

Giving & Receiving

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/71802991) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/71802991>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Silt Verses (Podcast) , Original Work
Relationships:	Original Male Character/Original Male Character , Original Character(s)/Original Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Trans Male Character , Cunnilingus , Hand Jobs , Awkward First Times , Coworkers to lovers , POV First Person , Massage , The Saint Electric , Silt Verses TTRPG , Silt Verses TTRPG Inspired Fiction , Custodians Getting Nasty , Pining , Weight Gain , light weight gain mentions , Tenderness , There Was Only One Bed , Cabin Fic , Implied/Referenced Character Death , Food , vaguely established relationship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-03 Words: 16,496 Chapters: 4/5

Giving & Receiving

by [swampknives](#)

Summary

A collection of short erotic/slice of life stories inspired by the Silt Verses TTRPG featuring Receiver, Wren and Robin's Egg, three Custodians trying to make their way through this strange, god-filled world and handle their respective baggage.

It's all porn pretty much. Each chapter is a different story. I'm completely new to sharing fiction online so if the formatting is strange, I'm working on it. Thanks!

Notes

Receiver is a follower of the Saint Electric, created by me (swampknives.bsky.social)

Wren is a follower of the Scrivener, created by MY WIFE!!! (breven.bsky.social)

Robin's Egg is a follower of ???, created by vesta z (godaughtr.bsky.social)

I don't know why I wrote in first person for some of these, it's what the porn demanded.

Chapter 1: motel meetings

“Y’look good,” I lob a friendly antagonism in Wren's direction and he bats it out of the air, dead before it even arrives.

“Don’t start,” comes the measured reply, and I let it hang for a while as he sets up his writing desk silently, avoiding my gaze.

Every movement is curt and sharp, snapping from joint to drawer as he arranges things to his liking. His gloves don't impede him, or never seem to anyway. They're nice; I want to know where he got them, but I never ask. Instead, I ask him if he wants a drink from the machine down the hall. He declines, and I grab him some water anyway and put it inside the mini fridge.

It's been 48 hours and we've made little progress on our second assignment for this week. I grabbed the wrong paperwork on the way out to the site, which necessitated a 45 minute drive back to the office, and I'm pretty sure Wren is still holding onto that fuck up for later. It was a frustrating, long day. Questioning, fact-finding, and scrambling around in abandoned buildings has left us sweaty and sore.

For now, it's evening, and we're in for the night. I rode ahead to grab a hotel, and Wren arrived just 30 minutes ago. He's tired, and irritated, and I didn't see him eat anything all afternoon. He's already cracking open paperwork for our Custodian Assignments.

I see him working at the muscles on his neck in the long moments between writing; leaning, arching. He looks perpetually uncomfortable. He'll rotate from the bed to the armchair, never quite satisfied with either and exhaling once or twice with gusto.

I'm fully reclined, ankles crossed, on my side of the room. When I watch him switch again, I pull off my headphones and risk a move, calling over to him.

“Wren,” I prod neutrally, and Wren sighs through his nose. Too tired to be as severe as before, he looks a bit shriveled. He glances up.

“Yes, Receiver?” he replies, and the air in the room feels clotted, the clouds outside hanging low and lower, heavy with rain.

“Do you want a massage?” I say, my headphones dangling from my hand.

The room goes quiet, and Wren removes his glasses and rubs where they sat, a behavior I've always coded as nervous and angry about it.

“Receiver...” he trails off, looking in my direction. My face is stone cold, even as my blood pounds in my ears.

"I want to apologize," I venture farther into the weeds, wading waist deep in uncharted waters. "I'm serious."

"You're serious? *Now?*" Wren jabs, but I wave it off.

"Yeah," I say, rising slowly to sit upright. I give the silence time to breathe again, and Wren avoids my eyes while he thinks it over.

"Why?" he asks, and I keep it simple:

"You're in pain. And I like you. ...Plus I went to school for it. If that helps."

Wren eyes me, calmer than before.

"Perhaps," he offers, cautiously. The space between us yawns, but I keep my eyes on Wren and his hands. The warm-toned, conditioned leather is dull in the yellow lighting of the motel room, but I can see his fingers searching the page under them for answers, wandering aimlessly.

I've been able to feel it since the Saint blessed me.

The current in every body, the minute pulses and waves that make up the energetic field, the firing of the nerves, the tensing of the muscle. All electric, all bright and bare.

Wren's was dull starting out, but with time and patience, the body can sing a beautiful song to me.

When I asked him all the usual questions, he was cagey, so I didn't push it. Just got some general direction; his trapezius, his scalenes, his deltoids, all fucked. From there I could see how the knots had crawled down his back. I couldn't tell if his connective tissue was inflamed, but I'd bet money on it.

He left his clothes on, gloves included. I expected that.

We started with the old platonic shoulder massage, and I insisted that if he hated it or it got weird, we could stop. He slid into the armchair in front of me with a ragged sigh.

"You can't be that terrible, can you?" he teased, but with the air of someone deflecting. I held my tongue and waited for him to settle.

"You good?" I ask, one last time, and Wren gives an affirmative sound.

It's clear from the get-go that Wren is dealing with a combination of muscle tension and something to do with his nervous system. As I lay my hands on his back and neck, his skin crawls and breaks into gooseflesh before I even apply pressure. I don't mention it, my finger pads searching for tender, painful areas. He's quiet, now - eerily silent. But I have to break the silence.

"You gotta breathe, Wren," I offer, and to model it, I take my own deep inhale through my nose, exhaling through my mouth above him. He follows suit, but it trembles at the end. I'm steadfast in ignoring it, repeating the deep breathing process and shifting my hands at the exhale, applying a little force to roll my thumbs over the tight muscles framing his upper back. He starts like I've shocked him.

“Easy,” I coax, dialing way back on the pressure. “And don't hold your breath. I've heard it all on the table, I'm not going to hear anything new from you.”

Wren mutters something, sounding cross, but when I ask him to repeat it, he shakes his head.

I start easy, and slow, and the Lady's song is something different inside him. It winds all around his throat and head, jagged and bright, and the rest dangles from that roost, weaving in through his arms, spiralling into his joints. I follow the path, and when I hit the first knot, Wren cries out something fierce.

My hands jump, and his own hand rises to hover at his mouth. Briefly, I see embarrassment and struggle below the surface, but I brace his shoulder with my other hand and continue like nothing happened.

He sways with my touch, like most do, and I work on him like this for about twenty minutes, encouraging blood to flow into the sleeping muscle, working through knots and thinking of little. It's calming work, and I can't see Wren's face, which helps. It's like school again, for a moment.

When I take the back of his neck into my hand, Wren croaks miserably, which sets something off inside me, stomach churning. I keep moving, both hands smoothing and pressing the tense muscle, and he is struggling to control the volume of his voice.

This is good. This is normal.

My fingers brush the tips of his hair, and I model deep breathing, and I ignore my own racing pulse. He breathes with me, as best he can. I murmur something, my thoughts hazy. Wren replies quietly, and I ease back. I take my hands away reluctantly.

“Can you, ah...” Wren says, his voice thick, as he turns slightly towards me. His hands are up, gently touching his own shoulders. He feels the difference in the muscle absently, as he tries to request something of me without looking me in the eye.

I'm listening.

“My back... I hate to ask after all that, but—” Wren stammers, and I smile.

“Sure,” I say, and it gratifies me, the way he lets me guide him to lay down on the edge of the bed. But I'm the picture of chivalry, even after feeling his pulse through a gap in his clothing he does not fix, after seeing how Wren looks at me before turning his head away to lay face down. I go to work.

When I see his breath come fast with pain and effort, I soothe it, and when it's too much, we break. It's breath, and pain, and touch, and I want it to be different than this. He's glowing in the dark, and the barbed wire at his neck is less a turtleneck, and more of a shawl. Only I can see his electric vestments, loosening.

He's drinking the water from the mini fridge. I told him it's important to hydrate after work with muscles, and he didn't argue. We're sitting beside each other on the bed, both drinking, both resting.

I'm in the middle of a swig of soda when he speaks.

"How did that feel, for you?" Wren asks, light, airy. I don't choke, but I swallow the soda hard, eyes burning.

"Good," I say, and his eyes are clever and pointed. "I liked it." I reiterate, hoping I'm being clear.

"Did you?" Wren's question is playful, almost - something I don't get to hear from him much. I don't know how to reply, so I roll my eyes back over to him, looking for clues on his mental state. He looks calm. Relaxed, even, shoulders lower than I've seen in days.

"Yeah," I venture, and Wren laughs under his breath.

"Do you have anything else to say about it?" he teases, and I feel my face burning a little, but I take his bait.

"Good bone structure," I falter, and the surprise on his face is worth it. We laugh, some tension escaping us, and it becomes easier to let go.

I remember thinking about kissing him, in that moment, and my hand is drawn to his neck again. He's breathing even and low when my fingers curl around the back and squeeze into soft flesh and sore muscle. He makes a different sound, then, and our lips meet in the midst of it, the current pulsing between us. I've surprised him, and we hover close after it ends.

"I see," he breathes.

"That okay?" I ask, and my hand kneads carefully at the tissues of Wren's neck. It's small, in my hands, and I think I see his eyelids flutter, but it's hard to tell in this lighting. I can feel him swallow, though.

"Yes. Yes, I certainly think so," Wren says carefully, word by word - it's punctuated by his own breathing, purposefully slowed and measured, and when I kiss him again, still feeling a bit tentative, our currents arc through us, the Lady's blessing clear to me.

It's deathly quiet in the room, and I wish I'd turned the radio on, so that all I was hearing wasn't our syncopated breathing, our mouths connecting and parting, the rasping shuffle of clothing. It's loud, filling my ears and my head, and my fingers search for something else to worry about, to fill the air.

My other hand grips Wren's hip - maybe too hard, maybe it's another tender spot, his frame is so much smaller - and he startles, the sound he makes guttural, at the bottom of his throat. I want to dig into that sound, and my finger pads drag it out of the flesh, the throaty noise

warbling a bit and trailing off into a bit of a hiss. It hurts good, I can tell, and one of his trembling hands reaches to brace at the back of my own neck, his head bowed slightly.

