

## Smutty Tumblr drabbles!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/5729020) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/5729020>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Parks and Recreation</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Leslie Knope/Ben Wyatt</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Leslie Knope</a> , <a href="#">Ben Wyatt</a> , <a href="#">Ann Perkins</a> , <a href="#">April Ludgate</a> , <a href="#">Andy Dwyer</a> , <a href="#">Chris Traeger</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Christmas Smut</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Elf</a> , <a href="#">Butt Plugs</a> , <a href="#">Roleplay</a> , <a href="#">Sex Toys</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Easter</a> , <a href="#">Cuddlefuck</a> , <a href="#">Birthday Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Birthday</a> , <a href="#">Squirting</a> , <a href="#">Cunnilingus</a> , <a href="#">Face-Sitting</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">Doggy Style</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Chair Sex</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm</a> , <a href="#">Fucking</a> , <a href="#">Walking In On Someone</a> , <a href="#">Clothing</a> , <a href="#">Gloves</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-01-15 Updated: 2017-10-13 Words: 21,028 Chapters: 19/?

# **Smutty Tumblr drabbles!**

by [Nutrium Addict](#)

Summary

Let's just make a place to post these...because there will probably be a lot.

# A Very Festive Occurrence

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: ELF Leslie's first blowjob! Related to [Leslie the Elf](#)

He doesn't know why he's surprised. Of course Leslie is amazing at this too.

She can organize an overnight Winter Festival, she can ice skate, she can cut out intricate paper snowflakes, bake delicious cookies, and good lord, can she suck his dick.

It wasn't even Ben's idea. It's not like he hadn't thought about it, certainly, but then earlier, while they had been lying in bed and snacking on some of her leftover reindeer cookies, she had asked about it.

"That thing you did earlier?"

"Hmmm?" Ben asks, busy poking around in Leslie's bra and yep, she has sugar cookie crumbs down there. He smiles against her skin and kisses to the side of her breast, after moving the silky black material up and out of the way and brushing the cookie pieces to the side.

Normally, he would be concerned about getting crumbs in his bed, but apparently, relaxed holiday Ben is okay with it.

"You know, with your mouth..." she trails off and starts giggling when he tongues a nipple, licking and kissing until it's a hard little peak.

"Last night," she continues. "Before we had sex...with your candy cane."

"Oh, I liked that," Ben comments, smiling against her warm skin.

"I know," she tells him, pulling him up and away from her chest. "Me too. But Ben, what I'm asking is, that thing you did with your tongue...is that something I can do to you?"

"Um," he pulls his head up so he can look at her. Is she asking him if she can give him a blowjob? "You want to—"

"Lick your candy cane? Yes. I do," she's grinning and nodding at him and Ben feels like his head might explode—it's December 21st and he's about to get a hummer from a Christmas elf.

"Okay. Yes. We could do that, I guess..." he trails off and watches as she's already undoing his pants and rolling him onto his back. But then he thinks of something. "Wait. You're not

expecting it to, um, you know it's not going to actually taste like a candy cane, right?"

She stares at him and then starts cackling. "Yes, Ben. I know it's not a real candy cane. Now, let me see your penis again!"

"Alright, alright, hold on," he's laughing right along with her as they both work to pull his pants down.

He's not fully hard when Leslie moves down a bit so she's eye level with it. But, he's getting there.

"What should I—"

"Do what you want," he suggests, happy to receive any attention she wants to give him. "You can lick it or...*oh god.*"

Yep. She's licking him. Licking around the tip and then licking up the length of him and Ben has to close his eyes it all feels so good. And then she takes him in her mouth.

He's a little nervous that Leslie's going to be a bit too enthusiastic, but she goes slow, all wet tongue and soft lips.

Ben gives her a couple of panted out suggestions, but she really is a natural at this, her hand at the base, cupping his balls, and fuck, she even slides her fingers back a bit and touches him somewhere that makes his eyes widen in surprise but feels so damn good that he moans out loud.

When she takes her lips off him briefly, she uses her hand to slide around where he's hot and wet from her mouth, and then she's licking his balls like they were sugar-coated gumdrops and it's all he can do to groan out, "Oh god, Leslie."

Before Ben can even wrap his brain around everything, he's back in her mouth, all deep and wet and sucking and god, he's going to come.

Like right now.

Ben tries to pull her up, say her name in a panic, do something to warn her about what's coming (*him*), but there's no time and before he knows it, he's unloading in her and fuck...he really hadn't meant to do that so unexpectedly, it just felt so good.

"Oh god, I'm sorry. I was going to tell you about—"

"On no! Ben! Did I break it?" She looks up at him, all wide eyes and concerned expression.

He stares at her, then starts laughing. Because, holy crap, that's funny.

"No. No. That's, um, that's supposed to happen. I meant to warn you. You didn't have to swallow if—"

"Oh, it's okay. That's a relief. I thought I did it wrong."

“Nope, no. No, that was...all good. That was completely *coolio beans*,” Ben babbles, still in that hazy, post-orgasm space.

“You’re right, it doesn’t taste like peppermint,” Leslie comments, sounding just a bit disappointed.

“Um. Sorry?”

“No, it’s okay! It’s not a real candy cane, so it’s completely reasonable that it doesn’t taste like one,” she pauses. “I still liked it a lot. Did you like it?”

Ben nods. “I really, really liked it. That was amazing. Perfect.”

“Yay! This sex stuff is pretty fun,” she stops talking as he rolls her over and starts pulling the borrowed pair of pajama pants down. “What are you doing?”

“My turn now,” Ben says, smiling before he buries his face between her thighs.

# King Sexy Butt

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: This might be too dirty but.. Ben's thumb in Leslie's ass during doggy.  
Or even a jewel butt plug?

## Chapter Notes

This is maybe more silly than sexy? Also, well....the tags just got dirty!

“Ben. I think we should maybe talk about it.” She watches as her husband shudders next to her in bed, before he finally answers.

“We absolutely should not. I mean...why? Um, how did...what,” Ben pauses, clearly struggling to form a coherent sentence. “I mean I know the *what* but...why? Why?”

Leslie nods. “Right. Why is definitely a question that we both have about this...situation.”

Honestly, she also had *what* as an initial thought too, but Ben had done a double-take after she had opened the box and asked incredulously, *is that a butt plug?*

Then both had silently stared at it, very bewildered and confused by the inappropriateness of the gift. And not only that, but until they could bring it home that night, Ben had a box in his office with a butt plug in it.

Leslie had seen one before of course, but not one like this. It was stainless steel or some kind of metal and had a blue jewel on the end of it.

It was quite fancy, really.

But still, the very obvious question remains—why would Jean-Ralphio give Tom a box to put in Ben’s office that had a jeweled butt plug inside? As a gift for their first wedding anniversary?

“At least it was new and very obviously and securely in its original packaging,” she tells him, as they lie in bed.

“Oh god,” Ben shudders again, but then eventually starts laughing next to her. “He gave us a butt plug. For our anniversary. That is beyond the pale even for Jean-Ralphio.”

“Yes,” Leslie giggles. “Hey, do you think it’s real? Like a sapphire or something?”

Ben snorts. “No.”

“But it’s so weird. He didn’t even get us a wedding present, so why would he get us an anniversary present?”

“That’s the weird part?” Ben asks, rolling closer to tickle her and give her a warm and smiley kiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

It’s a few days later and they’re in bed again when Leslie puts down her biography on Golda Meir, turns to Ben, and states, “It’s a very fancy butt plug. Like for royalty or something. You know, if someone wanted to say, roleplay some sort of a king and peasant situation and—”

Ben gives her an amused look. “And I’m the king in this scenario, right?”

“Well, you do have an iron throne now,” she teases. “And a fancy new jeweled butt plug.”

He laughs but shakes his head. “No.”

“No because you don’t want to do that or no because it came from Jean-Ralphio?”

Ben considers this. “The Jean-Ralphio part mostly. Wait. Just to be clear, you mean, um, I’d be wearing the jewel, right?”

Leslie giggles and nods, moving closer to snuggle into him. “Yep. It’d be your special, royal crown. *Mmmmmm...King Sexy Butt.*”

“You are such a goofball.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Whoa,” Ben says, about a week later.

Leslie moves back to fully appreciate her handiwork.

“Are you doing okay, babe? I mean...your royal highness?”

“Yes,” Ben says, but then quickly adopts a bored sounding British accent and gets into character. “Come here peasant. You amuse me.”

She crawls over, naked and on all fours, to where Ben is kneeling on the bed. But first she sneaks a peak at the plug again. *Fuck*. It’s really cute-looking right there between his perfect, flat butt cheeks and it was definitely fun putting it in there. Before using the lube, she’d even warmed it up in her hands first so it wouldn’t be too cold.

“Your highness? What would you like me to do?”

“Surprise me,” Ben instructs, still with his royal accent and even though it’s probably not much of a surprise when she takes him in her mouth, he seems very pleased just the same.

Eventually she ends up on down her elbows and knees, Ben pushing into her from behind with a growl. He leans down and says, “I think we should get another one for you so I can make you my queen.”

“Mmmmmmm. Maybe with a ruby?”

“As you wish,” he answers, slowing his thrusts down a bit and teasingly rocking his hips into her. It feels so good and then it’s a little unexpected when Ben starts also touching *her* there, gently pushing a lubed up finger inside.

“Since I’m the king and you’re one of my subjects, I assumed it was okay for me to do this, but if not, just—”

“It’s oh-ohhhkay,” she gets out and Leslie doesn’t even have to be facing him to know that he’s probably grinning now. Pounding into her again and playing with her asshole, and smirking...exactly what she’d expect from King Sexy Butt.

Leslie can hear him opening the lube again and then his slick thumb (at least it feels like his thumb) is right there instead, the rest of his fingers splayed now out on her ass cheek as he pumps into her.

“Ohhhhhh, your highness...”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Oh hey, my boy Jean-Ralphio wanted me to ask you for that box back.”

Ben and Leslie both look up from her desk and stare at Tom.

“Um—”

“What now?” Leslie finally asks, her eyes wide with surprise.

They still thought it was very strange, of course, but at this point, Ben and Leslie had kind of claimed the butt plug as their own. She’d even ordered another one online with a red jewel on it. So she could be Queen Sexy Butt...they had a royal wedding planned out and everything.

In fact, when she wasn’t working, Leslie was busy finalizing the roleplay script.

“Yeah, there was some box mix-up and you were supposed to get a salad spinner but he gave you the wrong gift last week. I don’t know all the *tails*, I’m just passing it on,” Tom delivers the message and then walks out of Leslie’s office.

“Jean-Ralphio meant to give us a salad spinner as an anniversary present?” Leslie asks eventually.

“Alright,” Ben nods, making a face. “To be honest, that fact is actually just as disturbing.”





# **No-rush, affectionate, lazy Easter fucking**

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: Ben's had a long, exhausting day. Leslie finds him taking a nap in their bed, and she decides that now is the best time to jump her tired husband's bones.

Leslie leans down and gives Wesley a kiss on the forehead, her last little exhausted triplet to re-tuck in before she leaves the kids' bedroom.

At twenty-eight months old, a full morning of Easter egg hunting in the backyard had completely wiped them all out. But the day has been amazing so far, each triplet toddling around with her and Ben beside them, uncovering the easily hidden eggs in the grass, giggling and shouting with glee each time a little hand found a brightly colored egg.

She's got a million pictures to make an amazing scrapbook of the holiday so far.

One photo in particular she's already looked at about a dozen times—Ben lying on the ground and the triplets gathered around him, trying to pile all of their found Easter eggs on his chest and stomach. Of course, they're all rolling off and away but everyone is laughing regardless, Sonia in mid-scream of delight. It makes her smile each time she takes out her Gryzzl tablet to swipe through the day's images.

But now, satisfied that nap time is still in progress, Leslie shuts the door halfway and continues down the hallway looking for her husband.

When she gets to their bedroom...there he is.

Ben is on the bed and on top of the pulled up covers, his discarded bunny ears sticking out from under his butt, where it seems he's rolled over on top of them. His hair is all messy and he's snoring lightly, the whiskers she'd drawn on his face at six AM all but smudged completely off.

Leslie has to hold in a laugh at the sight of her adorable and completely exhausted daddy-bunny.

She kicks off her shoes and then quietly tiptoes towards the bed. She slowly crawls up his length so that she's lying beside him and god, he's so cute and sexy and unassuming.

Leslie just wants to jump his sleepy, snoring bones so hard.

A light kiss to his jaw makes Ben twitch a bit and her palm softly rubbing against his tummy makes him moan lightly in his sleep.

Ben turns a little, mumbling, “no Wes. Honey, put the alligator down.”

Leslie can’t really hold in her laughter this time and her amused giggles wake him up.

“Hey,” he says, giving her a sleepy smile.

“Hi there. You took a nap too.”

“I did. Are they still asleep?”

