

## Tumblr Prompts

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Characters:	<a href="#">Stiles Stilinski</a> , <a href="#">Peter Hale</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Holmes</a> , <a href="#">Mycroft Holmes</a> , <a href="#">Joker (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">Tony Stark</a> , <a href="#">Pepper Potts</a> , <a href="#">Nathan Summers</a> , <a href="#">Wade Wilson</a> , <a href="#">Sam Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Mikey Way</a> , <a href="#">Gerard Way</a> , <a href="#">Dan Dreiberg</a> , <a href="#">John Constantine</a> , <a href="#">Victor Creed</a> , <a href="#">Logan (X-Men)</a> , <a href="#">Tony Masters (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Billy Kaplan</a> , <a href="#">Teddy Altman</a> , <a href="#">Gwen (Merlin)</a> , <a href="#">Kate Bishop</a> , <a href="#">Dick Grayson</a> , <a href="#">Jason Todd</a> , <a href="#">Jordan Parrish</a> , <a href="#">Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">John Watson</a> , <a href="#">Rorschach (Watchmen)</a> , <a href="#">Background &amp; Cameo Characters</a> , <a href="#">Jack Sparrow</a> , <a href="#">Elizabeth Swann</a>
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# Tumblr Prompts

by [JupiterMelichios](#)

## Summary

Various ficlets written for prompts sent to my tumblr.

Chapters are titled with the fandom and pairing.

## Notes

See the individual chapter notes for specific warnings.

Be aware that some works in this contain incest and mentions of underage and dubcon.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Translation into Русский available: [Restricted Work] by [naid](#)

# Silver Fox - Teen Wolf (Steter)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Steter trying to go down on the other, under the table, during dinner

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: public sex

There's a guy in the corner of the restaurant, older but very good looking, expensive suit and a knowing look in his eye that I'm not even going to try and deny I think is sexy, trying to pretend he's not being sucked off under the table. To give him his due, he's doing an impressive job.

They're in my section, and I actually know how to do my job, so of course I noticed when the guy's companion (a little shorter, much younger, cute in a baby-faced way, with a cheeky grin) ostentatiously dropped his fork and disappeared under the table after it. I'm not a complete innocent, so I waited to see if he came out before I took over a clean one. (Spoiler: he didn't).

I was debating whether I should actually say anything (on the one hand, my job, on the other, embarrassing as hell for all involved) when under-table-twink started doing his thing, and silver fox dude's eyes went all heavy lidded and smouldery, and his mouth fell open, just a tiny bit, not enough to alert anyone who didn't know what was going on, but knowing where his boyfriend was at that moment... yeah, that was a sex face alright. And it was one damn fine sex face.

I was just starting to think that maybe I ought to intervene, damn fine sex face or no damn fine sex face, when, I swear, Silver Fox dude looked right at me. And he winked. And licked his lips.

And that's why I need you to cover my area while I take my break early.

# Winning - Teen Wolf (Steter)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: trying to turn the other on

## Chapter Notes

Not-so-subtly set in the Unbalanced 'Verse

His beautiful boy is, so far as all sane and right-thinking people are concerned, the most desirable being on the planet. His mind is razor-sharp, his legs go on forever, his skin bruises at the slightest touch, and the look on his face when he's swinging his bat... well. Peter could write odes.

For some reason, Stiles doesn't seem to understand any of this, and thinks he has to actually work at turning Peter on. Occasionally Peter thinks he should do something about that, but then Stiles does something like sit and watch TV naked while he ices his latest bruises, or carefully fail to wash away some of the less visible blood when he's been out alone, and Peter thinks that it's probably better all round if he keeps quiet. Stiles is so thrilled, every single time, when his adorably obvious seduction attempts work, and Peter would have to be a bigger fool than even his idiot nephew to rob himself of the chance to watch Stiles work so hard to win something he already has. Sometimes Peter thinks maybe he's being a selfish asshole, but then he remembers he doesn't care, and settles in to enjoy the show.

# Focus - Marvel Comics (Cablepool)

## Chapter Summary

prompt: sexting

## Chapter Notes

This is comics, rather than movie, 'verse

There are certain infonet feeds that Nate is always monitoring, regardless of what else he's doing. Rumikestan is one, Providence another. Deadpool is a third.

For the most part, he gets grainy footage of Wade fighting ridiculous monsters that probably had nothing to do with him, or rants from various members of the superhero community who suffered unexpected run-ins with the Merc with a Mouth and are pissed about it. Today though...

*"Just got myself a new dress"* the post reads, and Nate honestly has no idea when Wade had got his own blog. It seems like the sort of thing Wade would have told him. *"The skirt's a bit short, but it makes my legs look fantastic. Feeling sexy ♡♡♡."*

Cable rubs his head and decides to ignore it. So what if Wade is sharing things online that Nate though only he knew about... well. That isn't important. Rumikestan is important.

*"These satin panties feel amazing 🍆 Never going back to ordinary cotton after this."*

Rumikestan.

*"The lace on the bodice of the dress rests right against my nipples. It's making it hard to concentrate 😊."*

Very. Very hard and... No. Work. Politics.

*"I hope it's okay to get satin wet. What with the lube from the plug I put in before I got dressed, and my cock leaking, these panties are soaking 💦🍆💦♡"*

Okay. That was it. Even the strongest man has his breaking point, and Nate has reached his. He'll just bodyslide over to Wade's, and... talk to him. Yes. Talk. He'll talk to him about how

maybe *some things* aren't appropriate for a wider audience such as, oh I don't know, maybe the **entire damn internet!**

\*several hours later\*

“Nate, you do know that blog is locked, right? Only friends and snooping Jesus wannabe types with the internet in their brain can see what I post. And we both know I don't have any friends.”

# Pervert - Teen Wolf (Steter)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: pinning the other against a wall & having some “private time” and the other accidentally walking in

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: underage character, age difference, dubious consent

Peter is prepared to admit, even in his own mind, that breaking into Stiles’ bedroom (and it was breaking in, since Stiles has had a lock fitted on his bedroom window, *and* set up a mountain ash barrier) so he could masturbate in the boy's bed did border on ‘creepy stalker’ behaviour. (The words had been Stiles’, last time he caught Peter sniffing him. In his defence, the boy smells *heavenly*.)

He doesn’t feel that his behaviour is objectionable enough to warrant being hit around the head with an extremely large algebra text-book however, or any of the names Stiles calls him when he comes home unexpectedly early and catches him. Frankly he doesn’t see why Stiles objects quite so strongly to his having a little crush.

It takes him a moment to get his jeans pulled up enough that they’re not significantly restricting his movements, but once they’re pulled up too his hips (still unfastened and with his cock hanging out obscenely) he catches his assailant up by the throat, and slams him into the wall beside his bedroom door hard enough that the wall shakes and the door swings shut.

“If you have any complaints with my behaviour,” he tells the struggling boy, “you can address them to me a calm and reasonable manner. There is no need for violence.”

Stiles makes some very indignant gasping noises, and attempts to kick him in the shins, so Peter lets him down, pressing his hands to the wall either side of Stiles’ head to keep him from bolting.

“**Object?!!**” Stiles yells, shoving ineffectually at Peter’s chest. “I do more than *object* you fucking pervert! This is my fucking room and you were... In my fucking **bed!** I’m going to have to *burn* those sheets! And your fucking dick is still right fucking there, and Jesus Christ you’re still hard! You are such a fucking pervert, I’m going to fucking report you. I’m underage, you could go to jail for this shit, you realise that?! I’m going to call my fucking dad...”

Peter kisses him. There really seems no other way of getting him to shut up without damaging his beautiful mouth.

After a moment of shock, Stiles kisses him back enthusiastically. But he still kicks him in the balls the minute Peter lets him go.



# Mercy - Marvel Comics (Cablepool)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: tying up the other

“I worked in a circus for a while, I ever tell you that? The Unkillable man. They got the knife throwing guy to kebab me twice a night. Wasn’t a bad job, all told. And the bearded lady was kinda hot, in a bristly sort of way. Plus sometimes they’d get me to fill in for other performers, if they were off sick or anything. Which is how I learnt to do... this!”

Nate rubbed his forehead. “Wade, you were the one who asked me to tie you up. What’s the point if you’re just going to keep escaping every time I do?”

“I’m not escaping, I’m teaching you. You should probably be paying me for this. And I do want you to tie me up, trust me, I want it a *lot*, but it’s no fun if I can get out by myself. The whole point...”

Nate waited, but Wade didn’t continue. “The whole point...” he prompted finally.

“The whole point... *istobecompletelyatyourmercy*,” Wade said in a rush, something that was either a blush or a new rash of tumours staining his cheeks pink.

Nate grinned. “You know, Wade,” he said, flexing his T.O. fingers, “there’s a much simpler way to do that.”

Most telepaths would have struggled to hold a wriggling (and very naked) Wade Wilson for more than a few minutes, but Nate had experience. And added motivation, provided by the way Wade moaned and relaxed a little more every time his escape attempts were foiled.

After ten minutes of desperate struggling, Wade was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, rock hard, and ready to admit defeat.

Nate grinned at him. “Completely at my mercy,” he purred. “Whatever will I do with you?”

# Amazon - MCU (Pepperony)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: giving a lap dance

“You’re drunk, Tony.” He was. He was swaying slightly, his bowtie undone and shirt unbuttoned far lower than Pepper thought was acceptable even for one of Tony’s parties (maybe he’d undone in the car on the way home, and hadn’t been shmoozing with most of the Forbes list with his shirt unbuttoned almost to his stomach, but she didn’t hold out much hope) and he looked irritatingly attractive.

“And you’re beautiful. I ever tell you that? Really really beautiful. And tall. Reeceeeally tall. Like... like an *Amazon*!”

Pepper sighed, leaning back in her chair and looking up (although not far up because it was quite a high chair and Tony was, despite his protestations otherwise, not a tall man). “Thank you. And how many girls have you told that to so far tonight?”

Tony looked mildly offended. “The women at the party were all short!” he insisted, sidling closer like he thought she wouldn’t notice. “Not beautiful Amazons like you. Do you think you could pick me up, Pep? I betcha could. That’d be kinda hot.”

“I think,” Pepper said, “that you are going to feel really stupid in the morning when JARVIS inevitably shows you the footage of this conversation.”

Tony frowned. “Don’t you think I’m sexy, Pepper? Why don’t you think I’m sexy?”

“I think you’re very sexy,” she told him consolingly, comfortable in the knowledge that her tone of voice made it sound like the lie it totally wasn’t.

Tony gave a drunken cheer and took the last couple of steps towards her, hips swaying like a drunken salsa dancer. Then, before she could stop him, he dropped down so that he was sitting in her lap, legs straddling hers and his arms around her neck.

“Tony...”

“You think I’m *ssseeeeexy*,” Tony sing-songed at her, and then lifted up a little to give a little shimmy of his hips, head tipped back to reveal his bare neck, smooth and vulnerable. He ground down against her, his half hard cock rubbing against her stomach.

“Is this meant to be a lapdance?” she asked him, torn between amusement and arousal. “I’m pretty sure you’re not supposed to touch someone this much during a lapdance.”

“You are,” Tony said, undulating his whole body in a way that made it impossible to ignore how slim and well muscled he was, “if it’s a really good lapdance. And I give the *best* lapdances.”

He leant in and pressed a ridiculous smacking kiss to her cheek, and twisted his hips so he could rub his cock against her leg, and Pepper couldn’t help but grin. “Yeah,” she agreed, “You do. Now let's get you to bed.”

Tony managed to hit himself in the nose with his victory fist-pump. The fact that she still found him sexy was either proof that they were meant to be, or that he was rubbing off on her figuratively as well as literally.

# Boyfriend - Teen Wolf (Starrish)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Stiles/Parrish with Derek "interrupting"

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: very mild underage

“Oh no, am I trouble, officer?”

