Summary

Where Newt asks Minho to take his virginity, smutty and fluffy story of first times with nose bumping awkwardness.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

There’s a question behind everything Minho does. Today’s question is: ‘What should I do with my hair?’ That or: ‘Should I have brought flowers?’

It’s the day Newt had been waiting for, the day he had tried to avoid in conversation in fear of scaring the smaller boy. Unlike him, Newt never hid behind his questions, he openly exclaimed them when they were together.

“Are you ready to stay over?” Had been the most simplest. Newt’s way of saying ‘We’re going to have sex, so don’t be late, and don’t tell my dad.’

He had tried, in vain, to retort with a witty remark to make Newt smile. But the unwavering stubbornness of his expression made him realise that this was no joking matter.

He shuffles on Newt’s doorstep, ‘Should I ring the bell?’

He wipes the sweat of his brow, ‘Am I going to disappoint him?’
He gasps as Newt opens the door, ‘How did I end up with someone as perfect as him?’

“Are you gonna’ stand out here all day, or are you gonna’ come in?” He laughs. Minho thinks he tries to smile, but he isn’t certain.

Taking his silence as a yes, Newt pulls him into the warmth of his arms and hospitality. The only thing he doesn’t question is the comfort behind the boy’s everything.

‘What should I do?’ He wonders, debating whether a kiss would be either too forward or too childish.

Newt raises an eyebrow, “Are you alright, Min?”

“Yeah,” He says it like its nothing, like he isn’t shitting himself which he very much is. “Just…”

Neither knows how his sentence should end, so it simply doesn’t.

The silence becomes awkward.

“My dad’s out,” Newt confirms and Minho only nods in reply.

Words don’t seem to form in the air, so actions speak for themselves and Newt grabs his hand and leads him up to his room.

‘Should I sit?’ He wonders. ‘Should I kiss him passionately like they do in the movies?’

Stuck in a stalemate between his common sense and insecurities, he, for some reason, decides standing would be the best course of action.

Newt reads his nervousness as reluctance, “We don’t have to Min. I just- I thought you wanted to, you know, ever since we started dating you kept-”

Kept pushing, kept forcing, kept slipping in not so subtle hints. Now Minho has what he wanted, Newt willing, alone and in close proximity to a bed.

So this raises the question behind everything Minho does, ‘What the fuck is wrong with me?’

Newt looks crestfallen. Minho can tell by the neatness of his sheets and the strong scent of soap in the room that Newt had planned this, had sat down and thought about what would happen and what he would have liked to happen.

And in reality they’re standing in silence, looking anywhere but at each other.

So, like every time when Minho’s lost, scared and confused, he falls back on the only things he knows. He half expects a sarcastic joke to come out his mouth, but a far easier truth breaches the air unexpectedly with the greatest of ease.

“I love you,” He tells Newt, because he does and he should.

Newt just laughs. “I know, and I love you too,” he tells him, looking far more comfortable that Minho ever will. “This is stupid,” He sighs, “I’m stupid.”

Newt sits on his bed looking lost, and Minho looks at him in fear he’ll never find where he is again. Because Newt is the light he follows, without him he just ambles around in the dark and pretends he knows where the light switch is.
He bends down to Newt’s level, hands on his knees in a way he hopes is comforting. “Why are you stupid?” He asks.

The blonde looks at him through his long eyelashes, “I just… I just wanted this to be all bloody perfect and it isn’t because-“

“-We’re not perfect,” Minho finishes.

He places his hands on Newt’s cheeks, the other not wincing from the cold.

“I’m not perfect, but you are,” Minho tells him, “You want our first time to be perfect because that’s the way you’ve dreamed it being. I’m not… good at this stuff Newt, I want to please you and make you smile but every time I do I fuck it up.” Newt smiles, beautiful and brighter than anything else Minho knows he’ll ever see. “You have to factor me into the equation when you make plans, because I fuck everything up.”

They both laugh together, in sync with the other’s being.

To punctuate the moment Minho kisses him, better than they do in the movies because it’s Newt and its real and it can last as long as they need.

Newt’s lips are soft and warm, Minho’s colder and more chapped but it doesn’t matter because it’s them and because it’s perfect in all their imperfections.

Minho doesn’t know how long it is until they pull away, but when he catches the shine of saliva on the boy’s lips, he knows he wants to do it again.

