Young #rabbot ballet AU bonus part + nsfw

Jack will either become a believer or kill himself before he graduates from this university, because how else can you explain that Robby has completely lost his mind over the past few weeks? Oh, Michael had decided to take full advantage of Jack's willpower, reminding him of all those cold, sad days when they didn't even hug or talk in the evenings, as they usually did. Because Robby was a cunning little ballet monster. A very vengeful monster. A few weeks of a secret relationship (or whatever you'd call it, since all that had been added to their lives were kisses and lips) had turned Michael into a truly better person. His grades improved, his coaches stopped nitpicking every word, and his sleep got infinitely better, because now he slept against Jack's warm side and happily stretched his long legs out across him. But along with the happiness, a desire for utter revenge returned to his life, hanging over Jack's head like the Sword of Damocles.

It all started with Robby's morning exercises, which he always did before leaving the house so that his ligaments and muscles would already be warmed up by the time he got to class. The special equipment and mats had been moved into Jack's room, so every morning, before he even had a chance to open his eyes, he could watch as his soul, his heart—oh my God, Michael—stretched right in front of him. And there was something in that stretch in that full split that was inhuman and wild, because of the way Robby's body arched during it, the way he breathed contentedly as his vertebrae cracked…. Jack was starting to lose his mind. Because the end of the show came in the form of a quiet:

"Good morning, Jack," and Jack really had to force himself to remember to breathe, while the bulge in his pajama bottoms reminded him that he also needed to head to the bathroom.

Don't get me wrong Jack wasn't a prude, and I'm more than sure Robby wasn't either. But my experiences with guys when, up until then, I'd spent 18 years convincing myself that this wasn't supposed to happen and that it was wrong… well, it just never happened.

But my body's reaction to Michael Robinovich in particular was becoming more and more pronounced, because he started paying attention to EVERYTHING.

The way Michael drinks, slowly swallowing the liquid from the bottle and licking the remaining moisture from his lips with his tongue. The way his collarbones show through his own sweater on his lean body, and how cutely he

stretches, revealing his straight abdominal muscles that just begged to be licked. Jack watched him during class, whenever there was a break between workouts, and it seemed that with each passing moment, the clothes on Michael's body grew tighter, and against the backdrop of his tight leggings, his contours stood out, only adding to the image of this little god in Jack's eyes.

Because Jack was ready to feel like a dog and drool over everything his eyes could see. Because he loved his boyfriend, even if it was quietly. And he wanted him beyond measure. And it seemed that Michael Robinovich knew this all too well and skillfully took advantage of it, keeping Jack's patience on a tight leash. Jack felt as if he were clinging on with his last ounce of strength, teetering on the edge between sanity and utter madness.

That morning, the air in the room felt thick and hot, even though outside the window, spring still carried a hint of winter's chill. Robby had just finished a series of pliés at his makeshift ballet barre a heavy, polished block that he'd managed to set up along the side of the closet. He was wearing a black T-shirt, already soaked through with sweat from his warm-up, and tight-fitting leggings that left nothing to the imagination.

Michael stopped abruptly, caught his breath, and slowly turned back toward the bed, where Jack was still trying to pretend to be asleep. A mischievous sparkle flashed like sharp needles in his hazel eyes.

"I can see you're not asleep, Jackie," came a quiet, ringing voice that made everything inside Jack twist into a tight knot. "You've been watching me for about ten minutes now. Did some new element in my warm-up catch your attention?"

Jack slowly pushed the blanket aside, feeling his face begin to burn. He felt like a schoolboy caught red-handed while cheating. Robby knew exactly what he was doing. He could sense Jack's state perfectly and was using it to his advantage. Because in the next moment, the slender body arches, and Robby swings his leg so that it ends up behind his head. A satisfied groan escapes Robynovich's lips, and Jack's brain simply shuts down.

A hot body presses against the sweaty guy and pushes him against the machine in one sharp motion, drawing a surprised groan from Robby's chest.

“Your cunning plan has caught my attention it’s been keeping me on edge for several weeks now. What are you up to, Mikey?”

They hadn’t discussed sex before, but the implication was as clear as day when Robby looked at him with that innocent, doe-like gaze and pressed his stomach against that damned ballet barre.

“I don’t know what you’re even talking about, Jackie.”

He knew perfectly well Jack had seen the muscles contract beneath his hands, how Robby’s body arched in his arms like an obedient doll, and how the awkward pose with a leg thrown over his head wasn’t a problem for them. Michael was flexible. Very flexible, and resilient, too. Because how else could you explain that even when Jack’s hot hand slipped under the fabric of his leggings, he didn’t ask him to stop, but only, with a heavy sob, tilted his head back onto Jack’s shoulder and exhaled a hot breath onto his lips.

Michael Robynovich would have been the death of him, and he wasn't joking.

Jack’s hand moved with such confidence that even the awkwardness of a first time didn’t get in the way as he squeezed Robby’s cock. The boy whimpered in his grasp, writhing like a snake and trying to get more of his touch, to which Jack merely grunted in slight irritation and held him in place with his free hand.

“Easier, baby, you’ve been teasing me for so long that now you can wait a little longer.”

In response, Robby bared his teeth and arched his back to bite into Jack’s neck, leaving a visible mark. But Abbott just hisses and slows his hand movements to coax another irritated moan out of Robby.

