random TFC scenes

by thewarlocksbitch

Summary

“Get in here,” Andrew said at the bathroom door. He’d already discarded his armbands and stood barefooted in snug black jeans and an oversized white tee.

Neil was slow to let his gym bag drop to the floor, and slower to toe out of his sneakers. He hadn’t skipped a morning run since term began. He didn’t want to relax. He couldn’t afford to.

Andrew waited until Neil was standing by the open shower to close the door and walk over to him. He leaned in, his hazel eyes intense on Neil’s, but stopped just shy of kissing him. “Yes or no?” he asked.

Neil closed his eyes. A million thoughts ran through his head, all of them centered on Exy in one way or another. He picked from them Andrew standing in goal, and from that just Andrew. He let his head drop. “Yes,” he said.

Notes

this is a smut scene from a post-tkm fic i’ve been working on for about a year but probably won’t ever post or finish. the entire fic is basically my take on what the fourth book would be, with plot points such as janie smalls returning, dealing with the aftermath of aaron’s trial and the news of Neil’s family spreading, and neil learning to be vice-captain of the foxes and the new recruits. i might post other smut scenes from it that i’ve already written
if you guys want or eventually the whole fic if enough people are interested. let me know if you like it!

side note: this is unedited, i apologize for any mistakes

some context: leading up to this scene Neil had been slowly becoming more and more obsessed with Exy as the year goes on to the point it becomes unhealthy because of his deal with the Moriyama's. Kevin isn't worried about it because of his arrogance but Neil is, so this is Andrew's way of redirecting his attention and calming him down

thanks so much for reading !! :)
yet another shower scene

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Andrew’s lips on Neil’s were gentle, his hands on him less so. They pressed up under his shirt, mapping out every scar before catching the hem and pulling it over his head. The shirt fell to Neil’s feet and Andrew pressed him against the cold glass of the shower. The change in temperature was a shock compared to the heat of Andrew’s body. Neil tried to ignore it and focused instead on the pads of Andrew’s fingers sliding down his stomach, the calloused skin of his palms ghosting over the scars on his gut. Every nerve ending in him felt charged and over-sensitive and Andrew seemed to know it. Neil grabbed at the door behind him as Andrew got his sweats untied and pushed them down. He stooped low and let Andrew drive him mindless with his kisses and rough hands, almost lolling against him.

“You can hold onto me,” Andrew said as he took Neil in hand. “My shoulders.”

Neil did. He looped his arms around Andrew’s neck and somewhat refrained from completely sagging against him. Andrew pushed Neil into the shower and against the cold tile wall, not staggering at all under his weight. Andrew’s hand moved over him slowly, almost lazily, nothing like his usual rough pace. He did that for minutes, hours, days, until Neil was gasping into his mouth from the lack of satisfaction and Andrew stepped away to the other wall of the shower.

“Stay,” Andrew said. He stared at Neil for an endless minute, testing him to see if he'd move. Then he pulled his shirt over his head and let it drop to the floor.

Neil stared, not comprehending, unable to remember what he'd said or done to earn this new trust. He gripped his own arms to be sure he didn't reach out.

Andrew looked away, his expression bored. He stepped out of his jeans and kicked them to the corner of the shower but left his boxers on. Neil had seen him shirtless, and he had caught glimpses of him without any pants on, but Andrew had never undressed in front of him like this before.

He watched Andrew’s face because he knew it was okay, and because he liked looking at it. He didn't know where Andrew’s safe zones were in this situation. He didn't know what made Andrew want to do this, or what he had in mind. Neil closed his eyes and waited. It felt like an eternity before he heard the shower cut on, and even longer before Andrew’s hand was flat on his chest. Neil opened his eyes.

Andrew looked up at him, his hair already soaked. A single droplet clung to his pale eyelashes. “Yes or no?” he asked.
“Yes,” Neil said.

Andrew kissed him, hard. He grabbed Neil’s hands and put them in his wet hair before pulling him backwards into the hot water. They stood there another eternity, the water falling over them both, Andrew taking his time and Neil letting him.

Andrew took him in hand again and Neil clenched his hands in Andrew’s hair. He turned Andrew’s head to the side to kiss and bite down his neck, chasing rivulets of water and the thrum of his pulse. Andrew tolerated it for as long as it took to make him growl before pushing Neil’s face away.

“Not attractive,” he ground out.


Andrew held Neil at arm’s length and curled his fingers tighter, working Neil hard and fast, making him shake and giving him almost nothing to lean on. He didn't step towards Neil until Neil was on edge, and he kept walking until Neil was pressed to the chilly tile wall and out of the water.

Andrew gave Neil an unsympathetic look. “Are you going to fall down if I let go of you?”

