

Micah lays beside you, your head resting on his arm. Both of you are facing the ceiling. His scent, a minty vanilla, pervades your senses as you snuggle into his soft embrace— his breathing slow and even under your head.

The atmosphere is a comfort, domestic in a way you hadn't expected it to become. Part of you has been extremely relieved that this is the norm, something so natural that the two of you didn't even need to discuss. However, the other half is tentative in accepting this as a reality.

As sweet and wholesome all of it was, it made you wonder if this was where the line laid for the two of you. When you think about it, you haven't even kissed him yet. Sure, neither you nor Micah had qualms getting close enough to cuddle (err, semi-cuddle? Could this even be considered cuddling if you're just on him?). And yes, flirtatious conversations were never amiss in your day-to-day activities with him.

However, you can't seem to shrug off the nagging concern that this might all just be...platonic. For fuck's sakes, weren't you guys just fooling around? After all, Micah came down to visit you on an impulse, and you encouraged each of his advances and fired back your own in kind after knowing him for *one* day. And somehow, somehow, you both found yourself in each other's arms practically every day— sinking into a lifestyle that required each other.

You'd hate to even regard this little doubt in your head but *what if? What if* you were a fling to him? *What if* you're just friends and you've mistakenly established this boundary with him when you wanted more?

You try to find solace in Micah's teases, and the way that they're reserved for you. Or in how his touches are delicate when he caresses your cheek but firm when he holds you around your waist. But it doesn't erase the bitter question within and you find your voice strained when you break the silence.

"What are *we*— even doing?"

Beside you, Micah stirs. "We?" You hear the grin in his cadence. "*You're* staring at the ceiling while *I'm* enjoying your presence."

He *always* has to speak in that snarky tone, doesn't he?

You resist the urge to roll your eyes. "No, like—"



Words dissipate in your throat. Whatever courage you gathered when you reflected on your relationship with him had gone up in smoke, and you wrack your brain for the best way to articulate yourself. But it is difficult— even more so when you remember that the foundation of this *thing* between you and Micah is nuance.

Even though you said the meanest of things to him, Micah would dig deeper to unearth what you truly meant. You could say you hated him and he'd immediately take it for what it was— a confession. You hated (loved) that about him.

Micah *knew* you just by listening and learning during your video calls. And as such, he knew to come through your window the very first time he booked a plane ticket to visit you. You never forgot how incredible that moment had been and you loved that this man can understand you, your boundaries, your wants, *everything*— *even* without you overtly stating what you had wanted.

It's a one-in-a-million kind of bond the two of you shared, being able to understand each other beyond words. But as you opened and closed your mouth for the nth time that day, you hate that you can't do such a simple task now.

*Ugh.*

Micah notes the stretching silence and he moves. You look up, and now the two of you are inches apart— your eyes striking gold.

“Like what, angel?” He smiles brightly as he always does, little tooth sharp past his lip, and quirking his stupid brow. Somehow teasing you with just the expressions that he makes but being supportive all the same.

And maybe you need to take a class in communication because the only thing that escapes you after is...

“What are we?”

Regret bites back with a hot flash of shame because no one fucking wants to hear that especially when things have been pretty great so far. But, you did it. You said what you needed to say,



and you can't fight the blush rising up your neck. Being vulnerable has never been an option for you, but for the first time you feel like it's possible.

Micah's eyes widen and his attention travels to the corner of the room. His free hand splays over his face to cover up what you think is awkwardness— or worse discomfort—, and your heart palpitates with each second he's silent. But beyond that, he doesn't move the arm that's under you, and you start to spy the red tint on the tips of his ears.

It's now stifling in the room, a warm kind of unease that has you squirming a little. Unable to stand the silence any longer, you whisper, "Micah?"