Leslie nods. “Yep. We have three very sleepy baby bunnies down the hall. We can probably let them go for another hour or so.”

“Mmmmmmm. Perfect. I need about another hour too.”

“Or...” she trails off, giving him a sexy grin.

Ben laughs. “But, babe...you woke me up at five to hide the eggs.”

“But, Mr. Bunny, all of our baby bunnies are asleep.”

“Well, Mr. Bunny kind of wants to sleep too, Ms. Bunny,” Ben answers good-naturedly, managing a smile but still looking pretty exhausted. “But, your bunny ears still look super adorable,” he adds, reaching a hand out to finger one of the plush pink bunny ears.

Yep. She knows he likes the ears. They don’t just make an appearance on Easter.

Leslie unbuttons his pants and doesn’t break eye contact as she undoes the zipper.

“Oh, well. Ms. Bunny,” Ben says and then he adds something about her *not messing around and going straight for his carrot* as she smiles against his skin.

When she leans in to kiss the top of his thigh, Leslie is rewarded with a soft groan from above. And after she moves to the center and kisses the soft tip she finds there, Ben’s hand slides through her hair.

He’s not hard when she wraps her lips around him, but it doesn’t take long.

Her hand is around the base when she slows down and starts kissing around his warm belly instead. She reaches under him to tug his ears free and then kisses a path up, over his shirt and to his neck, before she sits up and adjust his ears back up on his head.

“Really?” Ben asks, making a face like he’s trying not to laugh.

Leslie just nods, even as he starts unbuttoning her pants.

It’s not long before they’re full-on making out, clumsily sliding the rest of their clothes off. When he tugs her underwear all the way down, he comments about the lack of a bunny tail.

“Well,” Leslie reasons, “I’m not sure we can get that fancy, they are just down the hall. Maybe next week when they stay with my mom one night.”

She's pretty sure the butt plug that she had hot glue gunned the fluffy pom-pom tail to is somewhere in the bedside table.

Ben smiles. "Yeah. Yeah, let's do that."

But now it's just this—Ben tugging her against him, guiding her leg up over his hip as he uses his fingers to slide into her, play with her opening, and spread the wetness around.

At first, she'd thought of riding him, and it's probably not impossible for a triplet to get up and out of the crib on their own and wander down the hallway to accidentally see some from-behind action, so maybe this sleepy, cuddly sex Ben seems to have in mind is for the best.

He starts pushing in slowly, as she wiggles down a bit, taking him in even farther. His hand is on her hip and ass, rubbing and squeezing and it all feels so good.

Besides, facing each other like this they can kiss. And sure, the matching bunny ears might still be a bit hard to explain to a wandering, curious toddler, but at least it's cute. And sometimes, *when a mommy and daddy bunny love each other very much, they just have to bone in the afternoon*. She laughs at that explanation.

"What's so funny," Ben whispers, before kissing her again and thrusting slow and deep.

"I was just thinking of what we'd say if one of the kids walked in."

"Oh god. No. Stop," he says, not even giving her a chance to take it back, just kissing her harder.

It seems to last awhile, this no-rush, affectionate, lazy fucking.

They rub noses. They smile. She moans when his fingertip brushes against her clit, teasing her and then circling with more purpose. She sucks on the skin of his shoulder when she comes and when he does, she kisses the moan from his lips.

Afterwards, both of their bunny ears have slid off and as she lies against him in bed, Leslie decides that this Easter is even more perfect than the year before.

# Taking Turns

## Chapter Summary

It's smutty! Yay! Ben + a butt plug = this :)

## Chapter Notes

Written June 2015.

“Oh god.”

“Are you okay? You can tell me if...” She moves back, while admiring the base of the blue butt plug sticking out of Ben’s ass. And god, it’s so hot.

But she really wants him to like it too.

“Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. It’s good.”

“And it feels—”

“Fuck yeah. This is...” Ben starts to tell her, all low and gruff, but that’s as far as he gets, because then he kind of shudders and moans. When he turns around to look at her, he’s got a huge smile on his face and his dick is more than ready for her. “We can definitely do this again.”

Leslie starts laughing--what he’s told her he thinks of as her inappropriate sex/Joe Biden giggle. “This is so sexy. You let me put something in your butt.”

Ben laughs too. “You did, weirdo. And now I’m going to put something in you.”

“And we’re both going to be...penetrated at the same time,” she adds, and in the moment, it’s almost enough to make her forget that she’s flying back to Pawnee in the morning and Ben is staying here in DC and running a campaign for another four months.

It’s almost enough to make her forget about how much she’ll be missing him soon.

Ben grabs at her hips, turns her around, and pulls her to him so that Leslie’s back is against his front, his cock all hard and straining against the curve of her ass.

“Get on your hands and knees. Right now. So I can fuck you so hard you scream,” he whispers in her ear, before kissing her neck as his palm slides down her belly and he works his fingers between her thighs.

And then it's her turn to moan.

# Happy birthday!

## Chapter Summary

Prompt idea: Ben buys Leslie a butt plug for her birthday to use in him for the first time.

It's probably the most, um...*unique* gift that he's ever bought for someone.

Which, Ben supposes, isn't that surprising considering the recipient of the gift is Leslie Knope and she's probably the most unique and amazing woman he's ever known—she's definitely the most unique and amazing woman that he's ever been in love with.

Stupid, head-over-heels, resign-in-disgrace, grinning-all-the-time, buy-her-a-butt-plug in love.

Right.

It's blue and on the smaller side and he's pretty sure she's going to like it. Hell, he's pretty sure he's going to like it too. He definitely likes it when she teases him with her finger sometimes when they're having sex, so why not this?

And, he also knows that she really, really likes his butt. Leslie likes touching it and kissing it and squeezing it and he's even caught her talking to it before.

One morning, just a couple of days after they had gotten back together, he'd woken up mid-conversation and tried to roll over and ask what she was doing and she'd just giggled and told him to *butt out*...that it was a conversation between her and his butt. And then she had cackled loudly and he'd rolled over anyway, pulled her up, and smothered her with hugs and tickles until she was squirming and gasping against him.

Yeah, Leslie will most likely be super into this present. And it is her birthday, and they're back together, so...

Ben watches as his girlfriend and City Council candidate hugs everyone goodbye at the end of her Snakehole Lounge birthday party. Not surprisingly, Ann gets an extra hug and then Leslie's at his side, putting her arm through his and kissing the side of his face sloppily. Giggily. Adorably.

"Hi!"

He grins at her and takes her hand, pulling her close. "Hi birthday-lady. Are you having fun?"

"Yes," she smiles back at him. "I have the best friends in the whole world. And the best boyfriend in the whole world too."

“Hmmmmmm, you know, you probably do,” Ben teases, leading her out. “Let’s go home. Your place tonight.”

“Oh, are we going to be loud?”

Ben just smiles with a bit of a smirk and squeezes her hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

“There’s another one?” Despite her question, Leslie looks overjoyed at the gift box in her lap.

They’re sitting in her bedroom on the bed, after Ben had taken his jacket off and loosened his tie. Leslie had pulled her pants off before even sitting down on her bed—just getting comfortable, she had said with a smile.

“Yep. One more. This one is special. It’s...well, you should just open it.”

But she doesn’t. She keeps looking at him like he’s done something super cute and for once, he understands how she feels when she’s so, so antsy for him to open a gift.

“Oh! Everything has been special. You got me breakfast in bed and also a necklace. You helped plan the party tonight and you’ve also given me a bunch of orgasms today. Those were all very special.”

Ben laughs and nods. “I did. And I’m glad. But now there’s more.”

She starts to open the box in her lap and then stops to give him a sly glance. “Is this another orgasm?”

“It might be orgasm-related. Just open it.”

“Okay, okay.” She rips the paper off enthusiastically and opens the box’s lid and...her mouth forms a little *O*.

Leslie’s eyes widen. “Is this a—”

“Yes,” Ben answers quickly, sitting down next to her. “I thought—”

“For the...” she interrupts and then resorts to making a circle with her finger, “back end?”

“Yes.”

“Oh. Well...huh. That might be fun. Yeah. We can definitely try that.”

That’s not quite the reaction he was expecting. “Wait. What do you think this is for?”

Leslie blinks at him. “For my butt?”

Ben makes a face and yeah, okay. That definitely would be fun.



He's only used a finger in her there before too but he's definitely game for more if she is. But, no, this is her birthday and now that he's gotten used to the idea...he's really pretty into it. He can only imagine how good it will feel when that's inside him and he's also fucking her.

"Um, well. Not exactly. I was thinking...I mean, I know you like my butt a lot, and that one night you mentioned wishing you had something you could put in me, so, I thought, um, if you wanted to, you could, you know...and..." Ben trails off.

Of course, his first response when she had post-sex babbled that wish months ago (back before the breakup) had been, *I'm sorry, what now?* But the more he's thought about it, the more it's seemed intriguing.

And here they are.

"Ohhhhhh! Oh, yes. Oh, wow. I accept your offer."

Ben snorts. "Alright. Good. Happy birthday."

Leslie looks like she's going to cry.

"Are you okay?"

She nods and moves closer to kiss him. "I'm wonderful. You're wonderful. The best. This birthday is just awesome. I love you."

"I love you too."

She's so cute and sexy that Ben just has to bridge the remaining distance between them and make out with her right on her birthday-face.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's a little weird, but he's definitely into it.

Even if he's naked and on his hands and his knees and his also-naked girlfriend is slowly sliding a lubed up butt plug into him. He'd had to assure her repeatedly that it was okay at first and that he liked it and now she's just going for it. Albeit still slowly—which he appreciates.

But then she hits that spot and...Ben moans.

"Oh god."

"Yeah?" She stops what she's doing and crawls around to the front for a kiss. "Good?"

Her lips are on his and he almost loses it when their tongues meet.

"Fuck." Ben moves experimentally by getting up off his hands and good lord, that is something. "Alright. Disclaimer: I don't think I'm going to be able to last that long when I

finally get inside you.”

She grins at him. “That’s okay.”

He growls. “No, it’s not. Lie down. I want to go down on you first. Wait. Is it all in?”

She groans at his words while she nods, but doesn’t follow his instructions so Ben moves even closer, grabs onto her wrist with one hand and slaps her lightly on the ass with the other hand.

“Are we going to have to do the whole birthday spanking thing, babe? Lie down.”

“Well, okay,” she says but then just giggles.

He smacks her lightly again, which earns him another heated kiss with her body pushed up against his. Ben sucks briefly on her bottom lip and teasingly slaps her butt one more time, while whispering “thirty-five” against her lips, smiling as he feels Leslie grin in response.

He doesn’t actually think either of them has the patience right now to make a countdown all the way down to zero, but there’s always tomorrow. In the meantime, his fingers are rubbing her ass and down the back of her thigh, making her squirm.

Leslie eventually gets settled on her back and Ben wastes no time in tasting her, spreading her open, and diving in with his tongue. She wiggles and he has to hold her still, her legs eventually ending up over his shoulders as he laps at her with his tongue and pushes a couple of fingers inside her warmth.

Moments later, she’s still shuddering from her orgasm when Ben readjusts up on his knees and pushes inside slowly and deeply.

Yeah, this feels fucking fantastic. He tells her that and then starts to pound into her. Leslie’s legs end up straightened out and up in the air, her ass cheeks practically against his thighs as he thrusts.

And then everything tightens and he explodes.

His orgasm seems to last forever and he keeps pumping and sliding his finger over her still swollen clit and then she’s right there, clenching around him making it all even more intense.

“Holy crap.”

Ben’s not even sure which one of them said that.

“Wow.”

“Yeah.”

“That was really...” Leslie starts, “you were really...babe, you are *so* good at this.”

“Um, thank you.” He’s smiling as he lies down next to her. Even as Ben wonders how to best get the plug out smoothly, while still having a conversation and engaging in some post-sex cuddling with his girlfriend.

“Do you want me to take it out?” She gestures behind him and that’s a solution to his current situation.

“Oh, yeah. Thanks.”

She kisses him briefly and then Leslie moves behind him, but before she does anything else, she gets down and up close and brushes her lips against one of his butt cheeks, giving him a little kiss there as well.

“And thank you for an amazing birthday too.”

Thankfully, his butt doesn't respond.

## Just a Normal Saturday Morning

“Oh my god.” Leslie gasps out and it should be a good *oh my god* (a *great* oh my god, even) after that amazing orgasm she’d just had, but it’s not.

It’s an *oh my god*, oh my god.

Oh my god.

“I didn’t pee!” She blurts out next.

Crap. He knows that right? Ben must know that she wouldn’t pee on him because, no judgments, but that’s a little gross. And if she did, she certainly wouldn’t do it on his face, because that just seems rude.

His messy bed head comes into view as he nuzzles against her stomach where her t-shirt is all bunched up and his sleepy dark eyes focus on her. Sleepy but growing wider and more surprised by the moment.

“Did you—”

“I didn’t pee,” she repeats, shaking her head vigorously as he continues to make his way up her body.

