I'm a lover, you're a fighter

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1307.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Pantheon SMP
Relationship:	Nikos Legundo/Scott Antonis Mattheos Pagona Pavlos III
Characters:	Scott Antonis Mattheos Pagona Pavlos III, Nikos Legundo
Additional Tags:	Oneshot, Smut, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Anal Sex, Praise Kink, Dom/Sub, Top Nikos Legundo, Service Top, Service Top Nikos Legundo, Dom Nikos Legundo, Bottom Scott Antonis Mattheos Pagona Pavlos III, Sub Scott Antonis Mattheos Pagona Pavlos III, Scott Antonis Mattheos Pagona Pavlos III Has A Praise Kink, Seductive Scott Antonis Mattheos Pagona Pavlos III, Post-Pantheon SMP: Episode 1, Beta Read, Originally Posted Elsewhere | Cross-Posted, Cross-Posted on AO3
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of I'll have one shot
Stats:	Published: 2026-08-12 Words: 1,601 Chapters: 1/1

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by Blakartoffel

Summary

Then there was the sound of lightning above him, must be his neighbor coming home, Zeus's boy. He seemed to love showing it off at every opportunity.

The decision was quickly made, he was going to visit his muscular shirtless neighbor for some fun. It was probably just part of being alive again, but he really wanted to get laid by a pretty man.

Notes

Because it's never to early to write a fanfic for a new series and someone's gotta start the smut. :)

See the end of the work for more notes

The first day in this new place had come to an end, Pearl had won against Nobody in the arena and they were off to their own places to take a rest.

Now Scott kept true to his earlier words, using just his legs for most of the way, but he couldn't be bothered to climb the mountain or go all the way around.

So he took the obvious approach, and together with a bit of the powers he'd obtained since becoming the champion of Aeolus reached his homestead easily.

He looked at his belongings and sighed, he barely had a nice bed, let alone anything else. None of the luxuries his old life as a celebrity had once brought him.

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So the smile grew on his face, he looked behind him to make sure he wasn't leaving anything for grabs in case someone found this place before he got back. He wasn't about to risk losing the little he did have.

Once he reached the other's stead on the other side of the mountain, he triggered those wind blast powers once more. If he was going to visit Nikos he was going to do it in style.

He landed gracefully, and Nikos laughed when he saw him.

"If it isn't a pretty boy," Scott's eyes immediately shot to the other's face at those last words, *no, he had to stay cool*.

"You're not the only one who can make an entrance," He smiled as he got closer, striding along with the grace of the winds.

"I like you, we get along well," Nikos laughed some more, letting Scott hold onto his shoulder as Scott let the wind carry under his feet to allow them to meet eye to eye.

"I guess we can then speak about an alliance of sorts," He tries to stay casual, he can't just be out here giving himself away.

"I like the sound of that, what were you thinking?" Scott isn't sure if it's on purpose, but Nikos wraps a strong arm across his back as if afraid the winds will drop him.

"Hmm, well you look rather cold, maybe even a little tense. Nobody's just been rilling everybody up today," Scott's voice is playful, he puts his free hand against Nikos side and lets the skin of his pecs slide under his thumb.

"Maybe I am, how are you going to help that?" His voice is more skeptical, but also curious at the same time.

"I have my ways," He stays mysterious, but his actions are probably giving away everything as he pushes closer against Nikos, "If you are willing, of course."

"I would love to see what you've got," Scott takes it as all the permission he needs, subtly pushing Nikos back towards his measly single bed. Getting him to sit down he can finally let the winds stop carrying him as he drops himself in the others lap.

Adjusted his legs into a more comfortable position that he could actually hold, lifted himself up on his knees and let the wind brush between them.

First he just initiated a kiss, seeing if Nikos would take it. When he did he leaned in against his body and let his mouth do the work. Tongue exploring where it could.

When their lips parted again Nikos smiled yet again, making sure to stay close to the smallers warmth and not let him get away, "You do know what you want."

"Well who wouldn't want such a beautiful, strong and muscular man to be with them?" He smiled back, a hand against Nikos chest for stability once more, let the cape slide down to expose his shoulders.