How hard it is for Jack to restrain himself and fight the urge to just throw Robby onto the bed and take his due and then some. But a poignant tenderness toward his partner was taking root within him as a second nature. Even under these circumstances, he remained clear-headed and caressed the boy until stars danced before his eyes, ignoring his own arousal, which pressed so painfully between Robby’s buttocks. But this parasite knew exactly what he was doing when he forced Jack to pull back just a little and lowered his leg, then pressed his own buttocks against Jack’s groin so hard that Abbott’s vision simply went dark.

“You’re playing with me, Robinovich.”

“You like this.”

And he really did like it, in a strange sense of the word. Because by the time they reached the bed, neither of them was wearing pants anymore.

Robby’s head is spinning again, clouded by the overly explicit caresses, so he falls onto the crumpled sheet and exposes more of his slender body, flushed with shame and arousal. His legs splayed apart, and his pelvis automatically lifted to rub his already-touched cock still through his boxers against Jack’s stomach. But Jack held him by the hips and forced him to press his buttocks against the mattress. Michael’s body begins to burn and seems to thrash in agony. He desperately needs this touch against his throbbing flesh right now. Never has his arousal been so intense. He whimpers in frustration and scratches the outer edges of the other man’s palms with his fingernails, but doesn’t resist any of his actions.

Jack removes one legging after another and gently kisses his leg, tickling the base of his toes with his breath. The legs were sacred to Robby, for to Jack they had become almost idol-like as he kissed his calves and kneaded the already warmed-up muscles with his calloused fingers. So tenderly, inhaling the air with rapture through his slightly parted lips. It was as if he were worshipping a deity who had managed to find his angel on this mortal Earth. There are so few words, but they aren’t needed at all to grasp the emotions overwhelming the boys at this very second… at this very moment. Just for the two of them.

Michael is getting tired of this slowness, which feels like a test of his patience. He rolls over and straddles Abbott’s thighs, clamping his knees against Abbott’s sides. His body arches involuntarily as his partner’s warm even scorching hands wrap around his waist.

Jack runs his hand down his back: slightly damp with sweat, rough, dotted with moles. His gaze glides over his hairless chest. Even now, he feels he isn’t close enough. And Robby is openly savoring these caresses, letting out incomprehensible sounds of passion, like a mixture of whimpering and growling. It seems as though Jack has become fused to him and longs to remain only here.

They roll over again, but this time Jack is hovering over him, holding his slender wrists in one hand and pinning them above Robby’s head. Just for a moment.

His mouth trails kisses down, enveloping the other's flesh at the base. The edge of his palm tickles the curly, dark pubic hair. With his other hand, he grips the boy's hip firmly and takes the pink head into his mouth, squeezing it just below the frenulum. Robby's eyes widen as his pupils, conversely, narrow to tiny dots. Abbott impales himself on the throbbing flesh, relaxing his throat.

Jack's mouth fills with saliva, which he immediately spreads along the entire length of the cock, twitching with tension. The tart scent of arousal fills his nostrils. Jack gets aroused by this himself, and the cock in his pants becomes hard as a rock. Because of him, Michael's eyes darken, and his fingers carelessly grab at the hair on the back of his head, begging for more. Step by step, taking his time, the man lets Robby get used to sensations that are foreign to him. His tongue travels down the shaft. He pulls back the scrotum, runs his fingers over the testicles, sticky with lube, sucks on the firm, leathery sacs, rolling them around on his tongue while moaning loudly. The vibration from the sound transfers to Robby, who begins to tremble more intensely.

Noticing this reaction, Jack returns his attention to the cock pressed against his stomach, which is dripping profusely from the tip. He works his mouth vigorously, licking the cock while gripping the erection more confidently with one hand. His tongue glides over the particularly bulging veins, making Robby's heart pound like crazy. He'd better not lose his mind. His breathing is ragged and rapid.

Robby strokes Jack's hair, bites his lip, and gazes at the utterly lewd and incredibly passionate sight unfolding before him; he touches the boy's cheek and rubs the bulge protruding from it his own cock with his fingertips. Then he turns his palm to Jack's hair, buries his fingers in the red strands, and throws his own head back, demonstratively showing just how good it feels. His first orgasm hits him quite unexpectedly. Michael cums right into his partner's mouth. Consciousness vanishes for a moment into rainbow-colored circles.

Jack feels the thick, salty semen spurting onto his tongue, and he swallows loudly, licking the young man's cock clean until it glistens with his saliva. He lifts his eyelids, his lashes clumped together, and the sight before him mesmerizes him. Gasping for breath, with a bitten lip, a hazy gaze, eyes as black as a demon's, and flushed, sweaty skin, his Mikey seems like a seasoned seducer to whom he'd be willing to pray. He leans down and gives the soft cock

one last kiss, then crawls back up and pulls the boy into his embrace as if holding the most precious thing in the world.

Robby didn't answer him for a few more minutes, trying to get his thoughts back in order, but instead he just clutched the other man's body even tighter with his own hands and tried simply to breathe.

"You… you… Jack, I don't…"

"Quiet, darling… I think I've now made it perfectly clear exactly which ballet pas I've taken an interest in, haven't I?"

And Robby responded with a loud squeal, slapping the man on the back with his hand to the accompaniment of loud laughter.

When Jack Abbott said that Michael Robinovich would be the death of him, he wasn't wrong about a single word. Because right now, as he kisses his boyfriend with all the love that's been building up inside him for months, he truly feels like he's dying… and he definitely doesn't want it to ever end.