He whimpers in response before returning his gaze on you. Micah's eyes are a streak of shooting stars, zipping all over your face— from your eyes to your lips then back up to where you've pinched your brows in concern. They settle back to your hues and he licks his lips, stammering. "I—um—I don't know what you'd like to be—with me. But—um...", His face flushes in full. "I love you."

Shock seizes you and your breathing hitches. *What. What? What!*

Your intentions for this conversation were to purely figure out what you could call this bond between the two of you— but you weren't expecting him to drop an "*I love you*"!

Yet as unexpected of a development it was, you're immensely relieved. *He cares*, more than you thought, and even confident enough to confess. It's a line in the darkness of your doubts, one that you grasp so tightly that your hand on his chest starts shaking. He quickly notices and his free hand falls over yours.

"What's wrong, angel?"

"I just..." Unsurprisingly, words fail, but your emotions carry anyway. What you couldn't say is visible from your flushed cheeks, the smile on your face, the happy crinkle in the corner of your eyes. "You have no idea how badly I needed to hear that. I was so scared that you didn't want to be more than friends."

"Are you kidding???" Micah brings your hand to his lips, planting a kiss on your knuckles. He continues with a small laugh. "I come over all the time. Practically every day just so I can see you



*because* I love you. I love your everything! Your bluntness, your laughter, and your stubbornness—especially with the things that you like.”

You giggle, turning onto your side. “Like how I like it when someone climbs through my window?”

“*Exactly*, like that!” Micah pauses, his head bowing slightly as he peers at you with a barely concealed optimism. “Although... I do hope that the only person you’d want climbing through your window is me.” He ends with a sheepish smile and you couldn’t hold back a scoff.

“Are you serious?” Your hand flips from under his and your fingers fall between the spaces. Holding his hand between the two of you, you squeeze it gently. “There’s no one else, Micah.” Your tone is soft, unbelievably full of affection, that even you’re surprised by it. “You’re the only person I’d want coming through there.”

His lips part in a smile that he quickly tries to smother, little tooth poking out. “O-Oh, yeah, I totally knew that.” Micah squeaks, and he clears his throat. “I mean, can you imagine if your friends did that? They wouldn’t be able to compare to me.”

“Maybe, maybe not. But, I’ll never find out because only the people I like romantically can try, and *you’re* the only who qualifies.”

Micah’s face explodes in a palette of scarlet, the hue turning darker by the second as he stammers. “What? You l-like me?”

Your laughter bubbles out of you. “You just told me you love me. How is me confessing my feelings to you the thing that makes you *more* embarrassed?”

“I already confessed to you the second day we talked, and then, on the third day as well! I already knew that I love you! I’m just finding out that you like *me*!”

Disbelief floods your system, warming your cheeks, and aching your stomach with a laughter you couldn’t stop. Who knew that Micah shared your own insecurities. Though you suppose, you haven’t made it easy for him to decipher your feelings. It’s just crazy to think that he was just as nervous about the relationship as you are.



Brushing away a tear in your eye, you say, “I can’t believe you— did you not realize that I let you come over all the time? Or that I call you when I get the chance? Oh my fucking god, Micah, we’re cuddling! Like, right now! Do you think I do that with just *anyone*?”

He pouts, defensive. “No! But like— how was I supposed to know! I told you that I *like liked* you but you never said anything back. So I just—I just assumed that this was what you wanted!”

“Oh, okay, hold on.” You sat up on one elbow, short giggles escaping you as he did the same. “What do you mean by *like liked*?”

“You know, like I like liked you!--Or well! Like like--because, right now, I am liking you very much.” Micah hurries to explain and you quirk up a brow, the mock offense on your face destroyed by the smile that just won’t go away.

“What’s with this downgrade from *love*?”

He whines, “My feelings are still the same! I just— get embarrassed repeating it so many times if you don’t feel the same.” The pout on his face deepens and you straighten up.

Wiping off all semblances of a joke on your visage, you swear, “I do! I feel the same way, Micah!”