When he gets up close to her face, he shares her pillow with her. “No. No, I know you didn’t. But did you, um...did you just *squirt*?”

Did she? She’s never done that before. But it was a really long, intense orgasm from Ben’s tongue and mouth and fingers and maybe that’s a thing she can do now?

Maybe it *is* good when it lasts a long time.

Should she call Ann and ask?

“Babe?” She’s sure Ben is grinning at her, even though his lips are up close to her ear. “Did I just make you squirt?”

Ugh, she’s blushing. She’s blushing and he’s full on grin-smirking probably (*griking?* *smrinning?*) and all Leslie can do is nod her head tentatively as she turns on her side and faces him all the way, so that their noses are inches apart and yep, he’s *smrinning*.

“Have you ever done that before?”

“No.”

Ben’s grin gets even wider and his palm moves to cup her hip, his fingers rubbing against her skin.

“Stop.”

“What?” He’s amused, but lifts his hand away. He just looks so incredibly proud of himself and turned on and his penis is practically joining the conversation it’s so hard.

“You’re gloating,” she says, unable to hide her own smile before reaching out and guiding his hand back to her uncovered skin.

“Well, yeah,” Ben says, making a face. The silly, incredulous face she’s seen him make at work plenty of times. “Of course I’m gloating. I just made you—”

She shuts him up by kissing him and pushing even closer. She can definitely taste herself in his mouth and that makes her moan.

They’re so close that they’re mashed right up together in the middle of her bed, the morning light just starting to come in through the curtains. It still feels all new to wake up next to Ben and she’s glad that aside from a little initial surprise and embarrassment, this situation doesn’t seem all that awkward anymore.

She squirted on someone’s face and apparently it’s just a normal Saturday morning.

“Leslie, that was really sexy,” he whispers reassuringly against her lips. Then he does this nibbley thing on her lower lip and her stomach flutters again.

It was pretty sexy. Her boyfriend made her squirt.

Her boss went down on her and made her squirt.

*Fuck.*

“That was very, very sexy,” she agrees, smiling into a new kiss.

Her hand is down now and palming his dick, where he’s straining against her, right near the crease of her thigh. She’s so unbelievably wet and he’s all ready and it’s an easy shift to sit up and quickly sink down on him when Ben turns over on his back and tugs on her hips.

They fit together perfectly even if they are breaking the rules.

# Just Come Here

## Chapter Summary

Bookworm03 prompted: Face sitting, and also maybe Leslie has never tried it this way before.

“What?” She asked and then paused and studied Ben’s inquisitive face before answering his question.

Leslie wasn’t exactly shy about it, but the last time she had asked someone about this, he didn’t seem that into it.

Dave was uncomfortable with the idea of Leslie sitting on his face. Which had seemed a little silly, because he was so much bigger than she was and it’s not like she would have squashed him or anything but, he was just not that into it.

And of course she didn’t want to push it, because Dave was fine going down on her while she was lying on her back. So, it wasn’t really a big deal.

But...maybe Ben would be receptive? He seemed to really like doing that anyway. Plus, he’d just asked.

“Babe?”

“Sorry. What was the question again?” Leslie definitely remembered what his question was.

Ben grinned at her and snuggled a bit closer in the bed. “Is there anything that you want to try? That maybe you haven’t before? That we could do? I mean, in bed.”

He pushed his toes against her leg for emphasis. “Hmmm? Some kinky thing you’ve never told anyone about?”

“Well. Maybe you could...go down on me.”

Ben looked confused. “Ohhhkay. Um, haven’t I been—”

“Sorry, No. I mean, yes. You have. Of course you have, and it’s been excellent the last couple of weeks that we’ve been doing this. What I mean is, um, maybe *go up* on me?”

Ben blinks. “What?”

“I could be on top while you did that.”

His confused face gave way to a huge grin. “Oh. You mean,” Ben moved even closer to her and whispered, “You wanna sit on my face, Ms. Knope?”

Leslie giggled. She couldn’t help it. He was all close up to her and his late night scruff was nuzzling into her just a bit and his breath next to her ear tickled and it made her shiver as well.

She nodded slowly.

“You want me to spread you open and lick you. While you’re over my mouth?”

*Fuck.* She closed her eyes and moaned. Then she nodded because oh my god, that’s exactly what she wanted.

“Okay. Let’s do it.”

“What?” She pulled back to look at him, surprised. “Now?”

“Yeah.”

She watched as Ben got up on his knees and moved down towards the middle of the bed. “Come here.”

Leslie came there.

When she got near, he tugged her closer for a kiss. His hands played with the hem of her t-shirt, before lifting it over her head. He whispered something about wanting her “completely naked” for this and all Leslie could do was groan in anticipation.

Her sleep shorts were next and Ben took his time tugging those down her hips and thighs. She smiled against his lips the next time he pulled her close for a kiss. Then she watched as Ben, still clad in his plaid pajama pants and a t-shirt, laid down in the middle of her bed.

“So, I should just...”

“You should just come here,” he said smiling and reaching for her hand. He tugged her closer. “Straddle me and move up.”

So Leslie straddled him and moved up slowly on her knees. Past his chest and up to his narrow shoulders, when he put his hand on her hips and slid them in back and down her thighs.

“Keep going, babe.”

So she did and then she was straddling his face.

“Is this okay? Can you breathe?”

He didn’t answer.

“Oh my god, Ben, can you breathe?”

“Yeah, yes, I’m fine. Relax, this is great,” his voice was a little muffled but he sounded alright.

His hand was still on the backs of her thighs and he ran his warm fingers along her bare skin.

Leslie relaxed. And then she realized that she was fully over Ben’s mouth because he placed a little kiss on the inside of her thigh. Then he moved to the center and licked.

“Oh god.”

He licked and pushed his tongue inside her and clutched at her hips. In this position, Leslie found that she could still hold onto his hair, so she did. She swept her fingers through his thick locks and then grabbed on for balance as he swirled his tongue around her clit.

It felt so good that she soon fell forward, ending up on her hands and knees as Ben fucked her with his mouth. He devoured her and just the feeling of being spread open and on top of him was almost enough to send her over the edge.

But then the hand that wasn’t running along her hip and ass got busy as well.

His fingers slid inside and she couldn’t help but push down a little (while still being careful not to suffocate him—because honestly, Leslie was still a little concerned about that), before she came.

She came super hard all over his face.

It was the kind of orgasm that left her panting and feeling boneless.

“Oh my god.”

He placed some light kisses along her wet slit before his hands were back at her hips, guiding her off. She was barely clear of his head before Leslie just had to move down and attack his wonderful, wet mouth with her her own.

“I take it you liked that?” Ben asked, his lips against hers.

Leslie nodded.

And then she showed him just how much she had liked it.



## Daddy Want Pants

The scenario still feels a little weird, even outside of their typical role play, but Leslie decides that since it was her idea to try it, she might as well just go with it.

Besides, the bubble bath does feel nice, the vanilla-scented suds surrounding her as she lays back, and she can almost feel herself start to not focus on *it*.

“How’s it going in here?”

When she opens her eyes, Ben is standing in the doorway, fully dressed and looking at her with a small smile on his face.

“I’m relaxing.”

“Well, good,” he keeps grinning at her, before adding, “But now it’s bed time.”

“But...*daddy*,” Leslie has to remind herself to say the last word. And when she does, it’s a strange mix of both arousal and feeling silly that kind of turns her on even more. Fuck.

“It’s bed time,” he repeats in a way that makes her think he means business—*sexy business*. After muttering that phrase in her head, she’s unable to hold in a quiet laugh.

“What’s so funny?” He asks, before adding a “young lady,” onto the end, but then Ben kind of makes a face like it feels really strange leaving his mouth.

He looks cute and flustered and she’s just so glad that she’s married to him.

“Nothing,” Leslie answers, still smiling and allowing Ben to help her up and out of the tub. She stands there naked and wet and dripping while he grabs a big towel and finally wraps her up in it.

Ben leads her into the bedroom, where he’s laid out some pajamas for her and Leslie thinks he might be just a touch confused on where this is supposed to go.

“No pajamas tonight,” she says, trying to lead him back on track.

Ben raises an eyebrow. “Well, then what do you think you’re going to sleep in?”

“I wanna be naked,” Leslie tells him. “Daddy.”

Ben kind of groans when she drops her towel and yeah, this is maybe working for him just a little bit, because the front of his pants looks pretty tight.

“Don’t you want to be naked with me?” She asks, walking closer.

“Um, I’m not sure that’s appropriate.”

Leslie rolls her eyes. "Babe."

"Sorry. Sorry," Ben says, closing the distance and reaching out to pull her close. "You want daddy to get naked too, baby doll?"

Leslie nods.

The word *daddy* still feels a little strange in this context but it's also a bit of a turn-on to call him that right now, to pretend that he's here to take care of her and take charge and make her feel good, and that she doesn't have to worry about anything when he's around.

Of course, Ben always makes her feel good, but right now, while they're playing at this, it also feels all kinky and dirty and, to her mild surprise, it's making her very wet.

It doesn't take Ben long to notice that little detail either, once he starts fingering her right where she's standing. He's still got all of his clothes on but he drops to his knees in front of her, his hand back between her thighs in an instant.

"Jesus, Leslie, you're soaked."

"Oh, that's just bathwater, daddy," she teases, but then his lips are between her thighs and seconds later, he's tasting her.

"Well...I don't think that's accurate," he manages to get out between licks.

Leslie moans as he backs her up to the bed.

"Daddy's going to lick your cunt until you scream. And then Daddy's going to turn you over on your cute little tummy and fuck the hell out of you."

Holy crap. She sometimes forgets how awesome her sweet, dorky husband is at the super dirty role play once he fully gets into character.

True to his word, she ends up on her back on the bed, her legs spread wide for him. After she comes from his lips and mouth, she offers to do him, but Ben insists that this *is about her tonight* and flips her over effortlessly.

His hands are at her hips, tugging her up on her hands and knees and Leslie has to moan into their pillows in anticipation while she listens to him unzip his pants.

Ben pushes into her fast and deep, and then stays still for a moment, letting her get used to being filled so completely.

When she whispers "*please*," Leslie doesn't bother with the daddy anymore, he's just Ben now. Amazing, strong, wonderful Ben who is currently fucking the hell out of her.

His fingers are digging into her hips, her ass, and then his arm is curled around her, and his fingers are playing with her clit and making her fall apart, before he comes too, gripping her curves as she pushes back greedily.

It's afterwards when they're lying there that the tears start.

Leslie cries at practically anything, but she hasn't been able to cry about this yet. But now, she lets go and buries her head in his chest, finally getting all the tears out.

"Oh, honey. It's okay."

"I don't want her to leave."

Ben strokes her hair reassuringly. "I know."

"I can't make her stay in Pawnee. Why can't I make her stay in Pawnee, Ben? I don't like this. I refuse to accept this."

"Ann and Chris need to do what's best for them and the baby. And right now, they feel like that's moving to Michigan. You kind of have to accept it. You don't have a choice."

"I know," she says finally with a sigh. Denial is probably not a great strategy for this situation. "But Michigan is stupid. Pawnee is a much better place to live," Leslie gets out between new sobs. She knows she's being selfish and obtuse, but she can't help it.

Besides, she knows she can say all of this to Ben and be ridiculous and Leslie knows that he'll still love her.

"I understand," he's stroking her hair now. "Really, I do. But they want to be close to—"

"Ann's mom. That makes sense. It just hurts and I don't want it to happen."

"I know," he repeats softly, before kissing the top of her head. "I'm sorry. But I promise, it'll be okay."

She cries a little more while he holds her and when it feels like Leslie has gotten most of it out, she's finally able to stop. She doesn't feel empty, but she feels wrung out and more calm.

Plus, no matter what, Ben always makes her feel so safe and loved—that is one thing he definitely does have in common with her dad and her memories of him.

She sits up a little to look at him. "You're going to make a good father one day."

Ben stares at her. "Ugh, okay, thank you, but maybe now's not the time to—"

Leslie giggles, wiping at her eyes. Oh right. She's naked and Ben is mostly naked now and he was just pounding her from behind.

"Gross. Sorry, that was a weird thing to say after what we just did. And *how* we did it."

"Yeah," he agrees, but he mainly looks amused now. "Please wait until I have pants on all the way to maybe to bring up fatherhood and our future children."

"Oh...does Daddy want to put on pants?"

Ben nods. “Daddy want pants. Then daddy might want a snack. Daddy worked up quite an appetite fucking you.”

“Ohhhhh,” Leslie crawls into his lap. “What kind of snack does daddy want?”

Now Ben is laughing too. “Well, daddy just had some delicious pussy, so maybe a few crackers? Some of that leftover cheese dip?”

Leslie practically cackles at the silliness of the current conversation. And when he lightly slaps her on the ass between his own giggles, she just laughs harder.

Of course, she’s still heartbroken about Ann leaving, but she knows it’ll be okay.

