

## On My Block Oneshots

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18824032) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18824032>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
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Categories:	<a href="#">F/F</a> , <a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">On My Block (TV)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Oscar "Spooky" Diaz/Jamal Turner</a> , <a href="#">Oscar "Spooky" Diaz/Ruby Martinez</a> , <a href="#">Jasmine/Ruby Martinez/Olivia</a> , <a href="#">Cesar Diaz/Monse Finnie</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Oscar "Spooky" Diaz</a> , <a href="#">Jamal Turner</a> , <a href="#">Ruby Martinez</a> , <a href="#">Cesar Diaz</a> , <a href="#">Monse Finnie</a> , <a href="#">Olivia (On My Block)</a> , <a href="#">Jasmine (On My Block)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Consensual Underage Sex</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">Riding</a> , <a href="#">Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Edge Play</a> , <a href="#">Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-14 Completed: 2019-09-11 Words: 3,782 Chapters: 4/4

# On My Block Oneshots

by [orphan\\_account](#)

Summary

for short prompts for on my block

# Jamal/Oscar

## *Jamal/Oscar*

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*Fool: hey whatcha up to tomorrow*

*Sooky: nothin planned tomorrow why*

*Fool: well some idiot trashed the school so they are taking tomorrow and the weekend to do 'repairs' checked in with the rest of the gang and ruby and olivia are spending time with the fam and cesar and monse are hanging out was wondering if you wanted to hang out tomorrow your place*

*Spooky: sounds like a plan come over early enough and i'll even throw in breakfast*

*Fool: fuck yeah just text me when cesar leaves*

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## **Oscar POV**

I wake up early and make myself coffee. As I sip at the much needed caffeine, Cesar jogs through the living room.

"Going somewhere lil spooky," I ask even though I already know his plans.

"Yeah gonna go spend the day with Monse that cool," he nervously replies.

I snort dropping the tough guy act, "Well don't keep her waiting that's relationship rule number one".

"Like you would know," he jokes a smug smile on his face. If only he knew.

"Whatever here take this before I change my mind, punk" I hand him a couple twenties knowing he might need it.

He gives me a smile and a wave before leaving. With the house to myself, after telling the rest of the gang to scram of course, I finally start on breakfast. I decide on chocolate crepes and pastries with cream cheese and bacon filling. Right as I bring the pastries out of the oven I hear the door open to reveal Jamal.

"Hey we're staying in all day, so you can change into comfier clothes. Unless you want to do something," I turn around to give him a quick kiss before moving towards my cutting board to cut fruit for the crepes.

"Nah that sounds perfect," he whispers tiredly into my back.

He walks off to presumably go change. I make quick work off the fruits and bring out a couple of plates and forks. When Jamal comes back he's wearing just a pair of boxer shorts, and one of my hoodies that he often steals. He stumbles up to me, and wraps his arms around my stomach.

"Someone is a bit overdressed," he mumbles.

"That so well we can't have that," I strip off my shirt leaving me in my basketball shorts, "Now come on we should eat while it's warm".

When he takes his first bite his eyes roll back into his head, and he lets out an appreciative moan.

"Slow down chico there is plenty of food," I tease smirking at him.

"I'm a weak soul let me shovel delicious food into my face".

I try not to preen at his praise. After finishing breakfast, we move to the living room to watch a movie.

"What are we watching," he asks snuggling into my chest.

"How bout Stand and Deliver it's a classic," I suggest.

"Who would have thought you were a secret nerd. Wanna learn about cal-coo-lus," he jokes dissolving into a fit of giggles.

I shake my head in amusement and start the movie. Halfway through the movie I can tell Jamal is drifting off, head bobbing struggling to stay awake.

"We got all day fool go ahead and take a nap," I croon rubbing small circles into his sides.

He says something but it sounds incoherent to me.

"Say that again babe I didn't catch that".

"Wake me up in an hour love you," he murmurs leaning up to give me a kiss.

"Love you too don't worry I got you," I rumble.