“No,” Neil said stubbornly. He reached over to grip the showers’ built in shelves to prove his point.

Andrew ignored that gesture and stepped as closely as he could into Neil’s space. Neil couldn't suppress all of the jolt that went through him. He’d become used to the feeling of Andrew’s body against him, but there’d never been this much of it; they were thigh to thigh, groin to groin, chest to chest. Andrew’s hot breath ghosted over Neil’s chilled skin.

Andrew moved his hand slower now, every movement deliberate, his eyes intense on Neil. The careful way he was looking at and handling Neil reminded Neil of the way Andrew had taken care of him last March, when he had been too injured to take care of himself. The memory was all at once chilling and calming, so much of it tainted by his past but enough of it focused on Andrew that it was indulgent to remember.

Andrew pecked Neil on the lips and just as quickly retreated to get a good look at his face. “Yes or no?” he asked.

Neil leaned in to murmur his “yes” against Andrew’s lips. Asking so many times must have meant Andrew needed reassurance as much as Neil did right now. Andrew let Neil steal one more heavy kiss before dropping to his knees and swallowing him whole.

Andrew pressed his tongue to the underside of Neil’s shaft and hollowed his cheeks out, his mouth hotter than the shower had been. He held his forearm to Neil’s abdomen to keep him still and wrapped his other hand around his cock as he withdrew.

Neil bit into the flesh of his palm, unable to suppress all of the moan that escaped him. He kept himself completely still, wanting Andrew to know the forearm he held across Neil’s abdomen was more of a reminder than a barrier. He would always respect every boundary Andrew put up, but he wanted Andrew to know for himself that they were unnecessary.

Neil stared down Andrew. His knees were spread wide to either side of the narrow shower, the thick muscles in his thighs tense with the effort to keep him from sliding backwards on the tile. His eyes were sweetly closed, his pale cheeks flushed. Just looking at him like this had Neil on edge.
The water from the shower ran down Andrew’s back to soak his gray boxers and Neil could clearly see the hard line of his erection through them. Neil whined a little selfishly at the fact that he couldn’t reach down and help Andrew with it.

Andrew hummed a little and grabbed Neil’s other hand where it was in a fist at his side. He took Neil into the back of his throat and pressed Neil’s hand to the nape of his neck, and Neil threaded his fingers into the wet, curling hairs there. Andrew dropped his forearm from Neil’s stomach to his own thigh. His hand slowly inched up towards his crotch, then curled into a fist against his thigh like he was trying to suffocate something.


Neil wouldn’t have suggested it if he hadn’t seen Andrew’s hand drifting up like that. Andrew was in complete control of himself; he’d never let lust cloud what he was ready for. Maybe he would let himself have this because Neil asked.

Andrew’s eyes fluttered open to stare up at Neil. He pulled off Neil to kiss the underside of his shaft, his mouth hanging open as he caught his breath. He kept stroking Neil with his hand, fast enough to make him gasp but not fast enough to bring him over the edge. Neil gave an encouraging hum and carded his fingers through Andrew’s hair as Andrew’s other hand came to rest over his soaked boxers.

“Fuck,” Neil sighed. Andrew palmed himself, his attention carefully divided. He wrapped his lips around Neil’s cock again and put his hand into his boxers. Neil’s stomach pulled taut with pleasure at the sight, at watching Andrew’s shoulders curl in on themselves, and his eyes threatened to close against it.

Andrew didn’t let him. He tongued the slit of Neil’s cock and swallowed him down again, thrusting into his own hand and moaning around Neil’s length. Neil gasped and struggled to keep himself still. Andrew pressed him harder against the wall. His eyes lazily held Neil’s, his gaze heavy-lidded and drunk. He closed his eyes and curled his fingers around his own cock as he let his teeth scrape lightly against Neil’s. Neil let out another helpless gasp and clutched at Andrew’s hair as he came.

“Andrew,” he choked, feeling his knees begin to buckle. He was shaking and overwhelmed, unable to and uninterested in catching his breath. Andrew swallowed around him before pulling off. He let Neil slide down the wall, scooting back on his knees to give him room.

Neil struggled to watch Andrew through his breathless, post-climax daze. When he felt he could move his arms he reached forward to wrap them around Andrew’s neck and pull him closer. Andrew allowed it, and his shoulders relaxed under Neil’s weight. He turned his face into Neil’s flushed neck and breathed against his skin.


Neil felt Andrew’s breath stop against his neck. He smirked. Andrew ground out, “Shut up.”

Neil turned to murmur into Andrew’s ear, “I like it a lot.”

Andrew’s shoulder was shaking as he worked himself hard and fast. He growled, “How many fetishes can one man have?”

