

high on you.

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high on you.

by [yuyarchives](#)

Summary

till got his hands on some weed and thought of course the smartest course of action would be to smoke it with his boyfriend, duh!

Notes

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

"Have a good night!" The cashier called after Ivan as he stepped away from the register.

He looked over his shoulder, offering the young woman a slight nod and a polite smile, just wide enough for his tiny canine to peek on one side. "You too. Thanks."

The automatic doors slid shut behind him with a quiet hiss, replacing the artificial warmth of the convenience store with the cool evening air.

Ahead, the university's campus stretched beneath what looked like a sea of amber streetlights, with students drifting past in scattered groups, their laughter and chatter echoing all across the square.

It was a weekend night. Meaning most of the students were out and about, as the stress of the school days was momentarily put aside for the meantime.

Ivan adjusted the plastic bag hooked around his wrist, its contents rustling together with every step.

Two cans of apple soda. Three bags of chips and a family-sized bag of sour gummy worms... He rubbed a hand over his neck as he sighed quietly.

Till was going to complain, he could already vividly imagine it.

"Why did you buy so much?"

Ivan smiled to himself as he began walking.

"Because it's your favorite and I know you'll eat half of it anyway."

He'd lost count of how many evenings he'd spent in Till's dorm over the semester.

Sometimes, they watched terrible movies until two in the morning, while sometimes Till studied as Ivan half-heartedly pretended to do the same, occasionally looking up to quiz him with flashcards or explain a concept he'd already mastered.

Other times they simply sat in comfortable silence, Till sketching absentmindedly while Ivan scrolled through his phone from the foot of the bed.

Though recently, they had been too busy to hangout, what with exams and Ivan's games.

Tonight though... things were strangely different and Ivan couldn't help the small bud of hope blooming across his chest.

About fifty minutes ago, right after practice had ended, Ivan's phone had buzzed.

Till : *come over*

No greeting, no explanation either.

Just those two words.

Ivan had stared at the message for a second before laughing under his breath before texting Till back, letting him know he would be on his way after a shower.

The text itself wasn't all that strange, Ivan knew Till well enough by now to know that if he was asking him to come over this late on a Friday night, there was probably a reason.

Whether that reason was wanting company, forcing Ivan to watch another weird indie horror film, or needing help with something entirely unexpected... Well... Ivan would've shown up regardless.

They had only been dating for nearly six months and it still felt surreal whenever Till invited him over, though Ivan doubted that feeling would ever go away.

Ivan's sneakers crunched softly over the gravel path leading toward the residence halls. He fished his phone from his pocket, checking the time before glancing up at the familiar brick building looming ahead.

Teal LED light glowing from Till's window.

Ivan couldn't help the grin tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"I'm coming," he muttered, climbing the front steps two at a time.

Ivan knocked against the dorm room door about three times, shifting the plastic grocery bags from one hand to the other as muffled music seeped through the wood. He could already tell Till had his speakers on, it was one of his favorite rock bands.

A few seconds later, the lock clicked and the door swung open, revealing Till in an oversized black T-shirt that had slipped lazily off one shoulder, exposing a sliver of pale skin.

Dark blue pajama pants dotted with tiny white skulls hung low on his hips, and his hair looked like he'd run his fingers through it one too many times.

Smudged black eyeliner framed his tired eyes, although Ivan didn't miss the twinkle in his eyes and the slight flush dusting his ears and his cheekbones when their eyes met.

Ivan couldn't help the grin tugging at his lips, nor the warmth that bloomed in his chest.

"There you are," Till grumbled, stepping aside to let Ivan in. "Took you forever."

Slipping past him, Ivan gave him an apologetic grin. "Sorry for keeping you waiting, princess."

Till shot him a look so flat it could've killed a man and a laugh escaped Ivan as he kicked off his shoes near the door. He carried the grocery bags over to the coffee table. The plastic crinkled loudly as he set them down.

Till's gaze immediately drifted to them, one eyebrow arching. "...Why all that?"

Ivan shrugged. "Just in case we get hungry."

"Hungry? This is enough to last us a zombie apocalypse."

"You never know."

Till let out a quiet scoff, shaking his head. Despite his complaining, he dove right into one of the bags, examining its contents "...You're unbelievable."

"I've been told."

Ivan flopped onto the couch, stretching comfortably against the cushions with the comfort of someone who had been living there for years instead of simply spending half his evenings in Till's dorm.

Tilting his head back, he looked up at him expectantly. "So," he asked, "what's up?"

