Swallow Your Pride

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Summary

Ford's been angry for a long, long time.

“I don’t even want to hit you.” Ford says, half-surprised. He wants to do so much more. His toes curl in his boots, and he shifts his weight forward, the fronts of his shoes digging into the moth-eaten fabric of the carpet.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

“What did you do to my room?” Ford asks, angered. Each surface is caked in a thick layer of dust, thin, silver lines of spider silk cover each corner. Everything in the room is grey, save for the pyramidal prism glittering faintly in the corner; rays of dirty dawn light divide into their constituents – blue, yellow, red.

Stan frowns, shrugging his shoulders. His suit is crumpled and dark, his bow-tie is a red slash around his neck. “Nothing.”

“You could have bothered to look in on it once in a decade.” Ford feels fury bubble at the pit of his stomach, heavy and hot. He could handle Stan throwing all of his inventions into boxes and shoving his research into the dank pit of the basement. At least that’s understandable, Stan wasn't very bright, maybe he hadn’t realised the importance of Ford’s work, the value of all that he so callously threw away. But this was his home. Stan had spent every night for 30 years trying to fix the portal and he couldn’t remember to dust, clean or care for anyone besides himself. Stan should
have worked harder, should have broken himself with grief, and built an altar of Ford's home. Yet he just took and took and took and never gave back. But that was Stan, wasn't it? Careless, reckless, and damnably useless.

“I'm sorry, Ford. I guess I was too busy trying to bring you back. Fixing a fucking interdimensional portal without a high-school education isn't easy, you know?” Stan’s back is tense, face dark with indignation. His fingers tighten into fists, and the rust-brown stain around his palm grows red and wet again, the wound splitting and unknitting beneath the filthy bandages.

“You pushed me into it.” Ford says quietly, intending for his words to hurt Stan on a visceral level.

Stan face whitens, and his breath catches in his throat like Ford has punched him squarely in the swell of his gut. “Ford, I swear I didn’t mean—”

“You don’t mean to do a lot of things, Lee.” Stan flinches at the use of his old nickname. “But I end up having to suffer for it anyway.” His voice rises on the last word, and Ford pauses, breathing hard. Stan looks so pathetic before him, slumped and tired and grey. “You ruined my life.” He says, moving towards Stanley, filled with an anger almost as old as he is. He’d had a name once, had a future, but that had been gone since the moment the portal fizzled out against the tips of his fingers, leaving him stranded, alone. All he has now are 30 years of suffering and a house that didn't have enough space to fit him. “You ruined my life.” He repeats, his index finger digging into the soft flesh of Stanley’s chest.

“Ford — I didn’t — I’m sorry.” Stan says, hands raised and flinching away from Ford like he’s scared. Eye’s flitting in the direction of the door, looking for an escape.

It's pitiful.

“No. No, I’m not letting you get away that easy.” Ford grabs Stan by the collar, pulling him close. Stan struggles against him weakly, his injured hand on Ford’s shoulder, staining his sweater, trying to push him away. It barely makes a difference, Stan is exhausted, but more satisfyingly, he thinks he deserves this.

Ford's fingers circle Stan’s neck, loose and warm, and his brother slumps forward, head bowed and accepting. Waiting for a blow. The sight inspires no compassion in Ford, but something warm and thick coils in his stomach, heavy and wanting.

“I don’t even want to hit you.” Ford says, half-surprised. He wants to do so much more. His toes curl in his boots, and he shifts his weight forward, the fronts of his shoes digging into the moth-eaten fabric of the carpet.

Stan looks at him, eyes wide and dull. He doesn’t look relieved. “You don’t?”

“You’re not worth it.” And it’s true. Violence isn’t as debasing as what he has planned.

He tilts his head, frames Stan’s face with careful hands and pauses, feeling the rapid pulse of his brothers heartbeat at his temple. Stan frowns in confusion.

“Sixer, what—”

Ford leans close just as Stan inhales and the space between them vanishes, and kisses him.

Stan bucks away from him, wrenching his head from his grasp violently. “Ford, what the fuck—?”
“I know you want this.” And it’s true, because he’d wanted to this too at one point, maybe he still does. “You didn’t act like this when we were young.”

“Ford, that was different. You can’t – Don’t ruin this.” Stan whispers, trembling against him. “Please, don’t.”

His trousers are uncomfortably tight. Stan so rarely begs for anything like this. “No.” Ford says, entirely because he can.

