

High Enough

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High Enough

by [myleftsock](#)

Summary

Hubert takes Ferdinand to a punk show, but the contact high isn't even close to enough for either of them.

Notes

written to fill [this kinkmeme prompt](#): *i want grunge/emo hubert to take his prep/normie boyfriend ferdinand to a punk show and then hotboxes their garage when they get home. they have a mattress down there for fucking while high and hubert fucks ferdinand really good. they're both sluts when they're high lol.*

- + *lots of moaning and shit*
- ++ *nipple play*
- + *ferdinand is trans, i don't mind cis or trans hubert!*
- + *pretty much everything else goes.*

ferdinand is trans, hubert is cis, and this fic uses the words hole(s), dick, cock, slick, and wet.

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

Ferdinand wasn't sure he was getting into when he agreed to attend a concert with his boyfriend, but he didn't expect to end up in a dim, dingy room barely bigger than his dormitory.

"Where are all the seats?" he wondered aloud.

"Seats?" Hubert frowned down at him. His eye makeup was even heavier than usual, and combined with the poor lighting, he looked like a vampire waiting to strike. Ferdinand flipped his hair to expose his neck, shivering with anticipation when Hubert's eyes lingered there for a moment. But Hubert did not bite. Ferdinand sighed.

"Are we really going to stand for the entire show?"

Hubert didn't respond right away. Gingerly, he took a lock of Ferdinand's hair and twisted it around his fingers. Orange strands fanned across black fingernails, looking rather fitting for the spooky setting, and Hubert smiled an equally eerie smile. "Why didn't you tell me this was your first concert?"

"Because that would be a lie!" Ferdinand sniffed. "My father took me to the symphony every month when I was growing up."

"That's completely different."

"It still counts!" But it was hard to feign indignation when Hubert was still playing with his hair, and he blamed his tingling scalp for his quick surrender. "But no, I have never been to a venue quite like this before."

Hubert bent down to kiss the hair he'd wrapped around his knuckles. "You're going to love it."

In truth, Ferdinand was entirely neutral on the band they were seeing. But Hubert had faithfully sat through an entire season of Ferdinand's water polo matches, so a Death Miasma concert was the least he could do. Besides, it was worth it to see Hubert so excited.

"Do you want a drink?" Hubert murmured into Ferdinand's ear. The club was starting to get crowded (which wasn't hard given the meager square footage) and they had to get very close to talk. Ferdinand didn't mind one bit.

"No thank you." Alcohol might have eased his nerves, but Ferdinand wanted his wits about him tonight. He'd heard of fights breaking out at rowdy shows and he didn't like Hubert's odds against some of the other concertgoers. Hubert could defend himself, of course, but he was no bodybuilder.

More importantly, Ferdinand preferred taking intoxicants in Hubert's company alone. They both tended to get a little handsy.

Hubert just shrugged and moved closer as more and more people filtered in behind them. Ferdinand didn't mind that either. To say this wasn't his scene was an understatement. He

was glad he'd borrowed one of Hubert's t-shirts, even if it was a little tight around his muscles. His usual polo shirt and khakis would have looked totally out of place.

"Is that them?" he asked when someone appeared on stage.

Hubert shook his head, brushing against Ferdinand's hair. "Opening band. They play before the main act."

"Fascinating!" None of the orchestra concerts Ferdinand had been to had featured multiple groups, but he was learning all kinds of new things tonight.

As the musicians picked up their instruments and introduced themselves, a familiar smell hit Ferdinand's nose. Someone next to them was smoking. It didn't smell as good as Hubert's weed, but Ferdinand had grown more tolerant of the smell ever since he and Hubert had started dating. They couldn't get too high off a secondhand hit, or at least he hoped not. The last thing he wanted was to start taking off his clothes (even if it was a little hot in here).

But the longer the opening band played, the less Ferdinand worried about it. He was liking the music more, too. It was dissonant and unpolished and he could see sweat and spit flying off the lead singer, but there was something exhilarating about the rawness of it all. He found himself moving to the music, and luckily for him, Hubert was in the perfect position to grind against.

