

# Creep

*Story: Creep*

*Storylink: <http://archiveofourown.org/works/5810185>*

*Category: Shovel Knight*

*Genre: F/M, Other*

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*Last updated: 01/25/2016*

*Words: 2319*

*Rating: Mature*

*Status: Complete*

*Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters*

*Source: ArchiveOfOurOwn.org*

*Summary: Maybe it's not so wrong to get away with a little self-indulgence every once in a while. \*Chapter 1\*: Creep*

Accidents happen.

It had been a long night at the Potionarium—as always, since all the Plague Minions had clocked out for the day long ago and with the considerable lack of brash whinnying from Percy, the atmosphere dramatically changed from that of a bustling evil underground laboratory to that of a more tranquil, peaceful evil underground laboratory.

Oftentimes, Plague Knight and Mona were the last ones to leave, as they'd get far too caught up in finishing the mixture for a potion that they couldn't dare leave until the next day. And so, they tended to work long hours into the night together, sometimes not even exchanging as much as a word to each other for hours on end, silently appreciating the other's company for what it was.

The stillness and quietness of the Potionarium could only be broken by the soft bubbling of the concoction in the cauldron... or, in some cases, the loud, messy explosion accidentally caused by putting the wrong ingredient in at the wrong time.

Although he wouldn't dare admit it to anyone even if it killed him, it was during these moments that Plague Knight felt most relaxed and in tune with his surroundings, standing there, working with the girl of his drea—I mean, Mona, bonding over the warmth of the brew together... it was like a wonderful, unreal dream.

However, this time, it felt inexplicably... different from all those other times. He felt tense and nervous, at least moreso than usual, and found himself having a lot of trouble concentrating on the task at hand—spacing out like that wasn't like Plague Knight at all!

He wasn't sure what had gotten into him.

What he was sure of, however, is that that fateful night, his partner looked particularly radiant under the flickering of the candlelight and the ethereal glow of the mixture in the cauldron... the way the light bounced off Mona's soft, feathery hair, her cute round cheeks, her dazzling deep blue eyes intently focused on the alchemy textbook in front of her... even in the wee hours of the morning, she was a sight not unlike a goddess.

In no time, Plague Knight found himself staring intently and, admittedly, really, *really* creepily.

She turned her sights toward him—usually cold and apathetic, but he could feel the uncharacteristic softness of her gaze fixed upon him. Rose petals began slowly raining down from the sky and, as she blushed deeply and smiled warmly, sweet as nectar, she cooed...

“Could you get me some cat's eye, Plaguey?”

Now, this is the part where you turn off your Plague Vision™ goggles, everybody. In reality, things were far different from what Plague Knight was imagining.

Mona's unkempt, disheveled hair from the lack of a good night's sleep for several days in a row hung off her head in matted clumps, and her face was far from majestic, either—the bags under her eyes pretty much had bags of their own. Regrettably, there weren't even any rose petals to be found, except safely hidden in the ingredient stocks. Saying she looked like a goddess in that moment would be an insult to goddesses everywhere.

Brow furrowed, barely breaking eye contact with the textbook in front of her, after rummaging through the barely organized pile of ingredients next to her, she'd lifted her bloodshot gaze to glance at the bird-masked fellow briefly and mutter, "Hey, Plague Knight, can you get me some cat's eye?"

How he managed to interpret all that so much more differently is beyond me.

At first it didn't register, and he simply seemed to melt in his spot, zoning out whilst staring lovingly in her general direction. Or, just, uh, staring in her general direction. In general. It's pretty hard to tell with that bird mask of his.

As it turns out, Mona couldn't tell either, so noticing the lack of a response, she waved her hand in front of her partner's eyes, then snapped her fingers to call him back to earth. Luckily, it worked, and he jumped, startled.

