

Blow

Story: Blow

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Category: 逆転裁判 | Gyakuten Saiban | Ace Attorney

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*Summary: Kink meme fill. Klavier's never thought of the courthouse bathrooms this way. Apollo has. Heavily revised. I'm still not sure it isn't crap. *Chapter 1*: Blow*

Quick and dirty trysts in the courthouse bathroom were never on his repertoire in the past. He'd assumed that doing the deed in a house of justice would feel strange, in the dirty/bad/wrong kind of way, like having sex in your childhood bedroom during the holidays whilst visiting your parents. It had an unsexy vibe; it was something you just didn't *do*.

Somehow Apollo had convinced him into it. The judge had called a fifteen minute recess to deliberate the case; it was plenty of time, Apollo said, for a *bathroom break*, and Klavier had followed along. He didn't need to use the facilities, and he was fairly certain that Apollo, being the grown man he was, didn't entirely need him to come along.

Still, when Apollo ghosted his hand over Klavier's and signaled for him to follow, he obeyed.

Klavier didn't ask how Apollo knew about this bathroom on the third floor. It was clean and rarely used, or so the defense attorney had said. The heavy door behind them he kept unlocked, although he threw the latch to the stall that Klavier had been ushered into, as a precautionary measure.

"H-Herr Forehead--"

"I know."

Klavier was backed into the cold metal partition of the stall, almost stumbling on his own booted feet. He was unused to this much initiative, from Apollo or anyone, but it was nice to be treated to this for once. Hands everywhere, Apollo tugged on his collar, leaning up as he pulled Klavier into a short kiss, then all but melted to his knees.

"Why do you have a chain for a belt?" Apollo grumbled. He rebuffed Klavier's hands when he tried to help. "Quit it. I want to learn how this thing works."

Klavier complied, wriggled his hips when Apollo all but yanked the black leather of his pants down to his knees. His belt banged against the stall, loud as a gunshot, when Apollo pushed him back to the cold metal partition and stroked his hardening dick with short, quick jerks of a warm hand.

This was wrong, this was *so* wrong, morally and legally--what kind of lawyers were they, fucking in a bathroom in a government building, during a recess?

The blond forced himself to lean back and let Apollo take the lead as the younger man took his hardness between his lips. Ach, Apollo was so very good at this, meeting his eyes and humming so smugly. Klavier reached above to grabbed the top of the partition; if he hadn't, he was sure that, in his desperation, he would have taken Apollo by the back of the head and fucked his hot, eager mouth into oblivion.

"Ja, like that," Klavier mumbled, fully hard now as he pushed selfishly deeper into the other man's mouth. The ability Apollo had to deepthroat made Klavier somewhat jealous, though only briefly; it was easy to be brought back to the present when an enthusiastic lawyer went down on you with such enthusiasm. Besides, practice made perfect, as Apollo was always all too ready to remind him, so there was really only one way to remedy that shortcoming, wasn't there?

Apollo hummed needily around his cock, slowed his pace. When Klavier cracked open an eye to peek downward, he found Apollo's free hand buried in those garish red pants he insisted on wearing, shoulder in a steady rise and fall as his arm jerked in a shallow rhythm.

"We have eight minutes, baby..." He figured it was only considerate to announce how much longer the recess would last. Especially when Apollo was already so preoccupied.

In response, Apollo kneaded Klavier's ass, redoubled his efforts, sucking harder at the head of his cock. The prosecutor breathed through his mouth; he couldn't see Apollo jacking himself off, could only track the telltale movement within his pants, but the little air of mystery in not being able to watch made Klavier that much more turned on.

Klavier slid just a bit down the wall, legs parting further in the unaccommodating partition. A gasp ripped from his throat when a spit-slick finger circled his asshole, teased at the rim, pushed inside--

That was something Apollo didn't do near often enough...

He could hear Apollo moan through his mouthful of cock, could hear him punching the fabric of his pants from within like a pulse. Perspiration stood out on Klavier's furrowed brow. Apollo's hair tickling his abdomen was growing more and more intense, all over Klavier felt increasingly sensitive, feverish, the silky heat of Apollo's mouth and rough wetness of tongue driving him ever closer to madness.

He cupped the back of Apollo's head as he bobbed in time with the fast movements of his hand. "I'm coming," Klavier warned, though he held Apollo's head in place. He clutched the stall partition over his head and let out broken pants with his release, senses growing hyperaware before whitening out.

Below him Apollo was swallowing. When he pulled away, Klavier's cock rested against his cheek as he bucked helplessly into his hand. He slowed, sighed a long, satisfied breath that tickled the sparse hairs of Klavier's thigh. Finally, when the world faded into view, Klavier watched Apollo sit back on his calves to remove his cum-slick hand from his pants.

"Shit."

"I would have--" Klavier began, though killed the thought soon enough. Apollo shifted out of the line of fire, making sure not to let his own mess drip from his fingers.

"No, that was... hot. Lacking foresight, though. Ugh."

Klavier handed Apollo a crumpled handful of toilet paper, as graciously as he could with Apollo looking a crumpled mess on the floor. He fixed his own clothes, then gallantly helped the younger man off of the floor. Apollo flushed the dirtied wad down the toilet.

They exited the stall together, after a grumbling Apollo grew tired of Klavier's insistence that he go first. In the quiet afterglow, they washed their hands and faces, made themselves presentable. Mostly, anyway. Even the unknowing eye could see that Apollo's hair was styled less than perfect, and the corner of Klavier's silk shirt was tucked haphazardly into one side.

"Two minutes," Klavier noted, adjusting Apollo's tie. "Are you ready for a guilty verdict?"

"Not on your life, Gavin," Apollo said with a quick peck on the mouth. "Why do you think I gave you your consolation prize early?"

Klavier grinned. He was definitely one of the luckier prosecutors, for sure-- Apollo Justice was one hell of a gracious winner.