Habit Forming

by starry_nights88

Summary

"I won't kiss you. It might get to be a habit and I can't get rid of habits."
- F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Flappers and Philosophers*

Jem's cheek was smooth and pale beneath his fingertips, the slightest bit of coloring flushing his sweet skin as Will's fingertips brushed across the roundness of his parabatai's face before cupping his jaw between both hands. Jem leaned into him with his lips parted, looking to close the distance between them, but Will turned his head at the last moment. A soft sigh leaving him as Jem's kiss caressed his stubbled chin.

"I won't kiss you," Will murmured softly against Jem's hair, feeling the other man's hands grasp his jacket and pull him closer. "It might get to be a habit and I can't get rid of habits."

Jem's grasp tightened as his body tensed and he buried his face in Will's shoulder for a moment—just a moment before pulling away and looking him in the eye. "Then I'll kiss you," he replied, his eyes shining in the fire light. "I'll develop the habit and you know I carry my habits well."

It wasn't a compromise that Will was willing to make. He knew that once he tasted Jem, he'd never be able to get enough of him, but the choice was taken out of his hands when Jem leaned forward again and Will wasn't quick enough to turn his head.

Their lips met and Jem was surprisingly hesitant for his earlier determination, but Will—unable to help himself—tilted his head slightly and their lips slid together, fitting together perfectly as Will's hands cradled the back of Jem's head and their eyes closed to surrender themselves to the kiss.

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