**sound check**

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# sound check

by redd_orsmthn


## Summary

Their VIP pre-show just finished. The opener is running late. Redd and Blixer suddenly have some time to kill.


## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Man, what is *taking* them so long?" A mildly irritated grumble exited Redd's mouth, a hint of panic in his voice.

"Traffic's been rough around here, 'm sure they'll be right over in like… fifteen minutes," Blixer replied, in his usual reassuring tone. "Plus, they've been with us the last two shows. Wouldn't bail on us now."

"Yeah, you're probably right." He sank onto the couch and pulled out his phone. 7:25 PM. "So now what?"

"Well, we got some extra time to kill…" He sat down next to his band-mate, his feet landing on the table in front of him. "Y'know, unless *our* guys wanna come back any time soon." Blixer peeked over Redd's shoulder to get some answers. "Where'd they go again, anyway?"

"Went to get donuts; might'a got stuck deciding what flavors to get." The gradual scroll of a text conversation was mirrored in his eyes. "So between that and our opener being stuck in traffic, that gives us… twenty minutes, give or take."

"M'kay, not bad…" Blixer stared off into a corner. Though barely present, a flush spread across his face as an idea started to form in his head.

"Oh? Got somethin' in mind?" Redd's gaze refused to shift. "Something we'd have to be… alone for?" He finally glanced over to the man next to him. The sound of Redd's voice broke Blixer out of his momentary trance. *Are we really gonna do this? Here?* With a click, the phone was silenced as it was placed on the coffee table.

Blixer's usual clear, articulate voice was reduced to a stammer; his hands starting to fidget as he tried to find his words. "W-well, uh—"

"Come on; we got time, don't we?" Redd shifted closer to him.

"I—" Before he could respond, their faces were already mere inches apart. The air went still. *Do something, you idiot!* He cupped Redd's face in his hand. Thinking of his next move, he swallowed hard. "Can I…"

Redd grabbed the hand on his face, a glint of assurance in his eyes. "Of course."

The tension in the air sparked alight as their lips met; it was a familiar feeling for both of them, but it was just as exhilarating nonetheless. A dizzying exchange of breath occurred, a gentle heat filling the space between their faces whenever they separated. It wasn't long until they were both lying on the couch, one on top of the other.

A stirring need began to well up in Blixer's stomach. After a few moments, his tongue snuck past his partner's lips; Redd's eyes widened before losing focus to his ardor, letting their tongues gently roll over each other. His hand crept behind Blixer's neck; their faces were brought almost impossibly close together, teeth and lips brushing against each other until both of them started to bite.

Redd moved his attention to Blixer's jawline, trailing his kisses right down to where his head met his neck. Having someone's lips *there*, even if it was his boyfriend, sent a chill down Blixer's spine. A chill that soon turned into a shiver through his whole body as Redd's teeth started to scrape against his skin. "E-easy, tiger." The words stumbled out of his mouth as he struggled to collect his thoughts. "They could be back any moment."

"Who cares?" Redd's words landed hot and desperate on Blixer's neck as his hands hastily moved to loosen the buttons keeping him away from his prize. "Might as well take this chance now, right?"

"Gh—!" A sharp pain Blixer knew all too well radiated from the side of his throat. If the proximity of their bodies wasn't enough to heat him up, those damn teeth would do it; every drawn out second they remained clinging to his flesh was starting to get to him. "Fuuuck, baby. Y'know how weak that gets me." He let out a sigh as he felt their grip loosen.

"Why else do you think I start there?" Redd teased. "Lets me get lower a bit quicker." His hands moved to undo more of Blixer's shirt.

"If that's whatcha want," Their hands met. "I'm in no position to stop you," he purred. Slowly, they both revealed more and more of his heaving chest, beads of sweat forming and rolling down his curves. "But this is hardly fair." He tugged on Redd's jacket sleeves. "Plus…" He looked up with a near-heart-eyed gaze. "It's gettin' awfully hot in here, don'tcha think?"

