Pandora's Box

by AlphaStarr

Summary

Dirk, Jake thinks, is very much like a Na'vi.

Notes

I have been working on this fic since last summer and I hope you all enjoy it. It was an interesting change of pace to write a slow!fic for once. And, of course, there are gratuitous references to Avatar in this fic.

Dictionary for Na'vi terminology (for those who have either never seen James Cameron's Avatar, or haven't seen it in a while) is at the bottom.

Haiku!Disclaimer: Homestuck is Hussie's; Don't sue me, I have no money. I do not own it.

See the end of the work for more notes

Dirk, Jake thinks, is very much like a Na'vi.

Blue skinned he is not, but he is really tall-- not quite the ten feet or so of the typical Na'vi male, but at least a foot taller than Jake's five-foot-three-- with an elegantly slim waist and the sexiest broad shoulders, all sharply defined muscles and long limbs. He, like a Na'vi, is almost hairless, save for the hair on his head, his brows and lashes, sideburns (they would have evolved into stubble if Dirk hadn't kept himself so well-shaven), and a tuft of hair at the base of his (ahem)
But, mostly, it's his eyes.

He has eyes of the brightest, most beautiful amber-orange, the very color that starts to bleed out of the sky at sunset over the ocean, when the sun's bottom curve is just barely sinking over the horizon. Even Neytiri's eyes, which Jake once thought a dead ringer for topaz or citrine, paled into the shade of powdered lemonade when compared to Dirk's.

Sometimes he pretends Dirk is Na'vi, just because it isn't that hard to stretch his imagination that extra step further.

It happens embarrassingly often, even if Dirk just catches his eye beneath the umbrellaesque leaf of one of his island's trees. The sun filtering through the chlorophyll-green-tinted arboreal screen at just the right angle might make his skin look almost bluish-jade, and then Jake will just forget. He will forget that the ethereal glow bouncing off Dirk's skin is just infraction of the sun against his freckles, and not Na'vi bioluminescence. He will forget that sword hanging off his belt is not a tail intended to help his already perfect balance.

And, when those blasted sunglasses slide down his nose just a fraction of an inch and he looks at Jake with his brilliant orange peepers just slightly peering over those triangular frames and he drawls, "You all right there, English?", Jake forgets whatever he was doing before and manages to stutter out a terribly awkward reply about being "Oh, yes, uh, yeah, fine-- posilutely dandy, in fact!" before Dirk just gives him a wry half-smile and kisses him, then and there.

The only thing that's distinctly Na'vi about Dirk's kisses is that they're both out of this world.

Jake would gladly taste his lips until he died of it, and, indeed, he very well could if Dirk hadn't the intelligence to break apart for a quick breath of air every now and then. The arms around his waist hold him solidly, and Jake's own arms lay thrown over Dirk's beautiful, wonderful shoulders, so he can feel every nuance of their shifting. He doesn't even care when the fantasy of glowing blue skin is broken-- not by something as superficial as opening his eyes and seeing it, but by the absence of a queue-braid at the back of Dirk's head.

Of all the differences in their biology, it is the lack of a queue (and not the unblue skin) Jake hates the most. Terrifying though the prospect may be, he sometimes wishes that he could just touch his nerves directly to Dirk's, forming the tsahaylu bond with his queue, and in that moment, understand exactly what he's feeling, while simultaneously making sure Dirk understands precisely the sentiment he is trying to convey.

Jake English is not very good with words, and especially not those related to feelings. For the reasonable price of a permanent, life-long emotional bond, he could garner complete comprehension of his frustratingly cryptic boyfriend and show said boyfriend exactly how he felt without needing any confusing words at all. No miscommunications or botched attempts to explain that maybe he wants space for a few days, but he also still really loves him and is definitely coming back to Dirk's arms after it all. No hurtful arguments that lead to Jake running away from home to find peace of mind in the wild. No accidents in which all of Jake's computers get waterlogged because he fell in a river trying to pester someone, resulting in him getting horribly lost a few miles downstream and leaving Dirk to wonder if he was alive or not, because Dirk would have been able to just reach out with the aftereffects of their tsahaylu and feel that he was alive still. No being worried about Dirk hating him for getting lost and really fucking up this time. If only he could feel what Dirk felt and Dirk could feel his feelings, they could save themselves a terrible lot of trouble.

(He would also really love to be able to use it to rein in some of the more unruly monsters on his
island, because riding on the back of a dragon would be incredibly badass, but Jake mostly wants the queue to talk to Dirk for him.)