"Wuh—buh—huh—wha—bluh—hee!?" Plague Knight spluttered and stuttered unceremoniously, before shaking his head from side to side to snap out of his trance. The other alchemist sighed and repeated herself more clearly:

"Cat's... eye." She pointed at a drawer. "Filed... under C. Please. Go... get it... for... me," she spelled out while gesturing a 'walking' action and pointing to herself, secretly slightly amused by how her mumbling had accidentally rhymed. Her shorter partner nodded far too vigorously and was about to hop over to the drawer until he stopped dead in his tracks as he took a step away from the cauldron.

Oh no.

Suddenly, the fact that he was painfully aware of the fire pooling in his loins hit the small alchemist like a truck. It suddenly got hotter under his mask and he shifted uncomfortably in his spot.

Mona raised an eyebrow at the flighty, fidgety fellow and scratched her neck absently. "Are you well? You've been acting strange all night... Do you need a break or something?" she inquired, voice full of concern and clear exhaustion.

With a sheepish giggle, Plague Knight somehow managed to stutter out, "W-well, uh, ah, hee hee hee, you n-needn't worry about me, M-M-Mona! I'm, uh, I'm fine! F-fine and dandy! S-same as always, hee hee hahaha... n-no p-problem!" Although impossible to see with that mask on, sweat poured down the alchemist's forehead as he smartly positioned himself behind the cauldron so his boner would be out of his partner/crush's field of vision.

"I'll, um, g-go ahead and, hee, get that c-c-cat's eye f-for you...!"

"O... kay," Mona responded, a puzzled expression written all over her face, but she decided not to pay much more mind to Plague Knight's sudden odd behavior. He was quite unpredictable, after all—you never really *do* know what that guy will do next.

Hopping awkwardly towards the C drawer and trying to ignore the raging hardon straining against his tights, he pulled open and browsed the filing cabinet-like drawer erratically until he found the cat's eye Mona needed. Silently, he thanked the gods and whatever insane architect had set up the C drawer so it would be directly out of Mona's line of sight, shielding her eyes from the scarring image of the outline of the weird little bird man's erection under his tunic.

Retrieving the item he was sent to look for, he handed it over to his partner in alchemy, who thanked him briefly, and he slid over to his spot directly across from her... but there was still an issue at hand. Or, uh, I guess it was about to be at hand. Literally. Well, not quite.

So Plague Knight was about to excuse himself to the little plague doctor's room when Mona interrupted him with something that changed the whole situation.

"Hee hee! Uh, M-Mona, I'm gonna g—"

"I need you to stay here while I mix these in, in case something goes wrong."

"—go to th-the—what."

The birdm'n's blood ran cold. He stared at her and blinked, dumbfounded. Stay... here? With Mona? With a *boner*? Oh dear gods.

"It's an extremely delicate process that could malfunction *incredibly* easily, so I need you to be ready if I mess it up, okay?" The alchemist explained herself slowly, gesturing to the cauldron and to the pile of ingredients right next to her, noticing that her partner wasn't really entirely 'there'. "Can you do that for me, Plaguey?"

Thoughts raced in and out of Plague Knight's head as he pondered the options available to him. If he left to jerk off, he would be satisfied, but risk the chance of an utter chemical catastrophe occurring in his absence... though the blue-haired alchemist getting hurt due to his negligence would arguably be the bigger catastrophe.

However, if he stayed to guard Mona, she'd be safe from any harm under his watch and he'd probably keep her trust for it... but he'd end up with a horrific case of blue balls.

Or... would he? Could he possibly be able to pull... *that* off?

"Uh, well, hee hee hee, to be honest, I, I doubt you would m-mess it up since you're so amazi—uh, well, I-I mean, hee hee hee ha ha! Um, wh-what I'm trying t-to say is, uh—"

"Will you or will you not? We don't have all night, you know," Mona snapped impatiently, startling Plague Knight with her sudden sharp tone, but then sighing in a defeated way.

"What's gotten into you tonight? *You're* the one who wanted to make this potion, after all, shouldn't you be paying more attention to it?," she pointed out. "What do you even need an enlarg—"

"F-fine, I'll stay! S-sorry, hee hee hee, I-I'm just, uh, I can help. Of course of course, of course... I suppose I can... hee... hee hee hee... ha ha... hmm."

