

Silence is Golden, Dear

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/30811103) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30811103>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Fire Emblem: Fuukasetsugetsu Fire Emblem: Three Houses , Fire Emblem Series
Relationship:	Felix Hugo Fraldarius/Claude von Riegan
Characters:	Felix Hugo Fraldarius , Claude von Riegan
Additional Tags:	Finger Sucking , Masturbation , Oral Sex , Rough Oral Sex , Come Marking , Claude von Riegan is a Little Shit
Language:	English
Collections:	FE3H Kink Meme , Claudelix Week 2021
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-22 Words: 3,376 Chapters: 1/1

Silence is Golden, Dear

by [timehopper](#)

Summary

It's late at night. Felix is trying to sleep, but Claude seems intent on being the noisiest neighbour possible, so that means it's time for Felix to take matters into his own hands.

Quite literally, as it were.

Notes

So I started this last summer intending to fill [this](#) kink meme prompt, then decided to do it for Wank Week/end, missed both of those events, and shelved it... UNTIL NOW! I realized it would work really well for the [Claudelux Week](#) Day 5 prompt "Touch", so I'm glad I could finally get it done and posted!

For those of you who don't want to click through to the kink meme, but want to know what the prompt was anyway, here it is: *"Felix doesn't appreciate his next-door neighbour jerking off loudly in the dead of night and storms over there to tell him so. He ends up shutting Claude down with his dick, but whoops, turns out he's pretty loud when he gets into it too! (+Rough sex / ++Claude planned the whole thing / +++Felix realizes Claude planned the whole thing and gets revenge.)"*

Anyway, apologies to OP and everyone I talked about this fic to for taking so long. Hopefully the wait was worth it!

(I'm also sorry about the stupid title. But it made me laugh.)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Felix hates his room.

Or, rather, he hates where it is. It's one of the only safe havens he has to protect himself from loud, overly-enthusiastic classmates, and he keeps it clean and tidies it to his liking. It's a fine room, sparse but comfortable, and he has no complaints for the room itself. But its position – sandwiched between Dimitri and Claude – could not have been a more unjust curse.

One of them would have been bad enough, but between Dimitri's constant pacing and conversations with himself and Claude's penchant for late nights studying or mixing poisons or *whatever* he does that necessitates him moving about and rearranging the whole damn room night after night, it's nearly impossible for Felix to get a good night's sleep.

But hurried pacing and moving furniture are not what keep Felix awake tonight. No, what keeps Felix up is something else entirely.

Dimitri is either asleep or out of his room tonight. It's blessedly silent from that side, for once. And at first, Felix thinks he might be able to fall asleep before Dimitri inevitably returns or wakes from his nightmares kicking and screaming. He's all set to: sheets tucked up over his shoulders, eyes shut, mind empty...

And then he hears it.

"Mmm..."

Claude's voice. It's a strange noise, coming from him, and Felix can't place exactly what it is, but he doesn't particularly care to find out, so he rolls over and tries to put it out of his mind.

Except that's not the end of it.

"A-ahh... Mmm, yeah..."

Felix blinks.

"Ohh..."

And then he realizes: Claude is *moaning*.

But it's not in pain. No, it's... Claude sounds like he's enjoying himself. Like whatever he's doing feels *good*. Which can only mean...

"No." Felix sits up, snarling at the wall he shares with Claude. *Now* he recognizes that noise. It's one Felix himself has made in his more... private moments. One he hears, sometimes, coming from Sylvain's room when he brings girls around and decides he doesn't care about propriety.

And now that same sound is coming from Claude.

Felix knows he should ignore it. He knows he should just pretend it's not happening, block it from his mind the same way he tries to ignore Dimitri's incessant rambling and Claude's more typical repertoire of nightly noise. And he tries to, really. Claude isn't exactly loud, and if he's still doing what Felix thinks he's doing, he's at least decided to shut his mouth and do it quietly.

... Except he hasn't, because a moment later, Claude makes that sound again. Louder this time.

Much louder.

Felix throws himself back down turns over in his bed. *Ignore it*, he tells himself. *Ignore it, ignore it, ignore it.*

Except he can't, now, because Claude is making even *more* noise. Felix swears he hears something bump against their shared wall—

"Ah! Ahh...!"

—followed by what may be Claude's loudest moan yet.

Felix groans and covers his head with his pillow, gritting his teeth and willing the noise away. It helps, albeit only somewhat: he's got the pillow tight enough to his ears he can't hear anything, but...

He can't stop his traitorous mind from wandering.