It was official. Stiles was the *worst* at dirty talk. Which was ridiculous, because talking was his thing, but apparently not in sexy situations of any kind, because he'd actually just said that, and now Jordan would think he was an idiot (which was true) and probably remember that Stiles was still technically underage (thus making their potential sexy times hella illegal) and then he'd try and brush this off and worst of all he'd be *nice* about it. Stiles closed his eyes. He could already feel the 'I'm sorry Stiles, I just don't think this is working out' forming.

It came as something of a shock therefore when what Jordan actually said was “Put your hands up or I will shoot you.” Which was a little more hardcore than Stiles had been intending to go on their first proper date, but let it never be said that he wasn't easy. He put his hands up. After a long moment of nothing much happening, he cautiously opened his eyes.

Jordan was standing up, his cock still tenting his boxers (holly shit, Stiles hadn't made him loose his erection with his totally fail attempts at sexiness, *win*) pointing his gun, which he'd apparently had with him on their date, at Derek Hale. Stiles would be kinda pissed about the gun on their date thing except that a) this was Beacon Hills, and b) Derek Hale, being held at gun point by his semi-naked maybe-sorta-they-hadn't-discussed-that-yet boyfriend.

“I know who you are,” Jordan said, his voice completely calm and a little bit cold (and *hello* competency kink, glad you decided to join the party), “And I know what you are. So I'm going to give you benefit of the doubt and assume you needed Stiles to do some research for you, or to act as bait, or whatever it is werewolves do with high-schoolers who are actually human. So I'm not actually going to shoot you, as long as you get back out of that window in the next thirty seconds.”

“And if I don't?” Derek asked, going a bit glowy around the eyes.

“Then I kneecap you and leave you on the floor to watch while I handcuff my boyfriend to the bed.” Jordan turned and grinned to Stiles, who was wondering whether it was possible to die simply from being in the presence of excessive amounts of awesome. “He’s been very bad, and the police have got a lot of questions to ask him.”

Stiles had the best boyfriend, ever.

# Validation - Sherlock (Holmescest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: successfully turning the other on

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: sibling incest

“... and the ash on your trouser leg makes your protestations of innocence quite ridiculous. Only the guilty party could possibly have...”

Mycroft leant back in his chair, eyes fixed on the figure of his brother on the laptop screen. His ridiculous coat was flapping behind him as he paced, fingers stretching abstract shapes in the air (fingers clad in the leather gloves Mycroft had bought for him the week before because the mere sight of them, sitting innocently in the shop window, had made him go weak at the knees, and which look even better on), hair a wild tangle from where Sherlock had scrubbed his hands through it in irritation.

The quality of the footage was mediocre at best but Mycroft's mind filled in all the little things the camera missed, the way Sherlock's cheeks would be flushed, the way his eyes would sparkle, the way he'd keep shooting subtle glances at John, seeking acknowledgement and validation from a source he freely acknowledged, to his brother at least, a second best. (“He's brilliant really, in his own way, but it's not the same when he's impressed with me, because I know there's no way he could ever in a million years have worked it out! It's so easy to impress normal people when they're so *stupid!*”)

Mycroft rarely allowed himself any personal indulgences at work, but on this occasion, he couldn't resist. His erection, which had been plaguing him ever since he noticed that Sherlock was wearing the gloves, he left strictly alone but he allowed himself the mental pleasure of imagining his next encounter with his brother, Sherlock's eagerness for praise hidden behind a façade of sullenness, his delight when Mycroft praised him for his excellent performance. And really, the image of Sherlock's smile when he was reassured that Mycroft loved him and was proud of him was more pleasurable than a thousand orgasms.

# Normal - DC Comics (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: trying to play footsie with the other during a meeting

## Chapter Notes

Seriously, I have no idea where this came from except that I couldn't imagine what kind of meetings Batsy and Joker would have. And also the idea of them still being them but also co-parenting Jason is hilarious to me. Can you imagine the birthday parties?

“The improvement in Jason’s behaviour has been marked,” the teacher was saying. “Really he’s almost a different boy. Of course I’m not supposed to say so, but I can’t help feeling it’s a result of having both parents in his life again...”

The woman gave Bruce a judgemental look, and Bruce bit the inside of his cheek to keep from pointing out that this was hardly his fault. Joker had spent the last year in Arkham. It was only thanks to him (and Jason’s puppy-dog eyes) that they’d got him out again so quickly.

“It can be very hard for a child, not having a stable home life...” the woman continued, but Bruce wasn’t listening, because he’d just felt a subtle touch on his ankle. He turned to glare at Joker, and only received a sunny smile in response, and the slow unmistakable rub of Joker’s polished shoes against the bone of Bruce’s ankle.

He smiled and nodded at the teacher, hoping she would assume that meant he was listening, and reached out with his left hand, catching Joker’s right, lacing their fingers together and squeezing as hard as he could. Their own particular warning signal for if he thought Joker was failing at blending in with the normal people.

Joker chuckled under his breath, so quietly Bruce was sure no one else would have heard it, and ran his foot up the back of Bruce’s leg.

When they got home, Bruce was going to kill Joker. It was hard enough, a vigilante and a supervillain trying to raise a kid, without Joker making things worse by touching him up during a goddamn parent-teacher evening!

Later, when Bruce demanded to know what the hell he’d been doing, Joker grinned as wide as he could manage in his normal person prosthetics would allow and said, “It’s called footsie. I saw it on TV.”





# Storm - Sherlock (Holmescest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: grinding up against the other

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: sibling incest, mentioned past underage

“My? I’m scared of the storm. Can I sleep in your bed?”

Mycroft chuckled despite himself. He disliked being woken in the night but sight of his now fully grown brother standing at his bedside doing his best to look like a vulnerable child (and failing, since he couldn’t keep the smirk from his face) went some way toward making up for the interrupted sleep.

“You’re twenty three,” he reminded his brother but he lifted the corner of his duvet all the same and let Sherlock’s slender form slip in beside him. Outside the thunder rumbled and rain lashed the windows.

“You always look after me, big brother,” Sherlock said, only half joking, and Mycroft placed a gentle kiss on his forehead and lay back down, the two of them shuffling around until they were both lying on their sides, Sherlock's back pressed against Mycroft's chest.

Mycroft had just begun to doze off again when Sherlock began to move.

It was slow at first, gentle enough that, had he been asleep, it probably wouldn’t have woken him but even drifting on the edge of consciousness and through two pairs of pyjamas, it was unmistakable. Sherlock was grinding against him.

“I never was scared of storms,” Sherlock whispered, rolling his hips. “Even as a child.”

“I know,” Mycroft told him, pressing a kiss to his shoulder. “You didn’t start claiming to be until you were seven and you found out I’d let you in my bed if you pretended. And of course there’s the way that, once you his puberty, you used every storm as an excuse to try and seduce me.”

Sherlock laughed, rubbing himself back against Mycroft’s rapidly hardening cock.

“You never tried to turn me away, as I recall,” he said, a touch breathily, memories of his big brother looking after him back then affecting him just as much as the feel of Mycroft’s cock pressed against his arse in the here and now. “Not even when I started turning up naked.”

“And you didn’t figure out that I enjoyed it, even when I started letting you rub off on me,” Mycroft pointed out with a smile.

“Ooooh.” Sherlock rolled over, pressed his cock against Mycroft’s thigh. “Let me? For old time’s sake?”

Mycroft smiled, and kissed his brother’s forehead. “When have I ever said no, little brother?”

# Cherry Pie - Supernatural (Wincest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: moaning the other's name, confessing a fantasy, and under-table blow-jobs

I think I did pretty well to fit in all three

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: sibling incest

“Under the table.” Sam is doing his best to keep a straight face, on the off chance that Dean is being serious. It seems unlikely but he doesn’t want to end up accidentally kink shaming his brother. Dean has enough hang-ups about their sex life as it is.

“While I eat cherry pie,” Dean agrees. His expression is perfect, open and eager and little bit nervous, all hidden behind an attempt at bravado, but then lying is a skill Winchesters cultivate from birth, so Sam’s placing no reliance on that. “It’s got to be really good cherry pie though, you know? I don’t think I could get it up if the filling came out of a tin, or the crust was soggy. It would ruin the mood.”

“The mood of me, sucking you off, under the table in a diner?” Sam’s getting incredulous but on the other hand, this is Dean so the chances that he does actually get turned on by diner food is pretty high.

“There’s gotta be a hot waitress too,” Dean says. “A college chick working to pay for school, something like that. With a tiny waist and a big ass, so when she walks away I can look at her and think ‘still not as sexy as my Sammy’.”

This has got to be bullshit, no way would Dean ever actually tell him he’s hot outside of sex, but damn it, they’ve started this now. Sam’s determined to make Dean tell him the whole of his fucked up invented-just-to-annoy-Sam diner fantasy.

“And then what happens, Dean?” Sam asks. He’s putting on that slightly breathless tone that Dean knows is fake and still finds really hot. The one Sam privately thinks of as his ‘fuck you Sammy I’m trying to work’ voice.

“And then you suck my cock real good, baby boy.” Dean smirks and Sam wants to hit him because this is stupid and not even actually Dean’s fantasy and he’s still somehow getting

Sam turned on. “Sweet and slow and wet, just how I like it, and I sit there eating my pie and drinking god-awful diner coffee and trying not to let anything show on my face, cos I don’t want anyone to know you’re down there. But it’s so hard Sammy, so hard to keep quiet when all I want to do is moan your name.” He’s going to do it, Sam can tell he is, and fuck him because the way he says Sam’s name during sex gets Sam every single fucking time and this was supposed to be embarrassing for Dean, but it seems to have backfired horribly. “Sammy, oh God, Sam, *Sam*, Sammy, *Sam*, **Sam**...” Dean’s voice rises, a crescendo of disturbingly well faked desire, and then breaks off suddenly when he sees Sam’s red face.

“Dude are you actually getting off on this shit?! Oh God, is this, like, actually one of your fantasies?”

“Fuck you,” is all Sam says, because it hadn’t been, until five fucking minutes ago!

# Blue - Marvel Comics (Cablepool)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: wet dream & moaning the other's name

## Chapter Notes

This is comics, rather than movie, 'verse

Warnings: accidental voyeurism and the dubious consent which goes along with that

Irene is an intelligent woman, driven and educated and self-assured. So although there are lots of things she doesn't know, they're all things she doesn't *want* to know. She doesn't know what Wade Wilson wears under his suit, or whether Prestor John is joking when he calls her 'fair lady Irene', or what Flag Smasher's damage is. And until today, she didn't know that that telekinesis makes wet dreams a whole lot more interactive than most people get to enjoy.

They've been working all the hours god sends, her and Nate, desperately trying to avert a civil war in Rumikestan, and at three in the morning she'd finally persuaded him to take a quick nap on the sofa in the corner of the office. He hadn't liked it, but as she'd pointed out, she's just doing stressful paperwork, whereas Nate has been doing that and also keeping the entire *Island* afloat. *And* she's not going to have to fight a rebel army in a few hours. So under the circumstances, she managed to convince him that it's a little more important that he sleep, and she can work just as well without him, at least for a few hours.

She's been working in silence for maybe an hour when it starts, a change in Nate's breathing, not something she'd normally notice but the darkness somehow makes the silence more pronounced and every little noise stands out clear and vivid. So she notices it when Nate's breathing grows shallow and quick.

At first she thinks maybe he's having a nightmare but that's definitely not a pained or miserable noise he just made. His muscles are tensing and releasing, tensing and releasing, and his whole body is lit with the vivid blue light of his power. Honestly it's not the weirdest thing she's ever seen, not even the weirdest thing she's seen all *week*, but it is interesting and kind of pretty and she needs a break from agricultural reforms, so she watches.