It’s then that Minho realises he’s uncomfortable, the throbbing stiffness in his jeans and the realisation that he’s sitting on the floor make him mutter a curse as he stands up. But before he makes it all the way up, Newt’s on him again, grasping the collar of his shirt and pulling him on top of him.

Unlike before Newt opens his mouth, legs spread and eyes closed in invitation. He wants Minho to kiss his breath away, to make him need him, so that’s exactly what he does. But Minho’s too young to be natural about it, so without a heads up he thrusts his tongue into Newt’s mouth, making the boy moan in surprise.

Wet sounds escape into the room, the kind that would make Minho cringe or Newt’s dad to come in and order him to leave. And it’s music to his ears.

But still he’s left wondering, ‘What do I do with my hands?’

When he realises he has neither the intelligence nor experience to do something useful with his hands, he begins stroking Newt’s side like a beloved pet.

Newt’s eyes open in confusion, but Minho’s still kissing him and thinking he’s doing a great job so he doesn’t correct him.

After several more minutes of tooth-bashing and saliva along with Minho’s strangely positioned hands, Newt decides to speak up.

“Take of your shirt,” He demands, and with nothing more than a questioning look, his order his replied with the utmost obedience. “And your trousers.”

“They’re called pants Newt,” the older boy corrects with his usual whimsy.
“I don’t bloody care what they’re called; I want you to take them off!”

Both terrified and aroused, he throws his pants to the floor and patiently awaits his next order.

If Newt wasn’t too smart to catch himself, he would have licked his lips. He’d seen Minho shirtless many times in gym class or just whenever Minho decided to take it off, an occurrence that happened on numerous occasions. But still he was in awe, the strong arm that hugged him and the muscled chest he’d fallen asleep on now lay before his eyes, unapologetic and beautiful.

In a moment of self-doubt Newt looked at himself, still fully clothed but still so naked under watching eyes. He was thinner, scrawnier and bonnier. He had no strong muscles or abs, just pale skin and sharp bones that jutted under his skin.

The blonde couldn’t resist the urge to pull his shirt closer to his body.

Minho watches him, clad only in his boxers, with a mischievous smirk. “Your turn,” he smiles, crawling across the bed until he’s staring straight into his eyes.

Newt wants to tell him he’s good, that today’s session was a good practice for next time his dad went away on business. But he knows they both need this, like an unspoken promise he can back out of at any time.

Minho doesn’t speak for once, he just lets his hands move to the blonde’s side in a less awkward position then he had previously. He finds the hem of his shirt, reaching under it and stroking the expanse of skin that fears the light of day. And with a surprising lack of effort, Newt sees his shirt fall to the floor along with Minho’s scattered clothing.

The older boy kisses his neck, marveling at his body to say 'thank you for trusting me'. Newt began to whimper into his touch, parting his legs wider, beckoning Minho closer. He almost wants to laugh at his fickle mind, wanting Minho to leave and never look at him again while still wanting him, needing him with such a casual push of fate that he’s surprised they’re not fucking already.

‘Making love,’ he corrects. Sounds better that way, like they haven’t lost all coherent thoughts like animals. Although with the way tonight is turning out, Newt wouldn’t bet on them much longer.

He’s brought back to reality by Minho’s long fingers unbuttoning his trousers. He’s hard, embarrassingly so from about five minutes of foreplay and ten of inner monologues. Half of him hopes Minho won’t notice, or at least won’t comment, but the other half of him is far too gone to care.

Newt obediently raises his hips from the bed as they’re pulled past his thighs, soon meeting the same fate as his shirt and whatever the hell was covering Minho’s body from his eyes before.

It takes a moment to register in their heads that they’re only in their boxers. And this silence is just as awkward as the one before.

‘What should I do?’ Minho questions himself, ‘Should I take control?’

Newt’s waiting for him; he himself is waiting for him to do anything so that’s exactly what he does: anything. And that anything just so happens to be pulling the boy onto is lap.

The blonde begins to protest, but Minho silences him with his mouth, technique more controlled than before. Their tongues glide against each other, no metaphors of a dance, just ones of ignorance in love.

They’re lost, but they’re lost together.
They’re learning, and they’re learning together.

Minho likes when Newt tries to match his dominance, and Newt loves how Minho always wins. It works because they let it, because they’re with one another and, as cheesy as it sounds, Minho never wants to be without him.