An awkward pause. He coughed nervously to break the tension a bit; he could feel Mona's confused gaze scrutinizing him, trying to figure out what his deal was, but giving up and switching her attention to the vital vitriol in the cauldron before her.

The awkwardness turned into concentration-fueled silence as Mona focused on following the brewing procedure to a T, not risking a single moment by glancing away from the textbook or the ingredients. The blue-haired alchemist ultimately seemed satisfied with their compromise... but her partner was brewing things of his own in his devious head.

Before now, it had never crossed Plague Knight's mind to secretly jack himself off only feet away from his crush with her having *no clue whatsoever* that such an event was occurring, and there's absolutely a very good reason for that. As ridiculous and creepy and disgusting as such a situation is, though, he couldn't help but be curious about what the result would be like if he managed to do it.

After all, it's a scientist's duty to experiment every once in a while.

*It's now or never*, the bird-masked alchemist thought to himself frantically with a quiet '*hee*' as he ever so slightly lifted his tunic and clumsily slipped a clawed hand under the waistband of his tights.

Trying his hardest to keep his breath steady and not give himself away, Plague Knight pointed his beak in Mona's direction—almost as if he was actually paying attention—and grasped his less-than-average sized dick, closing his eyes and using all of his willpower to hold his breath and not make any stupid, unnatural noises as the inside of his mask grew even hotter.

As he began to jerk off, sending tremors throughout his body both from pleasure and trying to repress his physical reactions, the short alchemist's mind began to wander places he'd absolutely tried to avoid before. Horrible places, disgusting, lewd, lecherous places that a decidedly more conscious Plague Knight would have absolutely abhorred even *considering* the potential existence of.

The worst part was that the guinea pig of all this repressed desire... was Mona herself, the other alchemist standing very few feet away, completely unaware of what the hell was happening right under her nose.

Somehow, the concept of her being *right there*, oblivious to what was going on right in front of her, made that bird-masked creep feel all the more dirtier and hornier about it.

As someone who so avoided becoming a slave to lust in such a way, the irony was almost palpable. A mocking giggle welled up in Plague Knight's throat, but letting it go would surely be a grave mistake, so he just sucked it up.

Then he had an even worse idea.

If he was gonna decide be *this* creepy in front of the girl he loves without her knowing to this degree, then why the hell not go the whole nine yards?

Slowly opening his eyes back up, his gaze locked back onto Mona, hoping she hadn't noticed a thing... thankfully, her concentration was set on safely finishing putting the last ingredients into the sinister brew; the infamous cat's eye was all that was left... so Plague Knight decided to speed things up a bit, as positively smutty and revolting as it felt.

Gradually quickening the pace of his left hand, the bird-masked pervert scanned her entire body as she worked—those soft blue locks, her plump face, her adorable pout, those determined eyes, her chest, her bare neck and her hunched shoulders, everything within his line of sight that he could take in just before reaching his limit over such a beautiful, perfect specimen.

At last, shudders wracked the alchemist's body from head to toe and he tensed up as his nut spattered all over the inside of his tights and his hand—just as soon as it began, it was over, with only a single strangled cackle that had managed to escape him.

It was quite the sticky situation indeed—he managed to ponder that horrendous pun humorously in the haze of his own climax.

Through his dulled senses, he was barely able to catch what Mona said right after, but the next part was clear enough.

“... watching out for me while I put in those ingredients. I think we should probably leave this for tomorrow, though...” She let out an adorable little yawn and rubbed her eyes, continuing, “You don't need it immediately, do you? We both *really* need to get some shut-eye.”

He gulped. Before the shorter alchemist could add anything, though, she walked over and kissed him on the forehead as softly and gracefully as a very tired hummingbird. “See you tomorrow, Plaguey,” she whispered before slinking off into the shadows, leaving actual rose petals in her wake. Somehow.

Rest assured, Plaguey was quite baffled that she hadn't noticed the very obvious cum stains all over his tights, but he felt grateful for it nonetheless.

