Press unmute, George

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Relationship: <u>Clay | Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</u>

Characters: <u>Clay | Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging</u>

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Additional Tags: Porn With Plot, prank, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Spanking, George

lowkey has a pain kink, but you didn't hear that from me, Dirty Talk, Daddy Kink, Dom Clay | Dream (Video Blogging RPF), Possessive Clay

| <u>Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>dream team living together</u>, <u>live-streaming</u>, <u>Marks and bruises</u>, <u>but like the good kind dw</u>, <u>Size Kink</u>,

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Press unmute, George

by MilkWasTaken

Summary

Sapnap gets convinced Dream and George hadn't had sex after all, and it had all just been a prank.

And things start to go back to normal again.

Until they decide to do it again.

This time, it's not just Sapnap who gets pranked..

Notes

Here's a part two and continuation to my story It's just a prank, Sapnap

And thanks for the comments and requests for me to make a continuation of this story! :)

So here it is, and uh, it's a lot lmao

See the end of the work for more <u>notes</u>

After Dream and George had pulled their 'prank' on Sapnap, they'd gone to take separate showers.

And after a long contemplative shower,
Dream went and sat down with Sapnap to talk to him about what happened,
Explaining to him how it had all been a prank to make him think something was going on when there wasn't.

"What about the hickey?"

Sapnap had questioned, to which Dream gave a forced light chuckle,

"Well, I only did that to make it seem more real. Obviously, we didn't actually have sex, Sapnap."

"So you kissed George?"

"Oh come on,"

Dream rubbed his face, shaking his head,

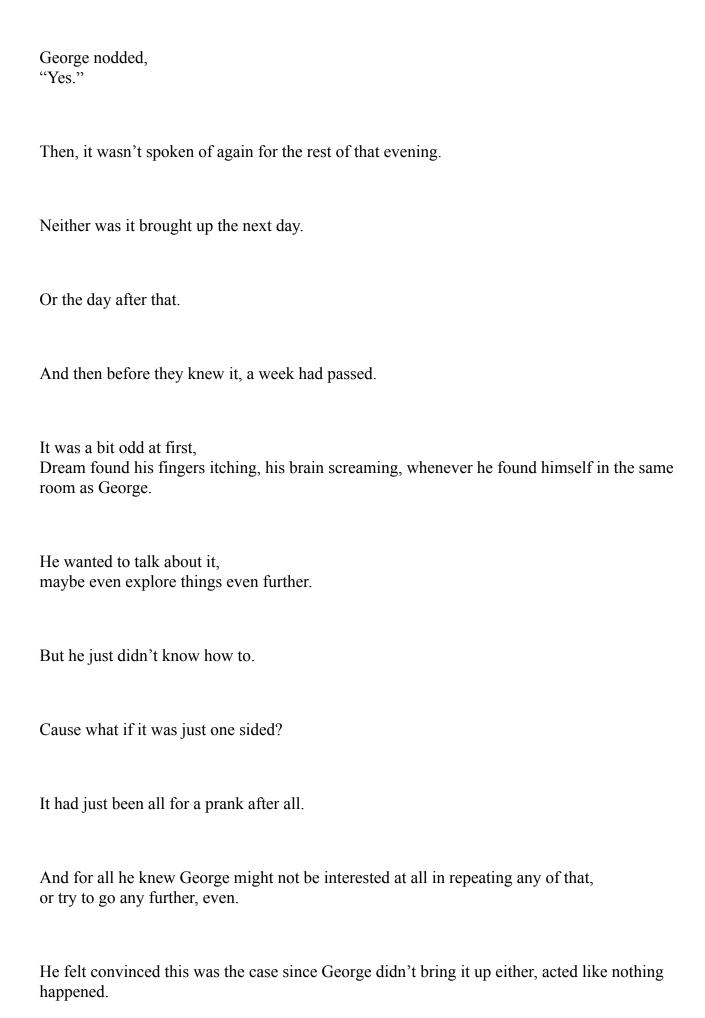
"Nothing actually happened behind closed doors. We didn't have sex. It was all just a prank."

George had found them at some point during their conversation, sitting down next to Dream, looking at him with big, slightly worried looking eyes before he nodded along to whatever he had to say about what had happened.

He was mostly silent during their conversation.

But when it came to Sapnap finally turning fully to him and asking,

"Was it truly all just a prank, George?"



Just like he did.
And once three or four days had passed, the hickey he'd left on George's neck was gone and it truly was as if nothing had ever happened between them,
As if it had been some strange fever dream and now they'd woken up.
And things were back to normal.
Dream probably should feel relieved about it.
Happy, that their friendship wasn't ruined by all of that,
whatever that was.
It was a good thing that they could return to normal as if nothing happened, and he should be grateful for it.
But he couldn't help the small part of him that was bothered by it.
The small, nagging feeling that grew ever so slightly bigger each night when he was left alone in bed, with only his thoughts.
Thoughts drifting off to reimagine what had happened, picturing George's pretty facial expressions, his absolutely sinful moans, his delicate hand stroking him, lips around Dream's thumb as he got to taste his cum.
"I like it."
His mind echoed in George's voice, making him groan and roll over to the side.

These thoughts often resulted in sleepless nights or dreams filled with recaps from that day, causing him to wake up hard and frustrated.

This particular night, he had a feeling it was gonna be another sleepless one.

And it was after laying sleepless in his bed for way, way too long, that he finally decided to get up and perhaps get some water, clear his head.

Perhaps getting some air outside of his bedroom would reset his mind and get him to think about other things that could help him sleep at night.

He sneaked out of his room, moving silently towards the kitchen, thinking there couldn't be another single soul awake at this hour.

Despite all of them having pretty messy sleep schedules most of the time, tonight the house was dark and quiet, almost as if the house itself had fallen asleep along with the people in it.

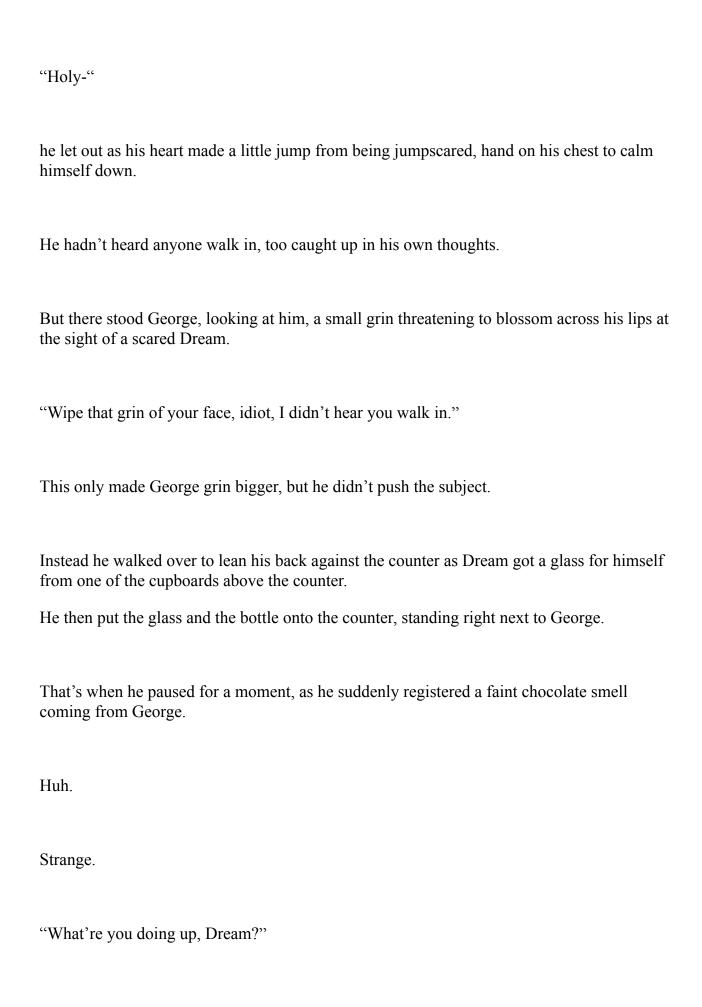
He got to the kitchen, making his way to the fridge, opening the door and squinting slightly at the bright light.

His gaze searched, and he found one of the glass bottles he kept filled with water.

He kept those bottles here and there, most of them in the mini fridge by his computer, whilst some he kept in the kitchen fridge.

He leaned down and took the glass bottle out, then he stood back up and looked over some of the leftovers, contemplating if perhaps he should eat something as well as it might help him fall asleep better.

But after some contemplation he decided against it and shut the fridge with his glass bottle in hand, turning to go grab a glass when his gaze caught sight of a sudden figure next to him,



George asked, his voice sounding light and soft, fitting the surroundings of the silent kitchen during the peaceful night.

There was still that calm silence in the air that made it feel like the whole house was asleep, despite the two of them standing wide awake in the kitchen.

Dream looked at him,

"could ask you the sa- is that my hoodie?"

He asked as he actually took a proper look at George, noticing how he was dressed in one of Dream's absolute favorite hoodies.

It was a dark blue hoodie that was very worn out after being loved by Dream for years.

The strings were frayed and messy, the color had faded from a stark, dark blue to a more muted one after several washes.

The fabric was also looser than it used to be and there were small tears here and there.

Not full blown holes, but small tears that weren't too noticeable yet.

Not enough to make him wanna throw it away just yet.

It was definitely a very well loved hoodie he'd kept for years, a piece of clothing that was even slightly large on himself.

On George it wore like a full on dress with his hands disappearing into the sleeves.

George looked down on himself once Dream had pointed out his clothing choice, looking a bit flustered he said,

"Uh, yeah, I was cold, so.. is it okay?"

Dream sighed, reaching out to touch the fabric of the hoodie, running one of the frayed strings between his fingertips.

He contemplated it, gaze drifting down his whole being.

The large hoodie really made him look even smaller than he was, it was all very loose fit and oversized on him.

It made him seem almost like a small, cute doll.

It was cute.

He was, cute.

Standing there, in Dream's own worn out hoodie, He looked really cute in it.

Dream swallowed as he became self aware of his own thoughts, feeling heat rise to his face.