Felix doesn't really know what to make of Claude most of the time. Claude is... interesting, sure, in a way Felix doesn't care about and other people care about too much. He's lazy and unrefined in terms of swordplay, only marginally better with an axe and far superior with a bow. Felix has thought about challenging him with one on more than one occasion, as a way of measuring his own growth in skill with it.

And he knows Claude knows this, or at least has some semblance of an idea, because he's caught Felix watching him on more than one occasion.

It's purely practical. Really. Claude is the best in their year with a bow, so why shouldn't Felix learn from the best? His skill even surpasses the professors' and some of the knights', Felix has noticed, so he's come to the conclusion that Claude must have been raised on it. Watching someone with that much experience – how he holds his weapon, how far back he draws the string, how his muscles flex as he pulls it taut and how he smiles, just the tiniest bit, just before he fires what he knows will be a perfect shot... they're all things Felix needs to know. To improve, of course.

Claude being... not terrible to look at is just a happy coincidence.

He's sharp, too. Felix has seen him take down opponents far stronger and more skilled than himself using nothing but his wits and a few well-timed swings of whatever weapon he's practicing with. He's the type of person to watch and wait for an opportunity – a stark

contrast to the more brash fighting styles of Faerghus, with which Felix is more familiar – and he isn't averse to getting his hands dirty.

"Oh... Mmm..."

So to speak.

He wonders how Claude does it. How he touches himself. Whatever he does, it must feel good to make him moan like that. Felix has never particularly enjoyed the act of masturbation; he'll take his time with it sometimes, if he's particularly worked up after a good spar, but for the most part he tends to just do it quickly. It's a means to an end: an inconvenience to be dealt with and nothing more.

But now...

Now Felix wrenches the pillow off his head and chucks it at the wall separating him from Claude. He wishes it were a book or a brick or something else similarly heavy so that the message he's trying to convey (*shut up, I'm trying to sleep*) can properly come across. But there's no satisfying *thunk* against the wall, no sound at all, really, except for another loud, undisturbed moan.

... Was that one louder on purpose?

That's it. Felix throws the covers off himself, suddenly too hot. His back is sticky with sweat, his neck flush with heat. He paces around the room, pauses at the window to let the light spring breeze brush against his skin in hopes it will cool him off. It doesn't help beyond a few seconds of almost-relief, and does nothing at all to distract him from the sound of Claude masturbating in the room next to him.

That leaves Felix with two options, then: one, to go back to trying to ignore it... and two, to put an end to it himself.

He chooses the latter.

It's a short walk to Claude's room. Hardly a walk at all, really – just a few angry steps, too short to be a storm and too quick to be casual. Felix stands in front of his door, dressed haphazardly in his day clothes, hand clenched into a fist and raised to knock – pound – *knock* – on the door.

Except he doesn't get a chance, because as soon as his hand makes contact with the wood, it falls open, leaving Felix standing in the doorway completely stunned.

Claude looks up from where he's situated on the bed, completely naked. He's leaning up against the wall, one shoulder against it and legs spread wide to give Felix a perfect view of his cock, hard and leaking and wrapped in one hand.

“Felix,” Claude greets him, breathless and smiling and seemingly not bothered in the least that he’s been caught jerking off. “Don’t you know it’s rude to just barge into someone’s room like this?” He laughs – a raspy, delighted noise – and starts stroking himself again.

And that’s when Felix realizes: Claude had left his door not just unlocked, but *open*, on purpose.

He planned this. The bastard.

Felix sneers. He steps into the room uninvited and slams the door behind him. “You,” he starts, making his way to the bed in long, deliberate strides, “don’t get to tell me what’s rude.”

“Oh?” Claude looks up at him. Now that Felix is closer, he can clearly see the haze in Claude’s eyes, the way his face flushes red despite his casual, unaffected smirk. “I have no idea what you’re talking about. Why don’t you enlighten me?”

Claude’s hand moves. Felix’s eyes dart down to it, incredulous, because Claude is *still going*, still jerking himself off, even though he has an audience. Or maybe, more accurately, because he has one. Regardless, Felix hates it. Hates *him*.

He looks away with a scoff, determined not to watch. “You’re making too much noise,” he snaps, unwilling to play Claude’s game.

Unfortunately for Felix, Claude seems determined to be as annoying as possible. He continues stroking himself. He’s slowed down now, though, at least from what Felix can see out of the corner of his eye.

“Am I?” Claude asks, the insidious curl of his lips lighting a spark of something other than anger deep in Felix’s gut. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to... *ahhh*... interfere with your beauty sleep.”

And that’s it. Something snaps in Felix, something furious and lustful, and he lunges forward to grab Claude by the jaw. “Shut up,” he says.