Bass, drums, and guitar reverberated through the floor and into his chest, and every few minutes, somebody somewhere would light up. Ferdinand breathed it in deeply. He had to work his body faster and harder to keep up with the music, but if the firm grip on his hips and the hardness prodding at his left buttock were any indication, Hubert didn't mind.

Before Ferdinand really realized what was happening, the opening band had finished and people were tearing their instruments down and setting others up.

"Is that your boys?" Ferdinand asked, still rubbing his hips against Hubert.

"Roadies," Hubert explained. Ferdinand was about to ask what a *roadie* was when Hubert added, low and raspy against Ferdinand's ear, "You look so fucking good in my shirt."

"Do I?" Ferdinand flexed his chest, knowing exactly what it did to Hubert. "I feel like I might burst out of it at any second."

"Not if I rip it off you first." Hubert's hands slid from Ferdinand's hips up to his broad chest, where the shirt's design was stretched so wide it cracked. Hubert brushed Ferdinand's nipples through his shirt and he gasped. Perhaps they'd gotten a little higher than he'd realized—Hubert wasn't usually so bold with his affections in public.

Hubert moved to rub him there again and Ferdinand caught his hand. If Hubert kept that up, Ferdinand would have to make it through the rest of the show with a wet, sticky mess in his underwear (and he was already getting dangerously close).

“Later,” he said, half for his own benefit. Later, they could go back to his room or Hubert’s and ravish each other, but right now he would have to be content with the heat of Hubert’s hand on his abdomen and the bulge of Hubert’s cock against his ass.

The rest of the concert went by in a frustrating blur. It wasn’t just the buzz—Ferdinand was horny and he couldn’t do much about it. He didn’t remember this band sounding nearly so sexual in Hubert’s car, but today the beat was dirty and the lyrics filthy, full of innuendos as salacious as Hubert’s tongue as he mouthed the words into Ferdinand’s ear. He wanted more, but all he could do was press his legs together and rock back into Hubert.

It was hard to tell over the noise, but Ferdinand thought he heard Hubert growl his name. He definitely felt it when Hubert bit his ear, a warning that he needed to cool it before Hubert came in his pants. Breath hitching, Ferdinand forced his hips forward. They were both worked up now, and Ferdinand wondered if Hubert was as desperate for the concert to end as he was.

Sadly, he wasn’t, because once Ferdinand resigned himself to holding Hubert’s hand, Hubert resumed singing along. Every time Ferdinand looked back at him, his eyes were closed, like he was really into the music. He was so focused, and he looked just like he did when he was balls deep in Ferdinand.

Ferdinand wanted him *now*, and part of him hated that someone else had his attention.

As if sensing his jealousy, Hubert gripped Ferdinand’s wrist. “Later,” he said, echoing Ferdinand’s earlier sentiment with even more urgency.

Ferdinand liked that edge to his voice. It meant when they got out of here, Hubert was going to absolutely wreck him.

He didn’t know how he made it through the rest of the concert. It took determination, meditation and a little bit of prayer, but when the band finally played their last encore and Ferdinand looked up at Hubert, it was clear there was only one thing on his mind.

Ferdinand couldn’t wait.

The bus ride home was sobering torture. Hubert might have been frisky enough to feel Ferdinand up in the club, but he was flat out ignoring him now.

“I enjoyed the show,” Ferdinand said. His ears were ringing and he was probably talking too loudly but it didn’t matter because Hubert didn’t seem to be listening. Ferdinand kept going anyway. “I can see the appeal of live punk music. Thank you for bringing me. I would love to go to another concert with you sometime.”

Hubert just kept inspecting a rip in the bus seat fabric. Well. No one ignored Ferdinand von Aegir.

“My only complaint is that I wanted *more*,” he sighed. “The whole experience left me a little underwhelmed. Unsatisfied.”

At this, Hubert's fingers twitched. Good.

