

must've loved the variety in your bed, too—" Martyn thinks through all the times he's stalked Ren's Instagram on an alternative account—"Doc, right? Did you like breeding him half as much? Or maybe Cleo? Did you let them fuck your ass?"

"No, no, no, no," Ren urges, his pretty eyes wide. "Nothing like that, nothing, I missed you so much—"

"That's not what you said the first time we fucked like this—" Because Ren told him that it was better this way, that they were better apart—and Martyn knew that Ren had fallen out of love then, or maybe was just never in it—lying to Martyn the entire time, always fucking lying to him, and he sure as hell can't stop now—

"Hey—"

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"Fuck, fuck," Ren chants, arches his back, tilts his head back, keeps his damned guitarist fingers moving inside Martyn like it's the only thing he knows how to do.

"You, you can hit them—" Martyn does, smacks one of Ren's nipples, hard, like he never would if they were together and Ren moans and his cock jumps in Martyn's hand. He does it again, to the same side, and Ren's shocked keen shows how much he really wasn't expecting it. "You do this to yourself?" Martyn asks.

"Yeah, yeah," Ren nods, mumbles his ramble. "I just—I put on these nipple suckers to make them all sensitive, and then get rougher and rougher until I have to wear bandages under my shirt the next day because the friction hurts so much. Wishing it were, it were you, baby."

19

Martyn's had enough. He shoves Ren back, flips them on the bed so Martyn's on top. *Don't think about how Ren let it happen, don't think about that.* "I don't care anymore," Martyn says, and he's pretty sure he's never spoken a bigger lie in his life.

A soft exhale. "You can hurt me, do whatever you want," Ren says. "Do whatever you want."

"Do you feel guilty after what you did to me?" Martyn demands. "You feel bad?" Is that what this entire thing is about?

"Yeah."

It's horrible, but Ren's face, looking up at him—he really is so attractive, and Martyn knows him so well. Martyn reaches between them, grabs Ren's semi, thumbs it rough, feels it twitch. "God, do you feel like this when you text me nowadays?" Martyn asks.

15

Martyn wants to say no, he does.

Wants to make Ren suffer in his absence. Wants to make Ren think he died, wants Ren to hate himself half as much as Martyn—

But, he—he—he leans down and meets Ren's happy hum.

Grinds his hips into Ren's hand; when they part, Ren murmurs, "Oh, you're still so perfect for me," and Martyn hates him even more for it.

But Martyn doesn't want to linger for too long. Looking elsewhere, looking elsewhere—right, right. One of Ren's personal vices is his nipples. How sensitive they are. Martyn's never helped that, either, and today's no different; he rests his hands atop Ren's chest, rolls them between his hands in this far too overly familiar manner, so easily, pinches them, tugs hard.

18

buries his face in Ren's neck and clenches  
 his fingers around Ren's dick too tight and  
 hair smells the same, so, so nice.  
 He hates him. God, he hates him. Wants  
 to dig his teeth in deeper for ever letting Ren  
 back in his house, let alone over and over—  
 he hates him, he hates him.  
 Let's get this over with, Martyn supposes.  
 At least Ren might give him a decent  
 orgasm. "Finger me," Martyn says.  
 Ren's fingers rub at Martyn's cock,  
 fingerpads rough against the softness. "I  
 need lube, 'kay?" he asks, voice gentle.  
 Hates him. Martyn does, he does, he  
 does. He passes him the lube.  
 "Thank you," Ren says, sticks up his  
 fingers before jacking off his dick in earnest.  
 "Can I have another kiss, please?"

17

"Of course you do." While Ren was  
 talking, Martyn had moved to just tugging at  
 them more, the dusky, perky things, but  
 afterwards, Martyn hits the other one,  
 watches the tit jiggle and Ren gasp.

Hips shift under him. "Wanna, wanna be  
 inside you so bad," Ren murmurs. "You feel  
 so ready, so perfect."