Till's fingers stilled on one of the bags of chips.

For a moment, he didn't answer.

He stood there, biting the inside of his cheek before setting the bag of chips back into the table.

Then, with purpose, he turned on his heel and walked over to the bedside table. He pulled open the drawer, rummaged around for a second, then returned holding a few neatly rolled joints between his fingers.

"...This."

Ivan blinked once.

His eyes moved from Till's face to the joints, then back again maybe twice or thrice.

"...This?"

Till reached over, grabbed his lighter from the coffee table, and dropped onto the couch beside him.

"Hyuna gave me some to try." He rolled one thoughtfully between his fingers before glancing sideways at Ivan. "I wanted to try it with you."

Ivan's grin spread instantly, his chest swelling with affection for his boyfriend.

"Aww." His hand came up without thinking, ruffling Till's already messy hair. "You thought of me?"

Till growled under his breath, immediately slapping Ivan's hand away.

"Don't make it weird."

"I wasn't making it weird."

"You were."

"...Maybe a little." Ivan stuck his tongue out playfully.

Till rolled his eyes before bringing the lighter up.

With a practiced flick of his thumb, a small flame danced to life.

He lit the end of one of the joints, watching the paper glow before taking a quick glance at Ivan.

He held it out. "You go first."

Ivan accepted it with an easy "Thanks."

Till leaned back into the couch, arms folded as he watched with barely concealed anticipation. His expression was practically screaming that he was waiting for Ivan to hack and cough his lungs out.

Instead, Ivan brought it to his lips without hesitation, inhaled smoothly, held the smoke for a brief moment, then let it escape in a slow stream toward the ceiling.

Till stared at him, lips parted."...Huh?"

"What?" Ivan asked innocently, shrugging his varsity jacket off his shoulders before tossing it over the arm of the couch.

"Give me that."

Ivan handed it back without question.

Surely it couldn't be that bad, right? He smoked cigarettes and Ivan did it smoothly on his first try so it had to be fine..

Till mimicked what he'd just watched, taking a long drag before attempting to hold it.

Only this time..

"Cough—"

He doubled over, coughing into his sleeve.

It tasted awful..

Ivan couldn't help but laugh, reaching over to gently pat his boyfriend between the shoulder blades. "Easy there."

Till shrugged his hand off with a glare. "God that's awful.."

Till sniffled, looking up at Ivan dubiously. "...Hey, How come you didn't..."

"Hm?"

"... You know."

Ivan blinked before realization crossed his face.

"Oh." He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. "It's not actually my first time."

Till looked at him in complete disbelief. "...What?"

"Yeah." Ivan scratched his cheek, smiling a little awkwardly. "I've tried it before."

He could see the confusion clouding Till's expression so he gave a slight nod. "...With Sua."

Till's brows slowly drew together. "...Seriously?"

"Yeah..." Ivan tilted his head, a teasing smile tugging at his lips. "Is that why you were staring at me?"

He plucked the joint from Till's fingers, taking another slow drag before exhaling a thin plume of smoke toward the ceiling.

"No." Till looked away for a moment, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth. "I just... expected some sort of reaction, I guess."

Ivan studied him for a beat, his expression unreadable.

Then, as if deciding not to comment, he simply held the joint back out.

"Here," he said. "Try again. Slowly this time... just a little."

Till took it from him with a quiet hum of acknowledgment. This time he only inhaled only a small amount before pulling it away.

He coughed again, though not nearly as much.

"There you go," Ivan chuckled. "Better."

Till tried again a minute later.

And then again, each attempt was a little smoother than the last.

Every so often, Till would glance over at Ivan as though silently asking if he was doing it right, and Ivan answered each uncertain look with a small nod or an encouraging smile.

And if Till's heart skipped a beat each time... Well that was no one's business but his own.

"When do I start feeling it?" Till asked eventually, handing the joint back to him.

"Soon." Ivan rolled it between his fingers before taking another drag. "It usually takes a little while to kick in."

"How will I know?"

Ivan rested his cheek against the palm of his hand, turning to face him fully though his eyes were focused on the press of Till's thigh against his own.

"You'll probably start feeling warmer," he said. "Maybe a little looser. More relaxed."

Till gave a thoughtful hum, unconsciously shifting closer on the couch. "...That's it?"

Ivan laughed softly. "For now."

The conversation drifted into comfortable silence, the music continued to hum softly from Till's speakers, filling the room with lazy guitar riffs while the campus outside carried on without them.