And he isn’t just saying that because he’s painfully hard and throbbing. From the shift in Newt’s concentration, Minho can tell the blonde feels his erection shamefully rutting against his backside.

‘What should I do?’ He wonders, ‘Apologise? Say sorry, I have a dick and right now you’re doing things to it that it really can’t understand. Please excuse it, it doesn’t get out much.’

So in spite of his better judgments, he just keeps kissing Newt. Against all logic it works, and within seconds Newt’s pressing himself into his erection. Minho pretends he didn’t groan in a gurgling fashion, instead pretends he let out an arousing dominant moan what would have Newt wanting to do it again. And he does, and then Minho does it again.

“Shuck,” He curses as Newt mewls, the blonde on his lap far too gone in the likes of passion that he, like Minho, has forgotten how to speak properly.

Feeling selfish and maybe more than a little brave, Minho palms Newt’s crotch, smirking into the boy’s mouth as he moans.

“Shuck,” Newt repeats, because that’s all that they’ve become, curses and moans that level out the wet slaps of their mouths. Newt feels dirty, like it’s something he never thought would become of him or something his father had never wished for.

Newt feels dirty and he likes it.

Temptation takes over them both as within seconds Newt’s boxers have gone, and although he hears them hit the floor, he can’t say for certain where they landed. All he feels is the need, closer and stronger is all his body calls. And Minho is listening.

Thankfully he doesn’t pull away and tell Newt how great he looks, instead he just rotates them horizontally until he’s on top of him. He suddenly realises Minho’ boxers are gone, leaving nothing but their own insecurities holding them back.

The kissing stops, the sounds stop, they stop giving into the carnal need.

Because his boyfriend is on top of him with no clothes on and they’re about to lose their virginity to each other.

“It’s okay,” Minho whispers into his neck, “We can stop if you want.”

Newt wants to tell him they can’t because he lost the will to trust his own thoughts anymore.

“No,” He words allowed, just as much for his benefit than Minho’s.

Its then that Minho realises he doesn’t know how to continue.

“Um… Do you have any like condoms or anything?” He asks because it’s really all he can do.

Newt nods and moves to his bedside table.
‘Don’t look at his backside,’ he wills his mind, ‘look at the ceiling, or out the window, at the sky, or the weather.’

But he can’t kid himself any longer. Newt is, in the simplest of terms, beautiful, he had never had the need or opportunity to explain that fact because everyone knew except for Newt and that’s what made it fun. Like some inside joke between Minho and everyone else, ‘Look how insecure he is, look at his dimples and his smile and his backside and don’t look away.’

To Newt the pause between getting lube and condoms out of his bedside table is painfully slow, but to Minho he dreads the moment it will end… and then mourn it for a few seconds in his brain as he remembers the exact shape of Newt’s backside before actually having sex with him.

Because they’re going to have sex.

Newt turns around, pretending that Minho’s eyes don’t focus on his behind. “I- I didn’t know what size you were so I-”

Sounds are happening, and he knows it’s Newt because his butt moves at the same times the sounds does.

“Oh…” He hedges, ‘there are different size condoms?’ “Cool,” is the only response he can form.

The condom sits unevenly in Newt’s hand.

And the question that hangs in the air, ‘What the hell do I do now?’

In the porn he’d seen, and there had been a lot, there was no foreplay and there were no kisses or cuddles or connection, it was lights, camera, action, sex. And from what he had discovered, much to his surprise, sex didn’t actually work like that. He had researched, on the incognito browser of course, what you should do for your first time. Lube was the main point, and some finger work that seemed very confusing in brief explanations, repeating the phrase ‘It will be uncomfortable for the bottom, but find the prostate.’ That led to more searches into what the hell a prostate was, finally solving the case why having something inside such a tiny hole was worth it. Minho felt selfish after he felt relieved, knowing there would be no pain for him, only embarrassment and self-loathing.

Newt had told him, awkwardly while looking at his hands many months ago, that if they were to have sex, he’d like to be the bottom. Minho had nodded his head; resisting the urge to say ‘duh’ in order to maintain the façade that he was both a gentleman and a great boyfriend.