The question was if it was okay if he wears his hoodie, but the answer in his head was beginning to form more into a demand for him to never take it off.

"I.. Uh, I guess, yeah."

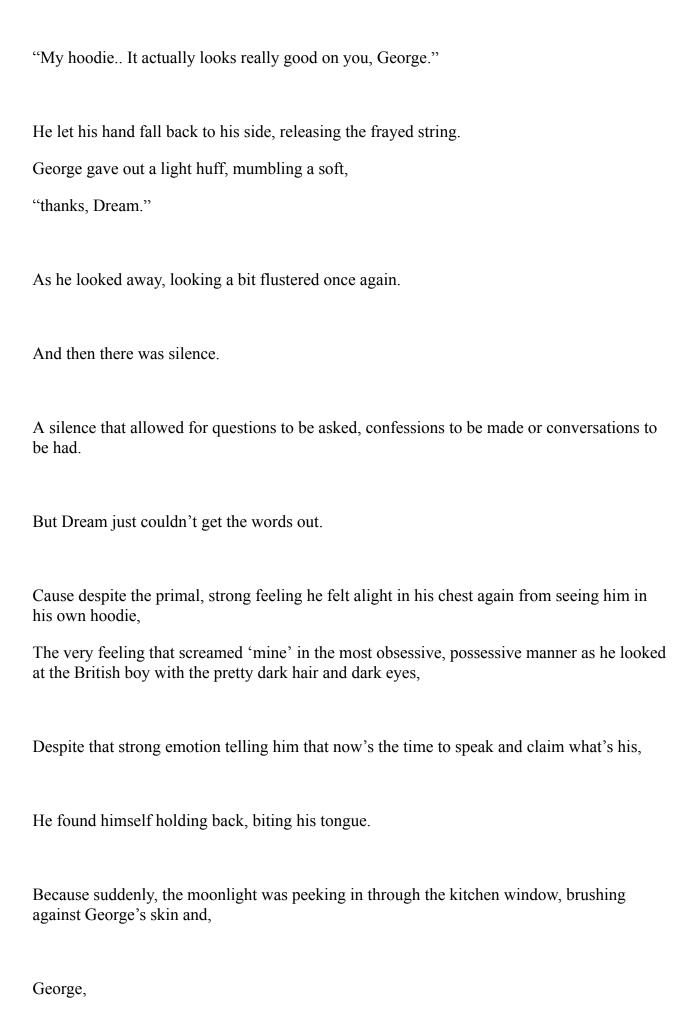
Dream finally mumbled,

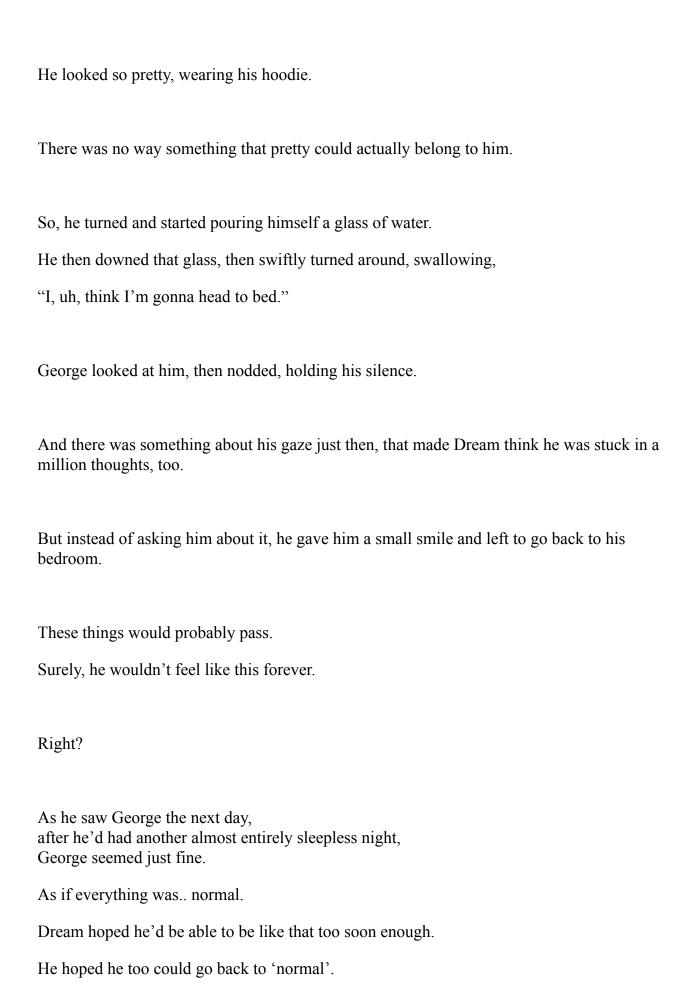
faintly registering the chocolate smell once again now when they stood even closer to each other.

He contemplated asking him about it but bit back the question before it could slip out.

He'd probably just eaten a lot of chocolate or something.

Instead of asking about the chocolate scent, he decided on saying,





"I'm bored. You wanna hop on the merch discord for a bit?"

Sapnap had texted Dream one evening shortly after they'd all had dinner together.

Dream checked the message, then looked back up at the screen infront of him.

He'd been editing a new main channel video, but he hadn't set a specific deadline on it yet so he didn't feel too rushed to get it done.

And talking to their fans felt a lot more intriguing than editing for the moment anyways.

So, he texted back, "sure. Hopping on now."

It truly was a nice change of pace as he got off his editing program and switched to their merch discord vc

Talking to Sapnap and their fans truly helped relax a tension in his shoulders he hadn't even noticed was there before

He was just starting to truly ease into it all,

The comfortable and chill vibes of having a much smaller chat in the discord server and a easier way to connect with the fans,

When Sapnap read out a question he'd seen in the chat,

"Dream, who's your favorite roommate, Sapnap or George?"

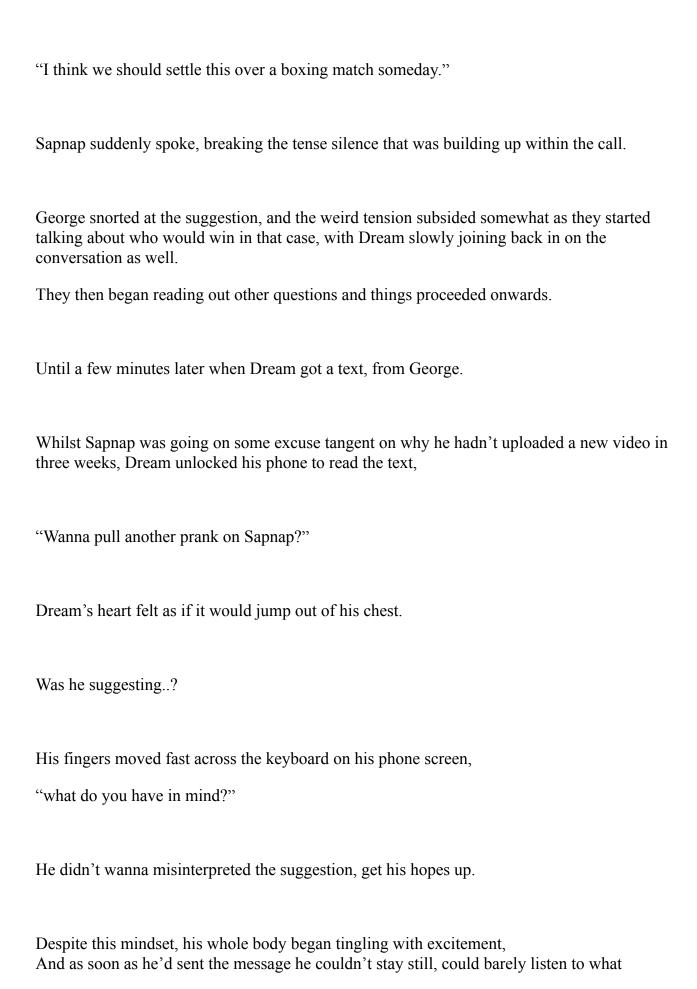
"Me."

George answered the question before Dream could ever think of a response, taking him a bit by surprise to hear his voice suddenly.

He hadn't even noticed him joining the call.

Hadn't expected him to, either.
But of course, Sapnap must've texted him and asked if he'd join as well when he texted Dream.
Made a lot of sense.
"No way. I'm the best roommate. I'm your favorite at least. Right, gogy?"
Sapnap then said, turning the question on George instead who gave out a little huff,
"yeah, I think you're my favorite, Sapnap."
"What?"
Dream almost spat out.
It was the most absurd thing he'd ever heard.
They must be messing with him, surely.
"Oh come on Dream, I'm obviously a much better roomie than you. I even served George breakfast the other day. What have you done for him around here?"
"Serving breakfast,"
Dream mocked,
"you reheated a meal my mom cooked the other day in the microwave for him. So that's a ridiculous argument. You didn't do anything."
"Still better than you."





Sapnap and George were discussing with their fans.

He didn't understand how George could still sound so casual as he spoke in his headphones, Almost sounding like he wasn't the same person texting him at the very same time.

He almost began thinking George had missed his reply, but then his phone buzzed again,

"Come to my room:)"

He didn't even respond, He placed his phone down, then quickly said,

"uh, brb, I need to go do something real quick."

Into the mic before he muted himself,

Not even sparing a single second to listen to Sapnap whining about how he should hurry, or how George would mockingly tell him to leave cause they didn't want him there anyways.

He got out of his seat, his heart pounding fast as he got out of his room and made his way towards George's room instead.

Then, without knocking, he silently opened the door and went inside, shutting it behind him.