Redd's hands stilled, his face getting warmer. "Right." He sat up. In one smooth motion, he slipped off his jacket and threw it on a chair behind him. "You don't have to ask like that, y'know." He brought the hem of his shirt up to his collar, lifting it over and behind his head, exposing his own toned body. He leaned back down, and they were face to face once more. "Just tell me what you want from me."

"Aww, but it's more fun this way," he pouted, pinching Redd's cheek. "Besides, you *love* it, don't you?"

"Yeah. That's the problem." Their lips met again, but this time was different. It felt more desperate, more insistent, more certain. *This* was what they wanted, but *damn it* if they didn't need more. Blixer's mouth shifted first, jumping straight to Redd's neck. Redd shuddered as he felt his flesh being gripped by that bite. "Hah… Knew you'd try to get me ba-ACK!" He suddenly felt a pull on his skin.

"Too soon?"

"N-no—*No*."

"Just making sure." And back to his neck he went.

Redd gripped Blixer's shoulders *hard* in an attempt to ground himself. He could almost *feel* how dark the hickeys he left behind would be. "Jesus *Christ*, how do you do it—" he huffed out, his breathing getting more ragged by the second.

A string of saliva hung from Blixer's lips as he backed off to respond. "Guess I just know what makes ya tick. Although…" Blixer laid his head over the armrest. "You're not much of a closed book when it comes to that."

"Yeah, but still…" Redd could swear his breath was clouding in front of him. He seemed to stare off into space for a moment, the usual sounds of their lovemaking fading out.

"Babe? You there?" Silence.

Redd's eyes flicked up to meet his partner's. "Y-yeah. Just needed a sec." *Go for it. Now.* His gaze drifted down to his next target, tongue swiping over his teeth. He drew closer and started nipping at Blixer's collarbone.

A sharp jerk, a brief glance, a slight nod. Not a single word had been spoken, yet they knew exactly what they meant. He crept backwards to reach a better position and lowered his mouth until it met his lover's chest. His lips seemed to melt against his breast, staying flush to the skin even as the breath in his lungs rose and fell.

"Mmh… God, that's—" Blixer's head fell back before he could get another word in, instead letting out a shaky breath he didn't even know he was holding.

"You like that?"

"Mhmm…"

"Good." Redd's left hand wandered up Blixer's body, eventually landing on his left pec. "'Cause it's gonna get a whole lot better." He began to massage the otherwise untouched muscle as his mouth continued its work. Until now, Blixer's composure remained relatively unbroken. Redd's fingers dancing over damn near every sensitive spot on his skin certainly wasn't helping.

"Nnh…"

"You're shaking, sweetheart."

"That's—haah… entirely your fault."

"I know."

Another tense moment passed. A quiet only broken by a—

"*Mngh*!" *There* it was. Blixer could feel Redd's teeth grazing his skin already, but now he felt them *sinking in*. "God, c-couldja at least—" He winced. "—warn me first?"

"Sorry, hun."

"Uh-huh." Blixer's reactions grew more subdued as he got used to the feeling of Redd's mouth on him. It became familiar enough that he could notice the very moment it left. *God damn it, he's plotting something.* "Why… why'd you stop?"

Redd looked up. "You wanted me to be fair, remember?" A mischievous grin could barely be seen above the curve of Blixer's chest.

"Right." *Aw hell, I shouldn't have said that.* He let out a sigh as his head tilted over the armrest. "K-keep goin'."

"You got it, baby." All clear. He was given free rein with Blixer's body, and he wasn't letting that go to waste. He mirrored his previous position, his mouth now gnawing at the left side of Blixer's chest, with his other hand kneading the right.

Blixer reached over to the nape of Redd's neck, gently stroking it. "You are *insatiable*." He looked down at his boyfriend, half-hoping that he wasn't going to be looking back. His head cocked to the side when that turned out to be the case.

"What?" The conceit in Redd's stare was just as present in his voice.

"Don't you fuckin' look at me like that."

"Why, too much for ya?"