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### **Jamal POV**

Gradually I open my eyes feeling refreshed and energized. Looking up at Oscar I see that he also fell asleep. Shifting a bit I notice that he is sporting a bit of wood. Deciding to have fun I start a slow grind, and trail light kisses up his neck giving extra love to his tattoos. Suddenly his grips tighten and he flips me, so that he is looming over me.

"Hmm what a way to wake up," he rasps dipping down for a heated kiss.

He immediately dominates it slipping his tongue past my lips and running his warm hands up my hoodie. When we break apart we're panting, slightly light headed. Taking his time he rids both of us our pants leaving the bottom half of us exposed. He teases when prepping, wanting to draw it out.

"Gonna take you apart, break you down, and put you back together. You're gonna feel on the edge, but you won't cum. Good boys only get to cum when they're being fucked down. Think you manage that baby," he purrs out voice deep and smooth.

I shiver and barely manage to get out, "Ahh- yes. Yesyesyes".

"Yes what, I don't know what you mean baby boy".

"Yes I'll wait to cum on your dick like a good boy," I pant out already feeling raw from his fingers.

"Good," he answer simply.

With that he adds another finger making four, one more than usual. At the same time he's mouthing at my chest. If I was allowed the feeling of his thick calloused fingers stretching me, and the slick sensation of his tongue would have me cumming.

"Please I need to cum. Fill me with your cock," I beg so close.

"Well you have been a good boy," the heat in his voice sends shivers down my spine.

Pulling out his fingers he moves back lining up his dick to my stretched hole. In a smooth controlled motion he pushes all the way in.

"Still so tight,"he grunts grinding softly.

Instead of going for speed he is going for accuracy. Each thrust is slow, but powerful hitting my spot every time.

"Mm-AH Oscar," I babble unaware of what's coming out of my mouth.

"God I love you so much," he whispers reverently nosing at my throat.

"Lo-ove you too. I-AH," I scream out cumming unexpectedly from the sensation of him biting my neck.

We enjoy the afterglow for a bit before cleaning up, not wanting to get caught later.

"Mm come on fool let's go to my room relax a bit more maybe take another nap.

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**Oscar POV**

After our second nap of the day we decide to spend our last couple of hours truly basking in each other's company. No food, movies, or sex. Just me and the guy I love.

"What do you mean you've never seen Star Wars. It's a classic that everyone must see, and-" Jamal starts ranting about how the injustice of it.

Yes this is the one me, well feared gang member, decided to fall in love with.

# Jamal/Oscar

## Chapter Summary

date night very fluffy

### Jamal POV

I'm walking to work when a familiar red car pulls up beside me.

"Hey fool whatcha doing," Oscar asks smugly.

"Work," I answer simply.

"What about later," he questions.

"I get out at five and have no plans for after my shift. Why," I ask suspiciously.

"Go out with me".

What, "What".

"I said go out with me like a date," the Oscar 'spooky' Diaz said.

Ever the blunt person he got straight to the point.

"Me," I ask disbelievingly.

"No the invisible person behind. Yes you fool," he teases.

"But why me I'm no one special," I ask my voice small.

"Maybe because you're smart, nice, loyal, or easy on the eyes. Now come on you never gave me an answer."

"Yes all the yeses," I blurt out like a fucking dork.

His eyes glint dangerously and his smirk rivals the cheshire cat.

"Meet me at my house for dinner."

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### Oscar POV

I know when people see me they don't expect me to be the romance type. I know Jamal didn't expect to be wined and dined. But fuck what people thought I was going to use my best skill to my advantage. Shooing everyone out of the house I started dinner with no distractions. I decided on a Caldo filled with tender chicken, sweet corn, and many more veggies that make the broth both tasty and filled with good vitamins. As a side I made jalapeno poppers and beef potato empanadas, and for dessert rice pudding. Right as I'm finishing up I hear a knock at the door. Opening the door I see Jamal nervously waiting.

