

## Terror Bae x Frantic Fanfic

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# **Terror Bae x Frantic Fanfic**

by [melismata](#), [stuardakins](#), [Twice2Ennien](#)

## Summary

Francis had only seen the creature in passing, as it massacred his crew and destroyed their hopes of ever returning home, and yet, he found it strangely attractive.

Each chapter stands alone and comes to you live! [i.e. unedited]

Featuring: sexy bear roleplay, actual sexy spirit bear, sexy baking, and platonic Ned and Neptune having a nice day, because we're not complete monsters

# Bearfuckmasters Unlimited

"Tuunbaq may've gone for your first, but I'm the one who knows how to give the old bear a good time." Normally Thomas didn't indulge in petty jealousy, but there was something about the vengeful spirit that brought out his darker side.

"You know I have nothing but respect for you, old man--" Graham started, realizing belatedly they were well past getting off on the wrong foot.

Before he could regain his bearings, the athletic lieutenant found himself barreled against the wall of the ship and pinned in place, a surprising show of strength from the grey-haired ice master. Blanky's breath was hot and close.

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Graham wondered if this was how the ice master was with Tuunbaq, all rough and possessive, and wasn't sure who he'd rather be in that scenario. Maybe a little of both. And since their mutual friend hadn't been sighted in weeks there was no reason why he couldn't have a little fun with Thomas...

He leaned in and kissed him roughly, reaching out to grab fistfuls of Blanky's silver hair, catching him by surprise.

"Graham..." the older man says breathlessly.

"Wait," Graham interrupts him. "Call me Tuunbaq. Tell me I've been a bad bear."

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Blanky rolled him over and pinned him firmly to the floor, between thigh and wood. Wood on three sides. The floor below, the leg to his right, Blanky's mainstay above.

"Do you know what I do to bad cubs like you?"

"N-no?"

"skin them and sell the pelt," Blanky growled.

"NO!" Rarely had Graham moved so quickly from extreme arousal to the total opposite.

"Not doing it for you?"

"No."

Blanky sighed. Kids these days. So sensitive.

"But I bet you've got lovely fur all over, Graham, haven't you?"

This was better. Much, much better. Graham nodded. Yes. He was. Hirsute, he had heard it called. It was not usually a compliment.

"What colour's a bear's fur, pet?"

"Y-yellow, sir."

"That's right. Just like you, darling. Blond all over, I'm betting-"

Graham nodded, frantically. Oh, yes. To be played with, ruffled, yes.

"Will you let an old bear see, pet?"

Graham growled like a real bear when Blanky stripped the last of his linens from him. He lay, splayed, on the cabin floor like a rug. Maybe the image wasn't so bad after all. He tried to imagine a roaring fire, nice and warm, and Blanky sprawled all over him. He didn't need to imagine that.

"M-mummy?"

Blanky looked at Graham with renewed interest. Maybe the young weren't so spineless after all. Cubs did play with their mothers. Absolutely filthy between two men. He could work with that.

"Yes, darling. Yes, darling. Graham, my baby. Use your claws."

And Graham did.

## Baby got Tuunbaq

Francis had only seen the creature in passing, as it massacred his crew and destroyed their hopes of ever returning home, and yet, he found it strangely attractive.

The beast, so strong, so powerful, it drove his thoughts to... unnatural places. Places that a gentleman's mind should never wander.

The creature, or Tuunbaq, as lady silence had taught him, was his beast to tame, and tame him Francis intended to do.

The night that Francis learned the name of the creature, it came to him in his dreams. He heard the creature calling him, calling his name. This was obviously the creature's way of telling Francis it too desires the captain.

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Francis had pleased both men and women before, but had little experience with creatures. In his dream, this felt surprisingly easy to say.

"GRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUH", said Tuunbaq, and Francis understood its notes of love.

"You're quite right, dear," he replied, "they are strange creatures. Platypuses, at the other end of the earth from here."

"GRUUUUUUUUUUUH?"

"Well, no, not exactly, merely a with a lady in a platypus' dwelling, not with a platypus itself -"

"GNIFFLE." Was that - delight? How could Tuunbaq possibly be jealous of -

Francis was overcome with fondness. "My spur is not venomous, truly, darling. A figure of speech, merely. Show me how to please you, and I shall strive to satisfy.

"GNIFF?"

"Show you the Passage? Really, Tuun, a gentleman can't just do this cold, you know."

Slowly, sweetly, the creature began to sway. He had always enjoyed Sophia dancing, and Miss Ross, but they had been encumbered by clothes. The creature was gloriously naked, and had such lovely fur. He reached out to stroke it.