"But alas, if one wants something done properly, one must take it upon oneself," Ferdinand went on, making it clear he wasn't talking about the music. "It is after all the only way to ensure one's needs are met."

Hubert clenched his hand into a fist. When he spoke, his voice was so low only Ferdinand could hear it. "Are you implying I can't meet your needs?"

Finally, Ferdinand met his eyes, not letting on how much that dark gleam affected him.

"Can you?"

Hubert's eyes narrowed and he leaned in so close that his fringe tickled Ferdinand's face. "The only reason you want more is because I planned it so. I'm not even close to finished with you, and if you come home with me, I guarantee your needs will be more than met."

This was exactly the reaction Ferdinand wanted, but he only cocked an eyebrow in response.

"Or would you rather play with yourself beneath your sheets while Caspar snores in the top bunk?"

Ferdinand had never been so happy to get caught in a bluff.

"Very well," he said, suppressing a shiver. For the rest of the ride, Hubert tormented him with barely there pressure on his thigh, fingers creeping inward without ever crossing a line. It was maddening, and Ferdinand shifted in his seat. He was definitely slick now, and even just his clothes rubbing against his dick was too much. He really didn't want to come without Hubert's hands on him properly.

Hubert did not appease him when they got off the bus, nor when they entered his house. Linhardt didn't look up from his book and Edelgard was probably already asleep, but Dorothea greeted them with a smile and asked how the concert went. Hubert mumbled something like a reply but kept steering Ferdinand toward the garage.

"It was a lot of fun!" Ferdinand replied, just to annoy Hubert. "Always nice to see you, Dorothea, Linhardt!"

When they made it to the garage, Hubert shut the door behind them and to his great dismay, Ferdinand did not find himself pushed up against said door. Hubert didn't even lower Ferdinand to the mattress, instead retrieving his stash from the wooden chest on the other side of the room.

Difficult as it was, patience was a virtue and Ferdinand's was about to be rewarded.

"How about a proper smoke?" Hubert offered, with an emphasis on *proper*.

"Please."

Hubert nodded curtly. "All that contact buzz at the show did was piss me off."

“Really? Because I thought it made you pretty friendly,” said Ferdinand, remembering the way Hubert had teased him.

“No.” Hubert turned to face him with his favorite black bong in hand. It always looked a bit like a menacing dildo to Ferdinand. “That was all you.”

Heat rushed Ferdinand’s core and he could wait no longer. He reached for Hubert’s face and pulled him down for a hungry, open mouthed kiss. Hubert almost dropped his bong. As dark and brooding as he was, he was still easy to fluster. Ferdinand smiled against his lips and threaded a hand into his hair, earning a loud moan.

Too soon, Hubert pulled away, leaving Ferdinand breathless and cold, but he had important things to do. Ferdinand hadn’t been lying about being unsatisfied, and in more ways than one. The weak buzz had left him craving a real high, the kind he could only get with Hubert. He had spent so much time in this tiny garage, getting fucked into the worn mattress, and he would never tire of it.

Watching Hubert prepare the bong felt like watching him do magic. His hands never faltered, wholly devoted to this ritual he performed so often. Each step was meticulous and carefully calculated to craft the perfect high. Ferdinand couldn’t wait for those steady hands to roam his body with the same devotion, and he bit his lip to stifle the anticipation.

Ever the gentleman, Hubert offered him the first hit, and— *ahh*, there it was, a taste of what he’d been craving. It was earthy and rich, like the darkest cocoa. Was Hubert’s supply really better, was it just so good because it was Hubert’s and it came with the promise of a thorough fucking?

Hubert took his turn, and the room began to get hazy as the curls of smoke dispersed. When he immediately went back for a second, Ferdinand knew this one was for him. He licked his lips and drew closer, ready to take everything Hubert had to give. Hubert leaned close, so close Ferdinand could feel the heat from his lips, and puffed a whisp into his waiting mouth. Ferdinand drew it in and closed his eyes, savoring every precious particle. It was like imbibing a piece of the man himself, getting high on not just the drug but his lover’s very essence.

