe you one!” she blew him a kiss and bounced out of the door, leaving the Latino alone and moody with all the backstage people.

“Just a little bronzer...,” Silena, the makeup artist, hummed, putting some stuff on Leo’s face, “Aaaaand all done!” she said proudly, clicking her compact shut.

“You don’t need a wig,” her half-sister, Drew, turned Leo to the mirror, “your hair is big enough already.”

Leo regarded his reflection hesitantly. He thought he looked like a right idiot in the pretty, puffy white dress that Hazel normally wore. The heart neckline looked weird on him since he had no boobs, and generally he just looked...awkward.

“Break a leg,” Silena patted Leo on the shoulder and steered him towards the stage.

Feeling himself blushing wildly, the Latino stepped out grumpily, already knowing that everyone was going to laugh at him and bully him about it for at least a week. Thing is, nobody laughed when he came out. Everyone just kind of stopped what they were doing and stared. And Frank stared the most. Leo came to stand in front of him and the boy’s mouth was literally hanging open as he regarded Leo, his eyes sliding over his body the same way they did in the Laundromat. Leo forced himself to not try and hide behind his arms.

“Shit, the kid actually looks good,” Will Solace, the co-head of the drama society, shook his head in disbelief, surprising Leo, “Right, let’s get on with the lines then.”

The Latino rattled through his lines in a haze, too focused on the dress and the weird way Frank was looking at him to even know what he was saying. And before he knew it Will and the other actors were clapping and the blonde was saying the dreaded words.

“Okay, now do the kiss.”

Leo turned to him, “Can we not?”

“Nope,” Will crossed his arms over his chest, “The light people need to figure out what to do for this bit so you have to do it.”

Leo sighed and turned back to Frank. The Asian smiled, “Hey, I don’t bite. I promise.”

Before the Latino could reply Frank placed one hand on his waist, the same way he always did with Hazel, and cupped Leo’s cheek with his free one. Leo held his breath, forgetting how to use his lungs, and Frank leaned down.
At first it was awkward, just lips pressed together. Leo didn’t know what to do with his hands so he rested them against Frank’s muscular chest. He was just starting to get confident in the fact that this was a stage kiss, and one he had seen between Frank and Hazel multiple times, when Frank suddenly started moving his lips against his, pulling Leo closer.

The boy gasped because that was definitely not in the script, but Frank didn’t seem to care, both his arms wrapping around Leo’s waist. He took advantage of the boy’s parted lips to slide his tongue into his mouth. Leo felt himself shaking as a sudden arousal sparked in his stomach. He forgot there were other people around them as his hands found Frank’s hair, his arms looping around his neck.

The kiss turned heated and passionate and totally inappropriate for where they were but neither of the boys cared. Frank’s mouth was hot, insistent, and Leo’s knees almost gave out. He had to fight the urge to moan.

It took wolf whistles, cheering and Will yelling ‘cut!’ to get them to pull apart. Leo was left breathless and confused as ever.

***

It was January and the play was finally over. It was such a success that the whole cast, including Leo, got invited to a party afterwards hosted by Drew. But Leo had to get up early the next morning to get on the plane for half term and so he wasn’t drinking, just kind of sauntering around the dark interior of the hallways of the dorm building, feeling out of place since everyone was either busy making out or getting hammered.

“Oi! Leo!” he heard someone shout over the music and turned around to see Frank coming over to him, “hey!” the boy said grinning.

“Hey!” Leo shouted, “Good job on the performance tonight!”

“What?!” Frank shouted, “I can’t hear!”

Leo grabbed his arm and tugged him down, so his mouth was next to his ear, “I said good job!”

“Oh!” Frank turned so suddenly they were face to face, their mouths inches apart. Leo remembered their kiss and his heart started pounding, “Thanks,” Frank said, and Leo’s eyes flickered to his mouth. He blushed, scared that he made it too obvious, “Hey, this party’s not really my thing! Wanna get ice cream or something?”

“It’s the middle of winter!” Leo yelled.

“So? Best time for ice cream!”

The Latino grinned and nodded – he liked spending time with Frank. He wasn’t ready for the bigger boy to grab his hand and pull him through the crowded hallway. Leo’s heart was in his throat by the time they ran down the stairs, littered with empty beer cans, pools of vomit and snogging couples. The cold air outside helped Leo clear his head as he pulled his coat on, shoes sinking in a fresh layer of snow.

Frank exhaled and let go of Leo’s hand. The Campus was deserted, the muffled music coming from Drew’s dorm the only sound piercing the night. They walked a few steps.

“Pretty sky,” Leo said, glancing up at the stars.

The next thing he knew was that Frank was pushing him into the wall and kissing him heatedly. His mouth was cold, as were his hands on Leo’s neck. The Latino gasped in shock, the same way he did
during the time he stood in for Hazel, and Frank’s tongue found its way back into his mouth. The intensity of the kiss, the desperation, was getting to the Latino who was suddenly gripping at Frank’s coat, kissing back just as feverishly.

Frank’s hand weaselled under his jumper and he laid his hand against Leo’s stomach. The boy broke away with a gasp, head falling back against the wall, “Fuck that’s freezing!”

“You’ll be warm in a second,” Frank murmured, kissing Leo’s now exposed neck with passion that made the boy’s insides melt.


Frank rolled his eyes, “For the last time – there’s nothing between us! I told you there’s someone else I’m interested in.”

“What?” Leo demanded. Frank laughed and kissed his cold cheek, and then the corner of his mouth. “You’re so oblivious sometimes, Valdez. It’s cute,” he teased, “You’re who I’m interested in, idiot.”

Leo blushed, “R-Really?” he asked, heart stuttering in his chest. Frank’s expression softened and he wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist, pressing them close together so Leo wasn’t cold anymore. He nuded his nose against the smaller boy’s playfully.

“Yes, really. Now let me kiss you.”

Chapter End Notes

Second to last chapter of my original work has been posted! Please, please, please check it out?
Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
As always, thanks for reading this story, we’re almost done guys!
Sleepless Nights

Chapter Notes

6 to go lads!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

AU where Leo, Jason, Annabeth and Percy go on a quest together and Leo accidentally burns through all of his clothes so he has to borrow an extra pair of Annabeth’s leggings and Jason’s sweatshirt. Jason gets really horny and confesses his feelings for Leo. If there’s smut Leo bottoms.

For goodgodlarry

Jason, Annabeth, Percy and Leo were on a quest up in New York, searching for Hermes’ lost winged shoes since the prick couldn’t find them himself. However an unexpected run in with some Hellhounds led to some complications.

Jason didn’t really know what happened. One moment he was back to back with Percy, their swords drawn as they whirled around the massive dogs. Annabeth had been jumping off the back of the monsters, slashing at them, while Leo tossed fireballs wherever he could. The girl landed next to the Latino, and all but one monster had disintegrated. The moment everyone whirled on it, the last Hellhound shadow-travelled out of the dark New York street, taking Leo and Annabeth with them.

Naturally Jason and Percy had panicked and checked all the gutters in surrounding alleyways, but not ten minutes later they got a message from the girl.

Annabeth: The hellhound’s taken care of.

Annabeth: we ended up in Alaska. dont ask how.

Annabeth: think the shoes are here get ur asses down here. Sending the address now.

In half an hour the two boys were in Alaska, relieved. They had to Iris message Camp and get Nico to shadowtravel them to Alaska, which the Italian wasn’t pleased about. Soon enough the two boys were lugging themselves up the stairs of a cosy wooden inn in the middle of a snowy forest. Annabeth had somehow booked two rooms, insisting they needed rest, and Jason was eager to make sure that she and Leo were okay. He was horribly protective over the two of them, especially Leo since he was so tiny.

However when they knocked on the door of one of the rooms Annabeth didn’t directly open it,
instead shoving only her upper body outside, “Hey,” she said, kissing a surprised Percy on the mouth, “We have a little problem.”

Jason felt his heart twist, “Is it Leo? What’s wrong?!” he asked, the panic clear in his voice. He was suddenly so afraid. He didn’t know what he would do if something happened to the boy...

“He’s fine, chill,” Annabeth rolled her eyes, “but when we shadowtravelled he err...accidentally burned all his clothes off.”

“What?!” Percy spluttered.

“I borrowed him some leggings,” the girl shrugged, “but Jason I need one of your sweatshirts.”

The blonde hurriedly slid his backpack off his shoulder and shoved the first sweatshirt off the top at Annabeth, “Thanks,” she turned in Percy, “This room’s ours, babe. Jason, unfortunately you have to share with Leo.”

Jason nodded, relief flooding him, “Cool. I’m gonna go take a shower.”

He was happy to get into a room by himself. He didn’t realise how tense he had been since Annabeth and Leo disappeared until he stepped under the hot shower in the adorable, tiny bathroom. The water cascaded over his muscles and the man sighed, just standing there for a while and allowing himself to be relieved about the fact that everyone was okay. As a Demigod he sometimes forgot how mortal he and his friends were sometimes.

He had other things to worry about – Leo. At the start of the Quest of the Seven, a few months ago, Jason started getting feelings for the boy. At first he just thought the little Latino was cute, but then, as he found out more about him, he started feeling protective about him. He wanted to kiss him, hug him all the time, and do other things too...since the war ended the feelings had just gotten worse and worse, until it was physically hard for Jason to keep his hands off the kid. He had started avoiding him, spending most of his time at Camp Jupiter, but it was impossible when they were on a quest together, especially since they were sharing a room.

Finally the blonde climbed out of the shower and sighed at his reflection in the steamy mirror. He brushed his teeth, put on some boxers and walked out into the room shirtless, towelling his hair dry. It was a small room, all the walls and the floor made of warm brown wood. There was a fake fireplace in the corner and behind the window, which had adorable curtains in, it was a snowy night.

But Jason wasn’t looking at any of that. He froze in his steps and his mouth fell open as Leo turned around from the window, where he had been watching the snow fall. He was wearing Annabeth’s tight black leggings, and had rucked up Jason’s sweatshirt. He was tying and untying it around his waist, his ADHD kicking in, but because it was pulled up the blonde got a perfect view of his ass in the tight leggings. Leo never wore anything tight and Gods he had a wonderful ass. Jason felt his mouth go dry.

“There’s only one bed,” the Latino informed the boy, completely unaware of the effects he had on the son of Jupiter. He let go of the sweatshirt and it fell down to his mid-thigh. The sleeves were way too long, and fell over his hands so only the tips of his fingers showed. The shirt was so big it slid off of one of Leo’s skinny shoulders.

“Yeah’s only one bed,” the Latino informed the boy, completely unaware of the effects he had on the son of Jupiter. He let go of the sweatshirt and it fell down to his mid-thigh. The sleeves were way too long, and fell over his hands so only the tips of his fingers showed. The shirt was so big it slid off of one of Leo’s skinny shoulders.

