issues

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issues

by smellydotcom

Summary

Tord is an incubus. Unfortunately, he has absolutely no game. Fortunately, he does have a drunk roommate.

Notes

first eddsworld fic on this site and it’s gay sex. hey i saw my opportunity and i took it okay maybe this will motivate some other authors to put their eddsworld slop on here too so i dont have to suffer through november

Chapter 1: tord dies

Being an incubus in the modern age *should* be easy. It's so straightforward: follow fashion trends, beauty tips, even sex tips, and post yourself if you have to. Hell, you can scam people online if nobody finds you attractive enough in real life! Sexual gratification can be done however much distance apart, as long as it's caused by the incubus.

Or, if all else fails, he could pay a sex worker, or a dominatrix. Really anyone would work, and it's as easy as having a few extra dollars in your pocket.

Except, Tord has a problem. He was born an incubus, forged in hellfire and wax making shape to his pallid body and horrid structure. He's quite proud of his origins, as all demons are supposed to be, but perhaps his limited developmental years stunted his mental growth more than he had hoped, because he has not been able to seduce a single person since he's arrived on the mortal plane.

It's been months of treachery. There's been awkward flirting, failed hookups, fleeting relationships, and yet none of them have lead anywhere at all. He can feel his power slipping, his body getting weaker, his beauty decaying, and despite all his efforts there is nothing he can do about it. Tord hasn't been touched by a human more than the grand total of five times. It's laughable. Humiliating. Frightening, if he allows himself to feel that way. Even with the crutch of the internet, he is failing.

He sits at his desk, computer illuminating blue light onto his dry, bloodshot eyes as he messages a girl he found on Tinder. The clock reads 4:13 AM. Not that he's looking.

Tord: hey there gorgeous

Natalie: Hi lol

Natalie: Your pictures are amazing. What do you do for arms?

Tord: preacher curls and dead hangs

Tord: i also bench but thats a given

Tord: what are you doing tn

Natalie: Um, sleeping

Natalie: I don't know you yet haha

Tord: dont you want to?

Natalie: Oof

Natalie: Not anymore sorry

[Natalie has blocked you.]

Tord drops his head into his hands, pressing his fingers into his eyes. It isn't working. Nothing is. He managed to get all the way to fucking London, and he's still dying. Even with a job and a nice computer and (human)food on the table. He's gonna die and he hasn't even fed properly yet. What is wrong with him? What's wrong with humans?

He sighs. Deciding to turn in for the night and try again tomorrow, he powers off his computer and stretches out his back, the muscles of his wing connectors straining with effort.

Tord tiptoes downstairs to grab food. He managed to snag a rental with three other guys when he was desperate. It's cheap and convenient, and the guys are actually pretty nice. Not to mention, the food is fucking awesome for Brits. He shivers as his bare feet hit the tile of the kitchen floor and rubs his arms.

There is an ache in his skin that started a little over a week ago. It almost feels like a bruise—it hurts bad when he touches it, and worse when he presses. He's sure it has something to do with deprivation, but it's not like there's much more he can do about that. If the world doesn't like him, the world doesn't like him. He'll shrivel up into a painful pile of goop no matter what he does. It's sad to think about, but definitely inevitable, so he's trying to get used to it…

As the bacon spins unceremoniously in the microwave(he doesn't need to eat, but that doesn't mean he can't enjoy it), his senses hone in on someone else coming out of their room.

If the stench of alcohol has anything to say about it, it's Tom. Tom is one of his roommates. Nothing that notable about him besides his faith, which is laughable, but Tord can't really be one to judge in his situation. He's about to walk past when Tom, in his happy, drunken stupor, bumps his shoulder, and *fuck.*

Electricity zings along his shoulder, heat sparking as if burning, and suddenly he notices how freezing he is, how much he's really been starving. His mouth waters, his senses heighten, and his hands start shaking so hard he almost drops his plate of bacon, so he sets it very carefully on the table and braces himself. It hurts. The rest of his body hurts so fucking bad. It's like he's been shown a new light, a hope, on a silver platter, when he's been in the dark for ages. The shoulder check is the sun on his skin, it's the wax on his skeleton, the holy embers of under.

Of course he wants more. Why wouldn't he? For the first time in his whole unbeing, he finally feels the air in his artificial lungs, he would be crazy if he just walked away.

Tom notices before anything.

"Mm, Tord?"

"Hva?" he replies almost immediately, dazed and sweating.

"Why're you so cold?"

