

Call Me by my Name

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Call Me by my Name

by [Kaoru_chibimaster](#)

Summary

Because calling someone omega and growling at them during sex is weird.

Notes

For [this kinkmeme prompt](#) which I found absolutely hilarious and needed to write and maybe stayed up until five in the morning writing it while listening to youtube someone help. Subsequently, I cleaned it up a little.

Okay, yup.

This was fine. This was all well and good, actually. Pretty fucking peachy, as far as Noctis was concerned.

So maybe his face hurt a little because it was pressed into his pillow a little too hard. And maybe his knees kinda burned. That was nothing. He'd bear it if it meant Gladio didn't stop. Really, it was easier to ignore it when his entire body tingled the way it did, the smooth slide of flesh contrasting the rough joining of skin. He didn't think there'd be a reason good enough to make him want his lover to stop. Not when Gladio dragged his nails over Noctis' skin, grasping his hips tightly.

Fuck, somehow he was going *faster*. It was too good, almost. Noctis' mouth hung open, the fabric under his cheek dampened, but he couldn't quiet the noises he was making. He couldn't *not* brokenly gasp Gladio's name, not with the constant friction of heat over his prostate or the press of a knot against his rim. Not with the slick sound of their sex in his ears. Certainly not with the way Gladio's musky scent permeated the air, or the way he mounted and manhandled Noctis into position.

Goddamn did Noctis love being manhandled.

Shit, he was even *growling* and, okay maybe that was a little...out there, but still hot. Noctis was not ashamed to admit that not even the growling could detract from the intoxicating pleasure Gladio reinforced into him with each thrust. That, or the mumbling.

...The hell was he mumbling, anyway?

It was...mildly distracting. Noctis was sure he'd have probably ignored it better if it wasn't right in his ear but now he's noticed it and it was poking at his brain. Really, he'd have happily gone on ignoring it in favor of getting pounded into the mattress but it was...

Weird.

He almost felt mildly offended that Gladio was coherent enough in the middle of their impromptu, rut-fueled fuck, especially when Noctis was in heat and Gladio'd stopped forming actual sentences by the time he'd caught a whiff of it, to say anything at all. Yet there he was. Mumbling.

And then Noctis picked up on what exactly he was saying.

"My mate," he growled again. "My omega."

Um. What.

Not that Noctis didn't like dirty talk every once in a while. Really he liked just about anything during sex as long as it meant Gladio was touching him and they were both naked. But seriously, what the fuck.

“Fuck I wanna fill you up so bad,” Gladio continued, his words slurred a bit as he all but started snarling. His hips snapped forward, quick and rough and mindless. “Wanna knot you and put a litter in you.”

Noctis' mouth finally snapped shut as he shot a bewildered look over his shoulder. Gladio didn't seem to even notice, his eyes glazed over as he continued to mumble about babies and call Noctis 'omega' like they were in some cheap, antiquated porno. Grimacing, he leaned on one of his elbows and reached the other hand out to slap firmly at Gladio's arm.

“Quit that,” he quipped.

Thankfully, Gladio stopped immediately. He blinked the blariness out of his gaze, staring at Noctis in confusion.

“What'd I do?”

“Where are the cameras?”

Gladio blinked again, this time in pure bemusement.

“...Huh?”

“I'm being punked, aren't I? Some asshole with a camera is gonna bust in here and clown me over my first time getting knotted in heat.”

“...No? Noct what the hell are you talking about?”

“Gladio,” Noctis sighed. He slumped until he was laying flat, trying hard not to let the humor he suddenly found in this situation show on his face. Really though, when it thought about it, it was pretty fucking hilarious. “I'm on birth control.”

Poor Gladio looked even more confused.

“I know...”

“Then why the hell do you suddenly think you're gonna get me pregnant?” Okay maybe he chuckled a little when he said that, but he tried to keep it serious when discussing this. “Look, I know I'm in heat, but that doesn't suddenly deactivate the pills.”

“Wait, what? What makes you think I'm trying to get you pregnant?!”

Um? Now Noctis was confused.

“Because you literally just growled at me that I'm your omega and you want to fill me with a litter...?”

“I...*what*?? When the hell did I say that?!”

“You didn't really say it so much as snarl it in my ear.”

“ ... ”

“I didn’t think you’d turn into an animal when we finally got around to this,” Noctis teased.

Gladio only groaned, slumping a little himself as he placed his hand over his face. A tiny, embarrassed “oh my god” filtered from between his fingers.

It wasn’t that big a deal, really. Kinda weird and completely unexpected, definitely. But not... bad. Gladio was in rut, so Noctis wasn’t going to blame him for being addled enough to talk like that. Even Noctis could admit that in heat, his dick thought for him. A constant mantra of ‘yes’ streamed through his head, a fond internal purring at the good care his alpha was giving him.