“Right there, please,” he says, like he's asking me to park the car, but all the blood has rushed to my face and it's pounding in my ears.

“All right,” my voice comes, surprising me, and I work at his hip slowly. I can get my fingers in at this angle, much better than before, and it shows.

A particularly pornographic moan of relief makes us both laugh, and Wren's head falls to rest against my chest, bobbing helplessly. I have him by the neck and hip, and he's anchored to me by the iron grip he has on the nape of my neck, and it's so much easier than I thought it would be, being here.

“Fuck,” Wren curses at the tail end of a laugh, sourly. I can't help myself.

“Sure. If you want,” I say, and I think he's going to be furious, the way he stiffens up and doesn't look at me, but before I can peel myself away and slink off, I feel his glove grip my wrist. He guides my hand lower, along his hip and thigh, and I squeeze firmly there, curious. “...Do you?”

“Yes! Yes, all right?” comes his harried reply, his head darting up to finally look me in the eye. His complexion is different, a little rosier, his brow furrowed.

“Easy, partner,” I laugh, and I see him bristle. I press my lips to his temple, feeling his pulse and all his thoughts swimming around, and he sighs heavily through his nose. “Come on. Can you trust me? This time, at least?”

Wren looks tired again, but when I lean to brush noses with him, I see a weary smile, and he pecks me on the lips of his own accord. That's all I need.

It turns out the knots go all the way down.

Wren's body is fraught with tension, toe to tip, and everywhere I press and stroke, he has something to say. It's mostly moans and staccato breathing, but that's fine with me. I'm not silent either. A sympathetic noise or curious sound helps me narrow in on his worst spots. And when I feel like he's wrung out enough to relax, just a bit, I let him sink back into the mattress and breathe it out before I get on my knees.

There is some posturing at first, some exhausted, nervous chatter – but I'm familiar with the dance, so I step in to lead.

As I shift his legs to bring his waist closer to the edge of the bed, as my hands sit curled and patient in his waistband, I ask him not to make me beg, and he loses his words. He collapses back, flinging an arm over his face and groaning with something like despair. I'm laughing as I unbutton his slacks.

We smell like sweat, stuffy offices, and the inside of Wren's old van. Muted leather and acrid toner, and under the layers of clothing, something metallic that sets my stomach twisting. I think about how Wren smells when he's been writing and it flips again, my cock twitching in my jeans.

I don't see or feel what I expect at first, but it's certainly a pleasant surprise.

I slip his trousers down to his ankles, palming him firmly through his briefs, and he shifts, uncertain. He seems a little flighty right now, so I spend some time acquainting my mouth with tender areas on the inside of his thighs to acclimate him, before I pull the briefs down as well.

I brush my fingers over the exposed mound of soft curls, and I can't wait any longer – I pull him closer by the hips and he gasps as I press my mouth to him, one of my hands helping expose and spread his more delicate parts. I'm not shy. This is exactly what I want; I waste no time in expressing that.

He's hard – and bigger than I thought, which makes things real easy on me. It feels like cheating a bit when I wrap my lips and tongue around his prick and suck lightly, and Wren twists his hands into the comforter, shocked into silence. I hope I'm not replacing all the tension I wrung out of him – I'd tell him to breathe again, but my tongue is busy, and this takes much more concentration from me.

Wren's sensitive - from the earlier fooling around maybe, I'm not sure, but he's responsive, and out of breath, and shaking with effort within a few minutes. One of his hands sinks into my hair and I moan, unashamed, as his grip tightens. He's not holding me down at all, but it prickles on my scalp and he murmurs something affirmative and breathless, which has me rock hard in seconds.

I don't think about the implications. I just move my mouth and tongue with purpose, easy and consistent, the metal and smoke smell filling my nose and the rasp and jingle of his belt and clothing on the floor as he fails to hold through it again.

His gloves creak in my ears, both of them sunk into my hair to the roots, but it's his voice and his hard flesh I'm tuned into. Hearing Wren make that sound, relief and pleasure and unwinding, his current dazzling me through his open throat... I could hear it every day and never get tired of it.

I don't waiver as he comes, his legs tensing and shifting restlessly. My tongue works him a little further, until he begs me to stop, shaking. I pull away, and we catch our breath.

“You good?” I croak, once I’ve had a drink to wash everything down, once I’ve wiped my face and beard. His chest heaves once, and he makes a somewhat mournful sound. I pass him his water, and he sits up with what sounds like Herculean effort on one arm. I laugh, and he gives me a sour look. Drinking his water he didn’t want. “You *look* good.” I tease him further, echoing myself from earlier and maybe, just maybe, planting the seed that I *do* think he looks good.

“Thank you,” he huffs, when he’s caught his breath, when he can speak with his usual calm. “I’m good.” He’s still exposed, clothes askew, and I’m blatantly admiring him. I think he can feel it, because he puts his water down and starts to right himself slowly. I help him by pulling his pants up to his waist once he’s secure, and he grumbles about it, how he can dress himself.

I’m smiling, and I get off the motel carpet with my own satisfied groan, stretching my arms up towards the ceiling, jeans feeling tight. The pressure is nice. My blood is active, my skin alive with the current, and when I drop my arms and look back down at Wren sitting half-dressed on the bed, he’s staring at my midriff, caught between doing up buttons on his shirt. I catch him staring, and rest a hand on one of my hips as his eyes flit up to my face. He’s unreadable to me.

“Yeah?” I say, incredulously.

“What,” he says, voice flat. He continues buttoning, looking down.

“Nothing. Just thought I saw you *appreciating* me.”

“I appreciate you just fine,” Wren retorts gently. “Very much, in fact.”

Is that because of the head? I hear my thoughts blare, but I hold back. I don’t think he’d appreciate the joke right now. Better to save it for later.

“Yeah, well. Thanks for letting me appreciate you,” I offer instead, sitting on the bed across from him. “I had fun.”

Wren’s eyes follow my expression. I’m neutral looking, one of my defaults. I wonder if he has trouble reading me at all, like I do him. I try to beam sincerity through my gaze, and tip him a smile.

“I... also had fun,” he says softly, worrying the last button that he’s already fixed. I pause.

“You look like you’re thinkin’,” I offer, and he smooths his hair back, sighing.

His brow is furrowed. I’m worried, suddenly, that we’re about to have a capital-D Discussion. I’m allergic to those.

“... I didn’t think you had any interest in me,” Wren admits, and I catch myself watching his forehead wrinkles fondly. I wonder if he’d think that was funny. Him, incredulous I’m attracted to him, as I admire him openly in silence. “Thought you hated me, frankly. That’s why I asked to be transferred to another partner.”

I snap back to attention. We'd argued briefly about this earlier. I said things I regretted. Remembering them now definitely sours the mood a bit, but I'm determined to confront it. I try to think about what to say, but lose the thread. I try being honest.

"I get it," I say, and he looks me over.

Wren is clearly percolating, while my addled brain makes my mouth move and my guts spill.

"I don't hate you," I say. "I shouldn't be such a pain in the ass. Ain't your problem. But I made it yours, and I blamed you while I did it. I'm sorry," I say.

"It's... thank you," Wren says, quietly.

"I *do* want shit to be different," I insist.

"I believe you, Receiver," comes the reply, with what I've come to recognize as Wren's suspicious voice. "There *are* miracles happening every day."

"I'd never deprive you of me giving you a hard time though, now and then," I lead in, and Wren groans like a ghost.

"I wish you would."

"The thing is, I'd *really* love to give you a hard time," I say with my whole chest, and Wren's eyes look me over. He scoffs.

"You're so *young*," Wren sighs, with a non-zero amount of disgust.

"You're *so* hot," I say, frankly. He makes a louder sound of disdain, and as I approach him, his mouth twists with a small smile, terse and curious as I advance. "I mean it. I'm into you."

Wren lets me get close again - I sit next to him and he reaches up to hold my head in both of his hands, sighing. I sit still and patient as he thinks loudly, searching my face for answers, like I'm one of his scrolls.

"Come here often?" I ask, after our extended intermittent eye contact.

"Not as of yet," Wren answers mysteriously, and presses his lips to mine, starting my heart pounding again. I lean in farther to catch his lips, but he's pulling back, taking his hands away - he scoots to the center of the bed while I prowl after him curiously.

"Y'think I could convince you?" I ask him, as he stops shifting and reaches for me again, gloves winding in my shirt. I stumble a bit to get fully on the bed, as he pulls me in.

"Not sure," Wren says neutrally as he lays back, and I almost don't hear him over my pulse thundering in my ears. He pulls me down, and I almost don't have time to brace my arms.

"You've been doing all right so far."

Wren's hands unclench and smoothe the fabric of my shirt as I stare down at him, and his eyes flit up and down. I can't think of a witty reply. He tilts his head, letting my silence stretch.

"Take your shirt off," he says, and the way it sounds exactly like any other direction he'd toss me... I do it. I lean back on my knees and pull it over my head. He looks amused, and I feel his eyes on me. I drop the shirt off the side of the bed. "Good. You *can* listen."

I must make a face, because it feels like he's gut-punched me. I stare down at him, where he's laying perfectly still and at ease, hands folded on his stomach. He smiles and tips one of his hands at me, beckoning me closer. I'm back on hands and knees above him and his gloves are on my stomach and chest. They're a little chilled, but I like them. They warm up quick.

"This is nice," Wren murmurs, kissing me again. He's stroking calculated paths along my muscle and fat, over my shoulders and along my sides, and I sigh deeply in agreement. I know he can feel how hard I am, but it's so much better when he ignores it.

When he pulls away, I bend and put my lips to his neck instead. He makes a little room for me, sighing.

"Oh," Wren says, exhaling in surprise when my teeth touch him. I don't linger, but every now and then I taste his flesh with tongue and teeth and he croons. He realizes something and groans. "Do *not* leave any marks," he warns me quickly, and I chuckle, biting the space between his neck and shoulder gently. "Do *not*, do you hear me Receiver?"