Tord looks at where Tom is leaned against the fridge, one hand planted on the closed freezer for balance. The flickering, gross light from the bulb on the top shelf of the refrigerator surrounds his silhouette like a dirty, yellow halo: blasphemy, he reminds himself with an imaginary slap of the face, but he can't bring it in him to care. Tom is beautiful, Tom showed him unwilling mercy, Tom saved him when he hadn't even know he was in danger. His mouth runs before he can think to stop it, not that he ever does.

"Want to try and warm me up?"

Tom squints at him for a moment before reaching into the fridge for a bottle of Smirnoff. Tord waits on his toes, on the serrated edge of liberation, until Tom mumbles, "you want to, like, cuddle?"

Tord could scream. He could set the room on fire, he could melt down his own skin into a puddle. But he won't. Because this is an opportunity. A sickeningly slow, dangerous, opportunity. He puts on his best face and nods.

"Please. I'm so cold."

Tom swirls the drink around, then takes a slow swig, Adam's apple bobbing rather erotically, the collected moisture around his neck watching the light.

He closes the fridge behind him loud enough to make Tord jump. "Sure, I guess. My room."

Before he knows it, Tord is standing uneasily in the middle of Tom's room while Tom grabs an extra blanket from the closet. Its dark and quiet, something that usually comforts the demon, but as of right now it does nothing to quell his nerves.

Tom drapes the blanket over Tord and pushes him toward the bed with gentle, clumsy hands. His back stings and zips from the indirect contact, and he has no choice but to follow it, eventually landing on Tom's warm bed with an *oomf*, then adjusting and getting under the blankets. Tom follows, first taking his sweats off and kicking them across the room. Tord shivers from the heat licking off of Tom's body, and can't control himself anymore.

He buries himself into the other's chest, Tom responding with a light grunt, and…

Oh god. *Fuck*.

It's so good. It's too good. He hisses in satisfaction as the glowing heat of melted iron folds into his flesh— he's so sensitive, so deprived that even without friction, or sex, he can feel himself filling. It's a wonder how he didn't notice he was getting that bad. Maybe it's because he'd never really had that much to work with in the first place. He nearly screams when Tom drags his calloused hands up the back of Tord's shirt. He holds it back, just barely, turning it into a sharp gasp and a desperate whine. Tom shushes him drunkenly, running his hands over his tingling skin.

It is becoming more and more obvious that Tom is someone Tord should start caring about immensely. He makes note of that and tucks it away for a time when he isn't being overstimulated.

He finally, *finally*, lets himself go slack in Tom’s arms, all walls going down at once, just feeling. It’s a sickening sensation, one he can’t get enough of, that he’s helpless to whatever Tom wants to do to him, that he could do anything to him and he would end up liking it as much as this. The buzzing in his head doesn’t let up for a while. At some point, he realizes he’s been crying, which is probably why Tom has been mumbling vaguely comforting phrases into the shell of his ear the whole time. If only Tom knew where the tears were really coming from, that he was giving Tord life, that he’s offering something just short of salvation to a demon.

Tom wipes his tears with an unsteady hand, Tord leaning into the touch, then envelops him in all four limbs, flips them over, and promptly starts snoring.

Tord blinks, sniffing. Tom is asleep. Surprisingly, Tord is not long to follow.

Chapter 2: tord is reborn

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Tord wakes up, it’s slowly, and with a dull sensation of fullness he’s never felt before. His skin is burning hot and zinging quietly, and it’s only when he blinks himself awake that he realizes it‘s because Tom’s body has practically engulfed his own— the guy has a lot more mass than his frail bones do, so it’s no wonder. The scent of the human(Tord hesitates to refer to Tom in such a belittling manner, but if he got attached to every human who gives him attention, he wouldn’t be that great a demon, would he?) in particular is intoxicating, and Tord can’t help burying his face in his neck and huffing. It’s not like the guy will wake up. He’s knocked out and probably hungover.

Although the contact still feels great, the over-sensitivity of last night has passed. The touch still leaves a noticeable impression on him, but his body seems to have regulated to it, already greedily craving more. He can’t survive on cuddles alone, after all.

As Tom sleeps, Tord takes it upon himself to look around. There’s a barely touched Smirnoff bottle on the side table, likely the one he pulled from the fridge last night, and to the left of it is a toppled over empty one. A few posters are scattered above the desk on the other side of the room, next to a wall guitar post holding an electric bass. The design is unique to any other bass Tord’s seen, but it’s not like he goes out every day looking for cool instruments. There are some clothes scattered about the room as well, but not enough to make it look dirty, especially not compared to Tord’s room. It’s charming, the ties and button-downs thrown around onto his chair and random spots on the floor.

He takes everything in with delayed admiration. Tom is kind of a dork, but he saved his ass from eternal suffering(not the fun kind), so who is Tord to judge?