He just knew better than to say shit like that out loud because, again, it was *weird*. It was like naming a cat ‘Cat’. Who the fuck did that seriously? All Gladio had to do was call Noctis by his name like a normal person would and really.

Noctis was not having anyone’s litter.

“Who uses litter anymore anyway,” he mused to himself. “That term’s so ancient...”

“...Please don’t tell me I actually said that.”

Oh Astrals, Gladio’s face was turning red. It was kinda adorable.

“Don’t worry, you were trying hard enough that I almost believed you. A-plus for effort.”

“Noct, shut up, don’t make fun of me for this.”

“Want me to call you Alpha?”

“Noct.”

“Mmmmm yeah, fuck me hard, Alpha. Put some babies in me.”

“I kind of hate you right now.”

Noctis only started laughing. Gladio, despite the redness flushed over his face and reaching the tips of his ears, even cracked a tiny smile. At least he realized Noctis wasn’t taking it too seriously. It wasn’t worth getting upset over anyway.

“Feel free to smack me again if I start laying the cheese on thick like that,” Gladio snorted.

“Trust me, I will,” Noctis grinned. His neck was straining a bit with the way his head was turned, and he shuffled a bit beneath Gladio until he was allowed to turn over. Running his fingers over Gladio’s shoulders and down his arms lightly, he tried to coax Gladio into forgetting about it and resuming their activities. He was still hard after all.

“If you’re done being cheesy though, I think we were in the middle of something.”

There was still a slight blush over Gladio's cheeks, a sheepish glint in his amber eyes, but he seemed to let it go just as quickly. Adjusting to the new position, he hefted Noctis' legs over his hips and sunk deep into him again. Noctis cinched his legs behind Gladio, biting his lip as that bundle of nerves was pressed into again. Another rush of slick came with the wave of pleasure that filled him, and wet sounds accompanied Gladio's renewed thrusts. Now only quiet grunts and gasps could be heard from both men.

"Shit...nghh," Noctis groaned, throwing his head back without realizing. It was an invitation, he knew, and he couldn't take it back once Gladio went for it. But fuck it, they chose to finally have sex during their rut and heat for a reason. He left his neck bared.

"Don't call me Omega when you do it," he managed to choke out.

"Shut up, Noct."

He'd have ribbed Gladio more, but there were too many sensations assaulting him at once when Gladio bit him for anything more than a broken moan to leave his mouth. There was a slight prickling feeling at his scent gland but it was washed out by the orgasm that set his nerves on fire. The tight feeling of clenching around Gladio's length, still sliding in and out of him. The dribble of cum on Noctis' stomach despite the fact that he hadn't been touched.

Gladio finally pulled his teeth from Noctis' neck, licking tenderly over the spot with a few swipes of his tongue. He straightened up from his half-crouch, slipping Noctis' limp legs over his arms and holding him up as he started thrusting harder. There was a drop of sweat that languidly slid down his face, a tiny detail that Noctis zeroed in on in an effort to avoid being overwhelmed by the overstimulation. His heated body soaked the attention up like a sponge, arousal leaving him still half erect and slicking in waves, spurts of it beading around his opening and staining Gladio's thick base with a glistening sheen.

It was almost too much. There was too much sensation, too much motion. Continuous spikes of pleasure turning Noctis' thoughts to fuzzy white noise. The sound of Gladio's quick, labored breaths. The smell of his rut. The wet slap of skin. And gods, then the knot pressing itself inside of Noctis. The burst of warmth. Gladio came inside him, still jerking his hips minutely, and Noctis was pushed over the edge again, so unexpectedly that for a moment it didn't register that he'd orgasmed again. Only a moment. Then he was biting down on his lip again to keep from screaming, his trembling fingers digging into Gladio's back as all of his muscles locked in place. His lover was just tense, holding himself rigid over Noctis while they both adjusted to the knotting.

They'd be stuck like that for a while.

In the meantime, they'd have to settle for cuddling at a slightly awkward angle for the duration. They couldn't exactly go anywhere, literally joined at the hips, and Noctis personally didn't want to move. He'd be in heat for a few more days and his newly bonded body was content with being locked to his...mate.

Ugh.

Still weird.

“Are we even allowed to be bonded?” Noctis' muffled question came spoken against Gladio's skin, pulled flush against him when Gladio turned them on their sides.

“I think it's too late to ask that.”

“Well yeah, but it just occurred to me,” he shrugged, too tired and sated to bother continuing down that line of thought. “Even if we aren't, I'm glad we did.”

Gladio patted at Noctis' buttcheek lightly, a grin in his voice.

“Me too, Omega.”

“Get out of my bed.”

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