"Hey wow it smells great in there," he comments walking in.

"Of course I made it," I boast confidently.

"Cooks and humble what a catch," he says voice dripping in sarcasm.

As we continue to bant some more I set up the table.

"Fuck this is good I didn't know you could cook not a very gang-like skill," he groans appreciatively.

He's shovelling empanadas into his mouth, and sips at his Caldo humming happily. I try not to show how much his approval affects me.

"Yeah in high school the dream was to go to culinary school. Got commended and everything. Unfortunately my parents were shit and I gave that up to take care of Cesar," that's something I never told anyone especially Cesar.

"A shame, the industry wouldn't know what to do with you," he smiles widely a knowing look in his eye.

"No shit, now how about some pudding."

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After dinner we end up in the living room shifting through board games.

"Hmm how about Uno," Jamal asks.

"Sounds good gimme me a sec to get popcorn and some drinks. You want something in particular," I answer getting up from the couch.

"You got any mexican cokes."

"Yeah of course two mexican cokes and popcorn then. Oh and since we are just chilling you can go put on something more comfortable."

When I come back I noticed Jamal has changed out of his nice dress shirt and jeans into one of my hoodies and his boxers. It's extremely oversized making him look soft. For a second I just stand there admiring him. I shake myself from my stupor, and set down the snacks and drinks.



“Be prepared for no mercy,” he taunts.

“Wow.Terrified.”

“You should be,” he pouts idignity.

“Yes I’m so scared of cute boy in an oversized hoodie,” I tease.

Even with his dark skin I can see him blush oh so prettily. He glances away shyly while fidgeting with the strings of my hoodie.

“Shushhh you can’t distract me I’m still going to destroy you,” he whines petulantly.

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### **Jamal POV**

After losing epically at Uno we decided to end the night with a movie.

“What are you in the mood for Zombieland or Mulan,” he asks absentmindedly.

“What a hard decision zombies or disney. Also because they are very different movies didn’t take you as a disney fan.”

“Mulan fucking rules” he scoffs like it was obvious that all gang leaders were fans of Disney, “Have you seen her kill count.”

He says this with a wicked glint in his eyes and we both burst out laughing. God who would have thought this man was such a big softie. Hearing his laugh warms my insides in a way no one else can.

“Mulan it is then you big goof,” I tease.

Rolling his eyes he starts the movie. He pulls me close so that we’re cuddling. His warmth along with the comforting sound of Mulan in the background has me struggling to stay awake.

“I’ll be here when you wake up go ahead and rest,” he rumbles soothingly.

In the safety of his arms I fall steadily asleep.

# Jamal/Oscar

## Jamal/Oscar

### Oscar POV

“Hey my brother said I could invite my friends over to his party.”

“I dunno Cesar.”

“No come on Monse. Think of it as our last hurrah for the four of us before we split off to college.” Ruby, the conniving little shit, always able to talk people into things.

Luckily this time it is working in my favor. I can tell Monse is sufficiently guilt tripped, Ruby clearly wants to go, and Jamal is usually down if the whole group is.

“See you guys saturday then.”

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### Jamal POV

Of fucking course. Not five minutes after meeting up with my friends did they scatter. Monse and Cesar are probably doing it in his room, and Ruby is probably looking to find someone to have a ‘fun’ time with. Leaving me alone which I can’t say I didn’t expect on some level. Despite parties not being my thing I head to a table deciding on having a drink before leaving. Right as I’m pouring my drink I feel hands grab at my waist. Turning around I see Emilio, some random guy that was in my graduating class. We had a few classes together, but we weren’t exactly friends.

“Hey Jamal didn’t expect you to be here,” he smiles still standing almost uncomfortably close.

“Yeah well my friends thought it would be a good way to let loose before college.”

I try to shift away but he has me boxed in. He’s nice enough, and if I wasn’t already in a relationship maybe I’d act more interested. I try to appear indifferent and unresponsive, but he doesn’t take the hint, happy to carry the conversation by himself.