"Not everyone can handle it, I can be quite a lot," He said it so casual and confident in a way it shouldn't have been.

"I like quite a lot," Scott's hands wander down, tugging on the material that formed his pants with less patience than he was hoping to bring up.

Nikos was quite pleased—and clearly also rather excited himself—, so he assisted. Watched the actor's face as he got to see what he was getting himself into.

To be fair, Scott was getting himself *exactly* where he wanted to be. He put his fingers in his own mouth to cover them in saliva and let Nikos watch as he—rather skillfully—used his hand to spread the saliva along his already hard length.

Now Nikos wasn't making the pretty noises he was hoping to enjoy just yet, but he wasn't silent either, they'd be getting there soon enough.

"Ohh boy, you do know what you're doing," Nikos remarked, not unimpressed as he tried to keep posture.

It made Scott be the one to chuckle, "Never as pretty as this, but the techniques are ancient by now."

When he decided he was pleased with his work he let his hand free, lifting himself further up on his knees. His hands pulled up his skirt, it may be long, but it was just that that had meant he didn't have to wear any undergarments. He liked the breeze and it was not like any one would notice, not under normal circumstances to say the very least.

He did so carefully, eventually got it far enough up he could reach what he needed to. Using both hands he was able to position himself over Nikos dick.

He sunk down on his legs that quickly turned shaky as the tip entered and started to stretch him. Clutching to the muscular figure to try and steady himself.

There was definitely a sting to it, but he pushed through. Just forcing himself to focus on the long stretched moan he was pulling from the other's lips with every inch he sunk down.

By the time he reached the bottom his breathing had grown more heavy, head leaning down against Nikos chest as he felt like it was going to pierce through his organs. *So, so nice and full,* it was turning his brain all fuzzy already.

"Hmm, seems like my pretty boy has overestimated his capabilities," He wasn't even judgmental about the possibility, with one arm supporting the smaller figure while the other tried to get the actor to look at him.

Not that he really has to try, Scott's head shoots up once more at the praise, head all red and flustered.

"No~ just need to adjust~ let it stretch~" His words were almost slurring together, determined and filled with *need*.

"So you like being a good boy for me," Scott nodded eagerly, getting the air punched out of his lungs with a small but violent thrust.

"Yes, yes~" He gasped, "I'll be a good boy, so good, just for~" another gasp for air, "You"

He was kept gasping for longer as Nikos kept at it with the trusts, watching as Scott melted against his being.

When he turned the white haired man around to face the mattress he just clutched the sheets, because when Scott got manhandled he just melted into the touch, albeit a little dramatically.

He let himself get worked into the mattress with relentless thrusts, especially when Nikos found *the spot* that made his attempts to muffle the worst of the volume into the pillow absolutely meaningless.

Hands anchored him down where his skin was exposed to air, unable to move and almost drowning in the constant pressure.

He was praised constantly so nicely as well, *'good boy'* and *'pretty boy'* and everything alike, it all just kept ringing through his head even when he could barely understand Zeus's boy over the sounds the both of them were making. He clearly liked seeing Scott just melt like that even through his words alone.

Nikos came first, buried himself deep inside the actor as he released. It tipped him over the edge as well, coming right over his own clothes without even really comprehending it.

Not that he had to, he was well taking care off. Nikos pulled out and waited for the other to drift through the orgasm before carrying him to the nearest stream.

Scott just lay in his arms content, looking up at the pretty face while taking in his scent. Letting Nikos clean him off as long as it means he doesn't have to take his eyes off the other.

"My bed is still clean-" He mumbles.

"What are you trying to suggest, Scott?" He asks, not critical, just unsure. It was the first time this night his name had actually been used, and it seemed to clear his head a little.

"My bed is still clean, we can sleep there." He was just a little clearer that time, and watched Nikos carry him there.

They cuddled up closely on the bed, Scott pressed with his face up against the muscular chest to make it fit—not that he minded, content breathing the other's musk and letting the muscles press against him. Arms wrapped around to keep him from falling that combed through his hair.

And with Nikos mouth so close to his ear the warrior could whisper sweet praise into it about how well he'd done and how good he'd take it until the both of them fell asleep.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Feel free to leave a kudos and comment if you did. :D

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