It takes her a minute or two to notice, to realise that Nate's rock hard in his pants and that the blue light is centred around his cock, pulsing with what she realises with a jolt is waves of

pressure.

Nate's jacking himself off not five feet away, and he doesn't even know he's doing it. It's simultaneously really hot and horrendously awkward, a combination she's come to know well since she started working with Nate.

He's murmuring to himself in a language she doesn't recognise but there is one word that's unmistakable, peppered through his incoherent mumbling. Or not a word, a name. And it's Wade's name he says when comes only a few moments later, his whole body convulsing in blue light as he moans the mercenary's name.

Fortunately, living with Nate has meant that as well as being intelligent and well-informed, Irene is also very very good at repressing things.

# Florida - Bandom (Waycest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: grinding, sexting & getting wet while wearing white.

(Which was a difficult set of prompts to combine!)

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: sibling incest, past underage

Gerard's eating his lunch when the text arrives, vibrating his phone nearly off the desk.

"Fuck plumbing and bands with white tour shirts and my life," it says.

"You didn't get the shower fixed then?" Gerard texts back. He hadn't actually had any hope that Mikey would but since they're both pretty broke right now it had seemed worth a try. Mikey got volunteered simply by being less of a complete train-wreck around anything technical than Gerard.

"Fuck the shower, it's not like we use it," Mikey replies, and even though it's just words on a page, Gerard can hear Mikey's frustration.

"We use it all the time," Gerard corrects him. "Just last week you pinned me against the tiles and make me rub off on them." He always gets nervous sending texts like that but it's not like real sexting, not when it's just stuff that actually happened, and Mikey sounds like he could use some cheering up.

"From now on, all wall grinding is to be done in the bedroom or living room," Mikey replies. Gerard would object to that, because unhygienic and also uncomfortable, only now he's imagining walking through the door only for Mikey to immediately shove him up against the wall and press his cock against Gerard's ass and... yeah.

"I'm at work, dickwad," he texts back because he knows Mikey sent that knowing exactly what it would do to him.

"You're on your lunch," Mikey replies. "And you're going to spend it calling a plumber."

"Why do I have to do it? You're not working!"

“Because,” comes the smug reply, “if you don’t, I’m going to spend all afternoon sending you pictures of myself. My shirt's gone nearly see-through from the water and it’s got really clingy. On an unrelated note, you remember that holiday in Florida when I was 14?”

The holiday in question had been before Mikey’s growth spurt, back when he was still chubby, and he’d been way too shy to take his shirt off when he got in the pool, apparently unaware that the way the wet cotton of his shirt had clung to his chest was a whole lot more obscene than bare flesh. It had been something of a sexual awakening for Gerard and Mikey knows it. Even if he’d turned his phone off, there’s no way he’d be able to concentrate knowing it was filling up with pictures of wet Mikey. He’s going to have to call a plumber.

But because he’s the big brother, he’s also not going to give in without a fight.

“If I call the plumber,” he says, “then as soon as the shower’s fixed, you have to fuck me in it wearing that shirt. And nothing else.”



# Ice - DC Comics (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: stripping off & wearing white while wet

The rain is sheeting down, turning the streets into rivers and the buildings into waterfalls. Bruce likes nights like this when the city is almost empty, just him and the gargoyles looking down on the wet streets below. Rain like this keeps even the most hardened criminals indoors and there's fewer civilians on the street to protect as well.

Of course, there's always one or two willing to brave the weather and Joker's never minded a little physical discomfort.

"Lovely night," the clown says, appearing from the shadows on the other side of the rooftop. He's got his jacket off, folded neatly over one arm, and his vest is hanging open. His chest is the same white as his shirt (the usual plainness of his shirt offset by the painfully vivid orange and green check of his suit) but Bruce can still make out the contours of his body where the fabric clings, and the darker skin of his nipples is just visible where rain has made the cotton see-through. If it weren't for the green hair and the slickly yellow light of the street lamp, he'd look like something from the cover of a dime-store romance novel.

(Bruce is aware that that's not an apt comparison, Joker's too spindly and too angular to be anyone but Harley's ideal of masculine beauty, and the too-wide smile further spoils the effect. All the same, Bruce can't look away.)

"You're staring, Batsy. Is this where you tell me you love me and that it's all been a misunderstanding and we kiss in the rain like the end of a cheap romcom?" Joker asks. His tie and the top buttons of his shirt are undone, and his collarbones stand out stark in the light pollution.

Bruce says nothing. His mouth's gone suddenly dry.

Joker takes a few steps closer, stopping in a pool of yellow light, his eyes glittering like rubies.

"Have you thought of getting a white suit?" he asks. "I bet you've got plenty to show off under all that black, darling."

Bruce licks his lips. "Why ruin the mystique," he asks, and his voice comes out hoarse. He gets to his feet, takes a couple of unwilling steps towards the Joker. "Your trip back to Arkham is going to be awfully cold."

“I’m sure you’ll keep me warm,” Joker says, smiling even more broadly than usual. “You could strip me off, towel me down. There’s a Charlie Chaplin marathon on GCTV tonight. What do you say: you, me, and a cosy blanket in front of the TV?”

“How about you watch that show in your cell in Arkham? Do they allow you television?”

Joker grins, his lipstick almost black in the half-light, and Bruce is reminded, as he so often is, that he's never learned to tell the difference between Joker's amused smiles and the ones that are threats. If there even is a difference. “Not since I stabbed an orderly in the neck with some broken glass,” Joker says cheerfully. “Will you at least strip me down and towel me off before we get to Arkham? Wouldn’t want me to catch a fever.”

When Bruce doesn’t respond, Joker laughs happily. “I knew you couldn’t resist,” he crows. “Not that I blame you. I’m a snappy dresser, but I’ve got to admit, I look even better naked.”

Bruce thinks that’s probably true. Because only because of the horrible suit, and definitely not because of the way he can’t take his eyes off a raindrop that runs down over Joker's collarbone and soaks into the clinging fabric of his open shirt.

# Proof - Sherlock (Holmescest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Holmescest lapdance, with Watson walking in on them

## Chapter Notes

I couldn't think of any reason for a Holmescest lapdance, so have to lap grinding instead.

Warnings: sibling incest, accidental voyeurism

Also I would like to stress, Sherlock is fully consenting here, I just really like the idea of him going all subby and non-vocal during sex and being totally reliant on his big brother to look after him

This whole conversation would be so *so* much easier if Sherlock wasn't still sitting in Mycroft's lap.

Maybe if he was just perched on Mycroft's knee it would be bearable, but he's straddling his brother, shirt unbuttoned and his face tucked into Mycroft's neck, firmly ignoring John's presence. He looks like a gangling child and it's creepy as all hell.

"I do apologise for my brother," Mycroft says, one hand cupping the back of Sherlock's head, holding him in place. "He will be non-vocal for quite some time, I'm afraid."

"Then how the hell am I supposed to know that this is consensual?!" John demands, fear making him louder than he'd meant. "Forgive me for wanting a little proof that this isn't rape!"

Mycroft looks, not angry, offended. "I would never hurt Sherlock," he says firmly.

"That's a bit hard to believe when I just came home to find you..." he trails off, unable to summon the words for what he'd witnessed.

"To find me taking care of my little brother, like I always have," Mycroft says smoothly, one hand stroking Sherlock's hair. John's doing his best not to notice that Sherlock's hips are moving, very slightly, rubbing against his brother with tiny tight circles.

"He looks like he's been drugged," John insists. He's not sure why he hasn't yet fetched his gun, or at the very least punched Mycroft in the face. Maybe it's the trusting childlike way

Sherlock is clinging to his brother. He can't believe that what he's seeing here isn't abuse but he also doesn't know whether yanking Sherlock away will ultimately cause more harm than good.

"Do you really think I would stoop to such underhanded methods?" Mycroft asks, mildly. "I have had a lifetime to influence my brother. Should I have wished to abuse him, I could simply have manipulated him into it."

The calmness of Mycroft's voice makes John feel sick. "Please, Mycroft. I'm trying to understand, but you've got to see what this looks like to me!"

Mycroft nods, "I tell you what," he says, his hands sliding down to cup Sherlock's arse and urge on his small thrusts, "you can stay and watch and if at any point you... ah... you think Sherlock's not willing, we'll stop."

Mycroft's grin, and Sherlock's soft whimpers, haunt John all the way out of the building.

# Sugar cube - Watchmen (Niteschach)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: flashing the other

## Chapter Notes

This is actually quite a bit over the word limit. I have a lot of feelings about orally fixated cumslut Rorschach. Just because I like something weird, doesn't mean I'm weird.

Warnings: fandom-typical internalized homophobia

There isn't enough privacy on the Owl Ship for changing. That's never been a problem before but whatever it was those thugs had tipped over the two of them back in that factory, it had definitely been corrosive.

Rorschach's alright, he was further away when the container fell and most of the splashes hit his back. His coat is a write-off (and already he's worrying about how he's going to afford a replacement) but the clothes underneath were protected by the leather, and by some miracle, none had hit the mask.

Nite Owl is in a far worse state. He'd taken the majority of the hit and his suit is, for the most part, only one layer. The goggles protected his eyes but it only took a moment for the liquid to start eating through the fabric of his suit to his skin. They'd hurried back to the ship, fortunately parked nearby, and now Rorschach's sitting here carefully averting his eyes (despite the perverted voice in his head telling him that Daniel would never know if he peaked) while his partner strips naked far far too close by.

He doesn't have a spare of his normal suit on the ship, Nite Owl explains as he changes (fabric rustles and leather creaks and Rorschach is *not* going to turn round) but he does have a couple of the specialist ones, the pale snow suit, and the slick black underwater suit (despised, hated, nothing worse than watching Daniel disappear under the filthy water of the river and not knowing if he'll come up again).

Rorschach rolls the bottom of his mask up, just enough to swallow the sugar lump he's been unwrapping. He doesn't crunch it like he usually would, instead he holds it in his mouth as long as he can, just enjoying the feeling of having something to suck on. He's always found having something in his mouth relaxing, the sugar cubes his only concession to this childish

desire, but there's something about the sounds of Dan getting undressed that's making the cravings stronger, and he doesn't know if he's got enough sugar cubes.

Behind him Dan swears, and Rorschach can't help it, even though he's remembering as he does it why turning round is a bad idea. He's confronted with Daniel, completely naked, scrubbing at his arm with a disinfectant wipe.

His cock is soft (of course it is, because Daniel's not a pervert or a whore, not like his partner) and a little longer than Walter's. He's circumcised of course, and Rorschach looks with a sick interest he can't suppress at the exposed head.

He's hit with a sudden craving, so strong that if he weren't sitting down his knees would have buckled with it. He wants Daniel's cock in his mouth, wants it more than he's ever wanted anything before, wants it so much his mouth is watering at the very thought. Wants to know what Daniel tastes like (if his pre-ejaculate tastes different from his own, guilty sucked from a finger he pretended belonged to someone else, back before he knew that he had to fight his perverted whore-son desires with every fibre of his being). Wants to know what sounds Daniel makes. Wants to know what it feels like to have his mouth actually full, the way he wants.

Most of all, he wants to make Daniel come, wants to taste his completion and know that a little bit of the best man he's ever known is inside him. Wants to fill himself up with Daniel until there's no room for the dark filthy parts, only the parts that are good, that Daniel approves of.

"You okay buddy?" Daniel's voice cuts through the haze of his filthy desires, filling him with guilt and shame.

"Fine," he says quickly. "Concerned you seem to be injuring yourself."

Daniel laughs, makes a self deprecating comment, and the moment passes. Rorschach is able to push his unnatural desires aside, focus once more on what matters.

He unwrapped another sugar cube and makes sure to crunch this one.

