

imagination

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27611842) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27611842>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Death Note (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Mello Mihael Keehl/Near Nate River
Characters:	Mello Mihael Keehl , Near Nate River
Additional Tags:	trans mello / mihael keehl , Trans Near Nate River , Dirty Talk , Sexual Fantasy , Grinding , Wet & Messy , gender euphoria , Making Love , Rough Sex , Personal Favorite , Moaning , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Partially Clothed Sex , I Love You , excessive use of the word 'wet' , Gender Dysphoria , yes there is both euphoria and dysphoria , No Refractory Period , Explicit Consent , Communication , Blow Jobs , Trans Male Character , Trans Female Character , just in case u didnt get that hah .
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-18 Words: 2,018 Chapters: 1/1

imagination

by [squidish](#)

Summary

Near and Mello deal with gender dysphoria during sex in an.. imaginative way.

Notes

eeee this was fun to write :D wrote it pretty quickly, all in a day, pretty obviously since this is like a thousand words lolz. anyway hope yall enjoy. sum notes:

Mello is a trans girl, Near is a trans boy. they're fantasizing aloud, but the stuff they say isn't actually happening- just in case u are confused. they are both pre-op. also, they are adults in this!! about how old they are in the show, i guess. just, not kids!

one last thing- as always- please don't comment that this is out of character. i know and i seriously don't give a shit <3

okay. that said. enjoy. :)

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

Sex was difficult, sometimes. Mello and Near both dealt with intense dysphoria almost all the time, and being naked made it worse. But they both loved and longed to touch and hold the other, and that always, always made it worth it.

“Mello,” Near whispered. He was on top, straddling Mello, a knee on either side of her waist. Her cock was flat against her lower stomach, and Near was rubbing up against her, so warm, *oh-*

“Near,” she breathed, pushing her hips up against him. He grinded down against her again, hard, and she sucked in a breath. He was wet against her, and she was leaking, too, and that felt so good, to think that she was *wet-*

“I can-” Near started, and broke off in a low moan. “I can feel you getting wetter.” She twitched, and his breathing hitched in his throat. “You’re so *wet* for me, Mello.” She moaned, and he *pushed* against her.

“I-” he moaned. His hips pushed down and against her, rocking on her again and again, and it felt so good to have him on top of her, fucking her like this. His hands came down to lie against her stomach for purchase. “I feel like-” he cut off again, unable to finish, only able to rock against her, rubbing himself against her like he couldn’t stop.

“What, baby? Tell me,” Mello whispered. He *moaned*, and she wanted to cry, he sounded so good.

“I feel like I’m *fucking* you.” It was a harsh, low whisper, a confession. Mello’s breath caught in her throat. She shivered.

“You are,” she breathed. “You are, Nate.” The words seemed to flow from her unbidden, sensual and sincere. “You’re fucking me with your cock, and I can feel it so deep inside me, and it feels so good.”

Nate's mouth dropped, and he shivered, his legs squeezed tight around her waist. "Yes.." he whispered, and began rocking against her harder. He let his hands come down just below either side of her ribs, and squeezed there, holding her as he fucked her, and fuck, when she thought about it like that.. Her eyes fluttered shut, and her mouth opened, and words flowed out again.

"Nate, you feel so fucking good," she whispered. "I'm spreading my legs and just letting you take me, and you're m- making love to me, and, and.." she broke off with a moan. The way Nate rocked against her was rough and quick and it made her body move, made the bed move, too. She could- oh, oh- she could feel her breasts moving with the rough rocking movements he made, pushing her again and again, making her small chest bounce inside her sports bra. "-fuck," she moaned. Her hands came to her breasts and squeezed, and she felt a wave of euphoria and arousal wash over her, all she ever wanted. Nate moaned at the sight of her, and picked up where she left off.

"..And you feel so good inside, Mello," he murmured. "And I can feel you squeezing around me.." She nodded quickly, breathing hard, almost whimpering with overwhelmed arousal. Nate had an iron grip on her sides and was pulling them together again and again, like he really was fucking her. She closed her eyes and pictured it, and moaned softly. Her voice was higher, since she was so close and so overwhelmed, and it made her feel good- feel *right*- to hear herself like that. It made her moan again.

Nate growled at the sight of her and his blunt nails dug into her sides, marking her, claiming her. Her back arched, and she cried out with pleasure, then pushed up against the wet warmth above her, against Nate.

"You look so good like this, Mello. So beautiful and- and desperate for.. for my c.."

Mello was breathing hard, and whimpering now, and she really was desperate for it. "Say it," she whispered. Nate's face was pink, embarrassed but so turned on, and he was desperate for it, too. "Say it," she said again.

"..for my cock," he whispered, and shivered again. "Mello," he moaned quietly. "I love-making love to you like this. You feel so good inside, and I- I love you, oh.."

“I love you,” she whispered back, voice almost breaking with desperate arousal. She was leaking sticky, clear-white precome, and they were both so wet, together, that slick, sticky-sounding noises filled the room as Near fucked her. She was looking at his face, and so reached blindly for his hands, and grabbed them, brought them to her slight breasts and under her bra. His hands were warm and soft on them, and he let out this breathless moan that made her leak again, and shiver with arousal. She shoved his hands away, then, and sat up slightly to wrestle her bra off, and lied down again, sighing. Nate moaned shortly at this and brought his hands back up to squeeze and fondle her, and run his thumbs over her nipples, pinch them a little. She sighed at the feeling, and at Nate’s face, which was overwhelmed with arousal and *love* .