Jake's best substitute is, most probably, physical affection, the nerves lighting aflame beneath his skin coming into almost direct contact with Dirk's. His lips pull back from yet another feverish kiss, but his arms hug Dirk's body to his more tightly, more closely, a sure sign of how much he loves Dirk, and how much he's missed him while lost in the jungle. Dirk's not-entirely-gentle hold on Jake's midriff is as clear an indication as any of his part-relieved, part-pissed off state; the lips hungrily kissing up the diagonal muscle from Jake's collarbone to jaw relay that it's more relief than anger, thank goodness.

It's a terribly unusual thing for Dirk to do, kissing him like this when he's positively filthy from seven days of wandering the wilderness, lost and, for a good few of those days, starving. Only yesterday had he found a banana tree, whose fruit he'd eagerly consumed, and under whose boughs he'd taken shelter for the night, and beneath whose leaves Dirk had found him that morning. Jake's beginning to think that the Na'vi superstition about banana fruits being lucky has some truth to it.

The kissing slows and dies down, but Jake's skin still tingles everywhere Dirk's touched it, the kind of happy tickle he gets up his nose when he steals a sip of Dirk's orange soda. His very flesh is giddy with the affection, and boy golly is he ever glad everything turned out okay.

Dirk readjusts his askew shades before saying, "C'mon. Let's get the rest of the way back home."

"Ah, yes!" Jake agrees hastily, all too eager to return to his abode. He captchaologues his own spectacles. "Ready when you are, my dear compatriot!"

Dirk leans down, sturdy as the trunk of a tree, and Jake takes his spread arms as a welcome. His arms go around Dirk's shoulders again, but he tucks his face into the side of Dirk's throat, his nose pressing up against the same place where Dirk had planted kisses on his neck. Legs wrapping around Dirk's waist, muddied boots almost definitely staining the white of Dirk's t-shirt again, Jake presses his lips to a spot just south of his jugular in silent apology.

"Get ready," is all Dirk has to say to that, but the reassuring hold he has on Jake tightens, one arm beneath his derriere and the other across his back, and Jake knows he is forgiven for it.

He shuts his eyes and tries to keep breathing. Jake doesn't know how Dirk does it, the flashstepping thing, nor is he particularly curious. It must take an awful lot of grace and balance in order to avoid tripping on stray roots or twigs. Either way, Jake isn't going to watch-- moving at Mach 2 speeds or higher could make a fellow rather nauseous and dizzy, and having gorged himself the other night after starving for three days didn't exactly help the situation.

The only indication that Dirk's started running is the sudden tornadoesque wind cutting through his hair and pulling the oxygen from his lungs, which feel every bit as tight as Jake's death grip on Dirk's body. It's just as if he were on Pandora, suffocating in the low-oxygen atmosphere but completely taken by the exhilarating rush of adrenaline, the rush of wind in his hair, the beautiful, pulsing air all around him. Just when Jake's beginning to feel lightheaded from the inability to breathe, Dirk slows to something like a jog as he approaches their abode, nowhere near the speed he'd used to travel from what was probably one end of the island to the other.

Jake just barely becomes aware enough to feel the pulse by his cheek the moment he can breathe once more. Before even the relief of being able to use his lungs again, his first thought is to kiss that spot.

Impulsively, he does.
It's Dirk's turn to be short of breath then, his throat hitching under Jake's mouth. Jake can't help it, he's just missed Dirk so terribly. He kisses everywhere his lips can reach, so happy to be home and back with Dirk and thankfully safe after a little too much adventure. Massive, clumsy buckteeth catch on Dirk's collarbone and Jake places a firm suck there, trying to coax affection and forgiveness from the flesh like a babe suckling the breast of its mother for nourishment-- he is not so far from that child, after all, since Dirk's affection may well be his nourishment at this point. He can feel the heartbeat against Dirk's ribcage against the side of his own ribcage, and it reverberates in his chest cavity all the way through his own heart and gosh, if it isn't a beautiful thing to be alive.

Jake's teeth slip and he bites on accident. Dirk doesn't mind, but he lifts Jake's face from his neck area, regardless, fingers cupping a dirt-smeared cheek.

"We should get you something to eat," he says before pausing a second and wiping his thumb across Jake's cheek. It comes away muddy. "And a shower."

"Right," Jake replies, and his voice isn't much more than a soft exhalation. His eyes of foliage green seek out orange warped by glass as dark as night, almost instantly pinpointing them through the shades. With a queer smile, he adds, "I see you."

Dirk raises an eyebrow and, not recalling the reference, answers, "I think you need sleep more than I thought you did."