# Afterwards - Bandom (Waycest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Pining the other against the wall

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: sibling incest

Logically, Mikey knows Gerard's hands aren't any bigger than his own. They're fairly evenly matched in size, Mikey a little taller, Gerard a little broader, but they can wear one another's shoes and they share jeans. Right now though, both his wrists gripped tightly on one of Gerard's hands, they feel huge.

"Tell me to stop," Gerard begs, his voice tight with desperation. "God, Mikey, *please*, tell me to stop!"

Mikey doesn't want to stop, not ever, has been dreaming of this since he was old enough to know what his dick was for, but he knows that tone in Gerard's voice. Knows his brother is about thirty seconds away from a full on freak out, even though it had been him pinning Mikey against the wall and kissing him so hard it split his lip.

He wishes he could stroke Gerard's face, or hug him, but his hands are still firmly pinned and he doesn't want to struggle lest he give Gerard the wrong idea. "It's okay, Gee," he says instead. "I want this. I've wanted this for so *long*. You're not harming me." He nearly says hurting but he doesn't want to make Gerard think he always has to be gentle with Mikey. "I want this, I promise."

"What if this breaks us?" Gerard whispers. "What if we can't be brothers afterwards?"

"Gee, the shit we've been through... If none of that broke us, I really don't think a little thing like me sucking you until you come so hard you black out is going to stop us being brothers."

Gerard looks pensive for a moment, then a wicked smile catches at the corners of his mouth, lighting up his eyes with desire. "Until I black out, huh?"

"And," Mikey says because knows Gerard as well as he knows himself, knows how to push all his buttons, "I'll beg you for it."

He would laugh at how well his manipulation worked but he's a little distracted by the way Gerard's kissing him like his life depends on it.



# Creature Feature - Bandom (Waycest)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Tying the other up – waycest + Toro

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: implied sibling incest

"I'm sure," Ray says, his voice calm but judgemental, "that you have a perfectly rational explanation for this."

"Um," Mikey says, eloquent as ever.

"Defined reasonable," Gerard says, his voice made almost incomprehensible by the gag held between his teeth. It's not fastened yet, Mikey had been just about to buckle it when Ray walked in, but he hasn't let it fall, holding it tightly between his already too long teeth.

Apparently Ray understands, or works out from context, what Gerard had said. "Anything that isn't you and Mikey fucking."

Mikey shuts his eyes, bracing himself for Gerard's inevitable response, knowing he's powerless to stop it. (He's already gagged Gerard, if that can't stop him from talking, nothing will).

"Oh, this isn't a sex thing. If it was, I'd be the one tying Mikey up." When this is over and the ashes of the band have finished burning, Mikey is going to punch Gerard *so hard*! "This is a safety thing. Your safety I mean. I'm a vampire."

Mikey's eyes fly open. "Gerard Arthur Way, you are *not* a vampire!"

"I'm the one who's cursed, I get to decide what we call me."

"Werewolf," Mikey says firmly. "You're much closer to a werewolf."

"Only because it's lunar. If I was like that all the time, you'd call me a vampire."

"If you were like this all the time, I'd call you a danger to yourself and others and keep you locked up."

"Fair point," Gerard concedes.

He spits out the gag so he can speak clearly, and Mikey's hand shoots out automatically to catch it. It's warm and slightly damp from saliva, the leather slick, and he wrinkles his nose.

"Basically, Ray, our family is cursed so that the eldest son turns into a bloodthirsty monster every full moon. Like a werewolf, only not. Mikey is chaining me up because there aren't any monster-proof rooms on the bus and I don't especially want to kill you and Frank and Bob. I promise it isn't a sex thing." He grins, showing far too many teeth for anything human. "The lace panties and cock-ring on the other hand..."

# Paperwork - Marvel Comics (Cablepool)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Having some private time and other interrupting

## Chapter Notes

This is comics, rather than movie, 'verse

"Jeez Louise, Nate, ever heard of knocking?!"

"This is my office. My office which I definitely locked last night. Why would I knock on my own door?"

"Why, in case an attractively butch young mercenary needed some time alone with his fantasies about your very sturdy desk, of course. Theoretically. Obviously that's not what I was doing. I was just..."

"Naked and masturbating on my very sturdy desk?"

"Well when you put it like that, I sound like a complete pervert. I'll have you know, this is perfectly normal in this century! Everyone does it!"

"Really."

"Oh, yeah. Everyone. You wouldn't believe what I walked in on Irene doing on this desk last week. I've never seen..."

"It was paperwork, wasn't it."

"Well, that's what *she* said, but I'm not so easily fooled. Just because she managed to get all her clothes back on before I walked in, she thought I wouldn't realize, but she didn't fool me. I know a..."

"Is it the desk itself?"

"Excuse me?"

"It it the desk itself that you find so arousing, or is it the fact that it's mine? Would you react like this to any desk, or does the fact that it's in my office make it easier to imagine me

bending you over it and fucking you so deep you can feel it in your *throat*? ... You realize I can see you touching yourself?"

"Get the fuck over here *right now* or I won't suck you off after you're done fucking me, and let me tell you, you'd be missing out. I..."

"Shut up and bend over."

"Yes sir!"

# Beloved - Watchmen (Niteschach)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: having a wet dream and calling the other's name during it

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: canon-typical homophobia

Rorschach doesn't dream. He has no desires except justice and his mind doesn't need time to process what it's witnessed during the day because to Rorschach, everything is simple and comprehensible. He doesn't want anything. Rorschach doesn't dream. But Walter does.

Walter is weak. Walter *wants*. In his dreams, strong arms hold him, warm and safe, pressed against a firm chest and he knows, with the absolute certainty the weak only feel in dreams, that he is wanted.

In his dreams, he never has to work, is never so hungry it hurts. He never gets his wages docked because the factory is so cold his fingers seize up and he rips the fabric. He's never so exhausted that he throws up when he tries to eat, his body unable to spare the energy to process food.

In his dreams, he sleeps in a soft bed under thick blankets, wrapped in the arms of the only person he's ever trusted to watch his back while he's vulnerable.

In his dreams, he wakes up to warm coffee and warmer kisses and because it's a dream, he doesn't shy away, doesn't lash out or yell or seethe with silent disgust. In his dreams, he kisses back, desperate and unashamed, revelling in the feel of that beloved body pressed against his own.

After that things are unclear, suppressed memories and rumours and instinct melting the dream into confused impressions of heat and slickness and friction. He doesn't know what's happening, but it doesn't matter because it's so *good*, soft and loving and nothing like the horrors he sees on the streets.

The pleasure builds and builds, almost unbearable in how good it is, a crescendo of sensation, until suddenly it peaks, his dream self flying apart into a million pieces, unable to contain the feeling, and he cries out, naming the source of his joy, unaware that back in reality his

unconscious body does the same, calling out the name Daniel, beloved of God, until he's startled awake by the whore in the next room banging on his wall and calling him a faggot.

# Moonlight - DC Comics or Nolanverse (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Joker singing 'Cold Cold Heart'

## Chapter Notes

I know Joker actually does sing this in Arkham Knight but he's very much riffing on the original Hank Williams version, and kind of mugging to the audience as Joker is wont to do, and I'm imagining something closer to the more soulful [Lucinda William's cover](#) here. (All three versions are on Youtube if you want to see what I mean).

I'm still not sure if this is comicsverse or Nolanverse, so I guess it's dealers choice

It takes Bruce a moment to work out where the sound's coming from. The voice is low and husky, bluesy and smoky and sexy, and Bruce almost doesn't believe it when he sees Joker, perched on the edge of the flat roof of the building above him, wild curls fluttering in the cold breeze.

He's lit from behind by a light source Bruce can't see, late night shadows washing the colours from his clothes, rendering him in black and white.

His head's tipped back, singing to the moon, his foot tapping in time with the lyrics. He looks nothing like himself, sounds nothing like himself, and it's only long familiarity and healthy dose of obsession that lets Bruce know it even *is* the Joker and not some random love-lorn citizen.

Love-lorn. The song is cheesy, but Joker's slow rendition is heartfelt, like he means every word, like he's thinking of his own unrequited love, and Bruce is suddenly uncomfortably sure it's him Joker's thinking of.

"Joker," he calls and his nemesis's face tips to look down on him, the already creepy make-up made terrifyingly stark by the moonlight as he continues to sing, his eyes never leaving Bruce.

*"Why can't I free your doubtful mind... And melt your cold cold heart?"*

# Impermanence - Marvel Comics (Cablepool)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: leaving hickeys

All of Wade is attractive, but there's something about his neck in particular that Nate finds irresistible. He can't keep his mouth away from the scarred skin, even when they're just cuddling. (Not that *just cuddling* ever stays that way for long with them). He finds his attention gravitating there when he's trying to focus on other things. He's incapable of getting any work done when Wade's in civilian clothes and he couldn't tell you the plot of a single episode of *Golden Girls*, even though he's sat through every one.

He's never wanted to hurt any of his lovers, has even had complaints (mostly from Neena, who hasn't got a romantic bone in her body) that he's too gentle, but there's something about the vulnerable skin of Wade's neck that makes him want to bite, to leave marks of possession that never last.

The bruises disappear almost faster than Nathan can leave them, turning from red to blue to green to gone in barely more than a heartbeat. It's grotesquely beautiful, like so much about Wade, and Nate thinks he'll never tire of watching it.

Just as hypnotic is the way Wade reacts, breathy little gasps of pleasure and deep rumbling growls of contentment like a great purring cat. Just the memory of it is enough to send shivers down Nate's spine. He's had many lovers over the years, but none of them was as vocal or appreciative as Wade. Or as wanton.

He doesn't know if it's a result of his mental illness or simply a facet of his personality, but while Wade rarely initiates anything (presumably afraid of being turned down) Nate's never had a lover respond as enthusiastically as Wade. With Wade, for the first time in his life, he feels like maybe he's really got something right, even if it's just sex.

It's more than sex though, this thing between them. There's no doubt in his mind, no questions. Wade is the one, the only one, and even if they never last he's going to keep leaving marks until Wade believes that too.



# Freak - DC Comics (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: hurt/comfort

## Chapter Notes

SRI withdrawal sucks, y'all

Joker is crying. On his shoulder. Crying. Joker.

Bruce has prepared for everything he thought the world could possibly throw at him, and a few things he didn't think it could, but nothing in his life thus far has prepared him for this.

Should he pretend not to notice? Maybe hit him? Would that be more or less awkward? If it works, much less. But what if it doesn't? What if Joker just goes on crying and then Bruce has just punched someone in obvious emotional distress?

Even training with the League of Shadows hadn't trained him for this. Talia never cried. (She never laughed either, now that he thinks about it).

Maybe he should hug him? It's what Alfred used to do with him when he was a child, what Bruce would do with Dick, what Dick would do with any person in distress because he's soft-hearted like that.

Would Joker like a hug? Does Joker hug? It seems for too human for him somehow. Bruce can't imagine it. Anyway Joker's too long and boney to be huggable, all angles and corners, nothing cuddly about him.

So punching him's out, and so's hugging him. What does that leave? Sometimes Bruce really wishes he'd spent more time studying social interactions and less time on Nuclear physics. Mostly he wishes Robin were here. Robin would know what to do.

"Are you... okay?" he asks, trying for a vague pat on Joker's back. Joker heaves a great wracking sob and snorts snot and mucus onto Bruce's shoulder. "Is something wrong?"

"Something wrong?" Joker wails, pulling away just enough that he can stare into Bruce's eyes. "Something *wrong*?"

He starts crying again, burying his face in his hands. In between the sobs though, Bruce thinks he can make out some words.

"Serotonin?" he asks. "Is this...? Joker are you in *withdrawal*?"

"I'm so immune," Joker hiccups miserably, "they give me such h-h-high doses, and then the Policeman called me a freak and I got blood all over my favourite shiiiiirt." The last word is a drawn out wail as Joker is overcome by another fit of sobbing.