"Yeah, you wish."

"We'll see about that." Redd looked down, his attention turned back to his handiwork.

"God, now wha-AT!?" It was Blixer's turn to be caught off guard. One stroke of Redd's tongue on him caused his whole body to quiver. Sure, it did soothe the dull soreness lingering in his skin, but it was so damn *cold*. Well, at first. It took a while longer for him to adjust to the sensation, and even then it still gave him goosebumps all over; each swipe only spread where the brisk air being vented in hit hardest. Soon, every inch of exposed skin had a faint shimmer to it. "You… done yet?" Blixer's face, in contrast to his body, had heated up considerably during the ordeal.

"Hang on." Blixer's eyes narrowed for a moment before shooting wide open at the feeling of Redd's tongue flicking at his nipples. His hand flew up to muffle whatever unholy sound tried to exit his mouth. "*Now* I am."

"You suck."

"Please, I did a lot more than *that*. Gimme some credit here."

*God, this **brat**.* Blixer sat up, grabbing onto Redd's shoulders to keep him still.

"Guess it's your turn now, huh?"

"Not a *word*."

"Loud and clear." Redd tilted his head up and to the side, priming his neck for the ravaging he knew it'd receive. Blixer lunged forward, his teeth landing right on target. The presence of Redd's hand on the nape of his own neck drove him further in. Blixer's fingers tangled deep

into Redd's hair, pulling his head back slightly, but not enough to hurt. Not yet. And all Redd could do was sit there and bite his tongue. No, he could still moan, but nothing intelligible.

"Y'see? *That's* how you use your voice." The words rang through Redd's ear, sending a chill through his body. "Feels nice to just let it happen, right? Lettin' me take the reins for a while?" Blixer smiled against Redd's collarbone as he felt a nod by his ear. "Y'know if that's how you feel, then maybe…" He backed away for a moment to look in Redd's eyes. "…I oughta keep ya on a leash once in a while." Redd's heart pounded against his ribs at the suggestion; his head turned away in an attempt to appear aloof, but the reddening of his cheeks betrayed him. "Aw, don't be like that—" Blixer took Redd by the chin, bringing their eyes back together. "Come on, pup. *Speak*."

"Well… you'll have to… get it on me first," Redd huffed out.

"…Why am I not surprised?"

"You wanted me to speak, right?" He cocked an eyebrow.

"You're pushing it."

"You love it."

"Damn right." Their lips crashed together as Redd was pulled into another brief, yet electric kiss. Blixer wasted little time, marking just about anywhere he could reach. Each nip came with more and more force, until they stopped right before drawing blood from Redd's skin. Holding back *just* enough every single time.

*He's… a little **too** good at that.* The thought coalesced in Redd's mind, fogged solely by the dull aching spreading across his chest; it remained for almost too long before being buried by the brushing of Blixer's tongue over his trembling body. "A-alright, you got me—"

"Oh, I don't think I *have*." *You think I don't know when you're 'backing down'? Like I don't hear you trying not to laugh? It's getting pathetic.* As Blixer intently studied Redd's expression, he caught a glint in the corner of his eye. *Jackpot.* He zoned in on the barbell stuck through Redd's left nipple, hesitating at the last second. The abrupt pause left Redd confused until he registered *exactly* where Blixer ended up. "Is it… y'know…"

"Oh. Uh, yeah. Should've healed by now. Just… be gentle, I think it's still a bit—" His head jerked back as a whimper slipped through his teeth. "—sensitive."

"Whoops."

"Real funny."

"Can I still—"

"Yeah, go ahead. Please." Blixer's hands held Redd's waist as his tongue guided the already erect bud back into his mouth. Redd squirmed in his grip as he felt him flicking at his nipple. The barbell, with what little room it had, shifted left and right; the brush of the beads against his skin sent sparks through his body. Even the lightest suction caused his eyes to start rolling

back. Despite all this, his teeth seldom separated from his bottom lip, only breaking to draw breath.

Blixer backed off. "Hey."