“Uh huh, yeah, really.”

“Oh I was wondering if you’d like to-” he gets interrupted by someone yanking him away.

Looking up I see my savior is Oscar who looks pissed.

“Why don’t you go scamper off now I gotta talk to Jamal,” he bites out.

“Wait I just wanted to ask if-”

“Beat it.”

Using his one brain cell left he saw that he was not gonna win this argument and ran away.

“Hey spooks,” I grinned happy to be freed from that one-sided conversation.

“Don’t hey spooks me who was he.”

“Just a former classmate that couldn’t take the hint.” I reassure him.

“Mmm didn’t look like you were in a hurry to get away, and y’all were awfully close.” he huffs like the jealous baby he is.

All of a sudden he grabs my wrist dragging me to his room. As soon as the door shuts he has me pinned roughly pulling me in for a kiss. It leaves me dizzy and weak in the knees. He then dives for my neck leaving angry marks all over.

“I think someone needs to be taught that they are mine. Strip and bend over for me sweetheart.”

Keening I’m helpless to do anything, but follow his com. Oscar rests one of his hands on the back of my neck to keep me still, and uses his other to tease at my hole. Just as I start to get impatient, two slick fingers push in. I gasp and squirm trying to push back as he crooks and twists his fingers. A third finger has me shaking in pleasure.

“Fuck Oscar please I’m so close,” I beg desperately.

“Come on only good boys get to cum, and only when they’re told. Can you do that for me baby boy?” he growls.

“YesYesYes I can,” I ramble.

“Yes who?”

“Yes Daddy,” I moan.

To my disappointment he removes his hands which has me whining in dismay. Getting up I look over to see Oscar has removed his clothes, and is sitting on the bed indifferently. Eagerly I climb onto his lap to straddle him. Lubing up my fingers I grip the base of his cock giving an experimental pump. Lining up his dick with my hole I sink down making us both hiss. I start with a tentative rock forward, but quickly set a reverent pace.

“Fuck just like that baby,” he groans.

“Please let me- ah fuck Daddy.”

“Maybe if you beg real pretty for me I’ll let you cum,” he whispers.

Desperate I start begging, “Please daddy I’m sorry for being a slut earlier. I promise that I am yours, only yours. Please let me cum while milking you for every drop”.

“So sweet for me baby boy for that you can cum when I do,” he grins wickedly and flips us over, so that he’s on top.

His thrusts are merciless, and has both of us moaning. Right when I think I can’t stop myself from going over the edge, his cum floods into me. Overwhelmed I let go, and the feeling is so intense. Panting we pull apart both pleased but exhausted.

“You wanna join me in the bath,” he asks.

“Yeah I don’t think I can walk,” I answer.

“I’ll carry you in thought you might want some pampering.” The cheeky bastard.

“There better be some pampering, I expect nothing less.”

“Of course baby boy.”

# Jamal/Ruby

## Chapter Summary

abo verse

### Jamal POV

“JAMAL YOU’RE GONNA BE LATE FOR SCHOOL,” my mom yells jolting me awake.

I should have taken the hint because I’m never late. If anything I’m always early. I quickly got up and attempt to dress myself. Except my knees lock and I trip over myself. I get back up despite how sore I feel. Quickly I grab my things and rush outside. Somehow I get to first period on time, only a couple of minutes to spare.

“Where were you this morning,” Ruby hisses.

“Woke up late,” I mumble.

“You’re never late. You’re the dependable one if anything,” he exclaims in disbelief.

Our conversation is cut short by the bell. Ten minutes into class and the shirt I’m wearing feels scratchier than I remembered. Twenty minutes in and rivets of sweat are running down my back. Halfway through class and my vision goes black.

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The first thing I feel is a comforting hand running through my hair. I open my eyes and see my mom.

“What happened why are we in my room,” I question.

“Your went into preheat during class and passed out. The office called so we took you home,” she explained.