"I hear you," I rasp, taking my mouth away reluctantly. "I'm listening."

"Good," Wren settles again, something brewing behind his eyes. "Good boy."

I nearly lose feeling in my arms and collapse on top of him. I'm staring into his face as his expression smoothes and curls into one of recognition. My mouth is suddenly dry.

"I see," he says, with a mixture of satisfaction and playful disgust.

"Come on now," I croak, like I'm begging for my life. "You can't be doing that."

"Does it think it's a good boy? *Really?*"

I can't reply. My throat betrays me with a confused and, frankly, embarrassing sound, and I cringe at myself. Wren laughs in my face, delighted.

"Oh darling," Wren says, with some shred of sympathy, "The most disobedient man on the force—"

"I don't think that's fair," I interrupt. "You never listen to me either."

“Your ideas are not usually very good,” He says, flat and tired sounding, but he hums with approval as my bare, calloused hand slips under the hem of his shirt, gripping his skin and kneading it suggestively.

“You’re kind of the brains of this operation,” I murmur, and his hand glides over my stomach, muscles padded with fat.

“I know,” he says. “But you’re not stupid. So don’t act like it.”

I think about what he’s said. I must go quiet, because he does too.

“Receiver,” Wren’s voice comes again, and when I focus back in, he’s gazing passively at me. I look back.

“Do you want to turn off the lights?” I ask, and something passes over his face. He nods, and when I rise to turn them off, his eyes follow me. We’re plunged into darkness, and the only light is the parking lot fluorescence that sneaks under the thick motel curtains.

I make my way back carefully. I do not expect him to be waiting on the edge of the bed, reaching for me with bare hands. My skin jumps, but I lean in, searching for him by the sound of his lightly aroused breathing. My first kiss lands near his ear, and he laughs aloud.

“That was a good idea,” Wren whispers in the dark, chuckling still, and leads me back.

I’ve got both arms and one leg on the bed when his cold fingers slip under my waistband. My stomach jumps, and I gasp, earning a patient hum. His fingernails lightly scratch the soft trail of hair running from my navel to my groin.

“Take off your belt.”

I barely process the request before I’m undressing. He trails me along.

“Good. And unbutton yourself, as well - there we are.”

His hand slips lower to grip my cock through my boxers, and my arms tremble. I stay steady and still, but it’s difficult. When he strokes me through the cloth my head drops lightly to his shoulder and I moan, louder than I thought, which seems to please him. He pauses and reaches up to grip the back of my neck, almost cradling me, pushing the double waistbands farther down, exposing me.

“You can’t fuck me tonight - you’ve already worn me out. But I think you’ll be satisfied with the alternative,” Wren breathes in my ear, and I nod furiously, almost rutting against him when his hand returns to grip me.

“Oh fuck,” I gasp, white dots manifesting in my vision. Wren squeezes the back of my neck.

“Yes?” He says, breath ghosting my ear. I groan absently in reply. “Mmh. Good boy.”

I can feel Wren shifting around the thigh I have between his legs, and I wonder if he’s getting off to this. He strokes me slowly at first, but I think he knows I’ve been hard for a long time, and picks up the pace until I’m out of breath. My arms braced on either side of his shoulders,

I bear most of my weight there, sagging over him while I maintain space between us for his hand, dextrous and quick.

“I liked your mouth on me,” Wren murmurs at my neck, and I make a strained noise. “What a surprise - *you* on your knees, ready to beg.”

His conversational tone does something to me.

“Oh *fuck*, Wren—”

“You’re so *hard*, darling; why don’t you come for me?” he says with a squeeze. And I do, predictably, seeing stars and smelling burnt blood.

He hums after a moment, somewhat dismayed at the state of us already, even as he still finishes getting me off. I don’t care if he holds this over my head forever.

Chapter 2: c4c (custodian4custodian)

Chapter Summary

This was a continuation of a piece that's still unfinished.

Chapter Notes

Receiver is a follower of the Saint Electric, created by me (swampknives.bsky.social)

Wren is a follower of the Scrivener, created by MY WIFE!!! (breven.bsky.social)

Robin's Egg is a follower of ???, created by vesta z (godaughtr.bsky.social)

I don't know why I wrote in first person for some of these, it's what the porn demanded.

NOTE: I use multiple terms for a transman's junk, including clit, prick, and cock. (I'm not from the UK but the media kind of is.)

When I finally have to get up for a drink, I have to extract myself from Wren, so naturally I pick him up. He doesn't like it much, but I fawn over him a little and put him back down on the bed soon after, where he sighs and lays back, and I can get a good look at him. He hasn't fully dressed yet, and seems to be focused on breathing and residing in his mind palace. I come back with water for us. We zone out a little, maybe considering our recent experience; I'm hard, and thinking about how much Wren liked that...

I don't notice at first, when he starts shuffling off the rest of his clothes. He shimmies out of his trousers and kicks them off the bed with his briefs. When I register the movement I turn to look at him, a bit wide-eyed perhaps, and he laughs first. Then he beckons me closer. I'm quick to put aside my drink and follow him back onto the bed.

"Yeah?" I ask him, curious as I settle somewhat over him, and his hands go for my waistband.

"You should fuck me," he whispers, and my mouth goes dry as he unbuttons my jeans.

"Okay," I croak, and he chuckles softly, letting me finish undressing myself as he kisses and fondles me to impede my process. "You were into that, huh?" I manage.

“Yes,” Wren hisses, and I can tell he's not kidding. The man is warm, and a little sweaty, and his eyes have a haunted look about them. “Do you have what you need?” he asks, and I do a mental scan. I lean over the side of the bed for the usual suspects inside my beat-up bag; lubricant, condoms.

There's some setting of the scene. I make Wren prop his hips on a pillow, which he does, and he directs me to lay down some towels, which is a first for me. But it's brief, and we're reluctant to part for very long, lingering on each other.

A car passes close to the window and a flash of yellow light washes over us from under the curtains. It's barely a second, but I see Wren prone on his back, looking dazed, his gaze soft. He laughs quietly when the light is gone, and I move closer again when I'm ready.

“Hey,” I say, shifting between his legs. My fingers are slickened, and before I touch him I bend down and press my lips to his stomach.

“Agh,” he says, startled, and I laugh a little. He huffs. “Go on, then – please,” he adds, as an afterthought.

Sitting between his legs, I use one hand to hold his hip and my other to slip and knead inside him, parting lips and muscle with my finger as my thumb brushes against his prick, stroking it softly. He hisses and grabs the hand at his hip.

“Oh,” he vocalizes, trying not to shift too much, and I hum in agreement.

“Easy babe,” I whisper, and he laughs, if a bit deliriously. I'm patient, and when I think he's ready, I pull back and add another, slick but coarse. I hope my callouses don't bother him. They don't seem to. I curl my fingers gently.

“Ahh–fuck–” he curses, but his head is back and he looks comfortable, so I work him this way a bit, teasing. Another flash from the parking lot lets me see his face. His mouth is open, and his eyes as well, gazing to the ceiling as he breathes through it - he looks peaceful, almost.

My cock throbs, and I don't want to rush him, but when my fingers leave his cunt he makes a plaintive sound that coils in my stomach like nothing else. I brush my hand off quickly as he shifts, sitting up slightly to reach for me. I lean down and let him take me by the neck, and the kiss is meandering and slow as I follow him down. I slick myself up and adjust my hips, pushing into him once I'm sure he's ready. It still shocks us both, and we're left a little breathless at first before I can move.

“A-Ahh–” Wren gasps, and when I pull back just to push in again, he arches his back, hands grasping me blindly. I let him grip me, exhaling for both of us.

I'm careful, and slow – until we're both settled in. I push in until our hips meet, and then I do it again. His prick is hard and straining as he's stretched around me. My hands are firm on his waist and braced against the bed, and for a minute my mind goes blank, just my ragged

breath sounding in the air.

“*Fuck* you’re gorgeous,” I gasp, dumbly. Wren laughs, head back and nails pricking my wrists where I grab him.

“Don’t *flatter* me,” he rasps, shifting against me, “Just *fuck* me, you–ahh–!!”

The shock on his face is real when I start moving in earnest, and one of his hands darts up to cover his mouth, moans spilling through his fingers. I’m caught up in watching him, in the sound of our flesh connecting lewdly, in how he feels – I’m glad I braced him, because I’m not sure he’s used to this kind of, uh... treatment.

I tilt his hips with purpose and he cries out as I hit something sensitive. I’m entranced with the old bruise on his neck. I want to give him another.

I can hear every click and stutter and gasp this close, and when I lean in, my thumb rolls tight circles at his clit, my face nudging his jaw aside to suck and bite into tender flesh.

All of his cries are open-throated, desperate – they’re probably carrying outside of the thin walls of the motel, but I’m not worried about that. I’m busy fucking my coworker within an inch of his life.

Wren gasps, a string of expletives and what sounds like prayer, his voice trembling and staggered by my thrusts. I grip the back of his hair and tug his head back, and he goes willingly. I find softer patches of skin on his throat, fragile tendons.

“Good?” I huff into his neck, breathing hard, and he laughs aloud, turning his head to mine.

“*Mmhnn–*” Wren mumbles wordlessly into my hair, and another broken moan escapes him. I’m grounded by the feeling of his nails digging into my back and neck, and he feels good in my hands.

I slow my body’s pace briefly to stroke Wren with a little more focus, and finally lean back to get a good look at him, his nails dragging slightly at my skin.

The sight is gratifying.

Wren is disheveled, and without my body to cling to, his ink-stained hands are winding into the bed covers. He’s gazing up at me, inscrutable. I lock eyes with him and my stomach twists.

I hiss in pleasure at the sight of him, and he laughs, barely a noise at all, while I continue to move slowly, carefully. My hand works his clit as we arch against each other, slick and patient, and his eyes lose some of their focus as he’s lost in the friction.

Wren’s hips shift, and I go to bolster him, thinking he’s uncomfortable. In reality, he is sliding further into my lap, and he uses my folded knees to angle himself up.