You could *feel* the room warm with the heat that’s radiating from Micah. An array of emotions flurry past his face: surprise, ease, elation— they color his cheeks with a pretty pink and light his golden eyes with a sparkle.

“T-Then, would you have me as your partner?”

Your chest flutters. God, you wanted to hear that for so long. “Of course I would, you dork.” You roll over him, arms flying around his neck and legs on either side of him. Giggles fill the room from the both of you as Micah’s hand drops to your waist. His hold is tight when he nuzzles into the crook of your neck, and you feel so loved in the moment.

You’re more of an idiot than you thought if it took you this long to realize how much he loved you, that the tension between each video call was romance and want. But at least you *now* knew, and the fact cements you with a weighted comfort. You relax against him, so content with how close you



are to Micah and how perfectly the two of you fit in each other's embrace. You can only hope that he feels the same when he's with you.

After several minutes of silence, in which your hand had come up to play with his hair— getting tangled in his locks, and he hums, amused— your partner starts laughing.

“What?” You ask, already smiling just from hearing his delight.

Micah's lips pull into a smirk. “Nothing. Just thinking about how you like me sooooo much!”

You playfully roll your eyes. “Not sure what you're talking about.”

“Oh, come on. You think I'm *soooo* cute~.” He snickers here, as if there's a joke to be had, and he presses his fingers on your side to tickle you. You squirm under his attack as he continues, nose nuzzling your neck. “You like it when I come over, and you wanted me so bad you were so nervous to confess to me, awww~~”

“*Yeah, right!*” You manage between the laughter he steals from you and you can feel him grin against your skin.

“Look at you, you're embarrassed~ God, you're so cute when you wanna kiss me sooooo bad~”

At his words, you rise from your position— high enough so that you can see his face. Micah's still smiling, unaware of the weight he just dropped, and your eyes focus on his lips. You briefly wonder how it would feel to have them against yours. For his split tongue, that you only get to see when he's being mischievous, run over your skin. And his piercing— *god, his piercing*— how would that feel when he's licking up your thigh, marking your body?

You swallow thickly at the thought. Your wants were already being voiced before you can think to be coy about it. “Micah... *can* I kiss you?”

He stills underneath you. You feel the shake in his hands, the way they flex slightly— stiffening then loosening around you, repeating again and again. Slowly, Micah's eyes drop to your lips and you lick them, too aware of his attention.

“What?” He breathes, still shocked.



You look away, embarrassed. “Don’t make me ask again, *idiot*...”

Your heart’s already pounding from how brazen you were to ask in the first place, but it speeds up even more when you feel his hand caress your cheek. His thumb lightly grazes your lower lip, and Micah gently returns your attention back on him. The gold in his eyes are half hidden, lidded with desire, and you knew that he was thinking the same thing you did.

Then he leans up and you feel the softness of his lips on yours. It was chaste, a tentative question to ask if that was okay, and when you bend down to meet him halfway again, Micah becomes a bit more confident. His hand holding your chin smooths over to the back of your neck, and he pulls you into him. Lips molding against yours, a quiet noise escapes him as his other hand presses on the small of your back— wanting you closer.

His small greed entices you, and your hands in his hair shift down to cradle his jaw. You’re a bit more bold when you kiss him back, tongue swiping against his lip, wanting permission to enter his mouth. Micah relents easily and your tongue darts in, stroking for the piercing you wanted to feel. When you find it, a moan hikes up your throat as Micah groans. His hips buck up to meet yours, and you squeak into his mouth, startled. It had to be subconscious, *it had to be*, because not even a second later, Micah’s whispering a “sorry” between kisses.

Sorry? *Sorry for what?*

You love the way that feels, so much so that you lower your hips and grind against him, wanting to chase that feeling again. “Don’t be,” You whimper, salacious. “That felt good.”

Micah stutters an exhale. “Oh, thank god. Because I really liked it too,” Then his hands grip your waist and he drags you over his cock, his eyes slipping close from the pleasure. The wanton moan that leaves him warms your skin, and the friction between your lower half and his is making you delirious.