He returns his prying gaze to the man currently crushing his would-be organs. He sleeps so soundly, but Tord is honestly getting a bit pent up, laying there with nothing but the burning of someone’s touch fueling him. He pokes Tom in his cute, warm, fleshy cheek.

“Wake up, dork.”

Tom snorts, prior snoring interrupted, and mumbles something incoherent before snuggling closer into Tord’s frame. Tord’s nose wrinkles.

“*Tomas*. Arise. Smell the bacon.”

He almost falls back asleep, but flinches awake when he realizes he’s being talked to, leaning out of Tord’s grasp gawking at him. Tord leans back into him, mostly out of instinct, when he starts to feel the cold settle back in.

“Tord? You…” Tom looks around frantically, spots the alcohol, and groans, flipping onto his back and covering his eyes with the back of his hand. Tord clings to his torso, chin resting between the other’s pecs. Tom makes a face that’s somewhere between disgusted and mortified. “We didn’t…”

Tord knows what he means immediately and smiles knowingly, ignoring Tom’s apparent disinterest. It saddens him a bit, that Tom doesn’t remember, but that’s okay. He can make more memories. “No, we did not have sex.”

“Thank fuck.” He cringes. “I have to shower. Get up.”

Cold, stricken panic freezes Tord in place. His grip tightens as much as it can for as weak of a demon as he is. “N… No.”

He can’t go back. Go back to being that cold, that sad, pitiful, weak state. He can’t do it, now that he’s had a taste of power, of salvation. It’s something that Tom gave him, and he should respect Tom’s wishes, but he doesn’t want to hurt that much again. He doesn’t want to die. Along with that, he thinks that if Tom left him in this state, he might jump Edd or Matt in the hallway, and that wouldn’t be fun for anyone involved.

Tom eyes him dubiously, looking uncharacteristically pale. “What do you mean no?” He asks carefully, and *fucking hell* Tord didn’t mean to scare him like that, he’s just— just desperate. Desperate for Tom. Desperate for his delicious heat, and his stupid faith, and the scent of fear steadily leaking out of him…

“Please don’t leave,” Tord keens, feeling his face flush, “I’m sorry. Please.” He digs his fingers into Tom’s back and presses his forehead against his chest.

The fear smell recedes, followed by something faint, but sweet and tangy and particularly noticeable to an incubus. A pang of pride fills Tord’s gut as he bathes in the smell through the thick stench of stale alcohol. He shivers.

“… You’re absolutely *sure* we didn’t have sex?”

“You were drunk,” Tord supplies spontaneously, before freezing. His mind quiets at the idea got, and he executes it before he can think. “Would you like to?”

The sweet scent becomes stronger as Tom stills, and Tord lifts his head just in time to catch him looking away and flushing. Tom is so fucking attractive right now it’s unfair to Tord and Tord’s livelihood— he’s never wanted to fuck a man more than he has Tom at this exact moment. It’s less carnal desire and more of an overarching, fuzzy need, that spans from the hands planted on his shoulders to the bare legs tangled with his own. Tom removes a hand to scrub at his face and Tord compensates by leaning on him just a little harder.

“My breath is terrible right now,” Tom warns halfheartedly and slides a hand down Tord’s spine to rest on the small of his back. Tord shudders.

“I don’t give two shits,” Tord asserts, pushing himself up with new motivation until he’s straddling Tom and leading the other’s mouth to his with steady hands along his jaw. Tom’s

pulse ricochets throughout his body, giving him life once again, as their mouths meet. Tom is sloppy, open mouthed and wet. He tastes delectable: like syrup and vodka and hangover, and Tord doesn't think he's tasted anything better among all human food he's ever eaten. There's an unholy quality about how he squeezes and massages Tord's thighs, that makes Tord search for the cross necklace he always wears, and has him internally celebrating when he finds his neck is bare. Tord grunts into his mouth, if only to get Tom going a bit more, and that sweet scent overwhelms him enough to where he can taste a bit of underlying musk, unique in the back of his throat.

Tom jerks his hips up into a messy grind, and Tord can't take it anymore.

He rips away from the kiss, trembling all over, and peels Tom's boxers off down to his ankles. His cock is hard and flushed against his stomach, and Tord actually drools, before swallowing and looking at Tom, and is he a sight to behold. His lips are slightly swollen and red, chest heaving in a hypnotic pattern, black eyes boring into him with such an intensity it has Tord questioning if Tom's thought about this exact scenario before. A protective, satisfied purr runs through him. He spits in his palm, gently grabbing Tom's dick and stroking.