Jake laughs uproariously, like it's the funniest thing he's ever heard, and follows Dirk into their residency anyways. He hasn't quite the heart to tell his lover that he'd actually missed a pop culture reference, for once in his life. All is well, however-- it might have led to Dirk telling him that he'd never actually watched Avatar, mostly because he was always too busy watching Jake, certainly a revelation too embarrassing for a so-called "coolkid" like himself to admit.

It's obvious that Dirk thinks a few too many days out in the wild haven't done any good for Jake's sanity as he carefully guides him to a chair, reminds him what a spoon is (just to be safe), and serves him up a warm bowl of pumpkin stew-- Jake's grandma's recipe, the pinnacle of comfort food. He follows it up with a modestly-sized fish, caught just yesterday and cooked two minutes ago, just the right quantity to get Jake back into the habit of eating.

Jake is half-ravenous, every instinct in him telling him to eat eat eat, but Dirk's careful watch makes him slow his enthusiasm, so he doesn't get too sick from trying to consume more than he can handle at one time. He is lucky to have Dirk watching over him, he thinks to himself, like his own personal Eywa, minus the part about being connected to the trees and totally impartial to all life. Jake likes to believe Dirk favors him especially-- in addition, of course, to his other dear compatriots, Misses Lalonde and Crocker. But Jane and Roxy aren't here, at least not now; they're miles away in Washington and Dirk is Jake's, right this very minute holding one of his hands comfortably as he helps Jake guide the other to his mouth. Jake can't help but think of a Na'vi tradition, the one that says it's impolite to hold your own cup for drinking, when Dirk feeds him like this with a spoon that seems far too large for his mouth and soup that seems like far too little to fill his stomach.

It's a good thing he does, too, because Jake's not sure he could hold the spoon quite steady enough, and he doubts Dirk would let him spill. Not when Dirk is sturdy like that, his fingers around Jake's around the spoon, stilling Jake's trembling hand just enough. It's been too long since he's eaten a proper meal-- since his rations went out three days ago, or maybe even longer depending on what, exactly, constituted a "proper meal". He'd been missing for a whole week, after all. It was only insanely fortunate he'd not run into some of the more dangerous animals on his island, having spent most of the first day among the peculiar horse fellows that Dirk liked so
much and, after falling into the water, being lost among the horned sheep (possibly rams?) and feral cats. Well... they were most likely still dangerous, but he supposed they were considerably less so than the dragons or giant spiders. In any case, he was lucky to still be alive.

Dirk tells him as much, with words muttered so quietly that, even if they hadn't been the only ones on the island, none but Jake would hear, like the privacy of intimate messages shared between Na'vi lovers via queue. His Texan accent, accidentally-ironically developed from filmographic stereotypes, seeps through the holes punctured in his poker face by worry as he says, "It's half a fuckin' miracle you're not dead right now. Don't do that again, Jake, y'hear?"

"All right," Jake answers, his eyes and face downcast in a messy blend of embarrassment, shame, regret, confusion. Feeling the need to make his true intentions known, he adds, "I really didn't mean to, I just wanted to go for a walk to clear my head, but then the messages and the river and I just--"

Jake can't see Dirk's face, but the thumb that comes to hush his lips is decidedly tender, "Shhh. It's all right, babe. Just make sure you're more careful 'bout traversing the jungle and chatting at the same time. You had me worried, English."

"I'm sorry," Jake replies, and he wants the tsaheylu again, now, but for an entirely different reason. A mere two words could never express the full extent of his regret; he doesn't have enough words in his whole vocabulary to convey the entirety of his feelings. He tries to seek out Dirk's eyes with his own, but he finds himself unable; something is beginning to blur his vision.

Soft thumbs begin to wipe tears from muddy cheeks, and Jake belatedly realizes he is crying.

"Don't do it again," Dirk orders, but his soft voice betrays a note of gentleness. "I wanna hear you promise me."

"I promise, Dirk," Jake repeats back to him, turning to nuzzle into the hand on his face. There is a waver in his voice and a tiny wibble in his lip. "I won't run away again, and I won't instant-message and walk at the same time. I really, really, really promise."

Jake suddenly finds himself sobbing now, and in the next moment, Dirk pulls him into his arms and hugs him tight and Jake just cries into his shoulder. He hadn't shed a single tear the whole time he'd been lost, not since he'd stormed out of the house sniffling and cursing at Dirk through his tears. Now, though, the waterworks are going at full intensity, dampening the cloth of Dirk's shirt as he rubs Jake's back soothingly and, secretly, lets two or three tears of relief slide down his face. Jake doesn't see.