Minho looked to the blonde’s other hand which contained a bottle of lube. For a moment he wants to question where he brought it, knowing his dad wouldn’t have taken him and knowing the boy would be far too embarrassed to buy it himself. But he dismisses the thought with a reminder from himself that, ‘This is neither the time, nor the place.’

He takes the lube out of Newt’s hands and nods, giving the illusion he isn’t lost and terrified.

“Do you know what to do?” Newt asks hopefully, lying back down on the bed.

“Sure,” He lies.

He rolls the bottle in between his hands, waiting for a miracle or some knowledge from a past life to make itself physical in the void of silence. First problem: ‘How do you open this thing?’ It could be a twist top, or a cap, or some complex puzzle set up by Newt’s father to make his son realise no one wanted to lose their virginity to an idiot like him. But he triumphs on, determined to
impress Newt, or failing that not cover him in lube… although he supposes that’s kind of the point.

*Success. Stage one of many complete. Status: confused about what to do next.*

The bottle smells strange, synthetic and plastic ruining Minho’s illusion that the ordeal will feel familiar.

But he shakes his thoughts away, because Newt is naked, and both of them are getting less aroused by the second.

*Step 2…. Finger stuff. Right.*

It’s much colder than he had first anticipated as he squirts it on his fingers, the smell worsening but he resists the urge to wince.

He looks down to plan his next course of action. Newt’s legs are closed, nervously trying to cover up his intimacies as the older boy cast shadows on him. Minho kisses his knee, parting his thighs keenly as Newt relaxes.

Newt’s entrance is a dusky pink, small and twitching in anticipation. Minho’s suddenly hard again. The blonde beneath him is too small, like he’d break him if he messed up or did something with too much force. His entrance is even smaller, and Minho doesn’t know how his dick will ever be able to fit in there, but he’s more than up for trying.

Glancing in-between his lubed fingers and Newt’s entrance, he decides to forget his doubts and conquer step number two, one finger at a time.

Newt shivers from the cold and Minho backs off immediately.

“‘Its fine Min, just… go slow yeah?’ He asks, voice smaller than the rest of him, pleading. But he’s trusting, his eyes are willing for him to continue and do as he wishes to his body. And he promises the blonde silently that whatever happens, he’s going to make him feel good and not regret giving him the opportunity of taking his virginity.

The blonde spreads his legs wider, beckoning.

One finger enters Newt, the sensation frightfully alien. Minho paces himself, but even at a gradual pace it still burns when the finger reaches the third knuckle.

“Bloody hell,” He moans, more in pain than in pleasure and Minho begins to withdraw, preparing to say, ‘I’m sorry I’m crap at everything, let’s get dressed and watch Netflix.’ Because Netflix is something he understands, something he’s good at. Like running, or talking or lying to his parents, or Newt. How to make Newt laugh, how not to make Newt cry, or what his favourite colour is and band and all the knowledge he needs to draw a detailed picture of his lover. But internally, he doesn’t understand. He’s never had sex before and unlike everything else he’s ever taken up, Minho isn’t very good at sex.

But Newt’s face and noteworthy nakedness wants him to get better, can’t face the reality that he or Newt will ask to stop and the idea that Minho has failed will forever repeat in his head. Because he doesn’t deserve Newt, and one day he’s scared Newt will notice that and find someone who’s everything he is and everything he isn’t.

“Become the man you want to be,” His father had told him when he was younger, but then he had abandoned his mother and became a man Minho wouldn’t ever want to be.
All he wants is to make Newt feel good, to make him moan and cum and tell him that this night as better than the one he dreamed in his head.

But in reality he simply trying to succeed, trying to stretch his body out and trying to find his prostate. And failing. Failing all over again.

“Min,” Newt calls to him from the depths of his own despair. It’s then that he realises he’s crying. “Min don’t cry, what’s wrong? Did I do something wrong? Should we stop?”

Minho wants to correct him and tell him that he should be the one to ask those questions.

Newt’s sitting up, holding his face in his hands like he’s made of nothing and everything all at once, “Shh, Min. What’s wrong?”

“I’m shit,” He says, and for some reason this makes the smaller boy laugh.

He ducks his head and Newt follows, poking his head into the place he tries to hide in, without clothes or his usual bravado.

“You’re perfect,” Newt whispers, and Minho slightly inclined to believe him; “You’re my Min.”

“I love you,” Minho chokes.

And Newt holds him like he usually holds him, with care and admiration for what they had become. “And I love you too.”