"Wh—why'd you—"

"I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"What—no, baby. I'm fine, I promise." Redd's hand moved to cradle Blixer's face.

"I-It's just—you're not usually that quiet when I do that."

"Oh. Well, we don't wanna get caught like *this* now, do we?" His thumb drifted back and forth across his cheek.

"Suppose you're right, but still…" Blixer furrowed his brows, his pleading eyes glimmering like pink topaz. "I want to hear you. I *need* to hear you. *Please*."

*Lord, those eyes are gonna kill me someday.* "Alright, big guy. Don't wanna worry you *too* much now."

"Thank you. God, *thank* you." He turned his head and planted a kiss on Redd's palm. And then another on his wrist. Little by little, his lips drew closer to Redd's chest, stopping just short of his most recent target. Redd shifted in place as he felt Blixer's breath against his skin. "I mean it, hun. I don't give a shit *who* finds us."

"Aw, I know," Redd assured, his hand stroking the back of Blixer's neck. "Anything for my good boy." The panting stopped. "Look at you. That threw you off, didn't i—ah, *fuck*!" His free hand tensed as he fought to keep it from covering his mouth.

"What was that?"

"You… are so—*mmph!*"

"Could've sworn it was somethin' about me being thrown off. Being caught off-guard."

"Oh, come on—*nnh.*…"

"Don't kid yourself, darlin'. Sounds to me like you take it as well as I do." The bite of his teeth and his words were in sync, and so was the soothing of his tongue; every nip and flick closely followed by a long swipe. And at last, Redd reacted accordingly. The lack of echo in the room quelled his unease. Little by little, his instinct to stop any mewls that came out of him wore down; the final nail of the coffin came when Blixer's left hand started to occupy itself with the other side of Redd's chest. "Goodness, you've gotten really warm, haven't you?"

"You're—*ah*—not helping…" Not like Redd was either; he was arching right into Blixer's mouth.

"Just makin' an observation." He squeezed harder. "So tense, too. You really oughta relax, babe. Let me—"

"*Hngh—!*"

"—take care of you." The pattern had worked its way into his hand now; slow kneading motions and quick pinches back to back.

*God, I can hardly… even* ***think*** *right now. How long… is he gonna… do this for?* Through his growing haze, he brought his hand to the back of Blixer's head and pushed it down. But not enough to keep him for long.

"*Tsk*. Did I say you could do that?" A thread of spit hung from Blixer's lips as he pulled back, his hand also ceasing in its efforts.

Redd stirred, desperate for Blixer's touch to return. "*Ugh*, you're such a dick."

"I'd appreciate a heads-up, at least. You know I love it when you tell me *exactly* what you want to do with me."

"And *you* know what you do to me when you're—"

"When I'm what?"

"…when you're… down there." Redd sighed, slowly regaining his footing in the conversation. "My head was spinning, Smiles. I didn't know if you'd pull away before I could."

"Guess *I* coulda told you if I'd tap out," he admitted, absentmindedly stroking Redd's chest with his thumb. "Was still pretty *bad*, what you did."

"Oh *no*, have I been *bad*?" He pinched Blixer's cheek. "Have I been a bad puppy? Does puppy need to be punished?" His voice took on a more pet-talk-like tone.

"Believe me, I'll get to it." Blixer sat back up, his hands leaving Redd's body to rest behind his hips. "But I think I've tortured you enough for a while."

Their eyes locked again. While still impish, there was a deep fondness in the way Redd looked at him; a fondness that would normally be too innocent for the moment were it not for what he did next. He pounced at Blixer's neck, but the piercing of teeth remained absent. A move that threw Blixer off guard as he braced for his skin to break.

"Hey—c'mon, tiger. I'm not *that* fragile—" He broke into a giggle as Redd peppered up and down his neck with little kisses.

"Oh yeah, tough guy?" A couple more. "Sounds like you're *crumbling* to me." And the onslaught continued. Any sentence that came out of Blixer was broken up by his atypically high-pitched laughter.

