

All The Vowels Vow

diverse Drabbles zu diversen fandoms

Von noii

Kapitel 3: going down

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für eine Songmeme auf [tumblr](#).

~

*Define your meanin' of war
To me it's what we do when we're bored
I feel the heat comin' off of the blacktop
And it makes me want it more*

It feels like a fire bursts out between their bodies. They can't even recall who threw their fist at first, they only feel the knuckles crushing against each others jaws and they taste the metallic flavour of blood in their mouths. They can't recall who pushed who against the wall at first, hitting heads on the grey, uneven stone until their hair gets sticky, pressing each others faces against it to leave marks and scratches and who pushed who's hands, who tilted who's head to bite into ear- and neckflesh and who grunted their abdomens together. They can't recall who landed on who at first, just that they ended up on the floor, rolling around and over each other, slamming they fists around, using finger nails and teeth on every part of naked flesh they feel underneath, grunting and growling like animals. They can't even recall who grabbed who's face first, who slammed their bloody mouths together into a mess of clacking teeth, sore lips, bitten tongues and thick liquor - red and white and clear.

*Define your meaning of fun
To me it's when we're gettin' it done
I feel the heat comin' off of the blacktop
So get ready for another one*

They can't recall who ripped on who's clothes at first, who teared them apart and threw them away, who kneeled down, above the other one, sliding his hands over the naked torso underneath him, licking over bruises and reddened nipples, rubbing they crotches together in a rush.

They *can* recall how the redhead grabbed the other's hips, though, sitting with his

back against the door, pulling the tanned chest of the other one against his face to lick him all over - only to circle him like a lion does with his prey and push him down on his lap.

*This is hardly worth fighting for
But it's the little petty shit that I can't ignore
When my fist hits your face
And your face hits the floor*

It's nothing romantic, nothing slow, nothing cliché, nothing cheeky or cheesy, nothing sweet or dramatic. It's just very much alive. They're beaten and hurt and smeared in their own blood, and Kagami doesn't slow down until Aomine let's out a cry of pain and pleasure, digging his nails into the others shoulders as he cums violently and a few times.

*One of us is goin' down
I'm not runnin'
It's a little different now
'Cause one of us is goin'
One of us is goin' down!*

They're beaten, they're going down and they can't even recall how it all went down to this.

[You're going down - Sick Puppies]