Used to be, Ren's praise made him all  
 warm and fluttery—well, 'used to be' is  
 erroneous. It still does, nowadays. Just  
 makes him feel disgusted, too, is all. At his  
 own reaction. "Want me to ride you, then?"

"Whatever you want. I just wanna take  
 care of you again."

Martyn snorts. "Sure. As long as 'taking  
 care' involves cumming inside, huh?"

Those blue eyes are so, so guilty.

"Begging me for a picture to jack off to,  
 even though you feel so bad, never letting  
 your boyfriend know what went wrong?"  
 "I, I—" Ren starts. Martyn latches his  
 teeth on Ren's neck, decides to make his  
 social life for the next few days hell, bites  
 and sucks a nice, deep bruise right under his  
 neck. Unshaved stubble scrapes Martyn's  
 lips. "Are you—" Ren laughs.  
 It's a stupid reason, so Martyn covers it  
 up with another stupid saying. Obfuscation,  
 like cloudy ice. Ren doesn't deserve to know  
 the truth ever again. "It's my birthday, I do  
 what I want."  
 Completely seriously. "Your birthday's in  
 April." "It's overwhelming, the fact that Ren  
 remembers—and, last April, there were  
 flowers on Martyn's porch, too—and Martyn

16

"Yes, it is," and Ren cups both of  
 Martyn's cheeks, plants the gentlest kiss on  
 Martyn's lips. "You deserve it—"

Everything that comes out of Ren's  
 stupid mouth is just making Martyn more  
 and more pissed off. "Just like how I  
 deserved you ignoring me for months and  
 months, huh? Just like how I deserved  
 thinking my boyfriend *died* and grieved him  
 when he just decided he was sick of me?"

Ren's grip on Martyn's cheeks tightens  
 for a moment, and then relaxes. "Not that,"  
 Ren pleads, emphatically. He is really good  
 at that. Martyn even used to fall for it. "It  
 wasn't like that. It wasn't."

"Oh, right, not from your perspective, got  
 it. Got it. You just got a nice vacation from  
 your boyfriend, right? Realized how much  
 better it was without him around? You

13

20

Did Ren seriously—was it just the thought of him dying alone that made him change courses in life? Was that it? There had to have been something else. There had to have been.

They breathe together, for a moment. Reminds Martyn of after Ren got bottom surgery, after he healed up. Getting fucked like this, on Ren's cock. Getting knotted, connected. And Ren was so overwhelmed with the new feelings, grabbing Martyn, heaving half-sobs through it all. At being able to cum inside Martyn at long last. Martyn doesn't believe Ren. Of course. He never will. Grinds on him, though, lifts his hips and slams back down and Ren's hands are under him, helping him. And Ren just can't shut up. "God, you're so tight, the perfect man for me," he babbles.

23

own way but this, this is different. "I've missed you so much, sweetheart," Ren sighs.

"Don't call me that," Martyn says. "Don't you fucking dare."

Ren sits up, gathers Martyn in his arms, pulls him all the way on his cock and holds him there, full, full. "I'm gonna win you back," Ren murmurs in Martyn's ear, in his deep voice, makes Martyn shiver. "Finally got my courage together. Gonna fill you with my love tonight."

"I hate you so fucking much," Martyn says, struggles to get free, knows Ren's got to feel him clench around him and it's so embarrassing.

"You won't forever," Ren replies. "I'll do whatever it takes to make it better, y'know that?"

22

God, this is so *funny*. Ren doing all this Martyn's had a solid crywank or hundred to Ren coming back, apologizing (which he hasn't actually done, by the way), making everything okay. Making things like how they were, what, two years ago? It'll never happen. Martyn cackles laughing, he does. Hard enough that tears start to bud up. Leans over, grabs his stomach. "No, hey, hey," Ren murmurs, coming towards Martyn, hands hovering in the air. "I've never stopped thinking about you, not once, I just—I love you—" All that mirth at the absurdity melts away, leaves his muscles cold and locked up. Right, yeah. The real reason Ren's

10

shown up in the first place. "Shut the fuck up. You're just here to fuck me, I know. Let me just—" Martyn starts taking his pants off in the living room.