# The Third Time

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: First time doggy.

They're on her bed making out, just kneeling on top of her quilt and kissing as they run their hands over each other's bodies. It's all just very fun and sexy and Leslie's already moaned out loud probably dozens of times. And she still has her underwear on.

Ben is just...really good at this. He likes *Star Wars* and calzones and he's a bit of a fascist hardass when it comes to city budgets, but the man knows how to get her motor running. She tells him as much.

He pulls back to make an amused face and then laughs lightly as Leslie kisses along his jaw. She licks his chin because it's a very nice chin.

"I get your motor running?"

"Yes," Leslie nods. "You're like a mysterious and erotic mechanic."

"Alright. Should I check under your hood?" He's smirking just a bit until she runs her hand against the front of his tented boxers and then he kind of groans.

Leslie spins around and pushes back against him and god, what if she just bent over and they did it like that? That would be an appropriate position for the third time sex, right? Leslie ponders this while his hands slide up and touch her nipples through her bra—the sexy black one she made sure to put on this morning. The material is satiny and smooth and when he pinches just a little, Leslie groans.

She pushes back against him and he's hard against her ass, starting to thrust his hips forward, rubbing and grinding against her.

Yep. They are so doing this. Like that...Ben just doesn't know it yet.

"I want to bend over." Leslie barely manages to get out, right after Ben unclasps her bra and his warm palms are quickly pressed against her in front, thumbs flicking lightly, making her shiver.

In response to her words, Ben makes some sort of noise that Leslie thinks sounds pretty positive—either that or he just swallowed a bee.

So just to be clear, she adds, "Tell me to get on my hands and knees."

If he's surprised, he doesn't show it. Instead, Ben sucks on her earlobe, before whispering, "Get on your hands and knees so I can fuck you." He pauses for a nibble along the side of her neck, before adding, "Leslie."

*Whoa.*

Her stomach drops as she quickly bends forward. She feels Ben's hands sliding down her sides (it tickles a little and it makes her squirm), but then his palms are on her hips, gripping as he rubs against her.

When he tugs her panties down around her knees, Leslie leans down into her mattress, her face resting against her pillows.

"God, you're so sexy." His voice is low and gravely, his fingers sliding over her, inside her, and down further between her legs to play with her clit.

When he pushes all the way inside she forgets how to breathe. She forgets about their jobs and Chris's rule and having to sneak around, and about all the parks in Pawnee and even the names of the supreme court justices. It's just her and Ben, on her bed as he pounds her from behind.

He makes her come easily, his own orgasm starting just as hers is fluttering to an end. Having sex with her boss isn't the most perfect situation, but with Ben cuddled up around her afterwards, it's better than just about anything else she can even think of.

# Hang in There

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: Anonymous asked: Can we get a fic of Ben and Leslie getting his sperm for the AU where April carries their child?

## Chapter Notes

Part of the [Make My Day](#) universe!

“Is this weird?” Ben asks, as they step inside the small room and close the door.

“No. Why would you use a magazine? Like I’m going to sit out *there* while you do *this* in *here*?” Leslie responds, about to put her purse down on a little table and then...she thinks better of it.

The room is small. There is an old TV with DVDs and videotapes of porn on a little shelf underneath and Leslie recognizes Brandi Maxxxx dressed like a nurse on one of the covers.

“Yeah. Yeah exactly,” Ben responds, now looking around a little uneasily. “This is a team effort. It takes two to make a baby.”

“Uh-huh,” she agrees.

There’s another table with paper covering it and a sample cup inside a sealed plastic bag. Leslie opens it up and takes the lid off and hands it to Ben so he can put the little sticker with his identification info on it, like the pretty brunette receptionist instructed him to.

Then he sort of looks up and makes a face. Leslie follows his gaze and...that’s definitely some dried *something* up on the ceiling.

Well, that’s gross.

“Um, and tomorrow morning, I’m going to hold your hand during everything,” he says, finally taking a seat on the blue paper covered, over-size chair. “They change this after every time, right?”

“Yeah,” Leslie answers. They must, she thinks. And then everyone gets new paper when it’s their turn to...“Okay, fine. This is a little weird.”

“I know! There are people out there and they all know what I’m doing in here and...” He trails off. “This is kind of an unsexy room.”

She nods, sitting down next to him as the paper crinkles under her butt. Even though Ben declined the copy of *Bootylicious Babes* that he was offered, the side table has more magazines. Most are about boobs and butts. One is about boats. They both make confused faces at that.

“You know, tomorrow, they might not want to let you in my room. Ann said they might not which is so stupid and unfair and they’re my eggs and if I want—”

“Well, they can just try to keep me out,” Ben tells her, leaning back in the seat as he loosens his striped tie. “I’m going to be there no matter what they—”

“Okay, this is not sexy talk...” Leslie interrupts, a bit nervous about her upcoming appointment but also remembering the task now...at *hand*. “We should talk about sexy things.”

Ben nods. “Sorry, sorry, you’re right...um...” He trails off and Leslie follows his gaze to a motivational poster of a kitty hanging from a rope with the text, *Hang in There* underneath.

“Good lord this is weird. Why does this feel so weird? And why would you use the Comic Sans font on that poster? Oh, wait, we should probably get moving on this. Do they think I should I be done in five minutes? Ten? Why can’t I think of any sexy talk right now?”

Uh-oh he’s starting to freak out and lose focus (that’s how she knows he’s freaking out—Ben is almost always focused).

But really, Leslie definitely understands, this is kind of strange and for how much they were giggling in the hallway just a couple of minutes ago and how they normally are really good at the sex-stuff, it feels like they’re both getting a little overwhelmed by the details now—the decor, the people out in the clinic’s waiting room, the boat magazine.

The poster.

Nope, Leslie thinks, this won’t do. They’re here to make a baby, damn it. And the first step in that process is getting Ben to unload the baby-making goods.

“I have an idea. Let’s talk about how much I love your hard cock,” she says enthusiastically, putting her hand on the front of Ben’s pants. Her purse slips off the chair and onto the floor, but she doesn’t care.

His eyes widen at her words. “Whoa.”

“Too much?” Leslie asks, but even as she does, she gives him a light squeeze through his pants.

Now that they’re no longer limited to Skype and phone sex like when he was in DC, most dirty talk is in the moment and shorthand, familiar words accompanying touches or knowing looks that just heighten everything when he’s inside her. Or, maybe it’s character-specific if



they're roleplaying—Vice President Henry Wallace, it turned out, did have a pretty kinky, descriptive mouth.

But right now, it's all about making this happen and that means getting Ben all loosened up and turned on.

“Nope. No. No. That is good. That is coolio—”

He can't even finish his sentence because she attacks his mouth with her face, all while sliding her hand over him and...yep, his penis is starting to get interested in the situation. Leslie smiles against his lips.

They are on the road to success.

“Let's just do this and forget about everything else,” she insists and then pulls back to unbutton her blouse. “It's just us.”

She's wearing a new sexy bra that is all fine black mesh, the kind of bra that leaves nothing to the imagination. Ben's eyes widen as he quickly undoes his belt and nods. And there's something about how his fingers rush to the task that makes her own stomach flutter just a bit.

His zipper is next and then she's helping him tug his boxers down and get his dick free.

“You know, if we didn't have to get everything in the cup, I'd put your cock in my mouth and swallow everything down.”

Ben groans, his hand starting to slowly slide over himself. “Fuck, babe.”

They start kissing again. She'd definitely crawl into his lap but they need to be prepared to... collect everything when it comes out. So Leslie stays seated next to him, but turned so they can kiss—except when he pulls back so he can look at her chest.

“Bra on or off?”

“Oh, um...” Ben considers this and then his free hand to pull the see-through material down on one side exposing her right breast. Leslie grins and tugs her other boob out for him and then her eyes sweep down to watch Ben touch himself.

For a bit of variety, she uses her hand on him while he plays with her nipples and tells her how much he loves fucking her. She agrees and nibbles on his earlobe, before kissing along his jaw and pushing her tongue in his mouth. And honestly, it's pretty easy to forget about the circumstances of the room (even the questionable ceiling stains) when they're like this. Even Ben seems fully into it now.

At one point he mutters, “Hang in there,” against her lips and they both start to giggle, his strokes and his kisses soon getting sloppier and more frantic.

Her husband is just so sexy and vulnerable like this, she thinks, when he's kissing and moaning for her.

This is the man who once tried to fire her and that she thought was a mean jerk. The man that she's going to spend her whole life with and eat popcorn with and debate politics with and right now, help come so hard he's going to see stars.

This is the man she's making their baby with.

"Oh god, babe, I'm almost..." Ben groans heatedly, but then his voice gains in urgency and volume. "Cup! Cup!"

"Oh!" Leslie reaches quickly to the side table and somehow they manage to get everything in there as it shoots out of him. It's both tricky and challenging, but the sense of accomplishment when it's done is gratifying. Still, neither exhales until the lid is on and secured.

"We did it."

She starts laughing at that. "We did."

"Teamwork," Ben says, and then holds his hand up.

Leslie slaps his palm before putting her breasts back into the black mesh bra.

"Oh wait, do you wanna...do you?" He flashes her a relaxed and smirky grin as he lets his eyes wander down her torso.

Leslie crinkles her nose as she looks around the room again. "Why don't we wait until we get home."

"Yeah," Ben agrees, zipping his pants up. "Good call. But when we get home..." Ben leans in close. So close that she can feel his warm breath on her neck. "I'm going to bury my mouth between your legs and make you come all over my face."

She moans at his words, already imagining herself on the bed, Ben making good on his words as she tugs on his hair. But first, they need to drop his sample off at the reception area so it'll be all ready to get to work on her eggs first thing in the morning.

Ben makes his way over to the room's small sink and turns to ask, "Hey, do you think we should get a boat?"

# Operation Chair Boning

## Chapter Summary

Um, kind of what it sounds like it would be?

"I saw this movie once," Leslie says, wiggling closer to him under the covers in her bedroom.

It's late and she's just starting to get sleepy, even though Ben is staying over and it's not like he didn't just wear her out. In fact, *he'd* already dozed off once or twice already, and she feels kind of bad, like she's been keeping him up over the last week and a half on the nights (most of them) when he sleeps at her house, but he's insisted that he doesn't mind.

"Yeah?" Ben asks turning to give her a drowsy smile.

He's all messy hair and half-awake eyes, and he's so adorable that Leslie can't help but grin back before answering.

"I mean it wasn't a porno or anything, just a regular movie, I can't even remember what it was, but there was this scene..."

"Was it a sexy scene?"

Leslie giggles at his teasing question. "Yes. It was, well, the one guy came over to his girlfriend's and when she opened the door, he just took her hand and lead her over to the couch..."

"Uh-huh?" His lips are right by her ear now and he kisses the skin below, making her shiver.

"And he bent her over the couch..."

Ben lifts his head up to look at her, definitely interested.

"And, well, she was wearing a robe. So, it seemed easy to pull stuff up and then he just--"

"Fucked her from behind?"

"Yep," Leslie confirms, feeling a slight blush creeping up her cheeks. "They hadn't seen each other in a few days and...right over the back of the couch."

"You have a couch," Ben asserts, raising an eyebrow. "Somewhere, under all of the stuff you have piled on top of--"

Leslie cackles and slaps lightly at his shoulder. He's wearing a t-shirt, along with some plaid pajama pants that he'd brought over to sleep in. Yeah, she has a new boyfriend that keeps things at her house to sleep in. "Ben, listen, I'm trying to suggest a sexy thing here."

"Alright. That usually goes pretty well." He's grinning too and then he's kissing her--little brushes of his lips against her own, then her chin, even her nose. "I really like it when you suggest sexy things."

"What if--*ohhhhhh*." She halts when he sucks on the patch of skin right under her right ear and the sensation makes her lose focus for a second. Honestly, it feels so good that it makes her foot twitch and her stomach drop. But she recovers enough to suggest, "What if tomorrow night, you come over here after work and when I open the door..." Leslie trails off when she starts giggling.

"I walk in and just fuck you? Maybe bend you over the big chair?"

Her couch is currently against the wall, so that wouldn't really work. But he's so smart, her oversized, plush chair is in the middle of the living room and would work perfectly, and there's only one box on top of it. Leslie stares at him, nodding enthusiastically. She's pretty sure she's making *that face*--the one that he's admitted turns him on so much. The one she made when he called her hands paws.

Ben groans. Yep. She must be making the face. Either that, or he's just really into the idea of taking her from behind.

Okay, maybe it's both things.

"So, am I someone in particular in this scenario? Thomas Jefferson? Napoleon?" He pauses before adding, "Joe Biden back from an official trip?"

Well, *hmmmmmm*...that's a thought. She could be Dr. Jill and...no. No. Leslie grins and pushes her body more flush against his. "You're Ben Wyatt, Assistant City Manager of the best city in the whole world. And I'm--"

"Leslie Knope," he says before she can even get the words out, cuddling her even closer. "The sexiest Deputy Director in the whole universe. And tomorrow night after work, I'm going to come over and pound you from behind."