You want *more*.

To touch his bare skin, to have him panting in your ear. What kind of noises will he make if you taste him down there? What expression will he have when you take him in, riding him until he cums from the way you’re squeezing him so tight?



*Fuck, you need him so bad.*

“Micah,” The way you say his name, breathless and craving, has his eyes snapping open. You can barely see the gold in his eyes, overshadowed by his pupils— clouded by his lust. You’re delighted to know that you’re not the only one getting affected. “Is it okay if I...” You let your body finish your suggestion, fingers slipping under his hoodie as you rub your ass on his hard-on.

You want to run your hands all over his body, get rid of your clothes and his so that you can grind on him freely— skin against skin.

Micah chuckles. He mimics your actions as his hands dive under your shirt. They leave feather light touches up your side, and his smile grows to a taunting smirk. “Angel, are you asking me to fuck you?”

His question shoots straight to your clit— heating you up from the inside until you feel a twist in your navel. You know that he’s just being flirty, playing that game of his to rile you up. Had it been any other situation, you’d scoff at him or come back with something witty to get him flustered.

But not now— not when he’s teasing you with a good time.

Micah notices the way you’ve gone stiff and he squeezes your hip to get your attention. “Angel?” He softly asks, concerned. You hate how sweet he looks when all you want is him moaning your name.

“Please.” You beg. Your voice was just barely above a whisper.

He sharply inhales, blinking rapidly. For a second, you wonder if he even heard you as the silence stretches, but the next thing you know a blush blooms across his visage and he’s gripping your waist with a fervor. Micah then rolls over you, legs kicking in a childish glee that he can only express with a squeal, and his lips crash onto yours.

*Fuck, he’s so cute.*



How Micah can switch between sensual to adorable is unbeknownst to you, but you don't dwell on the thought any longer. Not when he's smoothly pinning you to the bed with a knee between your legs.

Micah smirks and your heart trembles at the way he's looking down at you, hungry but patient enough to play. "Well, since you asked so nicely angel~"

It's unfair how he can drive you wild. You're practically melting under his ministrations, stomach fluttering when he trails kisses down your neck— pausing every now and then to lick and bite at the skin. As he lingers above the pulse on your neck, sucking so hard you know it'll leave a mark, Micah bunches your shirt over your chest, exposing your nipples. Fingers descend to play with them, thumbing and pulling lightly but expertly that you arch into his touch with a debauched cry.

*Awooga.* For his first time, Micah sure knows what he's doing.

"Wha—" Micah pauses from leaving hickeys on your neck to laugh. You blink, coming down from a haze that you unwittingly tumbled into, and you shoot him a quizzical look. "Awooga?" He says with a cock of his head and a smile.

"Awooga..." You repeat, slowly. Then it belatedly dawns on you.

*You had said that aloud.*

Heat crawls up your neck from your own embarrassment, and you know that you're blushing hard. "*Shut up.*" You hiss, lower lip jutting to a pout. "It's not my fault that I can't think straight right now."

"I know." Micah cheekily smiles, and your blush deepens. "God, you're cute. Just can't let me forget how much I love you, huh?"

You groan, abashed. "You think saying 'awooga' during foreplay is lovable?"

"Yup. *Especially* if you accidentally whisper it under your breath while I'm trying to go down on you. It just makes my ego *infinitely* bigger." He winks and your nose scrunches in defiance.

"Ewww. That's so lame. Who would *ever* want to do that?"



“Good question.” Micah shifts, his face is a lot lower on your body— hands tugging at the waistband of your shorts. The red on your face is *definitely* for a different reason now, and you bite back a whimper when he drags your shorts and underwear down your thighs. “Let’s find out, shall we?”