It went straight to his head, and his dick. If he didn’t get his clothes off soon, he was going to perish. He let out a little moan, the whiny kind that drove Hubert wild, and said, “This is good shit.”

Not his most eloquent, but it didn’t matter. Hubert kissed him again, deeply, like he might catch a thirdhand hit off the one he had just given Ferdinand. There was too much space between them, too much fabric, and not enough heat. Ferdinand broke the kiss to take another pull, blowing the smoke out into the room to add to the thick cloud they’d formed.

“I wanted to fuck you the entire show,” Hubert told him as they breathed it in. “Right in front of everyone.”

“What stopped you?” Ferdinand toyed with the hem of his shirt, not missing the way Hubert’s eyes locked onto his skin.

Smoke swirled around Hubert as he finished the bowl. He didn't answer right away, letting the effects wash over him. A hot pulse rolled through Ferdinand as Hubert stashed his supplies; now his hands would be free for wicked, wonderful things.

"They don't deserve to see the things I do to you." Hubert's voice got just a little deeper when he smoked. Sexier. "Furthermore, you deserve my full attention."

Ferdinand certainly had it now, and he didn't intend to waste it. Nothing stopped their bodies and lips from meeting when he stepped into Hubert's waiting arms. Hubert molded himself to Ferdinand, immediately snaking both hands up the back of his shirt. The relief of skin on skin was intense, and Ferdinand needed more of it. He tugged at Hubert's shirt, breaking the kiss just long enough to get it off and toss his own shirt to the floor.

Heat surged through his body once they were chest to chest. He'd been waiting for this all night. Moaning into Hubert's mouth, he tried to touch as much of Hubert's back as he could, but the satisfaction was short lived. He needed Hubert's pants off *now*, and given the desperate way Hubert was rolling his hips against Ferdinand's, it was mutual.

Hubert was faster. Deft fingers undid Ferdinand's belt and threw it to the ground. Hubert slid Ferdinand's jeans and underwear down his hips and he felt it inside and out, getting hotter even as more of his skin was exposed.

When Ferdinand stepped out of his pants, Hubert took advantage of his position to press a hand between his legs. Ferdinand gasped in pleasure. He was so slick and so hard, and just a brush against his dick sent him reeling.

Hubert had far too much clothing on. Determined to fix it, Ferdinand tugged on his jeans. They were always on the edge of falling off his perfect little ass anyway, and Ferdinand caressed both of his cheeks as he pushed Hubert's underwear down. Hubert moaned when his cock sprung free. Immediately, he sought to rub it against Ferdinand's.

"Just like that," Ferdinand gasped. Hubert's cock felt hot enough to burn him, sparking fires inside Ferdinand every time it brushed his own. Hubert kicked his pants aside and pulled Ferdinand closer. They could easily get off like this, just rutting against each other, but Ferdinand needed Hubert inside him.

Maybe it had something to do with the smoke that still seemed to hover in the air, but Ferdinand felt like Hubert could read his mind. He pushed Ferdinand toward the mattress and murmured, "Lie down."

Ferdinand obeyed. The soft sheets welcomed him like always, cradling him like they too were an extension of Hubert. He felt ethereal on that mattress with his hair fanned around him—a being of divine pleasure. Hubert certainly seemed to find him so. He regarded Ferdinand reverently, kneeling between his legs as if to worship.

Hubert pressed his forehead to Ferdinand's and whispered, "You are incredible."

Ferdinand stole another kiss. "You are."

Flushed and enamored, Hubert kept his lips on Ferdinand, trailing down his neck to his chest. Ferdinand writhed eagerly beneath him. Finally, Hubert was going to give him what he'd wanted so badly in the club. Hubert hovered there, waiting, and just his breath was enough to make Ferdinand's nipples go stiff.

"Please, Hubert." Ferdinand brought his hands to his chest, framing his muscles to make them look more enticing, that Hubert might finally—"Ahh!"

