wrap it up

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1157.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Gachiakuta (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Zanka Nijiku/Jabber Wonger
Characters:	Zanka Nijiku, Jabber Wonger
Additional Tags:	Breeding Kink, Rough Sex, Abortion Mention, Cross-Posted on AO3, Cross-Posted on SquidgeWorld
Language:	English
Collections:	anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-03 Words: 1,016 Chapters: 1/1

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by Anonymous

Summary

zanka and jabber have unprotected sex

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jabber’s legs are tight around his waist, back arching in the way he knows Zanka likes, showing off how deep he is inside him.

He’s tight inside too, clinging to his cock as Zanka’s hips draw back and Jabber’s head snaps back with a loud cry as he slams back in.

Jabber’s nails are tearing a hole into Zanka’s sheets. He knew they should’ve just done it on the couch. Staining was inevitable but rips don't wash out.

He pinches a spot on Jabber’s hips where a bruise is starting to form and watches him gasp, dark lidded eyes locking onto his own.

He clenches around his cock and Zanka had to grit his teeth against a noise. He won’t give Jabber the satisfaction. Instead he brings one knee up onto his bed and leans forward. A soft intake of breath and he knows Jabber can feel it.

This angle is much better. And he’s close. They both are. He slows himself down, punishingly so, grinding in deep and measured how he knows Jabber despises especially when he’s this close. It holds him off the peak too. Still, he won’t stop. Not until–

“Come on, come on, come onnnn–”

Zanka bares his teeth in a grin that could put even Rudo to shame. Fuck. He loves it when the other man begged. He wraps a hand around one of his locs and pulls.

“What do we say when we want something?” He can see the vein straining in his neck. There are tear tracks drying past his chin, while fresh ones mixed with the saliva staining his lips. Red from when Zanka’d made him bite down earlier. He traces where he’d nearly drawn blood with his thumb.

“Pl-Please. Please, please, please please please–”

“Please what?” He forces his thumb against his tongue. Feels the way he struggles to form words around it.

“Please, pleathe- let me cum, Za-Zthannnka— Zanka-sama please please wanna come so bad im so close please-”

He’s not pleased to admit but it’s the Zanka-sama that does it.

He grunts as he presses his whole body forward, letting Jabber feel the full weight behind the cock buried inside him, biting down as he fills him up again.

Jabber comes with a moan, massaging his cock desperately like he can’t stand to leave even a drop of Zanka’s cum behind.

It’s times like this he can forgive himself for getting involved with this freak in the first place.

Even from where Zanka’s nestled in his neck he can tell Jabber is a wreck.

He closes his eyes until his own body can overcome the shuddering orgasm blitzing through him. Jabber clings to him, trembling and silent. Their breath settles slowly. Almost in sync.

“You wanna have a baby?”

It’s like ice being splashed down his back.

Whatever peace he’d found in the moment up in smoke. He sits up, immediately disentangling their bodies - not quite succeeding in pulling out of Jabber completely. His tightness still has a hold on the head of his cock.

“What the fuck.” His brain is running behind sensation, but when it hits him, he sneers. He shoves Jabber's face away from his, holding him down when his head lands, his stupid offending smirk half-hidden on the mattress. “What kind of psycho would want a kid with you?”

Jabber kisses the hand holding him down, Zanka drops it to his neck. He squeezes and Jabber smiles like that’s exactly what he wanted.

“S’what I thought. You’re gonna need to start buying condoms.” He says it matter of factly. Like in the months they’ve been doing this, they’d ever used anything but lube and toys. Like Zanka wouldn’t have a million things to say to that.

“Fuck happened to your birth control.” He squeezes again. Feels him tighten just a bit on his cock - that had somehow sunk further inside him. He should pull out. He will.

“All the shit I’m on knocks ‘em out. Now on, it’s gotta be wrapped up.” He has the gall to shrug as he speaks. Zanka blinks. This piece of shit is talking about protection with at least 3 loads leaking out of him.

“Couldn’t’ve warned me a little earlier?” if only he could tell the Zanka of 5 hours ago to ignore the texts and calls that meant Jabber wanted his attention. No, he should go back to last year and stop himself from crossing paths with this freak in the first place.

“Don’t blame me. Had to make my last Zanka creampie last.” Zanka feels Jabber’s walls kneading his cock with those last words. He grit his teeth.

“Motherfucker. What would you have done if I said yes?”
A hand wraps around his neck and pulls their faces close enough he can taste the other man’s breath.

“Then,” Jabber’s back arches, and his bare stomach rubs against his. He uses his fingers to spread himself wide around Zanka, just enough that his cum starts leaking out onto his sheets in earnest. Evidence of what they’d spent the last hour and a half doing stains the air between them.

“I’d just have to spread my legs and let you fuck a baby into me.”

His dark eyes are still wet and still hungry. The hunger spreads to Zanka like an infection, a fast acting poison. As if under someone else' control, his hands are on Jabber's waist again. They dig into the handshaped bruising already forming there and drag him down until he's buried to the hilt once more.

"Thought you said- you didn't want-nngh-"

Zanka has to cut him off, smushing their faces together, taking his plump bottom lip in between his own teeth and biting. He tastes iron on his tongue.

When he pulls away, Jabber is wide eyed and flushed. Zanka doesn't kiss him often.

"We'll figure something out."

He'd told Enjin he was busy and told Riyo he was with Jabber and Jabber-busy meant no one would be expecting to hear from him until morning. More than enough time to sort this.

And one abortion can't cost that much, right?

End Notes

had to get this off my chest (the re-up of the re-up)

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