"'M sorry," Dirk says, so quietly that Jake would have missed it had he not been sitting right in Dirk's lap. "It was my fault, too. I should've reacted better when you asked for some space. Listen, if you still want to break up, I'm down with it. Wait, no. That came out wrong, I'm definitely not down with splitting. I'm about as not down with that as a balloon floatin' off into the sky cause some little kid let it go. But I'm not gonna flip my shit at you again if you want to. Because, y'know, I respect your decisions and if you really think--"

Before he can so much as conclude his awkward rambling, Dirk find himself cut off by a kiss, Jake's lips pressing fervently against his own. He's so surprised he can hardly kiss back, but he does, and passionately. Jake's mouth moves in sloppy shifts and hard presses against Dirk's, and then he bears down on Dirk's lower lip to suck on it for one brief, tender moment before pulling back.

"I love you, dickprince," Jake finally breathes, his chest heaving and tears still beading at his eyes. Dirk can be so frustrating to deal with. In case he hasn't been entirely clear, he adds, "I don't want
to break up with you."

"You sure that's not just your relief talkin'?" asks Dirk back, not daring to believe that Jake could change his mind in so short a time. "You know. I helped you get back home, and now maybe you're feeling favorable towards me."

Jake looks mildly affronted, "Well, I certainly am feeling rather favorable towards you, but I daresay that I never intended to break up with you at all!"

Dirk sighs, and it's obvious he still doesn't quite understand that Jake really and truly never intended to break up with him. Still, he strokes Jake's greasy, mud-matted hair and holds him close, accepting that, for the moment at least, Jake is still his boyfriend. It's just enough for him to keep faith in all of this working out, and hope is a persuasive advocate for love.

"Let's get you the rest of lunch," he finally suggests, pressing just one more quick peck to Jake's dirt-smeared face. "And then a shower."

"All right," Jake agrees, perhaps just a tiny bit disappointed that he couldn't quite figure out just what Dirk was thinking in that enigmatic brain of his. Tsaheylu comes to mind again, and he adds half-desperately, "I see you, Dirk."

Dirk replies, "Sure you do, pumpkin," and it's so disparaging that Jake just knows he doesn't understand. Of course he doesn't. Jake wishes Dirk wouldn't be so cagey about his emotions, but he knows what it's like to be bollocks at expressing one's feelings. He'll forgive him for it.

Dirk finishes helping him eat, and then leads Jake to the bathroom for a shower. It's been well over a week since Jake had last been in one, and he reeks. Dirk isn't exactly fresh as a daisy himself, after restlessly combing the island for Jake several days in a row.

There is absolutely nothing in question about the clothes when it comes to undressing. They would most likely have to incinerate this particular set of Jake's clothing tomorrow morning. Dirk's jeans are probably still salvageable, but they'd been a beat-up work pair to begin with, and his shirt is by far too stained for suitable wearing again. Perhaps, Dirk thinks, he can repurpose it as a cleaning rag.

"You shower first," Dirk insists, bothered by the ridiculous amounts of dirt on Jake even after the removal of his clothes. It irritates him more than the smears of mud down his own arms and the loose twigs and brambles caught in his usually immaculate hair. "If you need any help remembering how to wash your hair or anythin', I'm right here."

Jake hesitates a minute, reluctant to say something. He wants Dirk, he's missed Dirk. He needs Dirk's nerves up against his, if only to assure himself that it's not a dream and everything is very much OK. He needs the intimacy, almost enough to reach tsaheylu-tier levels, and wouldn't mind it one whit if Dirk were to be exceedingly clingy now, in this moment.

"There's no reason we can't shower together, is there?" Jake suggests at last, lacing his fingers with Dirk's. "You know, saving water and all that."

Dirk seems genuinely surprised by this, his eyebrows picking up so that they rise above his shades. He's missed Jake every bit as much as Jake's missed him, though, and he yearns to hold the lover he'd presumed dead. The island is a dangerous place, and there are fauna still that neither of them are familiar with. There is nothing Dirk would like more than to cradle Jake close and just relish in the warm, living man in his arms where he'd expected to find only a cold corpse (if he was lucky enough to find even that). Perhaps the only reason he did not suggest sharing a shower himself was out of courtesy for Jake, who may or may not have still wanted space.
Little does he think before coolly assenting, "Yeah, ok. I'm down with that."

And then, Dirk turns on the water, letting it run to get hot. Jake hugs him warmly, from the side, their hands still intertwined together and naked flesh touching. They step under the hot spray in almost-synchronization, the stream of water falling down upon them and turning to a thin variety of mud as it sluices down their skin. The water is warm against dirty bodies, but not as warm as the bodies are against each other, tempered in the flame of affection and hammered by a unified heartbeat into one being, neither entirely Dirk nor Jake but a melding of the two together.