Without warning, Hubert pressed his lips to one of Ferdinand's nipples and sucked. It was ecstasy. Hubert was so good with his mouth, licking the tip while taking it deeper. Clairvoyant again, he grabbed Ferdinand's wrist to keep him from touching his other nipple, then switched to sucking that one, swirling his tongue around it. Ferdinand couldn't stop words from coming out of his mouth, things like *yes* and *more* and *harder*. Hubert followed devoutly, kissing Ferdinand's sternum and releasing his arm to lavish attention on both nipples at once. He rubbed them in tandem now, fingers slipping over wet skin, making Ferdinand cry out and grind his hips into the bed. Idly, he wondered how much more it would take to make him come, but as much as he loved it, it still wasn't enough. He felt incomplete. Empty.

"Hubert, I need—" He looked down and almost swore at the sight of Hubert's hands on him.

Hubert met his gaze innocently, as if he wasn't presently twisting Ferdinand's nipples. "You're ready?"

Ferdinand could only nod, willing himself not to explode. With one last kiss to his chest, Hubert rose to his knees again. His cock looked painfully hard, and for a wild second Ferdinand wanted to beg him to fuck him raw. Better judgment won out, and he didn't stop Hubert from retrieving a condom from the box next to the mattress. Ferdinand rushed to take it from his hands.

"Allow me," he said before setting the condom aside and sucking a mark into Hubert's neck. He hadn't touched Hubert's cock nearly enough today. Ferdinand worked his way down Hubert's body, kissing his collarbone, his chest, his nipples. Even with Hubert's appreciative moans, Ferdinand was too impatient to linger there. He pressed on to Hubert's angular hips to where his swollen cock waited, with precome glistening at the tip. Ferdinand licked it off, drawing a sharp breath from Hubert. Again, Ferdinand licked him, this time sweeping his tongue around the head, and Hubert gasped above him.

Ferdinand didn't let him catch his breath. He took half of Hubert's dick in his mouth at once, sucking hard and relishing the feel of him. It was so good, almost as good as being filled, and he rocked deeper and deeper until Hubert grabbed a fistful of his hair.

"Ferdinand."

Ferdinand loved to hear his name like that—so firm, so demanding. That sternness was a front. It meant that Hubert was close and he didn't want to come in Ferdinand's mouth. Ferdinand didn't want that either. He slid off with a wet pop and found the condom again, tearing it open and hurriedly checking for the right side. He didn't have the patience or the

brainpower to be seductive as he rolled it on, and as soon as he was done he flipped onto all fours, presenting himself for Hubert.

Hubert let out a moan, so harsh that Ferdinand felt the air pass over his wet hole. He needed Hubert inside him now and told him so, but when Hubert came to him, it wasn't his cock that made first contact.

Hubert licked him, tongue hot and flat over his front hole. His nose brushed the back one, and Ferdinand almost collapsed on the bed. Hubert had never eaten him out in this position before, and that alone had Ferdinand close to the edge. Messily, Hubert lapped at him from behind, occasionally sweeping Ferdinand's dick with his tongue, never long enough to make him come but enough to leave his legs shaking.

"Hubert, *please*," Ferdinand begged again. He arched his back to lift his ass higher in the air. With one more deep, sticky kiss, Hubert pulled away, only leaving Ferdinand wanting for a second before pressing the hot head of his cock to Ferdinand's slick front hole. He clapped Hubert's ass, not quite a spank but mercifully close, then pushed in.

Ferdinand and Hubert called for each other in unison. They were both so ready, so desperate that Hubert bottomed out with no effort at all. Ferdinand was made for this, for Hubert, and they took a moment just to bask in the new high. Love soaked into Ferdinand's every pore, centered on the focal points of Hubert's fingers on his skin and dick inside him. No one else could make him feel like this: treasured, virile, and so very desirable. Hubert was right. This moment was meant for them and them alone.