He grips my hands, encouraging them to hold him at his waist, and I give him a careful squeeze, pulling us close again – and fuck, it's close.

I hit him deep, deeper, and he makes an aching sound, something that tugs on my heart in a way I'm not quite comfortable with. He's not like other men I've been with, not in body or voice or action, and I force that thought far from my mind as it threatens to inject romantic attachment where simply lust and comradery will do.

"It's good," Wren breathes, his hands gripping mine. He's positioned comfortably in my lap, and I think it's working for him.

"Yeah," I say, laughing a bit at how fucking stupid I sound. He laughs lightly with me, trailing off into a moan when I push into him. "Tell me if anything's too much."

"I..." Wren's thought meanders, as I thrust into him languidly. "This pace is nice—ah—" He curses then, my slick fingers illiciting a small cry from him. He's between my knuckles, and I'm being as gentle as I can, but it really seems to work him up. He drops his head back, letting me handle him as I please and gripping the iron bars of the headboard behind him.

"You're gonna fuck up your back again," I remind him, and Wren laughs breathlessly.

"You're just going to have to fix it then, aren't you?" he murmurs in a daze, and I can't help but grin down at him.

"I have a fix for it now," I say, and he peers up at me as I slip my arms around his middle and back. He lets go of the headboard and takes my arms in his hands, uncertain, before I shift my weight and lift him upright.

"Oh!" Wren cries, grabbing for my shoulders as I change our position. He gasps and shifts his hips as I settle, but I'm still able to hit those spots he likes apparently, because he melts into my arms. "Oh..."

"Better?" I mumble into his neck, our bodies pressed close together, Wren seated in my lap. His arms are looped fearfully around my shoulders at first, but they relax a bit as I show him I'm not going to drop him.

Wren moans in reply, his head falling to my shoulder, nails finding the back of my neck. I take that as an affirmative and start to move again, and I feel his gasp on my skin, the little shiver he suppresses that makes his stomach clench. I notice his small movements and minute sounds and the smell of his hair this close, and it twists the knife a little.

I know that I shouldn't be feeling what I am, but it does make this sweeter – I just don't think about how I'll have to keep it to myself.

Wren likes these slow, intense movements better it seems. I guide him through it, but he settles quickly into a rhythm with me, and I think he feels less exposed – he buries his face in my shoulder for a while, his small exclamations and satisfied mumblings obscured within the loop of his arms around my neck.

I turn my head to listen, but none of it makes sense, and I press my lips to his neck instead, slipping one of my hands between us. The motions I'm able to do are minimal, but it has an immediate effect on Wren, and if I match my deep strokes with the small imperfect movements at his clit, he curses wildly.

“You okay?” I huff, and he turns his head to me so quickly we almost knock together, his face pressing close, brow knit deeply.

“Yes – ah! Just keep doing that–please–” he practically begs, and the thrill it gives me goes straight to my stomach. I think I feel all the blood rush out of my face.

It's harder and harder to think, as we reach similar states of breakdown. I feel Wren clenching around me, and I hiss and thrust through it, which sets him off too – I hear his breath quickening and becoming edged with desperation, and it addles my mind and curls heavy in my stomach.

I'm worrying about holding out when I feel him stiffen and clutch me, hard – all the muscles in his body domino in one shiver, and the hand at my neck grips me like I've done something wrong, but the sound he makes is open-throated and full of relief and surprise. He comes hard, and so do I, breathless and wild-eyed, thrusting slowly into him until we're both exhausted and spent.

It's a challenge to hold Wren up now, as he goes a bit limp, and I laugh with the effort, dazedly pressing patient kisses to his shoulder. I can't think. I just sit and breathe with him. I'm riding out the aftershocks alongside him, inside him, and it's a lot of sensation to experience after all that.

“I'm gonna put you down now,” I say, and he groans in reply. I wait until he nods against me to shift us enough to where I can pull out and get us both horizontal. We collapse on the bed beside each other, and I laugh a little at how we look, which makes Wren laugh, even with his eyes shut in exhaustion.

I brush Wren's wild, dark hair back from his face and he opens his eyes. I'm grinning, and it catches – he smiles at me, eyelids blinking slow and satisfied. I lay back then, *finally*, flat on my back, and give a long exhale.

I feel Wren's fingers creep over my bicep to tuck around it and settle there, his body shifting just a few inches closer as he seems to start dozing, and my chest feels full and buzzing.

In the middle of the night, I wake to Wren's face hovering over me. He's asking me something.

“Mmh,” I reply, and that doesn't seem to suffice, so he repeats his request. His voice floats into my consciousness just barely, and it's soft and conspiratory.

“Receiver,” he tries again, enunciating carefully and with some urgency. “Someone is breaking into the van.”

Chapter 3: cabin fever part one

Chapter Summary

I played a LOT of The Long Dark while I was writing this one in particular - Receiver and Wren get stuck in a snowed in cabin.

Chapter Notes

Receiver is a follower of the Saint Electric, created by me (swampknives.bsky.social)
Wren is a follower of the Scrivener, created by MY WIFE!!! (breven.bsky.social)
Robin's Egg is a follower of ???, created by vesta z (godaughtr.bsky.social)

I'm feeling out the atmosphere in the motel office and it is...tense.

“Can't do much about it now,” the clerk says, neutral. “Heat's out, it's out. Nothing we can do until parts come in after the storm comes through.”

“If power is an issue—” Wren says, turning partially to look at me, but the clerk shakes his head.

“It's busted. Terrible timing. Major part, the tech was here just today.” The clerk sighs, continuing gently. “If you want to try another place, you can, but it's another hour's drive, and the wind is already picking up. I can either give you a discount on a regular room with no heat, or a camp cabin with an old potbelly stove. We've got enough fuel for a while. It's up to you.”

Wren sighs audibly, turning to look at me. I know that this has already been a bit of a challenging day, and he looks worn out. I step forward to lean into the conversation, smiling at the motel clerk. Frankly? Out here? Those are good options. Wren is not unreasonable, but there's been one setback after another today.

“Cabin would be appreciated. Some heat's better than nothing, huh?” I say to ‘Jeffrey’, the name I read on the plastic name tag. He smiles thinly, with some relief, and exhales.

“I think you're making the right choice. It's just me and one other guest, and we're all taking cabins to ride out the storm. They're small, just one room with a washroom, but they're better

than the cold, and you're welcome to any supplies in them. Plows will be out here the day after tomorrow at the earliest.”

“Thanks, man,” I say, finishing up the transaction while Wren looks around in his bag.

I grab the key and after me and the clerk exchange the customary “directions with helpful hand motions”, I know where we're headed. Wren gives the clerk a very polite smile and thanks him, and we leave to get our things out of the van.

By the time we swing around the property to the “very rustic” cabins and unload our luggage, the snow has started to fall, and as we trudge up the path I see flakes suspended in Wren's hair, dusting him a little. We never had snow back home.

Inside it's not much warmer. It's dark, and definitely musty - this one hasn't seen some use in a while, but the bed is coated with a plastic sheet to protect from the dust and dank, so at least the linens are still good.

“Guess we're sleeping together,” I say, nodding at the bed and checking the dresser out. Wren makes a noise with his mouth I can't interpret and unlatches his suitcase with gusto. “Come on. It won't kill you. I'll get a fire going.”

“Thank you, Receiver,” he says, and I check out the cabin's interior for fuel. I find tinder and logs mostly, and some kerosene, and the hulking iron stove squatting in the corner. It looks like a fat toad. I laugh when I see it.

“What?” Wren says, in the middle of putting away his clothes.

“The stove,” I say, without explaining. He leans to look and to my surprise he smiles at it, just peering over for a while.

“It's very charming,” he says, and I laugh a little more to myself as I jimmy open the iron hatch and pile some tinder and twigs into the belly of the beast. It takes a little while to build the layers, and eventually Wren wants to come over and offer advice and critique, which I am fine with. And feel normal about.

Our combined powers produce fire, and before long it's burning away merrily. We unpack, exhausted.

“I'm not looking forward to getting into this,” Wren says, gazing miserably down at the queen bed. It's a wooden four poster, sturdy looking, and we've pulled off the plastic sheet and set it aside. “It's going to be freezing.”

“I know man. It ain't right. But I'll be there with you,” I say, resolutely. Wren sighs and responds earnestly.

“Thank you, comrade.”

It really *is* fucking freezing when we climb in, but we cringe through it, and with the application of a few flannels and blankets, it's liveable. The room is warming unbearably slowly, and we shiver closer automatically as soon as we've slipped into the sheets.

Wren's body is tucked under my arm within moments. Head resting on my shoulder, I feel his dissatisfied grumbles with the cold as much as I feel his chilled little fingers creeping experimentally under my shirt.

I hiss, valiantly enduring one of the many consequences of running hot, and turn sideways to wrap him in my arms, pulling him close. He grunts, surprised, and then brightens.

"You're so *warm*," Wren gasps, and I laugh again.

"Yeah," I say, my nose brushing his forehead. His head ducks under my chin, and his body squirms close. I take one of his hands and guide it under my shirt and he quickly worms further in, sounding pleased.

"Oh that's *much* better," Wren sighs, rubbing my stomach and chest with both hands, burrowed safely and warmly in multiple layers that include my own clothing.

"Yeah. Survival technique. Bare skin to bare skin warms quicker," I mumble into his hair, flinching now and then when his icy hands find a new crevice to tuck into. The gloves don't seem to do much to keep him warm, and now that they're off, his hands are *my* problem.

"Is that true?" Wren asks, and I make an affirmative noise. "Sounds like something you'd make up."

"Damn," I mutter.

"To have sex with me," he yawns, and I laugh.

"I don't gotta make shit up to do that," I say, and he sighs loudly.

"Ugh. You don't," Wren says, sounding miserable. I press a kiss to the top of his head to help that knowledge go down easier.

"Could help you warm up though," I offer, rubbing his back. He sighs.

"It might," he admits, sourly, and tilts his head up to look into my face. "I knew you were making it up."

