

Content warning: The most normal missionary sex.

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Nothing brought peace more to Julius than this moment. On his back, underneath the greasy grimy belly of a vehicle. This is where he had his focus. This is where his hands and mind were no longer idle. Not able to want, or crave, for anything. He pulled the wrench from one of the snagged corners of the guts of the car and used the meat of his thumb to rub at an itch on his chin. It left a black smear that he wouldn't notice.

"Try now," Julius called.

Above, in the engine bay, Ash had their arms down at an odd angle, twisting something with a grunt to get a part loose. They strained, and exhaled when the stubborn bolt finally gave way.

"Fuck— finally!" Ash cheered with relief. They stood back up and wiped at their forehead, breathing a sigh. Julius echoed the same cheer from beneath the vehicle as Ash reached in one last time to pull an old part loose. They set it down on the workbench and then rubbed at their aching palms. How long had they been at this project? Glancing at the clock, it was a little over four hours. Julius continued fiddling from below, ever focused. He seemed to be more engrossed in his work than ever before. But Ash was ready for a break. They stepped over to the side of the car where Julius's feet jutted out. With a small laugh, they grabbed his ankles and dragged his back along the floor, out from under the car.

"What are you—" Julius asked.

"Let's take a break," Ash answered. They were sweating from the effort.

Julius huffed and rolled to stand up from the floor, stretching his tired arms over his head. His hands were coated in grease. His shirt had a fine layer of grime and sweat on it. Ash went back to sit on a stool with a huff, glad to take a load off their feet for a moment. They leaned an elbow on the workbench as they retrieved their phone to check for any new messages. Movement from the other side of the car caught their eye. Julius shrugged his shirt off, revealing the tank he had on underneath. It failed to conceal the tattoo on his chest. The heart wrapped around first initials with a dagger through it. The very same one Ash had on their arm. The warmth of Ash's cheeks was a stark reminder of how much it meant to them.

Julius sauntered over to the workbench as well, and set his shirt on the metal surface, then reached for a bottle of water to take a drink. The bottle snapped open and crinkled in his hand as he downed the entire thing. He hadn't noticed yet that little Garbo was stretching from her sleeping spot nearby and began to circle his legs. She meowed once, and Julius meowed back in acknowledgement. It made Ash snicker. Garbo didn't seem satisfied with the response. Her sharp claws began to grip into the fabric of Julius's denim pants, pulling herself up his leg. Julius grunted when the needle-like nails scraped at the skin of his calf.

“Little brat,” Julius muttered and bent down to pick up the little kitten in one hand. He held her aloft over his head. Her limbs dangled and scrabbled above him, wanting to attack and play. She meowed in one long endless scream meow.

“Someone’s fussy,” Ash laughed, looking at the little creature up in air-jail.

“It’s lunch time I guess,” Julius rolled his eyes. He set Garbo back down on the workbench and walked over to his ‘kitchen’. He dipped his head low in the basin of the sink, washing his stained hands and face. Ash peered at the little black cat, and reached their hand up to pet Garbo, but received little ferocious claws in retaliation. They settled on wiggling a pencil on the table instead, allowing the little beast to attack the eraser.

“You hungry too? I think I can make something,” Julius offered.

Ash whipped around in their seat, shocked at his question, “Since when do you cook?”

Julius rolled his eyes, moving to the fridge, “Since I got my appetite back. Kinda need to eat food now. And fast food was getting old.” He tugged on the handle and peered inside, “Don’t expect anything fancy though.”

Ash moved over toward the theoretical kitchen area, scooping themselves up to sit on an open counter spot. There were only some cabinets and a sink here. The garage wasn’t outfitted to be an actual living space. Julius had no stove, no oven. How was he supposed to cook?

“Oh shit, how about this?” Julius exclaimed. He took a package of ground beef from the fridge and then moved to a nearby cabinet beside Ash, opening it to receive something else, “One of our childhood favorites. I haven’t had it in forever—” He snapped the hamburger helper box into view.

Ash smiled at the brightly colored box, “Ohhh hell yeah,” they responded with initial excitement, but then their head darted around, “Wait, how are you going to cook it?”

Julius placed the box and ground beef on the counter, then stooped to one of the lower cabinets, “I bought a little counter-top stove. Works alright.” Out from the depths of the cupboard, a rickety metal stove came into view. He placed it on the counter and plugged it into the wall.

Garbo’s shrill little screech erupted from her chest, and Julius sighed, “Right right. I’ll feed you first I guess.”

“I’m still reeling from the fact that you cook now,” Ash teased, “And you keep your place clean, do your laundry, work out... Were you replaced with a robot?”