Jason couldn’t even speak, he just stared at Leo like an idiot. He didn’t think anyone could ever look so goddamn sexy in a too-big sweatshirt and some leggings. And yet paired with Leo’s small frame, his big, sparkling eyes and wild curls it somehow worked...to the point where Jason could feel himself getting hard. There was something about Leo wearing his clothes that was going to drive him
crazy. Jason wasn’t a possessive person, but right now he wanted to slam the small boy against a
wall and kiss him and mark him and make him his.

“Jas?” Leo blinked, “Is everything okay?”

“You look hot,” Jason blurted, before he could stop himself. His heart started pounding and Leo
stared at him in shock before laughing.

“It’s alright the AC is on, besides heat doesn’t affect me. Son of Hephaestus and all. Do you think
that maybe I have a fever and that’s why I look hot?” he mused, innocently touching his forehead.
He was so oblivious and it was driving Jason insane. He had been so frustrated around the boy lately
because Leo was just so goddamn beautiful and sexy and he had no idea about it, “Let’s get into bed
I’m exhausted,” Leo yawned, stretching his arms over his head and causing his shirt to ride up. Jason
had to avert his eyes and walked over to flip the light off as Leo laid down by the wall.

When the blonde got into bed he was as tense as a board, keeping strictly to his side to the point
where he was tethering on the edge, determined not to touch the Latino. Still, he could feel the
warmth radiating off Leo behind him, and it made it nearly impossible to fall asleep. And yet
somehow Jason managed to, the stress of the mission making him exhausted.

He was pulled out of his sleep groggy and disoriented. The darkness of the room pushed down on
him and Jason had to blink a few times for his eyes to adjust. The next thing he was aware of was his
throbbing erection, so hard that he was surprised he didn’t wake up earlier. Then cold shock washed
over him as he figured out the reason for his arousal – Leo.

The boy was naked from the waist down, the oversized shirt he borrowed from Jason bunched
around his slim hips. His back was still to the blonde, which was why his round, big ass was pressed
up against Jason’s crotch. To make matters worse (or better) the boy was perfectly awake. He was
grinding back against Jason’s clothed cock, his face half buried in the pillow, his moans muffled but
still audible.

Jason was in complete shock. He didn’t know what the hell was happening. He had been asleep
moments ago and now the boy he was in love with was thrusting back against him. He thought that
maybe Leo was just horny and that it had nothing to do with the son of Jupiter...that was until the
Latino moaned his name.

“J-Jason,” he whimpered into the pillows, almost involuntarily as he grinded back against the blonde
harder, “F-fuck me...”

The blonde might’ve lost his mind a little bit. It was as if a cloud of lust just descended on him and
prevented him thinking straight. In seconds he had shoved his boxers down, spat on his hand,
running it down his dick and making it slick from that and the copious amounts of precum oozing out
of the tip, and then he just thrust into Leo without further ado or any kind of warning..

The Latino cried out, back arching against Jason, and the blonde had to slap a hand over his mouth
to silence him as he himself gritted his teeth at the sudden throbbing heat that enveloped his cock.

“J-Jason,” Leo gasped, squirming on the boy’s dick and grasping at the hand pressed to his mouth.
The moan he let out was a borderline sob and he slumped helplessly in the blonde’s arms.

“Shhh,” the blonde showered his neck in kisses, trying his hardest to give Leo a moment to adjust to
the member inside of him, “Shhh, you’re so good Leo, just be quiet...”

The Latino finally managed to pry Jason’s hand away from his mouth and he twisted around to look
at him. His cheeks were flushed, eyes full of tears.

“J-Jas...what...w-what...,” the boy was gasping for air, tearing up.

Jason kissed him passionately, cupping the boy’s face in his hand and keeping it in a position where their lips could lock as he started rocking into the boy. Leo moaned helplessly into his mouth, his hand scrambling at Jason’s naked chest to try and find something to hold on to.

When Jason started thrusting properly Leo completely fell apart. He started sobbing, and at first Jason felt a spike of panic, thinking he was hurting the boy. But then he found that Leo was thrusting back against the blonde’s cock, his own member twitching and hard against his stomach.

“Shhh, you have to be quiet baby,” Jason was dizzy, unfocused, his thrusts were sloppy but still hit home, making Leo shiver and moan, “Don’t let the others hear you.”

“J-Jason...I-I can’t...I can’t,” Leo whined as the blonde covered his neck and back with kisses, continuing to thrust into the boy. Not too fast, but hard, making the bed shake. He somehow drove Leo across the bed, pressing him up against the wall. As Jason’s movements sped up he got more and more lost in Leo, his hands gripping the boy’s hips bruisingly. He had no time for regrets, completely drunk on the gorgeous boy in arms.

“You’re so beautiful, such a good boy,” Jason blabbered in a hoarse whisper as he fucked Leo, making the boy writhe on his cock and choke on his moans, hands scrambling against the wall, “you look so good in my clothes...so good for me...”

His arm came around the boy’s waist so he could furiously jerk him off in time with his rapid thrusts. Jason was close, the pleasure from Leo’s body proving to be too much. He usually never came this fast but the intensity of the situation was getting to him. When he heard the boy sob out his name and felt sticky come over his hand, he himself exploded, right inside Leo.

After a few seconds of gasping for air he pulled out and rolled onto his back, closing his eyes and trying to get through the aftershock of his orgasm. His body was shaking, and his brain was clouded.

Leo. The guilt came rushing in like a train, knocking the air out of Jason’s lungs. Fearfully the blonde sat up and looked at the Latino.

Leo was already looking at him, propped up on his elbow, smirking, curls sticking to his sweaty forehead. Jason stared at him in shock, “L-Leo?” he asked.

“ Took you long enough,” Leo pulled himself up into a seating position and kissed Jason sloppily on the mouth, “I thought you would never fuck me. But I have to admit – the wait was worth it.”

“What the hell?” Jason murmured, confused.

Leo climbed into his lap, straddling him, “Can you do it again?” he asked, pressing their foreheads together. Jason blinked, his heart hammering.

“What?”

“Have sex with me again,” Leo murmured, that arousing smirk still on his face. He looked devilish and absolutely breathtaking, and Jason’s come slowly slipped down his thighs.

“You little dickhead,” Jason gritted out, realising this has all been planned and wrapping his arms around the boy, pulling him closer and kissing that smirk right off his face. He could tell him he loved him after he was done wrecking him.
Guys I finally finished my original work (Yay)!
Here's the link if you wanna check it out:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10991733/chapters/24481074
Also, because I'm extra and love making original works I wrote a part two XD It would mean sooooooo much if you read it and let me know if you enjoyed it!
Here's the link to part 2, which can be read as a standalone:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11621781/chapters/26131341
Jercy were Percy and Jason keep arguing over who sits at the head chair on the Argo II, until Jason says he can sit there with Percy on his lap. Percy agrees and realizes how much Jason likes him on his lap, which leads to smut.

For Anonymous

Jason and Percy came into breakfast at the same time – Percy was bleary eyed, his hair messy, still in his pj’s, but Jason looked like he was ready to take on the world in his purple Camp Jupiter t-shirt, his hair perfectly styled. The other Demigods were already around the table, passing around eggs and bacon. None of them sat on the chair at the head of the table.

There had been a little stigma on the Argo II since the Quest of the Seven began, about who was the leader. It was mostly a fight between Jason and Percy since nobody else gave a fuck, too busy trying to stay alive. Percy insisted he was leading the Quest, but Jason disagreed. They seemed to have come up with the idea that whoever sat in the chair at the head of the table had all the power.

Which was why now the two boys narrowed their eyes at each other upon walking in, and then dashed at the same time.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” they heard Annabeth say as they sprinted right for the chair. Jason smirked as he reached it first, sticking his hand out, but the second he touched the chair Percy kicked it out of his reach, shoved the blonde out of the way, and sat down.

“That’s cheating!” the son of Jupiter yelled. Percy crossed his arms over his chest and smirked, even though now he was sitting in a chair considerably too far from the table. The other Demigods didn’t pay attention to them as they ate.

“Pass the butter,” Hazel asked.

“Never said I’d be fair,” Percy said.

“Fine, enjoy sitting there then,” Jason growled, and turned to the table. He stood where the chair had been moments ago, and reached for a plate.
“What the hell?” Percy demanded, “you can’t stand at the head of the table!”

“Fucking watch me,” Jason said, buttering some toast.

“What the hell! That’s such bullshit!” Percy exploded, still pointedly sitting in his chair, “Annabeth tell him that’s bullshit!”

“Can you two stop fighting over a goddamn chair?” Annabeth growled.

That morning Percy ended up sulking as he sat on his chair and didn’t eat anything, and Jason stood throughout all of breakfast until his legs ached.

***

The next morning it was the same thing – the same mad dash for the leader chair. Jason managed to trip over it so Percy got it this time, and held onto it for dear life. Jason argued with him so much about it that eventually Annabeth stood up.

“Percy get up,” she growled, “nobody’s sitting on the chair today.”

Annabeth could be scary sometimes, so Percy pouted and went to sit on a different chair and he and Jason glared at each other all morning, picking at their porridge.

***

The next day Percy walked into the dining room with Leo, forgetting about his and Jason’s feud for a moment...until he saw the blonde already happily sitting in the leader chair, digging into his breakfast with a proud smirk on his face. He must’ve woken up early to get here before the son of Poseidon.

Percy saw red and he approached Jason, fuming, “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he seethed. Jason looked up at him innocently.

“Eating breakfast?”

“That’s my chair,” Percy growled. Jason looked at the arm rests, “I don’t see your name on it.”

“Real mature,” Percy snapped, and in his anger he decided to piss Jason off. He plopped himself down in the blonde’s lap unceremoniously.

“Now whose mature?” Jason yelled while the rest of the table tried not to laugh, “Want me to spoon feed you too?”

“Leo, interesting new upgrade you’ve given to my chair,” Percy said obnoxiously, “It seems that it can talk now.”

Leo snickered, “You’re fucking unbelievable,” Jason snapped, leaning back in annoyance. Percy, in turn, leaned forward and grabbed a plate. He kept himself forward so he could eat easier and in hindsight he realised that he had his back arched, ass well and firmly planted in Jason’s lap. Not that he was aware of it at the time.

He yelped and bit his tongue instead of his toast when Jason suddenly scooted the chair forward, so their legs were tucked in underneath the table. He shoved his arms underneath Percy’s and grabbed his plate, continuing his breakfast and silently eating over Percy’s shoulder.
Percy was a little distracted from his food because he could feel Jason’s breath on his neck, and it was making him want to shiver. The rest of the table was involved in a loud conversation and so none of them noticed Percy’s blush when Jason rested his chin on his shoulder.

“Getting comfortable there, eh?” the son of Poseidon said sarcastically.

“Not with a sack of potatoes in my lap,” Jason bit back. In retaliation Percy pinched his arm. The other Demigods didn’t pay attention to their antics. Percy sipped on his juice and readjusted in Jason’s lap, and suddenly the blonde was holding his hips in an iron grip.

“Don’t do that,” he whispered, so only Percy could hear, his voice so low that the Son of Poseidon did shiver then. His fingers tightened around his fork and for a second he didn’t understand why Jason was literally clinging onto him. And then he felt it.