She giggles again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leslie crosses and re-crosses her legs under the table.

Just in the last couple of hours, her excitement has really ratcheted up and the now-familiar flutter down low in her belly is almost a constant reminder of her after-work plans. She's in a meeting about the quarterly Park Clean-up Days, a discussion that usually leaves her feeling tingling and riveted but now...well, she's feeling tingly for a completely different reason.

Ben--who she is secretly dating and sleeping with. Yep, he's definitely the reason for the tingles.

He's looking at her from across the table in the Park Department's conference room and occasionally he'll lick his bottom lip and no one else really notices, but Leslie does. Boy, does she notice and her foot starts tapping against the floor, all impatient and jittery and when Chris stops talking about garbage bags and other supplies they'll need and asks what that noise is, she has to press down on her knee to make it stop.

Ben just smirks, because of course he must know exactly what he's doing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leslie gets home at five-fifteen. It's one of the earliest times she's been home from City Hall in recent memory.

It's spring and the weather is pleasant, so there are no pantyhose or tights under her skirt. After the Park Clean-up meeting, she tried to write a memo about raising funds for a new Boone Bread Factory Fire memorial. But, Leslie kept accidentally typing *mount* instead of *monument*.

At five o'clock on the dot she'd given up and packed it in for the day.

Now, she paces in front of the door, all antsy and feeling incredibly aroused. Over the last week or so, they've had a lot of sex in a few different positions: her on top, him on top, Leslie straddling Ben's lap. Just last night, she somehow ended up naked and lying on top of him on her back, knees bent while he slowly thrust up and inside her. It felt so good, his belly brushing against her lower back and his fingers playing with her nipples as he moved into her. And when he'd brought a hand down to brush against her clit, her eyes snapped shut and she rocked against his fingers until she came.

And just thinking about what was going to be happening as soon as he got here, was making her so wet. Like, she was completely soaking through her pair of cute navy blue and white polka dot panties. *Fuck*. How is she even this turned on?

Of course, it's because of Ben, she reasons. He just seems to really *get* her. They seem to click with each other so easily, on a complete soulmate-level.

Ben knows who everyone she mentions is (from Dolly Madison to Jeane Kirkpatrick) and when she suggests that she could pretend to be Catherine the Great and Ben could be Grigory Orlov, instead of staring at her like she's crazy, he gives her a turned on look and does a pretty good, off the cuff Russian accent. He'd probably even be into her *Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher do it on the way to a summit* idea.

Leslie's trying to decide if she should just take her underwear off altogether, when the doorbell rings.

She just has time to adjust her blouse a bit before she rushes forward to open the door. *Be cool, Leslie. Just be cool and chill*, she thinks.

"HIIII!" Somehow, she restrains herself from jumping on him. See? She's keeping it cool.

"Hey," Ben is still in his work clothes--a plaid shirt, skinny tie, and tan pants, but he's standing there with a big bouquet of wildflowers held out in front of his chest. Well, that's new.

"Are those for me?"

He makes a face, then gives her a warm and amused smile. "Uh, yeah. I saw them and thought of you. I got them for you."

They're rich yellow and golds, with a few pink and purple blooms mixed in, and they look like the flowers from the mural.

"So...um, it's been two hours since I last saw you and, I'm just going to come in and fuck you now."

"Yes, yes, let's do that," she's nodding and laughing and when he holds the flowers towards her she takes them, briefly breathes in their pretty floral scent, and then gently tosses them on the couch--she'll get a vase after *Operation Chair Boning*. Ben seems to feel a sense of urgency too, because he quickly pushes the door shut.

Once fully inside, he takes her hand and then they're smiling at one another, before he's leading her towards the chair. They move so fast that her ass bumps into the back of it, probably a little harder than he meant to push her against it.

"Sorry. I'm sorry." It's a soft mumble because then his lips are on hers and he's pressing fully against her. And...it certainly feels like she's not the only one that is super turned on.

Leslie kisses him back with all the feelings she's had building up inside her since last night. Over the last week, to be honest. She really likes him and this is *so* sexy. She's definitely going to have to make him a mix CD--maybe she'll start on that tonight after he falls asleep in her bed. Lots of Sarah McLachlan for sure.

Ben finally lets go of her hands to hike her skirt up her hips, all while his tongue brushes against hers. The kisses aren't frantic anymore, just deep and soft. The kind of kisses that make her want to grind into him and rip his clothes off.

She gets one more of those kisses before he spins her around, his hands going straight to her hips and ass. He rubs against the material of her panties, palms the curves of both cheeks, before his fingers slide down along the crotch of her underwear.

"You look so good in polka dots," he tells her, and then Ben is eagerly pushing those down her thighs.

"I almost took them off before you got here."

He groans. "No. I'm glad you kept them on for me. I like seeing them on you."

His fingers move back to where she's almost embarrassingly wet for him and he must work his pants open and boxers down with his other hand, because Leslie can feel him right there, straining against her bare ass.

"Fuck, this is so... You're so..." Ben trails off and opts to rub the head of his dick against her, coating himself with her moisture. "Is this good?"

"Mmmmmmmmm. This is so good." She bends forward and it's hard to miss his moan.

"I was thinking about this all day, Leslie. God, in that meeting this afternoon, I just wanted to be doing this to you." He's pushing against her, just teasing still, working slowly closer to slipping inside with each light, tantalizing thrust.

"Do it. Bennnnnn," she whines, bending forward even more, giving him what she hopes is quite the incentive to get on with it. To get all the way in her already. Leslie's still got her heels on, so the height feels perfect. Ben's right there.

With a groan, he slowly presses all the way inside, deep and steady and then he stays still for a second, as he grips her hips tighter, his fingers pushing into her flesh.

It doesn't take him long to really get going. To absolutely fuck her. One hand is on her hip and the other is buried between the front of her thighs. He's so deep and every so often he'll slow down and pull almost all the way out, before slamming back in all the way.

She pushes back against him and when her orgasm starts, it builds and builds until she explodes, her whole body rushing and waves of pleasure overtake her. Ben has hand in her hair, near the base of her skull and when he comes, he grips the strands and tugs, not too hard, but it's a wonderfully sexy sensation that practically leaves her breathless.

\* \* \* \* \*

They're holding hands again. Afterwards, she'd moved the box onto the floor and they both snuggled up together on the chair. And after she relocated a stack of newspapers from the ottoman, it was very comfortable, just lying there with their feet up. She pulled her panties up, but her skirt is still bunched up around her waist.

"I ended up leaving work at quarter to five," Ben admits. "Because I...well, I wasn't getting any work done. I stopped at the store on my way here and I brought chicken too. Besides the flowers."

"What? A chicken?" He brought a chicken? She looks around her living room.

"For dinner. I stopped at the grocery store, which was kind of awkward at first, but then I started thinking about baseball stats, and when that didn't work, Jerry filing permits--"

"Oh, that's a boner-killer. Well, unless you're Gayle," Leslie agrees and Ben nods with a chuckle.

"Exactly. But anyway, I left the groceries in my car until after we...Wait, did you just think I brought a live chicken over to your house?"

She scoffs and tries to backpedal. It's way too early to give Ben the rundown on her usual experiences with relationships and the strange things guys have brought to her house/done in her house. She and Ben are still in a *bubble*, after all. "No. Of course not. That would be weird."

"Yeah," he nods slowly. "A *bit* weird. Anyway, um, I was thinking I could make us dinner tonight. I have chicken breasts and goat cheese and some spinach and...you're frowning. What's--"

"Spinach?"

"It goes inside with the cheese and you won't even notice it. Trust me."

She trusts him with a lot of things, like being vulnerable with him and being fucked from behind by him and she probably even trusts him not to gut the Park Department's budget now, but possibly not vegetables. But for now, Leslie just smiles and enjoys the view as he gets up off the chair and zips his pants up. His tie is all disheveled and he looks exactly like someone who just fucked someone else against a chair.

"Why don't you pour us some wine and I'll go grab the bag and get to work on dinner?" He asks, and then leans down for a quick kiss.

Yeah, okay, she could get used to the bubble. Even if it includes picking spinach out of dinner.



## Things You Said With No Space Between Us

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Ben whispered, his face up close to hers. “Sorry, that was...quicker than I meant that to happen.”

He was still pressed up against her and inside her but in danger of slipping out any second.

“It’s okay,” Leslie assured him. “I don’t always...I mean...you know, lady orgasms are more complicated...during.”

Ben smiled easily against her mouth like they’d been doing this for months instead of just days. She shifted her hips a little and yeah, there he went, sliding out and resting lightly against her damp thigh.

“Yeah, I know. But I want to make you feel as good as you make—”

Leslie smiled back and interrupted his words with a kiss. “I felt great earlier when we came here for lunch.”

They’d taken separate cars to her house and then he ate her out on her couch.

And really, right now this wasn’t a big deal. Sometimes, she just didn’t have an orgasm during sex. It happened.

Or rather, sometimes *it* didn’t happen. It still felt good. Plus, she thought, so far sex with Ben had felt really good and had lasted just the right amount of time.

Now, she smiled at him and continued, “But really, it’s not a big deal. It’s just how it works. Do you want me to draw you a chart?”

Ben started laughing as he kissed her, little soft presses of his mouth against her lips and chin and it was so hard to remember that six months ago, she wanted to throw things at him and call him a jerk.

Soon they were both giggling.

“Well,” Ben started, shifting on his side a little and taking her with him. Her leg slid up easily over his hip and she wiggled closer. “I mean, I have a pretty good ...layman’s understanding of the area, but yeah, if you wanted to draw me a chart of all of your areas, you could.”

“Mmmmm, a sexy chart,” Leslie mumbled, her mouth right near his.

Ben nodded. They started really kissing again and his hand wandered down her body, sliding between her thighs.

“I know all about this spot,” his thumb brushed her clit.

“It’s a good spot,” Leslie agreed with a shiver, as Ben nodded and continued to touch her.

“And there’s this spot.” One of his fingers slid easily inside, rubbing against her, before he added a second finger, all of their combined juices still mingling inside as he touched her intimately.

Leslie whimpered.

She didn’t feel like he was trying to prove something or like her lack of an orgasm had wounded his ego, just that Ben really did want to try and make her feel good. And the more she focused on that, the more she relaxed she felt.

Soon, all of his fingers were doing something—from his thumb to his pinkie and Leslie started grinding down into his hand. His warm, wonderful, and big hand that was currently exploring all of her spots.

Ben began kissing her again and it started building once more, but instead of trailing off and disappearing like it did when he was inside her earlier, now it kept going.

When he shifted his lips down to her neck and started to suck, whispering something about that being a “very good spot too,” Leslie moaned and moved her fingers through his hair, gripping just like she’d done earlier. Except this time his lips were below her ear instead of between her thighs.

She came soon after, pushing against him and writhing on her soft floral sheets.

“Wow,” she panted out, before Ben’s mouth found hers again. “Okay, well, I guess that orgasm was just hiding around in there somewhere. We just needed to find it.”

Ben pulled back and chuckled before his hand brushed down her back and he cupped one of her ass cheeks. “I’m excellent at auditing.”

# Whoomp! (There It Is)

## Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked: Leslie has never had a g-spot orgasm before Ben

“I don’t think this is working,” she told him, frowning just a bit.

“I’m sorry,” Ben said, pushing in deep and then staying still.

It felt great to have him buried inside her but...*it* just wasn’t happening. And *it* felt like it wasn’t going to happen, not without some help.

Ben seemed to read her mind because soon his finger was searching between her damp thighs and brushing lightly over her clit. It felt amazing, but...

“No!”

“No?” He looked startled and then confused but he lifted his finger off her.

“No, Ben. I told you, this is supposed to be a g-spot orgasm. I’m having one of those, damn it. And that’s cheating.”

“Alright.” He started pumping again, rocking into her with increased speed. Ben gripped her hips and pulled her closer as he thrust. “Anything?”

Leslie groaned. “This is ridiculous. Why isn’t my g-spot working? Is it broken?”

She’d never been able to come this way, from penetration alone. She’d read books, she’d posed questions to friends, but nope. Nothing. Leslie always needed clitoral stimulation too. Which, definitely led to great orgasms but she was determined to make it happen like this.

And she definitely wanted it to happen with Ben, her secret boyfriend.

They’d only slept together a handful of times so far, but he’d always made her come easily with his fingers, with his wonderful, perfect penis buried inside her. Also with his tongue—he’d made her come with his tongue too.

He’d made her come many times, except for tonight.

Leslie scrunched her face up and concentrated very hard. Ben stopped thrusting again.

“Hey, are you okay?” He sounded worried.

She opened her eyes as Ben slid her legs down off his shoulders. He brought his face down close to hers.

“I’m fine!”

Now, he looked like he was trying not to laugh, which was sexy, adorable, and annoying all at once.