"I'm not! It's a thing!" I protest, laughing. I peck Wren's cheek playfully and he grumbles, shivering and ducking his head again. My warm hands shift under his nightshirt and stroke his back, and I'm smiling, wistful. I'm tired, yes, but I'm stubborn; I sigh and jostle him a bit.

"Come on. I'll warm up your back and give you a handjob," I offer bluntly, and he scoffs loudly, scandalized; he is still buried. "Limited time offer. Act now."

I wait patiently, resting my eyes until Wren shifts and untucks his head a bit, coming up for air and adjusting inside the blankets. He is slowly rearranging to face away from me, and I

grin down at him as he glances my way.

Wren shakes his head ruefully and I wrap my arms around him from behind, pulling him flush against my torso and slipping my hands inside his nightclothes with relish.

“Mmh,” he murmurs sleepily, loosely holding onto my arms as they stroke his middle and chest. He settles in quickly. “This is nice, actually.”

“People have been fucking during winter for eons. We know what's up,” I tease him. My mouth wanders to his neck, and as I slide my hand down and grope him through the fabric of his briefs, I feel his pulse rise. I keep it slow for now. “We didn't get snow like this back home. Does something to your brain. Makes you want to eat, fuck and nest.”

Wren sighs, and it sounds content.

“Maybe a bit,” he says, softly. He says nothing else and I shut my eyes in the dark, wondering what he's thinking. I get back to what I'm here for.

“You're into the eating, I think,” I murmur in his ear, and he makes a startled noise, flinching to duck away from my lips. I grin as he shoots me a sharp look from the corner of his eye. “Or someone else's eating.”

Wren scoffs, but he doesn't tell me off.

“Plenty of weight to put on around wintertime,” I tease, and I feel his stomach flinch as I slip under his waistband. “I think my winter clothes are always a size or two bigger, myself.”

“*What* are you doing,” Wren breathes, sounding strained. My hand cups him gently, and my fingers brush through the patch of soft hair, teasing the sensitive outer skin.

“You don't like it?” I ask, smiling. He looks suspiciously over his shoulder at me.

“I like it I suppose, I'm just not sure why... *you*—” Wren starts to explain, but I cut him off.

“Cause you like it. It turns you on, yeah?” I ask, and Wren grumbles something in reply. “That's hot to me, that I can say shit to you and it gets you hard.”

“You're not concerned with... I don't know, the implications? The ethics?” Wren asks, exasperated.

“The ethics of your personal, *imaginary* fantasy? No,” I laugh, and Wren is thoughtful and quiet. “I *am* interested in the implications of your p—”

“All right, that's enough,” he grunts, and I laugh, squeezing him close.

“If you don't like it I can—” I start to say, but Wren shakes his head, leaning back into my arms. “Okay, okay. I got you.” I grin, groping him a little more aggressively. He makes a small noise, and I kiss the back of his neck.

“Mh. How's my stomach on your back?” I ask Wren, and he grips my arms tightly, groaning miserably without answering. “Good? You like my fat belly on you? Feel bigger than last time?”

Wren gasps as my fingers slip between his folds and stroke him slowly, slowly. The soft, strained clicks in his throat as he adjusts his clothing to let my hands wander farther is plenty approval for me – his trembling hands pull his clothes askew, exposing his chest and hips under the covers.

My other hand slips between us to bunch up my shirt and expose my middle; my wandering grasp pushes up the back of Wren's shirt next, just enough to where our skin can touch. I settle my warm, soft stomach into the curve of his back, holding him close and listening to his delighted gasps as I settle in. It tickles him, clearly, and he flinches now and then at any stray movement – the carpet of hair on my belly especially seems to be a threat to his composure, and I think I hear a breathless giggle come from him, quickly strangled.

“There we go,” I murmur once we're settled, and he moans in reply, quickly warming and very comfortable, from what I can tell. My fingers are slick, and he's hard; he likes *something* I'm doing. “You like that?” I ask, genuinely wondering, but he melts a bit at the question, making a sound of bewildered agreement.

“Yes,” Wren says, almost shyly – one of his hands wanders back to me, to touch where our skin meets, to press his fingertips into the skin on my belly. He's breathing slowly, controlled and careful, as he takes my fat in hand and squeezes. Something I barely feel, and something that makes his breath stutter audibly. I grin and slip his prick between my fingers, stroking softly.

I like his cock; it's different from other guys I've been with, but just the same. I can run my finger pad along the hard ridge of him and feel him shudder and breathe open-mouthed in the dark, my curled index underneath and my thumb on top working him slowly. Wren curses, or prays, under his breath as my middle finger slips inside him.

I'm trying to resist the siren song of his exposed neck, but my lips find it anyway, and I try not to react too eagerly when his head tilts to the side to give me room. My blood rushes and my cock stirs. I press many patient and well behaved kisses to his skin, before starting to use my teeth.

Wren's hand reaches up to grip me by the hair and pull me in.

A deep, satisfied noise sighs out of Wren and he shifts just barely, stretching against me. I hum in twin pleasure and worry at one of the muscles that connects his neck and his shoulder – always tense, always taut. It sparks with ticklish pain on my tongue, and I hope that I remember to work this area later.

I close my mouth around his flesh, to bite and kiss. He moans beautifully.

My plan worked, for the record. There isn't anywhere I can touch Wren that feels cold now – except, perhaps, his face. The thought crosses my mind as I lift my mouth from his skin, my own face burning. I shift briefly away from his back and he makes a questioning noise, but I pull him along to roll onto his back, arching over him to press my lips to his cheek.

“Your face is freezing,” I murmur, disappointed, my free hand laying passively on Wren’s cold cheek. My other works him slowly, and he looks dazedly up at me, my face hovering close. His nose is slightly pink, as are his cheeks, and his eyes are bright.

Wren doesn't respond, but his eyes are fluttering, active, over my face. I wonder what he's thinking, and maybe spend too long gazing back, before silently pressing my lips to his cheek, feeling the cold skin shock my mouth and nose.

It's polite but firm, as are the others that follow - and as I cover Wren's face with patient, warming kisses he laughs first, light and soundless, before sighing and easing into it. His eyelids close. His brow is furrowing, but if I start to lift my face away to check in, he reaches up to pull me back down.

His breath is coming harder. My movements are slow and arduous, I know it, but he seems to like it like this – I stroke and slip where his body and breath tells me to go, and he unfolds just as slowly. Panting, he gives an extended, harsh exhale and trembles against me, winding up; I feel his orgasm roll through him like a heavy tide, and keep my touch steady and firm until he's through the crest of it, easing down and down, and our lips meet clumsily, over and over.

Wren is breathless afterwards, and turns to tuck his head into the nook between my head and shoulder, rolling further into my arms as soon as my hand has left his briefs. He doesn't speak; just breathes, in a sort of wet and humid way. I take him in my arms and press my lips to his shoulder, waiting. He lets me embrace him that way for a long while. I think he may have fallen asleep, before he finally speaks.

“That's much better,” Wren finally says, his voice soft and froggy. It's muffled by my neck and hair, and I laugh, rubbing his back with a little vigor to wake up the muscles that I feel tensing in their current position.

“Isn't it?” I say near his ear, kissing the shell. “You doubted me.”

“I did,” Wren sighs, and he shifts to get more comfortable in my grasp, queuing me to loosen my grip. I do so, a little reluctantly, and to my surprise he uses the freedom to turn away from me again, taking one of my arms with him like an errant blanket.

Something inside me aches terribly as I loop my arm over the bend of Wren's waist and curl it up over his chest, resting loosely there as he shimmies into a comfortable spot. My stomach *does* rest perfectly in the small of his back, and that is where we settle; my nose brushing against the back of his head and his scarred and grooved hands tucking the blankets in around us, worrying my rough fingers that lay passive on his chest.

The fire crackles softly, burning bright, and when it pops I feel him flinch. I tuck us in a little tighter.

I definitely start dozing quickly, but my thoughts are full and buzzing even as I drift off. I feel his grip loosening on my hand, his breath slowing and his body going slack.

I have to adjust, and he reacts so slightly I think he must be asleep already; when I'm done moving to shift my body and arms I close my hand around his, and my thumb brushes an old scar or two. I trace them lightly.

I wonder which of us will die first.

The thought comes unbidden, and it takes my breath away for a minute; I wonder if it will be as Custodians, overworked and underpaid, disposable and unsupported, or as free agents, in another stage of our lives. Together or separate, seeking meaning someplace else.

I think about the hole inside me that yawns when I'm not around my partners, and I wonder if it's always going to be this way. Loss and yearning and clutching each other in the dark, so tightly that you hope it will keep them safe just a little longer.

I think it's going to be me. Even though Wren is older. I feel it in the way the current tugs me on and up, that I'm meant to join Her eventually. I just don't know when, or how, and I don't want to spend my precious time here thinking about it.

Wren makes a soft sound in his sleep and my thought spiral is broken. I listen to him murmur something and go silent again, and I'm filled with calm and purpose. I shut my eyes and sigh, my nose tickled by the hairs on the back of his neck, and I sink into the bed.

It will be a long day tomorrow; I silently hope for snow too thick to travel. My already-dreaming mind conjures images of a quiet day spent indoors, and I drift off thinking of the scratching of Wren's pen and the low hum of my radio crooning to us.

I wake in the night to Wren talking in his sleep. My eyes open and I'm listening hard, but I can't quite catch what he's saying, if it means anything. His face is contorted and drawn tight. It sounds like he's replaying a painful memory.

The fire has died down to embers. It must be hours later – I'm shocked we slept so soundly until now, and I know I need to get up and feed the stove to keep it going, so I grunt and start to slip away from Wren as carefully as I can.

Wren's hand grips my wrist and his eyes open before I think he's even woken fully. His head turns to me, bewildered, and I hush him when I see panic in his eyes.

“Hey, hey, it's me. You're alright,” I whisper, looking down into his face, and it takes some time for him to return from that place he was trapped in. It's darker, the fire casting less light now, and he reads my features slowly. “You were dreaming.”