Jake's timid fingers separate from their unison with Dirk's to rub at a particularly stubborn spot on his lover's shoulder where the mud still clings to him, just as Dirk runs a cautious hand through Jake's hair, freeing up bits of plant debris that had gotten stuck in the knots. The water does its work, rinsing them of the worst of the dirt; liquid mud pools at their feet. Dirk, however, is apparently not quite satisfied with a mere rinse. He reaches out for the soap, fingers deftly grasping the bar in spite of its slipperiness, and rubs it over an errant washcloth before scrubbing away at every part of Jake he can reach, gentle in his soapy caresses as well as industrious. Jake smiles in return through the wet hair that's fallen over his eyes, hands still wandering over Dirk's defined muscles, slim in structure yet gracefully strong.

He admires Dirk for a minute, smiling at him as the washcloth wipes at his cheek, playfully capturing the fabric in his teeth. It tastes a little soapy, but Jake doesn't mind. He tugs it from Dirk’s fingers, which relent with little force, then he takes the cloth in his hands. The soap refuses to stay within his grasp, but, after wrestling with it for a short while, Jake manages to soap up the washcloth and return the favor. Dirk is as much a mess as he is, Jake thinks a bit adoringly, the filth on his arms and chest and waist summoning images of Strider carefully combing through the island in search of him. In his mind’s theater, Dirk is running on trees and falling onto giant leaves like in that one scene where Neytiri teaches Jake Sully how to become one with nature. It is totally badass. It makes him grin like a lunatic.

There is so very little between them in this moment that they can’t help but grow even closer, the intimacy of cleaning each other growing too magnetic for them to stay away. Their arms become hopelessly entangled as they wash each other’s hair, filling the air with the fragrance of shampoo. Jake loves it, massaging the cleansing liquid into the base of Dirk’s neck, just where he would have a queue were he a Na’vi. It is a particularly sensitive spot for Dirk, and though the movement is subtle, Jake can feel his shoulders relax. Strider is practically purring.

They seem to shower for half an eternity before they are finally clean, shedding the soils of their trials past, the water giving a new rebirth to the canvasses of their skin. Gone are the hours Jake spent wandering the island alone, wishing for nothing more than being back home with Dirk. Past are the days Dirk spent consumed with worry, praying that Jake was still alive out there. There is only the glorious present, and Dirk's arms around Jake and Jake's arms around Dirk.

Still, their embrace cannot last forever. The shower water eventually runs cold, and they clumsily disentangle themselves from each other to get out of the frigid spray. Dirk steps out of the shower first, reaching out for their bathtowels, one orange and the other green. He drapes one over his shoulders before devoting all of his attention to shimmying the other around Jake's waist, using it to bring Jake closer, and starting to dry his boyfriend. Jake, for his part, just chuckles and lets himself get pulled in, his hands finding purchase on Dirk’s towel, beginning to help him get dry as well. Hands in their toweled embraces caress over warm skin, their heat rising off their flesh and mingling with each other.

They are unbearably close in the hazy steam of the bathroom. It is impossible that they do not react to each other, for young bodies inevitably do. Jake eyes Dirk’s neck, the perfect shade of Na’vi blue as the midday light that filters through the bathroom curtains lands on his pale skin. He
is beautiful in the shades marking Picasso’s Periodo Azul, especially with his freckles that seem to almost glow. Eyes of frighteningly bright orange pierce into Jake’s soul as Dirk pins him with his gaze.

“Enjoying the view?” Dirk asks, the corner of his mouth twitching up in what might have been a smirk if it hadn’t looked so goddamn soft.

“Perhaps,” Jake breathes softly, leaning in to kiss him.

And kiss they do, the pressure of lip on lip as their mouths unite melding their heat together. Jake can feel his pulse escalate as Strider’s tongue curiously flicks outwards to taste his lower lip, and he can feel through the towel that Dirk’s heart is beating fast, too. Jake’s tongue slips from its home to quickly tag Dirk’s tongue back before darting inward once more. Determined to regain its playmate, Dirk’s lips part as he darts back for a breath, the hot air enveloping Jake’s wet mouth in its embrace, and his lingual organ pokes out towards where Jake’s lips separate when he dives back in.

When Dirk’s tongue comes a-knocking, Jake cannot help but answer the door. His lips open and his tongue tentatively greets Dirk’s. Dirk gently prods back, and soon enough, their tongues are dancing together, a tango of slips and slides and teasing licks.