Jason was hard, his cock pressing up against Percy’s ass. For a while the son of Poseidon didn’t know why he was hard. Piper and Hazel got up and together walked off, finished with breakfast, and then it clicked in Percy’s head. Jason was hard because Percy was sitting in his lap. The thought made him smirk – suddenly he felt powerful. He seeped on his juice innocently, and when he felt Jason’s grip loosening on his hips, he pretended he was shifting again and pressed his ass down against the blonde’s erection.

Jason’s fingers dug into his hips almost painfully. He had forgotten all about breakfast.

“Right I’m off,” Leo took the last bite of the toast and stood up, brushing crumbs off his shirt, “I have to look at those manuscripts—”

“I’ll help,” Annabeth volunteered. The two left together.

“You two have been quiet for a while,” Frank pointed out, looking at Percy and Jason. The son of Poseidon shrugged.

“I’m eating.”

“Fair enough. I’m gonna go work out,” the boy waved and left as well, leaving Jason and Percy together, alone. The son of Poseidon was surprise that it’s what he wanted. To be alone with Jason.

The blonde had other ideas though as he roughly shoved Percy off of him. The boy stumbled but didn’t fall, instead turning around, furious, “What the fuck?!?”

Jason was flushed and didn’t look at him, “I’m not hard because of you,” he barked, “so d-don’t think I am.”

“Oh really?” Percy crossed his arms over his chest, “What are you hard over then? The eggs and bacon?” Jason’s mouth tightened into a thin line and Percy knew he hit the nail on the head, “just admit that having me in your lap made you hard.” Jason didn’t say anything, arms crossed over his own chest to mirror Percy’s defensive position. The dark haired boy wasn’t about to give up the power he had over Jason, and maybe that’s what was making him act weird all of a sudden.

In any case, Percy gracefully dropped to his knees between Jason’s legs. The blonde gaped at him in pure shock, “What the fuck are—”

“Shut up,” Percy snapped, pleased when Jason followed the instruction, flushing brilliantly. Without any warning, Percy dipped his hand into Jason’s sweatpants. He felt the blonde jump when his fingers closed over his warm, hard penis. The boy wasn’t wearing any underwear. Percy smirked as he pulled the member out.
“What are you doing?” Jason’s hands were so tight on the chair arms that his knuckles were white, “Stop it,” he whispered shakily, but didn’t try to push Percy away.

Percy had sucked dick before. He couldn’t say he particularly liked it, but right now he couldn’t think of anything he wanted more in his mouth than Jason’s dick. So he leaned forward and licked a stripe up the blonde’s impressive cock. He must’ve had a shower earlier because he tasted clean, with just a hint of saltiness.

Percy closed his eyes as he gently took the head of Jason’s cock into his mouth and sucked. The blonde gasped sharply, one of his hands flying from the arm of the chair and sinking into Percy’s hair. The dark haired boy would’ve smiled triumphantly if Jason’s member wasn’t completely filling his mouth.

Percy took more and more of it into his mouth, carefully breathing through his nose and sucking in a way that made these little sporadic moans fall from Jason’s lips. Percy decided he liked those moans. When he swirled his tongue around the head of the blonde’s cock he would whimper, when he licked at the underside he’d gasp, when he hollowed out his cheeks to suck he’d moan. It was intoxicating, and when Percy looked up through his eyelashes and saw Jason watching him with needy, hungry eyes, he was dumbfounded that he was the one who caused the blonde to look like that.

“P-Percy,” Jason choked out, his eyes half-lidded, “I-I’m going t-to c-come...s-stop-“

“That’s the point, idiot,” Percy said, letting Jason’s cock out of his mouth with a pop. Before Jason could protest, the dark haired boy tongued at the tip, causing Jason’s head to fall back, “You can come in my mouth,” he murmured, just because he wanted to see Jason’s reaction. The blonde groaned and the moment Percy swallowed his cock again, he exploded.

Percy forced himself not to choke or gag and tried his best to swallow the hot, salty substance. Some still ran down his chin as he released Jason’s member from his mouth, and he wiped it on his sleeve.

Jason hauled him to his feet and shoved Percy against the table, wrapping both arms around his waist as he kissed him with such intensity that it literally knocked the breath out of Percy’s lungs. The blonde clearly didn’t care that he had just sucked his dick and that the lower half of his face was sticky. He just kissed Percy like no tomorrow and the son of Poseidon found himself melting. His hands located Jason’s cheeks and he cupped his face, urging the other boy closer. The kiss was hot and passionate and made Percy stir.

“If I knew this could happen over a chair...,” the boy grinned against Jason’s mouth, his arms sliding around the blonde’s neck.

“My bed’s the leader bed,” Jason whispered, “You should come fight me about it.”

Chapter End Notes

If you wanna be an absolute star, I started writing the sequel to my original work and the 2nd chapter is up! You can read it here!
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11621781/chapters/26131341
You're like a Laserlight, Burning Up

Chapter Notes

4 to go babies!! xx
And for anyone asking - yes I still do take suggestions and the final chapters keep changing so keep leaving prompts !!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Valdangelo with the prompt "Take me laser tagging, then push me into a corner and kiss me, then shoot me and walk away"
for Lara

“Alright,” Chiron stood at the head of the excited fifteen and sixteen year old Demigods, a big building in the woods usually used for storage behind him, “Because you were all so good this year we have decided to take you laser tagging...”

“Pfft,” Leo snorted next to Annabeth, “Yeah, hey, well done for saving the world kids, let’s take you laser tagging as a reward.”

“Shut up, you love laser tagging,” Annabeth elbowed the boy playfully in the ribs.

“...you will be placed in groups of four, and there will be five groups,” Chiron continued, “The rules are simple – everybody will be wearing special suits and every team will have different coloured lasers in their weapons. No, Clarisse, the weapons are not real.”

“Aw,” all the Ares kids echoed in disappointment.

“There will be sensors on your uniform that will register when you are hit with a laser. If you are hit anywhere vital you’re out of the game. The game will continue until a team is triumphant. Alliances between teams are forbidden. The storage behind me,” the centaur pointed at the building, “Has been transformed into an obstacle course. The first five minutes will be used to establish bases, and there will be no shooting allowed. There will also be no violence, not real one anyway. Looking at you, Ares kids.”

“Aw.”
“No other weapons are allowed inside, and no powers are to be used, especially shadowtravelling Nico. If anybody needs a time out just come outside. Now everybody please pick your teams.”

“Alright,” Leo whirled on his friends as the clearing filled with voices of people arguing over teams. He rubbed his hands, “Let’s kick some butts.”

“Uh, Leo, not to say anything,” Jason said, “But there’s eight of us. We’re going to have to be in separate teams.”

“Oh shit,” Leo looked over his team, quickly counting heads, “shit.”

“I’m with Annabeth!” Percy said immediately.

“No,” Annabeth batted his reaching hand away, “That’s too easy. I think we should split all the couples up.”

“Fine,” Percy grumbled, “Frankie – do you wanna be on my team?”

“Sure,” Frank walked over and put his arm around Percy’s shoulder.

“Guess that means we’re together,” Hazel smiled at Annabeth. The girl smirked, “Perfect. Okay who else?”

Leo shot Nico a look. The two had been secretly dating for two months and literally nobody knew about it. Technically they could be on the same team and nobody would say anything, but Leo didn’t want that. He didn’t mind keeping their relationship on the low, but right now he wanted to be a proper couple, even if in secret.

“I’m with Annabeth,” Leo said, stepping towards the girls and grabbing Jason’s arm as he went, “and we’re taking Sparky.”

“Great,” Percy said enthusiastically as Nico and Piper joined him, “This makes us a hell of a lot of a team.”

“Oh really?” Annabeth snorted, already competitive, “Without your powers you’re a goofy guy obsessed with blue, a pretty girl, a really easy target and a chameleon.”

“Hey!” Frank protested, “I’m not an easy target!”

“Are you implying I’m a chameleon because I’m all in black?” Nico asked, eyes narrowed. Annabeth shrugged, “Well, you’ve got two pretty girls, a lightning rod and a kid with ADHD, congratulations.”

“Hey!” Frank protested, “I’m not an easy target!”

As one of the older Demigods fitted Leo into his uniform, he surveyed the other teams. So far the Ares kids seemed the biggest threat – Clarisse, Sherman, Mark and Ellis, all looking ready to rumble and way too comfortable with the laser guns they were given. The Apollo kids, Will, Kayla, Austin and Michael Yew, all had black war paint on their cheeks, clearly attempting to camouflage. The last
team was a mishmash of Demigods – it contained Lou Ellen, Billie Ng, Nyssa and Connor Stoll. Weird team but definitely not to be underestimated.

“Okay everyone,” Chiron motioned his hand and two older Demigods opened the huge, creaking doors of the warehouse. Leo’s team was gathered around him and the weight of the laser gun was strange in the boy’s grasp, “off you go!”

Everyone rushed in as if the warehouse was Noah’s ark. The inside was dark, only fluorescent stickers showing where obstacles were. And there were a lot of obstacles – it was like a goddamn maze, soft walls erected everywhere to make the space more crowded. Almost straight away Lou Ellen ran full force into a wall and had to be escorted out because her nose was bleeding.

“Find a higher ground base!” Annabeth yelled to her team.

“No!” Hazel grabbed her arm and pointed. Clarisse’s and Percy’s teams were both sprinting up some stairs, “That’s what everyone will be doing! We need to lay low!”

“Good thinking,” Annabeth nodded.

The team dashed together into the darkness, weaving through the confusing mass of walls and obstacles and hiding places. Leo tried to remember all the twists and turns but even his ADHD couldn’t keep up.

Finally his team found a closed off ‘room’ of sorts with a low entry way. It was a square, protected at three sides. Annabeth looked around, pleased, “This will be our base,” she declared, “if anybody’s hurt just come here.”

“This isn’t actually war,” Jason rolled his eyes in the darkness, “if we’re hurt we’ll just go outside-“

“This is a battle!” Annabeth declared. Nobody dared to argue with her – besides there was no time. Seconds later they heard Chiron’s voice, amplified as if he had a microphone.

“Demigods! Your five minute amnesty is over! You are now allowed to shoot each other! May the best team win!”

“Let’s split up!” Leo offered, “if we’re separated it will be harder to pick us off.”

“Good plan,” Annabeth approved and she seemed to be the team leader now. Together, the team dashed out of their base, “Meet back here in five minutes to see how many people we got down!”

Immediately they heard someone scream, followed by a shout identifiable as Sherman Yang going “oh come on!”

The team nodded at each other and everyone went their separate ways. Leo’s adrenaline was up, his gun raised. He wasn’t the best at aiming but he was quick and small and it was easy for him to hide. He dashed through the dark mazes, the fluorescent lights leading him. At first he tried to listen for footsteps of other people but it was loud in the warehouse – people’s commands, communication and shouts echoing off the walls.

Leo’s heart jumped in his chest when he saw a figure heading towards him, running, at the end of the corridor. The boy saw a soft felt square, in the corner and he ducked behind it, hugging himself and holding his weapon steady. He heard the person’s loud breathing as they approached and the second they passed him, Leo jumped to his feet and pointed his gun. His laser came on, bright green, and got Nyssa right through her sensor at the back.