“Oh... yes...” he sighs, and I can hear how strained the momentary fear has left him. “Yes. Of course. What's the matter?” He asks, immediately concerned, and I smile as he lets go of my wrist. I use my newly freed hand to lay it on his forehead, my thumb smoothing out the furrow between his eyebrows.

“Just getting up to feed the fire. Nothing's wrong,” I murmur, and he seems to sag back into the comfort of the mattress, exhausted from his fright.

“Oh. Good,” he sighs, his expression easing. I take my hand away and start to climb out of bed, careful not to let too much cold air into the blankets. As I pad across the cold floor in bare feet, I shiver and glance out the window as I pass it.

I stop and stare.

There is a thick blanket of crystal white over everything. Every surface, save for some protected areas, is coated in soft, twinkling snow that glows with the moonlight. It sits in tall mounds on fences and cars in the distance, and fully covers the road we drove in on. The van is sunken into the snow up to the bottom of its doors, roof and hood piled with it, and the flakes are still falling rapidly. I've never seen anything like it, and stand transfixed for a while.

“Everything all right?” comes Wren's sleepy voice from the bed, and I look over to see his head peering out from the blankets.

“Yeah,” I say, stunned. “Yeah, it's just... a lot of snow. Never seen so much in one place.”

He sits up squinting, to see what I see, and frowns.

“Shit,” he moans unhappily. I laugh despite his expression, and go about my task of feeding logs into the stove. “I was meant to deliver our reports tomorrow afternoon.”

“Don't think that's happening, partner,” I hum, dusting my hands off after the stove is burning hot again. Wren sighs like the world rests on his shoulders and collapses back into bed.

I take the opportunity to check our supplies. Plenty of pantry essentials to work with, some canned goods, and I left the faucet dripping as instructed, so no burst pipes yet. We'll be all right for a number of days, if it comes to that. It looks like I might get my wish granted for a snow day or two.

The closets hold little treasures as well. Various coats, extra linens, some tools and tarps. And some hunting gear, surprisingly. I make a mental note to check in with the motel clerk, to make sure everyone has enough food to go around, already nominating myself as the hunter-gatherer.

“What are you doing?” Wren calls from the bed, sounding exhausted and perturbed.

“Just taking stock,” I mutter back, lifting a bolt action rifle from the corner of the closet and frowning, lifting it into my arms to look it over. It's old, for sure, but it's in decent condition –

I open the lever to check the bolt and it's unloaded, as it should be. Wren sits upright.

“Was that a *gun*?” he demands, hearing me cock the lever open. “Why is there a gun in the *closet*?”

“Relax, we're pretty far out in the sticks. It's good we have it. And it was unloaded,” I add, but Wren looks anxious. “I won't load a clip unless it looks like we need to. I *am* going to clean it out tomorrow, though. Just in case.”

“Will you please come back to bed?” Wren asks, sighing. I safely lock the rifle and tuck it away, shutting the closet and padding back to the wooden bedframe. His anxiety-ridden face tracks my movement back.

“Didn't mean to spook you,” I say as I slide into the covers again, and Wren lets me take my previous spot beside him before sliding in closer. “You looked like you were having a rough dream before you woke up.”

“I was,” he yawns, and says nothing else, scooting close to return to my warmth. I'm quick to close the gap and loop my arm around him again.

“Doesn't sound like you want to share,” I observe, and Wren's hand slips up to hold me by the neck loosely. He kisses me, and my thoughts drift completely out of my head for a moment.

“I don't,” he says softly when we part. He looks... conflicted, I think, and there's pain and something like grief resting on his features.

“You're okay,” I assure him, a little off balance from his sincerity.

“Yes. I'm okay,” Wren echoes, resolutely, and heaves an exhausted sigh. *Like a tired old dog*, I think, before admonishing myself. He's a tired old *man*. “And I'd like to take my mind off of it.”

My ears perk up at that.

“Yeah?” I ask, encouraging him to elaborate, but he doesn't. He does give me elevator eyes briefly, however, with the ghost of a smile. I grin back, and his facade breaks a bit – he turns his face to the pillow, smiling.

“Stop that,” he says, trying to compose himself.

“I'm not *doing* anything,” I insist, playfully combative. I press closer to him, to insert my smiling face into the gap between his head and shoulder and nuzzle him aggressively, growling. He squawks, tickled, and we're laughing harder, louder – we tussle briefly, me trying to worm back under his chin and Wren pinching my sides, *hard*, which makes me bark

with laughter, loud and raucous. His hands come up to muffle me, pressing lightly over my mouth, but he's still smiling, and so am I.

"You're so *noisy*," Wren chides, and I press his chilly hands to my mouth, holding them to my lips like I'm warming a baby bird. I kiss his palms and knuckles and curled fingers, and he lets me, to his credit. My eyes are low and lidded, but I flick them up to Wren's face now and then. He never quite knows what to do, when I pay attention to him like this – his expression is difficult to read, and he seems hesitant, but his eyes are soft.

"Sweet boy," he sighs, without a small amount of exasperation, and signals he's had enough by slipping his hands away and pulling me in for a kiss. My pulse skips and I press in eagerly. He doesn't have many terms of endearment that don't seem baked into his way of speaking, and a part of me likes when he knocks me down a bit with them.

Wren hums, parting from me with a sharp little smile.

"You're hard already, darling," he observes with obvious satisfaction, and I flush and grin, laughing. I do also have a deep fondness for 'darling', as liberally as he uses it – no one's ever called me something like that. It leaves me a little flustered, and I can't respond much beyond a dull 'umm' before his hands slip down my chest, fondling my middle. "Can't control yourself, can you?" he teases, and I laugh.

"Not really," I admit, and he scoffs, pressing against me. His hands rub slow circles on my stomach and chest under my night shirt, and his legs are shifting closer, to press his thigh between my legs, up against the swell of my cock through my shorts. "Can *you*?" I ask, my shocked laughter stuttering out, and Wren smiles at my expression.

"Quiet," he warns, looking sheepish. "Maybe you were right about the snow."

"I can do eating or fucking – nesting we gotta talk more about," I mutter, and he laughs, lightly. He seems to think to himself for a moment and I watch his face for insight, but I can't read him. "...Unless you want to talk about it?" I offer, uncertain. He groans.

"*No thank you*," he says, every word dripping with exhaustion.

"Are you hungry?" I ask, and he stares at me briefly.

"What?" he asks.

"You know. Eating and fucking. Can't fuck if you're hungry," I say, with authority. He tuts like he's about to naysay me, but then he pauses for a while.

"You're hungry, aren't you?" I say, fixing him with a knowing look and propping up on one elbow. "I didn't see you eat anything after the drive."

Wren flushes, and I think I've embarrassed him somehow.

"I'm... yes, well, no – I didn't," he says, finally, and I nod, waiting for more detail that doesn't come. "But it's the middle of the night–"

“So? You were trying to fuck, we could at least make some food first,” I insist, and Wren hesitates. “I’ll cook us something.”

“What’s available?” Wren says finally, relenting just a little, wary.

I slide out of bed, much to his disappointment, but he sits up and follows my movements as I walk over to the small kitchen area near the stove. I start raiding the pantry.

“No fresh meat obviously, but we’ve got some canned, some cured,” I say, and he grunts in reply. I pull out soups, canned fruit and veg, flour and sugar, molasses – and a very cold bag of apples, among the root vegetables, tucked into the cold storage. I turn around to ask Wren something, and I see he’s laid back down, eyes closed. I smile over at him.

“Hey,” I call over, and his eyes slide open. “You like apple cake?”

“Mh. Never had it,” he yawns.

“Get some shut eye. I’ll wake you up when it’s ready,” I say, and he immediately adjusts to snuggle deeper into the blankets, rolling over and disappearing.

“Wren. Hey,” I nudge Wren, rubbing his shoulder firmly. It’s about two hours later. He groans, rolling in the covers slowly, stretching, and I hold the steaming plate out of his arm’s radius, smiling and sitting on the edge of the bed. My other hand places a mug of tea on the nightstand. “Got breakfast for you.”

“Oh... my... already?” he murmurs, blearily sitting up and sighing deeply. He notices the smell first I think, and then looks at the plate in my hands with some surprise. He smiles softly as I hold it out to him, taking it in his hands.

“Oh – you’ve brought it right to me. Thank you darling,” he says, still groggy, and I bend to top his head up with a light smooch before standing up. “Oh, it smells wonderful. What was it?” he asks, already cutting into it with the fork.

“Apple cake. Apples, cake batter, cinnamon and brown sugar,” I rattle off, grabbing my own plate off the counter. The remains of the mess I’ve made litters the area; this includes some bread loaves stuck into a warm corner to rise.

Wren glances at the mess but doesn’t comment, lost in chewing his first bite. He looks tired, his eyes distant, staring out the window. I sit back beside him, putting my own mug beside his, and we eat quietly for a while. I’m enjoying it so much I forget to check and see if he even likes it, and turn to him, feeling silly.

“Taste okay?” I ask, and he seems to blink back to awareness.

“Oh, ah— it's *very* lovely, thank you— I'm sorry, I...” he hesitates, his fork poised, before laying it down on the plate. “I was lost in thought.”

“What are you thinking about?” I ask him, glancing down at my plate to take a big bite, chewing for a while before I look up.

Wren has a tear running down his face, eyes glossy and wet.

I almost choke trying to rush my food down my throat, already setting my plate aside.

“Whoa, hey,” I say, swallowing thickly and reaching to move Wren's plate aside as well. When I take it from him, he seems to wake up and brushes the tears from his cheeks quickly, taking a sharp breath. His posture sags as he presses his fingers to his mouth.

I offer my open arms to him, and he leans closer with some reluctance, so I cross the gap he leaves and wrap him in my arms tightly. He's slack at first, exhaling with the force I squeeze him with, but then his arms slide up my back and grip me, hanging from my cotton shirt. He takes a deep, shuddering breath through his nose and lets it out through his mouth. He does this four times.

“I'm sorry, I think I just... I was overcome,” he says suddenly, sounding at a loss. He laughs, a single surprised bark, before resting his forehead on my shoulder. “I'm not sure what happened.”

