

DTF

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7460277) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/7460277>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Geordie Shore (TV)
Relationship:	Scotty T/Nathan
Characters:	Scotty T , Gaz , Chloe , Nathan , Mentions of - Character , Holly , Kyle , and them messy relationship
Additional Tags:	lip biting , gay contemplations , Scotty T questioning his life , omg , this denial , Chloe trying , bless her heart , mentions of Holly and Kyle's relationship , like can we just agree , that relationship is a mess , anyway , mentions of - Freeform , FaceFucking , dick sucking , fantasies , cackling , on the author's part anyway
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-07-11 Words: 1,006 Chapters: 1/1

DTF

by [CrowsandCooks](#)

Summary

Nathan bites his bottom lip and slowly drags it out like he's trying to broadcast to the world that he's down to fuck. That's the only conclusion Scotty T can come to because every time he looks at the kid, he's biting that fucking lip of his

Notes

I wrote this a long time ago but I wanted to post it with another unrelated fic.

I finally finished that fic.

(ノ●▽●)ノ*:・° ✧

Fuck yeah.

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

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Is he the only one who sees it? Are the rest of the others too busy trying to clean the mess which is Holly and Kyle's relationship to notice? Because no one can be that blind and Scotty T is certainly not.

Like the fucker is laying there on the beach chair across from Gaz. He throws his head back and laughs at something Gaz said, which probably wasn't that funny, white teeth biting bottom lip before replying.

And Scott's dick did not twitch at that. It would never twitch at the thought of those pink lips wrapped around the head before he shoves it down a warm wet expecting throat and fucks it. If Nathan's into that, not that it matters because Scotty T is certainly not into that.

Scotty T is into birds. Only birds and nothing that's not a bird (like a bloke). Fit birds. Ugly birds (if he's hammered enough). It doesn't matter. Scotty T's willy belongs to the wonderful world of fannies and arses attached with said fannies.

“Oi” Chloe laughs. “Is that a chubby?” She smirks pointing at his crotch. Scott grins and makes a swarmy comment about her swimsuit making her blush and giggle.

She does look fetching in the swimsuit and she leans towards him, her skin against his. She's soft and he likes that. Men are hard and Scotty T is the man above men thus even harder. And the only hard Scott likes is a good hard fuck with a bird.

He glances at Nathan who's still lying on his side, still talking to Gaz about God knows what. His lips are turned up in a grin as his hands gesture wildly.

Nathan doesn't look hard. Gaz looks hard with his abs and muscles. But Nathan, Nathan looks soft (not fat...just soft) like Scott can just sink his fingers in his hips and leave

handprints on the brown skin. Like Scott just needs to suck hard enough to mar that pretty skin with hickeys and bite marks. Like with the right amount of patience, he could cover Nathan with hickeys making the lad look like a fucking leopard.

“Hey” Chloe is pulling on his arm. “You wanna have a - ?” she gestures up stairs, where the shag room is.

He glances at her and feels, for the first time, her chest against his arm. Her eyes are wanton and her lips are moist. He considers it for a moment and laughs. He shakes his head.

He shagged the girl once and she can't get enough. Chloe's fun but she's a mess when it comes to him. It's fucking funny but he doesn't want to deal with her when she sees him pulling tonight. Fucking her then pulling seems to just amplify her jealous behaviour. He doesn't plan to stop pulling so he's just going to stop fucking her.

Scott is cracking at sex, he knows that already, but Chloe is a ego stroking reaffirmation of that.

He wonders if Nathan would have been like this. If Scott had taken him to the shag pad instead of Chloe. (Nathan would at least know how to suck a dick.)

He wonders if Nathan would be as **needy** or **cock-hungry** as Chloe gets when she's had a few (dozen) drinks in her. He wonders if Nathan would be grinding against him, telling him how good Scott's cock was and how he badly wanted Scott to fuck his mouth. If Nathan would sneak into his bed, while everyone was asleep, and beg for a good fucking. If he would whine when Scotty pulled out before slamming back in making him sob and his dick leak.

Knowing the god like sexual prowess which is Scotty T, he's pretty sure it would play out like that.

Chloe eyes his lap, “You sure?” her tone is teasing and she rubs his leg. “That looks like it hurts”

He looks down and fuck if she isn't right. His cock is pressed so hard against his trunks like it's trying to make a prison break. He's pretty sure he can cut glass with how hard it is right now. He tells her all that and she howls with laughter.

"I can make it better" she replies, biting back a mischievous grin full of dirty promises. He laughs despite himself, eyes rolling as he gets up, ignoring her protests, to wash off. The cold water from the outside shower chills his skin and most importantly his aching dick.

"Where ya going?" she asks when he walks past the jacuzzi. She leans against the edge and pouts.

"I'm knackered" he replies, he stops in front of Nathan and Gaz, who are *finally* done talking.

"Where you off to mate?" Gaz asks, a teasing smirk as his eyes dart at a pouting Chloe then back at him, the smirk turns into a shit-eating grin. Scott slicked his wet hair back and sighed.

"I'm knackered" he repeats. So he's going to jack off in the shower, not to the image of pink lips, brown eyes and soft brown skin, and then off to bedfordshire til the rest of the family came home.

"You still coming?" Nathan asks. They have plans to go to a new club tonight. It should be fun provided Kyle and Holly don't cock it up for everyone with their drama.

"Of course" he grins, "I've got a reputation to maintain" He's going to score a fit bird or two, take them back home and do what he does best: showing women a real good time. Because Scotty T loves the ladies and the ladies love Scotty T.

And just when he's convinced himself that yes his love of fanny is pure and unconquered.

Nathan bites his fucking lip.

End Notes

I'm high on coffee

cackles

I need to write more.

jumps back in her hole

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