Every now and then, muffled chatter echoed from somewhere down the hallway before fading into the distance.

Neither of them seemed particularly interested in talking anymore.

Ivan leaned back into the couch, absently rolling a can of apple soda between his hands while watching the smoke curl lazily toward the ceiling.

A few minutes passed before Ivan finally broke the silence. "...You feeling anything yet?" He asked.

Till frowned in concentration, attempting to gather his thoughts although his mind felt like putty.

"...Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"My face feels..." He lifted a hand to his cheek, blinking thoughtfully. "...Warm."

Ivan chuckled, leaning close. "There it is."

Till hummed, seemingly satisfied with that answer. His gaze drifted toward the coffee table, settling on the bag of chips.

Sweet chilli, his favorite.

Till reached for it only to miss it by a few inches. "...Huh."

He frowned at the table, lips pursing into a pout as he looked up at Ivan. "Did you move that?"

"Nope," Ivan snorted. "Pretty sure it's been in the same place the whole time."

With renewed focus, Till sat up slightly, reaching farther this time.

His balance wobbled for a second, and he ended up bumping into Ivan's shoulder, nearly sitting on Ivan's lap with a quiet "oh."

Neither of them moved immediately, the music from Till's speakers was the only thing filling the sudden silence in between them.

Ivan glanced down at him, lips wrapped around the end of the blunt as he took a deep drag. He raised a brow, curious as to what Till's next move would be.

"Mm." Till made no attempt to move further away, simply leaning into Ivan who let out a light laugh, the sound low and warm enough that Till felt it through his back.

Till swallowed thickly, grabbing the blunt from Ivan's hand, taking a drag, trying to focus on the herbal taste rather than the warmth of where Ivan's lips had just been.

Before Till could think too hard about that, Ivan reached across the table, grabbed the chips, and set them carefully in Till's lap.

"There you go."

"Thank you..."

Till looked down at the bag instead of at Ivan. It was *easier* that way.

Easier than acknowledging how close they were, or how Ivan's arm was still resting behind him on the couch, or how his own shoulder hadn't left Ivan's side.

The weed was making him warm.

Yeah. That's what this was. At least, that was the excuse he was going with.

"You know..." Ivan broke the silence, his gaze lingering on Till.

From this angle he looked adorable, cheek slightly puffed as he chewed.

Ivan wanted to lean down and sink his teeth into the soft flesh.

"There's another way."

Till glanced up, shifting his attention from the crumpled bag of chips in his lap, brows knitting slightly. "Another way?"

Ivan gave a small nod. "...Might be a little bold, though."

"Ha.." Till let out a quiet huff of amusement, nudging Ivan's ribs with his elbow. "Since when has that ever stopped you?"

A grin tugged at the corner of Ivan's mouth, his teeth glinting in the dim light. "Touché."

The room fell quiet once more though not completely, thanks to the speakers that continued to hum softly, and the sound of Till as he ate some of the chips.

"What is it?" Till asked after a moment, curiosity getting the better of him.

He sat the bag of chips aside, wiping his fingers on what he thought was his pants, but was actually Ivan's leg.

Ivan didn't answer him right away.

He shifted closer, close enough that Till could make out the faint scent of laundry detergent and sweat clinging to his clothes, close enough that the warmth radiating from his shoulder suddenly seemed impossible to ignore.

Till's breath caught in his lungs, goosebumps erupting on his skin. "...Ivan?"

Ivan lifted a hand slowly, giving Till every opportunity to pull away.

Then, when Till only leaned closer, Ivan's palm settled gently against Till's jaw, his thumb brushing lightly over the curve of his cheek as his fingers pressed just enough to dimple the soft skin.

Till's brows drew together, his lips slightly pursed by the pressure. "Wha—"

Ivan took a slow drag before leaning in just enough to exhale the smoke between Till's lips, during which their eyes never left each other's.

"...Like that," Ivan murmured, an impish grin settling onto his face.

Till's face burned a bright red, lips opening and closing uselessly.

Ivan simply gave him his brightest, innocent smile, taking another drag of the blunt.

"That's...." Till finally spoke up, his gaze drifting to Ivan's lips.

"Yes?" Ivan looked up at him through his lashes.

Till swallowed thickly before meeting his gaze. "...Did you do that with Sua?"

Ivan blinked, dumbfounded. "...What?"

"The..." Till gestured vaguely between them with the hand holding the joint. "...The smoke thing."

A laugh escaped Ivan, shaking his head at Till's question.

Cute..

