

“THINKIN’ about Braska?”

Auron looks up; Jecht’s close, too close.

“So what if I am?” he says.

Jecht smirks. “Least you admit it now. You know, I used to wonder why you kept spacing out, back when we left Bevelle. Didn’t realise you were daydreaming about fucking him.”

“It wasn’t about –” Auron stops; Jecht can use crude language if he wants, but he has standards. “I was thinking about *saving* him. You know that.”

“Whatever,” says Jecht, “saving him, then fucking him. You get back to Bevelle, everyone says how great you guys are, then you book a private room at Rin’s place and blast his brains out. I know what you’re thinking, you horny little bastard.”

Auron scoffs. It’s unconvincing, so he changes tack and says, “Well, can you blame me? Not like there’s much else going on at the moment.”

“Look,” says Jecht, “if you wanna have sex, you just gotta ask.”

He surprises himself by considering it. A week or so ago he’d never have agreed, but he’s long since decided that Jecht is no longer completely repulsive – the alcohol must be out of his system by this point. The chance to spend a few moments thinking about something that isn’t Braska – either saving him or, yes, fucking him – is actually tempting. He has been thinking a *lot* about Braska. And Jecht is moderately good-looking, he supposes. Only moderately.

“Fine,” he says with the most casual shrug he can muster.

Jecht grins. “Seriously? Awesome. I been gettin’ horny too, you know. Not used to going this long without any action.”

He steps forward and takes hold of Auron’s dick through his trousers. “Got a semi already, huh?”

“Get on with it,” Auron mutters.

“Take your pants off, then, you jerk,” says Jecht.

Auron rolls his eyes; he tugs the trousers down in a deliberately unsexy way. That’ll serve Jecht right, he thinks; for what, he’s not sure, but he definitely deserves it.

Soon enough, though, he’s whimpering his way through an admittedly impressive hand job. Jecht’s constant remarks about how sexually skilled he is have turned out to be as true as his claims about being a blitzball legend. His Zanarkand is probably real too, Auron just about has time to think before he sags into scorching, blissful orgasm.

Clumsily, he reaches for Jecht’s head, tugging him in for a kiss before he can regain enough sense to decide it’s a bad idea. Jecht was right. He certainly isn’t thinking about Braska now.