The policeman in question is lying about ten feet away, in a spreading pool of blood, obviously beyond help. Apparently withdrawal makes Joker even more dangerous than usual.

"You like being a freak, remember?" Bruce says, going for cheerful and missing about about a million miles. "You hate normal people. You keep trying to kill them."

Joker brightens, not much, but enough that he stops shaking with the force of his sobs, and actually looks at Bruce. "But my *shirt*..." he says, bottom lip quivering dangerously.

"Is dry-cleanable," Bruce tells him firmly. In his experience, everything's dry cleanable and it's amazing the stains dry cleaning firms don't ask questions about.

"Promise?" Joker looks equal parts hilarious and disturbing, something he himself would normally appreciate, with his blood stained hands and clothes, bottom lip sticking out and eyes swollen from crying.

"Promise. And I know where you can get some more SRIs. Would you like that?"

Joker nods and promptly bursts into tears again. Sighing, Bruce takes the sobbing supervillain by the shoulders and begins to steer him towards the Batmobile.

Joker's latest treatment regime is either unethical treatment or the best idea anyone's ever had for keeping people safe from the madman and he honestly doesn't know which.

# Gothamite - DC Comics (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Can you do a short story where someone hurts Joker and Batman finds him severely injured and makes a choice to help him instead of leave him to die?

## Chapter Notes

This is set during No Man's Land, because it's my favourite ever event comic and probably the best Batman comic ever written, despite (or possibly because of) mostly not being about Batman.

Joker woke up when Bruce was halfway through stitching up the hole in his shoulder.

“That tickles.”

“It’s stitches, Joker. It doesn’t tickle, it hurts.”

Joker shrugs, just as Bruce goes to put the next stitch in. “After you’ve been on fire, everything else feels like gentle tickles. Where are we?”

“The abandoned lemonade factory on Robinson.”

“Didn’t know that was still standing.”

“It mostly isn’t,” Bruce says, tying off the thread. “That’s the only reason we’re alone here.”

“Oh Batsy, we’re alone? Just you and me and the stars above. How romantic!”

You actually can see stars, which used to be a rare thing in Gotham. The earthquake might have nearly killed his beloved city but it’s done wonders for the light pollution.

“This isn’t a date, Joker. I’m just fixing you up.”

“Yeeeeeeeah. About that. Why are you doing that?”

“I’m not taking you to the hospital zone. No way I’m trusting you anyway near innocent people. And you’d bleed out before I got you halfway to Blackgate.”

“Coulda left me to die. You know Lockdown won’t be able to hold me.”

“I don’t kill. And you’re a Gothamite.”

“I might not be. I could be from anywhere.”

“You chose Gotham though. And there aren’t many of us left. Even if No-Man’s Land is repealed, most of the survivors won’t come back.”

“So you’re going to repopulated the city entirely with vigilantes and whack-jobs?" He puts on his best Dick Tracy voice. "It’s a bold plan, but it might just work...”

“I’m just trying to save as many lives as I can.”

Joker hums a snatch of melody Bruce doesn't recognise. “Is Batgirl single?”

“Excuse me?”

“Well, we’re going to have to repopulate the city somehow. And you and me can’t make babies no matter how hard we try. I figured she’d be the next best thing. You can have Harley. I haven’t actually tried her but she looks like she’d probably be fun in bed. If you like that sort of thing. Do you like that sort of thing, Batsy? I’ve never actually asked. I mean, I’ve fantasised about you a whole lot, but I’ve never actually bothered to ask you if you’re straight. Or interested in sex at all.”

“Joker?”

“Yeah, baby?”

“Shut up.”

“Does that mean we’re not going to repopulate the city together?”

# Exclusive - Bandom (Waycest, Pikey)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Mikey trying to explain his relationship with Gerard to Ryan Ross. (Any type of relationship. Waycest or just the close brother bond.)

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: sibling incest

“So you’re fucking.” Ryan is oddly scary. Mikey thinks it’s mostly because he looks like a fourteen year old girl, and if high school taught Mikey anything, it’s that fourteen year old girls are completely fucking terrifying.

“No! Well, sometimes. But that’s not the point.”

Ryan raises one beautifully sculpted, horribly sarcastic, eyebrow. “The point of your incestuous relationship isn’t to fuck your brother?”

Mikey sighs. “Ryan, have I told you recently that you’re a dick? Why are you even asking me all this?”

“Because Panic and Fallout discussed it, and we decided I was the only one who wouldn’t either freak out or giggle.”

“Did you have your emotions surgically removed?”

“Yes, it’s a rite of passage on my planet. Now will you please tell me what the deal is with you and Gerard, so I can tell Spencer, and Spencer can tell Patrick, and Patrick can talk Pete down from his freak out.”

“Why can’t you just tell Patrick yourself. Why does it have to go via Spencer?”

Ryan just gives him a look, like that’s the stupidest thing anyone’s ever asked him, so Mikey sighs and says, “I don’t think we have a deal. I mean, we’re just brothers.”

“You sleep in the same bed, you share ex-girlfriends, and you just admitted you’ve fucked him.”

“Well yeah, but that doesn’t mean we have a deal.”

“You recognise that it’s not normal to fuck your brother, right?”

“I’m not an idiot, Ryan. I know it’s not normal. I just don’t get why you’re making such a big deal out of it!”

“I’m not. I don’t give a fuck who you bone, Way. I’m here because Pete is freaking out.”

“Okay, well then I don’t get why *Pete* is making such a big deal out of it, you pedantic asshole!” Ryan smiles, just as unphased as Mikey knew he would be. The only to really upset him is to insult either Spencer or his scarves. And since Spencer isn’t here and his scarf is actually very nice, Mikey’s at a distinct disadvantage. “It’s not like we made him watch!”

“Mikey, he walked in on you fucking your brother. I know you and Pete aren’t exclusive, but can’t you at least see why he’d be a little upset?!”

Ryan’s eyebrows look like they want to murder Pete and the entire Way family .

“Because...” Mikey desperately wants to get this right because Ryan is terrifying and looks like he might cut Mikey’s face off with razor blades if he doesn’t give the right answer, but he honestly has no idea. This is one of those normal people things and he’s shit at figuring those out. “Because he secretly wants us to be exclusive but couldn’t work up the courage to tell me?” It seems highly unlikely, Pete is not what you’d call shy, but it at least sounds half-way plausible.

Ryan sighs. “You know what, yeah, let’s go with that.”

“So what’re you going to tell Pete.”

“Tell Spencer to tell Patrick to tell Pete,” Ryan corrects. “That you’re insane and seem to think fucking your brother is a totally okay way to spend your Saturday afternoons.”

“Well it is!”

“See, exactly. Totally insane.”

# Unbreakable - DC Comics (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Could you do another hurt/comfort one where Batman goes too far in a fight with Joker and accidentally breaks a limb or something and feels bad about it?

Bruce has always thought of Joker as almost immortal. Certainly unbreakable. No matter what life, and Bruce, threw at him (and on Bruce's part that's included some pretty heavy pieces of furniture over the years) he always bounced back.

Logically, Bruce knows he'll bounce back from this as well but there's something about the sound of breaking bone that just sounds so *final*. When you hear the snap of bone, it's hard to imagine that it'll ever heal, especially when it's not a snap but a crunch as this had been, a dozen small bones shattering under the force of Bruce's boot.

Joker rolls onto his back, holding his broken wrist close to his chest, the gun he'd been reaching for apparently forgotten.

"That *hurt*, Batsy," he says, sounding more upset than pained, as though Bruce has betrayed him in some way.

"I..." Bruce has this ridiculous urge to apologise. Like this is somehow his fault. "You were going to shoot me."

"True." Joker's head flops back onto the concrete with a painful sounding thud and surveys the clouds thoughtfully. "And I've broken your wrist twice."

"You have." Bruce still feels guilty.

"How long will it take to heal?"

"A few months."

"Months? Plural? I'm going to be one handed for *months*? Couldn't you have just cut my hand off? Getting a prosthetic would be quicker."

Bruce won't apologise. Batman doesn't apologise. But he knows every time he sees Joker with his arm in plaster, he's going to feel guilty about it.

"I think," Joker says, after a minute, "That I'd like to go home. Not much point being free with only one hand."

Bruce reaches out a hand and Joker takes it with his good one, hauls himself to his feet.

“I would say it’s been fun, Bats, but it really hasn’t. You know, I didn’t think it was possible for you to hurt me in ways I didn’t enjoy, but that’s what I like about you. You’re *unexpected*.” Joker’s voice is venomous, filled with a hurt rage he’s never directed at Batman before, and Bruce can’t take it.

“I’m sorry!” The words burst out before he can stop them. “I didn’t mean to break your wrist. I’m sorry!”

Joker huffs, half disdain and half amusement. “Just take me back to Arkham, Batsy. You can make this up to me when I’m all better.” He smiles, sudden as the sun coming out from behind a cloud, and winks. “Don’t think I’m just going to forgive you though. I’m going to make you work for it. I’ve always wanted to hear you beg.”

Bruce lets out a sigh of relief, glad to be back on familiar territory, and knocks Joker out with a blow to the temple. But he makes sure to be extra gentle lifting him into the Batmobile.



# Present - DC Comics (Batjokes, minor Riddlejokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: christmassy Batjokes fic, with Joker getting Batsy a present.

For Sydia

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: There's brief mention of past off-screen mild dub-con (sex pollen type situation, between an established couple) and people being filmed without their consent. This being Joker, these are treated casually. Don't read if those are things that sound like they'd be triggering.

It had taken two rolls of duct tape, six roles of eye-gougingly bright wrapping paper, and an obscene amount of purple ribbon, but Joker had eventually managed to get Riddler all wrapped up and ready for the Bat.

He has a little bit of tape left which was meant to be for Eddie's mouth but he gets bored easily and who knows how long it will be before Batman finds them, so he's left him ungagged for now.

"Is this a sex thing?" Eddie asks, wiggling in a way that makes the wrapping paper rustle. "That's not a question I normally have to ask but when it's you it can be hard to tell. And you did tell me once that you wanted to tie me up."

"That was a sex thing," Joker admits cheerfully. "This isn't. Well, it's a Batman thing, which makes it sort of a sex thing, but the sexy bit is Batsy not you."

"Oh god. I'm his Christmas present, aren't I?"

"Yup. I thought, what do you get the vigilante who has everything? And naturally I thought of you."

"I don't know whether to be touched or offended." Eddie wriggles around a bit, making himself as comfortable as he can given that he's wrapped in so much tape and paper he's practically mummified.

"Oh, touched, definitely. I don't go round kidnapping just anyone, you know."

“Yes you do. Last week you kidnapped everyone in Gotham with a z in their name.”

“Well yes. But it wasn’t personal with them. I didn’t even kidnap them myself. Got my goons to do that. Only you warrant the *personal* touch.”

“Gee, thanks. I’m certain I won’t like the answer but what are you actually hoping to achieve by giving me to Batman? Not that I don’t think he’ll be pleased to have me back in custody but if you wanted to make him happy, you could always just hand yourself in. Loathe as I am to admit it, you pose a somewhat greater threat to the population at large than I do.”

Joker cackles delightedly. “Aw *thanks*, Eddie. You’re a real *charmer*.”

“So? Why me?”

“You’re... an apology of sorts. I’m not sorry enough to hand myself in but Batsy is very cross with me. I thought you’d make a good compromise.”

“What did you do.”

“Just played a bit with one of the little birds. The red one. And his boyfriend, the rip-off.”

“Don’t tell me you’ve killed another Robin,” Riddler groans. “The Bat was unbearable for months after the last one.”

“No, not killed. Not even maimed, *much*. I just gave them Joker gas. But only a bit. And it was a strain I knew Batsy had an antidote to! So really, I hardly did anything wrong at all.”