“I’m not trying to tell you how to have an orgasm or anything, really,” he said gently, rubbing her thigh lightly. “But maybe if you tried to relax a little. You seem really wound up and—”

“I AM RELAXED!!!”

“Okay,” Ben answered, and now he was laughing just a little. He slid out and sat back on his heels. “Turn over.”

Leslie’s eyes widened. “Oh. Ohhhhh. You mean…”

“Yep. Hands and knees, Knope. Ass in the air. Let’s do this.”

She giggled and rolled over. Something about the way he suggested the new position made her stomach drop even more than it usually did when she was naked with Ben.

His warm hands cupped her hips and he guided her up on her knees. Leslie didn’t bother to get up on her hands, but stayed down low on her elbows, legs spread wide.

“Okay. Now. This is happening,” he said and he was so close, that she felt his breath against her, where she was all wet and open for him. “You’re going to come and your going to come now. You got that?”

“Well, I’m certainly going to try—”

“*Shhhh*. I’m not talking to you. I’m talking to your g-spot.”

Leslie snorted into the covers.

And then he thrust back inside.

Ben pulled almost all the way out and slammed back in. He picked up speed and god, he was hitting places that felt so good and Leslie found herself pushing back against him and just the sensation of being so thoroughly fucked by such a sweet and dorky numbers robot made her feel all sorts of things.

When it happened, it just suddenly started to happen. Usually, her orgasms built up, there were tingles and waves and pleasure that flowed and spiked, but this was different.

This one was just there.

The wind-up was quick and deep, from way inside and when she came, her whole body felt like it was seizing up and all Leslie could do was let it roll through her, all as Ben gripped her

hips and kept pounding away as she moaned and screamed into her pillow.

Leslie panted and gasped through Ben's orgasm, then giggled and gasped when he gave her a light slap on the butt, before they wound up together in a sweaty, naked heap.

"Holy crap," she mumbled, turning over and ending up in his arms.

"Yeah?" He had a cocky grin on his face and she just had to attack it with kisses.

"We did it!"

"Of course we did," he said matter-of-factly, cuddling closer. "We're a great team."

# **It's not a donkey. It's a mule.**

## Chapter Summary

Dialogue prompt!

“It’s not a donkey. It’s a mule,” Leslie said suddenly, so suddenly that Ben lifted himself up on his elbows so he could look at her.

“What?”

“George Washington. You said King Charles III sent you a donkey as a gift, but it was a mule,” Leslie insisted, wiggling a little beneath him.

Ben made a face as he looked down at her. “Are you sure about that?”

Even as he asked, his erection pressed against her bare thigh.

There weren’t any costumes or anything, but their break from her city council campaign had led to roleplay and his presidential sweet-talk had led to him telling his *wife* Martha about all his royal gifts. One of those being an animal from the English ruler, another being his delightfully hard penis.

Leslie hated to break character, especially when Ben was sucking on the skin of her neck and teasing closer and closer to pushing inside her, but she just couldn’t help it.

She had just read a new biography about George Washington last month, and he was definitely wrong about what animal it was.

And she was right.

Even if they were naked.

“George Washington bred mules not donkeys. The first was a gift from King Charles.”

“You really want to disagree about this now?” Ben asked, leaning down to sloppily kiss her neck again.

It made her shiver and her toes curl, but she refused to let this go quite yet.

“I do,” Leslie insisted, trying not to smile.

Ben groaned and finally pushed inside, despite the beginning of a full-blown history debate. “Fuck. That’s so hot, babe. But it was a donkey.”

He thrust deep as he said it, moving his face down to hers, so he could capture her bottom lip gently between his teeth as he stilled inside her.

Leslie wrapped her legs up high on his hips, moaning as he slammed into her again and rocked.

“Mule.”

“Donkey,” his fingers found her clit. “You’re so sexy when you’re being stubborn.”

“And you’re cute when you’re being wrong,” she managed to get out, before sliding her legs down and eventually managing to roll them over so she was on top.

She started bouncing on top of him and Ben closed his eyes, swaying up into her as he continued to brush his fingertips down into her curls. He looked so turned on and in tune with her, with her movements on him and over him.

She was so close.

“Oh, fuck. You win,” he moaned finally, gripping her hip with one hand rubbing little circles with the finger of his other.

“Yes!” Leslie screamed.

## Smutty first time without a condom fic

“Mmmmmmmmm.”

He knows he’s doing a good job when he gets Leslie to stop talking and just communicate through moans.

“Yeah?”

“Mmmmm-hmmmm.”

Ben grins, sliding his hands from her waist down to her hips.

She isn’t wearing any pants, or rather, her pants are down around her ankles. So are his. They’d laughed and kissed and rushed upstairs to her bedroom in a race to get each other’s buttons and zippers undone and then they had started kissing again, even as their respective pants slid down to the floor.

Leslie moans again when he starts tugging on her hair while deepening the kiss.

“So, are you ready for this?”

At the question, he laughs against her mouth but instead of answering out loud, he just nods. The action causes their noses to kind of rub and bump and soon they’re both smiling. Again.

Good lord, he can’t remember ever smiling more than he has the last few days.

Ben had definitely been smiling this morning when they’d talked over her messy kitchen table. It turns out that Leslie is on the pill and that they’ve both been tested recently.

During their unexpected discussion, Ben had offhandedly mentioned how he’d gotten in the habit of getting tested every year because Chris had it on his calendar and always made sure Ben (and everyone else, in whatever office they were working in around the state), was aware of his plans.

Eventually, Ben just took it as a reminder to get tested too. So, as of February 2011, he knew he was good to go. Not that he slept around a lot on the road and he always used protection, but he just liked to know for sure. It was kind of like a personal audit.

That morning, her face had lit up at his disclosure and then the excited questions started flying as Ben sat there and made a more and more confused face.

No, they did not make a whole day of it and then go out to lunch afterward.

No. If they did, they probably would not have called it their *Annual Safety ManDate*.

Yeah, alright, he supposed that the name is kind of cute.



But right now? It's after work and Ben is in Leslie's bedroom and staring at her ass as she takes his hand and leads him the rest of the way to her bed.

Who knew panties with colorful donuts on them could be such a turn-on?

"This is a big step," she tells him excitedly, turning around and pressing up against him.

"It is."

"Do you want to look through my binder again?"

Speaking of things that should not be hot but are (like donuts-print panties)—her condomless sex binder is definitely right up there.

Of course, his new girlfriend had made a binder dedicated to their decision to be exclusive and not use condoms anymore.

Honestly, Ben's still a bit perplexed by his reaction to it—her knowing smile as she looked at him coupled with her drawing of a cartoon penis and vagina laughing and holding hands had practically made him half-hard right there in her office a couple of hours ago.

"Is look through your binder a euphemism? Because then, yes. Yes, I would."

She eagerly presses against his lips again and Ben's hands go to her blouse, quickly undoing the buttons. And not for the first time, he's surprised at how comfortable this all feels.

It is a big step, but he doesn't feel any trepidation—just excitement to truly be inside this passionate and goofy woman who made him a mix CD with fifteen Sarah McLachlan songs on it. And when he offered feedback that maybe fifteen was too many, the next CD prominently featured Sophie B. Hawkins, Pat Benatar, Natalie Merchant, and more Lilith Fair alum...and still, five songs by you-know-who.

Her panties are mid-thigh when she speaks again.

"Oh! Now I can swallow when I—"

His groan cuts her off before she can say anything else that will make his chances of lasting a respectable amount of time once inside her diminish even further.

Because thinking of Leslie giving him head and swallowing is not helping that goal. Not at all. Instead, Ben decides to swallow her, but not before pushing his boxers all the way down and off because they're getting a bit uncomfortable.

She squeaks a little when he pushes her over on her back but then her eyes light up when he spreads her thighs and starts licking a trail around her belly button. He can't resist the temptation of making her squirm and wiggle, so he sticks his tongue inside that spot, even as he grips her panties and tugs them down the rest of the way.

It doesn't take long before she's gripping at his hair and grinding against his face.

He alternates long sweeps of his tongue with highly targeted campaigns against her swollen clit, all while his fingers slide and tease inside her. By the time she comes, Ben's not quite sure who is moaning more.

"You. Wyatt. Get. In. Me. Now."

He's smirking even as he kisses back up her stomach and crap, she still has her bra on. Ben manages to push that up so he can see her breasts right before he slides inside and...whoa.

She feels so good and he finally gets to appreciate it all without any kind of barrier. All warm and wet and squishy and—

"I feel *squishy*? Is that good?"

"Oh god, so good. So, so good."

She mentions something about period sex and they're giggling softly by the time they start kissing again. She really does feel amazing and the difference, when there's nothing between them, is like...well, it's indescribable. It's him inside Leslie Knope, feeling everything all at once.

"I wanna be on top."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah."

He's about to suggest she straighten out her legs, but she's one step ahead, already having done that and rolling them over. Ben slides out briefly, but then he's back inside, but not before the head of his dick brushes against her, making him shudder and grasp at her hips.

It doesn't last all that much longer. Leslie rides him then presses down, mouth on his, while his fingers start to play with her.

"I want you to come in me. Bennnnnnnn. Come in me."

He's mumbling about doing just that, about how good she feels, when he explodes with a groan, just as she starts shuddering around him.

Leslie's still resting on top of him minutes later, even after he's slid out and they're making a mess on her sheets. Her weight on him feels good, (even if her normal body temperature seems abnormally and ridiculously high).

Ben's enjoying the lazy feel of a handful of her butt and her scent still all over his face when she starts to get antsy.

"What should we do for dinner? Oh! Do you want to play *Risk*?"

"I want to cuddle," he's smiling and his eyes are closed.

"For how long?"

He squeezes her bare ass in response and she wiggles against him. Eventually, they reposition on their sides and he hardly even minds that he's lying in everything.

"I can't believe you were so mean on that first day we met."

Ben frowns. "I wasn't mean. I was professional."

"Yeah. Okay. Sure," she teases. "And now, you're just a huge cuddle monster."

"Yep," he finally opens his eyes and she's staring right at him, smiling. "That's me."

# December 28, 1948

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: Do you think maybe possibly you might write the full scene of Ben showing Leslie "pants-area kissing" on the train ride back to Indiana? Cause that would be seriously super duper awesome sauce

This will really make more sense if [you read this first](#). :)

Well, she was an old married broad now.

Leslie had left Pawnee looking for adventure and to learn more about Dorothy Everton Smythe, and while she achieved both of those goals, she also gained a husband along the way—first for pretend and then for real.

The day after Christmas, they were standing in an unfamiliar living room and holding hands, as they got married by a slightly grumpy Justice of the Peace, Arthur Beavers at his home. His even grumpier wife, Ethel, acted as their witness. Leslie's bouquet was a collection of wooden spoons from a drawer in the Beavers' kitchen.

And now on the return trip to Chicago (and then onto Indiana), unlike on their first train ride, Leslie was going out of her way to tell everyone they passed by that she and Ben were married. She'd shout it from the rooftops if she could, but well, they were on a train, so that probably wouldn't be a good idea.

Not that she hadn't tried it, but he'd tugged on her hand and stopped her from trying to climb up during one of the train's stops.

Their sleeping compartment this time was a lot like the first one too, although there was no sheet hanging up like a curtain to divide the bed now. Also, speaking of the bed, she and Ben had been using their small bed for a lot more than just political discussions, sleeping, and accidental morning cuddling.

They were having marital relations all over the train bed! She'd even been the one on top this morning!

Fun as that had been, Leslie had decided to devote the next hour or so to reading more of Dorothy's second diary, which was exactly what she was doing when the current passage had started getting a bit...steamy.

Well, that was unexpected.

It had gone from a recipe on canning peaches in the previous entry to the detailing of a tryst with a fur trapper from Saskatoon in the next.

“Oh!” Leslie looked up, her eyes wide.

“What?” Her new husband had been poking through his luggage for something but now his attention was on her. “What’s Dorothy up to now? Suspenders?”

“No. Well, yes. But that’s not what I was surprised at. She had...a lover,” Leslie whispered, nodding as she said it. She looked back down at the words in the diary. “In Montana. She met him at the general store He was selling his beaver pelts there.”

Ben appeared to be trying not to laugh. “Well, good for Dorothy. What date are you on?”

“April 18, 1920. She was in Billings, at the farmhouse then. Ohhhh, listen to this, she invited him to her house for a home-cooked meal. And then...” Leslie trailed off, skimming quickly through the rest of the passage.

Then she frowned. What did that mean?

Ben had obviously stopped looking for whatever he had been trying to find in his suitcase, because their bed squeaked as he got situated and sprawled out alongside her, his front half resting against her back.

“And then what?” Ben asked, looking down over her shoulder at the open diary.

Leslie pointed.