Not one to back down in the face of a tease— you ignore the way he licks his lips in anticipation at your exposed pussy, and how you’re so aroused the coil in your stomach tightens and flutters from his voracious gaze. Instead, you don a cocky smile and scoff.

Like hell, you’ll let him goad you like that.

“Yeah, *sure*. You can try, Yujin. But I’m not gonna slip up that easily.”

“Oh yeah?” He quirks up a brow, amused. “*By the way*...you don’t know my number, *right?*”

You’re not sure where he’s going with that but you answer anyway. “Uh, yeah?”

“Let me fix that.” Before you can even say anything, Micah’s mouth latches to a spot high on your thigh, right next to your wet hole. His piercing stands out from the heat of his mouth and the softness of his tongue, and your leg jolts when he licks a broad stripe. Micah chuckles, the vibration too close to your wet cunt, and you know you have to be dripping with arousal when his hand on your thigh exerts a little pressure to keep you still.

*Shit!* Couldn’t he move just a *little* higher. The ache between your legs was becoming too much, a need that you desperately wanted Micah to pay attention to. But when he’s dragging his tongue like that, pausing for a few seconds to suck and lick a line down your leg— you’re turning into putty in his hands, wishing on repeat: *Don’t stop, please. Don’t.*

All too soon, Micah’s pulling away to put his cheek on your leg. You almost start to whine until he says, “Did you get that, *Angel?*”

“Wha—? Oh umm, yeah.” The words spill from your lips, not sure what he’s implying, and you shiver under his grin.

“Oh really? What’s my number then?”



*Oh fuck.* How the hell were you supposed to focus on the numbers he's kissing on your leg?!

"I-It's obviously...(696) 969-6969." Realizing that you set yourself up for failure, you try to pull believable confidence on your face, but that's easily seen through with one look and Micah laughs.

"Good guess, but that's not quite right." Micah makes a v with his fingers, parting the lips of your pussy so he can drag his thumb up and down between. It was all too easy with the pre-cum dripping from your hole, but you don't even have the thought to feel ashamed when Micah suggests, "Should I write it again here? Maybe this time, it'll be a little more memorable."

*Memorable my ass!* There's definitely no chance you'll remember there!

An obscene moan is dragged out of you when Micah first dips in for a taste, and it pitches higher when his split tongue massages your clit. He's spreading you apart— composing a lewd symphony with your fevered voice and pants, conducting you to moan his name when he sucks on the bundle of nerves.

You could hardly think, too overwhelmed with the way he'd slip his tongue inside of you, pumping slowly so you could feel his piercing against your walls. You'd clench around him— wanting him to delve deeper, stroke harder— but then your tease of a lover would pull away to french kiss your clit instead, and any complaints you would have are quick to whither into a moan.

"Did you even get the area code?" Micah jokes when your thighs quake next to his head.

You couldn't even be bothered to whip up a snarky remark. "Micah... *please.*" You don't know what expression you have on your face, but he stills immediately— his jaw going slack when you spread your legs as wide as you can. You think you heard him mutter a curse but you don't care enough to ask because Micah's already buried himself back in between your legs, his tongue fucking into you with a fervor.

You could get addicted to this. The way he'd roll the ball of his piercing over your clit, how he'd flatten his tongue over your pussy and lap at your juices. It's as if he figured out how to drive you closer to the edge, towards that moment where the coil in your stomach could just snap and you start pleading.



“Micah, *please*. I’m so— hah— close.” You grasp the sheets as you cant your hips, urging him to work his tongue faster. Your brain’s a haze at this point, thoughts muddled with only Micah’s tongue lighting the way to ecstasy, that you barely register his hand reaching for yours. But you feel him squeeze your hand lightly and you pry your eyes open to him.

*God, he’s beautiful.*

The expression on Micah’s face is your new obsession. Blissed out from between your legs, his eyes are lidded with the intent to make you cum from his tongue alone. He could do this forever. You’re sure of that. Especially after your thighs flex around his head and Micah’s eyes roll to the back of his head with a low groan, content with the pressure.