“That doesn’t sound like something that warrants an apology.”

“Well, no. That’s what I said. And it’s totally not my fault that lowered inhibitions is one of the side effects of that batch of toxin. Or that they happened to be in a room full of cameras.”

“Ah.”

“And really, what was I *supposed* to do with a Robin sex tape, *not* release it for all of the internet to see? I just couldn’t resist.”

“Is Red Robin even legal?”

“Weeeell, as it turns out, no. Not very. Which is why Batsy is so cross.”

“And why I’m a Christmas present.”

“Exactly!”

“Joker?”

“Yeah?”

“If you’re still here when Batman arrives, he’s going to kill you. And then Red Hood will kill you some more. And Nightwing will set fire to any pieces that are left.”

“Fair point. Well, enjoy the night air Eddie. Don’t worry about explaining to Batsy, I stuck a label to your head.”

“Joker... *Joker*! Joker, get back here! JOKER, I’M GOING TO **KILL** YOU!!!”

# Picnic - DC Comics (Batjokes)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: a humorous story about Batman and Joker going out to dinner together.

## Chapter Notes

Batman technically doesn't appear in this, but I think I stuck to the prompt okay all the same.

Joker whistled as he carefully laid out the picnic. The plates were decorated with an unfortunate pattern of deerstalker hats, which is what you get when you borrowed your picnic basket from Hatter, but the picnic rug was a lovely emerald green with orange stripes.

He hadn't know what food Batman might like, he couldn't actually imagine him eating even though he knew he must, so he'd just got his own favourites. Jelly beans and Polish garlic sausage weren't traditional picnic foods but then Batsy wasn't a traditional sort of a date, so it would probably be fine. And he'd also got a baked custard tart, with plenty of whipped cream, because sometimes the oldest gags were the best and he did actually like custard for its taste not just its comedic potential.

He'd got them a choice of limeade or vodka to drink because the limeade matched the rug and he'd always wanted to know what Batsy was like after a drink or six. Whether, oh glory of glories, he was a *giggly* drunk.

Just as Joker finished laying out the boxes of food, there was a crash and the tinkle of broken glass and he turned to see his hostage trying desperately to wriggle away from the champagne flute she'd managed to kick over with her bound feet.

Sighing (it wasn't a distaster, the basket had two more flutes, but it was annoying) he caught her by the ankle and hauled her back.

"You're not going anywhere," he told her. "I've put a lot of effort into getting everything perfect, I'm not having you ruining it by escaping."

"Mmmph, mm mmmm mmm," his hostage said, apparently unaware that he couldn't understand anything she said through her sock and duct-tape gag.

“Oh, it’s no good paying me compliments,” he told her, checking one last time that he had everything. Food, drink, brass knuckles, rubber chicken, detonator, his best underwear. Check. “I’m not letting you go ‘til Batsy’s had at least one drink with me. But don’t worry-” he winks at her “-If everything goes to plan, I’ll be far too busy with my Bat-babe to have time to kill you.”

“Mmmmph! Mmm mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm *mmmm* mmm!”

"Didn't your mother ever tell you not to talk with your mouth full? It's a most off-putting habit. Probably why you're still single. Now, how do I look?"

“**Mmmmmph!**”

“As good as all that? Well, I did make a bit of an effort. Not too much, don’t want to look desperate, but I could hardly have dinner with Batman in my usual duds.” He stroked the skirt of his sundress. “I had to rob five dress shops before I found the perfect one. I think it brings out my eyes.”

“Mmmm!”

“Exactly.”

# Totem - Constantine TV Show (Gen)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: That... is a dildo

"John, what's..." Zed froze in her tracks, taking in the scene before her. "John, what are you doing?"

John didn't look up from the object he held in his gore-streaked hands. "Ritual to increase my luck energies. Japanese mostly but I threw in a bit of Yoruba and a whole lot of Liverpool just to spice things up."

"That's a dildo."

John looked at the object in his hands in mild surprise, as though he somehow hadn't noticed what he's holding. "It's a totem of primal energy."

"John, it's a dildo. It's purple. And ridged."

John shrugs. "No reason it can't be both. Sides, it was in a sale." He took in her scandalized expression. "Don't worry, it's for magical purposes only. There are some things that should not go inside the human body, and a mixture of lamb's blood, mandrake and worm lizard scales is one of the them."

"My god, that was not what I was worried about!"

John grinned. There were runes, or maybe Japanese characters drawn on his bare chest in what she assumed was lamb's blood, and concentric circles around his nipples, like targets. "First rule of magic luv, ritual spells are disgusting."

"I though the first rule was that there's always a price."

John looked equal parts annoyed and proud. "Alright little miss cleverclogs, the *second* rule is that ritual spells are disgusting. The third rule is that things are rarely what they seem. For example, this-" he waved the dildo "-is a cheap sex toy. But it's also a totem of primal energy."

"You know the more I learn about magic, the gladder I am that I'm a psychic and not a witch."

"But just think of how many blood and lizard covered sex toys you're missing out on."

"So, *so* glad."



# Fun - Constantine/Hellblazer (Gen)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Is there a reason you're naked in my bed?"

"Chas." Kick. "Chas." Kick. "Chas, wake up y'fucker."

Chas opened a single blurry eye to take in the unwelcome sight of John, swaying and smelling even more strongly of smoke and booze than usual, standing beside his bed. "John? What's up?"

"Wa'sup? Yer'n m'fuck'n bed! N'yuh *naked*. I c'n see yuh junk."

Chas rolled his eyes, exasperated. "John, this is my bed. You're in my room."

John stared around vaguely. "S'my room."

"No, John, this is my room. You're in my room, this is my bed."

"Oh. C'n I sleep with you then? I cn't find m'room."

Chas sighed. He wasn't sure if John was being serious, or if this was just an excuse to get into Chas's bed. It wouldn't be the first time. John suffered badly with nightmares and though he'd never admit it, Chas knew they were better when there was someone around.

He lifted up the edge of the blankets, and John slid between the sheets.

"Y'still naked," he commented.

"And you're still dressed. Take some clothes off and go to sleep."

John surveyed him for a long moment with the over-serious eyes of the really drunk and then began wriggling out of his pants.

"Tie too," Chas told him firmly. "I'll not have you strangling yourself in the night."

"Y'no fun in bed, Chazzy," John muttered, but dutifully removed both tie and shirt, leaving him in only his boxers.

Chas hooked an arm around his friend's waist, pulling him close so that he was tucked against him, boney but pliable, his hair tickling Chas's nose. "I'm plenty of fun John, you're just not my type. Now go to sleep."

"N'fun," John murmured rebelliously, but his eyes were already closing. "G'night Chazzy."



Chas waited until he was sure John was sleeping the deep sleep of the truly pissed before he pressed a gentle kiss to the top of John's head. "Night John."

# Karma - Marvel Comics (Daken/Johnny Storm)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: If you die, I'm gonna kill you.

Daken is so bad at being a squishy non-healing person. So bad. Coincidentally, he's also really bad at letting people care about him.

## Chapter Notes

For starcityrebels

This is set in some nebulous post Death of Wolverines somewhen, after Wolverines finishes but before the beginning of Secret Wars. Also in this world Johnny and Daken actually stayed in touch instead of Daken flirting outrageously and then just up and leaving. Headfirst via a fifth floor window. I like to pretend Daken is capable of having actual friends.

Also it's a pet theory of mine that Wolverines is the Karmic backlash from Daken's time with the Dark Avengers.

Daken is really bad at being a normal squishy human. Like, so bad. It would be funny if Johnny didn't care about the manipulative asshole.

"Two months."

"Yes...?" Daken looks like he doesn't know where Johnny is going with this, which, what the hell, like there's anything else Johnny could possibly be focusing on.

"Two months without your healing factor and you lost an arm *and* an eye."

"It was an eventful two months."

"It fucking sounds it! Christ, Daken, I know karma is kicking your ass right now but even for you this is ridiculous. Logan lost his for months and he at least managed to still have all his limbs attached when he died!"

That had been a step too far, an unnecessary cruelty, and he's not surprised to feel the tip of a claw pressing into his throat.

“You will not talk about my father,” Daken hisses, voice low and intent in a way that usually means he’s really upset and which Johnny still can’t help finding hot because sometimes he’s nearly as much of an asshole as Daken is.

“Sorry, you’re right. That was out of line. I wasn’t thinking.”

“No change there then.”

“Oh haha, at least I didn’t lose a limb and an eye in the same month!”

“Technically, they happened in separate months.”

“Because that makes it so much better!”

Daken growls, low and animal in his throat, a threatening sign that Johnny’s come to learn has more to do with discomfort than rage. “What is the purpose of this? Are you attempting to humiliate me? I made mistakes, I paid the price. You reminding me is not going to make my arm grow back!” His tone is icy, just a slight manic edge that tells Johnny that, if he were anyone else, Daken would be in tears right about now.

“God, I’m sorry. I’m not trying to humiliate you, I swear. I wouldn’t do that, you know I wouldn’t.” And Daken does, even if Johnny knows he still doesn’t quite believe or understand it. Friendships that aren’t based on manipulation and unhealthy powerplays are something Daken has next to no experience of or interest in. Johnny is deeply flattered that Daken at least makes the effort to pretend to have something approaching normal friend-type affection for him. “I’m just worried about you. I don’t want to see you hurt.”

Daken gives him a long slow look, the one that means he doesn’t understand and doesn’t know how to respond. Johnny thinks of it as his 'look pretty and keep them talking' face.

“I know you don’t get it,” he says. “That’s okay. And I know you don’t, *can’t*, feel that way about me. Or anyone. And that’s not okay, it really isn’t. But I don’t mind. I like you the way you are, horrible emotional damage and all. But just let me, let me worry about you, okay? I’m going to do it either way and I’d rather not know I was making you angry by doing it.”

“I am not angry,” Daken says slowly. “You wish me to be... undamaged.”

“You make it sound like you’re some kind of prized possession,” Johnny says. “I want you unhurt, asshole.”

“Living is pain.” It’s one of the mantras he lives by, along with ‘I am better than them’ and ‘grab them by the balls and their hearts and mind will follow’. Admittedly that’s not how Daken would express either sentiment but that’s the jist of it. Johnny doesn’t know much about his childhood but he’d bet everything he owns, including his cars, on it having involved some pretty epic emotional abuse. Even *psychopaths* don’t end up as fucked up as Daken without help.

“Yeah well, if you die because you’re an idiot who relies too much on his mutation I’ll kill you myself and you can find out whether death is any better.”

Daken smiles, baring perfect white teeth in a way that's half amusement and half a threat. "You are illogical, even by the standards of the rest of humanity. I don't understand you at all."

It probably says bad things that Johnny finds that genuinely touching. Getting Daken to admit there's anything he doesn't understand is a herculean task at the best of times. That he'd voluntarily show that kind of weakness in front of Johnny speaks of genuine trust (or an absolute certainty that he can silence Johnny if he ever needed to).

"I don't expect you to, pal. Now are we gonna fuck or what?"

Daken's grin is wider this time, less threatening, though no less predatory. "I thought you'd never ask."

# Rut - Marvel Comics (Victor/Logan)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "I got you a present." Logan/anyone

Victor bringing Wolverine dead things like a demented psychopathic housecat isn't exactle new, but this time he's doing it with an ulterior motive.

## Chapter Notes

The idea of ferals having ruts it not in anyway canon, I've just read too many a/b/o fics.

I am completely convinced that this happens way more often than anyone's comfortable with in canon. More than once, Logan's lost control and woken up to find himself using a naked Victor Creed as a mattress. It's a thing. The rest of the X-Men are nice enough not to talk about it.

"I got ya a present, runt. Aintcha gonna unwrap it?"