*“And then...that night, I experienced the most intimate kiss I had ever received. Although mature in age, I had been naïve in the ways of love and did not know such things were done. Carl only grinned up at me and then continued to use his lips and tongue to bring me fumbling towards new heights of ecstasy.”*

Ben stopped reading and looked at her knowingly.

“What? I don’t understand. What is he doing? He’s kissing her and that made her...feel like that?” Leslie asked.

“Oh. Well, I think—”

She interrupted his words to also read the next sentence aloud. *“His mouth visited me many other times that weekend. He started referring to it pants-area kissing, always laughing when he said it, with a twinkle in his clear blue Canadian eyes. He also called it lip-reading. Whatever it was, he was very good at it.* Is he kissing her bottom?”

Ben’s eyes widened a little. “Well, close.”

“Close?”

Ben whispered, “other side,” with a grin, as he made a twirling motion with his index finger.

“Ohhhhhhh. Oh? Really? There? With his mouth? There? Are you sure?”

“Uh-huh,” Ben confirmed. “I’m pretty sure that’s what she means. It’s, um, a thing people do sometimes.”

“How...cosmopolitan,” Leslie said finally. Was she blushing? She was pretty sure she was blushing, unable to not imagine Ben doing that to her. “Is that really a thing?”

“Yeah.”

“Have you ever—”

Ben shook his head and quirked an eyebrow at her. “Well, not *yet*.”

“Oh.”

“Do you want me to? I could.”

Oh my, Leslie thought. Did she want Ben’s mouth...there?

Yes. She really did. He had an excellent mouth and she certainly enjoyed his fingers there. As well as his penis.

“Right now? You want to...do that?”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“To me?”

Ben laughed. “Yes. To you.”

“What would you do? Tell me.”

It was a thing Leslie had discovered that she liked. Ben telling her the things he was going to do to her. Over the last week, they had talked about almost everything, although she was still working on finding out more about his family and where he was based during the war. But lately, they were always talking it seemed—if they weren’t kissing.

And when they had arrived back at their hotel room Christmas evening after the night stranded at Dorothy’s house, they’d talked about how they were engaged for real and practically married.

So, they’d done it for real, with him finishing inside her and everything.

And then her finishing again when his fingers started rubbing against her, all while he’d whispered to her about how much he loved touching her, how much he loved sliding his fingers inside her and making her moan.

Leslie still had a hard time believing that what she and Ben had been doing the last couple of days was the same thing she had done that night last month with Mark. She had so much to

tell Ann when she got back to Indiana!

“You want to know what I would do, huh?”

She nodded, closing Dorothy’s diary and placing it to the side. “So I know what to expect.”

“Alright,” he said, moving up close so he could pepper her chin with little kisses as he spoke. “First, I would push your skirt up to your hips. And then I would unclip your garters...”

Ben moved to her neck and started kissing and licking her skin there and Leslie could only imagine what that sort of attention would feel like other places.

She moaned and she felt him smile against her skin. He lifted his head up.

“Then I would pull your panties off.”

“Mmmmmmm...” Yeah, he was really good at that.

“I’d spread your legs and kiss the inside of your thigh, and then—”

“OH MY GOODNESS, BEN! WE REALLY NEED TO DO THIS NOW!”

He was smirking, but she didn’t care. Especially not when Leslie’s skirt got pushed up around her waist in the next instant and her garters were unhooked, and Ben tugged her underwear down and off. But then, he reclipped her garters in place.

“What—”

“I don’t know, I just wanted to do that. I like the way it looks, with nothing underneath,” he gave her a little grin.

And then he started kissing along one garter, up the top of her thigh and down the other. She gasped when Ben spread her legs wider and lowered his head.

She watched as he breathed her in.

“Are you okay?”

All she could do was nod back at him.

Then he lowered his head again and placed a kiss in her curls. He touched his tongue to her and slid the tip of it inside making her wiggle—not away, but even closer to him. When he licked up a little, up to that one spot, she almost forgot her own name.

It all felt really good but the more Leslie thought about the specifics of it, the more she also felt a little self-conscious about Ben’s mouth on her this intimately.

Especially since all the talking about everything he was going to do had made her all slick and wet with need—that was something else she’d discovered over the last couple of days.

When Ben touched and kissed her—or talked about kissing and touching her—her body reacted in very specific ways.

Oh god, what if she was too messy?

“Is it okay? Do you like it?”

His head lifted up at her nervous questions. “Don’t you like it?”

“I asked you first! But, I mean...is it okay? Do I taste...okay?”

Ben smiled. “Stop thinking and worrying about every little thing so much. And you taste wonderful. I promise.”

“Are you sure? I could wash up and—”

Suddenly he was growling and moving up her body to rub his nose and his lips against hers. She opened her mouth without even thinking twice and when his tongue slid against hers, Leslie could definitely taste herself in his mouth.

“Oh.”

Ben pulled back. “Oh?”

“So that’s what I taste like. Okay. It’s fine.”

He started laughing. “I told you. I really like doing this. Now, more importantly, do you like it?”

Leslie nodded even as he moved in to kiss her again.

“Can I get back to it then?” Ben teased against her lips.

“Please, good sir. Carry on. Tally ho.” Was that in a British accent? She was pretty sure just used a British accent there.

Ben seemed unfazed as he smiled and muttered, “goofball,” and settled himself in between her spread thighs again.

He kissed and licked and when she moaned, he repeated whatever action had caused her to make the noise in the first place. He used his fingers to hold her open and also to slide inside her. Before she even realized she was doing it, Leslie starting pushing against him and gripping his hair with her fingers.

Once he even looked up at her while the tip of his tongue swirled around her and she had to shut her eyes—it was just so much. And then she was there, squirming and moaning and she had to put one of her pillows over her mouth to scream into.

“Good lord, I’m glad I married you,” Ben said, moving back up to sloppily kiss her face again.



Leslie nodded. Real marriage was such a great idea. So was pants-area kissing.

Speaking of which...“You should take your pants off now.”

“Oh yeah?”

One thing she had learned about Ben in the last three days—he didn’t need much convincing to take his pants off. Whether he was soaked from a blizzard or just feeling frisky.

She started helping him with the button and zipper on his trousers, pausing to run her fingers through the light fuzz on his lower belly, suddenly wanting nothing more than to kiss and nuzzle into him like he had done to her. Maybe she could even slide her mouth around him? That seemed like a fun idea.

She was just about to ask if that was something, when an unexpected series of raps on their compartment’s door made them both jump.

“Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt? Are you sure you don’t want me to make your bed back up? Into the sofa for day use?” The porter asked, through the secured door.

“Oh, um, no. That’s okay. We’re fine. It’s all fine. We’re busy with...the thing,” Ben managed to stammer back, all while Leslie buried her face in his shoulder and giggled.

“They’re on their honeymoon,” someone offered out in the hallway.

Ben groaned and made a face as his cheeks turned a little pink, but also he made no effort to button up his pants back up or move at all from their well-used bed.

“Oh. Oh! Never mind. Sorry to disturb you! Mr. Wyatt. Ma'am. Enjoy your ride. Trip. Enjoy your trip! Congratulations!”

By the time they were sure everyone was gone from the hallway outside their door, Leslie and Ben were both laughing, even as her hands moved down again and into his boxer shorts.

# Right Fucking Now

## Chapter Summary

can i prompt you a smut fic based on how turned on ben got when leslie went "RIGHT FUCKING NOW" at their engagement party??

Yes! :)

Takes place during *Ben's Parents*.

"What was the third time?" Ben asked, studying his fiancé with a an equal mix of hope and defeatism.

"Right *fucking* now."

Well, he definitely felt that in his pants. "Okay, I still don't think it's gonna work, but I am really attracted to you right now."

Leslie grinned. "I know. Let's do this."

\* \* \* \* \*

They did not do it.

They tried to make it happen of course, but unfortunately Leslie's unity quilt did not bring the Wyatts together. In fact, the unity quilt was a causality of the war, just like his cousin Jeffery's graduation and that one Christmas when Ben was seven and his mother threw the roast turkey at the tree.

Except now, even after their defeat, he was still really, really attracted to his wife-to-be. Maybe even more so because his parents were clearly insane and she was not running away as fast as she could, but huddled with him in the kitchen, trying to brainstorm their next steps.

Leslie just looked so beautiful and fierce and determined and it was continuing to turn him on like crazy.

"Okay, here's what we do. We—"

"New plan," Ben interrupted and grabbed her hand, leading her through the party quickly and straight back to his old bedroom.

The light was on which was weird and also...were those crumpled up Kleenexes on the bed? Whatever. He didn't care. Ben shut the door.

“What? What are we doing?”

“We are going to forget about everyone out there and stay in here.”

“But babe, it’s our engagement party and I’m not sure hiding is the way—”

“We are not hiding,” he said assertively, putting his hands on her shoulders and tugging her close.

Leslie stopped talking when he kissed her. And when he pulled her even closer and squeezed her butt through her dress, she moaned against his mouth.

“That is a disaster out there,” Ben mumbled into her neck, as he started to hike the skirt of her dress up her thighs. “And I love you so very much for trying, but it’s a disaster.”

“It’s a good thing we’re not out there then.”

Even though it’d been thirty years since his parents were married and fighting regularly, Steven and Julia Wyatt could still make him feel like a freaked-out child when they acted like that.

It was all so uncomfortable and it made Ben feel helpless. Plus, there was just something about being around his parents’ negativity again that made him want to surround himself in absolute positivity—like the wonderful and glorious space right between Leslie’s legs, for instance.

To his current surprise, his parents fighting in front of him out there also kind of made him even hornier. Ugh, that sounded pretty weird, but the not being able to fix anything out there, definitely made Ben want to absolutely pound something in here.

The fact that Leslie was wearing a beige and black lacy dress and a determined expression just ramped all those feelings up even more.

They were groping at one another and stumbling towards the bed while kissing, and she must have gotten his pants undone, because the next thing Ben knew, they were slipping down his legs.

Perfect, he thought, they were on the same page.

“I love the quilt,” he told her, trying to unzip her dress. “Also this dress if I can get it off you.”

Leslie laughed and started working on her zipper in back, while Ben practically ripped her underwear down her legs and tossed them on the bed.

“Fuck,” he groaned again, up close by her ear. She was so soft and warm, even with her dress mostly still on. “Fuck, I’m so glad I’m marrying you but right now I just really need to fuck you. Is that okay?”

“Yes. Yes. That works even better than a unity quilt...” Leslie trailed off as her hand reached inside his boxer briefs.

He was rock hard already and starting to slide his fingers between Leslie’s thighs as they got settled on his old bed. As he touched her, Ben could hear...the Dave Mathews Band playing through the walls of the room?

Alright. So obviously, things were going just *great* out there.

But then Leslie’s tongue touched his and the head of his cock brushed against her curls making him shudder and it didn’t even matter that there was shitty music playing or that his parents were probably killing each other a few feet away to a 90s jam band soundtrack.

All that mattered was this. This was his whole world right now.

Leslie was wet and warm and he pressed inside easily, pushing in to the hilt and then holding still.

He was leaning in close, smiling against her skin as Leslie playfully pushed back against him. It was sexy and comforting but not quite what he needed right now. Ben sat up on his knees and thrust, groaning as Leslie’s legs wrapped snugly around his waist. She’d also managed to get her dress pulled down in front so he watched as her breasts bounced with each fast movement, the black shiny bra framing everything so spectacularly.

He was grunting and touching her clit, her gasps and moans encouraging him to fuck her with everything he had. Leslie came first, crashing around him, her ankles still hooked above his ass and he finally let himself explode, gripping her waist and then moving down to wrap his arms around her as he came harder than he expected.

Ben breathed into her hair, smelling sugar and spice and everything nice.

“It’s going to be okay,” Leslie said quietly, touching her forehead to his. “Plus, I wouldn’t discount the quilt just yet.”

That made him laugh and he kissed the side of her head, even as he slipped out of her warmth. He used a couple of new tissues from the box to clean them both up.

It was so tempting to ask if she wanted to crawl out his window right now and head to the waiting cab outside, but he didn’t suggest it. Instead, he started kissing her neck. Then her chin and her lips and soon they were just full-on giggling and frenching and really, he did feel much better. Calmer, even.

Relaxed.

He was marrying this amazing woman forever and even his parents couldn’t ruin that.

Eventually, Ben got his pants pulled back up as Leslie pushed her dress down her hips and back up her front. And yet, neither made any effort to stop snuggling completely or to get up and leave.

Sure, there was bacon-wrapped shrimp and white wine out there, but there was peace and quiet and cuddles in here.

And that's when the door burst open with Andy, April, Ann, and Chris walking into the bedroom, still in mid-conversation.

"See?" Andy said, his back turned to them. "I told you actually listening to it would make you feel better, Chris."

Of course, Ben had been living in a grown-up house (first his DC apartment and now back in Pawnee at his and Leslie's new place) for about six months and two weeks, so he'd already gotten used to not having to lock a bedroom door.

Now all four of their intruders were staring at him and Leslie. It was a bit awkward. Even Champion barked.