This silence isn’t awkward, there is no need to break it with words or analyse the others thoughts. The kind of silence only people who are comfortable with each other can enjoy.

“I’m such a girl,” Minho laughs as he wipes away his tears.

Newt smiles, “Theresa would fight you for saying that.”

“Yeah, and win.”

They laugh into each other’s necks, forgetting whose hair and breath was whose.

And the question behind every silent pause of reflection, “Should we stop?”

Newt doesn’t even think about his reply, just holds his chin and looks into his eyes. “No, I want you to make love to me now.”

Having neither the confidence nor energy to continue, Minho simply lies back. Newt takes the bottle of lube from the floor, coating his own fingers up and moving down to kiss him, sweetly like only Newt can. Minho closes his eyes, expects to feel the sharp pain of Newt stretching him but a hiss of discomfort pulls him from the pause.

Newt’s towering above him, half siting and half crouching on his torso as he stretches himself open with his own hand. Minho misses his eyes, but the concentrated bite of his lip and the dimples underneath his eyes sate his mind for now. The sound of his fingers are perverted in the air, crude squelching and sighing as Newt tries to both balance and finger himself.

Minho gives into the boys silent requests, grasping his hips to steady him and holding his cock on his hand. A long drawn out moan leaves Newt’s lips, pleas for more melding into the melody that Minho swears he’ll remember.

Feeling braver and looser, Newt adds another finger, the burn more intense but at the same time
familiar. The excitement for Minho to be inside him, for them to be together as one is far too electrifying for either of them to give up.

He adds the final finger with a pained gasp, Minho tightening the hold on his erection to help distract him. The previous remnants of lube from before still wet Minho’s hand, causing his strokes to feel more pleasurable and intimate.

They’re both painfully hard now, erections brushing against one another as they mindlessly thrust in each direction to feel closer to one another. Newt pulls his fingers out, tiresome of the sensation yet eager to experience the intensity of Minho entering him. Besides, he wasn’t entirely ignorant, today had been a long awaited experience and at night when he thought about the two of them, he’d tried to feel what it would be like to have something, anything inside of him. He knew it hurt, but it would get better. Just like everything else.

“Condom?” He asks Minho, who’s barely coherent due to the change of pace. The shine of the plastic meets their eyes and Newt unwraps it with fast working fingers. “Can I put it on?” He asks in a small voice, Minho getting head rush from nodding at such a speed.

Newt tried to replay all those sex-education classes where the teacher would give them a banana and a condom and expect them to know what to do. He was paired with Thomas, who blew the condom up like a balloon. The teacher had took away their other condoms, so Newt had eaten the banana.

But this wasn’t school, Thomas wasn’t here to remind him what not to do and Newt couldn’t eat Minho’s penis to dispose of the evidence.

With a few guesses and estimates, he slid the plastic over Minho’s cock, the feeling so warm and heavy in his hands. Even when he was done he kept rearranging the condom, gripping his hand across Minho’s length just because he liked the swell in his chest when Minho moaned. Deciding there was no harm in adding more lube, Newt lubricated Minho’s cock and kept stroking him until the boy pulled his hand away.

“Sorry babe, could you stop. It’s just, If you keep doing that, I’m not gonna’ last long,” He apologises, ignoring the truth that neither of them will last long because they’re seventeen year old virgins who don’t know what they’re doing or what’s happening except the fact it feels good.

“Sorry,” He mutters, kneeling above Minho again as he tries to find the boy’s cock blindly.

Soon enough Minho grabs his waist with his strong arms and directs him to the needed position. He doesn’t force the boy to sit down or thrust into him, he simply holds him to will away the gravity that wants Newt to be penetrated.

“Ready?” Minho asks, although Newt and he both know it’s far too late to back out now.

Not trusting his words, Newt just nods, bracing himself as Minho pulls him down onto his throbbing length.

It burns more than he had thought, more than it had in his head or in porn because in the fantasy world everything was **fucking perfect** and Newt didn’t feel like Minho’s cock was tearing him apart.

Sensing his discomfort Minho pauses, bringing Newt’s hand to his lips and kissing him. And not knowing what else to do, Minho grabs hold of Newt’s cock, slowly stroking him to make him feel like they are having sex and that it does feel good because by the look on the blonde’s face, he certainly doesn’t. But the tight heat that surrounds only a fraction of his cock is nothing short of
perfection. His body is warm and soft even through the condom and it makes him question why the fuck anyone could do anything else except have sex.