"C'mon, you—call this fair?" His fit continued. "Still gotta—catch my breath here—"

"I don't know, I think the stunt you pulled earlier makes this more than fair."

"But you—you liked it, didn't you?"

"That's beside the point." By then, the barrage of pecks had waned, leaving Blixer out of breath and smiling like a complete idiot. *God, how could I deny him **now**?* "Alright, enough messin' around." He sat up, looking down fondly at his well-pleased lover. "Think I've been keepin' you long enough." He placed his hand on Blixer's side and toyed with his waistband.

The contact made him jolt; it was pathetic how much it affected him. His shirt was fully open, skin glazed in a mixture of spit and sweat, and *one* touch on his side had him twitching? *Shit, he's totally gonna use that against me—*

"Y'know, on second thought…"

*Fuck.*

"Maybe you *could* wait a little longer."

*No. No, I can't.* Blixer's right hand swiftly unbuckled his belt. He would've gotten his pants off if it weren't for Redd's free hand grabbing his wrist.

"Impatient as ever, are we?" His hand trailed up Blixer's body until it cupped his chin. "You know I'll give you what you want." Another shiver ran down Blixer's spine as he felt Redd nudge his hips against him. "Just need to let me have my fun first, okay?"

"I-I'll try." Desperation poured out of each word.

That *grin* found its way to Redd's face again. "Good boy." His praise was accompanied by a brief tug on one of Blixer's belt loops.

The next minute went by at an agonizing pace. Blixer was fighting to keep himself still as Redd kept fiddling with his waistband. Every once in a while, he'd feel him slip his thumb in for a moment before just as easily slipping it back out. A bout of teasing only cut short by Blixer's hands sliding up to Redd's hips.

"Damn." Redd started shifting Blixer's belt back and forth. "Kinda forgot how much I love seeing you like this."

"Really. So, you just *happened* to do what you needed to break me down."

"Hearing you… is another story."

"What, you want me to just beg and moan in your ear?"

"Wouldn't mind it."

"I hate you," Blixer scoffed at Redd's thoughtless acceptance of his offer.

"Yeah?" Redd slipped Blixer's belt out of its first loop. "How 'bout now?"

"…Still thinkin' on it."

"Fine." He grabbed the belt by its buckle and pulled it off. "Happy?"

"Y'know, I was lowkey fine with you going through each one."

*One of these days, I swear.* "You're *so* damn lucky I love you."

"Just sayin'."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. You're up by the way." He patted the hands resting on his hips.

"Don't gotta tell *me* twice." Blixer hurriedly undid and removed Redd's belt, tossing it on the floor near his own. It didn't slip off as cleanly, but he couldn't care less. He was too busy admiring the sight of his lover. How his skin glistened in the warm light of the room. How his pants now just seemed to *rest* against his hips. How they sagged a bit, revealing a little more of his v-line. *Holy shit.*

"You've seen me with *less* on, y'know."

"I-I mean, yeah, but like… *damn*."

"Heh. Looks like I should wear these more often then."

"Now, *that* I don't think I could handle."

"Didn't think you had limits."

"You are an *awful* liar."

"Oh? Why's that?"

"'Cause you know *damn well* you test 'em all the time."

"Don't hear you complainin' though." Lost for words, Blixer started to fidget at the looser fabric in front of him. "Guess you want more, huh."

"*Please*."

God, that look in his eyes. It was so glassy; like you could see the desire pouring out from his heart. A look Redd knew he couldn't hope to resist. "C'mere, then." Redd pulled him into another kiss. The air grew hotter still, skin getting slicker with sweat by the minute. Their tongues shifted around with a ferocity quite unfamiliar to them. Whatever breaths they paused to take were short and left them even more light-headed. Knowingly or not, Redd started to grind against Blixer, making both of them suddenly aware of the tightness in his pants. "Hm. *Someone's* excited." Blixer whined at the friction. "Need me to help with that?"

"God, *yes*." His voice came out breathy and strained. His hands, which by now had wandered around to Redd's backside, tightened their grip.