"No."

Till looked at him for another second, inspecting his expression. "...Then how do you know about it?"

Ivan scratched the back of his neck. "I saw it online once."

He wasn't going to tell him that he had seen it in a.. gay porn video.

"...Seriously?"

"Seriously."

Till let out a quiet hum as though filing that information away.

Ivan took another slow drag before lowering his hand. Till's eyes followed the movement.

Almost as if in a trance, he licked his lips as he stared at Ivan's fingers.

Without really thinking about it, he reached over and plucked the joint from Ivan's fingers.

"Hm?" Ivan turned toward him just as Till inched closer.

One hand came up, clumsy but gentle, settling against Ivan's jaw. His fingers were warm where they rested, thumb brushing lightly against Ivan's cheek as he guided his face closer.

Ivan's eyes widened, his voice a mere whisper as it drifted in the air between them. "...Till?"

Till took a small drag, held it for a heartbeat, then leaned in just enough to exhale into Ivan's parted lips.

Ivan blinked, momentarily caught off guard. His hands moved to rest on Till's sides to steady him.

Till pulled back with the faintest hint of a smug smile tugging at the corner of his mouth, the sight of Ivan slightly flustered clearly stroked his pride.

"...Did I do it right?"

For a second, Ivan simply stared at him.

His hands trembled slightly from how hard he was holding himself back from digging in, or from moving lower towards his boyfriend's hips when they were right there..within his reach..

"Ivan?"

Breaking out of his daze, a helpless laugh escaped him. "...Yeah."

His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "You did."

Till seemed to follow the motion, his eyes tracing the column of Ivan's throat.

The silence stretched between them and Ivan's eyes followed Till's, almost entranced by them.

"Ah-" Till gasped when he felt Ivan's hands press into his waist at once.

"Shit sorry..." Ivan muttered but made no attempt to loosen his grip, if anything he held on tighter, feeling the heat of Till's skin through the thin barrier of his shirt.

Till didn't try to move back either, his eyes seemingly locked onto Ivan's parted lips.

Ivan took the blunt from Till's fingers, taking a drag before leaning in and blowing the smoke into Till's mouth. "You're getting better."

"Should... Should I get closer? It would be easier that way." Till asked, awkwardly shifting until he was straddling Ivan's lap.

Shit.

Ivan cursed internally, the feeling of Till, fully seated on his lap was too much.

He couldn't help the way his body reacted, his pants suddenly felt too tight.

"Till.."

"This is better." Till exhaled, shifting on Ivan's lap to make himself comfortable.

"Stop squirming.."

"I'm just trying to get comfortable.."

Ivan could only endure so much of this delicious torture before his hands came up to Till's hips, holding him firmly, steadying him in place.

Till's breath hitched, his hands settling on Ivan's shoulders for support.

A sudden realisation hit Ivan.

Ivan's head tilted slightly, a smirk slowly spreading on his lips. "Is this why you invited me over? Was this your plan all along?"

Till's ears were a bright red as Ivan's fingers found them, gently pressing on his pierced skin.

"Hm?" Ivan's lips ghosted the shell of Till's ear, pressing a kiss onto the pink dusted skin of his lobe. "Did you miss me that much?"

"Nonsense, I just wanted to smoke with you.."

Ivan hummed noncommittally, leaning in until his lips were a hair's breath away from Till's own. "Mm, right."

Till, having grown tired of the incessant teasing, leaned in and bridged the gap between them, clumsily pressing his lips onto Ivan's.

It was a kiss that Ivan met with equal fervor, his hands splaying out on the small of Till's back, pulling him flush against himself.

Till's arms wrapped around Ivan's neck, tilting his face so he could deepen the kiss, humming against his lips. His tongue languidly caressed Ivan's bottom lip before delving into his mouth, finding Ivan's own.

Ivan moaned into Till's mouth, hands moving up and down his boyfriend's back, fingers gently kneading into the flesh underneath.

He suckled on Till's tongue, giving it gentle nips of his teeth before pulling back, breathing heavier.

A thin string of saliva connected their lips before eventually breaking off.

Till's chest was slightly heaving as he caught his breath, his hands caressing Ivan's shoulders and arms.

It wasn't their first time kissing, of course not. But doing so in their current state was an entirely different experience.

Till leaned his head on Ivan's shoulder, lips finding the warmth of his neck, trailing slow, open mouthed kisses on his skin.

