

Warm Me Up

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Warm Me Up

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Summary

The boys have cuddly sex while waiting out a snowstorm.

Notes

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

Johnny shivered in Gyro's arms, the two of them spooning tightly as the snow outside blew over their tent. Felt like they'd been out in this weather forever and the temperature still seemed to be dropping.

Johnny snuggled closer to him, moving his hips best he could to try to make sure there wasn't a single gap between them. Gyro tightened his arms around the smaller man and pushed up into him, letting out a soft groan that vibrated against the small patch of exposed skin on Johnny's neck.

Johnny blinked a few times, slightly turning his face toward the Italian, "G-gyro...?" He couldn't quite be sure through his hazy nerves and the layers of fabric but... "Are you hard?"

Gyro groaned again, softer this time. A slight embarrassed whine to it that just confirmed Johnny's suspicion.

Johnny giggled, slightly surprised at how cute he found the absurdity. They were both tired and freezing and *of course* Gyro had a hard-on.

"You're such a perv."

"I'm sorry, alright. I can't help it...it'll probably just go away in a minute..." He mumbled, nuzzling against Johnny's neck.

"Mm, yeah, probably..." Johnny mumbled back, feeling behind him until his hand found the waist line of Gyro's pants and slipped beneath it. Johnny softly moaned as he felt Gyro throb against his fingers.

"God, Gyro...you're so warm." He tugged at the fabric between them, "C'mere."

Gyro made a soft, needy sound as he added a hand to help move their clothes down just enough that he could press his erection firmly into the middle of Johnny's ass.

Together they let out a heavy, pleased sighs at the heat. Gyro wrapped an arm around the little blonde's stomach as he slowly started to rock their hips, creating the slightest bit of friction between them.

"*Its so fucking cold...*" Gyro whined in a whisper. His hot breath sending a pleasant shudder tumbling down Johnny's spine.

"You can put it in me," Johnny bit his lip, his stomach curling at the thought, "Ya know, for warmth..."

Gyro's breath hitched, "Y-you- you're...Really?"

Johnny giggled, twisting his fingers into Gyro's.

"I mean, ya don't have to, but I'm willin' to bet it's a lot nicer inside."

The larger blonde shuddered against him, releasing a shaky sigh. He fumbled at their bags for their make-shift lube.

"You do too much for me Johnny." He mumbled breathily in between pressing kisses against Johnny's neck.

"Oh," Johnny sighed through curved lips as Gyro's hand slipped down to slick his entrance, "Ain't just for you Sunshine."

Gyro chuckled. Johnny could feel his smile against his cheek.

There were small gasps and moans exchanged between them as Gyro slid inside him.

Gyro squeezed his partner close to his chest. Johnny whined lightly, relishing in the splitting

feeling that came with Gyro filling him completely.

"Am I warm?"

Gyro whimpered, nodding.

"Very."

Johnny twisted to catch Gyro's lips against his. He whimpered as Gyro tightly grinded into him, slowly and steadily rubbing his prostate.

Johnny was still shivering but he felt like he could melt with the tight warm sensations that were coming over him in waves. Their hot breaths slightly dampening each other's skin.

Gyro's hand reached down to rub Johnny's bulge over his pants. The feeling was beyond hazy but it was enough. Every little twitch and graze and rub just what they needed.

Gyro pulled away from the kiss to bury his face in the nape of Johnny's neck. The little blonde giggled again, shuddering as Gyro shifted their hips to thrust himself in a little deeper. He kept his thrusts slow and shallow as they rode out the shakes and gasps and whines, savoring in every bit of heat between them.

Johnny's face was thoroughly flushed and his breath uneven when he let out a deep moan and felt Gyro groan against his skin as he was overcome with such a deliciously hot feeling, both inside and out.

Gyro nuzzled against Johnny's cheek, planting little kisses over his jaw as they gently heaved in the quiet aftermath. Gyro wasn't hard anymore but he was still deep in his partner, not yet willing to pull away from that tight heat. Johnny didn't mind. He wanted to linger in the embrace as long as they could manage.

"Thank you tesoro" Gyro whispered tiredly.

Johnny just smiled and lightly shook his head, bringing up a trembling hand to gently stroke Gyro's cheek. He couldn't really get words out yet.

They snuggled against each other, holding the other one as tightly as they could. Still warm. Still damp. Still shaking.

"We should clean up, huh?"

"Mmm...In a minute. Just stay this close for another minute, okay?"

"Okay..."

End Notes

I'm for whatever reason cursed to write PWP Gyjo because I looked up what cock warming is and the demon in my brain decided immediately that I needed to write this.

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