Logan stares down at the bag Victor has dropped on the table. It smells of blood but it's far too small to contain a the body of a human, even a child. A whole one, anyway.

"Is it organs?" he asks, more resigned than horrified. It smells like organs.

"Won't know if y'don't open it." Sabretooth grins in a way that shows you exactly how he got his name, long white teeth Logan knows to his detriment to be knife-sharp gleaming in the low light of the dive.

"Why? It's not my birthday." He winces. That had sounded like he likes Victor's birthday presents and he doesn't, he dreads them, has nightmares about them, would do anything to get them to stop, and the last thing he wants to do is encourage him.

"Can't a fella do something nice for a pal without needing a reason?"

"We're not pals, Creed. We have never been and never will be pals. I've actually lost count of the number of times we've tried to kill each other." He's honest enough to admit the violence is mutual, if not the stalking. Or the gifts.

"Just open it, willya? 'Fore I change my mind."

If changing his mind means taking away the so-called gift, Logan is all for it. But he suspects it will be more along the lines of going for his throat and he likes this bar.

Carefully, he unwraps the package, doing his best to keep the contents hidden from the rest of the room.

It's a heart in a tupperware box. Human from a smell, still slightly warm. Cut out with a surgical precision that isn't Victor's usual style. All the connecting veins and arteries in-tact.

A perfect, fresh, human heart.

"Why?"

Sabretooth shrugs, looking as close to shamefaced as it's possible for a half feral supervillain who kills people for a hobby to look.

"S'that time a' the year."

Logan frowns, trying to work out what time of the year Victor could mean.

"Valentine's isn't for months."

Victor snorts. "I aint tryin' ta romance ya, runt. I didn't mean Valentines, I meant my rut."

Logan freezes, his body flushing with something that might be arousal and might just be horror. "You want me as your partner for your rut?!"

"You're durable," Victor says with a shrug. "You c'n keep up with me. An' you're not exactly hard on the eyes, even if you are only half size. Course I'm operating on the assumption that not all of you's shrunk down ta miniature. If it is, say now so I can find someone else."

Victor Creed is a size queen. Logan is not the person who should be learning this. He feels like he's not equipped to find that fact as funny as it should be. He'll have to tell Bobby and Remy, so they can laugh themselves sick over it.

"And if I say I'm not interested?"

Victor reaches for the heart, scowling fiercely. "Plenty of other folks out there."

And you don't care if they're willing or not, Logan thinks. Turning Victor down could result in someone... well, it don't bear thinking about.

And besides, it's been a good while since Logan last let himself actually experience a rut properly. He's closer to human than Victor, can push that part of himself down, keep the urges under control with the help of exercise and his own right hand. It's easier than trying to explain to Ro why he needs time off.

The idea of actually giving in, enjoying it rather than riding it out miserable and alone, even if it's with company like Creed, does sound appealing.

“You’re getting rid of this,” he says, pointing at the bloody heart and ignoring Victor’s low growl. “If you wanna get me a gift you can pick up one'a them industrial size bottles a' lube.”

After all, keeping Sabretooth of the streets for a few days. Or a week. Well, it’s practically a public service. Definitely the heroic thing to do.

# Duel - Marvel Comics (Cablepool, minor Taskpool)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Are you jealous?", Taskmaster/Deadpool/Cable

This is what Tony gets for trying to do something nice for a change.

## Chapter Notes

Warning: Cable is kind of an asshole boyfriend in this one - it's not worse than canon but given the more intimate setting it might bother some people

"And then he pulls out a pair of honest to god antique duelling pistols," Wade says, leaning into Tony's space as though to emphasis his point. "I mean, even I couldn't hit anything with those things, they're fucking useless! And I said to him..."

"Wade, get out of his lap, you don't know where he's been."

Tony twists round to see Cable standing in the doorway, watching them with a scowl.

"What? No, he didn't say that," Wade says, annoyed at being interrupted. But he still does as he's told, moving away from Tony, all his attention focused on his asshole Cyborg boyfriend like he's forgotten Tony's even there. "Did you want something honey-pie? Or did you just miss me?"

"I get worried when I can't see you. It usually means you're getting into trouble. Clearly I was right."

God, the guys is just such an asshole. Tony doesn't like Wade but he knows he's basically a good guy, looks out for Sandy, even offered to look after the evil cat once. He's funnier than Tony will ever admit, and he's the only one Tony feels okay talking to about his memory stuff because he knows how it feels. Point is, Wade doesn't deserve to be talked to like that, like he's a disobedient pet instead of a human being.

"You don't have to do what he tells you, Wade," Tony says sharply. "And you don't have to let him talk to you like that."

"Huh? Like what?" Wade asks, at the same time as Cable growls Tony's code-name like a threat.



“Like you’re a, a, a child! Or a pet! Like you have to do what he tells you. It’s creepy and you don’t have to put up with it.”

“What, he’s better off with you?” Cable demands. “The only reason you give him the time of day is because you think it will encourage that girl from Agency X to sleep with you!”

Tony bristled at hearing Sandy described as ‘that girl’. “Listen here you robot dickbag...” he began, half rising from his seat, but he was interrupted before he could actually take a swing at the bigger man by Wade’s burst of incredulous laughter.

“Are you two fighting over me? Oh my god, two hot guys are fighting over me. Are you gonna actually, y’know, fight it out? Because if so I recommend naked mud wrestling.”

“Fuck you Wilson,” Tony hissed, angry and hurt. “I was trying to *defend* you!”

“Aw, that’s sweet but I really don’t need it. Although come to think of it, Nate, you were being pretty growly and bossy, even for you. Something you wanna share with the class?”

“I was not...” Cable begins, then he sighs and rubs his forehead “Alright, maybe I was out of line. You were practically in his *lap*, I may have... reacted emotionally.”

“Emotio... Nate, are you jealous?!”

“He’s a very attractive man,” Cable says, sounding embarrassed. “And you were touching him.” The last two words are said in a low angry growl and even with a respectable distance between them now, Tony can feel Wade’s shiver.

“I think I like jealous Nate,” Wade decides. “You gonna drag me back to your room and do filthy things to me to remind me who I belong too?”

“You have no idea,” Cable says, with feeling.

“Okay, sounds like a plan. First though...” and suddenly Wade’s there, straddling Tony, lips pressed against the mask. “You look like an ex of mine,” he murmurs and drags his tongue over the mask’s teeth. “It’s kinda hot.”

“I... what...?” Tony splutters when Wade pulls away. “What the fuck was that?!” Honestly, he should have known better than to try and help Deadpool. It never ends well.

“Well, I figure if Nate’s like this when all I was doing was talking to you, giving him something to really be jealous about can only lead to good thing.” He gins, scars stretching and pulling oddly. “Thanks for the help Tasky. I owe you.”

Cable just glares.

# Unmarked - Marvel Comics (Billy/Teddy)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Soul Bond AU

## Chapter Notes

I'm not the biggest fan of soulbond aus, I don't like determinism in my romance, but I am fascinated by the logistics of them, and how they could ever possibly work in reality. Or in this case, in the 616.

The first thing the midwife says when William Kaplan is born isn't "it's a boy." It's, "he's unmarked."

His parents cry, weep over their brand new healthy baby boy, because no mark means no soulmate. It means a life alone, no one to share his burdens.

Billy grows up knowing that he is unlovable. His family love him, but they don't get much choice in the matter. He's quiet and withdrawn and doesn't make much effort to make friends. There doesn't seem much point when he knows there's no one out there waiting for him. His parents worry about him, try and convince him that he can still live a happy life without a soul-mate, but they don't really believe it. Inside they're still weeping for their poor lonely little boy.

When finds out who Tommy is, he has this moment of hope, this moment of thinking maybe he's not the only one, maybe he's not broken, and then he remembers Tommy changing, the distinctive black mark on his hip barely registered in the excitement of having actual superhero outfits. It's not their family, or mutants. It's him. He's broken, and unloveable, just like he always thought.

Teddy is sweet, and handsome, and buff, and has piercings, and is a fricking superhero, and he's basically everything Billy used to imagine his soulmate would be like, if he had one. (Except the piercings, he didn't imagine those, but now he's seen them he's wondering why not). Being around him is equal parts wonderful and heartbreaking, because if it weren't for his lack of mark, Billy would think he's in love.

It's Quicksilver who explains it all. They're sitting the Quinjet travelling over the atlantic at dizzying speeds, and he and Billy and Tommy are sitting together in the back, the others leaving them alone out of some mutal agreement that they need family time.

It's awkward, nothing like as cool as meeting your superhero/villain uncle should be, the three of them mostly just sitting silently trying to avoid making eye contact.

Eventually Pietro breaks the silence. "So, you boys have soulmarks?"

Billy sits up, staring at his uncle. "Don't you?!"

"Neither me or Wanda have them," he says with a shrug. "You only get one if you have a human soulmate. Took us years to figure that out. I try to spread the knowledge around. You have no idea how many people I meet who are messed up over that."

Billy stares at him, his mind trying to process the enormity of what he's just learnt. He probably looks ridiculous, sitting there with his mouth hanging open, but he doesn't care. Everything he thought he knew about himself, about the world, it was all wrong. He's not broken. He doesn't have to be alone.

"So theoretically," Tommy says, glancing at Billy out of the corner of his eye, "if someone's soulmate was, say, Kree, or maybe Skrull, the wouldn't have a mark?"

"I don't actually know about Kree, but probably. I know Skrulls don't have soulmarks, it's one of the ways to spot an imposter. And if your soulmate doesn't have a mark, you won't either." He grins, looking suddenly startlingly like Tommy. "You got your eye on Hulkling?"

"I've got my eye on stopping my idiot brother mooning around like someone just stole his favourite comic book," Tommy replies with a grin.

Billy's too elated to even attempt to hit him.

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"So," he says, when he and Teddy are finally alone. Tommy had remembered that brothers are supposed to look out for one another, and persuaded everyone else to leave them behind at HQ. "I don't have a soulmark."

Teddy blinks at him. "Uh, me neither."

"Yeah, I know. Quicksilver told us aliens don't have them. And nor do the people who fall in love with aliens."

Teddy's eyes open very wide, and very blue. "Are you saying... please tell me you're saying what I think you're saying!"

Billy can't keep the grin back from his face. "Want to go on a date some time?"

Teddy laughs, tugging Billy into a bone-crushing hug. "Fuck yeah!"

# **Regnant - Merlin (Arthur/Gwen)**

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: you died and left me a small country

## Chapter Notes

Written in response to amusewithaview's inheritance prompts on tumblr

I seem to have angsted all over this sweet silly prompt. Sorry!

Arthur doesn't have a tomb. There was no body to bury. But he has a memorial, in the low town. It is an elaborate water pump, the well beneath it stone lined and deeper than any other in the castle. It never runs dry even in the hottest summers.

Around the well are shady trees and benches for those in need of respite. It was the best memorial any of them had been able to think of. It's popular with the elderly and sick and with children who like to climb the tree. Arthur would have liked that.

As Queen, Gwen visits it publicly every year, on the anniversary of his death, the anniversary of her ascension as Regnant Queen.

As a widow she visits late at night, when sleep won't come or the dreams won't leave.

She takes a simple pewter mug with her, the kind she isn't supposed to drink from now she's queen, and draws water from the pump to sip as she sits alone in the darkness, talking to the man she will always love.

Those moments of peace, uncomplicated and pure, are precious respites from court life.

She hadn't been born to be queen, had never even wanted to be queen. She did it because it was her duty, because there was no one better, because the knights had sworn allegiance to her and her alone. But there were many moments when she wished she could be doing anything else.

"I could hate you for leaving me Camelot," she tells the night air. "I mean, of all the things... Most people leave their wives money, or debts, or children. But you had to be special, didn't you? Always so competitive. Someone else leaves a house, you have to leave a country."

The night doesn't answer. It never does.