Claude opens his mouth, an aggravating retort no doubt on the tip of his tongue, but before he can speak it aloud Felix tightens his grip on Claude’s and shoves three fingers into his mouth.

“Mmph—!” Claude recoils, but Felix holds him fast. He shoves his fingers deeper down Claude’s throat and Claude gags on them; his eyes well up with tears, but somehow, he looks... happy.

In his peripheral vision, Felix sees Claude’s arm move. He follows the motion with his eyes, turning his derisive gaze onto Claude’s cock, still held firmly in his hand. A bead of precum wells up and drips from the tip, just barely visible over the top of his fist.

A thrill shoots up Felix’s spine. He’s never seen Claude caught so off-guard before.

He thinks he likes it.

“You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?” Felix hisses, eyes narrowed as he watches Claude stroke himself. Claude nods and moans in answer, throat fluttering around Felix’s fingers. Tiny, rapid vibrations trill through them, the sensation lighting up every nerve in Felix’s body like lightning, like static, like the thrum of magic before casting a spell. He feels his cock twitch in his trousers, and that just makes him angrier – and then that anger roils in him and turns into hot, molten lust. How *dare* Claude enjoy this – how dare he get one over on Felix like this?

And how dare he realize it, too? When Felix looks back at his face, Claude is smiling – or, at least, he’s trying to. It must be hard to with how thick Felix’s fingers are in his mouth, how deeply they’ve been shoved inside it. He meets Felix’s gaze, one brow smugly cocked, and he closes his eyes, lashes fluttering as he groans and sucks on Felix’s fingers in earnest.

“Disgusting.” Felix’s nose wrinkles as he pushes his fingers in deeper. He can feel the opening of Claude’s throat, can feel Claude gagging and choking around him, and for a moment he’s satisfied – but then Claude grabs him by the wrist with his free hand, holds it tight, and pushes forward with an obscene moan.

And all the while, he keeps jerking himself off.

Furious, Felix wrenches himself from Claude’s grip and roughly pulls his fingers out of his mouth. Claude gasps and coughs, unused to being able to breathe unimpeded again, and Felix grabs him by the hair, fisting his spit-soaked fingers in it and pulling hard until Claude’s head is tipped back and his neck is fully exposed.

“Ah! D-done already?” Claude asks. His voice is rough and raspy, but there’s laughter in it, breathless and straining. Felix sucks in air between his clenched teeth and lets go, only to climb atop him and grind back against his cock.

“Oh, fuck—” Claude’s hand stops moving. He squeezes himself – Felix can feel his fingers flex – and his head falls back to the pillow. “Felix—”

“If you’re not going to be quiet,” Felix snaps, interrupting Claude before he can make whatever inane request he’d been about to speak, “then you should at least put that obnoxious mouth of yours to better use.”

He unclasps his belt, undoes the front of his trousers, and pulls out his cock. Claude sits up as much as he can, eyes falling down to it. They widen, pupils dilating hungrily, and his jaw goes slack as he takes in the sight before him.

“Finally at a loss for words?” Felix asks smugly. He tries to fight down the smirk playing at his lips, but it doesn’t work. In this moment, he finally feels like he’s gained the upper hand. Like he’s finally won. Why not permit himself a smile?

But Claude isn’t looking at his face. He’s transfixed on Felix’s cock, mouth watering like the desperate little fool he is. He licks his lips, swallows the drool no doubt pooling in his mouth, and grins (though there’s a satisfying strain to it this time). “You gonna try to choke me on that, too?”

There's a hopeful edge to his tone that Felix does his best to ignore. He's not doing this for Claude; he's doing this for himself. So instead of answering, Felix just takes him by the jaw again, forces his mouth open, and shoves his cock inside it.

Claude's initial sound of shock is muffled by Felix pushing all the way to the back of his throat. He thrashes and tries to pull away, but Felix holds him fast, the hand on his jaw moving to his temple to thread in his hair and keep him still. He pulls back to give Claude the chance to breathe in through his nose, and once he's satisfied that Claude's gotten enough air (but not *enough* air), he wastes no time in fucking his throat raw.

To his credit, Claude takes him well. He recoils with the first few thrusts, trying and failing to struggle into a proper rhythm, but once he finds it he settles, leaning back and letting Felix have his way. And then he gets comfortable – enough to start sucking on Felix himself, at least, and that just makes it all the better.

But the hot, wet heat of Claude's mouth and the pressure of his lips and tongue tightening around Felix's cock are nothing compared to his silence.

Claude tries to moan, but Felix cuts him off with a sharp thrust. He tries again when Felix pulls back, and again Felix shoves himself in as deep as he can go to stop Claude from making any sound at all. And that, more than anything, is what satisfies Felix, gives him the same heady rush of power as defeating an opponent in battle.