Neil didn’t know. Maybe he just loved everything Andrew did.

“Is that really considered a fetish, though?” When Andrew didn’t answer, Neil craned his neck to mouth at the wet underside of Andrew’s jaw and asked, “Are you going to come?”
Andrew said nothing. He was leaning into Neil with almost all of his weight now. Neil could feel Andrew’s frantic heartbeat against his chest.

“Can I watch?” Neil asked.

Andrew’s breath caught audibly against Neil’s neck and he leaned away, his face redder than Neil had ever seen it. He stared at Neil for a minute, his eyes heavy-lidded and his mouth hanging open. Andrew reached up with his free hand and slowly wrapped it around Neil’s throat, then leaned in and pressed his cheek to Neil’s. Neil took Andrew’s shallow moan as a yes and looked down just in time to watch him spill over his fingers.

Andrew went perfectly still, his breaths coming out slower and slower against Neil’s neck. Eventually his hand fell from Neil’s throat and he slumped forward. Neil turned his head and kissed up Andrew’s neck and across his jaw, giddy and out of breath, until Andrew pushed him away. Andrew leaned over Neil and kissed him deep, his tongue in his mouth and his hands on his shoulders. Neil was breathless all over again by the time Andrew stood up. Andrew washed his hand in the spray, cut off the water, and hauled Neil to his feet.

Neil stepped past Andrew out of the shower and grabbed two towels. He handed one to Andrew and scrubbed the other through his hair. Andrew gathered his clothes from the floor and left for the bedroom.

Neil finished drying off and slid his sweats on but left the rest to clean up later. He stood in the bathroom for a few minutes in case Andrew needed them, then pushed through the door. He found Andrew sitting on his bed, his armbands and a new pair of boxers on, his towel around his shoulders and hanging down his front. Neil went and sat beside him on the bed, giving him a safe amount of space in case he still needed it.

“Was that your last pair of clean clothes?” Neil asked.

“It seems so,” Andrew admitted.

“You and Kevin are both really bad about that,” Neil commented. When Andrew didn’t say anything, Neil added, “You can borrow something of mine.”

Andrew cast a bored look at him. “Do you own anything that doesn't have holes in it?”

Neil shrugged. “My fox hoodie and sweatpants.”

“Predictable,” Andrew said, which meant he’d wear it. Neil went to his dresser. The hoodie had the same design as his jersey - orange on white with JOSTEN #10 emblazoned on the back - but the sweats were plain gray with FOXES down one leg. Neil grabbed a fuzzy pair of socks Dan had given him and dropped it all on the bed beside Andrew.

Andrew pulled on the sweatpants without comment and was slower to put on the hoodie. He ignored the socks. Neil waited until he was done to sit down beside him.

“Thank you,” Neil said to him.

“I didn't want to get my clothes wet,” Andrew said.

"Take that road," Andrew directed from the passenger's seat.

Neil did. He didn't know what Andrew was planning, and he both liked and didn't like the seriousness in his eyes. "Are you going to kill me and dump my body?"

Andrew undid his seatbelt. "I'm not a cliché. Stop the car."

Neil stopped the car. He unbuckled, too, and turned to face Andrew. "It seems like you're going to kill me."

Something like amusement flickered across Andrew's expression. Then he grabbed Neil's chin and leaned into him over the gear shift. "Yes or no?" he asked.

"Yes," Neil said immediately, and Andrew pushed him back into the driver's seat.

He slid his hand from Neil's chin to the back of his neck and pulled him to his mouth. Leaning over the console like that couldn't have been comfortable, but Andrew didn't seem concerned with it. Neil kissed Andrew back softly, angling his head, pushing his jaw forward, doing everything he could to elicit a response without the use of his hands.

Andrew's other hand suddenly between Neil's legs was a welcome weight. He pressed down, his palm easily following the shape of Neil's growing cock under his running shorts.

"Andrew," Neil gasped out. He shifted under Andrew's hand, telling himself to follow Andrew's lead even as his body betrayed him. The most he consciously allowed himself was ducking his head to bite at the soft underside of Andrew's throat. Andrew shuddered.

The car whirred under them suddenly, much louder than their breaths. Neil startled.

"Feet off the pedals," Andrew said. He slid his hand under the waistband of Neil's shorts and curled his fingers around him. "Stay still."

Neil didn't trust himself not to accidentally send the car into the trees, so he yanked the keys from the admission and tossed them into the backseat.

"Keep your hands to yourself," Andrew said, but it sounded more like he was teasing than warning. Neil grabbed the headrest behind him.
Andrew leaned back in his own seat, his stare on the dashboard disinterested but his hand working Neil in quick, solid strokes that had him biting his lip and arching up to his touch. Neil closed his eyes against the desperate beat of his pulse and moaned.