Newt nods and his body moves down, slowly and slowly until his cheeks rest firmly on Minho’s pelvis. An animalistic sound leaves both of their mouth at once, Newt in both pain and comfort while Minho’s is for the intense utopia that curses his teenage libido.

‘No,’ he thinks, ‘you can’t cum yet. Think of grandma’s or horses or- Fuck- Anything that is Newt and the heat and the-’

“Fuck,” Newt breathes, finally realizing that Minho’s inside him and their having sex and that-holy shit that Minho’s entire cock is inside him. It doesn’t seem real, sure it hurts and still does, but Minho’s entire length had been swallowed by his body. Half of him isn’t surprised while the other half of him thinks he should join the circus. But all of him is happy, at peace with himself and the synchronised beats of their hearts.

Minho thrusts shallowly into the body above him, a small almost feline moan leaving Newt’s lips as he bobs in time to his thrusts.

Newt’s thinking about the pain going away, about him and Minho and everything they are and will be. Minho’s thinking about grandmas, and horses, and-

“More,” Newt pleads; like the actors in the pornos do but god did he mean it. He wanted more, he needed more, wanted either body to be swallowed whole so they could stay together as one.

Minho thrust faster and quicker, all the while trying to regain composure. But his strong-will wasn’t at all what he thought it was, because he opens his eyes and look sat Newt above him, hard, panting and riding him and-

Dead grandmas, dead horses, dead everything and damn it to hell as it burns a fire that resembles the one inside him so much.

The slapping of skin is a sinful sound, the sound of Newt bouncing and Minho thrusting back just as eager fills the room to completion. Newt curses occasionally, muttering nonsense into ‘bloody hell’ and praises of how good it feels.

But all the grandmas are dead, and the horses are all rotting away to the point where he can’t take away the sensation of Newt and his warmth no matter how many things die. Because right now Minho doesn’t care about his grandma or horses as a species, all he cares about is Newt because Newt is everything. Newt is tight, and warm and perfect and somehow stupid enough to believe Minho’s worth a second of his time.

Sweaty hands fall to his chest and Newt too has gone to the place of no return, head shaking and drooling as he gives into the feeling. He takes charge, and Minho watches. Together they learn that Newt likes it when he swirls his hips around and that if he leans back only slightly, Minho can hit his prostate as many times as he possibly can.

Knowing he won’t last much longer, Minho speeds up his strokes on Newt’s cock and squeezes ever so slightly. Newt’s telling him he’s perfect, that he needs more and faster and stronger but he can’t.

Of all the dead grandmas and all the dead horses, Minho can’t delay his climax any longer. He comes, almost painfully hard into the condom, Newt riding him with more vigor to extend his orgasm for as long as they both dare. Minho falls into an exhausted state, sighing in relief as his heart tries to catch itself and his muscles and brain thank him for the experience.
After a few minutes or complete post orgasmic bliss, Minho opens his eyes with a grin. But his smile faults as he realises Newt’s still hard. Without another pause or needing the chance to apologise, he takes the boy back into his hand and strokes him, watching him moan as he tries to perfect his technique. And with a light squeeze of his cock, Newt’s coming in his hand.

His semen is warm and sticky; reminding Minho of late nights where he closed his eyes and thought of this night, of how amazing Newt would feel. And ignoring their sticky hands and sweaty foreheads, they meet each other in a kiss. No more teeth smashing or fights for dominance, just a simple passionate kiss that says thank you for everything.

Newt falls down beside him on the bed, Minho quickly rolling off the condom and throwing it into Newt’s bin, perfect aim as always.

Blonde locks spill themselves across his chest, pleasant sighs leaving his lips as he looks back up at him through framed lashes.

“Was it as good as you dreamed of?” Minho asked, because for some reason he’s still in competition with fantasy Minho.

“Better,” Newt replied with a smile, “Because it was real.”

Minho chuckles into their kiss, Newt gradually fading into unconsciousness as Minho just watches, waits and half expects something to happen.

And then the question behind every question, ‘What happens next?’

End Notes

First time writing smut and for this fandom, so sorry if I made any mistakes. Any feedback is appreciated!

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