The towels are quite forgotten now, falling on the floor as hands come to rove over skin with an intent less innocent than mere cleansing. Strider’s fingers graze Jake’s sensitive sides as Jake’s palms find their place moving in circles over Dirk’s strong shoulders. Both men are starting to feel the blood in their bodies reallocate itself to more southern appendages, their hips coming together as Dirk’s hands finally pull Jake in by his waist.

His cock is turgid against Jake's overheated flesh, and Jake isn't exactly soft, either. They are pressed hip-to-hip, Dirk’s questing fingers continuing to inch downwards on their journey. They grind on each other, squirming to get as close as possible. Dirk's hands at last find purchase on Jake's ass, and he gropes it as if it's the last time he will ever feel those plush globes in his palms. He smoothes Jake's buttocks over in a luxuriant roll, massaging the plump glutes with languid squeezes and holds. Jake will never get tired of having Dirk's borderline magical hands on his ass, and he groans because boy howdy is it hot.

"Strider, you dickprince," Jake whispers. His words have no vitriol in them; by the way the insult caresses his lips as it makes its way out, it is more like a term of endearment than anything else.

"Stop teasing and take me to bed."

"As you wish," Dirk exhales in turn, pressing an open-mouthed kiss to Jake's neck. He gently sucks, pulling tender absoluteness from Jake's skin.

Reluctant to leave each other's arms, they somehow manage to waddle out the bathroom door into the adjacent bedroom, shuffling their way towards the bed at the center. When the backs of Jake's knees hit the side of the bed, he willingly falls to it, his grip on Dirk's shoulders forcing his boyfriend to fall on top of him.

Not that Dirk minds. No, he takes this opportunity to embrace the entirety of Jake’s being, his mouth kissing from his forehead to his nose to his lips and still further down; his neck, his collarbones, his nipples-ribs-navel-hips until his head is level with Jake’s bobbing erection and then he kisses its tip. Salty, bitter, musky flavor touches his tongue. His hands, which have failed to leave Jake’s plush rump, give it an affectionate squeeze before he parts his lips and takes the head of Jake’s prettily flushing cock into his mouth. He swirls his tongue around it, savoring Jake’s groan of comprehension as he begins to suck.
Jake is extremely vocal, expressing how he feels about Dirk’s hands feeling up his ass and Dirk’s mouth slowly starting to bob up and down on his dick. “Jiminy crickets, Dirk, don’t stop! Oh, shitfelching houghmagundy, god yes…”

Dirk would smirk, if only his mouth hadn’t been full of cock. Only Jake English could manage to sound so ridiculous in bed. But, like a professional dick-call, his words still make Dirk throb with desire. Jake talks like a doofus, but, dammit, he’s Dirk’s doofus, and Dirk thinks he’s fucking adorable. Strider hums a note of amusement into Jake’s erection, and the vibrations make his boyfriend’s hips jerk upwards. Dirk takes it. His gag reflex is long gone by this point in their relationship, anyways.

A hand slides into Dirk’s damp hair as Jake really starts getting into it, fisting the sheets with his other hand. Dirk is bobbing up and down quite earnestly now, his eyes of piercing orange staring up into Jake’s face to watch it contort into a thousand pleased expressions, staring at his mouth as he moans, “Ohhhh, ffffffuck! Dirk, please!”

And please Dirk does, moving one of his hands off Jake’s ass to encircle his cock. He moves his mouth and his hand in unison, his cheeks hollowing with the degree of suction he is placing on Jake’s length. With a sharp, keening cry, Jake comes sharply, his hips stiffening as Strider milks him of his liquid pleasure.

Pretty much used to the taste of Jake’s come by now, Dirk swallows almost completely impassively. It’s definitely an acquired taste, although Dirk would argue that it is by far better tasting than pretentious cheeses or whatever else have you. He straightens his back slowly, coming off Jake’s dick with a wet popping noise as he begins to leave the room.

Somehow, Jake, though his post-coital haze realizes that Dirk is walking towards the bathroom and blurts out, “Where do you think you’re going, Mr. Strider?”

Dirk sort of turns around with a face that should be used only for intense games of Poker, and it just about breaks Jake’s heart, “I’m going to get finished.”

This frustrates Jake beyond belief. He really has no idea what’s going on in Strider’s head, and he’d give just about anything to know why the devilfucking dickens Dirk thinks it is a good idea to just get up and leave in the middle of sex. Does he think that, just because Jake’s finished already, he shouldn’t at the very least get to reach completion in the same room, with Jake’s help? Does he (god forbid) think that Jake doesn’t want to help him finish? He knows that it’s not because Dirk doesn’t want him, because just by blowing Jake, Dirk is already unbelievably hard, a line of precum dribbling over his tip.