“Could you not at least have left me Merlin? Or any advisers apart from the knights? Leon is the only one of them who knows anything about politics and he’s so honest it’s going to get him killed one of these days. Percy think every misstep I make is hilarious, and Elyan does his best but he’s no more idea than me.”

She sighs and drinks a mouthful of cool clear water. “Is this how you felt? When you spoke of not being ready, of missing your accursed father? And don’t look at me like that, I don’t care that he’s dead. He was an asshole of the highest order and you know it. But I can understand why you’d want him back, if you felt this lost all the time.”

She trails off, sitting in silence and staring up at the pale stars.

“I might write a book, you know. When I’ve had a little more experience. A guide for how to run a country. Not set in stone like Uther’s lessons. But all the things I wish you’d had time to tell me before you died. Like how important it is to keep the nobles squabbling among themselves if you want the rest of the kingdom to pull together. And how bloody belligerent the merchants guild is. And the proper polite way to greet a selkie.

“Maybe that’s why Uther really banned magic. He didn’t want to have to learn their horrible dialect Gaelic just to speak to one ambassador once a year. I almost wouldn’t blame him if that were true.”

She finishes her drink, and stands, running a hand over the pump handle.

“We miss you, you know. All of us. All of Camelot. All your friends. Me. We miss you every day. I will always love you, even though you left me a bloody kingdom to run.”

# Testament - Marvel Comics (Gen, Hawkeye & Hawkeye)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: “you died and left me to repay a bunch of really weird IOUs”

## Chapter Notes

Written in response to amusewithaview's inheritance prompts on tumblr

Two people come to the reading of Clint Barton's will.

Natasha looks very old and very tired but her back is ramrod straight. Her hair has been recently cut, very short and severely androgynous, and her black suit is innocuously unflattering.

When she'd mentioned Natasha's dramatic change in style to Clint a few years ago, he'd smiled and said, “She's a spy. Blending in is what she does. And no one wants middle aged women to be attractive.”

They'd both been rather far past middle age at that point but Kate hadn't mentioned it. Clint hadn't liked being reminded of his age.

When she was younger she'd taken pride in being the only non-powered human on her team but as she gets older, she begins to understand why Clint had grown increasingly bitter about it. It's hard to have your skin wrinkle and your back begin to creak when around you your friends remain apparently untouched. Billy and Teddy look suitably distinguished but neither of them are anything like frail. Danni still looks and moves like a woman in her prime. Even Molly, who doesn't have any increased healing, is nearly a decade younger than Kate.

Sometimes being the human with the stick and the string really sucks.

For the most part, the division of Clint's possessions is simple enough. His apartment building is left to Simone and her children after her. Some small keepsakes are left to Bobbi. The contents of a lock-up in North Carolina are left to Barney, assuming he's still alive. No one's seen him for three years. Various papers, reports and the notes for that memoir he'd never gotten around to writing and some old stolen SHIELD briefing materials, are left to the Avengers. His love and any possessions not specifically mentioned in the will itself are left to Natasha.

“And finally to Kate Bishop, also know as Hawkeye,” Jen reads, “I leave any monies I have left at the time of my death, and the following debts, which I charge her to pay wherever possible...”

She sets down the paper. “There isn’t any money, you’ll be shocked to hear,” she says drily. “And the list of debts is considerable, though most of them aren’t monetary at least. I’ve taken the liberty of making you a list.”

She passes over a piece of paper and Kate unfolds it with a feeling of trepidation.

“Sam Wilson, a date with the woman of his dreams,” she reads. “Tony Stark, twelve-hundred twinkies. Bruce Banner, his own assassination. That one I can cross off at least. Mikhail Gorbachev, two goats. How did Clint even meet Gorbachev? Bob the Hydra Agent, three meat-feast deep-pan pizzas. Lance Hunter, one part of union-flag patterned speedos.” There's more, both sides of the paper covered in Jen's small precise handwriting. "How the hell does he expect me to repay these?! Most of these people are dead!”

“Many of them have descendants,” Jen points out. “I know Bob had three children. Although I think Lance left everything to his corgis.”

“So I’ve got to get a pair of speedos for a dog?!”

Natasha pats her arm comfortingly. “It’s what Clint would have wanted.”

# Orphans - DC Comics

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "You died and left me your children, even though they're only a few years younger than me"

## Chapter Notes

As with all the inheritance prompts, warning for past off-screen character death.

"And another thing!" Jason yelled, getting right up in Dick's face, so it's impossible to ignore just how physically imposing he is, even by the standards of their family. "You need to keep your nose the fuck out of my business! Just because he's dead doesn't make you my fucking dad!"

"I know!" Dick hadn't meant to yell, but sometimes Jason makes it impossible for him to keep his cool. There's no one like little brothers for getting under your skin, even if he and Jason have never quite been family the way the others are. There's a lot of things Dick regrets, but none of them more than the fact that he'd allowed his issues with Bruce to push him and Jay apart when Jay was just a kid desperately looking for any family he could get. "God, Jay, I know, okay? You think I don't?!"

He slumps back to lean against the rough brick of the wall behind them, and fuck everything about this but most especially the fact that Jason had wanted to do it in public. They're not even on a rooftop, anyone could walk past and hear them, hear Jay airing all the families dirty laundry. "You think I *wanted* to be the head of the family?! I'm not even Batman this time, and still somehow I've ended up having to be the one keeping this fucking family from imploding and it's hard! You want to know why Bruce did such a bad job most of the time? It's because getting you lot to actually talk about anything is like herding cats! The last time all six of us were in one room was the *funeral*!"

"Hate to break it to you, Dickie bird, but we're not exactly the Ricardos here! Playing happy families isn't what we do!"

"You think I don't know that?! I've been there for half the fights you've started with Dami, remember? I just..." He sighs, all the anger vanishing, leaving him tired and sad. "When Bruce was alive, there was always something to bring us together, even if it was just for Arkham breakouts. Now he's gone... I worry that we're just going to go our separate ways, and I don't want that. We might be a fucked up family, but we are still a family, and I don't



want to loose that. And not just for myself. Wearing the cowl is hell, and Cass deserves to have a family to support her. Dami deserves to grow up with us as his siblings, not as strangers. And you, and Duke, and Tim, you all need us, even if you don't want to admit it. And I'm the oldest, so it's my job to try and hold everything together, and it's..." He's not surprised to feel the tears start. "It's fucking killing me, Jay. Being the old who has to hold us together. Being the one who has to keep his cool, even though you all make me want to *scream* sometimes.

"I... I lost him too, you know? He was my best friend, he was my dad, I loved him even when I wanted to strangle him, and he's gone and everyone expects me to hold it together even when the rest of you are pulling me in five different directions at once and I just..."

He covers his face and lets himself cry, in great heaving sobs that shake his whole body, clog his throat with tears until he can barely breath.

He starts when he feels hands on his shoulders, but he doesn't resist when Jay pulls him into an embrace and just holds him. He hugs like Bruce, quiet strength and palpable emotional discomfort, and after a moment Dick hugs him back and hides his tears in Jason's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," Jay says, quietly. "I didn't mean... None of us meant to make things hard on you. We're just messed up. Even I... Even I am. He was a bastard, but he was my dad too."

"I know. God Jay, of course I know, I know better than anyone, that's why I want you with me. That's why the others need you."

"They don't."

"They do." He pulls back, just enough that he can look Jay in the eye, make sure he's hearing what Dick is saying. "Tim doesn't know how to grieve, and Cass is figuring out how to wear the cowl, and Duke keeps thinking he's not one of us just because he's the newest, and Damian is fifteen and he just lost his dad! They need their big brothers, and I need you. I can't do this by myself and I can't ask Alfred to do it, not when he's just buried the man who was in son in all but name. I need you with me, for them... and for me. I don't want to be anyone's dad, but someone's got to be! And you're the only one I can just... I don't have to be the grown-up with you, because you're a whole-ass adult, I can be..."

"A boy who's lost his dad," Jason says quietly.

Dick sighs. "Yeah. You'd think it would get easier with time, but this... I don't think he's coming back this time."

Jason nods. "Me either. I didn't think it would hurt this much."

"He was your parent."

"Yeah well, I've had a few of those."

"Me too. Doesn't make it any easier."

"No. It doesn't."

“I’m not asking you to, I don’t know, forgive Bruce for all the stuff you two fought about, or magically stop finding Dami annoying. I love him, I love him *so much*, but he can be the most obnoxious person on the planet when he wants to be. But he’s also a kid who’s grieving, and he needs you.”

“He needs us,” Jason says, and Dick sighs with relief.

“Yeah. He really really does.”

“Jesus.” Jason lets out something that’s not quite a laugh, not quite a sob. “I can’t believe Bruce died and left us his fucking orphan collection.”

# Figurehead - Pirates of the Caribbean

## Chapter Summary

Written in response to [this tumblr post](#) about how every character Elizabeth Swan kisses in the pirates films dies shortly thereafter, always at the hands of Davey Jones or his crew (or their pet Kraken)

## Chapter Notes

For the full effect, i feel like you should be playing Hoist the Colours while you read this.

Jack was a little disappointed by the Dutchman, truth be told.

Oh, it looked impressive enough, in its way, although the whole thing could do with a damn good scrubbing. The lack of a figurehead was odd, but he had to admit the way the shattered hull resembled a yawning mouth was intimidating, and the crew were at least creatures of nightmare. But all the myths had talked about St Elmo's fire, the sailor's blessing, and he hasn't seen any yet.

Until he finds himself chained to the mast of a doomed ship, all alone except for Elizabeth Swan. Waiting to die by her hand.

It's hard to make out the fire in daylight, the light of it barely more than a glow, but he feels it when she kisses him, lightning on his lips and in his blood.

"I'm not sorry," she tells him as she signs his death warrant. He names her Pirate for her ruthlessness, but in his heart he knows that's not the word he's looking for.

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They say power corrupts, but Jack's met a few rulers in his time, and in his experience what power really does is *reveals*.

Kinghood suits Elizabeth. He'd noticed it even in Shipwreck Cove. Noticed the moment the title settled on her shoulders like a cape, straightening her back and raising her chin and

revealing what had been there all along, unseen.

The fire burns so bright even the sun isn't enough to disguise it, a dazzling corona of blue and purple light, twining along her hair and arcing from the gold embroidery on her coat.

He's not sure that the Chinese sailors can see it, but then they might be seeing something else entirely. Sao Feng had seen something, something more than mere human, but Jack doesn't know enough about their culture and superstitions to guess what. Metaphors and symbols have power on the ocean, more power than they could ever have on land, and that's what the fire is. A metaphor. A visible symbol of something he's *not* seeing.

She's no mermaid - he'd have seen her teeth by now if she were. She can't sing worth a damn, so she's no siren, for all that men follow her to their doom. She can't be selkie or merope because they miss a piece of themselves when they walk on land, and Elizabeth Swan is whole unto herself.

She was born in human form, she loves and hates and ages and presumably one day she will die, and yet she carries a piece of the Dutchman's mythology with her everywhere she goes and her true power is in the seas and every man who seeks to win her favour pays a terrible price.

Elizabeth had been a child when she crossed from England, and the Dutchman had been there on that crossing, and now she is a woman cloaked in borrowed power and real majesty, and here is the Dutchman again, and Jack doesn't believe in coincidences.

He'd made Elizabeth a figurehead, ruler of all pirates in title alone, and coincidences are never only coincidences and metaphors have power at sea and power has a way of revealing.

And the Dutchman has no figurehead, only broken and jagged wood like a wound. Like something vital was torn from her.

The legends said the Dutchman was lit by St Elmo's fire, but they never said which piece of it.

## End Notes

I hope you enjoy these!

You can find me on tumblr at JupiterMelichios (fanfic and fic recs) and lentilswitheverything (general reblogging and occasional recipes)

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