Julius popped a can of soft food open, and Garbo went ballistic. She leaped to the counter, springing to the top with ease and landed silently. As Julius shook the can into a dish, the little black cat repeatedly attempted to eat the food, moving hastily with a string of aggressive demanding meows. Julius simply picked her up by her belly and set her back to the floor to stop her. This cycle repeated several times while Ash watched and laughed. It was so funny seeing Julius care for such a little nuisance. Finally, he was able to get the food out on the dish, and set it to the floor away from moving feet. Garbo ate like she'd never been fed before in her life.

Julius sighed at the ordeal, "Gotta keep the place clean for this little fucker. She gets into everything." He returned to making them food, bending down again to retrieve a pan to start.

He was probably telling the truth. Kittens have a way of reminding their owners about loose objects around the house. She must keep Julius on his toes. But that wasn't the only reason for his change. His sobriety had been working well for him. The last time they spoke of it, Julius went to his first AA meeting. It's been months since then, and he's kept at it. It's like night-and-day to Ash. Julius was just so much more relaxed than before. He still had his usual snark and attitude, but he had energy again. His complexion came back, his health, and his willpower. He had the will to do good for himself. It made Ash immensely proud.

As Julius focused silently at stirring the food in the fry pan, Ash couldn't help but notice the tattoo that peaked out from under his tank top strap. In all honesty, they had caught glimpses of it every few minutes from the moment Julius shrugged off his dirty T-shirt. But with one more stolen look, Julius noticed. His eyes glanced up and caught Ash's gaze, startling them. They darted their eyes away, but touched at the very same tattoo on their arm subconsciously. A giveaway that might as well be plastered on a billboard. Julius recognized it instantly. He couldn't help the small crooked grin that pulled up his right cheek. But he kept silent, looking back down at the food.

Lost in his task, Julius's mind drew forth the memories of their time spent getting those tattoos. How Ash hovered over him, brow creased in focus as they slowly pulled the tattoo machine along his taut skin. The pain was mild, but not as severe as those dumb little tattoos he got first on his fingers. It was hard to be in pain when Ash kept looking up at him, smiling and leaning over to share kisses. Julius agreed to be Ash's guinea pig while they practiced in their apprenticeship. In return, the deal was made that they would get matching tattoos. Julius didn't hesitate to pick the sappiest thing he could think of. He couldn't stop glancing at the plastic wrapped over Ash's own as they branded his skin with the very same design. Something they would share for the rest of their lives.

Julius looked up from his cooking to study Ash's arm again. They were on their phone now, looking at nothing important. Their phone acted as a focal point to keep them from staring at Julius again. He could tell by the faint dust of pink that colored their cheeks that Ash was embarrassed at being caught. He smiled again, softly, and reached up to run a finger gently on Ash's tattoo. Compared to his, drawn with rough lines of a new artist, theirs was done cleanly. Julius liked his better.

Ash's skin broke out in goosebumps at his unexpected touch. Light yet full of reverence. Ash looked up from their phone and met his eyes. The way he looked up at them with such an affectionate smile. It was one full of nostalgia and love. Ash's heart lurched in that moment.

Julius's finger trailed up their arm, then pulled back with hesitation. They made an agreement to stay platonic. He had to uphold it as much as Ash did. Julius moved instead to turn the little stove top off and set the pan aside. He mumbled, "Food's done. Lemme grab some plates."

Julius managed to take a step away from Ash before his tank top tugged at his chest, and heard Ash's hitched breath. He half-turned, expecting Ash to say something. But they didn't need to. The look on their face was enough. Julius turned and entered Ash's space, stepping between their legs and grasping their face in his hands. He brought Ash into an eager kiss. Ash's arms hooked under his, wrapping behind to grip at the fabric around his shoulders. Their legs crossed at the ankles to bring him in. They pulled him in deeper, kissing heavier, breathing harder. Julius hadn't been drunk in months, but he was now.

His hands wandered with feverish need to touch and retrace every detail he had memorized after so many years. The soft down hair on their skin, the curve of their spine. Ash missed the feeling of his broad shoulders and arms encompassing them. The hunger and need Julius always had made their nerves light up and flood their mind. He had been so patient. There was so much restraint over the months. The dam broke and it was all released now. Their desperation to touch and experience each other all over again overwhelmed them both.

"Take me upstairs," Ash demanded in the whisper of air between them.

Julius obeyed, lifting them from the counter with ease. They wrapped their arms around his shoulders, legs around his hips. While Julius walked up the steps, Ash kissed and sucked at his neck. He couldn't get up the stairs fast enough.