"Baby-", he exclaimed in wonder.

"GNUR?"

"Baby got Tuunbaq," Francis sighed.

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With the cold, eerie lights of the arctic skies behind them, they kissed. Francis felt a brief pang of guilt, knowing how Blanky felt about Tuunbaq; but the creature seemed to understand and said reassuringly: "GROOOOOOOOOOOWR."

From that moment their romance progressed rapidly, Francis discarding the pieces of his uniform the better to be enveloped by the soft warmth of the creature's fur. Despite the ice surrounding them he felt almost feverishly warm and certain the only cure for it was...

"GNUUUUUUR"

Deep in the Tuunbaq's embrace, he inhaled a heady musk that appealed to a deep part of his brain, untouched by the mores and social constraints of empire.

He was hard, desperately hard in a way he hadn't felt for months, hard in a way that defied the scurvy and lead poisoning and all of that. He gasped as the Tuunbaq turned him around so his back rubbed against--

## All You Knead is Love

Bill was enticed into the kitchen by the smell of baking bread and poked his head around the doorway to see John Diggle, sleeves rolled up, kneading dough with the strong sensuality of a man who knew his way around a loaf. Bill took in the man's impressive build, the strength of his arms and broad set of his shoulders and realised he'd never wanted to be a lump of dough quite so badly. Clearing his throat to announce himself, he stepped up behind John and wrapped his arms around his waist.

"Need a hand there?" he asked, nuzzling into John's shoulder, basking in his familiar warmth and smell.

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John's hands didn't deviate from their routine-- squashing, folding, pounding-- even as he settled comfortably back into the firmness of Bill's chest.

"Could do this in my sleep, but I've a bit of sausage that needs seeing to, if kneading's what you're after."

With a quick nip at Diggle's neck and a glance around the hold, all quiet save the swing of hammocks at this point between shifts, Heather obligingly sends his hands lower, dipping beneath John's apron and unfastening his pants.

Soon the flour cloud of Diggle's handiwork is accompanied by the low grunts of Heather's. Bill breathes in the heady mix of sweat and rising dough.

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His breath shaking, John tries his hardest to continue his work. He's been kneading dough for years, the arthritis in the joints of his fingers speaks well enough of his experience - but he's never worked like this. As Heather fumbles against the candlelight to bring Diggle to completion, he utters, "you know, when the officers asked for seeded bread, I'm sure this isn't what they meant."

Diggle chuckles lightly, "Cheeky bastard, now finish me off why don't you, instead of cracking jokes."

Heather smiles to himself and rolls his eyes, despite knowing full well Diggle couldn't see him in the dimness of the room, before dedicating his full attention back to the task at hand - kneading the balls of his favourite cook.

# Bark and Bite

Chapter by [stuardakins](#), [Twice2Ennien](#)

"Ah, Captain", tries Edward, addressing the shape on the floor. It's not as if he's never seen Crozier sprawled like that before - Jopson's incredible, but not superhuman - but it's so much easier approaching command in this manner. He kneels down and ruffles the fur of his staunchest ally.

"Captain," he tries again, "the men grow restless, sir, with how little you appear on deck. Perhaps if you gave a sermon, sir, for Divine Service - "

"Then perhaps they would enjoy it, Edward," says the voice behind him, gruffer than Neptune's, but with drink. Any orders to give me?"

"Sir-" Hardly fair, sir, he wants to say, but he can only ever speak to Neptune. Like dog, like Lieutenant, they must obey.

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Edward shoves his hand in his pocket and digs deep, searching for something he had stashed away for this very moment. His fingers touch the item, and he lights up, excitedly pulling the discarded bone from last night's supper from his tattered pocket. They weren't technically supposed to take the bones from supper, but Edward decided that was one rule he didn't want to obey. Ever. As soon as the great hairy creature catches on to the treat that lay before him, he jumps up, as fast as a great creature like him can, and begins wagging his tail and panting energetically. Edward allows a small smile to slip past his lips, as he holds the bone, still glistening from grease out to the dog. Neptune could almost be said to be grinning as he chomps down on the bone, crunching, chewing and fidgeting in that happy way that only dogs know.

Edward notices Crozier beginning to stir...

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...and worries he's overstepped his duties by giving Neptune the treat, but Crozier's face softens when he sees the happy scene before him.

"Aren't you a good boy?" he says sleepily, and Edward knows he's talking to the dog, but he's also wanted to hear Crozier say those words to him for so long that he chooses to believe he's the good boy.

Yes I am, he says to himself as he cuddles Neptune close to his chest and buries his face in the soft fur. I'm the best boy.



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