“What the-,” the girl whirled around and gaped. Then she shook her head as Leo grinned, “Nice one
brother. I suppose I’m dead now,” she looked down at her sensor, which was telling her she was deceased. Nyssa was a good sport and she walked past, ruffling Leo’s hair and heading for the exit.

Leo prowled for the next few minutes, but didn’t manage to laser anyone else. The warehouse was bigger than it seemed. Eventually the Latino circled back to base, and found Jason and Annabeth already waiting.

“Oh thank Gods!” Annabeth pulled Leo into a hug as if he was a comrade in a real battle.

“You’re taking this way too seriously, Annie,” Leo shook his head.

“Shut up,” the girl hit him on the shoulder, “Hazel’s down. Who did you guys get?”

“I got Nyssa,” Leo said.

“Good job, Jas?”

“I got Michael and Austin. They were together, idiots.”

“Brilliant,” Annabeth smiled, “I got Billie Ng. Let’s get back out there and win this thing.”

Once again Leo found himself all by himself, jogging through the warehouse. It was getting quieter and the Latino was honestly a little freaked out. He knew that the people hunting for him were his friends, but subconsciously he felt like a prey. Which was why he panicked when he saw a person suddenly dash around the corner of a cube. Blindly, Leo threw himself sideways and found himself at the end of a narrow and pitch black corridor.

He backed up the most he could and pointed his gun. A silhouette appeared at the mouth of the corridor, but instead of continuing on, it entered the corridor. Leo’s heart started pounding. Somehow he couldn’t shoot.

“Dumb move, you’re like a cornered animal,” Nico said. Leo exhaled shakily, slumping with relief at hearing his boyfriend’s voice.

“Thank Gods it’s just you,” he said, lowering his gun. Nico stopped directly in front of him, so Leo could make out his face in the dark. He cocked an eyebrow,

“We’re on the opposite teams, did you forget?” he asked, and then frowned, “Shit, Leo did you get scared?”

“No,” Leo said immediately, then sighed, “Yeah. Maybe a little. It’s unnerving, feels like someone’s about to jump out at me.”

Nico touched his face and Leo leaned into his palm, “It’s alright baby, I’ll protect you, even if we’re on different teams.”

“You’re so cheesy,” Leo rolled his eyes.

“More importantly – what are you going to give me so I don’t shoot you?” the Italian asked, pressing his laser gun into Leo’s stomach playfully. The Latino rolled his eyes.

“Traitor,” he teased, and then added, a little innocently, “I’ll give you a kiss.”

Nico smirked, “Deal,” he said and leaned in, slotted his body against Leo’s and kissed the shorter boy. The Latino exhaled shakily and turned his head away, “Wait. We can’t do this here, not right now, someone will find us.”
“You promised me a kiss,” Nico complained, “Besides, nobody will find us, this is pretty private.”

Before Leo could protest Nico kissed him again, this time harder. Leo couldn’t fight back, not against Nico. He felt his knees going weak and leaned back against the wall, dragging his boyfriend closer by wrapping his arms around his neck. It was kind of hot since they weren’t allowed to be doing this right now.

Nico put his gun down to wrap his arms around Leo’s waist, and the Latino dropped his as well, his fingers sliding into the Italian’s hair. Nico was clearly not planning on the kiss to be quick – his tongue slid past Leo’s lips and the Latino let out a little whimper as the Italian forcefully claimed his mouth, pressing his boyfriend into the wall. His hands slid underneath the boy’s shirt and Leo hoped the sensors wouldn’t pick up anything as Nico touched him all over, his leg slotting between Leo’s.

The Latino was panting when Nico pulled back to kiss down his neck fiercely, and he felt himself grow hard, “N-Neeks...w-we can’t…”

“Gods, you’re such a tease,” Nico pouted, pulling up to kiss Leo once more, quickly, before stepping back and picking up his gun, “I love you though.”

Leo bit his lip and smoothed down his clothes before smiling, “I love you too.”

“I’ll see you in a bit,” Nico turned to the mouth of the corridor and Leo was already missing his warmth against him. Suddenly his boyfriend stopped, “Oh, and one more thing.”

“What?” Leo asked.

Nico turned around and got him in the chest with his laser. Leo gaped at him as his sensors informed him he was now dead.

“What the hell Nico?!”


Chapter End Notes

Chapter 3 of my original work sequel is up babies!! Please check it out if ya wanaaa xx
Link:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11621781/chapters/26131341
Can you write Jason x Percy where after a major battle, Percy runs off and people think he was injured and needs tending to but can’t find him anywhere. Then Jason searches for Percy and finds him deep within the forest, bleeding and having a panic or anxiety attack because it's that Percy's wound is deep. Then (like Percy can heal people when he touches water and a person) Jason heals Percy by kissing him as he also likes Percy. Here’s the catch, he doesn't think that Percy likes him or ever will....You can end it happy or angsty...

for MahaliaPride

Jason slew the last monster personally, his sword passing through the Hellhound like butter and turning it to dust. Who would’ve known that the second camp borders malfunctioned the monsters would come pouring in? The past afternoon was spent in major battle that none of the Demigods had expected, not since the war with Gaia ended. They had gotten too comfortable and forgot what waits for them outside Camp.

“That’s the last one!” Jason yelled, sheathing his sword.

“The defences are back up!” Alabaster from the Hecate cabin informed them, his hands glowing with leftover magic.

“Who else is hurt?” Will demanded, dragging a groaning Connor Stoll towards the medical bay.

“Chris!” Clarisse yelled, her boyfriend hanging onto her heavily, “And Lou Ellen!”

Jason’s eyes slid over the chaos of the post-battlefield in search of his friends. Nico was shadowtravelling hurt people to the medical bay, Frank was helping a limping Hazel up the hill, Leo was pulling his sister Nyssa to her feet, Annabeth was discussing something with Chiron, Piper was helping clean away the debris-

“Where’s Percy?” Jason demanded, feeling sudden fear grip his heart when he couldn’t see his best friend. He felt like he was going to be sick as he turned in a circle, trying to spot him, “Where’s Percy?!” he shouted louder.

“I saw him disappear into the woods, leading an Empousa away,” one of the Apollo kids told him, rushing past. Jason whirled around to look at the woods. The sun was setting – it would be dark soon. How long would it take for Percy to kill an Empousa? A few minutes?

Jason had a bad feeling in his gut and his heart hurt. He wanted to make sure Percy was okay,
needed to or he would go crazy, “I’m going to look for him,” Jason threw in the direction of Chiron and Annabeth, and didn’t wait for their response as he dashed into the forest. The defences were back up so any monsters still inside camp would’ve been disintegrated.

Jason wasn’t scared as he rushed through the trees, not caring about the darkness that was closing in fast. He was running on pure adrenaline and all he could think about was the worst case scenario. What if Percy was dead? Jason had no idea what he would do if that was the case. He didn’t think he could hold it together if Percy was even hurt. He met some tree nymphs who pointed him where they think they saw the son of Poseidon.

And then Jason was breaking into a little clearing through some shrubs and there he was – Percy, leaning against a tree, eyes closed, breathing shallow.

“Percy!” Jason yelled, dropping the sword he had pulled from his belt onto the grass. His relief was short lived as the second he dropped to his knees next to the boy he saw the blood that had soaked through his shirt. The nausea hit him like a bus, “P-Percy,” he gasped, hand resting on the boy’s thigh because he was too scared to touch the jagged wound that had been slashed though his t-shirt, “What the hell happened?”

“H-Hurts,” Percy whimpered, he was pale and shaking, his forehead beaded with sweat. Jason had never seen him like this – he looked like he was going to pass out. Before the blonde could say anything Percy’s hand shot out and grabbed his and he was just trembling so fucking much, his breathing all heavy and erratic, “C-Can’t...I-I can’t...,” he clearly couldn’t breathe. He was having a panic attack.

“Shhh, shhh,” Jason was trying hard not to panic himself as he pulled Percy’s shirt up a little. He bit his lip when he saw how nasty the wound is, “You’re going to be okay,” he said, not sure if he was lying or not.

“’m gonna d-die,” Percy stuttered, opening his eyes just to look at all the blood on his stomach. He whimpered again, his hand clenching on Jason’s.

“You’re not going to die,” Jason said firmly, “I’m not going to let you, okay? We just need to get you to some water so you can heal-“

Percy shook his head, “Too f-far...”

“Fuck,” Jason was losing his cool, feeling like he was about to burst into tears. Percy always seemed to invincible and strong and seeing him like this...thinking that Jason could lose him...it made the blonde feel pain in his chest that was unbearable, “Fuck okay, just breathe,” he took Percy’s face in his hand and turned the boy so their eyes met, “Look at me,” shakily Percy opened his pretty blue eyes, “That’s right,” Jason tried to smile as he stroked the boy’s cheek, “I’ve got you. Just breathe. In. Out.”

Percy inhaled clumsily, and exhaled, and then repeated the motion, his grip deathly strong on Jason’s hand. The blonde smiled, “You’re doing good,” he pulled his t-shirt over his head and pressed it to Percy wound. The boy hissed in pain and then his eyes filled with tears.

“I-I’m scared,” he whispered. He was so pale.

“I’m going to get help,” Jason said, attempting to stand up.

“No!” Percy yelled, and then cried out in pain, biting his lip, “No, don’t...y-you can’t l-leave me...”

Night was falling around them, fast, the last of the pink from the sun painting the sky, “Shhh, okay,
okay,” Jason tried to think of what to do, how to make it better but-

“Well, that looks bad,” a soft, female voice drifted over. Jason’s head snapped up and Percy’s eyes fluttered open weakly, “if it isn’t my two favourite best friends.”

Aphrodite stood in the clearing, looking down at the boys smugly. Jason’s heart jumped in his chest and he jerked to his feet, “Aphrodite help him;” he started, hysterically, but the Goddess held up a hand.

“I can’t help him,” she said, “but you can.”

“How? How?”

“I have bestowed a gift upon you Jason Grace,” there was something soothing about Aphrodite’s voice, and it calmed the blonde a little, “there is a way for you to heal Percy.”

“P-Please,” Jason looked over at the boy. Percy’s eyes were closed again, and he looked dead already, “Please, how?”

“Kiss him,” Aphrodite said simply.

“W-What?” Jason asked faintly.

“That’s how you can heal him – by kissing him,” the Goddess explained, a smirk on her face. Jason didn’t have time to think this through. He got back down on his knees next to Percy and cradled the boy’s face in his hand, “Perce?” he whispered, and the boy sighed into his palm. Jason could almost see the life ebbing away from him. He had no time for hesitation. The blonde leaned forward and kissed Percy, pressed his mouth tightly against the boy’s and waited, his heart hammering. Aphrodite laughed,

“That won’t do, Jason Grace,” she said as Jason pulled away. He moved his shirt away from Percy’s wound and saw it had stopped bleeding so badly, “You have to kiss him properly. The more you kiss him the more he will heal,” she looked up at the sky, “Well, time for my departure. Good luck.”