Good lord, he thought, looking around the bedroom, had the dog been in here the whole time?

During those first uncomfortable seconds, when it probably became very obvious exactly what they had been doing in here, Ben noticed Leslie's discarded red and white striped panties down by his knee. He groaned and quickly grabbed them, balling the pair up in his hand and shoving them in his pocket. He hoped no one saw, but when he sneaked another glance, Andy was giving him a thumbs up. And Ann was frowning.

Ben rubbed his forehead.

"Leslie and Ben, did you just have sex on my tears?" Chris asked, finally breaking the silence and making a confused face.

Ben's eyes widened as he looked around again at all the crumpled up tissues on the bedspread. Oh fuck. That's what those were? "Oh. Um. Oh. No. Noooooo. Of course not, we were just--"

"Ben and Leslie making loooooove!" Andy said excitedly, looking at Chris and nodding.

"Ben and Leslie, making love," April sneered in a much more sinister tone than her husband. "With snails crawling out of their butts."

"Strangely, still working," Chris commented, starting to smile.

Honestly, Ben didn't even want to know what that was about. He got up and took Leslie's hand. He figured he'd slip her the panties out there in the living room, where there was more privacy.

"Oh, wait. Hold on," Ann said, moving forward to zip Leslie's dress up in the back. "Okay, now you're presentable. Well, you know, once Ben gives you your underwear back."

"Yeah. Okay. We need to leave," he mumbled, even as Leslie squeezed his hand and tried not to giggle.

Because of course, his fiancé seemed completely unembarrassed as she smiled brightly and told her best friend, “Thanks, Ann! You beautiful smart wildebeest!”

# Leslie Knope's Top Ten List of Clothing Items That are Super Sexy

## Chapter Summary

For the prompt: Please oh please write a Fic where Ben gets super ridiculously turned on by Leslie's fingerless gloves and cargo pants that is followed by hardcore boning. I would love you forever

## Chapter Notes

I've been writing less and less lately but I got this prompt and couldn't resist! ;-)

Comments and kudos are lovely and I always appreciate them.

“I was thinking of wearing this to the volunteer picnic.”

“Yeah, looks great, babe,” Ben mumbled distractedly, not really bothering to look up from the polling numbers on his laptop.

It's not that he didn't care, but they were slowly and steadily creeping up on Bobby Newport and Ben had to keep glancing at the pattern to fully appreciate it. Could they maybe actually win? She could actually win.

Of course, Leslie was going to win.

A few seconds passed and then his candidate/girlfriend interrupted him again, this time sounding a bit more impatient. “Ben, I'm thinking of wearing this to the volunteer picnic tomorrow if you think you can control yourself. If I wear this. Care to take a look?”

“What?” He finally glanced up and took in her outfit—tan pants and a plaid shirt. “Yeah, it looks really nice.” Ben frowned. “Wait. What do you mean if I can control myself?”

“Because of my pants,” she responded, giving him a wink and then a spin. “These are my cargo pants.”

It was weird, he thought, feeling his dick twitch with interest at her words.

Obviously, cargo pants weren't necessarily a sexy outfit. They weren't inherently anti-sexy, he supposed, but they weren't an item of clothing that Ben would see normally and...start to

feel turned on.

But Leslie in cargo pants? When she'd already explained to him (over glasses of wine, way back when they were first secretly dating) that cargo pants were on her Top Ten List of Clothing Items That are Super Sexy? Yep. Cargo pants apparently do it for him now.

Incidentally, Leslie's top ten list was as follows:

1. Fingerless gloves
2. Cargo pants
3. Metal bikini tops
4. Shirts that look wet all the time
5. Vests with nothing underneath
6. Blazers with nothing underneath
7. Sequined bow ties
8. Mysterious hats
9. Phantom of the Opera masks
10. Thongs

He was already a fan of that last one (and number three, because duh, Princess Leia and that gold bikini), but everything else on the list was...a bit puzzling. Of course, vests and blazers accidentally popping open were an easy sell, and he could certainly understand the appeal of the Phantom of the Opera mask. But over the course of the last few months, he's kind of gotten on board with Leslie's whole quirky list.

"Let me get this straight," he answered, shutting his laptop for the night and putting it on the bedside table. "You're asking me if tomorrow, if you wear those pants to the picnic, if I can control myself--"

"Right. Control your reaction," she interrupted, making a face like she was trying not to laugh. "To my cargo pants."

"Ohhhh. Okay. *My reaction*. Are you talking about my penis?"

Leslie starting giggling and nodding, all while walking closer to where he was sprawled out on her bed, his back resting against the headboard.

"Yes. That's what I'm talking about, Ben."

"I will do my best to keep it under control and in my pants, Knope."



“Hmmmm,” Leslie seemed to consider this before she opened the nightstand and took out a pair of black fingerless gloves.

“Alright. Well, that’s just not fair,” Ben said, starting to grin.

He watched as she slowly put them on, all while giving him a sexy, knowing smile. And then she climbed into his lap.

“Are you wearing the gloves tomorrow? Because then I might have to amend my—”

He didn’t even get any further into his sentence before she attacked his face with hers. And really, that was just what Ben was hoping she’d do.

He might have to keep it in his pants at the campaign event tomorrow but there’s no reason it has to stay in his pants tonight.

“You like the cargo pants?” Leslie asked against his lips, smiling when he rubbed his nose playfully against hers.

“I like the cargo pants,” he responded as he started to unzip the pants in questions.

“Cargo pants are sexy?”

“Uh-huh. Super sexy.” Even if he was having an issue trying to tug them down her hips while she was sitting on him.

“Ha! Got you! I told you! I told you they were sexy and you just said—”

Ben growled and kissed her again before she could even finish gloating. Yes, she was right, but right now, there were more important things to do.

But still, she probably deserved her moment, Ben decided.

“Your cargo pants get me really turned on,” he whispered. “All the zippers and pockets and the way your butt looks.”

“Mmmmm, see?”

He nodded and then licked against her collarbone.

“Oops, your top popped open,” Ben teased a few seconds later, after he got all the buttons undone. It’s not like he was going to really pop the buttons off her plaid shirt, but he figured she’d appreciate that turn of phrase.

“Oops,” Leslie repeated, moving off him briefly to get her pants the rest of the way off.

They’d only been back together for about three months and he still found himself unbelievably grateful that she’d suggested that they do this thing for real. In fact, they’d seemed to have gone from barely speaking to being almost inseparable since that night at the

smallest park. If he wasn't spending the night over here, she was over at his house. They worked together and slept together and really, Ben didn't think he'd ever been happier.

Even if living in Pawnee was turning him into a weirdo that got a boner from the sight of his girlfriend in a pair of cargo pants and fingerless gloves.

After her pants were discarded, along with his, they spent a fair amount of time rolling around on her bed. In the middle of it, Ben reached back, sliding his hand along her hip and when he kept going...he got a handful of bare ass.

"Oh god, you're wearing a thong too?"

The thong in question boasted bright pink and purple polka dots, but still.

"Laundry day," Leslie responded as she helped him get his shirt off.

He groaned and squeezed her butt again as she wrapped her hand around him (but not before she pulled one glove off first) and fuck, he *really* was turned on. It only took a few minutes of kissing and hardcore making out, and soon, they were both naked.

Ben brushed his tongue against Leslie's clit and smiled when she bucked against him. Going down on her served a couple of different purposes, the most important being, he loved making her come with his mouth. But also, it made him even harder, just hearing the sounds she made as he licked and fingered her, spreading her open and inhaling her scent.

By the time he pushed inside, they were both pretty worked up. Leslie had managed to twist around so that he was kind of spooning into her, her one leg back a bit and almost over his hip.

"Is this okay?" Ever since she'd told him once about how she'd had an ex (Jason? Justin? Asshole?) that always managed to get her into uncomfortable, pretzel-like positions, Ben made a point of making sure she was cool if stuff seemed super bendy or new.

"Yeah. I can't believe we haven't done it like this before!"

He laughed and thrust harder, then leaned closer and teased the skin of her neck with his teeth. She just felt so amazing and warm and soft and god, he was going to come so hard.

He was so close.

Leslie reached back to take his hand in hers, the one that still had a fingerless glove on and good lord, it was all so sexy and perfect and hot and goofball that he could barely stand it. Ben's hips sped up and then he was right there, his orgasm exploding through him as she clenched around his dick.

Yeah. Fine. He could see why the gloves were number one on the list.

# It wasn't even anything that fancy.

## Chapter Summary

tumblr prompt: so idk if youre taking nsfw prompts buuuuut how about one where ben makes leslie come so hard she actually passes out (●~●☆)

It wasn't even anything that fancy.

It was just Ben inside her, thrusting slowly as they kissed, their bodies pushed together and connected like they were made for each other, like they'd never stopped doing this, even though yesterday, they had been broken up for months.

But now he had a little scruff on his face and it was definitely a lazy weekend—all either of them had done so far was make a distracted attempt at showering together. Distracting because, hello, his butt was just right there and distracting.

Afterwards, while they were all wet and giggly, he'd suggested making breakfast but instead, Leslie had pulled the towel from his hips and started kiss-walking Ben back to her bedroom, her hand firmly planted on that glorious backside.

*Oops.*

Earlier in the week, she had planned on spending the day re-editing *Groffle the Awful Waffle* and possibly reorganizing her garage piles and answering all of the Parks department's online questions, but now...Leslie was not really too concerned with any of those tasks.

Right now, she was naked and Ben was naked and what they were doing felt so perfect. And best of all, they were going to do this thing for *real*.

From this point forward, he was her official boyfriend, not a secret or something she had to hide. Well, as soon as they told Chris and her campaign advisors about it on Monday. Or they ran away together and started a new life somewhere.

Ugh. Monday.

"You look tense all of a sudden. What's wrong?" Ben whispered, as his movements slowed down just a bit.

"Nothing," Leslie tried to smile. "Just thinking about the day after tomorrow. You know, when we come clean and—"

Ben groaned and rolled them over from their sides so that he was on top. "Stooooooooooooop. No thinking about that right now. Besides, this was your idea."

For a brief moment, she was confused, then practically in a panic. Was he talking about getting back together? Oh god, was he changing his mind? But then Ben mumbled something about how he'd wanted to go downstairs and make pancakes, but that she was the one that attacked him in the bathroom and stole his towel.

Leslie sighed in relief and wrapped her legs easily around his hips as an easy answer.

She stopped thinking about Monday and Chris and everything but this. Everything but Ben inside her and touching her and being able to touch him and wake up next to him on a chilly Saturday morning in November.

So again, it was nothing that fancy (just missionary, for Pete's sake), but it was the two of them moving together on a late Saturday morning, slow until it wasn't, leisurely until it wasn't. Until he was completely fucking her senseless.

As if it knew the mood of the room, her orgasm built up in stages too.

Leslie's stomach was full of growing butterflies and her body was just beginning to get all tingly, as it all happened in a kind of slow-motion. She watched Ben come, taking in the way his eyes closed and his hips sped up. She cataloged all the noises he made and how he felt on top of her, his hips pressing into hers.

It was the intimacy with him that she'd missed so much. The feelings built up inside her, all as his finger brushed her clit again and again, until intense waves of pleasure rushed through her whole body, making her breath hitch and her moans grow in volume.

And then everything went black.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leslie opened her eyes slowly, blinking, taking in Ben's concerned expression.

"Honey? Oh my god. what happened? I thought I was going to have to call Ann. Or 9-1-1." Ben told her urgently, his hands touching along her face. "And that would have been a super awkward situation. Are you okay?"

He called her *honey*. Leslie smiled and took stock of everything—she could see, hear, feel, and yep, she could wiggle all of her fingers and toes.

Honestly, she felt A-M-A-Z-I-N-G.

"How long was I—"

"Just a few seconds."

"Huh. I think I passed out."

"From...?" Ben trailed off, looking at her strangely.

"The awesome orgasm! Babe! You made me lose consciousness with your penis!"

“Really? Wait. Seriously?”

“I think so. I think...yeah. Nice job, buddy,” she told him, holding her hand up for a high-five.

He was still looking a little confused and concerned, but he high-fived her anyway. Then Ben frowned. “Wait. Did we even eat dinner last night?”

“Nope. We came right back here and started...*making up*. Well, I had a few drawer M&M’s when I woke up at three, but nope, no dinner.”

“Drawer M&M’s,” he repeated with a chuckle and a glance to her bedside table. “Of course you did. Okay, we need food. That’s probably why you passed out. We’re making pancakes. Now,” he took her hand and started to lead her up and off the bed.

“Naked pancakes?”

Ben shrugged and gave her a relaxed smile. It was such a change from how he’d spent the last six months looking at her, she wanted to cry. Happy-cry. Relived-cry.

In love-cry.

“Oh, I’m sure you have at least a dozen aprons downstairs somewhere. We can put a couple of those on,” he said.

“Mmmmm...sexy.”

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