Ren's eyes widen. "No, no, I'll, I'll prove it to you—"

"You can't. Okay? You can't. Just—God. God." Martyn feels filthy. Feels fucking filthy at doing this again, doing this to himself again, asking for this. "Just fuck me again."

If Ren apparently loves him still, then why is his smile still so bitter as he says, "I can't say no to that," huh? As Martyn pulls him into his bedroom, dirty plates and bowls piled on the nightstand, half his bed taken up with clothes?

Well, Ren just sweeps them off anyway, because he never gave a shit about Martyn's

11

things. Settles on top of Martyn, kisses him again, and, typically, Ren doesn't kiss him much anymore. It does feel different. (To be honest, Martyn thinks he prefers Ren when he can't meet his eyes.)

Martyn's not gentle about forcing Ren's clothes off, and Ren's not much better about Martyn's. Teeth clanking in between shirts, hands tumbling long-learned paths to shove off pants. "Oh, Martyn, you're so wonderful," Ren murmurs when they pull back, cups Martyn's jaw.

Makes Martyn sit up from under Ren, shake off the hand. "That's—that's not necessary," he says, and he sees warm promise in Ren's eyes and resolves to make himself even colder in turn. Like the ice lacing Martyn's veins, all the hollows of his bones. "You know it's not."

12

This time, Martyn does wrench his hands free, steps away from Ren before he actually hits him. He's definitely putting the pieces together, now. "You-you wanna get back together," Martyn mumbles, laughs, bile clinging to his throat like icicles digging in. "You're scared of dying alone and you wanna get back together, huh?"

A shrug. "Won't lie, that's also part of it. You remember, though, right, baby? That night you told me I'll never be alone? And then I made you break that promise."

Yeah. When they walked home from a party together, and their buzzes were wearing off, but Martyn still felt it enough to be ramble and young and stupid and in love. "Are you kidding me?" Martyn shrieks.

9

And Martyn doesn't give a fuck. Used to, he'd even efface that feeling, but—"Such a dirty dog, christ," Martyn huffs, shifts back, Ren's fingers drawing out of him. Hovers over Ren's cock, starts to sit on it.

"Yes, yes, I'm, I'm your dirty dog, whatever you want, baby," Ren pleads. "Can call me whatever you want, I just—I just—oh, you look so good, feel so good around me—" Okay, Martyn said that specifically because Ren hates being called a dog in, like, ninety-five percent of circumstances. Only likes it with Martyn in the bedroom, and even then, only sometimes. This is so bizarre.

He also really hates how hot Ren is inside him, burning him up from the inside out. Otherwise, Martyn'll fuck himself on a lukewarm dildo, and those are fun in their

21

24

"Miss you so bad, can't live without you anymore, I'll do anything, anything, baby—make sure you know I'll stay—"

After getting on testosterone, it's been far harder for Martyn to literally cry, which is pretty nice. But he still feels that pressure in his eyes. Still feels all the chugs of damning emotion behind it, but his tear ducts have just frozen over.

Ren doesn't seem to notice—wait, no, actually, Martyn knows he does, he knows, but he's just ignoring it—starts to jack Martyn off. Rubbing his fingers into his cock, giving Martyn something nice to grind down into. Hate to give it to to him, but—it feels good. Ren always paid so much attention to what Martyn likes (even when he holds him, kisses him, buying things, always so gentle), and this right now is certainly no exception.

"It makes it seem like you're into it. Into having kids with me."

He doesn't want to address that last bit, so he doesn't. Says, instead, "You really are!" And then Martyn thinks through the logistics. "Wait, wait, wait. Something's not lining up here. Did you get, like, working seminal vesicles or something? I didn't realize that was a thing..."

Ren's face flushes bright red. "Oh. I. I forgot..."