Jason squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his palm over Percy’s eyes just as Aphrodite took on her divine form, disappearing. When the blonde opened his eyes it was just him and Percy in the clearing. The dark haired boy was breathing heavily, and his eyes had opened slightly.

“Jason?” he whispered. Jason felt pain in his chest. He hated doing this to Percy; he felt like he was forcing the boy. He was sure that Percy didn’t like boys, and this situation was made worse by the fact that Jason was in love with his best friend. But if it meant saving his life...

“I’m sorry,” he murmured, and kissed Percy again.

At first the kiss was slow, and the boy gasped into Jason’s mouth. The son of Jupiter remembered what Aphrodite said, and he decided to just appreciate the fact that he had the chance to kiss Percy, even if it was because he needed to save the boy’s life.

Jason cupped Percy’s face in his hands and deepened the kiss, making it open-mouthed. He was surprised when he felt the son of Poseidon kissing back weakly, but decided the boy was just doing it to heal. Jason grew more passionate because shit this was Percy he was kissing. His heart throbbed, his stomach was all in knots. The dark haired boy wrapped his arms around the blonde’s neck and Jason thought he was actually going to lose it, so he pulled away.
Both he and Percy were breathing hard and the latter was flushed, “I-I think you need to use your tongue,” the son of Poseidon murmured.

Jason wasn’t about to argue with that. He pressed their mouths together again, insistently, and his tongue slid out to lick gently at the boy’s lower lip. Percy immediately opened his mouth, his arms tightening around Jason’s shoulders. Jason shivered when he felt the boy’s tongue against his, soft and wet, and Percy let out a little muffled sound that made the blonde hot all over.

“D-Did you just moan?” he asked, pulling away only enough so they could talk. Percy looked at him with eyes that the blonde could swear were darker than before.

“You’re a good kisser,” Percy murmured, fingers sliding into Jason’s hair, lips moving against his with every word.

“How’s your wound?” the blonde asked, trying to keep a clear head.

“I think you need to kiss me more,” Percy whispered, “it still hurts.”

So they kissed more, tongues sliding together, mouths moving against each other. Jason’s arms wrapped around Percy’s waist and he didn’t care that he was probably getting the boy’s blood all over himself because he lost himself completely in the kiss. He nibbled on Percy’s bottom lip and the boy moaned again and it felt hot and stuffy in the clearing, and kissing Percy was literally the only thing Jason wanted to ever do again.

When he started to feel himself get hard he pulled back a little, regretful, “How is it now?” he asked breathless. In the darkness of the clearing Percy’s eyes sparkled. Jason didn’t even realise that he was in between the boy’s legs.

“One more kiss,” Percy said. Jason nodded and kissed him, quick, a peck really, “One more,” Percy insisted,” Jason kissed him again, “Last one I swear,” Percy promised. If Jason was more optimistic he would’ve sworn the boy wanted to kiss him. Instead he pressed their mouths together again, and when he tried to pull away Percy kept him in place with the hand in his hair, and furiously kissed him. He was so passionate that Jason’s eyes flew wide open and he didn’t know what to do with himself. He wasn’t about to fight him, so he got a hold of himself and pulled Percy closer, completely losing his mind, dizzy with how good it felt to finally hold the dark haired boy in his arms. The son of Poseidon melted into him, gasping every time their mouths slid together. Jason never wanted to stop kissing, but eventually both he and Percy ran out of air.

Jason looked down at the boy’s stomach when he pulled away, avoiding the other Demigod’s eyes. Apart from the dried blood on his skin there wasn’t even a scar where the wound was before.

“Oh thank Gods,” Jason sighed and rested his forehead against Percy’s in a natural gesture of relief.

“Thank you,” Percy’s arms were still around his shoulders and the boy was looking at him hesitantly. Jason nodded.

“It’s alright. I’m sorry I had to kiss you.”

Percy frowned and looked away, “Why? Was it that bad?”

Jason blinked in confusion, “What? N-No. I just... I didn’t think you’d...like it?”

“Did it seem like I didn’t like it?” Percy asked, suddenly looking at Jason with an intensity that made his heart pound. The blonde swallowed. They were so close. Percy smirked, “Let me give you another chance to decide,” he whispered, and kissed Jason again.
It all suddenly made sense.

Chapter End Notes

Hey babies! Chapter 4 of the sequel to my original stuff is up! You can read it as a stand alone coz personally I think it's better than the first one.
Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/11621781/chapters/26131341
Nico goes into Will's tattoo parlour to get a tattoo and it's in a certain spot (like the inside of his thigh or something) where he has to take off his jeans and Will gets turned on by Nico's innocence of the position Will has to get into (between his legs maybe) and ends up realizing that Nico is secretly a massive slut who ends up riding Will on the chair instead of getting a tattoo.

Props if the smut is heavy and Nico ends up being the biggest cumslut ever for Food is life

Nico was finally going to do it today. He was going to seduce William Solace, the stunning tattooist at Half Blood Ink, the person who Nico had been crushing on forever. All his friends got tattoos right at Half Blood Ink, with the gorgeous blonde being their tattooist. Nico doubted that Will knew who he was, which was fine. Nico, despite the fact that he looked and seemed very shy and innocent, was actually quite a slut, and he thought so himself. He slept with men whose names he didn’t remember. But Will was different. Nico liked Will. But he also just really, really, really wanted to get fucked by him.

***

It was late and Will was contemplating closing the tattoo parlour a little earlier and going home since he doubted anyone would come to get inked close to midnight except for drunk people that he’d have to turn down anyway.

The blonde looked around the parlour and smiled. He loved being here, so he contemplated staying
for longer and cleaning out the needles or something, or maybe doing another sketch that he could put on the walls. The parlour was all vintage-y, the walls a raw brick. It was in a basement between two buildings in Camden Market and it was completely Will’s, from the dim lights to the pictures decorating the walls. He worked here with his two friends, Frank and Thalia, but both had gone home by now.

Will was sorting out through some art he had prepared for display when the bell chimed by the front door. The blonde looked up, surprised that someone had come in at this time, and his heart jumped in his chest when he saw just who it was.

The tattooist didn’t know much about the kid except that he went to Uni nearby so he was eighteen or nineteen, and that his name was Nico. And that he was fucking gorgeous. He was exactly Will’s type; small, skinny, dark hair, dark eyes. He was just the right mix of adorable and weirdly sexy in a way he clearly was unaware of. Even now he walked in, wearing black jeans and an oversized hoodie, his hair all messy, and he made Will want to kind of just pin him down and do things to him. Which Will never usually did – he liked relationships and getting to know people. But Nico was hot, very, very hot.

“Hi,” Will said, putting the art away, “How can I help?”

Usually Nico came with his friends for moral support, but this time he was alone. He offered Will a lopsided, almost shy smile, “Hi. Will, right? Uh, I was wondering if you’d be cool with giving me a tattoo?”

“Well, yeah, that is my job,” Will laughed. Nico let out a little nervous giggle and tucked a piece of his overlong hair behind his ear as he looked at his feet. He was so cute it made Will smile.

“Do you have a design?” the blonde asked.

“Uh, yeah,” Nico pointed to the wall where one of Thalia’s sketches hung on the wall, showing a black and white skull with a butterfly on the forehead, “I really like that one.”

Will nodded, “You want it exactly like that?” he asked. Nico shrugged, “No. You can modify it and make it the way you want,” he mumbled. Will smiled, “Okay. Do you want it done right now?”

Nico nodded, “How much?”

“Normally I charge ninety pounds an hour,” Will said, “But because you’re a kind of regular and this is your first time actually getting one, I’ll give you a discount. Fifty an hour.” Will didn’t even know why he was giving the kid a discount – sure, he had some unreasonable crush on him, but it’s not like he was going to get anything out of this. Except Nico’s company.

The boy smiled at him, a flush on his cheeks, “Thanks.”

“Okay, where do you want the tattoo?” Will was determined to keep this strictly professional and not creep the younger boy out.

“Um,” Nico was looking at his shoes, bright red, “T-The inside of my thigh?” it was almost a question. Will smiled, hoping it was soothing even though his heart started pounding.

“Sure,” he said, “Sit down, get comfortable, get your trousers off and I’ll come up with a sketch.”
Will walked over to the drawing board and started sketching the skull. He lost himself in his work and tried to step back from the situation and not get carried away thinking about the fact he was going to have to be between Nico’s legs. He changed the tattoo design a bit, so the butterfly was inside the skull, in the empty eye socket instead of in the forehead. When Will was done and satisfied he turned to Nico.

“Here,” he said, and his mouth went dry. Nico was sitting in the chair, leaning back, only in his boxers and hoodie. His long, pale, graceful legs were stretched out in front of him and the kid was wearing knee high black socks. Who the hell wore knee high socks underneath jeans?! Will swallowed, feeling a little hotter than seconds ago as he approached the oblivious boy and handed him the stencil, “What do you think?”

Nico took the sketch in his hands and smiled, “It’s perfect. I love your style.”

“Thanks,” Will said sheepishly, “You know we’re going to have to be in a bit of an uncomfortable position, right?”

“Yeah,” Nico nodded, not looking at Will and nibbling at his bottom lip. Christ does he have any idea how delectable he looks right now? The tattooist thought distractedly, before getting himself under control again.

“Alright I’m going to have to get between your legs,” Will said, trying to keep a straight face. Nico spread his legs and the blonde dragged over a stool he sat down on. He now found himself in-between Nico’s legs, and the boy wasn’t looking at him, all blushy and cute.

“Okay,” Will put on some gloves. He needed to remain professional, that’s what he kept telling himself. He shuffled a bit closer to the boy, ignoring how close to his crotch he was, and gently pressed his fingers to the soft white flesh on the inside of his thigh, “Here?”

Nico shook his head, “Higher,” he took Will’s hand, startling the tattooist, and dragged it up. Will’s heart started pounding when the boy repositioned his hand so it was literally almost touching his crotch. Not that Will minded, “Is here okay?”

“Yeah, should be,” Will said, and cleared his throat, “Let me just get the stencil down.”

He pressed the sketch into Nico’s skin with his hand. The boy, almost casually, like it was normal, threw his other leg over Will’s shoulder. The blonde swallowed and glanced at the kid but he seemed unaware of what he was doing. If he wasn’t looking so innocent right now, flushed and looking away, playing with the drawstrings of his hoodie, then Will would’ve thought that maybe Nico was trying to seduce him.

“Is this uncomfortable for you?” Will asked awkwardly, because he didn’t know what else to say.

“No,” Nico squeaked, going redder, “I-I...it’s not that...”

Will didn’t say anything and just peeled back the paper, leaving the outline of the tattoo on Nico’s thigh, “You like it here?”

“Yes. I like it here,” all the quivering was gone from Nico’s voice and when Will looked up he saw the kid was looking at him instead of the stencil. The blonde swallowed hard,

“Oh. I’ll go prepare the needles,” he said, standing up so Nico’s leg slid off of his shoulder.