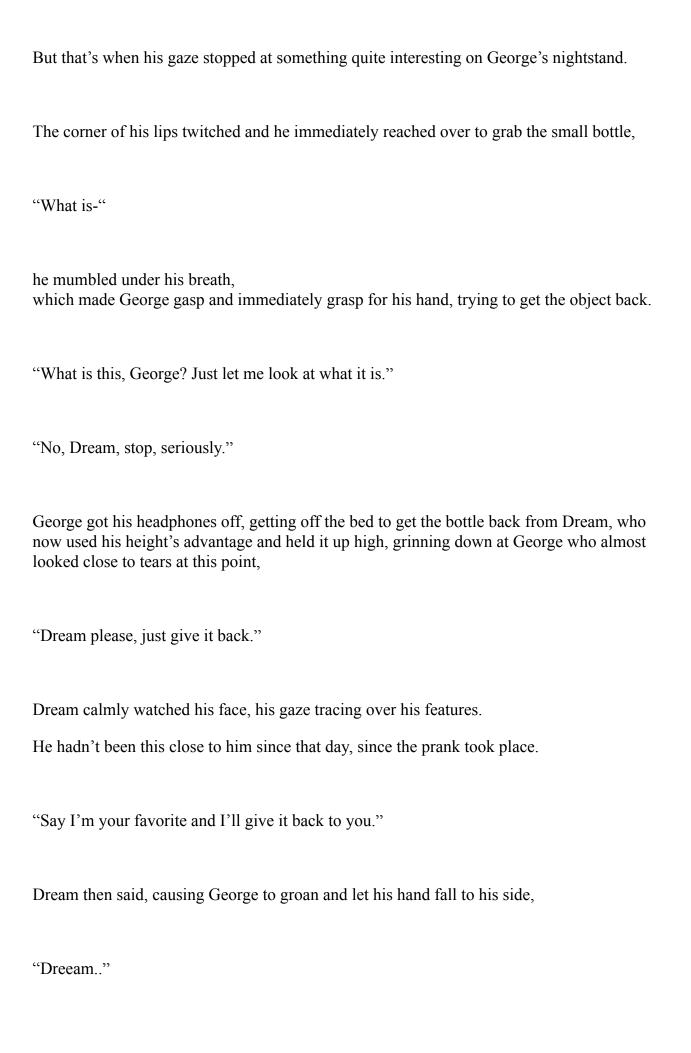
George was laying on his stomach on the bed, dressed in the black oversized Dream hoodie and a pair of sweats.

A spare laptop sat propped up infront of him where he had the merch discord up, his headphones connected to it.

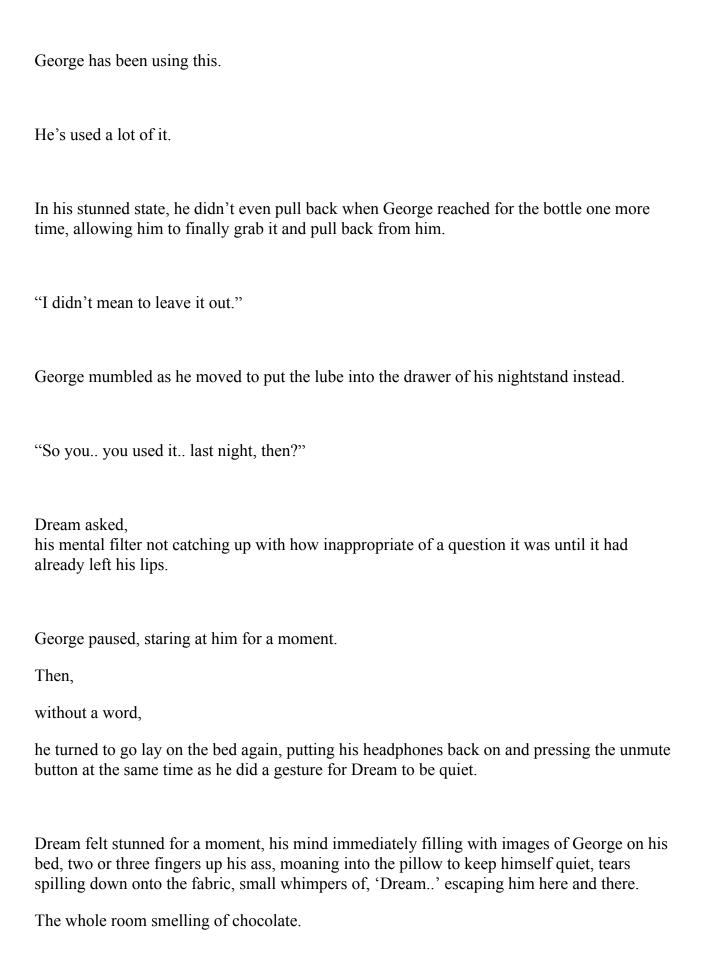
He glanced back at Dream as he was entering, a small smile flashing across his lips before he turned to the laptop,

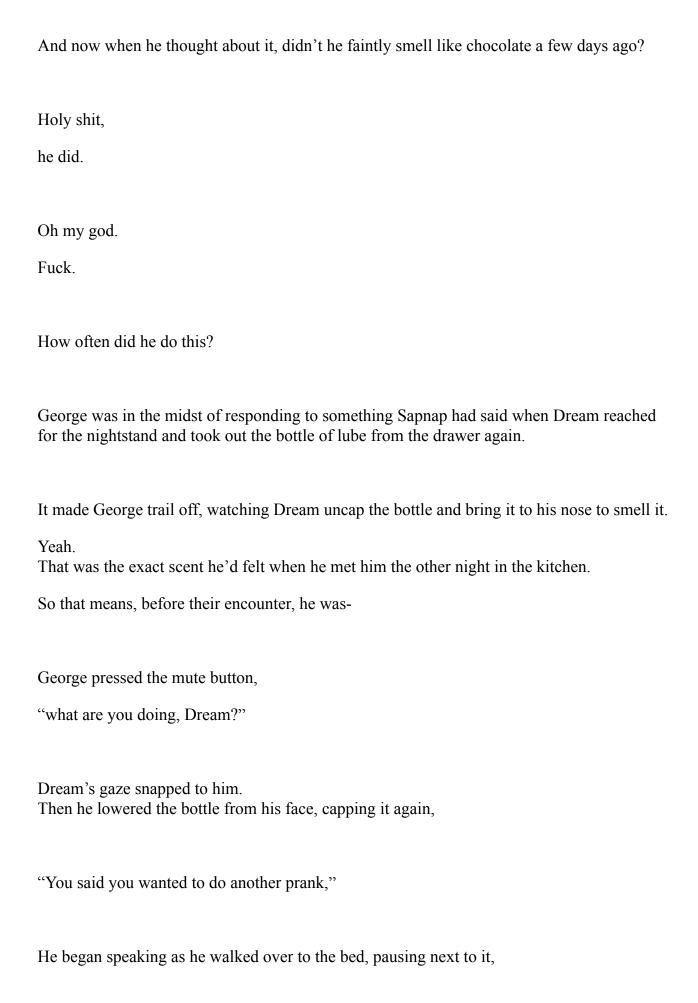
"one second, Sapnap,"

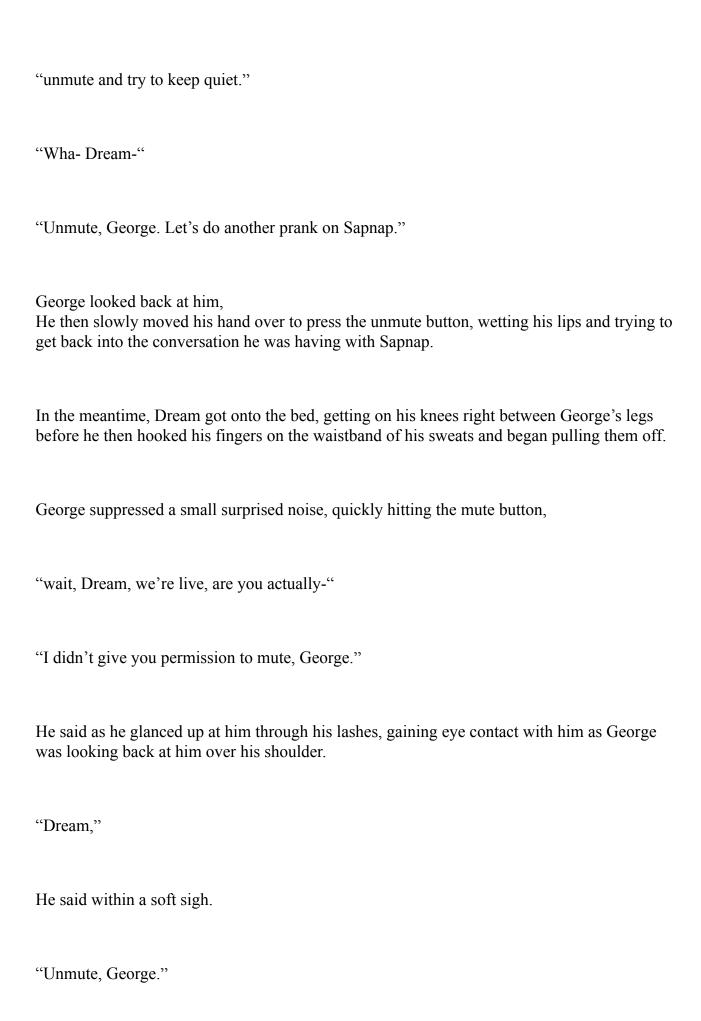
Dream then saw him press the mute button as he walked up to him on the bed.
It hit him then,
he hadn't even been in his room since their last 'prank'.
It felt strange stepping foot in there again.
Felt even stranger seeing George in that bed again.
"I just thought it would be funny for us both to be in here whilst he's unaware that we're in the same room."
George said to Dream, keeping his voice low despite being muted.
Oh.
"So that's the prank?"
George nodded, "Do you have your phone so you can join back in?"
20 your nave your priorite so you can your out in.
Dream hummed as he looked around the room, his gaze calmly drifting around the place,
"I didn't bring it."
George let out a small groan, since now apparently his plan,
his great grand prank idea,
had been ruined.
Dream tried to ignore the way his heart sunk in his chest, the excitement he'd built up dissipating slowly.