“You're okay,” I say confidently, rubbing his back. “Happens to all of us. You want to hash it out?”

“I'm...” Wren's voice waivers, “I'm not sure.”

“It's cool,” I reassure him, “Take it easy.”

Wren pauses. “I just felt... a sense of deep ease, and it lingered for such a long time,” he says, muffled against my shoulder, sounding almost wistful. “I started ruminating on it and I suppose it touched something sensitive.”

I think back to my earlier spiraling about where we'll be in the future, and I swallow a lump in my throat and nod.

“Yeah. I understand,” I say, leaving space for him to reply. He's quiet, and we lean against each other for a while. A pit gnaws in my stomach. “I'm glad you felt... comforted, for a while.”

Wren laughs softly, sighing, and I lean down to touch his hair with my nose, wishing I could ease his burdens a little longer.

“You're probably also fuckin', crazy from not eating,” I say, and he grumbles.

“There is that,” he agrees begrudgingly. “Bursting into tears isn't the worst thing that's happened while not meeting my body's needs. It was very sweet of you to let me sleep and then deliver me breakfast.”

“Yeah, well,” I mutter, shrugging off the mention. Wren persists, cheek resting on my shoulder, just out of sight. I feel him gazing at me.

“You have romantic impulses,” he observes, a soft smile in his voice and his breath on my neck. I feel my face warm. “You're attentive, now that we're...well. Together, in a sense. It's a little unexpected.”

I'm feeling a little too seen in the moment, and pause to flush and make some noncommittal noises. I don't know what to say. Wren laughs, kindly at least, and pats my chest.

“All right, he's shy – I understand,” he teases, and I sigh loudly.

“It just—” I try to explain, “It feels good. It feels like it matters.”

Wren pauses, waiting for me to continue, and I glance over at our faintly steaming mugs of tea, forgotten.

“Some of the stuff I used to do, for the village, for work after that – it felt... like nothing. Like waiting,” I murmur. “Then the accident, and the Bureau – it kind of felt like I was meant to end up here. With other people like me. With you, maybe. For a little while – I don't know.”

Wren is quiet, and I feel him staring. When he speaks, it's with a smile.

“That's *very* romantic talk, Receiver,” he says, his voice darkly amused, and I groan aloud.

“I'm not *trying* to—” I mumble, but he touches my lips with his fingertips, hushing me.

“It's not necessarily a bad thing,” he insists, rising from my shoulder to look me in the eyes. “Though you could stand to try carrying me less.”

“Sorry I dropped you,” I mutter sadly. He pats my shoulder, nodding.

“Your chivalry has limits, darling. And I don't like my agency taken away,” he says, and then leans close, his smiling lips brushing mine, “...but I do enjoy an attentive lover.”

I grin and dip my head to catch his mouth, but he's pulling away from me to sit back on the bed. I follow him.

“I can be *very* attentive,” I say, closing in on Wren – I move into his space with intent and patience, and he lets me, slowly, looking me over.

“I know,” he says softly, his smile baring teeth just briefly as I shift his legs apart to slip between them and follow him down onto the bed. He reaches up to me, and I lightly catch his

wrists and press them back over his head, pinning him to the bed. He sighs deeply when I kiss him this way. It's languid and easy for a while, and we're starting to warm up again, when I realize something.

“Oh shit, are you hungry still?” I ask him, pulling back briefly in alarm. I let go of his hands, poised to let him up. “Do you need to finish eating?”

Wren groans and pulls me back down without answering me, his hands winding in my hair as he presses furtive kisses to my lips to keep me from asking any more questions. I laugh and return the enthusiasm, forgetting my concerns. It's a while before we finish our breakfast.

Chapter 4: cabin fever part two

Chapter Summary

Part two of the cabin fic with Receiver and Wren.

Chapter Notes

Receiver is a follower of the Saint Electric, created by me (swampknives.bsky.social)
Wren is a follower of the Scrivener, created by MY WIFE!!! (breven.bsky.social)
Robin's Egg is a follower of ???, created by vesta z (godaughtr.bsky.social)

We both sleep fitfully, despite the fact that we're warm and comfortable. I wake a few times to Wren standing and peeking out the window or padding to the small washroom, and I get hungry in the small hours and sit on the kitchen counter eating crackers until Wren wakes again for water and chastises me for leaving with my warmth, barely conscious.

We sleep through sunrise and on, and it's late morning before I finally move to rise, Wren grunting as I slide his arm off my stomach.

My first step outside wakes me up like nothing else. The sharp crunch of the snow underfoot and the freezing air on my face makes me smile, and I head down towards the other cabins. I check in with everyone – they're all awake and staying warm inside. Food stock is fine, firewood is fine. It looks like I won't need to take to the woods with the rifle after all.

I walk the property until my nose feels frozen and the sun is almost at midday. I find a huge copse of hawthorn bushes and fill an empty pocket of my bag with berries. I leave plenty for the birds and foxes.

When I return, Wren is awake and changing clothes. I stomp the snow off my boots outside and slip inside quickly.

“G’ morning,” I greet him, and he looks over at me, holding a warm undershirt in his hands.

“Good morning,” he replies, and I watch him pull the shirt over his head, enjoying my glimpse of his bare torso.

“All's well downhill,” I report. “Everyone is good on food and fuel. No damage. Plows are due here in the next couple days and the radio in the van works perfect still, so I spoke to some locals huddled up nearby. They're well and don't need anything. Called home office and they're aware we're stuck for a few days – I let them know about our reports and they said to deliver them as soon as plows come through.”

“Aren't you a busy bee this morning?” Wren observes, pulling on his overshirt and setting to buttoning it.

“Snow's incredible to see,” I continue, taking off my boots at the door and shrugging off my coat to hang it up. “I cleared off the van's windows and roof, too. It just slid right off.”

“Good. Then it won't freeze there,” Wren says, sounding pleased.

I take off my bag and start taking out things I picked up on my walk - some dryer twigs I lashed together to replenish the tinder, a big bundle of chives I found growing protected under a bush, the hawthorn berries...

“What on earth have you brought back?”

Wren shrugs on one of his thick sweaters, pacing over to observe me unloading my pockets.

“Took a long walk. Scrounged a little,” I answer, and he hums, curious. I put the chives straight into the sink to wash, but the berries seem to interest Wren the most.

“Are these safe?” he asks, wary, and I nod and make an affirmative noise, holding a small handful out for him to inspect. He picks up a single berry and looks it over.

“They're haws,” I say, and then add, “Hawthorn, I mean – good for eating and cooking. We'd make ink out of them as kids.”

“You don't say,” Wren says, handing me back the single berry. He looks intrigued, but shows no desire to handle any of the things I'm unearthing from my pack. Probably because they're all covered in dirt or melted snow, to some degree.

“Yeah. Dries bright green. Or yellow. Depending on the tree,” I say, popping the glossy berry into my mouth.

“You didn't *wash* it—” he chides me, and I smile at him, tossing another in. He sighs and wanders away, unwilling to witness my misbehaving.

“Well, I have no plans to leave unless I absolutely must. It's cold enough in *here*,” Wren says, sighing. “It was miserable during the morning when it burned down to the coals, but I thought it might be best to conserve fuel. It's quite low right now, for instance.”

“I think we’re alright on firewood,” I explain, emptying the rest of the berries into a strainer to wash. There’s more than I thought - plenty to cook something up, or bake. “We’ll be out of here in a couple days. But it’s probably good to be cautious.”

“I noticed you have... bread dough? On the counter?” he asks, and I brush my hands off, turning to him. “There’s no oven.”

“I’m going to put it in a pot in the coals – now’s good timing, if the fire’s low.”

Wren considers this, and then nods, deciding not to question me. I can see that he’s unfamiliar with the practice, but understands how it must function. I move on with my tasks, and he walks away to his own devices. I wash all my spoils and trim the chives, setting them aside – they’ll be good in a soup I want to make. The berries I’m undecided on, but they’ll probably be muffins come tomorrow.

I catch Wren watching me from his writing desk that he’s set up near the stove and gaze back, lost in my thoughts but waiting for him to speak. He tilts his head at me, sizing me up.

“I’ve never really seen you cook, I realize,” Wren says, finally. I shrug and turn back to the counter. “You mostly eat.”

“I *do* love to eat,” I agree, “You can eat quicker if you’re not the one cooking. But I had to cook most of my meals as a kid, so I guess the urge comes back now and then.”

“Lucky for us,” he sighs. “I’m not spectacular at the craft.”

I laugh and start to fill a pot with water for soup – I need to soak the salt pork before even thinking about using it for soup, so I throw a chunk in and set it on the stove for a real low simmer.

“It’s a lifesaver,” I say, “I can teach you, if you want.”

Wren hums, but doesn’t reply immediately.

“I don’t have much to teach, but what I’ve got I’d like to share,” I keep going, turning my head back to him. “You teach me shit all the time.”

“Do I?” he asks, distracted by his papers, and I smile while he’s not looking.

“Yeah. You’re a good teacher,” I say, and he looks up at me. I quickly look away, rattling on. “I’ve learned a lot from you. You don’t make me feel stupid for asking things, either.”

“No one should be made to feel stupid for not knowing something they were never taught,” Wren says, with some disdain lurking at the corners of his voice. I nod, quiet for a while, and we lose ourselves in our respective tasks.

I boil up the salt pork and change the water a few times to put together a bean soup with ham, chives and potato and bake the bread up while it's simmering; we have a late lunch sitting on the bed, with the weather forecast and easy listening humming on the radio.

Afterwards I'm so full of warm soup and fresh bread that I crawl back into bed entirely, taking off my pants and shirt and getting comfortable in the blankets. I also get Wren's attention; he puts his pen aside and closes his notebook, taking off his glasses to massage his eyes.

"Are you lying down?" he asks, looking over at me.

"Mmhm," I grunt happily, eyes closed and smiling. "Snow day." He's quiet, but I hear him rustling as well, standing briefly before he returns to bed, the covers peeling back. My eyes open to Wren sliding into bed beside me, in a nightshirt and briefs. "Hey. Fancy meeting you here."