Then the boy surprised him because suddenly both his legs wrapped around Will’s waist, pulling him closer and preventing him from walking off. The blonde was shocked, and felt heat pool in his
stomach, his cock twitching in his pants when Nico looked up at him.

“What are you doing?” Will asked.

“Nothing,” Nico said innocently, throwing his arms around Will’s shoulders. The blonde knew he should’ve pushed him away because this was unprofessional but Jesus Christ he wanted Nico so badly.

“I need to get the tattoo gun,” Will offered weakly.

“There’s only one gun I need right now,” Nico said, a smirk on his flushed face that wasn’t there moment ago. He tugged Will closer so their crotches pressed together. The blonde sucked in a startled breath because Nico was hard. He had no idea what the fuck is going on, “And the gun is right here,” the boy finished, playfully grinding his erection against Will’s making it swell up more. The man bit his lip to muffle a groan and put his hands on Nico’s waist, trying to push him away.

“Hey, no-,” he started, but Nico hauled him down and crashed their mouths together.

There was no build-up, no soft, tentative kisses. This kiss was passionate and hot and immediately made an explosion of fire erupt in Will’s gut. Nico’s lips were so soft that Will didn’t know how to push away, or how to even not kiss back. His hands, which had originally been on Nico’s hips to shove him away, now held him there to ensure the boy didn’t go anywhere as he kissed him back. Their tongues slid against each other and the two pressed together until there was no space between them, their breaths coming out laboured.

Will thought that maybe he’d have control over the situation. If he did then maybe he could clear his head and think straight, but he was completely helpless against Nico. The boy undid his jeans and pulled Will’s semi out, quickly getting it to a full hardness after merely two strokes. The blonde moaned into the boy’s mouth, kissing him harder, nipping at his bottom lip, his hands sliding from Nico’s waist to his ass so he could knead the flesh in his hands. Nico shoved his underwear down and got his own cock out and started jerking him and Will off at the same time, pressing their erections together in his hand.

“F-Fuck,” Will gasped, and Nico licked his lip before kissing him again. The throbbing of the boy’s dick against the blonde’s made Will dizzy with pleasure. He never expected this to happen – Nico seemed so goddamn innocent, though looking at him now, smirking, eyes dark from lust, stroking both of them like a pro, the blonde understood he judged the kid wrong, “I-I need to close the shop,” Will gasped, fingers digging into Nico’s ass, “or s-someone might come in-“

“Let them see,” Nico said, smirk widening. Somehow that aroused Will even more. The boy let go of their members and grabbed Will’s t-shirt, tugging it up and helping the tattooist pull it over his head. Then the boy gracefully slid off the chair and flipped him and Will around, switching places with the blonde before climbing into his lap.

That was something Will never expected to see – Nico straddling him in just a hoodie and knee-high socks. The smaller boy buried his face in Will’s neck and licked the skin there, at the same time grinding down at the man’s cock, catching it between his cheeks, driving Will insane and preventing him from doing more than groaning and groping at the boy’s body. Nico bit the tattoo of a tiger on his shoulder.

“Fuck,” Will swore again suddenly gripping Nico’s face in his hand and kissing him violently. The boy moaned into his mouth, his hands sliding into Will’s hair and tugging almost painfully, “Fuck you’re so hot.”
“Fuck me,” Nico whispered. A shiver of arousal went through Will.

“I don’t have any condoms or lube,” he said.

“We don’t need it,” Nico kissed him again before pulling back and pushing three of his fingers inside his own mouth. He maintained searing eye-contact with Will as he sucked on the digits and Will thought that if he got any harder he might actually explode.

Nico released his fingers from his mouth with a pop after a few seconds and then reached behind himself. Will heard the digit enter the boy with a wet sound and watched as Nico flushed harder and let out a moan. Will dragged him closer and started kissing his neck, shoulder, anywhere he could reach. He was frantic, he had never been so dizzyingly aroused. When he looked over the boy’s shoulder he saw that Nico had two fingers inside of himself already, his breath coming out harsh and shaky.

“God, you’re going to make me go crazy,” Will whispered into his ear hoarsely, and was pleased when he felt the boy shiver. Finally the blonde felt in control, “Go harder,” he urged. Nico moaned but started fingering himself harder, his digits urgently moving inside him. When he added a third one Will fisted his own cock and started stroking himself. His vision was blurry around the edges and he was sure he was going to come soon, just from watching Nico pleasuring himself. There was something so erotic about doing it in a chair, in a tattoo parlour.

Suddenly Nico pushed Will back, so he was leaning against the back of the chair, swatted the blonde’s hand away from his cock, and sank down on it in one swift movement. Both of them moaned wildly, Will in surprise, and Nico arched his back, crying out so sweetly that Will had to physically starve off his orgasm.

“Oh m-my God,” he gasped, “I-I’m not wearing a condom-“

“I’m clean,” Nico leaned in. He was shaking as he kissed Will’s swollen lips, “I want to feel you properly.”

“Oh fuck,” Will groaned. Nico started lifting himself up but Will stilled him with his hands, “N-No, you need a moment to adjust-“

“No,” Nico growled, biting Will’s earlobe, “I want you to fuck me so hard that I won’t be able to walk tomorrow.”

Then he started riding Will and the blonde had to squeeze his eyes shut or he would’ve exploded just from looking at Nico’s face, twisted in pleasure as he took the blonde’s cock deep into himself. The heat and tightness around Will’s member was too much, but when he finally got a hold of himself and ensured he wasn’t going to come pre-maturely like some teenager, he opened his eyes again.

Nico was riding him, hard, almost violently, bouncing up and down in Will’s lap, his mouth parted slightly, eyes locked on Will. The blonde’s body was assaulted by pleasure and heat. He hauled Nico’s hoodie over his head so the boy was simply left in his knee-high socks. Will’s hands danced all over his body, every crevice and dip and the younger boy moaned.

“F-Fuck I love your cock,” he gasped, leaning in to kiss Will. If he continued saying things like that the blonde knew he was going to completely lose it. Already he was tethering on the edge of ecstasy. He never thought he’d be having sex with someone in his tattoo parlour, where anyone could walk in and see...that thought made it all so much more dangerous.

Every time Nico took Will’s cock back inside himself a squelching sound accompanied it. Both the
boys were panting and moaning, their bodies covered in sweat. Nico still had the stencil of the tattoo on his thigh, but both of them had forgotten all about it, lost in the pleasure and each other’s bodies. The knots in Will’s stomach were getting tighter and he was surprised he even lasted this long. But he knew he couldn’t hold on for much longer – it was just too good.

“Y-You’re gonna make me come,” he moaned, biting Nico’s shoulder.

“Oh God yes. P-Please,” the boy gasped. The heat was building up and up in Will, making it hard to think, to concentrate on anything but Nico’s hole clenching around his cock.

“I-I need t-to pull out-,” the blonde gasped, feeling a little like he was drowning in the pleasure.

“No!” Nico protested, “fuck...ah! I w-want you to come i-inside me, p-please fill me u-up,” he moaned, grinding down on Will more clumsily, “I-I want your come p-please Will please...,” the desperation in his voice was unreal.

Will wasn’t about to argue with him, because the thought of pulling out right now was horrible. He wanted to be buried in Nico’s heat forever, so when he couldn’t take it anymore he came, right inside the boy.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes,” Nico blabbered, clinging onto Will as he himself also came, though the blonde couldn’t remember if he had jerked himself off or come untouched. He felt ecstasy hit his body, over and over, and Nico was moaning weakly and spurts of come decorated Will’s stomach and chest and all his tattoos and it was fucking amazing.

The two spent a few minutes in silence, slumped in each other’s arms, trying to catch their breath. Will felt weirdly attached to Nico now, though he barely knew the kid. Still, he held him close and subconsciously stroked his back, his cock softening inside the boy.

Finally Nico pulled back, the smirk back in place, and brushed his hair out of his forehead, “So, about that tattoo...”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 5 of ma original work sequel is upp!! Prompts is finishing very soon so if you like my writing/want to continue supporting me please check it out xx
Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/11621781/chapters/26453970
My Love, My Life

Chapter Notes

This is the second to last one guys!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jercy prompt - where Jason loses his temper and hits Percy and Percy flashes back to his previous abusive relationship (maybe with Luke?) I'm a sucker for hurt!percy and protective!jason.
for a shy one

“I can’t believe you were being an idiot again!” Jason yelled at his best friend.

“Would you shut up?” Percy snapped, putting his sword down in the corner of his cabin. His shirt was soaked through with blood and looking at it made Jason feel sick, “It’s a battle of course someone’s gonna get hurt.”

There had been a fight on-board the Argo II not even a full hour ago. The monsters had burst from the water suddenly and unexpectedly, and attacked the Crew. Percy had of course been reckless, since he was close to the water and felt safe. A flying sea snake had managed to slash him across the stomach with its fangs but Percy healed himself with water, leaving behind only a blood soaked shirt. Except next time there could be no water around, and Percy could get seriously injured. Right now they were up in the air, where anything could happen. Thinking about that made Jason sick with worry. He was in love with Percy, more than he thought possible, but the boy didn’t know that and therefore didn’t understand why now Jason was shouting at him about a stupid battle.

“Yeah, but you deliberately went out of your way to fight that snake!” the blonde snapped, but Percy wasn’t really paying attention, shuffling through a pile of clean shirts for something to change into, “For fuck’s sake are you listening to me?!”

“No, not when you’re being annoying.”

“You could’ve died-“

“You sound like a fucking mother-“
Jason lost his temper. Percy was so casual about this, he didn’t see the danger he was in. If anything happened to the boy Jason would go crazy. He needed Percy to understand that the situations he put himself in could be easily avoided, needed the boy to take him seriously.

Jason strode over to the son of Poseidon and shoved him up against the closest wall with more strength than intended. Percy’s eyes widened and the shirt he was holding fell from his hands. Jason was seeing red when his hand wrapped around Percy’s throat and pressed him further into the wall, leaning into his face. Maybe the red stopped Jason from noticing the fear shining in the blue eyes of his friend.

“Can you fucking listen to me for one goddamn minute you-“

“I’m sorry,” Percy blurted, his eyes wide and scared the way that Jason had never seen them scared before. He had expected the boy to shove him away and shout at him, to at least try to get Jason’s hand off his neck, but instead the Demigod’s arms hung limply at his sides and he was completely frozen and tense, “I’m s-sorry...I-I-I-...,” he was having trouble breathing and Jason let go of him, stumbling back in horror when he saw the tears shining in Percy’s eyes. He was so confused.

Percy slid to the floor and buried his face in his arms, his legs drawn to his chest. He was shaking as if Jason had hurt him but the blonde was sure he didn’t. His anger and frustration disappeared, replaced by gut wrenching worry instead. He swallowed, not understanding why Percy was suddenly such a mess.

“Perce?” he asked softly.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m s-sorry...” Percy repeated, his voice muffled and sounding as if he was crying. Jason wanted to hit himself now, for scaring the boy he loved. He got to his knees next to Percy.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t meant to scare you I...,” he trailed off as it suddenly all clicked into place.