Jake spreads his legs alluringly and says, “For fuck’s sake, Strider, get back here.”

Dirk just raises an eyebrow at him.

Huffing, Jake finally gives up on trying to understand that man. What he wouldn’t give for tsahelylu right now, the touching of his nerves to Dirk’s that he’d seen for one brief moment while they were caressing each other, knowing each other. He reaches for the lube on the nightstand and throws it at him. Dirk catches, finally turning around fully. He stares at the lube in his hand for a second, as if he’s not quite sure what Jake wants him to do with it.

“Fuck me,” Jake helpfully supplies, pulling his knees up by his shoulders so that his asshole is exposed to Dirk.

Dirk doesn’t immediately go to him, and Jake feels a little uncomfortable as Dirk’s questioning eyes rove over his prone form. Finally, though, Dirk’s gaze softens with the feeling of truly loving
the one he was looking at, and he at last strides over to the bed, leaning down over Jake to kiss his
lips.

“A little insatiable today, are you?” Dirk murmurs against Jake’s mouth.

“Shut up,” Jake breathes back, and then proceeds to make him by pressing their lips together. The
clash of hot, heavy mouth against hot, heavy mouth; the dance of tongues on tongues; tooth
painfully clacking against eager tooth– they are hungry for each other, starved for affection.

Although he is certainly distracted by the things Jake is doing to his mouth, Dirk manages to
clumsily coat his fingers in lubricant (too much lubricant, actually) and he begins to rub it on the
flesh surrounding Jake’s entrance. English hisses into the kiss; the lube is too cold.

“Sorry,” Dirk pulls back from the snog. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Jake replies. He wiggles his ass a bit impatiently.

Dirk kisses him again before he plunges back into feeling up the outside of Jake’s entrance,
fingers ghosting over the spot as if they want to go in, but don’t dare to. But then, with careful
cautions, Dirk presses his index finger inwards, and Jake does his best to relax as Dirk’s digit
intrudes. They’ve done this song and dance enough times that Jake knows what to expect, and he
is practically an expert at taking it, the slick slide of that solitary finger in and out of his ass. One
finger eventually becomes two, stretching his entrance with slow, languid scissorlike motions,
becomes three, curling up against that spot that makes him see stars and he's starting to get hard
again, in spite of the fact barely half an hour has passed since his last orgasm as he groans and
spreads his legs apart even further. He's missed this, he thinks. He's missed Dirk.

Preparation seems to take forever for both of them; they are eager to unite their bodies once more.
But, it has still been a while since their last coupling, and Dirk knows what he’s doing. Jake is
thoroughly prepared by the time Dirk’s fingers come out of him, giving his cock a few loving
twists before going to gather more lube, this time with the intent to slicken his own dick. A
wanton moan slips out of the normally-stoic Strider’s mouth as he slides lubricant over his thick,
flushing erection, the first contact he’d afforded himself since the whole thing had been initiated.
Jake doesn’t know how Dirk has the patience to do things like that. What he wouldn’t give to
know.

There is pressure at his ass in the next minute, and Jake tries to relax so Dirk can push his way
inside. One hand guiding his cock, the other one pressing into the covers next to Jake’s shoulder,
Dirk grunts as he finally pops the bulbous head of his length into Jake’s intimacy, and they are
both panting pretty heavily after that.

Jake's hand comes up to where Dirk’s is impressing into the pillow, and he poses the question by
stroking Dirk’s wrist. Dirk answers, shifting his weight off the hand and entwining it with Jake’s.
Their fingers knit together, like the nerve endings of a queue. Jake squeezes gently, and then Dirk
knows it's okay to apply more pressure to his cock in Jake's ass. He sinks in slowly, at the rate of
molasses, their union as sticky and sweet as the sugar byproduct.

Dirk is still for a minute as Jake sheaths him to the hilt, savoring their connection. Jake, for his
part, is just trying to keep breathing because criminey, Dirk is in him, and it’s all so real it has to be
a dream. They stay in that position for a while, just staring at each other, enchanting orange into
riveting green.

Then, Jake squeezes Dirk’s hand, and they are off. It’s a slow, achingly slow, start, gentle shifts of
hips withdrawing, slowly sinking back in, establishing a rhythm. It takes another five minutes of
heartbreakingly wonderful eye contact and languorous thrusting before Dirk’s cock drags slowly
over Jake’s prostate, and he groans, a plead for him to “Please, Dirk, harder!”