Bodies and minds united, they began to move. Hubert made a vulgar sound as he pulled out, then another as Ferdinand pushed back on him. He dug into Ferdinand's hips as he thrust, rougher, reaching even deeper. Ferdinand felt everything: every inch of Hubert, the way his own body stretched, the sheets beneath his hands and knees, and the faint traces of smoke in the air. Everything was louder too, especially the wet noises that mingled with their cries.

With a tilt of his hips, Hubert hit a spot that sounded like a thundering bass line in Ferdinand's mind. He sank further into the mattress, relaxing even as his pleasure built. Stamina was never an issue for him—he was an athlete after all—but Hubert could go forever when he was high. Ferdinand hungered for it, throwing his hips back just to pull more moans from Hubert.

"Let me," Hubert ground out, "*see* you."

Ferdinand whipped his head around in obedience, hair swinging wildly. It made the angle even better, and he gasped in rapture.

"More," urged Hubert, pushing his hair out of his face and pulling a handful of it, just the way Ferdinand liked. His tingling scalp brought him even closer to the edge, but then Hubert was gone and he was empty.

Before he could protest, he found himself on his back. Hubert flipped him over and now he was thrusting in again. What this position lost in reach, it more than made up for in intimacy,

and Ferdinand's eyes went wide as Hubert leaned in close. His eyeliner was smudged in the prettiest way and he had a dark glow to him, like a black halo dotted with red pinprick stars.

"I can't get enough of you." Hubert whispered it like a prayer.

"Take more."

Hubert did, filling Ferdinand's mouth, too. Fingernails traced gentle tracks on his scalp, slow and easy like the steady beat they had settled into. Ferdinand didn't want it fast anymore, he just wanted to feel Hubert inside him, around him, in his very soul. He arched his back to bring them closer and wrapped one arm around the back of Hubert's head to make them one. For eons they stayed like that, thrusting languidly, just kissing and touching each other. Time meant nothing until their eyes met and a strange urgency bubbled inside of Ferdinand, reflected back at him in Hubert's face.

Hubert reached for one of Ferdinand's legs, pushing it back until it was close to his face. It was transcendent; in this position, Hubert could bury himself deep in Ferdinand *and* kiss him, though all they could manage now was to bring their open mouths together. Broken sounds spilled out of the both of them, forming whole words that would never make sense to anyone else. Ferdinand coiled his leg behind Hubert's neck, bringing him closer still. He didn't care if he ever came again, just so long as he could keep Hubert wholly consumed, his and only his.

Naturally, Hubert gave him everything. He reached between them to stroke Ferdinand's dick and it was the last physical push his body needed to join him in spiritual euphoria.

Ferdinand came like he was waking up. Slow and easy, the world came into focus around him, clearer with every beat as he clenched around Hubert. He rolled his head back to expose his neck, and Hubert buried his face there as he too found the rhythm of release. Ferdinand had no idea how long they clung to each other through the endless denouement. It was only after the last wave rolled through them that he realized how sweaty they'd gotten. How Hubert's hair had tangled with his. How Hubert's lips trembled against his neck. He delighted in every new discovery, and in the familiar knowledge that as long as he lived, he would never tire of Hubert von Vestra.

If he hadn't been so high, Ferdinand might have felt more urgency to shower, but right now, all he needed was to hold Hubert in his arms.

When Hubert finally slipped out of him, his cock had gone soft. He was gazing at Ferdinand like he glowed in the dark—and maybe he did. Ferdinand giggled at the thought. Maybe he had a halo of his own.

The beginnings of hunger prickled at his stomach and that made him laugh, too. He may have graduated finishing school, but he wasn't above the munchies.

Hubert regarded him curiously.

"Hungry," Ferdinand explained.

“Ah,” Hubert chuckled. “It was, as you said, *good shit*. ”

“No.” Ferdinand reached up to tuck Hubert’s fringe behind his ear. “That was all you.”

Hubert smiled—a real smile, not a smirk or a grimace—and kissed him one more time. “Let me fetch you something to eat.”

Cozy, fucked out, and well tended to, Ferdinand rolled onto his side to watch. Life didn’t get any better than this.

End Notes

optional tag: hubert's resin stained hands

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