"Till..." Ivan breathed softly, his hands moving lower, finding the soft curve of Till's hips before moving lower, moulding the supple flesh of his ass. He cupped it in his large hands and lifted it slightly, feeling the weight of it in his palms.

Till's muffled gasp on his neck was more than enough encouragement to keep going.

Till gradually kissed his way up Ivan's neck, his jaw, then he captured his lips into another kiss, only this time hungrier, slower.

He rolled his hips down against Ivan's which earned him a soft moan against his lips.

Ivan's hand tightened, guiding Till's motions, pulling him down against himself as he ground up into him, Till's breathy whimpers only stoked the fire in his gut.

Ivan tilted his head to the side, tongue meeting Till's in a slow dance.

It felt like they had been kissing for hours, as if their minds had been swimming in honey.

Till's back arched, his chest pressing into Ivan's own, grinding down harder against him.

He let out a shuddering exhale when Ivan's hands snuck beneath his shirt, thumbs finding his nipples pebbled from excitement.

He rolled them in between his fingers, playing with the metal barbells that pierced through them.

"Fuck..Till," Ivan whined, bucking up. He couldn't take the pressure anymore.

Till's hands moved in between them, finding the zipper of Ivan's pants and gracelessly, he pulled it down.

His hand dove past the waistband of Ivan's boxers, wrapping his fingers around his boyfriend's cock, hissing at just how feverish he felt in his palm.

"Fuck.." Till bit down on his bottom lip as he looked down in between them, pulling Ivan's length out of his pants.

The sight of him like this, hard and leaking for him, was one Till could never get used to.

Till's breath hitched, breaking out of his trance by the sudden feeling of cold air against his own shaft. Ivan had his hand wrapped around him after he had freed Till's cock from its confines.

"You're so cute." Ivan purred, licking his lips as he held his and Till's cock into the palm of his hand.

Till was evidently smaller than him, and while that would have normally sent a feeling of shame or embarrassment into Till, it was doing quite the opposite right now.

His cock twitched, leaking a few beads of precum, wetting Ivan's palm.

"And so wet.." Ivan leaned into the crook of Till's neck, lips latching onto Till's creamy skin, suckling bright marks onto it.

Till's lips parted around a soft moan, his hips bucking, thrusting himself into Ivan's palm. It felt so warm, so tight and oh so *good*.

Ivan's palm tightened around them, moving in slow pumps at first though that didn't last long.

Desperation seeped into his bones and his movements grew frantic, slickened by their precum, his hand moved faster, thump pressing into the sensitive head of Till's cock.

"Ivan- Ivan-" Till's spine bowed, digging his knees onto the cushions of the couch on either side of Ivan's thighs.

He rested his hands on Ivan's shoulders, nails digging in as he thrust into Ivan's palm, clumsy uncoordinated thrusts that pushed his cock up against Ivan's own.

Till's voice grew whinier, eyes glazing over from the pleasure.

Their cocks ground against one another, the friction was intense. Ivan's head tilted back, eyes closing as he rolled his hips up, bucking into his own hand.

He opened his eyes just a fraction, catching a glimpse of Till's face, flushed and contorted by bliss.

Ivan snarled, a shaky exhale leaving him as he moved faster.

"Till.."

Till looked up at the sound, hands moving up to cup Ivan's face, he pulled him into a kiss.

It was a messy collision of tongue and teeth, moaning into each other's mouths as Ivan's motions brought them closer and closer to the edge.

Till found himself falling first, cock twitching in Ivan's hand as his release spilled from him with each stroke.

Overstimulation began settling in as Ivan's hand was incessantly pumping him still. Till whined as he felt slight pinpricks of pain slowly shoot up his spine.

"Tiil..Till, Till.." Ivan murmured, voice husky. He was close, so *close*.

He leaned in, sinking his teeth into Till's neck as his orgasm crashed over him, his cock pulsing in his grip.

His release landed on their shirts with some pearly droplets even finding their way to Till's chin and lips.

"Sorry.." Ivan gave him an unabashed smile as he used the sleeve of his abandoned varsity jacket to wipe Till's skin clean.

"Were you that worked up?" Till huffed, slumping down against Ivan, burying his face into the hollow of Ivan's neck, resting his forehead on his shoulder as he tried to regain composure and catch his breath.

Ivan's scent was doing wonders in calming him down, much like it always did.

"A little.." Ivan chuckled quietly, hands resting on Till's back, pulling him close. "You just looked so cute.."

Till huffed, playfully slapping Ivan's bicep with his hand. "Shut up.."