Dirk complies. The hand that Dirk doesn’t have entwined with Jake’s makes its way to Jake’s cock, and he wraps his hand around it, giving it long, consuming pulls mixed with sharp twists at the top. Jake’s body is gloriously warm, and so hot at his core that he can’t help giving him everything, everything he’s got. Soon enough, they are a mess of hot friction, skin on skin; Jake’s dark mocha contrasts sharply against Dirk’s freckle-flecked cream, but they have never looked more like one being than they did in this moment.

Their nerves combine in what can only be described as tsaheylu, complete understanding between two bodies. The same thoughts race through both of their minds, and they are aware of their synchronicity. Their pace quickens without a word spoken between them, their speech becoming garbled moans and impassioned cries. And, then, at last, as one, they come, they come back home together, streams of white colloid ejecting from cocks which have long-awaited their release. Their eyes are gazing into each other, I see you, I see you, I see you, but yet they can see nothing but the spots so white they turn blue springing up in their vision.

And then, they are complete, for they have completed each other.

They fall to the sheets, panting heavily, their bodies screaming at them to rest. They lay there, gelatinized, for a few minutes, before Jake manages to say something.

“You’re heavy, Dirk,” he comments, and then Dirk manages to pull himself off his lover. They tiredly clean up the after-effects of their coitus, before getting under the covers and snuggling up, hand-in-hand.

There is a Greek myth that a man once wished very hard to have a wife, someone who he could love and cherish all his days. He'd been alone in the world, cold and frigid and isolated ever since his brother died, punished by the gods for daring to betray the secret of fire to mankind. The king of the gods, the almighty Zeus, had Hephaestus forge him a companion, but at a price: in exchange for the love of Zeus's daughter Pandora, he would be the guardian of a secret box, one which none but Zeus knew the contents of. But, when Pandora's curiosity got the better of her, she opened the box and all the world's troubles were released. The man's need for love brought all the wrath of Pandora's Box upon him and all mankind-- death and pain and heartache.

Jake doesn't know a thing about mythology, though Dirk certainly does. What he does know is Pandora, the homeworld of the Na'vi, a jungle teeming with all the adventure and all the terror of his own island, a world that holds both the love he so desperately craves and all the agony that comes with it.

Sometimes, he can't understand why Dirk can't understand why Jake can't breathe under his suffocating love. Sometimes, they get into long bouts of unfriendly fisticuffs over who left the window open and accidentally let in a stampede of Tinkerbulls. Sometimes, Jake's tendency to track mud in the house or babble about the stupidest, least relevant things really ticks Dirk off, and he'll give him the coldest of shoulders. Sometimes, it hurts so bad, Jake wonders why they're still at it even after three years.

But, deep in his heart, he already knows: within Pandora's Box, there will always still be hope.

And where there is hope, there is love enough to go on after all the mistakes and misunderstandings, and, watching the pale moon cast blue-tinted shadows on Dirk's skin, Jake can't help but stare into those loving orange eyes like Dirk can't help but stare right back into his own affectionate greens, both pairs of eyes, for once, devoid of spectacles. Every emotion going through each others' hearts becomes clear to them both, the windows to their souls finally, finally open for the other to gaze into.
"I see you," Jake suddenly finds himself saying, giving Dirk's fingers a tender squeeze between his own, the way he imagines a pair of queues would intertwine.

He smiles, and, tenderly, as if it's the most obvious thing in the world to say, Dirk answers, "I see you, too."

Dirk doesn't know a thing about Pandoran culture, though Jake certainly does. But they both know that the feeling rising in Dirk's chest is exactly the same one pounding in Jake's, and were their fingers queues, Jake doubts he could have any clearer a picture of Dirk's thoughts.

Dirk, Jake thinks, is very much like a Na'vi.

--x--fin--x--

End Notes

**DICTIONARY (In order of appearance.)**

*Na'vi:* means "the people" in whatever language they speak. These are the blue folks from Avatar.

*Neytiri:* the leading female character of James Cameron's Avatar. She is a blue alien, and Jake is very attracted to her.

*Queue:* the long braid thing that all Na'vi have. It is actually a part of their nervous system. They use it to commune with animals, trees, and even each other. They even use it to ride alien horses and dragons!

*Tsaheylu:* the act of connecting the queue to something. When tsaheylu is formed between Na'vi, sex is very heavily implied.

"I see you": this is the way Na'vi say "I love you." It makes sense because their goddess is a giant eye.

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