He kisses Stan again, cards his fingers through his grey hair and holds him in place. Stan’s mouth is lax and unmoving, but his eyelids have fluttered shut and his hands rest soft on Ford’s shoulders. Ford bites the pliant fullness of Stan’s bottom lip and draws blood. A soft, broken sound claws its way from his brother’s lungs, harsh and piercing, iron-sharp and wet.

Ford withdraws, and licks his lips, tasting salt and fear. A fat, red drop wells at the bite mark, a tiny tear in fragile, capillary-rich skin. It wobbles, gathering liquid, before dripping down Stan’s chin. Ford smears the red streak across Stan’s unshaven skin with his thumb, tilting Stan’s face up as he does. Stan doesn’t resist, and a fragile blush blossoms on his cheeks, vivid and bright against the pallor of his skin. He sighs, leaning into Ford’s touch.

Ford looks down into the tenuous, crumbling space between them, and sees the lewd tent of Stan’s pants. He’s hard, painfully so, because of the pain and pressure of Ford’s presence. Ford cups the bulge, rubbing at the head of his brother’s cock.

“You’re desperate for this, aren’t you?”

Stan doesn’t respond, just shudders and watches him with fever-bright eyes.

“You want me to touch you. Say it, Stan.” He murmurs, crowding closer. “I want to hear you say it.”

“Ford, I don’t want to. Please don’t make me—” Stan exhales purposefully, calming himself. “I’m not going to beg, Stanford.” His voice is firm.

Ford kisses him again, pressing hard against the broken skin.

Stan whimpers, fingers curling into fists “Ford, stop.” He hisses, tears pricking in his eyes. He doesn’t mean it because he jerks closer, grinding himself against Ford’s palm.

“You like this, Stan.”

“I don’t, I swear I don’t.” A wet spot is forming on the front of pants, damp against the heel of Ford’s hand.

“Liar.” Ford whispers, nosing his way down Stan’s jaw, breathing in sweat and old cologne and the sharp tang of shame. “Liar.” Quieter this time, said into the shell of Stan’s ear.

Stan’s eyes close, his brow is wrinkled. “Why am I so hard?” He says softly, barely audible, lips moving against Ford’s hairline, delicate and fragile with self-hatred.

Ford wants to laugh, but he doesn’t. Instead he continues to touch Stan, squeezing him through the thick fabric, watching him pant out hot, shaky breaths that condense on his skin, that make him feel hotter rather than cooler.

“What do you want, Lee?” Ford asks, undoing the zipper of Stan’s pants, pulling his brother’s dick into the stuffy body warmth between them.
“Your cock.” Stan answers without hesitation, flushing hot and red as he realises what he's said.

“Fuck,” Ford groans, rubbing the head of Stan's dick, watching him melt against the length of his body, barely able to stay upright without Ford’s support. “You're pathetic, Stan. Always were such a slut.”

He places a hand on his brother’s shoulder and exerts the lightest of pressure. Stan sinks down to his knees, broken and tired, and nuzzles at his crotch.

“Do it, Stanley.” Ford says, pressing him against his erection.

With gentle fingers, Stan undoes his belt and pulls his erection out, weighing it in his hands, stroking the head.

“Ford, I—”

“Suck.” Ford says, in a voice that brooks no disagreement. “You want to.”

Stan obeys, opening his mouth and pressing a kiss against Ford’s circumcision scar, he tongues the blood-heavy vein at the underside of Ford's dick. The thin scab on Stan’s lip splits, painting the bottom of his chin and Ford's cock red.

Hesitantly, he takes Ford's cock inside his mouth. It is so slick and wet inside him, the insides of his cheeks puffy and smooth. Stan looks up at Ford, lust-drunk and shame-faced. Desperate to touch him and desperate to run away. The outline of his cock is visible in the concavity of Stan’s cheek. Ford grabs a fistful of his hair and pulls him closer, forces his mouth wider. Stan doesn't resist, and sucks Ford inside with a fervent bob of his head. He gags, throat clenching around Ford's dick but doesn't stop. It’s not quite enough, but Ford looks down at the carpet; he will be inside Stan soon. He must only be patient for a little while longer.

“You're so depraved, Lee. I’ve been back for mere hours and you're already on your knees.” Stan must've dreamed of this, kneeling in front of him in the half-light, knees pressed into the thin carpet, taking Ford’s cock into his mouth. He must've rubbed himself off in Ford's bed, fingers thrusting into his throat, trying to mimic the thickness of his brother’s dick. He must've tucked his face into his pillow, face red and crying, until Ford's scent was leached away by the inevitable crawl of time and Stan's own adulterating presence.