At the base of his bed, Julius bent in half, pressing Ash's back to the mattress and took his turn to lick and taste and bite. Ash writhed beneath him, humming and whining. The sounds they made intoxicated Julius further. His body heated, his cock hardened. He released the collarbone skin between his teeth and stood, pulling his tank over his head. Ash followed suit, reaching for his belt to undo it with haste. Julius's hands returned the favor, disrobing Ash. His knees picked up to the bed, crawling over Ash and sliding skin-to-skin. There's something about holding someone close with no clothes. Bare and warm, vulnerable and entwined. He grinded into Ash and breathed deep the smell of their neck.

"Fuck... I missed you so much."

Ash chuckled, and Julius leaned back up to meet their gaze. Their face was flushed red,

lips swollen and eyes heavy, but that didn't impede the teasing energy Ash had in that moment. Julius quirked his eyebrow, and Ash asked, "What did you miss?"

Julius placed a hand along Ash's chin and responded with a whispered, "Everything," as he leaned forward for another kiss.

But Ash leaned back, stopping him, their smile growing wider, "Be specific."

Julius couldn't hide his embarrassment, "Really? That's so dorky."

Ash insisted with a laugh, "Just do it!"

Julius rolled his eyes with a grin of his own. He could feel the blood rising to his cheeks. Sentimentality didn't come easily to him. While he felt a well of emotions for Ash, he struggled to put them to words. But Ash's mind was made up. So he must.

"I missed how much of a stubborn dick you are," Julius mumbled into the skin of their neck, kissing gently along their pulse.

"Rude!" Ash responded with a playful slap on his shoulder.

Julius laughed and kissed a trail up Ash's neck and back to their lips. His left hand slipped up to their hair, holding a gentle grip at the base. His other hand cupped their chin, holding them close and making sure they can't pull away again to tease. Julius's tongue swiped along Ash's lower lip, and they shuddered in response. Julius broke the kiss to say, "I missed kissing you."

Ash returned the gesture, holding his cheek and replying, "That one's easy."

Their kissing resumed again. Not able to get enough of each other. Quiet moans and keens passed back and forth between their lips. Julius allowed Ash's back to return to the mattress as he slotted himself between their legs. He grinded himself against them, feeling the waiting heat that sought to be filled, eliciting eager whines from their throat. His hands smoothed along their ribs, down to grip on their hips. and he paused to try another compliment, "I missed... how soft you are."

Ash's pupils were blown wide. Air pressed in needy pants and their heart thrummed against their warm, dewing skin. Decorated with kisses and bites, eyes glassy, and shoulders tinted pink. Julius swallowed at the site, and the next statement bubbled from his throat, "I missed the look you give me when you want me to fuck you."

Ash couldn't help their giggle as they grinded up to tease him, "Oh?"

Julius exhaled and moved his hand down between their thighs, "yeah."

Two fingers slipped into Ash with ease. Ash's eyes fluttered and Julius groaned. His fingers moved up and curled, and Ash's hips rose from the bed. So responsive. Their moans ebbed and flowed between waves of motions. It already wasn't enough to just be using his fingers. Julius knew by the way Ash bit their lip, maintaining some control of their voice. Not willing to unwind in full just yet.

"I missed how easy you open up for me," Julius cooed down to them. Ash responded with their body, legs twitching, hips bucking.

"Fuck—" Ash stuttered and gasped. They exhaled and their teeth chattered.

Julius removed his fingers slowly, and he placed them in his mouth, savoring Ash's taste as they watched. He leaned down then to slide his tongue in Ash's mouth, wanting to share the flavor. Ash accepted with eagerness, parting their lips to allow it.

Julius broke the kiss and chuckled, "I missed how pent up you get when I'm not around."

Ash grimaced in return, embarrassed at the remark, "S-shut up!"

Julius laughed and leaned all the way up, "And I missed how you tell me to shut up when we both know I'm right."

Propped on his knees, he stared down at Ash and stroked his cock above them, appreciating the view. Ash sucked air between their teeth in response and rolled their eyes, but protested no further. It was true. Ash hadn't had sex since Julius first left. They didn't want to bother. They didn't want to find a cheap substitute for comfort in someone else. So it was all pent up. The desperate need to feel close and connected with Julius was nauseating now. It didn't take long for them to break down under Julius's staring. Ash angled their hips up to him and darted eyes to the side. Julius smiled gently in response. That was as close to begging as he was going to get. And frankly, he wasn't willing to draw things out any longer.

Julius knelt forward again, leaning one hand to the mattress as his other guided himself into Ash. The small gasp they let out every time Julius stretched them open on him— delicious. He slid in slowly, but Ash took him with ease. Accepted him in full, wanting nothing more than to be connected.