It took me a minute to process what she told me. If I was a beta then nothing would have happened and if I was an Alpha I would have gone into pre rut. I thought I would be a beta, plain nothing special. Only omegas went into heats. That means... I’m an omega. Which means in a day or two I’d go into my first heat. Shit.

---

The first thing I do is panic. It takes my mom and a cup of tea to calm down. After accessing my options I decided to ask my friends to come over.

“Ew dude you stink,” Cesar the fucking piece of shit alpha exclaims.

“Wow hello to you too asshole,” I scoff.

“Don’t mind him he’s just a sensitive bitch,” Monse adds always taking the opportunity to make fun of Ruby or Cesar for being an omega slash alpha.

“Whatever, oh I guess that means we all presented,” Ruby comments.

“Yeah sort of crazy that I ended up being an omega thought I’d be a beta like Monse.”

All of our presentation somewhat made sense. Cesar had always been the unofficial leader of our group, and he also acted like an overprotective dick. Monse couldn’t give any fucks, so being a beta came natural to her. Ruby had always been small, but what really makes him ‘omega-like’ is his secret mom instincts that only comes out around family and friends. Me on the other hand we all thought I’d be a beta, at least by the stereotypical traits. The only ‘special’ trait of mine is my dependability.

“Nah I can kind of see it. I mean no knot-head could figure out puzzles or situations the way you can. Anyways you can any sort of plan,” Monse asks curious considering she’s only had experience helping out with a rut.

“I dunno not like people show interest in me. I’ll probably spend it without a partner.”

“Come on it has nothing to do with attractability. The only reason Cesar has a rut partner is because I’m his girlfriend.” Monse teases.

“Haha. But really rut or heat in your case just makes you more sensitive. Having someone there is nice because they help for it to go smoother, but it’s not necessary.” Cesar explains being uncharacteristically helpful for once.

For the next hour we just hang out talking about second genders and presenting. Monse and Cesar leave first which makes it just the omegas.

“Look I know you’d never ask because you have zero confidence so i will. I wanted to ask if you will have me as your heat partner.”

Ruby looks at me expectantly, but I’m speechless brain fried.

“Yes,” I blurted out.

---

As my heat got closer I got more prepared. My parents decided to stay over at some friends to give me some privacy, I changed into my most comfiest clothes, stole all of the soft blankets in the house, and Ruby helped me make a nest in my room. Hours passed in a haze as the warmth settled in me.

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**Ruby POV**

Dreaming, I must be dreaming. That's where the delicious smell that envelops me is coming from, like books mixed with honey. That's why I can feel something wet yet warm dripping. That's why I hear a slurping sound and pretty moans. That's why arousal is burning through my core. Opening my eyes I can see Jamal's plush lips lapping obscenely at my cock with three fingers stuffed in his hole. An impatient keen brings me out of my thoughts.

"Oh fuck Jamal look at you being so pretty for me."

"Please Ruby it hurts make it feel better, fuck me please," he begs crying out wantonly.

Getting up I move him so that he is on his back, and he eagerly spreads his legs. Inch by inch I push in. When I bottom out I start nipping at his neck and start a slow rythm, fucking into him slowly at first.

"Fuck more Ruby."

Picking up the pace I pound into him. My hands wander to his nipples gently rolling them. I can tell we're both close. As I start mouthing at his nipples I can feel him squeeze my cock like a vice while he cums and gushes more slick. With one last thrust I shoot my load in him gushing my own slick. As soon as I pull out Jamal lets out a disgruntled whine showing his displeasure at being empty. Reaching over to our box of toys I pull out a plug. Slowly I push it into his sore slick hole. I then picked up a towel and some wipes to clean us up. Knowing we both just lost a lot of water I grab some waters too.

"Drink some water for me sweetheart," I croon.

"Only in exchange for cuddles," he grumbles sipping disdainfully at the water.

"Of course," I laugh wrapping my arms around him.

We both fall asleep our limbs tangled, and scents mingled. Books, honey, cinnamon, and ginger.

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