"I've got you." He tucked his thumbs back into Blixer's waistband.

*Not entirely sure I believe that.* How wrong he was. It happened quicker than he expected, and he wasn't exactly sure if it did, but he felt *something* move over his legs. "Hey, what are y —" Then he looked down. His pants were at his knees. The slightly coarse texture of Redd's jeans came through even clearer. He bit his lip a little harder; he could swear it was going to start bleeding any second.

"You alright?"

"I… I think so."

"Too rough?"

"A little." Blixer occupied his thumbs with the hem of Redd's pants again.

"I hear ya." Redd lifted his hips. The lack of contact almost broke Blixer, even if he had an idea of what was going to happen next. He watched intently as Redd's jeans sank down to his knees before they slid off his left leg and onto the floor. "How's this?" It was smoother now. Their hips rubbed against each other again; whatever cloth was keeping them apart now was pulled tighter.

"God, *so* good."

Redd leaned in again. "I can tell. Leakin' like a damn faucet." Back and forth.

"Am *not*."

"That's not what *I'm* feelin'…" Back and forth.

"Shut *up*."

"*Make* me." Back. And. Forth.

Those words. Those movements. That *voice*. That *look*. Redd was driving him crazy and they both knew it. He *had* to get him back. No time to think. If he was playing right into his hand, then so be it. Their lips met first, then their teeth, and lastly their tongues, whose motions eventually matched the grinding of their hips. Words no longer did them justice; the only sounds that came out of either of them were a mix of drawn out moans, pleas, and approximations of each others' names. Any attempt made by either of them to keep themselves quiet lost effort by the second. Blixer pushed his hips up trying to ease that *ache*; Redd obliged him, pushing himself down in return.

"Fuck, not yet—not *yet*—" Blixer suddenly pulled away, heart beating in his ears, eyes half-lidded and glossy.

"You okay? Don't tell me you're *that* close already."

"Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you." He furrowed his brow, though he couldn't bring himself to look *too* annoyed.

"Well, are you?"

"Sure thought I was."

"Right. Heat of the moment."

"Yeah." Blixer found himself fidgeting again, not-so-sneakily trying to distract himself from what he was about to ask. "Y'know, if ya *really* wanna get me all *close*—"

"Yeah, yeah, lemme get it." Redd unzipped his sling bag by the table and pulled out a small bottle, swirling it before setting it down. "Wait, almost forgot." He fished out a square packet and held it in his teeth. "Don't wanna make *too* much of a mess."

Blixer lay captivated for a few seconds. "Oh. Right, yeah. Can't have *that*."

Redd tucked the packet between his fingers. "You keep spacin' out on me, Smiles." He stared intently at the man beneath him, trying to come up with something—*anything*—that could help him. A darkness welled into his gaze. "Does puppy need his clicker?"

Blixer's eyes snapped back into focus, though he now avoided looking directly into Redd's. He shook his head, his voice failing him.

"Then, look at me. Y'know, unless you *want* me to get it out."

Blixer took a moment to weigh his options. The kick he got out of this game was still as potent as ever, but he had no clue how much longer he could keep it up. Maybe he just needed to take a step back now. To not always get the last word in. To just sit there, do as he's told, and be given the praise he needs. Or maybe not; not that far. Not right now, at least. He hesitantly brought his attention to Redd's face.

"*There's* my good boy." His hands slid up to his hips, thumbs tucked into his boxers. "And you know what good boys get, right?"

A grin spread across Blixer's face, hands moving to meet Redd's. "Oh, I've been waitin' for *this*—"

The door creaked open.

"We're ba—ohshitwhatthefuck" Lycan only had one foot in the door, but she managed to get a full view of the scene that was unfolding nonetheless.

"Shit—Jesus, do you two know how to knock!?" Still somewhat hot-blooded, Redd addressed the pair stunned in the doorway.

"Hey, not our fault Boss can't keep his hands off ya for ten minutes." Randy couldn't help but chuckle at the situation.

