

Fifty three years ago

Story: Fifty three years ago

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Summary: Fifty three years ago, on a night like this. Cranky middle aged men have sex again and they question why. (Edited) *Chapter 1*: Fifty three years ago

Even with one arm hugging the bed from below, and one sole planted on the cold wooden floor—instead of a slippery carpet—, Demo still feels he is too close to the edge of the bed. Perhaps he feels that way because of the frantic beating of his heart, but he couldn't discard the possibility of both his lover and himself crashing down face-plant... Could even say that, by having none other than *Soldier* on top of him, that chance is greater.

Too much thinking, that of course wouldn't be happening if he was more drunk. Unfortunately, finding the right amount of alcohol that would numb him *just* enough (while also not ruining sex), for *long* enough (damn you high alcohol tolerance), is not a simple task.

Demo attempts to scoot more to the left, trying to get more sideways. A hand lying down to his right, next to his face, stops him. Not only that, it takes him by surprise more than it should—fuck, he shouldn't be acting as he was a stupid fucking virgin.

No, he wouldn't be worrying this much if he bottomed more. Demo wouldn't need to worry about any of this idiocy if he bit the pillow more usually, but the truth is, he only craves getting pounded enough to *actually* look for that once in a blue moon... Oh, but when he *does*, when he does need it...

Craving again the sloppy kisses, the touching, all the things he adores that can still get from the usual sex, in special when somebody else is pleasing him. However, however, when indulging in *other* types of pleasures, well, things can get lonely quickly. What about the moans, what about the breathing on the back of his neck, what about, even drooling over him... Granted, somebody sucking his dick *and* fingering him can still moan—*yes please*.

So when Soldier's warm legs meet his own from behind, one knee on the bed and one foot on the floor, Demo bits his lower lip, eagerly sucking air. He smiles when the tip of his lover's cock brushes near his hole. Demo turns his head back, his eye meeting Solly's eyes briefly.

"Tav," mutters Soldier, in a rare way for him that sounds, rather appealing. But then he removes his right hand from the bed.

"Don't—"

"I'm *not* letting you fall off the bed!" Soldier snaps this time, almost as he's reading Demo's mind. Soldier bends closer to Demo's ear to add: "unless I do that on purpose."

Groaning, Demo throws his arm back to hit Soldier in the ribs—who's snickering—returning to his previous position later. The laughs of Soldier get muffled until eventually they halt, as he pushes his cock forward. Demoman, eye closed, clings to the bed harder all while humming more and louder than before. He almost doesn't notice when Soldier's right hand is back next to his head, while the other hand grabbing Demo by the shoulder.

(The idiot could've perfectly used his left to put his dick in, but of course he didn't, thinks Demo as he swallows saliva.)

Soldier huffs, almost sounding drowsy. After he adjusts his body more, pushing Demo a bit forward, Soldier removes his left from Demo's shoulder to lean instead besides his lover's head. Right away, he rolls his hips, Demoman answering each thrust with a mixture of moans and whimpers.

Soldier steps up the pace, causing him to pant heavier. Demoman throws a hand back once again:

"Yeah, like that..." Demo repeats parts of the sentence a few times, as if it was some kind of mantra, only that with some moaning in between.

Demoman perceives Soldier's breath behind him, as Soldier leans lower. He takes a peek, glimpsing Soldier having his eyes shut and his face scrunched up, his mouth ajar. Demo turns his face to the pillow again, moving the arm he was crushing with the bed frame below the pillow. To be more comfortable (goddamn his arm now hurts), the last thing he's trying to do is conceal his noises—in fact, on the contrary, making sure his mouth not covered.

All of the sudden, Soldier shifts back, now his hands grasping Demo by the waist. But that isn't enough for him.

"Demo, I want to... change position..." he husks, winded. Solly also limits himself to not very passionate short bucks.

Abruptly, Demoman propels himself on one of his elbows. He reaches back, this time going for the nape of Soldier; if they were having clothed sex he would grab him by the fucking collar and pull.

"No, ye fuckin' don't," scolds Demo, wrinkling his nose and baring his teeth.

"God fucking dammit, Tavish."

Soldier yanks Demo towards himself, resuming slamming his hips faster and faster, with a frenetic intensity, as he swears out loud. Demoman, while grinning, shouts curses back, his elbows collapsing under himself. It doesn't matter that his head feels lighter, or the world going around them, Demo adds to the mix of swears and moans calling out Soldier's name. The one in question quiets his cussing, and loses his rhythm. After a moment, Demoman listens to him bellowing.

Quiet, all of what Demo hears now it's both frantic respiration. Soldier grinds his hips a few more times before crashing down on top of Demo, who turns, giving him a quick peck. Turns further, to gently push Solly enough so he can lie on his back after being so long in prone—god dammit, his lower back and his right leg hurts. Now face to face, their teeth click when they kiss, a kiss with perhaps a tad too much drool, but who cares. Demo runs his hands all over Soldier's body, settling down in a tight embrace around his waist.