Martyn starts laughing. "You forgot? Wait—oh, you fucking—your great plan was to, what, baby trap me so I couldn't leave, and then you forgot you can't actually—*chivist*, Ren, oh my god. Oh, my god."

"I'm sorry, Ren mumbles, and Martyn can't remember the last time he's heard the words. "I'm sorry, I just, I can't stop thinking

27

feels like how every moment just felt like a desperate race until the end of time (getting old together, dying together), rather than the end of the night like how it's become. Even through Ren's stained shirt, he's so warm. Pulls away. Ren's softly purring voice, saying, "I know you've been aching for me, baby. So desperate."

Oh, no, he didn't. Martyn shoves at Ren's clavicles. "Fuck, no," he hisses. "You're the one who always texts me."

"And you're always the one who responds, sweetheart," Ren says, something tense underlining his tone. "You can just say no."

It's not that simple. It's not that simple, and they both know it. "It's not that fucking simple," Martyn hisses.

6

"I'll breed myself on your cock, how's that," Martyn hisses.

"Don't care, just—I need, need to, I need to," and something about Ren's tone, his desperation, is different. Like, it's not entirely just a fetish thing.

Like it's—"Is this really all just you getting your rocks off?" Martyn asks.

There's this stupid guilty look on Ren's dumb face, one that Martyn's seen a thousand times before by now. His half-assed excuses are always accompanied by it. "Yeah?" Ren croaks.

Why else would Ren want to breed him? "You're seriously trying to impregnate me right now?" Martyn asks.

"I, I, don't ask me questions and then tighten up like that," Ren sighs. And then,

26

He hates Ren. Hates Ren for the way he gathers up Martyn's wrists, places a kiss to Martyn's palm. So affectionate, this time. Typically he's not like this. Makes Martyn's head spin—has something changed? Is something wrong with Ren? "No, you're right," Ren hums. "Is it—"

"*Are you drunk?*" Martyn yelps. This is really not typical. This isn't Ren, who calls him up when he wants an easy fuck. This is, this is boyfriend Ren. Who always, always held him tight in bed, after sex. Never dumped him afterwards.

"No, you'd know, I'm sure. As I was saying—"

"Are you high? Something's, something's not right." Martyn doesn't want an intoxicated fuck just sprung on him, they need to talk that shit out first.

7

Even though he cut Ren off twice, Ren's not pissed. Wasn't Ren who did it to him, but Martyn's always expected worse when he does rude things. (Maybe—maybe, a little bit, he wanted to be reprimanded, wanted Ren to be cruel and grab him by the neck and show Martyn that he cared enough to be cold. But, what an awful way to be, to want to be treated like that.) "I'm not. I was just thinking! About you."

Really, Martyn would try to shove Ren away if he still didn't have such a good grip on Martyn's wrists. "I bet you were," Martyn mumbles, voice turning to a sneer.

"Thinking about how tight I squeeze you, huh? How nice it feels to cum inside me?" "A bit, I won't lie," Ren says. "But—y'know, I'm getting older. We are. And I—I dunno."

8

Ren smiles a little, that soft, bitter way he has. "Didn't want to say anything, but..."

Every time. Every time, Martyn can't believe he's doing this again. His gaze falls to the carpet.

And Ren takes his chin, lifts it, his blue eyes twinkling as he steps forward kisses Martyn like he did back when they were in love, and Martyn's fooled and taken over like he always is—he lives for these moments, these tiny things in the sea of freezing wallowing he's been drowning in for this ice age—and he wants to tear Ren apart for it. For how soft his touch is, how easily he twines his fingers in the sinews of Martyn's muscles and leads him into a wall.

Martyn can't help how his arms cling on around Ren—it feels like how Ren would come in, back when they were together; it

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Martyn murmurs, leans forward, and Ren's cock grinds into that sensitive as hell bit inside him. "God, you always—" "Yeah, I do. Gonna—shit, baby, you feel so good, all up around me like that, gonna, oh, put a pup inside ya."