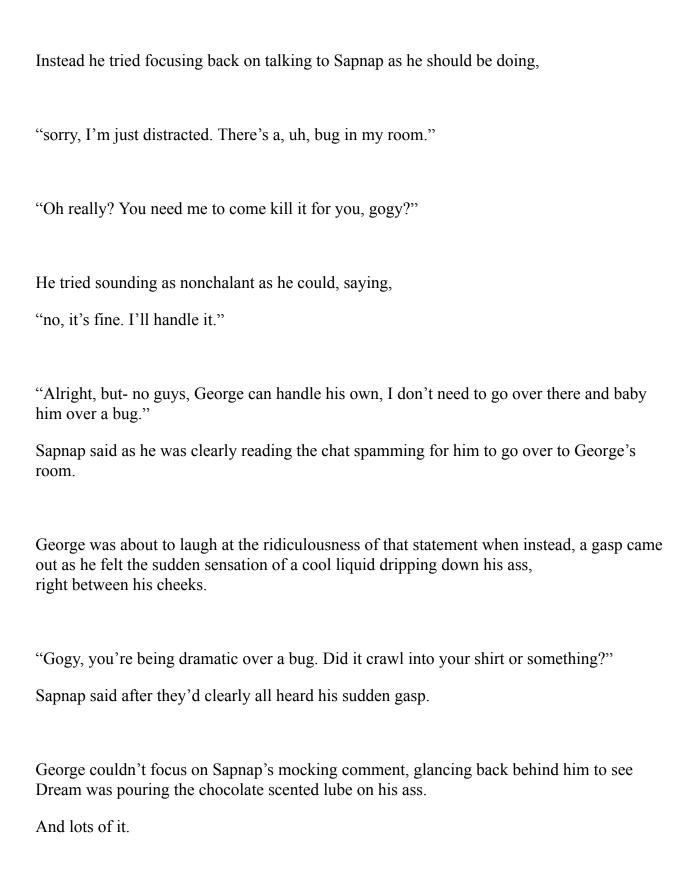
He saw George rub his face as he let out a small whine mixed with a groan. It was clear he felt flustered over the whole concept, finding it too risky, too wild. But then, to Dream's delight, he saw George move his hand over to press the unmute button again, turning his head fully back to face the laptop and clearing his throat as he tried to resume to whatever Sapnap and their fans were talking about. "So obedient.." Dream mumbled under his breath, knowing it probably wouldn't be caught by the mic from where he was He managed to pull his sweats and underwear off, causing George to stutter a bit as he tried keeping a normal conversation with Sapnap. Then, with all that fabric out of the way, he was left with the sight of his bare ass right infront of him. He started by placing both hands on his ass, then he raised one hand up and gave it a light slap just to see if it would leave a mark. The sound, however,

was a bit louder than he'd expected it to be.



He mumbled, glancing over at the back of George's head.





Dream's gaze snapped up to meet his and he stopped pouring lube, capping the bottle and putting it to the side.

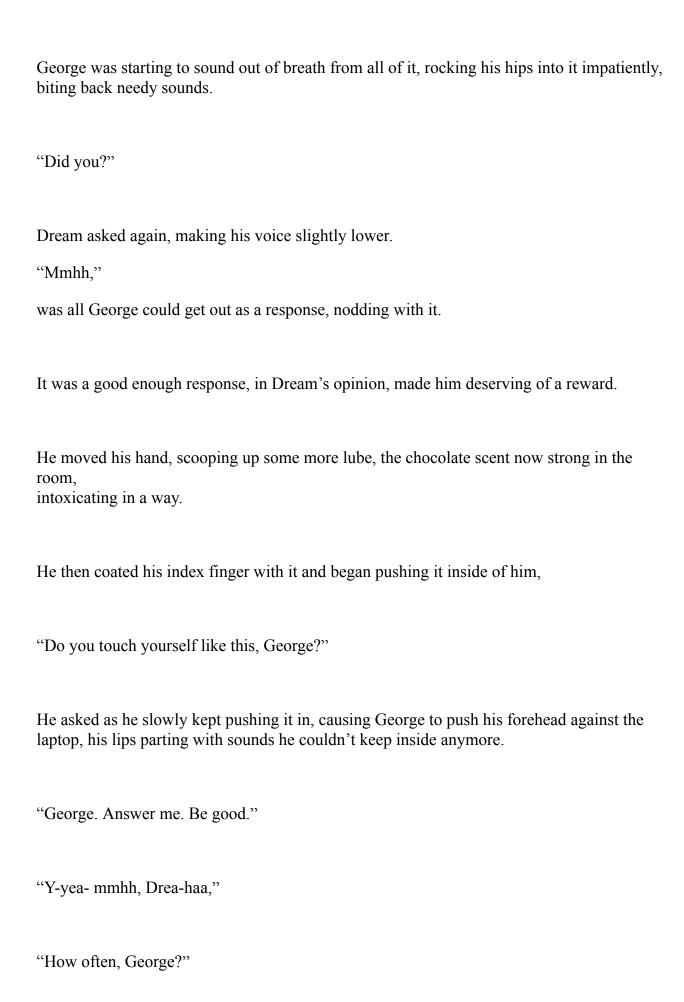
He then motioned for George to be quiet before he moved his right hand to his ass, following the trail where the lube had dripped, running his index finger down between his cheeks. It caused George to shiver as a faint, shaky moan slipped past his lips. He quickly turned his head away, pressing his lips together and shutting his eyes to calm himself down. He can't make any noise, he has to keep calm and silent. "George? Did the bug kill you?" Sapnap said through his headphones. The chat was spamming with different reactions, There were people laughing at his fear of a, nonexistent, bug. Then there were people trying to get Sapnap to go over to him. And then there were some who were just spamming 'sus'. He parted his lips, about to attempt a snarky comeback at Sapnap for his stupid commentary, But then he felt Dream's index finger reach his hole and a moan came out instead.

He immediately slapped a hand over his mouth, eyes opening wide.

That moan had been so loud, so clear, everyone must've heard it.

He looked at chat, seeing more people now spam 'SUS', and other uttered confusions.







he moaned his name, pushing his hand over his face as the confession made his whole being heat up.

Dream felt immensely proud hearing this, the images in his head where George would do this whilst pleading out for him,

Thinking about him,

Wishing it was him,

Weren't that fictional after all.

He leaned down closer to him, lowering his voice,

"you should've just asked me and I would've done it for you. Idiot."

With that, Dream reached over and pressed the unmute button before leaning back again, pushing his finger back deep into him and bending it just slightly.

It made George's breath hitch, and he had to shut his eyes again and try to calm down, breathe normally and don't make a sound.

"Guys, stop spamming sus, George is unmuted now, see? Say something, Gogy."

"Wha-a- you want me to say?"

George spoke finally, clearing his throat to try to pass off his strained sounding voice.

He hoped they couldn't pick up on his needy tone and he quickly bit his bottom lip again to stay silent.

Dream then pulled his finger out and grabbed the lube bottle, pouring some more lube, which wasn't necessary at all since there was so, so much, and it was all over his ass.

But he wanted more.

So he poured more over his fingers, his ass, before pushing two fingers in this time.

George hadn't expected the extra pressure added, he also weren't used to fingers larger than his own, it was all quite overwhelming.

Sapnap was rambling in his ear about how annoying it was that him and Dream kept leaving him alone to talk to their fans as George completely tuned him out, his eyes rolling back as he put a hand over his mouth to keep silent, Dream's fingers stretching him out and reaching so far and deep into him.

He felt so good, so full already from only this.

He had to bite his hand to muffle his own moans, resulting in his palm becoming all slick with saliva.

Poor Sapnap, finishing his rant he was left with silence.

"George!"

Sapnap then yelled out, causing George to focus back on the call, his heart pounding so loud in his chest he could barely hear his own thoughts.

He couldn't even decide what made this all so intense.

Was it the fact that Dream was the one fingering him, acting out a fantasy he'd had playing in his head for.. he didn't even know how long?

Or was it the fact that they were being so.. watched during all of this?

The fact that thousands of people were listening and it was the riskiest situation he'd ever found himself in...

Was that what had him so turned on by all of this?

Maybe it was both, maybe it was all of it.

But it truly was a very risky situation that he'd found himself in, and he absolutely should've left discord the second Dream entered the room.

They were now taking things too far and doing this whilst having live viewers listening..

He should absolutely know better than to be doing this.

But at this point, it almost felt too late to stop.

Or rather, He didn't want to stop.

He pulled the hand away from his mouth, brows knit in pleasure, eyes still shut as he swallowed hard,

"W-what did you say S-Sapnap?"

He was slurring on his words, feeling his mouth barely wanting to form real sentences, no other words than pleas for Dream or soft moans turned into screams.

Sapnap sounded like a whiny child when he spoke,

"you and Dream keep ignoring me when I talk to you. I asked you a few minutes ago if you wanna do a cs:go stream with me this week but you didn't even answer."

George opened his eyes, his gaze traveling to look at what people were typing, his eyelids feeling heavy as he kept biting on his lip, feeling Dream push his two fingers in and out of him at a faster pace.

Looking at the chat, he saw people type,

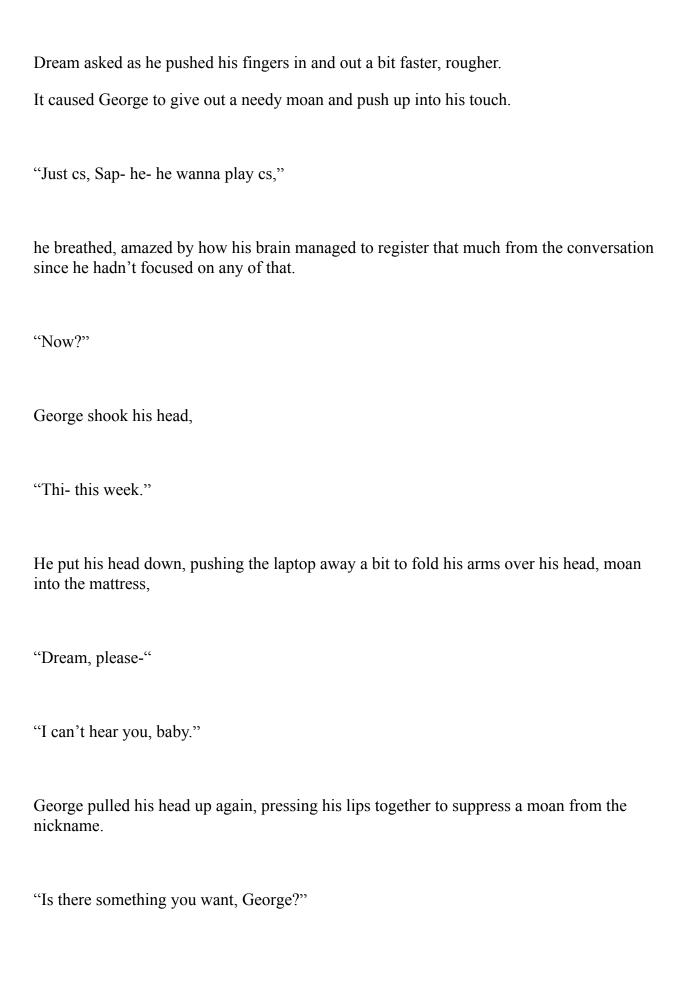
^{&#}x27;Where's Dream??'