Ivan only grinned, cupping Till's face and peppering kisses all over his cheeks, jaw, nose and finally his lips.

Once they had settled down a little, Ivan leaned forward, Till still in his arms.

He reached for one of the blunts on the table.

He lit the end and took a slow drag, holding it in his lungs before exhaling a thin stream of smoke upwards.

Then, something caught his attention.

"Till?"

"Hm?"

"Since when did you have that mirror?"

At the question, Till looked up and met Ivan's eyes, who jerked his chin towards the full length mirror facing them.

"It came in two days ago, I got sick of the small one in the bathroom." Till murmured, nuzzling back into the crook of Ivan's neck, drowsiness slowly settling over his limbs.

Ivan hummed, taking another drag before setting the blunt down.

In a swift motion, he flipped Till around, manhandling him so that his back was pressed onto Ivan's chest while still on his lap.

"What the hell?" Till croaked, face flushing a deep red as he turned to face Ivan.

Ivan simply shook his head no, a hand coming up to grab Till's face, tilting it forward, so that he could meet his gaze in the mirror.

Oh.

Ivan leaned forward, chin resting over Till's shoulder.

Till swallowed thickly, hands moving to hold onto Ivan's.

"Ivan.." Till breathed, feeling his boyfriend's cock twitch against his lower back.

"I want you to see how cute you look." Ivan purred, his hands moving to tug Till's pants down along with his underwear.

Till almost tripped standing up to kick them off fully.

If he were being honest Till had never given this a thought before.

Hell he would have probably embarrassedly said no had Ivan suggested this some other time, but now for some reason..he couldn't tear his eyes off of the view in the mirror in front of them.

The view of his own legs, caged by Ivan's muscular thighs..

It made his spent cock twitch, stirring back to life.

"Ivan..I don't.." Till spoke up but his voice died in his throat when Ivan's eyes locked onto his own in the mirror, his pupils looked almost entirely red from this angle.

"Shh," Ivan pressed a kiss to Till's shoulder, his hands moved to rest on Till's bare thighs, then hooking them behind his knees and under the supple flesh, he lifted them spreading Till open.

Till gasped, his hands flying to hold onto the cushions with a white knuckled grip.

"I got you," Ivan smiled at him, pressing his legs up and back until they were flush against Till's chest.

Ivan released one of his legs, letting it momentarily drop back onto his lap. He brought his hand up to Till's lips.

Till's lips parted without needing a command, jaw loosening enough for Ivan to slip two fingers in.

"Suck." Ivan whispered, pressing his fingers down against the softness of Till's tongue.

Till complied, suckling on Ivan's fingers, moaning around them, letting his eyes flutter shut.

"Keep your eyes on the mirror." Ivan tightened his grip on Till's leg.

Till whined but opened his eyes once more.

The sight of himself in this position, spread open and sucking on Ivan's fingers.. A furious flush bloomed across his skin. His cock jumped, weeping precum at the head.

Ivan noticed, *of course* he did.

He grinned, pushing his fingers deeper into Till's mouth, just to watch him struggle. His own cock was fully hard now, nestled in between Till's ass cheeks.

Till's eyes stung, watering as he tried to relax his throat. Saliva began to fill his mouth fast, collecting at the corners of his lips and dripping down his chin. He tried to speak, but the moment his voice spiked, Ivan only pressed his fingers firmer against his tongue.

Overwhelmed, he bit down on Ivan's fingers, in hopes that would get him some reprieve.

Which seemed to work as Ivan mercifully pulled his fingers out of Till's mouth, thin strings of spit connecting Ivan's digits and Till's lips.

"You bastard." Till choked out, leaning his head back against Ivan's shoulder.

"Sorry, sorry~" Ivan chimed, making no effort to sound more believable. He shifted, moving his hand lower in between Till's legs.

Till stiffened up at the touch, thighs trembling. He lifted his head, eyes following Ivan's hand in the mirror.

Ivan's fingers moved lower, past his cock until he found his entrance, pink and puckered. He slipped the tip of his index finger in, then his middle finger, slowly massaging Till's internal walls.

Till bit down on his bottom lip, inhaling shakily, tilting his hips up to meet the slow thrusts of Ivan's fingers.

"Ah! Ivan- Fuck-" Till nearly jumped when Ivan's fingers pressed against his prostate, a sharp jolt of electricity coursing through him.

"Found it," Ivan murmured, thrusting his fingers in deeper, grazing that special spot each time he scissored his fingers, opening Till up.

