

## Beguile

*Story: Beguile*

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*Author: 1JettaPug*

*Authorlink: <http://archiveofourown.org/users/1JettaPug>*

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*Summary: Junkrat gave his partner his signature grin, feral and showing off his sharp little canines. "Oi, Hoggie," He poked RH in his big belly, attempting to get his attention. "Can we do somethin'? Maybe fool 'round a bit?" he asked, suggestively pressing closer to his partner. \*Chapter 1\*: Beguile*

A light breeze was blowing past and making the heat of the afternoon sun bearable, even pleasant, while two figures were sprawled out under a tree. Roadhog was attempting to rest his eyes while Junkrat kept flipping through a newspaper to find something of interest.

He growled when he saw another fuckin' boring 'suit' in the paper, forcing him to ball it up and toss it. Junkrat felt like stomping his feet like a three year old. It had been three weeks! Three fuckin' weeks with no pay, no fights, no dramatic lack of food, not even a tight spot of weather to struggle against and distract them from his increasing restlessness. There was nothing to do, and Junkrat was getting dangerously close to snapping and throwing lit dynamite around just for kicks.

Roadhog didn't seem to be as affected as his partner. He's been able to entertain himself by dealing with JR's antics, and he's even been able to finish reading that cheesy romance novel that he bought a month ago. Still, he couldn't ignore the fact that Jamie was getting more and more restless for something to relieve his frustration on.

Shifting against the trunk of the tree, Roadhog, half-asleep but still aware of his surroundings, noticed Junkrat pulling out some firecrackers and a lighter from his pocket. He sighed, not really caring as long as he didn't toss them in his or their motorcycle's direction. He lazily watched on as Jamie tossed the firecrackers around, giggling like a child when they exploded. It entertained him, if only for a short while.

When he ran out, he trudged back to the tree and plopped himself down next to Roadhog. Growling in frustration, Jamie looked up at Roadhog for an answer to his boredom. Junkrat gave his partner his signature grin, feral and showing off his sharp little canines.

"Oi, Hoggie," He poked RH in his big belly, attempting to get his attention. "Can we do somethin'? Maybe fool 'round a bit?" he asked, suggestively pressing closer to his partner.

"Mhm," Roadhog mumbled in response. He was still half-asleep and wasn't in the mood to get up and fuck the livin' daylights out of his little Rat right now.

"Oh come on!" Jamie whined. He would've pouted, but he was suddenly struck with a different way to entertain himself.

Roadhog would have replied, but he got a little distracted when the pressure at his side suddenly vanished and his legs were quickly parted.

"Ya won't mind if a help m'self, yeah?" Junkrat giggled, licking his chapped lips. Roadhog shrugged, why the hell not? He could get off, and Jamie could focus his attention on something for a little while. "Yes!" he smirked. He dropped down to his knees and undid his partner's shorts, pulling them down and nuzzling against his crotch affectionately. He sucked on the base of his shaft through the red fabric of his boxers. Roadhog grunted when Jamie pulled his boxers down for his hard length to spring out. Junkrat eyed the piece, short but thick as hell, and eagerly took the head of his cock into his mouth. Mako's breathing hitched for a moment.

Junkrat slowly licked up the shaft getting it nice and slick. 'Hog nearly moaned but instead dug his hand into Jamie's shoulder. Beads of precum started to roll onto Junkrat's tongue and back down his throat when he wrapped his mouth around the cock. He took most of it into his mouth until it hit the back of his throat. He started to move faster, suck harder, all while his mouth continued to salivate at the salty taste of precum.

Roadhog panted and looked down at Jamie. Fuck, the damn things this kid could do when he was bored. Mmhm, made him wish they didn't any jobs for the next week. Junkrat pulled out and started stroking the shaft as fast as he could and dragged his partner right over the edge. He made the eyes of his mask fog up and breathing erratic, and 'Rat watched as RH came with white hot streams covering his face.

Junkrat licked his lips and huffed, "Enjoy yerself, luv?"

RH nodded. He pulled his mask up until his mouth was revealed. While sucking in fresh air, he felt Junkrat scurry up his stomach and shove his face right in front of his own mug.

"Good," he smirked, planting a quick kiss on his lips. This was way more entertaining than setting firecrackers off.