Ren's always been about that shit. First night they fucked, Ren pulled out a squirting strap with a glint in his eye, and Martyn's always played along. "You're gonna fill me up like that?" Martyn asks.

Martyn's arousal only has to do with the slam of Ren's hips up into him, nothing with the words spoken. Nothing about how Ren grows, "Need to put a litter inside you, baby, lemme, lemme fuck you, please—" The whimpered 'please' makes Martyn's thighs tremble, the power go to his head.

25

28

about you, and it got too much, and I, I just—I know I'm a piece of shit, I know I'm the worst, I—I need you back. I need you. Please, I'm sorry."

He still hates him. He still—the fucking guilt. He hates him. "Ren..." Martyn murmurs.

"Let me try, I'll do anything to make it right, I will, okay? I'm so sorry—"

It's hard to take an apology seriously when his dick is throbbing in Martyn's hole still. "I'll consider it," Martyn says.

Ren clenches his eyes shut, wrenches his head to the side like he does when he cums.

Oh. He's cumming off of that.

What the hell?

It's half habit, to milk his cock through it, feel the knot expand inside him. As Ren's orgasm seems to recede, he even starts

The entire day, Martyn's been fucking pissed.  
Ever since that goddamned text.  
'Can I come over again?'  
This always happens. They dated! They were together, boyfriends, once upon a time. And Ren was so perfect, and Martyn adored him, in the beginning.  
But Ren got more absent; Martyn is still damned convinced that he was fucking somebody else. Maybe multiple somebody else. (Makes Martyn's skin feel like it's frosted over, makes him have to dig his nails in his thighs and drag to warm himself back up.)  
Ren got more absent, and then one day Martyn drove to his apartment and he wasn't there, he was just gone like he got smited off the earth and Martyn thought he died,

## 2

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## 3

grieved him, and two months later, *two months later* Ren gave him a text asking for a fucking dick pic and Martyn, the epitome of self-respect, gave it to him. Didn't go his typical extra mile of making sure the lighting was nice beforehand—he was angry!—but, still.

So things have been like this for a while now. Martyn doesn't talk about it with anyone, either. Partially because so much of it is his fault—maybe he just didn't do something right, after all, for Ren to get cold feet and bail, and he doesn't want somebody else to tell him that, the wound's still too fresh—and also because of the dick pic. He'd never live down sending a dick pic to an ex in his friend group. (Also, like, he just spends most of his time alone nowadays, binging anime in his free time, curled up in

bleeding, bleeding / because of  
you

-

Around two years after Ren dumped  
him—and subsequently, messy, messy sex  
between them—this time, he's showed up,  
acting *different*.

So what if Martyn still wants to fuck  
him?

1

4

blankets to ward off the biting cold in the  
summer time. He doesn't think they want to  
hear about how miserable he is.)  
'Yeah, sure, whatever' Martyn had texted  
back.  
He's watching one anime, barely able to  
concentrate on it, in the middle of his messy  
rental, when he gets the knock on the door.  
Yep. It's Ren, when Martyn fetches the  
door. "You look like hell," Martyn says by  
way of greeting, because Ren does. Hair  
falling out of its ponytail, dog ears lowered,  
stubble a little bit more white than how  
Martyn remembered it last. When Ren steps  
into the light, his glasses don't do a good job  
at all of covering up the bags under his eyes.  
"Appreciate it," Ren says, glum.  
Fair's fair. "I know I do, too."

29

jacking him off again, lays Martyn down on  
top of him and jacks him off and clutches  
him close and Martyn's really, really—  
Really reconsidering this whole thing.  
When Ren kisses him on the head, turns his  
insides into a hot mess. Trying anything he  
can to make Martyn take him back—it's so  
beyond shitty, but, god, it's hot, too. Makes  
Martyn feel like he's worth something again.  
Like Ren will be loyal this time.  
Any other day, his bed is cold and empty  
and far too big, but, tonight, Ren clutching  
him close, it's just right, and Martyn can't  
quite muster it in him to hate Ren.  
Even as Ren still makes him hate  
himself.