Blixer buried his face in his hands. "I *told* you they'd be back any second…" His voice was muffled, but an air of embarrassment mixed with some *frustration* could still be heard in his tone.

"We *also* texted you guys like ten times on the way over." Lycan added.

Randy turned his attention to the couch. "To be fair to you guys, I brought this up beforehand."

"I didn't think they'd actually—like—*do* it!"

"They kinda haven't yet."

"You know what I meant!" Lycan just about marched out of the room.

"Hey, wait up!" Randy followed her. "Sorry 'bout blue-ballin' ya, Boss!" he called out, setting some boxes down on the counter as he left.

They were alone again, even if it didn't quite feel like it. Redd reached for one of Blixer's hands, trying to pull it off his still burning face. "Hey." Blixer's fingers refused to budge. "Baby, look at me." A reluctant move of his pointer revealed one of his eyes. "No, you know what I meant. Come on." Though Redd's words were demanding, there was a softness in his tone that drove Blixer to comply. He dropped his hands down and rested them on Redd's legs.

"I-I'm sorry. I shoulda stopped you before we took it too far."

"No, it's fine. I should've checked if they were coming." Redd looked over to where he left his phone and checked it. 7:50 PM. A text from their opener popped up. *Heads up, gonna be a bit longer. Ten to fifteen mins maybe.* "Hm. Guess we better get dressed again." The phone was put down again. His hand moved to pull his shirt back over his head, but it was stopped right in its tracks.

"Mm…"

"Like what you see, huh?" Redd's free hand met Blixer's face. "Don't worry, I'm not done with you yet."

"You… are so cruel."

"Hey, *I* wasn't the one who cut us off this time."

"Uh-huh."

"I promise, we'll keep going after the show, alright?" Redd's thumb ran back and forth across his cheek.

"'Kay, sounds good…" Blixer held the hand on his face. "…But *I'm* taking the lead for a round, got it?"

"Heh. Thought *I* was insatiable."

"'Cause ya are."

"Just get your damn clothes back on." Redd's hand trailed down to Blixer's shoulder; his face heating up as he straightened his back.

"You first."

"I was gonna."

"Alright then." They let go of each other. The rustling of fabric and light clinking of metal filled the room as their bodies were covered up again. The whole routine came so naturally that they didn't even notice they swapped belts. In fact, the first thing they noticed were the marks showing clear as day on their necks.

"…What's that look for?" Blixer adjusted his collar, which was a little looser due to his top two buttons being left undone.

"Nothin'." Redd had that smile on his face again as he vaguely gestured near the blemish on his skin.

"Oh. *Oh*. Shit, they're totally gonna see that, aren't they." His hand immediately went up to hide his own bruise. "Are they?"

"The fans? Maybe. Are they gonna point it out and blab about it? Eh, probably not."

"Hope you're right. We haven't really gone public about… *us* yet."

"Uh-huh. Rich coming from the guy who says half his songs are about 'no one in particular'."

"Like yours are any less obvious. And besides, who *wouldn't* believe this face?"

"Right now? Me." Redd playfully punched at Blixer's arm.

"Ow?" He exclaimed with faux disbelief. "Right where you had your death grip too, jackass."

"C'mon, it wasn't *that* hard," Redd walked over to the counter and peered into the top box. "Hey, you want a donut before we go up there?"

"Hm?"

"We got a show tonight, don't we?" Redd turned and leaned against the counter, his hand put forward. "Don't need you passin' out on us."

"Y-yeah, right. Thanks." Blixer took the pastry, stretching his arm out to properly reach it.

"Still kinda out of it, huh?" Blixer nodded sheepishly. "Yep, still got it," Redd teased as he waltzed through the door leading to the stage.

"I'm gonna throw this at your head." And Blixer followed.

End Notes

sup gang

didn't think i'd find myself here but hey, eggs and baskets, what have you

anyway, probably expect some more stuff from this au; i've found myself getting attached to it since finishing this a month ago

kk bye now !! :]

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!