Julius exhaled, fully seated, "Fuck— I missed how you feel."

Ash gasped, "Julius—"

Julius remained still as Ash began to grind on him, searching for friction. He loved watching them squirm, "I missed how you say my name. How you whine when you want more."

Despite Ash's motions, and the way their breath hitched and voice squeaked with frustration, Julius remained still. Instead, he knelt forward again, lacing kisses and bites up their body as he continued to recite all the things he loved.

"I missed how fucking wet you are," Julius kissed their sternum, "how hot you feel on my cock," He stroked a tongue over Ash's nipple and felt their body flex. He groaned and continued, "how much you clamp down on me."

Ash writhed and gasped, trying to move and gain some sort of friction. Their frustration built up, and their inner walls cramped from the lack of movement and relief. Each new thing Julius said only made it worse. His biting and purrs of affection— it was aggravating. Julius bit their collarbone and appreciated how easily Ash took him. He grinded just a bit and Ash keened with a broken whine. He missed the way his piercings rubbed against them. Ash missed it too. They wanted more of it. More.

"How you're practically made for taking my dick," Julius groaned out as he sucked a new mark into their neck.

Ash clenched their teeth together. *He's not fucking moving! They're not taking his dick, he's just sitting there!* Finally fed up, Ash's hands lurched to grab his head. Harsh fingers wrapped behind his ears and forced him to look. His expression was one of genuine shock, which only pissed Ash off further. He's somehow clueless about how much he riled Ash up. He was ignorant of the agony he caused.

"Enough talking. Just fuck me already!" Ash demanded. Julius continued to have that dumb look on his face as Ash protested, "You're not even moving. You're just- just-" they can't finish their sentence, flustered and overwhelmed.

Julius seemed to recover, smiling as he realized what he was doing. He wrapped Ash in an embrace again and cooed, "You asked."

Ash's blush deepened, and they muttered with stubborn defiance, "I'm no longer asking."

Just couldn't help but laugh. He answered with a humorous sigh, "Fine, fine."

His hips dragged out slowly, then pressed back in with just as much creeping reservation. He savored the frustrated grunts Ash let out. Their nails dug into his back and drew scratch lines down, demanding he move faster. Julius complied, holding Ash in a tight embrace as he allowed his instincts to take over. His body fucked into Ash eagerly. His moans erupted from his chest, relieved to also feel the gratification. Ash sighed beneath him, nearly crying with relief.

"Yes- fuck, finally! Thank you!"

Julius raised himself higher, pressing Ash's shoulders to the mattress to get better leverage to fuck harder, deeper. Ash's fingers dug in the fabric below them. He rubbed against that spot with each thrust. The bumps of his piercings glided and caught along their ridges. Fuck, it felt good. It felt so good to have Julius above them again. It felt so good to hear him lose himself. His smugness giving way to desperation for his pleasure. Ash reached up to hold his head and pull him down for another kiss. Their tongues swirled together as Julius continued to grind himself further and further into Ash, not wanting to back out. He couldn't get close enough to Ash. He needed them, and breathed them in.

"Fuck— I'm gonna- I'm gonna come," Julius admitted. There's a level of embarrassment that tinged his moan. This was happening too fast, and he knew it.

Ash's legs squeezed behind him, not caring, just wanting him in his entirety, "Please, Julius," they begged, "I've missed it so much. Come inside me."

Julius buried his head in Ash's neck again. His abdomen strung taut like a bow. His cock dug as far as it could, hips meeting Ash's thighs. The sobbing moan that erupted from him as he came made his face burn. Something broke in him as his orgasm eroded his last drop of composure. He hugged Ash's shoulder tightly, needing all of them at this moment. His other hand slid up to grip his own hair, struggling to not feel overwhelmed as he continued to pump into Ash. Their hands wrapped behind him, pulling at his shoulders blades. Their legs tightened, refusing to let him go. He thrust forward a few more times, extending his orgasm as much as he could. Making sure everything he had stayed within Ash.

The two remained locked together. Julius groaned quietly as his remaining cum was spent. Ash scratched nails gently along his spine, and he twitched and hissed between clenched teeth.

"Fuck— I just. Missed you," Julius breathed out.

Ash unwrapped their arms and legs, allowing Julius to kiss them. They smiled and whispered back, "I missed you."

Julius leaned up on his hands, pulling out slowly. Ash's breath hitched as he backed out, shuddering when he removed himself fully. Julius moaned at the sight, seeing his cum seep out of them and smeared along his length. His cock remained swollen, twitching in the cold air.

"Shit... I'm still hard," Julius rasped.

Ash moaned back, "Let's go again."