Percy had had a boyfriend, before the war with the Giants kicked off. A boyfriend who was dead now. He had once told Jason about him briefly – Luke, an evil Demigod that ended up betraying Camp Half Blood and siding with the Titans. Annabeth had filled in the rest – Luke was mentally and physically abusive towards Percy, who was a lot younger, practically a child at the time. Jason had been furious when he found out, but he couldn’t exactly question Percy about it, since the boy was always so cheerful and happy and never brought the topic up. Jason had thought he had moved on from the experiences with Luke...clearly not.

“I reminded you of Luke, didn’t I?” Jason whispered, feeling disgusting. Percy sat up to look at the blonde, hurriedly wiping away his tears as if the son of Jupiter hadn’t already seen them. Jason didn’t know what to do, the wave of helplessness that hit him made his heart hurt.

“I-I...,” Percy started, but he couldn’t seem to get the words out.

“I’m sorry,” Jason whispered, “Gods, I’m sorry Percy. I would never hurt you like he did-“

“It’s okay, I’m fine,” Percy turned away, wiping constantly at the tears that wouldn’t stop falling from his eyes.

“No you’re not,” Jason said, “Percy...talk to me. Please.”

“I...I just,” the boy swallowed and wouldn’t look at Jason, “he used to d-do that. Shout at m-me about something and then h-hit me o-out of nowhere...”
“I’m not him,” Jason said brokenly, reaching out to gently brush Percy’s hair behind his ear.

“No, you’re not,” Percy laughed, a little bitterly, “he was my boyfriend. You’re not.”

“You’re shaking,” Jason said softly, ignoring how painful the boy’s words were. Somehow his hand had gone from Percy’s hair to his cheek, and Jason brushed his knuckles gently against his skin.

“I—I’ll be fine in a moment,” the dark haired boy assured him.

“What can I do?” Jason asked, “Is there anything I can do to help?” he was desperate. Percy sniffled, the tip of his nose red from crying.

“Can you like...hug me? A-And just hold me,” he looked at Jason hesitantly, “Luke never hugged me.”

Jason hauled Percy into his arms, a little more aggressively than he meant to, accidentally getting the boy in his lap. Percy didn’t seem to mind though as he immediately wrapped his arms around Jason’s torso, burying his face in the blonde’s shoulder. Jason didn’t care about anything for a few seconds, just the fact that he was holding the boy he loved in his arms. He squeezed Percy, keeping him as close as physically possible. He felt the boy stop shaking.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” Jason whispered.

“It’s okay. You’re not like him,” Percy mumbled, hands curling into the back of Jason’s hoodie.

“I won’t ever let anyone hurt you,” the blonde murmured, stroking Percy’s hair, “I promise. I’ll protect you, from everything, even from memories of him. Gods, I wish he was alive so I could kill him again.”

Percy sat up so he could press his forehead against Jason’s. They were so close that it made Jason’s heart ache. Without even meaning to or realising what he was doing, the blonde leaned forward and kissed Percy. It just seemed like such a natural thing to do.

It was such a gentle kiss, their lips just pressed together. Percy didn’t move, his arms wrapped around Jason’s neck. When did they get there? The blonde pulled back, the pounding of his heart seeming distant.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“He didn’t kiss me,” Percy murmured, his eyes watery again, “not like that.”

Jason kissed him again, deeper, though still soft, his hand cradling Percy’s cheek in his hand. The boy kissed back this time, clinging onto Jason. It was a sweet kiss, and when they pulled away again Percy didn’t mention Luke again. Instead he said-

“I love you, Jason.”

Chapter End Notes

Oioi new chapter of my original work sequel if you could be a star and go check that story out (yes, you!)

Link -
Luke Castellan stepped out of the communal house in Elysium and stretched, yawning in the morning sun. His bones cracked, a nice reminder that although he was dead, he remained human. Lazily the boy looked over the pretty, cobbled street that the communal house was on and reminisced about how it hadn’t changed in years. Luke had been dead for a long, long time and yet Elysium remained untouched by the outside world – the Titan War, the war with Gaia, Apollo’s fall, the kidnap of Thanatos, the fights between the Gods...none of them affected this place. And the years had passed quickly, or maybe Luke was just getting used to eternity in paradise.

He watched Achilles across the street, opening up his gym for the day. The other shops were going to open soon too. Luke yawned again and turned to the communal house he lived in. Any time he could pick a cottage to move into, but every dead Demigod started in the communal house, living together with others who had passed away. Originally, when Luke had first come, the last wave of previous Demigods were moving out. And then it was Luke and Ethan and Beckendorf. Now it was different – Michael Yew, Lee Fletcher, Castor and Silena, and half a dozen other Demigods that died in the war. Most of these day Luke didn’t feel like he belonged in the communal house anymore, especially not when Annabeth and Reyna died.

Suddenly the blonde felt arms sliding around his torso and someone pressing their face into his back. He smiled, feeling his chest fill with warmth and unexplainable happiness he didn’t think he’d feel back when he was alive and serving Kronos.

“Morning,” he said.

“Morning,” Ethan Nakamura replied gruffly, voice rough from sleep. Luke twisted in his arms and took his boyfriend’s face in his hands, leaning down to kiss him. It was a short, sweet kiss and when Luke pulled back Ethan was looking at him tiredly and grumpily. The son of Hermes didn’t think he’d ever get tired of that expression, not on Ethan anyway.

“You don’t look happy,” Luke teased, cupping the boy’s face in his hands and stroking his cheeks. He loved being close to Ethan, even just to feel the boy’s warmth against him. It made him happy, even after all of these years.
“You know I hate it when you leave before I wake up,” the Asian grumbled, “it makes me anxious to wake up without you.”

“I’m sorry,” Luke murmured, leaning down and pressing his forehead against Ethan’s. Despite the years they’ve been together the smaller boy was still insecure about many things, being alone being one of them. The son of Hermes was determined to make him understand that he was never going to leave or hurt him, “I love you, you little grumpy idiot.”

“Don’t call me an idiot,” Ethan grumbled, “It’s your birthday today.”

Luke blinked, “Ah. Shit. Yeah, it is.”

“If...if you were alive,” Ethan was subconsciously playing with Luke’s t-shirt and not looking at him, “You’d be eighty-two today.”

Luke’s expression softened, “and here we are, and I’m still nineteen and sexy as hell.”

Ethan rolled his eyes and stood on his tiptoes, “I love you, grandpa.”

“Yeah, okay kiddo,” Luke snickered. They kissed again, smiling against each other’s mouths, “Hey, I was thinking,” the blonde said after a moment, “Aren’t you a bit...tired, of the communal house?”

Ethan glanced at the building at their backs, “Dunno. It’s weird with all the newcomers, especially since Beck and Silena moved out.”

“Yeah, so I was thinking,” Luke turned the boy’s face around, “That maybe we could...get a cottage?”

“You mean...like...together?” Ethan asked, anxious. Luke smirked.

“Of course. I mean, shit, we’re practically married.”

Ethan bit his lip and looked down at their feet, which were almost touching, “Yeah. I’d love that actually.”

“Brilliant,” Luke grabbed his boyfriend’s chin to angle it up and kiss him again, but before their mouths could meet again a commotion started at the end of the street – people running and shouting to each other. The boys broke apart, confused, “Oh-oh. Newcomer,” Luke said.

“What the hell is that ruckus?!” Octavian walked out of the communal house, his icy blonde hair sticking up everywhere. He was still in his pj’s and looked pretty pissed about being woken up.

“Newcomer, blondie,” Ethan said, taking Luke’s hand, “C’mon, maybe it’s someone we know.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Octavian grumbled, mournfully looking at the communal building. Still, curiosity sparked in his eyes so sluggishly he followed Luke and Ethan, feet dragging, complaining the whole time.

A crowd had gathered at the end of the street, all watching the place where dead Demigods always appeared. Recently a new one showed up every three or four weeks, but back during the war there’d be a new one each day. According to Achilles it had been even worse during the Trojan War. Octavian, who still had a little bit of a superiority complex, shoved through the crowd, eager to satisfy his curiosity and go back to bed.

“Who the hell is that?” someone whispered.
“Dunno, not one of ours.”

“Is he Roman?”

Octavian didn’t pay attention to these whispers, focused solely on getting to the front of the group. The moment he did, and his eyes landed on the new-comer, his mind went blank. Octavian wasn’t exactly happy in Elysium, he just kind of existed for the most part. He had no friends here, nobody who loved him, and he was always plagued by his death and the fact that he was betrayed...even if he did deserve it. Somehow over the years he had gotten over those depressing thoughts and managed to keep relatively friendly relationships with everyone in the communal house, but he still yearned for someone he knew in life, someone he loved...

And suddenly it was as if all those years had meant nothing and Octavian was sixteen again, standing in Camp Jupiter with his best friend, because in front of him was none other than Michael Kahale, looking dazed and as young as he was during the war with Gaia, minus the blood and grit of the battle they were in.

“Michael?” Octavian whispered, mouth dry, head spinning. His heart pounded in his chest when Michael’s warm brown eyes landed on him. They widened. The crowd had fallen silent.

“Tav,” the boy sad, as shocked as Octavian, “Oh my Gods, Tav.”

In seconds the boy had crossed the space between them and taken the stunned blonde into his arms. Octavian had never thought he’d see his friend again and being in his arms...it made Octavian’s heart ache. He had thought that Michael hated him because of the horrible things he did while he was alive. But right now he forgot that Michael hurt him and was the reason for his complicated death, forgot all that, because Michael was there, holding him, and it was as if no time had passed at all. Octavian took in a shallow breath, trying to get a hold of himself, and suddenly burst into tears, clinging onto Michael as he shook.

“Hey, shh, shhh,” the boy soothed him, “Don’t cry, Tav, it’s alright, I’m right here.”

“Fuck,” Octavian sobbed, burying his face in Michael’s shoulder, “F-Fuck I missed y-you s-so much...”

The crowd was starting to disperse to give the two some privacy and the boys just held onto each other, so tightly that Octavian was a little worried his ribs might crack, but not worried enough to let go of Michael. He never wanted to let go of him again. And then suddenly their hug turned into a kiss and Octavian wasn’t sure who initiated it, or who had even moved, all he knew was that it was absolutely perfect and that life finally made sense and that-

“I love you,” the blonde blurted as everything clicked into place, “I love you so much.”

Michael held him tightly against him, “Gods, me too. I’ve always loved you, only you.”

“You’ve lived a long life,” Octavian whispered.

“And there was only ever you,” Michael murmured, and his words made more tears swell up in the Augur’s eyes, “you were the only person I could ever think about I-,” he took a deep breath, “I’m sorry I let you die.”

Octavian shook his head, “It had to be done, I lost my mind.”

“I love you,” Michael said again, almost hopelessly, and pressed his mouth against Octavian’s. Their kiss made the blonde’s heart pound.
“Hi. Sorry to interrupt.”

The boys pulled apart suddenly, surprised, and turned around. Leo Valdez stood a few steps away, hands in the pockets of his suspenders, looking half curious and half bored. He smiled and gave a little wave and Octavian gaped at him.