"No condom," Tord orders, voice light. Tom can't do anything but grunt and nod his head, holding back little noises that Tord somehow manages to hear anyway. Another wave of pride hits Tord. He's making Tom feel *good*. Better than that dumb alcohol does, he'll bet.

Somewhere along the line, the mesmerizing scene of Tom struggling to keep his pleasure contained becomes just a bit too repetitive, and Tord decides to take things to the next level. His hand tingles with absorbing power when he removes it, but he ignores it, opting to take off his own boxers instead.

"I need to feel you," Tord basically begs, thought Tom hasn't denied him anything yet, repositioning himself above the human and holding the base of his cock so it's lined up with Tord's (pre-prepped! benefits of being a sex demon)hole. "*Please,* Tomas. I need you so bad, I—"

"Shut up a minute," he grits, fingers digging into Tord's thighs, and he notices just how riled up Tom is. Tord bends down, ass still in the air, to bite along Tom's collarbone while he calms down. Tom groans, hands pushing down at the other's hips, easing into friction.

Tord gives into the silent command, easing down onto the head, and— oh. *Fuck*.

A slow building fire rises from his core as he, for the first time, learns what it feels like to truly live. Slow licking flame teeters on the inside of his skin, so hot he's afraid the sweat dripping down onto Tom's ample chest from his hair is going to start to include necessary parts of him.

Tord is unable to control himself and, once his rim pops over the head, he slams himself down as hard as he can. Tom hisses, nails digging into Tord's sides, and Tord is full. He's so fucking full of Tom— Tom that saved him, Tom that showed him life, Tom, Tom, Tom— he doesn't know what to do with himself. It feels better than anything he's ever felt. His vision is blurry with tears, tears that Tom wipes away gingerly when they fall and his vision inevitably blanks. As Tord comes back to reality, body wracking and breaths stuttering out thinly veiled

whimpers, Tom holds his face and mutters sweet things about him being *good* and *beautiful* and *oh, so fucking perfect*. And Tord believes him. Because Tom has given him so much already, why shouldn't he? Why can't he be good for Tom? Perfect, even?

"Tom," he whines into his savior's hands, and Tom shushes him. Tord shakes his head, sniffling. "Tom, you need to fuck me."

"Alright, princess," Tom agrees pliantly, sitting up and flipping Tord on his back in one motion. There's the tiniest bit of friction, and Tord's eyes roll back, unable to contain the noise that sneaks out of him. Tom smiles gently, then leans down to Tord's ear, addicting warmth emanating off of his body that Tord clings to. "I'll take care of you."

Tom pulls out as far as he can, Tord following the movement desperate to keep his heat, before harshly thrusting back in. Tord's breath is taken from him, and he almost screams, silences by the sudden fingers that make their way into his mouth. His eyes fill with tears once again, and he sobs around the fingers, sucking frantically. Tom coos, then thrusts out and in again, until Tord is making nonstop noise around his hand and he finds a rhythm.

Tom's breath hitches in his ear while he's being fucked dizzy. "So loud…" Tom snarks, and pushes his fingers further down Tord's throat. Tord relaxes himself and takes it, because he understands now. This is his purpose, to be taken and molded into whatever Tom wants at the moment and has ever wanted, a selfish combination of service and need and sin. He suckles on the fingers, tongue lapping at them weakly until Tom is shuddering and groaning into his neck.

Tom is everything he's ever needed, and Tord can only wish to be the same. It's a wicked power imbalance, a mindfuck to a self proclaimed narcissist, one so potent it's changed his entire world view. He was made for someone else. He was created for a service he can only guess at, using clues and logic to bullshit his way to life, gaining power at someone else's pleasure and convenience. He is Tom's, completely and always, even years from now when they both will have moved on, Tom will be his first, and Tom will be his only.

Tom gives no warning before his hips stutter and he's spilling hot ropes of cum inside of Tord. His body immediately soaks it up, sucks his cock dry, and as Tord's veins surge with untapped power, he reaches the edge. His voice taps out almost immediately, hole milking Tom's softening dick, as he spills over himself. It almost seems anticlimactic, but it's also everything. The hot sensation in his belly, the satisfied purr of otherworldly senses, Tom's glistening body collapsing over his own. Tom tries to pull out as Tord rides the aftershocks, but Tord whines rather loudly, pulling him back in, and he relents.

Tom says something about a shower, or a bath, but Tord isn't listening. He knows he should be, but he's so exhausted all of a sudden, he can barely keep his eyes open. Tom calls for him a few times before he blacks out.

He wakes up in a steaming hot bath, Tom holding him from behind and whispering sweet things into the nape of his neck.

Tord settles.

Chapter End Notes

hope yall enjoyed and are surviving the shutdown. love yall

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