Till's cock drooled more precum, spilling along his shaft as he struggled to keep his eyes open, hips following each thrust, seeking more.

Till's hands dug into the cushions, "Ah- Ivan- That's enough-" he whined, rolling his hips.

Ivan exhaled shakily, sliding a third finger into Till's heat, while grinding against Till's ass, pushing his cock in between his boyfriend's cheeks.

It was flushed an angry red, his own need building up quickly.

Till's noises didn't help, each moan, each whimper.. It went straight to Ivan's cock.

Once he was loose enough, Ivan pulled his fingers out then guided his cock to Till's heat.

He pressed the fat head of his cock into Till's winking entrance, watching as it greedily swallowed him.

He pushed in until he was halfway inside, sinking into his boyfriend's tight warmth, before moving his hand to hook beneath Till's other leg, pulling them up and back. Then, he intertwined his fingers at the nape of Till's neck keeping him spread open.

"Ngh.." Till's hands moved up to rest on Ivan's forearms, digging his nails into his boyfriend's skin causing small pink crescents to bloom to life.

Ivan lifted his hips slightly, fucking up into Till with an experimental motion, testing the position.

The sudden motion made Till's voice crack, a sudden translucent jet of liquid spurting from his cock.

"Ivan—" Till gasped, a surge of embarrassment suddenly filling him. He scratched at Ivan's forearms.

"Shh, shh.. that was so cute, Till.." Ivan cooed, lips parted as he breathed heavily.

The sight had affected him so much it was a miracle he hadn't come right then and there.

He moved his hips again, bucking up into the velvet warmth of Till's heat, feeling him suck him in deeper.

Ivan grunted, exhaling contentedly as he picked up his pace, "Fuck.. you're so tight.." His muscles strained, the muscles of his arms rippled beneath his skin as he lifted Till higher, thrusting up into him deeper.

Till's lips parted, a staccato of moans spilling from them with each thrust, his eyes were locked on the sight ahead of him.

He was nearly fascinated by how his hole was spread around Ivan's large cock, watching it disappear into him with ease. How whenever it was fully inside him, it made his lower abdomen bulge.

"Iv— Ivan— *God..*" Till sobbed, back arching when Ivan's cock pressed up right into his prostate with a violent thrust, another clear stream of fluid spurting out of him, pleasure so electric as it coursed through him, it made his mouth water.

Ivan's grin was feral, tongue swiping over his canine. His jet black hair sticking to his forehead, he couldn't tear his gaze away from the mirror either. The sight of Till squirting all over himself, seeing his hole so eagerly swallow him.. it was making him *delirious*.

Ivan leaned back slightly, planting the heels of his feet down onto the floor so he could thrust up with more force.

"Till..Till.." Ivan exhaled shakily, fucking up into the tight heat, he was close, so close.

Till's eyes rolled back, lips parting around a silent moan as his orgasm crashed over him unexpectedly.

Tears spilled down his face as his eyelids fluttered shut. His toes curled, thick ropes of cum shooting from his cock, coating his thighs and stomach.

The image of him like that was Ivan's undoing.

His thrusts grew clumsier, shallower.

His cock spilled where it was deeply nestled in between Till's walls, filling him up. He slowed down but didn't stop, even as oversensitivity began to slowly settle over him.

Till whimpered, overstimulation nipping at him in waves. "Ivan— Enough—" He muttered, glossy eyes meeting Ivan's gaze in the mirror. "Please." He sniffled.

"I got you, baby." Ivan cooed, sitting down and gently lowering Till's legs down. He didn't pull out completely, his hands moving to slowly caress the soaked skin of Till's thighs.

Till's chest heaved, leaning his head back against Ivan's shoulder as he caught his breath.

"Ivan.."

“Hm?”

“We're never smoking together again.”

Ivan whined, nosing at the soft skin of Till's cheek. “Awwh, but it looks like you enjoyed yourself..” His hand moved to trace patterns across Till's chest and stomach, moving through the pearly evidence of Till's release, drying on his skin.

“Shut up..”

Ivan nipped at his ear, pressing a kiss on his earlobe. “I'm serious.” His hand moved in between them, finger tracing Till's stretched entrance, still snugly wrapped around his cock.

Till gasped as Ivan lifted him up just enough to pull out. “Wh— What are you doing?” His gaping hole tightened around nothing, the sudden emptiness making him ache.

Ivan's release spilled out of the reddened pucker, pearly rivulets dripping down Till's skin.