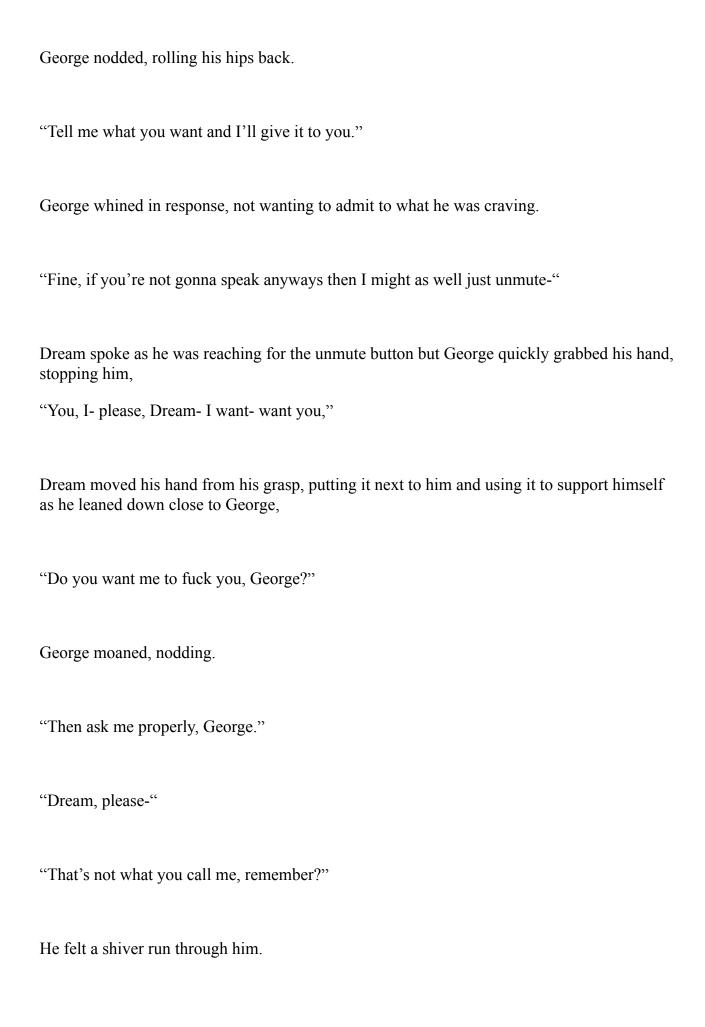
^{&#}x27;George sus'

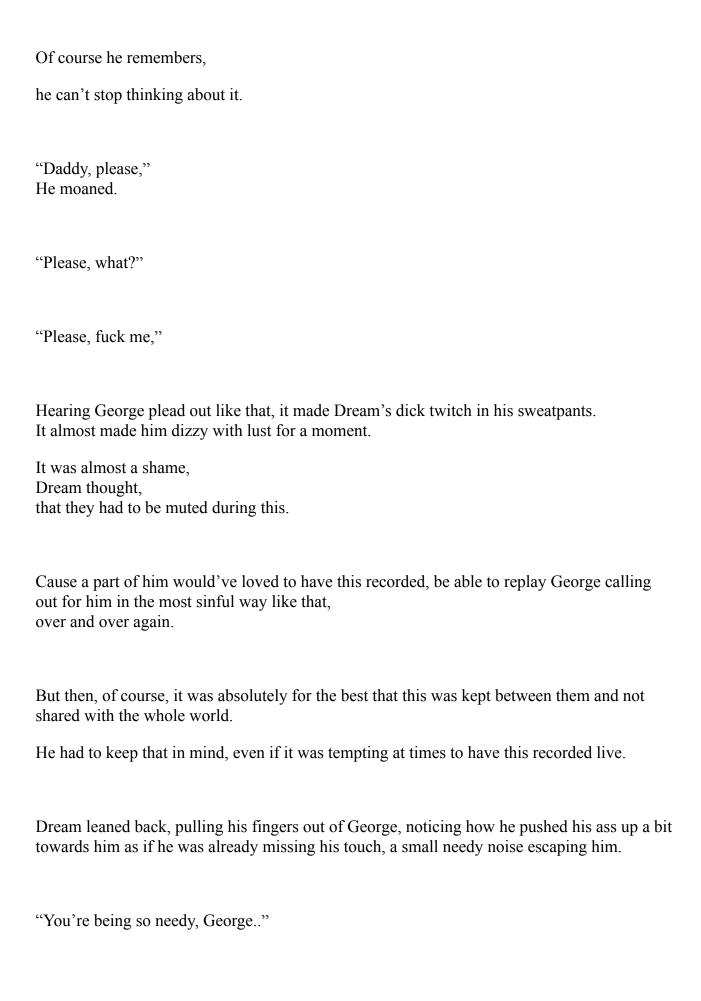
^{&#}x27;Aww poor sappy'

^{&#}x27;Awww'

'DREAM' 'Why did he sound like Dream there?' 'Aww' 'SUS' 'Awwwww' 'Aww Sapnap' 'GEORGE!' 'He's back!!' 'Awww'
It seemed people were mostly just sympathizing with Sapnap, and no one really seemed to be guessing what was currently going on,
which was good.
"I'll play with you, Sah-pmmh,"
George was in the midst of speaking his first normal sentence in a while when Dream had to twist his fingers a bit and catch him off guard, causing him to mess up on Sapnap's name.
Luckily, Sapnap didn't seem to have caught onto it,
"Yeah sure, you keep promising me that then bail out. Come on George I wanna play cs with youu!"
"We'll play, we'll play," he breathed, more focused on rocking back onto Dream's large fingers.
"I promise," he mumbled airily.
He then felt Dream's chest press against his back as one hand reached forward to press the mute button, causing him to relax his shoulders and give out a moan,
"Dream,"
"Play what? What're you two talking about?"







Dream mumbled, using one hand to push past the hem of his hoodie, to then drag his hand down his lower back to the curve of his ass,

To then run his hand up again, pressing down hard with his index finger and running it up along his spine.

"Mmh, Dream,"

he got in response, a content moan from the boy below him as he pushed his ass up again.

"Press unmute, George."

He whined, but obeyed, reaching his hand over to press the button, his fingers slightly unsteady.

"Oh look who's back. Honestly George, I don't think I want to play with you this week. You're on your ignoring Sapnap arc."

Sapnap complained, the second the mute symbol was gone from his discord icon.

"Sorry, Sapnap, it-it's not my fault you guys wanted to live in a country with a bunch of bugs."

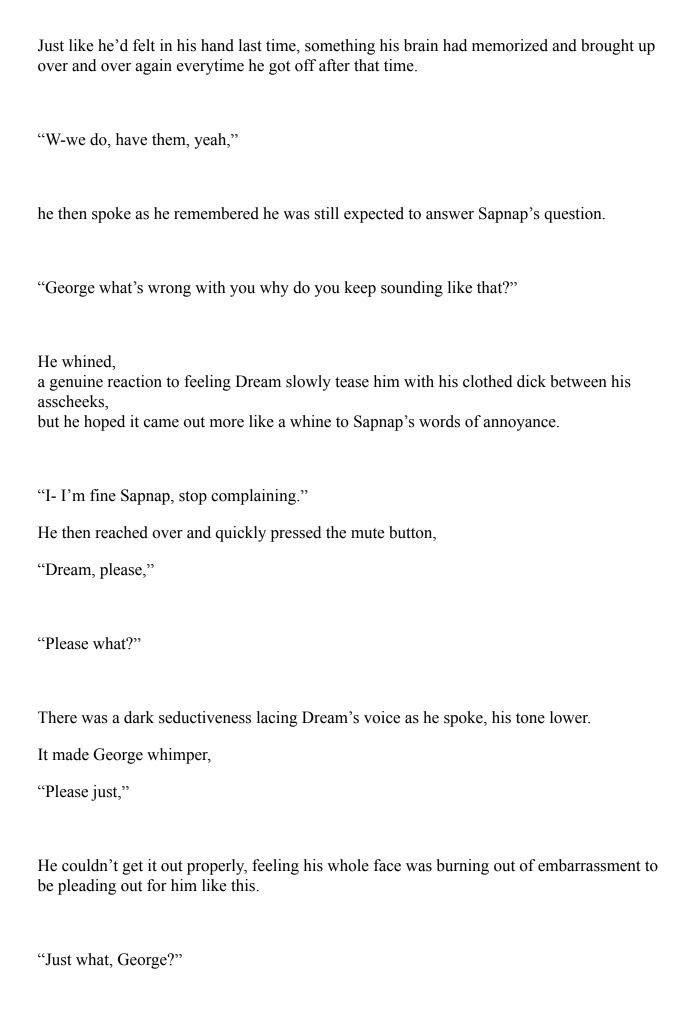
He could speak a bit better now since Dream didn't have two fingers up his ass, although he did know he still sounded a bit winded and out of it.

Hopefully their audience only thought it was sleep deprivation or something.

"Oh, so they don't have bugs in England then?"