It’s stupid that you feel your chest swell with something tender first, your heart so full with how grateful you are that you’re spending your first oral with Micah. There really is no one you’d rather be with, and you squeeze his hand back hoping he can understand your overflowing feelings.

Micah never once pauses his ministrations, but he leans to the left and nuzzles into the side of your leg, acknowledging what you couldn’t say, and you know he feels the same.

You orgasm then, waves of pleasure tumbling and colliding with your love for Micah that you feel inexplicably weak but complete through it. Micah helps you ride it out. He’s careful not to overstimulate you as he stills slightly, his lips the only thing moving as they pepper kisses on your mound.

You’re tired but satisfied. Drained yet somehow refreshed. Is this what people referred to as the afterglow? Maybe. Whatever it is, you wanted to share it with Micah. Gently, you tug at his sleeve and he climbs up your body. You wrap your arms around him and he’s quick to follow as he presses smiles on your skin.

“That was...” Your chest rises and falls with a content sigh, “*amazing*.”

“Yeah?” Micah giggles, pleased with himself that he’s able to get this reaction out of you, and he leans in to rub his nose with yours. “But not like— *awooga* amazing?”

“Hmm, maybe you can try and make it awooga next time.” You dismiss him, but a smile is playing on your lips. Of course, Micah sees it and he waggles his brows.



“That was sooooo not what you were saying earlier.”

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about.”

Micah mocks you by raising his voice. “*Oh, Micah. Please, Micah.* Come on, you couldn’t get enough of me. That’s *clearly* awooga worthy. And speaking of things you said before— what was that about ‘not slipping up’, hmm?”

You snort when his face lights up in victory. You could play dumb all you want, but you know that if he were to ask for his number again, you definitely can’t give him a proper answer.

“You’re *such* an asshole --*you* try and see if you can keep your head cool.” You nudge and he smirks.

“I would be *so cool*, you can call me Iced Tea.”

You quirk a brow and his smile falters. “Iced tea? Really?”

When you start laughing, Micah pouts with his chin on your chest. “I don’t know, okayyyyy— I saw my tea on the dresser and I blaaaankedddd.”

As he whines, you plant a kiss on his forehead. “Sure, *Sweet Tea*.”

“I see what you did there. Ha ha ha, you’re so funny. You know you should be a comedian instead of a— *Oh, shit!*” You cut his sarcasm off by flipping both of your positions. With you now straddling him, Micah quickly grows silent, eyes wide from the compromising situation. How he has the audacity to feel bashful after eating you out like a starved man— you’d never know, but you giggle at his shyness.

“Not so tough now, huh, Yujin?”

“Whaaa, who, *me?* Please, I’m so—uhh—level headed.” He squeaks, unconvincingly. You grin.

“Oh yeah? Want to bet on it?”



Challenges are a common courtesy between the two of you, and when face-to-face with one neither of you have any plans to back down. So, naturally, Micah chalks up a competitive grin. That spirit in him is rekindled but you know you can douse it immediately.

“You’re on.” He says and you need no other prompt to start leaving hickies on his neck.

He sucks in a breath when you kiss a spot under his jaw, a soft whimper leaving him when you start trailing hands under his hoodie. You haven’t even gotten lower, but he’s already reacting this much? *Yeah*, you’ve practically won.

Smirking against his skin, you roll his hoodie higher. Copying what he had done earlier, you leave chaste kisses on his chest but linger on his nipples, your tongue swiping over them to draw more whimpers from your lover. It’s amusing getting to tease him like this, and you can see why he was poking fun at you earlier. Being able to lure these noises from Micah is akin to a high, a feeling that only levitates you higher to satisfaction the needier his voice becomes.

You’re eager to hear more, to bring him to the same completeness he did for you, and you travel down his stomach— finding great pleasure in the way his abdomen stiffens under your tongue. When your lips connect to the happy trails leading into the hem of his pants, your ears pick up on something, some tiny muttering.