“Yeah, so...I think I died. For real this time,” the Latino laughed care-free. Octavian and Michael exchanged a bewildered look.

“Uh...welcome to Elysium?” Michael offered awkwardly.

“Sweet,” Leo nodded, eyeing up the buildings, “Annabeth must love this.”

As if to answer his question there was a sudden screech of Leo! and Annabeth came pounding down the street. Nobody was much surprised as there were plenty emotional reunions in Elysium so they didn’t bat an eye at the sprinting girl, continuing to open up the shops. Leo grinned, his heart flipping in his chest when he saw his old friend. She looked the way she had during the Giant War – blonde hair glimmering in the sun, grey eyes bright and sparkling. The hollow someone she had been while the cancer finally ate away at her brain was no more and Annabeth was back to her brilliance as she barrelled into Leo, hugging him fiercely. He was the second person off the Argo II to die – three strokes.

“Oh my Gods,” Annabeth gasped as she squeezed Leo tightly, “Oh my Gods you’re actually here!”

Leo never thought dying could be so nice – and he had forgotten how much he had missed the girl as she now clutched him tight. Kahale and Octavian had disappeared somewhere, probably to do some more snogging, and Annabeth led Leo to the communal house, where she said she was waiting for Piper.

The next few weeks were full of partying, relaxation, building things, bickering, and just living in the afterlife and Leo was happy. Time moved differently down here though and actually almost a year had passed without the Latino noticing. He woke up one morning with it snowing. He smiled and sat up in his bed. For the past few days Lou Ellen and Lee Fletcher had been arguing with Hades and Thanatos about the monotony of the weather in Elysium, and Hades had finally agreed to introduce seasons to the afterlife with the help of Persephone.

Excited and hyperactive as always, Leo got dressed hurriedly in a coat that had magically appeared in his closet. He was disappointed to find that the rest of the house was dead asleep since it was six in the morning and nobody would go out with him for a snowball fight, and although the Latino was usually a late sleeper now he felt something pulling him outside. He hadn’t seen snow for a very long time as his stroke kept him wheelchair bound and prevented him from going to many places. Now, as if he were a child again, he ran out into the snow, grinning.

The cold bit at his exposed face but Leo didn’t care as he inhaled a lung-full of cold, delicious air. It was refreshing, and the snow glimmered beautifully in the winter sun. Leo bent down to scoop some of said snow into his palm and that was when he noticed the white bear watching him from a few feet away. Leo froze and stared at it in shock. There were plenty beautiful animals in Elysium, but not a fucking polar bear. The creature’s fur was pure white, and it cocked its head to the side, watching the Latino with its dark brown eyes full of love. Leo would recognise those eyes anywhere. His heart skipped a beat.

“Frank,” he whispered, feeling like he was going to pass out. The bear trotted a few paces to Leo, threading through the snow, and stopped right in front of the boy, who stood on shaky legs. In the blink of an eye the bear disappeared, and in its place stood Frank Zhang, young and strong once
more, hair dusted with snow, grinning as if Christmas had come early.

Leo didn’t know what to say, what to think. It seemed like only days ago he had seen his husband – wrinkled, old, weak, white hair, still gorgeous though. And now here he was, looking the way he had during their youth.

“Hey beautiful,” Frank said, smile broadening. Leo felt tears pricking his eyes as a laugh spilled from his mouth. Frank wrapped his arms around his husband and spun them around, their laughter breathless and mingling together. Leo felt dizzy feeling Frank’s arms around him again, as if he couldn’t quite think straight. When the man set him down Leo clung onto him desperately.

“I missed you, you big idiot.”

“Who you calling an idiot?” Frank scoffed, and then planted a kiss on top of Leo’s head, “It was lonely without you,” he said, voice softer. Leo pulled back a little and pressed his small hand to Frank’s cheek, making sure he was real.

“How did it happen?”

Frank kissed the inside of the boy’s palm, “I’m pretty sure it was heartbreak. I couldn’t live without you,” he said, eyes gentle. Then he snickered, “Just kidding. Kidney failure.”

“Asshole,” Leo rolled his eyes. Frank drew him as close as possible and kissed him heatedly.

They moved out of the communal house that same day. Two weeks later they were happily strolling through the snow filled streets of Elysium, when suddenly they spotted someone familiar.

“Is that Will?” Leo asked in disbelief, squinting. And sure enough it was – the blonde was young again, like everyone else in Elysium, and was arguing fiercely with...Nico di Angelo, who was as old as Leo remembered. It seemed like only a few weeks ago he had been at their house for tea, reminiscing about the good old times, “What the hell?” he asked, surprised.

“Let’s leave them to it,” Frank shook his head and pulled his husband through the snow.

“You’re not staying here!” Will said determinedly, ignoring the cold around him. He didn’t feel like shit anymore and a little snow couldn’t hurt him, “Doctor’s orders.”

“Like hell! Fuck you!” Nico spat. Even in his old age he was still as stubborn as always. Will exhaled in annoyance. He was sure dying wasn’t meant to be so frustrating.

“Nico I’m dead and you’re not, you can’t just chill in Elysium!”

“Or what?” Nico demanded. He was trembling, the winter of the place probably getting to his rheumatism. His wrinkled face was full of anger, and there were the last strands of black in his silver hair, “You can’t do anything. I’m the Prince of the Underworld.”

“You’re an old man,” Will said in exasperation, “And you’re going to catch a cold. Please,” his voice softened, “You can come see me as much as you like. But you don’t belong down here, Neeks. You still have the rest of your life to live.”

“But there’s no point without you!” Nico said, and his voice broke. He sniffled and choked off a sob and all of Will’s irritation evaporated, “Our house isn’t the same without you. I can’t go back up there, I can’t look at y-your body...”

“Hey,” Will whispered softly, reaching out to take his lover’s hand, “I love you. You know that. We
“I can’t leave,” Nico said brokenly, “Not without you.”

Before the blonde could argue with that, the Italian pressed himself against his chest. He felt frail and volatile in Will’s grip, but the boy still hugged him tightly because Gods he loved Nico and the thought of being in Elysium without him was painful. Earlier he had died in his armchair in front of their fireplace, and Nico had furiously shadow-travelled down to the Underworld, even though it was bad for his health, and argued with Charon, trying to bribe him to not take Will over the river Styx. But the Fates had already decided that the son of Apollo would die, and the Fates were bitches. So now Nico was boycotting the whole afterlife.

“Look, why don’t you just-,” Will started, pushing Nico away gently, and then his voice died in his throat. Where seconds ago he had been holding an old man, now in front of him stood the boy he had first fallen in love with on Half Blood Hill during the siege of Camp, “Nico, what did you do?” Will asked, voice shaky, eyes frantically sliding all over the Italian’s body.

Nico blinked, seeming a little dazed, “I...I think I just died,” he said softly. Will exhaled shakily and looked around the snowy road but there was nobody there to argue with them or tell them there was a mistake. Nico had just...died.

“Oh Gods,” the blonde whispered, “Oh Gods,” he repeated, face breaking into a smile. He hugged Nico and then kissed him, quickly, passionately, “Oh Gods I shouldn’t be this happy that you’re dead.”

“I love you,” Nico grinned at him, arms wrapped around his neck.

The next two years Piper and Hazel also passed away, and alongside Annabeth, Reyna, Frank, Leo, Nico and Will they had all moved out of the communal house and rented out a mansion of their own. Conveniently (or not) their neighbours on one side were Luke and Ethan, and Michael and Octavian on the other. And yet they were still missing two, and their absence was ever-present. Until it wasn’t.

The ex-crew of the Argo II was walking down the cobbled street of Elysium one chilly spring morning, all of them holding onto their significant others, laughing and talking about the movie they were going to see, when suddenly the two people they missed most just...appeared.

Jason and Percy stood, looking around in shock, holding hands.

“What just happened?” Percy asked, confused.

“I...I think I crashed the car,” Jason said faintly, seemingly unable to take his wide eyes off Percy.

The rest of the crew screamed with joy and all of them barreled into the two surprised Demigods, hugging and kissing them fiercely, holding onto them. Jason and Percy, although a little lost at first, were soon laughing and smiling. They didn’t look like two old men who had just died in a violent car crash in downtown Brooklyn. They looked like two young Demigods, finally re-uniting with their friends.

And all was well.
...so that's that. It's finished...until January anyway. You know what's not finished just yet?
Ma original work that I just updated >:)
Link:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11621781/chapters/26131341
As always, massive thankyou to all the people that commented (I know I missed a bunch of
you lot out but jesus Christ there is a lot of you. Thank you so much). You lot are the real
MVP’s, and have supported me so much it brings a tear to my eye.

#1Fan

#BI

500percentdone

A

AA

AAThanatos

Abby

Abbygail2342

Addictive_chaos

aelitastones1

Agus

airhead

A.j

akira

alpha_dawg

Anon N.Miss

Alyssa

Amelia

Ana

Andy

Ano

Anonimousse

AntisocialEmo_rawrXD
Alexandra
Alicechien
AlienAmongUs
AlmOstaverage
Angst jab zns
AnnaBeth is awesome
Aquire
Ariella_Carter_Grace_xx
artisticDepression
Arya
Ashry Tsubasa Black
A shy one
Askafiamatta
aslovens
Audrey
AugustDaemon
Ava Geist
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AWildThing
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Bailci
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Beaver
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bella
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Better than stardust
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Coolness
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Cyle
DamCranberryJuiceIsMyFavourite
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Dfwzeq21
DIvergent_Unicorn_Ruki
Djb_bjd
DoctorsOrdersDeathBoy
Dood
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Jasico4life
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Jerky
Jessie15
Jo
Joana
Just Another PJO Fangirl
JustSomeRandomShipper
K
Kalani
Kale
Kaleidoscope_Eyes
Kat
Katie
Katra_Stoll
Kazimera
Keepitrunning
KDdoodle
KeenKid
Khy
King Loser
King of the Wild Frontier
Klance ovo
Kon
Kpopin hoe
Krackle
Kumihoe
Lackj
LadyMacDeath
LamasAreGold
Lara
Laura
Laurel
Lauren
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Lee
Leoana
Let_Me_Be_Your_Muse
Lex
Lilireyna
Lina
Littlebite
LittleGreenFrog
Littleriiver
LittleSecrets12
Lks
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LoserxLoser
Love
LovelyOtakuLove
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Lurfie
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Meow
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Millie
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MistyStormz
Mirvine
Mm91
Molly
Moo
Motherfucking_stargirl1
MrTaco
Myfalloutromance
Mysh
nad
Nartine Makarat
Nasia lei
Nathalie411415
NazzaStylan
Nerdy Nerd Girl
Nico_Di_Angelo
Nico_solace_di_angelo
Nico_lover49
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Spnaph
Sofie
SOLANGELO lover
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StarrrBoy
StardustFlames
Starfish
Starspeckledocean
Stories_of_the_Shadows
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See you all in January (hopefully)

Don't forget to check out my other stuff if you miss me too much ;)

~Fin.

Works inspired by this one
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