She pushed her hips up, hinting not too subtly for him to move faster. He did, rocking on her quick and rough and sudden, and she felt arousal rising in her. He was moaning above her, fucking her hard, and she wanted to cry, it felt so good. Instead, she moaned, loud and unabashed, and whispered her lover’s name again and again.

“Nate,” she moaned. “Oh, fuck, Nate..”

“Yeah,” he whispered. “Yeah..”

“I wanna- I wanna-”

“Say it. Say it, Mello-”

“I wanna come,” she said, and her voice broke this time. “I wanna come so bad, Near, please, let me..”

He looked down at her, his eyes dark and hooded, still rubbing against her, rough and quick. Her breathing was interlaced with helpless, short moans that said that she was so, so close, but she didn’t want to come yet, not until Nate said she could. She grit her teeth, trying to hold on..

“Yes,” Near whispered. A few more strokes, and then her back arched, and she moaned, loud and long, and came, straining, spurting clear-white come onto her stomach and naked breasts.

She saw white and all her muscles went tense, then slowly, slowly, relaxed. Above her, Nate groaned at the sight of her, and jolted, clenching on nothing as he orgasmed.

He was still in the high of it, and so, probably, barely heard as Mello murmured, "Kiss me." But he did, leaning over, curved over his lover, and brought their mouths together. Their tongues tangled, dirty and slow, and so satisfying. She laced her arms around him, pulled them together into a horizontal hug. Mello hummed into the kiss, then pulled away and rubbed their noses together. Nate smiled at this, like he always did. "I love you, she murmured, soft and relaxed.

Nate kissed her nose. "I love you, too."

When they separated, there was so much wetness between them that Mello shivered with happiness and grinned at Nate. Nate pushed his fingers through the small puddle of stickiness, feeling it, which was kind of gross, but also, sort of hot. She licked her lips and looked up at him.

"You're always so wet," Nate whispered. She felt her eyelashes flutter and her cock twitched. "I know," she whispered. "I fucking *love* it."

Nate grinned. He shuffled back, on his knees, to lean over and, oh God, lick up some of her come. She practically *felt* her pupils dilate. He looked up at her from where he was, curled up on his knees, in between her legs, his mouth above her cock. "Is this okay?" he said quietly. She nodded quickly, and he let his pink tongue out of his mouth to lick a long strip up her soft, sensitive cock, then teased at the head a little. She swallowed. It felt good, indescribably so. But it also felt- uncomfortable. Like rubbing in that she wasn't really a woman.

Nate looked up, seeing her face. He pulled away immediately. "Okay?"

She looked away. Nate sighed and shuffled over her again, pulling her in for another kiss. "I don't have to do that," he murmured. "No, I like it," she whispered back. "I don't- I don't know. Can you just.. do, like.. the head? Do you know what I mean?"

He nodded, and kissed her once more before moving down, settling between her legs again. He covered the length of her dick with his hand and pushed it against her lower stomach, flat,

to where only the head showed. He leaned over and sucked and licked at it, and oh, *that* was better. Like he was sucking at her clit or something. She could feel blood surging through her, and she was getting hard again, already. She didn't know if she could come again- probably not- but it felt so good, like she was floating. She hummed, pushing her hips up a little, against his mouth, and then, oh, he pulled away.

"Better?" he said quietly. She nodded, and his warm, wet mouth was back on her. He lapped at her clit again, steady and quick and sucking occasionally. She let her legs spread a little, imagination revving up again, and Nate hummed encouragingly around the head of her cock- no, he hummed against her pussy. Yeah.. he had his mouth right between her legs, lapping at the slick, sensitive flesh there, at the wet, pink folds.. She moaned softly, bringing a hand to her right breast and squeezing..

Nate was relentless on her clit, his hot, soft tongue licking at her until she whimpered with pleasure and brought her other hand down to thread through his hair. He hummed against her again and brought the whole head into his mouth to suck and suck and- oh, oh, that felt good. Maybe she could come again. She moaned, voice a little wobbly, and threw her head back.

"Fuck," she breathed. "Nate, your mouth feels so good on me.. Will you- oh, God.." she trailed off, and just moaned, trying to ground herself and not shove her dick in his mouth.

But then the warmth of his mouth left her, and she moaned, disappointed.

"Tell me what you want, Mello," he said, and she could feel the heat of his breath against her sensitive skin. He was *teasing* her, the big jerk.

"I changed my mind," she breathed. "Suck me. Please."

He smiled, then became serious. "Tell me if you want me to stop." She nodded quickly. His hand moved on her, jerking her off to get her a little harder- no, he was rubbing her clit, actually. And then sucking at it a little, and then putting his mouth against her pussy and licking, hard and steady. Oh.. oh, God, that felt good, and she told him so, leaning her head back against the pillow and breathing hard. He was *good* at that.

He licked and sucked at her, relentless, until she could feel that she was close to a second orgasm, and she whimpered and moaned his name until she knew suddenly, straining and arching her back, that she was going to come. Mello was overwhelmed, and barely heard Nate when he pulled away and mumbled something that sounded like, “beautiful,” and she let out a sob as she came all over her stomach, for the second time in an hour.

“Nate,” she whispered. “Oh, God, Nate..” He surged up to kiss her, and his mouth and face were warm against hers as they kissed and kissed.

“I love you,” she murmured, when he pulled away.

“I love you,” he whispered, almost against her mouth. He kissed her nose again, and she grinned tiredly. Fuck, she really did love him.

He knew her like nobody else did. He took care of her like nobody else did. He knew her discomfort and dysphoria, and euphoria and happiness, what she loved and what she hated. She loved him. And he loved her. ..what a damn *miracle* .

End Notes

kudos/comment if u enjoyed plssss!!!! <3

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