Numbers? Maybe?

You piece together the digits streaming under Micah’s breath. “5358979...” It’s a familiar sequence.

“No way!” Your voice is mingled with peals of laughter, and Micah snaps out of his concentration. A blush is already on his face because he knows that you know what he’s saying. “I can’t believe you’re fucking reciting *pi* when I’m about to give you a blowjob.”

Micah groans and weakly throws up in his defense, “At least it’s better than *awooga*!”

“No, it is most *definitely not*, you nerd.”

A pout is on his face when you shake your head. “I’m getting too aroused, okay?! I want to at least *try* and win the bet.”



“Aww~” You coo, lips turning up into a preemptive victory smile. “You are sooo going down.”

Without missing a beat, Micah replies with, “Correction. *You’re* the one that’s going down.”

You gape, wide-eyed. Just like that, Micah was able to steal the last word from you. Partly in disbelief, and partly because you can’t let him slide after saying that, you simply say, “Just try and keep this energy, Yujin.” Then your fingers hook under his waistband and pull his erect cock out in one swift motion.

Micah is hard, practically weeping as his tip shines bright red with precum. You thickly swallow, not sure where to start, but when he smacks his hands over his face— clearly nervous about what’s about to happen next— you think fuck it and wrap your hands around the base.

You hear a squeak, but you don’t bother to look up as you put all your attention on his cock. You pump him, once, twice, then tentatively lick from his balls up to his head. You catch his arousal at the end, your tongue sweeping over his slit, and he gasps from behind his hands. It’s salty and yet sweet, a surprise that has you swirling your tongue for more, and you dip your head to take him in.

He fills your mouth, your jaw dropping to accommodate his size and you go down as far as you can— teeth lightly scraping against him. Micah sighs your name then, a sound so delicious that you’re quick to ignore the tears in the back of your eyes from the stretch of his cock. You need to hear it again— on repeat until his voice is raw from moaning. So you pull off him with a pop and take him in once more, reveling in the noise that readily floats from his throat.

“Fuck, Micah,” You groan and you’re bobbing your head down his shaft.

He hits the back of your throat easily, and you back off so that you’re steadily sucking on half of his length. Micah’s whimpers grow in volume when you drag him over your tongue, so you make a note to incorporate licks and strokes as he passes between your teeth. And when you swallow around him to get rid of the mix of saliva and pre cum pooling in your mouth, he exhales a wispy breath that falters into something filthy.

Your pussy flutters at the sin pouring from his lips, and you know you’re already getting wet from hearing him. But you focus instead on pleasuring him, learning what he loves and what he reacts



strongly to. By the time you discover a rhythm of pumping his base while sucking the head of his cock, Micah's squirming under you and a litany of his moans and pants spur you to go further

Your hands brace his thigh and you dare to fit all of him in your mouth again. *Deeper, deeper.* You urge yourself to continue until your nose is buried in his happy trails. You don't even give yourself time to gag around his cock before you're rising back to the tip, then sinking low again.

Micah's voice is a whine and a drug— simply put, another addiction for you to get hooked on. You chase each moan, intent on dragging it longer with a hard swallow or cutting it off to a breathy rendition of your name. You could listen to him all day, his pants, whimpers— they can drive you to go on forever despite the ache in your jaws.

“O-Ow!”

Your eyes snap open and catch the last seconds of Micah rubbing his head before clutching what looks to be a Switch controller in his hands. The sight throws you off, but when you swallow around him— softly groaning from the taste of him— Micah's breathing hitches and he wrings the red Joy Con.

You laugh through your nose. Micah had just hit himself in his haste to grab the controller. He probably wanted to grab something, the same way you had to hold on the sheets for your impending orgasm.