He heard Andrew shift, and his strokes faltered for a moment before picking up speed.

“I still don't understand why you brought us here for this,” Neil said. He dug his fingers into the metal part of the headrest to ground himself.

Andrew’s breath hitched, then he said, voice calm, “I still might decide to kill you afterwards.”

Neil opened his eyes to see Andrew kneeling in his seat, his sweats and boxers kicked off to rest at the space by his feet. The muscles in his legs were tense, thickest at the top and insides of his thighs, leaner where his knees bent. His hoodie was hiked up on his stomach to show the heaving of his belly and light curls that started at his navel and got darker as they traveled below the line of his hips.

The pink head of his cock disappeared and reappeared as his fist moved over it.

“Andrew,” Neil said, the name blowing through him, hollowing him out. He tried not to stare at the way Andrew handled himself; he’d only caught glimpses of this before, and now they were in bright daylight and Andrew wasn't telling him to look away.

Andrew’s focus darted between his own two hands. He jerked himself the same way he did Neil, except that he went faster and his fingers seemed to squeeze more at the base. He was, Neil realized with a jolt, a little rougher with himself. Even when using his non-dominant hand.

No, not rougher. Surer.

“I want to try something,” Andrew said, a little breathlessly. Neil’s eyes flitted up to Andrew’s flushed cheeks, and Andrew leaned in close to Neil, forcing their gazes together. Andrew put both of his hands on the back of Neil’s chair, caging him in. He leaned over so that he was almost on top of Neil, making what he wanted clear. Neil could feel the heat of Andrew’s body radiating off him. “Yes or no?”

“Yes,” Neil answered. Andrew crawled over the gearshift to straddle him, and he thought he could nearly come from the hungry look in Andrew’s usually passionless eyes. Andrew situated himself quickly but carefully, the bare skin of his thighs tight against Neil’s, their body heat seeping into each other. Andrew slid his hand up Neil’s leg and rocked his hips forward so that their cocks brushed.

Neil jerked, a little, accidentally jostling Andrew in the process. He froze. For a moment, Andrew didn't move. Then his gaze flicked to where Neil still clutched at the headrest. Satisfied, he looked back down and curled one hand around them both. “You can put your hands in my hair now,” he told Neil, and dipped low to kiss him.

Neil did, running his fingers through soft strands and pushing them away from Andrew’s forehead. Andrew slowly moved his hand over them both, his other braced against the back of the seat. Neil rocked up into him, and Andrew gasped. Neil did it again, biting down on Andrew’s bottom lip, feeling his fingers slip over them both, desperate for them to go faster.

“Andrew,” Neil mumbled, sloppily breaking away from Andrew’s mouth to kiss down his neck. “Faster.”

Andrew growled into his ear, but the helplessness of it burned away any threat Neil might have
heard.

Andrew moved faster, twisting his wrist at the perfect moments, pushing their cocks together, everything made smooth and hot by the precum shared between them. Neil was dizzy with the closeness of him, this new kind of intimacy. Andrew was almost perfectly still above him, the only tell to the fast unravelling of his control the rapid coming and going of his breath. Neil was amazed at how perfect he felt in his lap.

Neil bit at the delicate underside of his neck, then along the sharp line of his jaw, tasting the salt of his sweat. He pulled Andrew by the hair back to his mouth and thrust up into his hand. Andrew’s grip tightened and he snapped his wrist up.

“Fuck,” Neil gasped, following the motion. Pleasure spread under his skin like heat in an inferno. He moved himself to follow Andrew’s hand over and over, gasping into Andrew’s mouth. Andrew pressed himself tighter against Neil with something like contempt as he pushed Neil over the edge.

Neil held onto Andrew, shaking as he came. Andrew let most of it catch on Neil’s shirt and bare stomach, but kept stroking them both with some that had hit his fingers.

Neil shuddered at the oversensitivity, his breath a shaken and useless thing in his chest. He looped his arms around Andrew’s neck to hold him more solidly and looked down. Neil thought it was ridiculously hot that Andrew was using his cum to stroke himself but he kept the thought to himself. Andrew let him watch as his breath caught and he spilled hot over his fingers.

Neil waited a moment, giving Andrew enough time to recover and push him away, but Andrew didn’t move. Neil took that as permission to tilt his face up and kiss Andrew, his mouth open and uncoordinated. Andrew tolerated him for a few minutes, kissing them both down from their highs and giving himself time to recover. Then he wiped his hand on Neil’s shirt, climbed back into his seat, and put his pants back on.

Neil smiled at him.

“Drive,” Andrew said.

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