Soldier props himself, staring Demo. "We're not done yet, son."

Demoman gulps. That statement coming from his friend, in this very context, is more akin to the question *'are you tired yet, maggot?! (I am okay if you're... you big cream puff.)'*

"Alright... What ye have in mind?"

Soldier removes himself right away, down, off of the bed. Standing in front of the bed's footboard, he gives a lecherous look to Demo. Without wasting more time, Soldier seizes Demo's ankles. He drags Demo sideways with a single pull (making him yelp), to the same side of the bed they used to fuck, leaving Demoman with his legs off the bed. Soldier isn't content until he's crouching in between the legs, contemplating Demo's half-hard dick.

"Yeah, I could use that..." Demo babbles, smirking, using a phrase he only started to use once in America. He sits to look at Soldier straight to the face, caressing his inner thighs with both hands.

Soldier goes down Demo (whose blood is already running down to his crouch in anticipation), snickering all the way down. Laughter is contagious; Demo's own chortling only ends when Soldier's lips touch his foreskin, making his breath hitch. Demo closes his eye, facing up to the ceiling. He sighs at the tactile feeling of Soldier stroking his penis, at the same time he rubs his tongue under his frenulum.

That is pretty much Soldier's special, more of a jerking off plus sucking the head of his dick combo, more into cum than gagging, hardly ever altering the well-known formula.

Demo can't keep his eye closed too much longer. There's something rather striking, rather different, in the way Soldier plays with his balls with his free hand—it does work wonders though, he's hard already. Perhaps he is too paranoid, should focus instead on Soldier sucking his shaft, flicking his tongue... But when Soldier's hands slide lower, to the middle of his taint, Demo's suspicions are confirmed.

“...Shite.”

His prick throbs, being forced to conceal a whimper. Demo titters, rubbing Soldier's nape. “God dammit...” Knitting his brows, he shifts to expose his lower parts more, if his lover wishes to keep moving downwards. The pressure Soldier is applying to his perineum is already making him shudder, and is enticing him to roll his hips with less control.

Just as Demo is losing grip on his body, he's of the noises he makes. Content, Soldier speeds up the tempo he's using to move his head along his hand, meanwhile he slips his hand lower, over Demoman's entrance. By this point, Demo is grabbing Soldier's head with both hands. He digs his fingers when Soldier, at the pace of a starfish, enters his own index and middle to his asshole, to the middle knuckle, as he stops using his hand and lips. Hearing Demo huffing blatantly over his head, he removes the cock from his mouth (ignoring the line of spit), to take a gawk to where his fingers are.

He is the one making a strangled noise when Demo clenches his ass.

More than moving in and out, Soldier continues using pressure, curling his fingers up enough. He again shoves inside his mouth his lover's dickhead, closing a fist right after where his lips are. Beginning all over again, Soldier struggles, Demo unable to keep still, doing also all kinds of incoherent noises. It won't matter; he just needs to prevail until it's all over.

It doesn't take that long for Demo to utter a howl. Time stops.

Soldier swallows, hard. He ignores Demo petting his head, and in a sloppy manner he resumes again for the umpteenth time. Demoman hums along, till he pushes Soldier's shoulder.

“*Fuuuck!* That's Enough!”

Soldier obliges.

Few more curses later, Demo grabs Soldier's hand and chin. He bends down to lick Soldier in the lips, starting like that to kiss a few more times, cursing more in between pauses. After a last, longer kiss, Demoman scoots to his side of the bed. Soldier crawls over him, to the other side. He goes limp facing down for a moment. Demo limits himself to put a hand over his back. Soldier soon turns around.

They both lie down looking at the ceiling, their chests still not quite done heaving up and down. Solly has his legs spread, even having one leg hanging out of the bed, one hand behind his head and another on his belly. Demoman snuggles against Soldier, taking his hand... Yet again, his companion seems to have a unique plan of his own.

“I forgot something,” says Soldier, sliding away from Demo's reach.

Demoman sits. “*Really?* Forgot *what?*” he asks exasperated, tilting his head to the side, furrowing his eyebrows—when he's gonna stay in the fucking bed. Soldier doesn't bother to answer, already on the door, promptly closing the door behind him, before Demo can process what just happened.

One thing is for sure, of course he's going out naked, post-boner bouncy dick out.

"Take my robe..." hisses Demo to nobody, too late, clenching his teeth—and knowing Soldier it would've been in vain anyway.

What the *fuck* was that. The easiest explanation is Soldier going for his cigs. It could also be a perfect excuse to leave the room and never come back, having already gotten some action. *Nah*, it can be... Unless. Demo is aware he can be quite clingy and annoy Soldier, so it could make sense, leaving with the same excuse of dads never returning from the store. No, that's too stupid... but Soldier *is* stu—Solly can be a numpty, yes, but, *he* is the one being an idiot and overthinking again, jumping into conclusions such as thinking Soldier could've, hated the sex...