Just as Sapnap spoke, George felt Dream pour even more lube on his ass and he had to bite his bottom lip to suppress a sound at the sensation.

At this point, there couldn't be much left in the bottle. How much was he planning on using exactly? George made a mental note to press him on buying a new bottle for him later. That stuff wasn't cheap, and it was his favorite lube after all, it was very long lasting and smelled incredible. And now the whole room smelled of it, it was all around them. Right as he was about to open his mouth to go back to answering Sapnap, he felt Dream put both hands on his hips and push his ass up to meet his clothed crotch. He then began slowly rubbing George's ass against the outline of his dick. His eyes fell shut as they were about to roll back from the feeling of Dream's dick being pushed between his overly lubed up asscheeks. It felt, Holy shit. It felt incredible It sent a shiver down his spine as he slowly moved his ass along with the movements, hanging his head forward and letting out a small moan he hoped the mic wouldn't pick up. He just couldn't hold it in, just the mere teasing of it all was driving him absolutely insane. And he just felt so.. big.



"Just, put it in,"

He finally said, sounding needy, being well aware of just how needy he sounded.

Dream gave a low, humorless chuckle at that, one that sat and rested deep in his chest, something that sounded more like the result of pride and dominance rather than a chuckle born out of actual glee, humor and joy.

"Look at me, George."

He opened his eyes, eyelids feeling heavy as he turned his head to glance back over his shoulder at Dream, who gestured for his crotch.

George's gaze dipped down and saw how his gray sweatpants were now soaked with lube around his crotch.

"My favorite sweats are ruined."

"That's not my fault,"

George spoke as he looked up at him through his lashes, trying to sound snarky but he truly couldn't muster a proper attitude in this state.

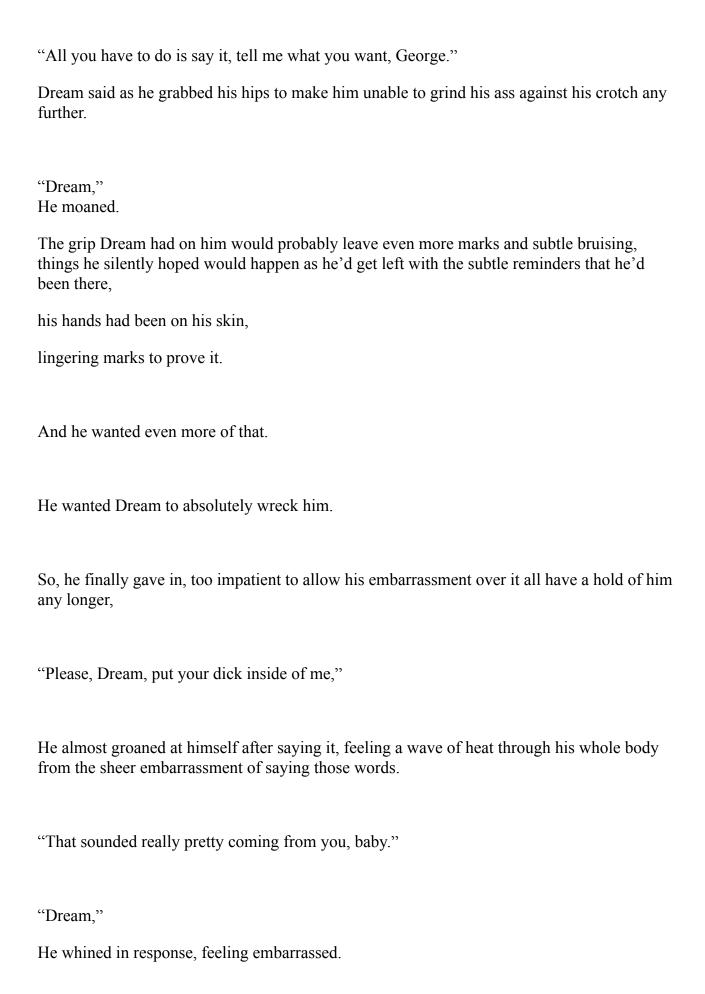
"Well, it kinda is."

George's gaze dipped and lingered at his crotch, seeing the very clear outline of his dick under the soaked material.

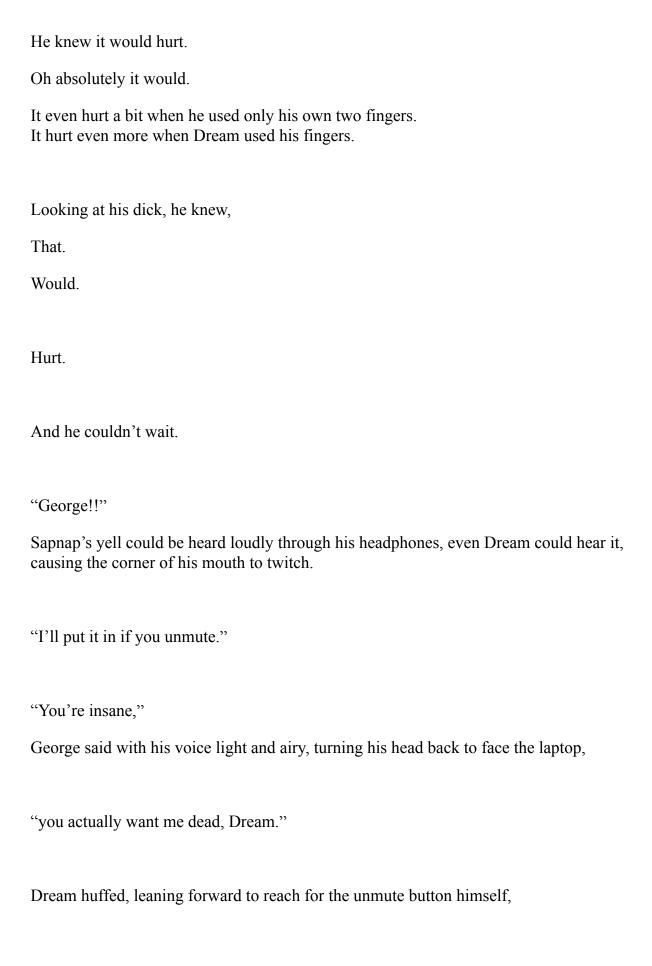
He bit his bottom lip without thinking about it, feeling a needy lust he'd never felt this strongly ever before.

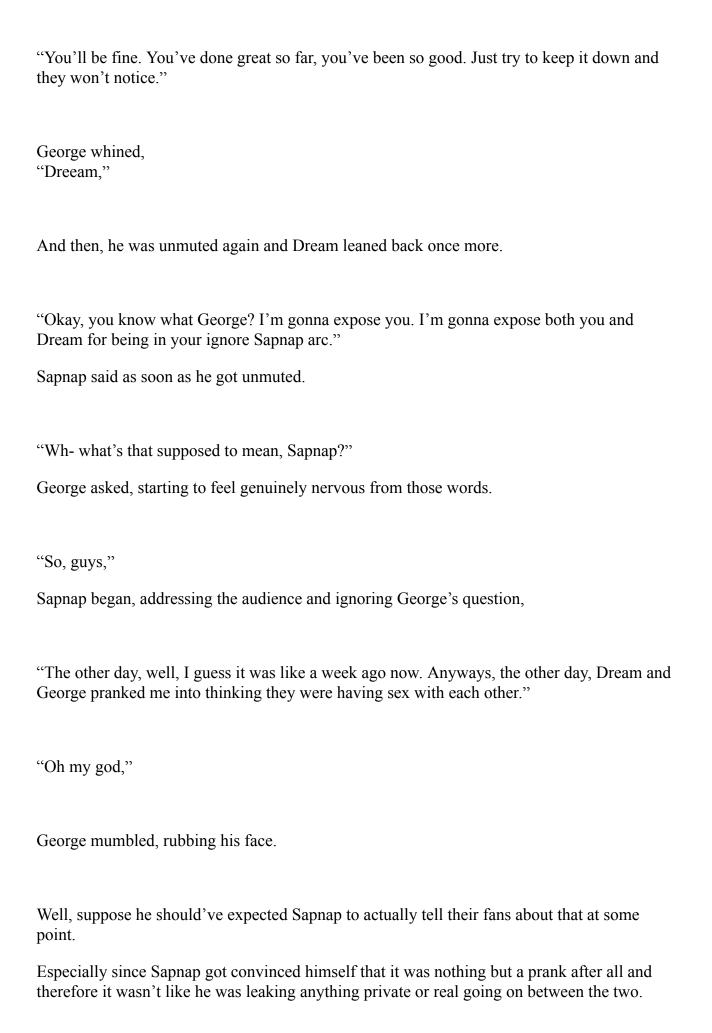
"George?"
Dream's voice sounded like chocolate as he spoke his name, dripping, sweet, warm.
"Dream,"
he said back, his voice airy, gaze shifting up to meet Dream's through his lashes.
Dream's eyes barely looked green anymore, his pupils were blown so wide there was only a small ring of color around them left.
"You want this, George?"
Dream spoke as he pushed George's ass against his crotch again, Pushing his dick right between his asscheeks, slowly dragging his ass along the outline of it, pushing himself between his cheeks with an insane amount of lube making the motion glide easily.
George pushed back into it, feeling like he was gonna lose his mind from all of this, But still wanting more of it.
"Dream"
"Beg for it, then."
He whined, feeling as if his face was gonna burn up at this point.
"Please,"
He moaned.
"Please, what?"