Wren smiles, shaking his head at my stale joke and carding his fingers through my hair; I hum, closing my eyes again, and he shifts closer.

I feel his fingertips graze my stomach before his hands come to rest fully on it, and I grin, opening my eyes to observe him appreciating its bulk after our hearty lunch. He's staring at me, and catches my gaze immediately. He gives me a mysterious smile, and I watch him, intrigued.

"How am I doing?" I ask, hoping to tease him a bit, and he chuckles softly, not answering me. He presses closer and leans over me, and I'm caught up in watching him, watching me. His hand raises to push my shoulder, guiding me to lay on my back rather than on my side, and I follow his lead, curious.

I raise my hand to hold his waist, but he's quick – he catches my wrist and presses it back down to the bed, making a soft scolding sound. My stomach flips and my mouth goes dry. "Wren?"

"Don't touch me," he orders me softly, and I freeze. "If you touch me, I'll stop what I'm doing."

My heart in my throat, I nod quickly, my hands clutching the bed sheets. My eyes dart over his face, and he fixes me with a patient smile, waiting.

"...Good," he says, after a moment. Then he swings a leg over my thighs to hoist himself up and straddle me – I hold my breath for a second before I realize I'm doing it, exhaling sharply, but my hands stay clenched in place. "Mm, this looks difficult for you already. I hope you'll manage."

I flush and can't think of a witty reply while Wren grins down at my haggard face, looking very comfortable on top of me. I regret now the lengths I've gone to harass him – just a little.

Wren observes me briefly, before leaning back to brace his hands against my knees, and his hips rock slowly against mine. I gasp and try to breathe through it as I watch his body shift and roll to grind against me, my cock springing quickly to attention.

“Shit,” I curse, and he laughs brightly, sighing.

“Oh my, that was fast, wasn't it?” he murmurs, reaching down to rub me playfully, and I feel my face flush from my neck to the roots of my hair.

“Come on, Wren,” I rasp, but he is unaffected by my pleas, making thoughtful noises as he strokes me through the fabric. I can catch my breath when he lets go, but only for a moment as he rolls his hips over me again, the sensation becoming more and more intense the longer he persists. I feel him, warm and soft and waiting on the other side of the fabric.

Wren gives a breath of a laugh at my vocal enthusiasm and pauses, which is a relief, but when his hands go for my waistband my stomach flinches. He rubs my belly, cooing, before exposing me entirely – I'm frozen, gasping, eyes locked on him as he takes me in hand and strokes me slowly.

My hands grip the sheets and ache to touch him. I want to bury my hands in his hair and run my hands over his bare skin, I want to kiss and bite him so much my teeth hurt–

“Breathe, Receiver,” he says, hushed, and I exhale in a rush before inhaling shakily, to his amusement. “There we are. Keep breathing...”

Wren stops stroking me to raise slightly on his legs and pull his briefs aside, exposing himself next – I realize what he's doing and my legs shift anxiously, my breath coming quicker as he grasps my cock and lines us up.

“OhfuckWren–” I wheeze as he sinks down onto me, exhaling slowly, and I make a tortured noise, which he seems to really enjoy. He lowers himself quickly, unwilling to tense his legs for much longer perhaps, and he makes a sound of relief and pleasure that goes straight to my reptile brain. I almost raise my hands to grab him, but I stop them in midair, clenching them into fists.

Wren makes a tutting noise at me and I growl in frustration, dropping them back over my head to grip at the headboard's slats, gasping for breath as he rocks slowly on top of me.

“Oh, it's being *so* good,” Wren sighs, bracing against my solid chest and core and breathing slow as he fucks me. I roll my hips to meet him and his eyelids flutter, gaze soft as I push against him.

I'm more vocal than I'm aware of, I think, my mind buzzing as I barely register the breath, the exhale, the vibration in my throat. I try to keep my jaw clamped shut, but I just end up groaning through it pathetically before I have to open my mouth and breathe openly again, gasping. My hands are gripping the slats of the headboard like iron, wringing the wood as I resist the terrible temptation to grab Wren by the neck and topple him.

Wren likes my discomfort, and I feel him watching me closely as I have to let my head fall back, my eyes shutting tight against his penetrating gaze.

“Fuck, Wren, *please*—” I plead, and his breathless laugh twists the knife. “Please let me—I—” I stammer, and he makes a pitying noise.

“You *can* beg, if you like,” Wren says, exhaling with pleasure as he uses me. “You won't change my mind.”

My head spins, and I can only whine low and long through my closed mouth and gritted teeth. It's a small victory to be able to shift my body and buck my hips against him, but I do it sparingly – he might take that away too. It seems welcome for now, though, and he's distracted with the effort of moving and pushing down against me.

It feels good to have him weighing me down, his fingers digging into my flesh, and when I open my eyes I feel overwhelmed all over again. His eyes are downcast, and he's leaning over me to brace, rocking his hips with purpose, but so slowly – his eyes flit up to me when I lift my head to peer down, and he reaches up and grabs me by the bottom jaw, forcing my head back so I can't look at him.

All of the hair stands up on my neck and I let him handle me without a struggle, whimpering under his palm. It's embarrassing, and kind of uncomfortable, and I can't think – I just try to breathe, in and out, through my nose, until he removes his hand to brace again. I keep my head back, gasping when he releases my mouth.

“Oh, it *liked* that,” Wren whispers, rubbing my chest, and I groan in reply.

“Yeah,” I breathe, squeezing my eyes shut. “It really, *really* did.”

Wren's soft laughter carries up to me just before I hear him curse under his breath, his hands clutching me as he rocks a little faster. “You had *better* last, Receiver, I—oh—” he murmurs, lost in the motion, and I nod quickly, head back and panting.

“Okay—okay—” I gasp, at the end of my rope but completely unwilling to disappoint him. The wooden bed frame shifts and creaks below us, the only other sound besides our breath and bodies, and Wren's cries winding up – I feel him start to tense and clutch me, moaning aloud, and I think he's close, I know he is.

I roll my hips up against him only when I think it'll help, and it certainly seems to, because he nods feverishly for me to continue, breathing escalating until a cry forms in his throat, building exponentially as he feels the rush wash over him.

It feels perfect; I think I black out a little. I feel pure electricity course through my body, and, not to be grim – but it's way better than the first time that happened to me.

Wren's arms and legs are shaking by the end, and we're both left panting and dazed – I let my arms fall loosely behind me, letting go of the headboard and lying prone until Wren flaps a hand at me, head hanging, exhausted. I look up and he gestures for my hand, which I offer, and he uses it to brace and lift his body as I push up against him with my arm. I slip out of him and hiss sharply, Wren lowering himself down beside me. He lays face down for a short while, groaning and breathless.

“Can I touch you now?” I groan, and when he nods, turning his head to face me, I roll slightly and wrap my arm around his waist, pressing groggy kisses to his shoulder. “*Fuck*. Saints-alive, Wren.”

“Mhn,” he grunts, eyes closed and still coming down. I let him come back to himself for a while, unwrapping him and laying back, closing my eyes and replaying my favorite sensations in my mind.

Wren recovers after a few minutes and rolls over to pat my stomach fondly, like you would a big horse. I giggle a bit at the image involuntarily, and I see him smile, so I roll towards him and wrap him in my arms. He allows this, begrudgingly.

“What got into *you*?” I murmur at his neck, and he gives a soft chuckle.

“What do you mean?” he asks slyly, placing a hand on my head and carding through my hair idly with his fingers.

“That was awesome,” I say, at a loss, and he laughs aloud, startled.

“Well, that's high praise I suppose,” he mutters. “He’s not *eloquent*, but he's impressed.”

“It *was* awesome!” I snap, smiling back. “I mean – how would you describe it –” I mutter, before breaking into as deep and haughty a Wren impression as I can manage, “*Truly exceptional; quite thrilling.*”

Wren scoffs loudly and shoves me, but I'm already wrapping him up tighter, laughing at my own joke.

“You oaf,” he growls, but I see him grinning back. “See if I ever do that again, my legs are *killing* me.”

“Aw come on, I'm teasing, don't be sore—” I plead, and he sighs haggardly. “I'll give you my honest review.” Wren seems tickled by my insistence and pauses, before peering at me expectantly.

“All right. Go ahead.”

As shy as it makes me to divulge, I'm bolstered by having recently orgasmed, so I start talking, letting the words come easier.

“Well,” I start, avoiding his eyes, “I've never, uh. Had that happen – somebody on top of me like that.”

Wren is quiet, and seems to be listening.

“And you *really* took control – I liked that,” I stammer, and I see Wren's sly smile spreading as he sees me struggle to be vulnerable. “I like, uh...” I hesitate, thinking over my wording.

“Yes?” Wren urges me on, and I laugh nervously.

“I like when... it feels like I'm being used,” I croak, and Wren makes a curious, satisfied sound at my admission. “Like that's all I'm good for. I liked the rules, and how you spoke to me.”

“Interesting,” Wren muses. “It was a little self-serving, yes, but you took to it *quite* quickly.”

“No, I *liked* that,” I explain eagerly, and I feel like I can meet his gaze now. “I like being useful. Or, uh, solid, or sturdy—”

“Oh, you were *solid*, certainly,” Wren says, lingering on the word and smiling knowingly at me. I'm shocked into silence for a moment, mouth open and brow furrowed as I stare at him; he looks delighted.

“Nasty old man,” I whisper harshly and roll on top of him, peppering him with kisses. He makes a squashed and startled noise and stretches against me to get me to loosen my grip, exasperated.

“Ugh, get off,” he grunts. “Work out your paternal issues somewhere else.”

“Mmh, why? You're the whole package,” I mutter, grinning and sitting up on my elbows to give Wren some room. I press my lips to his jaw, his neck. “You're smart, you're hot... you order me around, you've got arthritis—”

“Little shit,” he curses me, pushing my face away as I start to laugh. “You're on thin ice.”

“Would it help if I gave you a massage?” I ask, and I can see the wheels turning.

“It might improve your situation,” Wren admits, and I grin.

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