*How cute.*

You could just control your giggles when you reach for his free hand. Guiding it to the back of your head, you silently encourage him to hold your hair. Micah winces, his fingers threading through your hair gently, and you resume.

This time, you keep your eyes open. Satisfaction bubbles from within when his chest rapidly rises and falls. Micah's blown out eyes are trained in the way he disappears in your spit-slicked mouth, the base of his cock coated with your saliva and his pre cum. The blush on his face is almost the same as the hue of his lips— abused from the way he's biting down on them to unsuccessfully quell his noises.



You thought he was beautiful between your legs, but Micah's fluster over his obvious lust was a sight that had you overflowing with love again. Even amidst a sensual activity, Micah is Micah— an adorable bundle of energy that gets too eager over his emotions before being bashful about them.

Smiling, you pull off him so that you can openly lick the side of his member. It must've been an erotic sight because Micah partly hides behind the controller in his hand, but you know that you're the only thing he's looking at.

So you make a show of it.

Drawing his attention to you with a warm groan that ghosts over his dick, Micah's eyes slide to your face as you close your eyes, and you take his head in your mouth. Hollowing your cheeks, you suck hard and set up a ruthless pace with your hand on the rest of him.

That quickly sends him into a flurry, Micah's hips shallowly rocking up into the tightness of your mouth. His fingers in your hair flex with the need to fuck into you but not hurt you, and you think him sweet for being cautious. So you reward him by matching the pace of your hand with your mouth, and the music that he produces has your pussy clenching around nothing.

"A-Angel, oh my god, I'm gonna—" Micah struggles to speak, voice pinched with whimpers that escalate into vulgar and obscene sounds. He gestures with a slight tug to your hair that he's about to cum, but you don't dare pull away. "W-Wait-!"

A tight pump down his shaft and your tongue stroking the underside of his head has Micah cumming a second later. Hot and heavy semen shoots down your throat. It's bitter than his pre-cum, foreign but welcome, and you gulp it all down— unwilling to waste even a single drop.

"Holy— *shit*," Micah breathes, watching raptly as you lick him clean.

You giggle at the starstruck look on his face before crawling onto his lap. Slowly, you pry the Joy Con still in his palm and hold it behind him.

"How was that?" You ask, though you didn't need to.



Micah thickly swallows. His eyes zero in on the corner of your mouth. Cum, saliva, whichever lingers and he brushes it off with his thumb. His voice is laced with awe when he speaks. “That was...amazing.”

You can’t stop yourself from laughing at how blunt he was. “Yeah?”

“Fuck yeah. Are you kidding me?? I’m gonna be thinking of your mouth on me for days.” He wistfully sighs. Micah goes limp beneath you, too tired after you sucked him dry, and you can’t stop yourself from smirking.

“So then, I take it that I won the bet? I *clearly* kept my cool compared to you.”

“*What?*” The fog of desire on Micah’s face dispels instantly at the reminder of the competition. “No way. I had to have won that.”

“Really?” At the dispute in your eyes, Micah nods rigorously. “Then what color was the Joy Con in your hands?”

“Joy... Con?”

His lost tone practically told you everything you needed to know.

“Micah, you don’t even remember grabbing the controller! I *soooooo* won!”

“Now hold on, angel. That’s a little too quick for you to decide!”

“Then say the color.”

“Wait—”

“3...” Panic settles on Micah’s face as his eyes dart to the side table with the assortment of controllers on the surface, but you’ve already put a hand over his eyes.

“We own so much, angel! We have all of the colors!”

“You’re dawdling, Micah~ 2...” You giggle and he yelps.



“Okay, wait! It had to be orange! It was like a warm color! Yellow??? Or Red?! Fuck, was it actually blue???”

“Choose one~”

“Ahh! PINK!!! FINAL ANSWER!”

Silence. You move your hand and he blinks up at you hopefully. Slowly, you return the controller you’re holding in his line of vision and he groans.

“HAHA! Red, motherfucker! I win!”