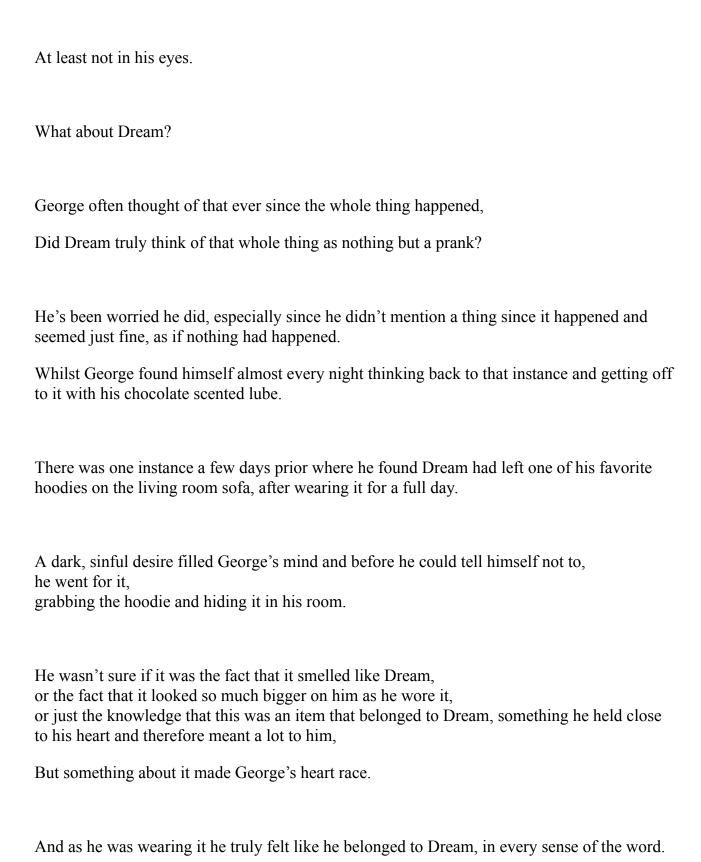












It filled him with a deeply satisfying feeling, a prideful joy in his chest.

Dream had even asked him through text to play some chess with him after he'd put it on, and they played for a few hours without Dream even knowing he was sat there,

wearing nothing but his large dark blue worn out hoodie,

playing with the frayed strings as he listened to Sapnap ranting in the back after he'd also decided to join their vc at some point.

After they'd finished playing, he was left alone in his room, thinking everyone had gone off to sleep and he was free to do whatever he wanted without worrying about any disturbance.

So he finally gave into his desires, getting his chocolate scented lube out and getting off as he was wearing nothing but Dream's hoodie.

That was the night he came the hardest out of all of the nights he'd gotten off after the whole prank incident.

He did feel a bit embarrassed later on however when he went to the kitchen to get some water afterwards and accidentally ran into Dream.

It made his heart stop for a moment.

But he was relieved over the fact that he barely said anything, thankfully didn't point out anything about his post orgasm appearance,

He didn't even push much on the point that he was wearing his hoodie.

"But yeah don't- no guys, stop spamming dnf, I just told you all it was a just a prank they pulled on me,"

Sapnap started saying as he realized his 'exposing' of Dream and George truly just backfired on him into making the whole chat spam 'dnf' and 'dnf is real'.



George opened his mouth against the palm of his hand, his brows knit as he felt Dream finally push his entire length inside of him, then pause there for a moment.

That's when he felt he finally got a moment to breathe, his breathing coming back pretty heavily and he had to try to calm his breathing to make sure it wasn't being picked up by the mic.

"Yes. It was just a prank. They almost got me but those two, nah they'd never actually do it. We're all like brothers, guys. We joke around but at the end of the day, the Dream team house is just three guys who'd never actually see each other like that,"

Sapnap kept ranting.

George was grateful to Dream for pausing for a moment, allowing him to adjust to his size being fully inside of him.

He then began moving again, slowly pulling back out, which did hurt a bit more, causing him to bite his bottom lip, his hand falling from his face to grab at the bedsheets below him.

Dream then paused, then pushed back in.

This time,

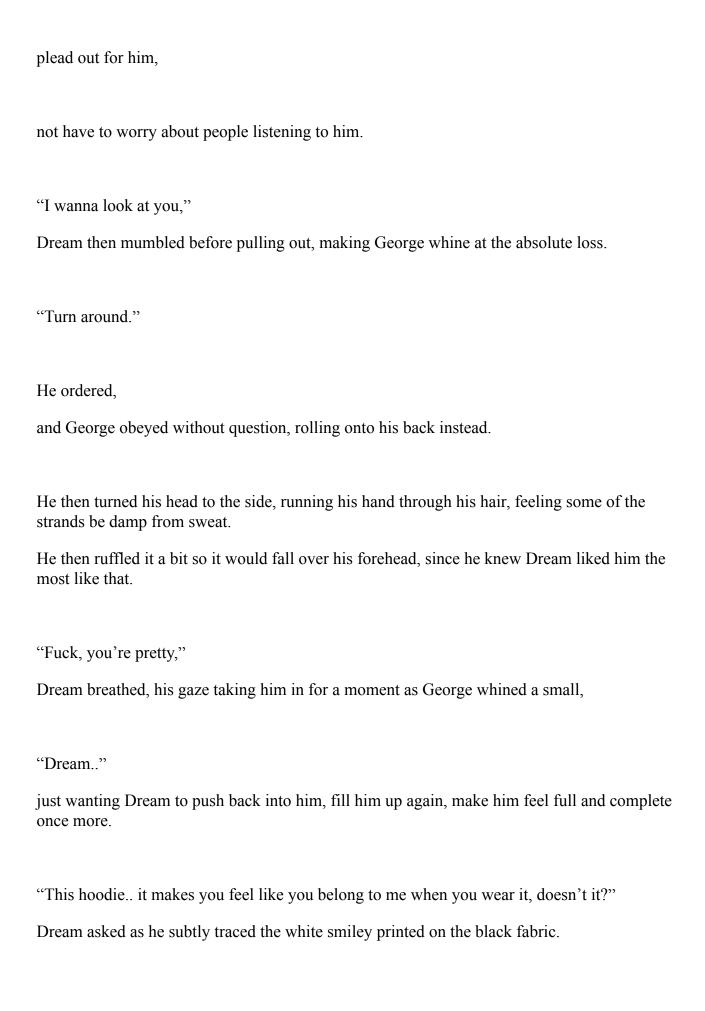
The painful stretch felt truly incredible, which caused him to bite back a moan and hang his head forward

"Right, George?"

Sapnap spoke into his headphones.



"You know more words than that, George. What about it feels good?"
His mind was spinning, and he envied Dream for being able to form such coherent thoughts and sentences as he himself felt like he was losing his mind from all of this.
He was just so big, pushing inside of him, tearing him apart, It was just so much but it felt so, good.
"I- Dream-" "Tell me, George."
He whined, caving in and obeying Dream's command,
"Y-you, you're filling me up and y-you're so- so big, it-it hurts but feels so good, Dream"
He could feel Dreams dick twitch inside of him, clearly getting even more turned on by his words.
"Oh yeah?"
"Yeah, daddy,"
"Fuck, George,"
Dream moaned, his steady and confident exterior breaking a bit.
George was rocking his hips back into his thrusts now, feeling incredible to finally allow himself to moan,



George nodded, feeling his face heat up and add to the already existing blush that dressed his cheeks.
Dream leaned back again, positioning himself at George's entrance once again,
"You always belong to me, George. Not just when you're wearing that hoodie."
He then pushed back into him and George let out an airy moan, one hand reaching over to touch Dream's clothed chest as his other hand went to grab at his own hair then over to grab at the bedsheets next to him.
"I'm yours?"
He asked, his voice high pitched and needy.
"Obviously."
He could cry,
"Dream"
Dream's gaze dipped, looking at the smiley on the hoodie.
It sparked an idea.
He moved his hand, pushing the fabric of his hoodie up, further and further up his chest until most of his chest was exposed.
"Dream, wha- what are you doing?"

George asked, feeling more exposed now, embarrassed.
Dream didn't answer him.
Instead, he put his hand on the middle of his chest, dragging his whole palm across his chest back and forth before he paused at George's right side.
He then made his hand into a fist and stuck his thumb out, placing the thumb nail against George's skin.
Then, he began dragging his nail across his chest, right below his pecs, feeling the dip where his ribcage parts, crossing over to the other side.
George's face displayed some reactions to the slight pain but he didn't voice any protest, simply watched Dream's hand move across his chest, doing whatever it was he had in mind at that very moment.
Simply trusting him.
Dream then did the same movement back, dragging his nail over to the other side once more. Then, he moved his hand away and looked over what he'd done.
A small content smile found it's way to his lips,
"There," he mumbled.
George looked down, trying to see what he'd done but he could truly only register that there was now a marked red line going across his chest.
"What does that even-"
"It's a smiley."

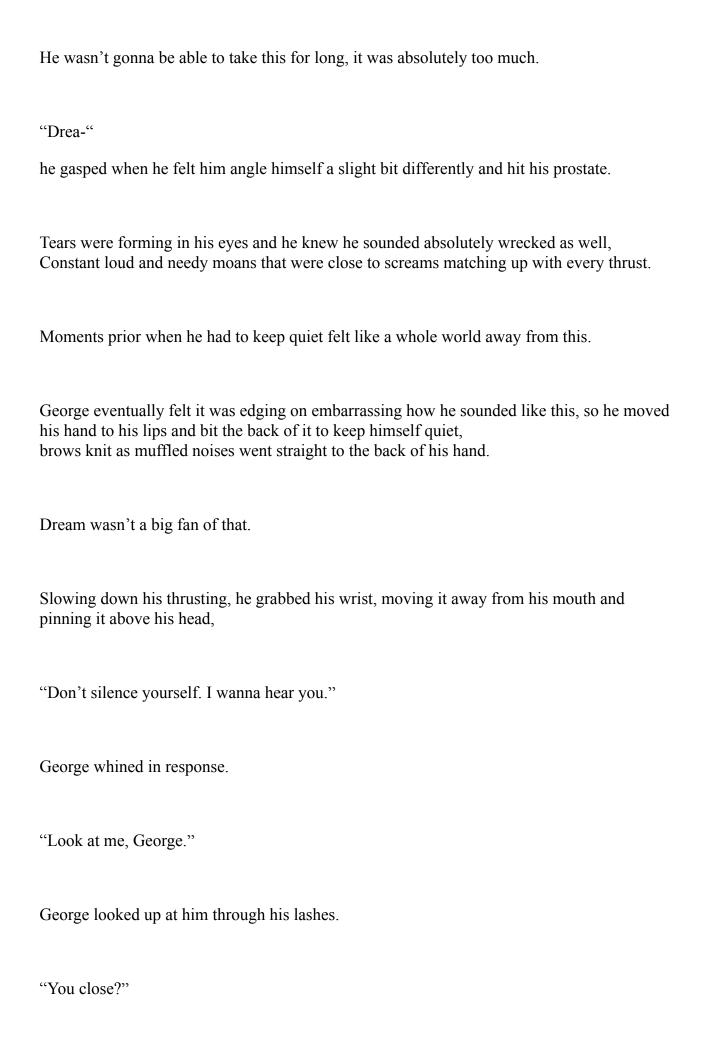


"Whatever, George,"
Dream mumbled. He then ran his thumb back and forth along the line he'd created,
"You would look great having my name on your chest, though."
He mumbled, then used his index finger to trace out the invisible letters across his chest, Once again gracing his nipples in the process which made George shiver slightly.
"Should get it tattooed or something." Dream then said.
George watched him, giving a faint huff.
That was definitely an interesting thing to imagine, living the rest of his life with 'Dream' written across his chest.
It truly would make him his for life, wouldn't it?
Dream's hand then traveled up to his neck, his index finger rubbing a small space on the side of his neck whilst he rested his thumb on his chin, the tip of his thumb pressed against George's bottom lip.
of his neck whilst he rested his thumb on his chin, the tip of his thumb pressed against

George looked away from him, wanting to turn his whole head away but Dream held him in place.