He smirks as Claude gags, laughs quietly to himself when Claude's eyes open and tears leak from their corners. He pulls out completely, cock slick and wet, and Claude coughs.

Felix slaps the corner of his mouth with the head of his cock.

"You can do better than that," he chides.

Claude laughs, raspy and broken. It sends a new wave of anger rushing throughout Felix – he's supposed to be *quiet*, damn it – and so he shoves his cock back into Claude's mouth to show that his patience has finally run out.

Claude sucks him down obediently, head bobbing to meet each and every one of Felix's thrusts. Behind him, Felix can feel Claude's hand start to move again – faster, now, and ever more desperate than before – and he shifts up on his knees, angling his hips and pushing down so insistently that Claude can hardly move. Now it's Felix's turn to moan, the sound slipping from his throat unbidden. He'd be ashamed of himself for giving in and doing the exact same thing that had made him so angry with Claude in the first place, but it just encourages Claude, makes him suck even harder on Felix's cock. He presses the flat of his tongue more insistently to the underside of it and hollows out his cheeks, swallowing down everything he can and trying to moan around him. His throat spasms, but any sound he tries to make comes out as a mere silent whine, a harsh little breath of air through his nose, felt against Felix's skin more than heard.

And that – that silence, that desperation, that attempt and failure to make even the smallest bit of noise – is what pushes Felix over the edge. He comes with a shout he has to muffle by biting down on his forearm, and pulls out of Claude's mouth as the first pulse of his orgasm

overtakes him. He feels Claude swallow down whatever he catches while the rest splatters against his face.

Felix lets out a long, low breath as he blinks his orgasm away. He feels lighter now, weightless almost, and so when Claude shifts below him, lifting his hips off the bed, Felix overcorrects and nearly falls off him entirely. He steadies himself with one arm, palm flat on the bed, and gives Claude an indignant, reproachful look—

—Just in time to watch him come.

Felix's breath leaves him as Claude's mouth falls open on a long, drawn-out groan. His eyelashes flutter against his cheek, his brows knitting together as his head falls back to expose his throat. Felix's gaze fixes on Claude's jaw where the first signs of stubble are starting to grow in, and then on the small, stray drops of cum that have dripped down his neck. He looks like a damned work of art, muscle and tendon and sinew drawing tight and relaxing again as he strokes himself to completion, as his body undulates in waves of overwhelming pleasure.

It pisses Felix off.

Claude's hips drop back down to the bed and the back of his hand hits the mattress with a soft, muffled noise, his arm extended so Felix can perfectly see the tone of his biceps, every curve and dip of muscle. He can see the years of expertise with a bow in those muscles, and his appreciation for that expertise in this moment just makes Felix even more mad, but he's too tired to do anything about it now.

"You got my shirt dirty," he says, mostly because he wants to snap at Claude but can't think of anything else. He can feel where Claude's cum hit his back, where it's starting to seep through the fabric and dampen his skin.

To Felix's continued annoyance, Claude just laughs.

"You got my face dirty," he says, gesturing to the cum still drying on his cheeks. "But if it's bothering you, then just take the damn thing off."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Felix glares at him but complies anyway because he doesn't like feeling Claude's cum through his shirt. He unbuttons it quickly, shrugs it off, and finally goes the extra mile and rids himself of his pants. Claude smiles – no, grins, because there's no way he's actually pleased by this – and whistles lowly.

"Wow. All that time you spend in the training ground's paid off after all." He lets his eyes move lasciviously down Felix's chest before they return to his face. "You look even better than I imagined."

"What are you—" Felix starts, voice high and sharp, but before he can finish demanding what exactly Claude means by that, there's a knock against the opposite wall. The bottles on Claude's desk rattle with the force of it; one tips over and rolls onto the floor, shattering as Lorenz's voice pierces through the wall.

“Do you two *mind*? Some of us are trying to sleep!”

Felix has half a mind to shout back to him or to make even more noise just to piss him off, but when he looks down at Claude, he changes his mind. The thought must have occurred to him, too, because he’s already opened his mouth and started to say, “So, Felix—”

Felix clamps a hand over his mouth, pressing down with far more force than is strictly necessary just to keep Claude quiet. He ignores the discomfort of his own cum smearing under his hand, because it’s more than worth the cost of shutting Claude up.

“*No.*”

End Notes

If you enjoyed this and think you might like to see more, have a chat, or would like to get to know me, please check out my twitter [@tim3hopp3r](#). Thanks for reading! ♥

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!