That bastard fucked him and *left*. Even if Soldier walks through that door again, that wouldn't change the fact he did that.

Demoman snatches his scrumpy from the nightstand. He drinks from the bottle, washing down a not a small amount of whisky. When he's done, he places scrumpy next to him, in the middle of the bed.

He hears the door's knob. Soldier, still without bothering to pronounce words, crosses the door and closes it behind him, locking it by pressing the knob's button. As predicted, he's holding a cigarette pack, along with his torch lighter.

The bastard *did* return; time to discard his embarrassing paranoid thoughts, allow the alcohol to dissolve them. Although, Soldier is staring him down in a way Demo doesn't enjoy.

"Seems you already have new company," teases Soldier, smirking.

Oh, Go Fuck Yourself.

"Well then just fuckin' *leave*."

Soldier scowls, anger crossing his entire face. "What?!" he retorts. "I went for my cigars—Cigarettes, I'm out of cigars." He stomps around the bed, to the opposite side of where's Demo. "Not only that! I'm out of MY cigarettes!" He continues ranting, gesturing towards Demo, "and if that wasn't enough, you're acting like *that*, again!"

Like that, huh?

Demoman, maintaining his gaze on Soldier's face, opens his night table drawer. He flips a cigarette pack to the middle of the bed. To add to the insult, the package is Soldier's favorite brand and flavor.

"Ye, bampot."

As he growls, Soldier turns around, hiding away from Demo his rage induced red face. Now with the stupid scot insults, when is all his fault!

Soldier glares over his shoulder. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?!"

"Why didn't ye tell me what's the thing ye forgot?!"

Soldier hunches, arms crossed, sensing Demo staring at his back. With his nostrils flared and gnashing his teeth, Soldier can't help but question why he keeps having sex with Demoman when he becomes unbearable. He has done nothing wrong. In fact, he has done everything Demo asked him. And what for? To make him feel stupid and make him angry later.

Fuming with fury, Soldier drags his feet back and forth on the floor—*He might as well kill him!*

"Weren't... Weren't ye goin'ta smoke."

Soldier rubs his brows, next, he sighs loudly. He doesn't get what's exactly wrong with Demoman, and he isn't confident he will ever do. Only is sure he doesn't like it, at all... It isn't so bad either.

He turns to snatch the package Demo put between them. "I'm not going to smoke 'Fancy'-French-Unamerican cigs if I don't have to!"

Demo guffaws behind him, a sound Soldier enjoys. Demoman already knows, Soldier doesn't have to explain he stole them instead of asking Engie or Sniper: they never give him a whole package. Besides, as much as he hates Spy's cigs, rightfully stolen things taste better, compensating for part of his dislike.

Soldier lights his cigarette, holding it in a similar way he would hold his cigars, in between his index and thumb. He takes a triumphal inhalation, holding the smoke for the moment; he's not sure since when was the last time he smoked but, it took too long. Everything with the purpose to smoke after sex.

Was it worth it? Foolish fight and everything? Yeah, sure: they would've had an argument anyhow, he contemplates while exhaling the smoke. Same old story.

Now more calm, Solly rotates towards Demo, offering him to take a cig out. Demo accepts, putting it in his mouth, and also supporting it with his fingers. They both move closer, so they can press the tips. Soldier sees Demo puffing his cig with his eye close. He opens his only eye slowly, as he moves away back to his side, staring at him with a smirk on his face.

Soldier puts his legs up in the bed. He bumps with the bottle, which gains the company of an ashtray that Demo is placing in front of said bottle. He also taps the whisky, looking at Soldier. *Maybe*, he thinks. Could be worse though, the part of him that's in a murderous mood isn't one hundred percent quiet yet.

"Yer gonna burn me bed," complains Demo, exhaling smoke.

Soldier wrinkles his nose for a split second, changing that expression to a grin.

"So what?" He retorts, curling his lip.

It is not his bed, and some burns won't stop it from being a functional bed. So what if a room that isn't his catches on negligent fire; so what if they die consumed by flames and asphyxiated by smoke, when they would respawn intact, as if nothing ever happened to them.

He chortles, repeating "so what" under his breath.

Demo rolls his eye.

"Happy new year," he changes the subject, then draws on his cigarette. Soldier does the same before he replies.

"That was a week ago!" Soldier shakes his head. "It's not January 2nd anymore, nor 3rd, maybe 4th, it's been seven days! Seven!"

His friend can't celebrate forever, even if he wants to. The celebrations for the beginning of 1969 are more than over, this decade is ending in twelve months.

Demoman squints. He won't attempt to explain (while drunk) to Soldier that they haven't celebrated *alone*... How they manage to end up grouchy whenever they fuck?

"*I said*... Happy fuckin' new year, Jane."

He groans. "Happy new year."

Soldier blows smoke in Demo's face, who does the same in return.