“Dad was wrong.” Ford says, warm and full of affection, his fingers loosen their grip and stroke Stan's scalp slowly, indulgently. His brother looks up at him, mouth full of cock, saliva dripping down his chin, hope in his eyes. “You may not be good for much, Stan, but you’re good at sucking cock.”

Stan moans, fingers curling on his thighs as he sucks Ford down harder, bobbing his head, opening his throat. Ford curses, overwhelmed by sensation.

“How many times have you done this Stan? How many cocks have you sucked?” Ford pulls Stan away from his dick, a line of spittle trails from his cockhead to Stan's wet mouth. “Answer me.”

“I don't know, Ford.” His voice is rough, thick with emotion. There are tear tracks visible on his cheeks, catching light and reflecting back, little hazy streaks of white, the same shade as Stan's hair.

“Too many to count then. Good thing practice makes perfect.” Ford says, arousal pooling in his belly. Stan’s eyes are half-lidded. He likes being used like this; he's quivering for Ford's dick, for someone to put him in his place and give him what he needs.
“Do you want me to fuck your face?” Ford asks, voice deep and heavy.

Stan whimpers, hands resting on Ford's hip like he never wants to stop touching him.

“Beg for it.” His grip on Stan's hair tightens until he's sure it must hurt. “Beg.” He coaxes Stan forward.

The flared head of his dick rubs Stan’s lips, smearing streaks of pre-come across the seam.

“Please. I'm sorry.” Stan whispers, lips grazing the sensitive skin of Ford's erection. “Please, Ford. I—” He stops, breathing heavy and fast, unwilling to say the rest, but desperate for more. “Use me.” He says, ardent and ashamed all at once.

His lips part and Ford pushes in until Stan’s nose is pressed into his pelvis. He rolls his hips slightly, feeling Stan's throat tighten, feeling him choke, and pulls back, satisfied. He doesn't think he'll last long, the constricting heat of Stan's throat ensures this but there's still so much left to do and Stan will receive none of his clemency, if he had any to begin with.

Stan reaches down, tries touching his cock, stroking it to the jerk of Ford's hips but Ford stops.

“No, Stan. You don't get to come.”

His brother whines high in his throat, the vibrations travel along his cock. Christ. He's close.

As his orgasm approaches, his movements lose any semblance of gentleness. He ruts into Stan's mouth with abandon, rhythmic and violent, and comes with a muffled shout, making his brother swallow it all. He stays inside Stan until his cock begins to soften.

He pulls out with a slick pop, come smeared at the slit of his dick. Stan is still hard, the tip of his dick wet with pre-come, broken and lost and perfect.

“We're not done.” Ford says, legs shaking with post-orgasmic weakness. Stan looks up at him, confused and expectant. Ford rubs his feet against the carpet and touches Stan, a white jolt of electricity traveling between them.

It’s disorienting, in a second his vantage point has changed and he’s sitting on the floor, knees aching, body hot and tense with barely leashed lust.

“I want you to know how you look, Stan.” His bones feel heavier, voice rougher, but it’s unmistakably him inside Stan’s body, fully now. His cock — his brother’s cock — is unbearably hard and he can taste the bitter saltiness of come in his mouth, coating his throat, sticky and musky. It's odd, being inside Stan, like a sweater that fits a little too tightly, perfect but not quite.

He touches his dick, shocked by how sensitive it is, how slick it already is. He spreads his legs wider and curls a loose fist around his cock. “Watch me.” He says, and it’s disconcerting how much he likes this, likes the way Stan’s body obeys him, likes how he can do anything right now and his brother won’t care and will beg for more.

Arousal curls in his belly, overwhelming in its intensity, and he hasn’t felt like this since he was a boy. Stan really is a slut, it’s all there, written into the marrow of his bones, manifesting as the sweat on his brow, the hardness of his cock, the want for another's touch.

“You're sick.” Ford says, and he doesn't know if he's talking about himself or Stan. “Watch me.” He repeats, but he doesn’t need to because Stan is looking at him with a quiet fervency and it fills Ford with a sense of cognitive dissonance, the desire to be seen and also the need to hide. There is so much conflict inside of Stan, spitting and roiling, rising like bile in his throat and twisting his belly.
It doesn’t take long to get close, just a few jerks of his fingers and when he comes, it is a blessing, a relief. The whiting out of his senses and Ford is glad for once that he can’t think.

When they’re done, they don’t switch back immediately. Instead, Stan sits next to Ford, curls up next to him. Ford is grateful that they are twins because in the dimness of the room, it’s like nothing’s changed at all.

“I missed you.” Stan says in Ford’s voice. “I missed you so much.”

End Notes

This is probably going to be rewritten because it's disjointed and messy as heck.

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