“Just relax, yeah?” Ivan whispered into Till's ear as three of his fingers easily slipped inside. He began curling them upwards, moving them in and out, his forearm tensing at the speed of his motions.

“Ah— “ Till's noises were quickly muffled by Ivan's lips, who had captured Till's own into a messy kiss. One that Till tried his best to reciprocate, but with how wrecked he was, he could only do so much.

His spent cock throbbed against his belly, precum pooling on his warm skin.

Ivan's fingers didn't slow, the pads of his fingers massaging and pressing onto his prostate.

Till's back arched, spine taut as his orgasm washed over him in slow sweet waves, his legs trembling slightly from the intensity.

His cock jumped against his skin, a stream of pearlescent, milky fluid spilling from him as he ground his hips against Ivan's hand, walls spasming around the thick digits.

"There you go, good boy." Ivan cooed, pressing a soft kiss to the temple of Till's head, pulling his fingers out slowly, his eyes focused on how Till's pink hole was gaping around them, still stained white.

He couldn't tear his gaze away.

He grinned, tugging gently at the reddened, puffy entrance, opening him up even more.

He watched, entranced as the deep pink insides shined, drooling more of his cum.

"Stop tugging—" Till groaned, trying to close his legs.

Ivan held his legs open with an iron grip. "Just hold still for a second, princess." Ivan murmured as he fished for his phone in the pocket of his varsity jacket.

Till shot him a glare once he heard the shutter of the camera. He had grown used to Ivan taking pictures every now and then, but it still made him feel a sense of embarrassment.

"Pull out, Ivan." Till whined, slapping Ivan's hands away and effectively closing his legs this time.

Ivan's hand fingers finally pulled out of Till's oversensitive entrance and moved to rest on Till's side instead. Leaning in to press a kiss to his cheek, Ivan muttered. "There."

Till's breathing was still heavy, a slight sniffle to his breath as he closed his eyes, slowly calming down.

After a moment, Till's eyes drifted across the floor and the couch before he let out a long, suffering groan.

Ivan blinked, looking up from where he had his face buried in Till's neck. "What?"

Till pointed toward the coffee table and the carpet, obviously stained.

Ivan followed his finger. His grin immediately turned sheepish, almost prideful. "...Oh."

"...And the floor."

"...Oh."

Till buried his face in his hands for a second.

"...Come on.. And I even cleaned up before you came over.."

A laugh bubbled out of Ivan despite himself.

"Don't worry," he murmured, hands coming up to cup the slight swell of Till's chest, giving him a gentle grope. "I'll help you clean."

Till deadpanned. "...Duh..It's literally your fault."

Now.. Ivan couldn't exactly argue with that.

"...Yeah," he admitted with a guilty smile. "That's fair."

Till sighed dramatically though the corners of his mouth betrayed him. "...Idiot."

"You still like me~ Ivan chimed, groping Till's chest as he pressed soft kisses to his neck.

Ivan laughed, wrapping his arms tight around Till, pulling him close into him. "We have to clean ourselves up first."

"You do the work..I'm too tired." Till grumbled, his hand finding Ivan's, giving it a gentle squeeze.

It took them longer than either of them expected to clean themselves up. Then followed the couch before they threw their shirts into the laundry basket, then they straightened up the room.

Although it was mainly Ivan doing the work while Till ‘supervised’.

By the time they were finished, the dorm smelled faintly of citrus cleaner instead of smoke.

"There," Ivan said, dropping the cloth onto the coffee table with a satisfied nod. "Good as new."

Till glanced around the room before giving a slow, approving nod.

A little while later, they found themselves tucked beneath Till's blankets, a laptop balanced precariously at the foot of the bed while an old horror movie played across the screen.

The bag of sour gummy worms sat open between them and every so often, Till would quietly steal the blue ones before Ivan could get to them.

Ivan huffed an amused laugh before nudging Till's shoulder in a quiet ‘I saw that’ which in return earned him a shrug from Till.

The movie carried on in the background, though neither of them was paying much attention anymore.

Somewhere around the halfway mark, Till's head grew heavier, exhaustion finally getting to him as he settled against Ivan's shoulder.

Ivan glanced down.

"...Till?"

No response.

A small smile tugged at his lips as he reached over to the laptop, lowered the volume until it was barely more than a whisper, then pulled the blanket a little higher around them.

By the time the credits rolled, both of them were fast asleep, still tangled together, the half-empty bag of gummy worms forgotten between them and the glow of the laptop casting a soft light across the room.

End Notes

Hello Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed ! ♥

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