Causing him to absolutely lose every and any train of thought possible, his mouth falling open with a string of moans coming out of him matching the pace that Dream was going at as his hand dug into his own scalp.







too much. And then Dream pushed into him one more time, hitting directly at his prostate and George tore himself away from the kiss as he felt the familiar wave of pleasure come over him. He tightly shut his eyes, his mouth falling open in a soundless scream as he threw his head back, tears slipping out and down his cheeks and sides of his face. Waves of pleasure kept hitting him over and over again as Dream stayed on that exact spot, rocking into it as he kissed down his throat, Probably leaving some marks on his neck too, George couldn't even register what he was doing he was so high up in the clouds, he couldn't even think or speak or breathe for a moment. He then finally began to slowly come back down, his breathing picking up immediately with a few strained moans slipping out. "Dream." He moaned, his voice laced with tears and bliss. "George," Dream spoke as George was starting to blink his eyes open, sight slightly blurry from the tears Dream ran his hand over his chest, as if it was some type of soothing motion, "You look so wrecked and perfect, George."

Dream said as he moved his hand up to capture a single tear from his cheek with his thumb.

"Turn around and lay on your stomach for a moment, baby."
Dream then said.
George felt dizzy from his orgasm, looking at him with confusion.
He then felt Dream pull out and he suppressed an actual sob from the loss.
He'd keep him in there for his whole life if he could, despite now feeling more sensitive, there was something so immensely comforting with having Dream deep inside of him.
But without question he obeyed,
rolling over onto his stomach and then feeling Dream immediately put his hands on his hips, pushing his ass up whilst pushing the rest of him down against the bed.
"Ready? I'll finish fast, okay, baby?"
George nodded.
His tone sounded so sweet, it matched the chocolate scent all around them.
He then felt Dream push back inside of him and he moaned, pressing his face into the mattress for a moment before he remembered,
Dream wouldn't want him to silence himself.
So he turned his head to press his cheek against it instead, one fist laying loosely clenched next to his face.
And holy shit,

George could only give a faint whine in response, feeling so out of it.

With this position he felt Dream push into him even deeper, going faster and harder than before.

The sound of slapping skin against skin filled the room fast, mingling with the sounds of both of their moans and heavy breathing.

George could tell by Dream's moans he was getting closer, and he began rocking back into his thrusts to help him get there.

He then realized there was something else he could do to help him get that final push over the edge.

He wet his lips, his mouth feeling so dry from moaning so much.

He then tipped his head back, turning it slightly to the side to look back at Dream with a pleading expression,

"Please- Daddy, I want your cum inside of me,"

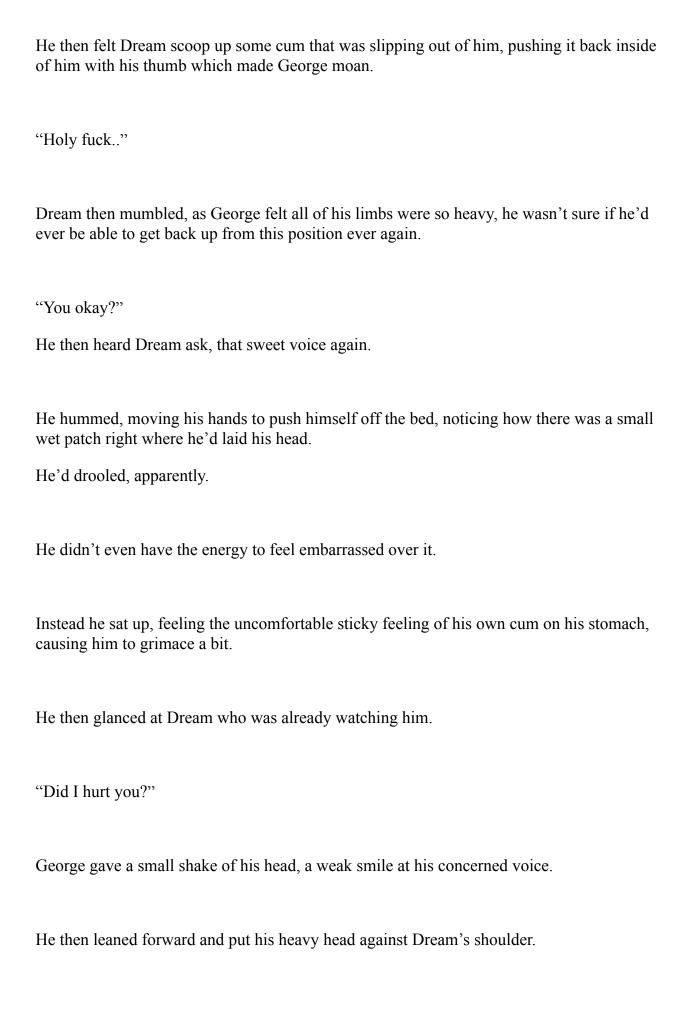
"Oh fuck- George-"

Dream swore, his voice sounding strained from being so close.

He then pushed deep into him one last time before his lips parted, his head tipping back and eyes falling shut as he came, a strained moan escaping him.

George could feel Dream's cum fill him up, pushing deep inside of him, causing him to let out a wrecked moan, putting his cheek back against the mattress as he rocked back into Dream to milk all of it out of him.

They stayed like that for a while before Dream put a hand on his ass to make him go still. He then slowly pulled out, leaving George once again with that empty feeling, making him whine softly.



There, he shut his eyes and felt as if he could fall asleep, feeling so safe as he was embraced by the scent of Dream mixed with sweat and chocolate scented lube.

But then he felt Dream put a hand on his cheek, lift his head off his shoulder and bring their lips together.

Softly, he kissed him. A soft gasp escaped George.

It was so soft.

An undertone of gentle, love, behind it all.

Dream then pulled back and looked at his lips, keeping his gaze there,

And it looked almost as if he was about to say something for a moment, but then he didn't.

Instead, he turned away from him, running a hand through his hair and sighing before he got off the bed, slipping his gray sweats back on fully again,
Despite them now being drenched in lube.

He then picked up George's sweats and handed them to him,

"Thanks,"

George mumbled,

His voice was almost gone as he spoke, must've been from all the scream-moaning.

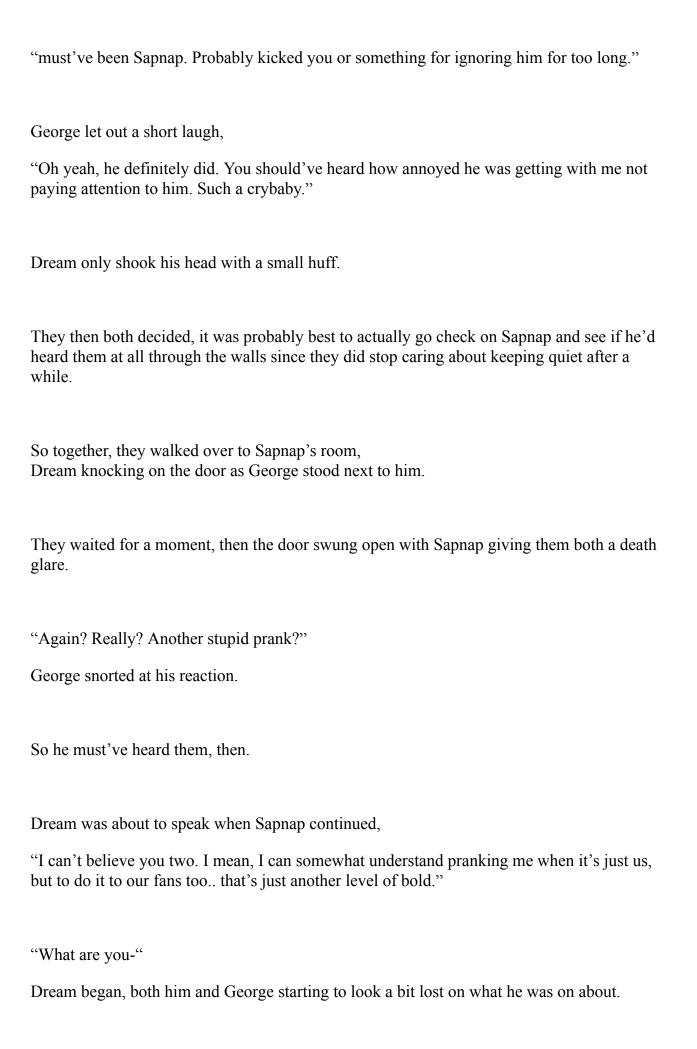
George put the sweats back on, then he turned to check his laptop, wondering if Sapnap was still going without them.

"Huh, that's weird."

George said as he looked at his discord.

"I'm not in the merch discord anymore.."

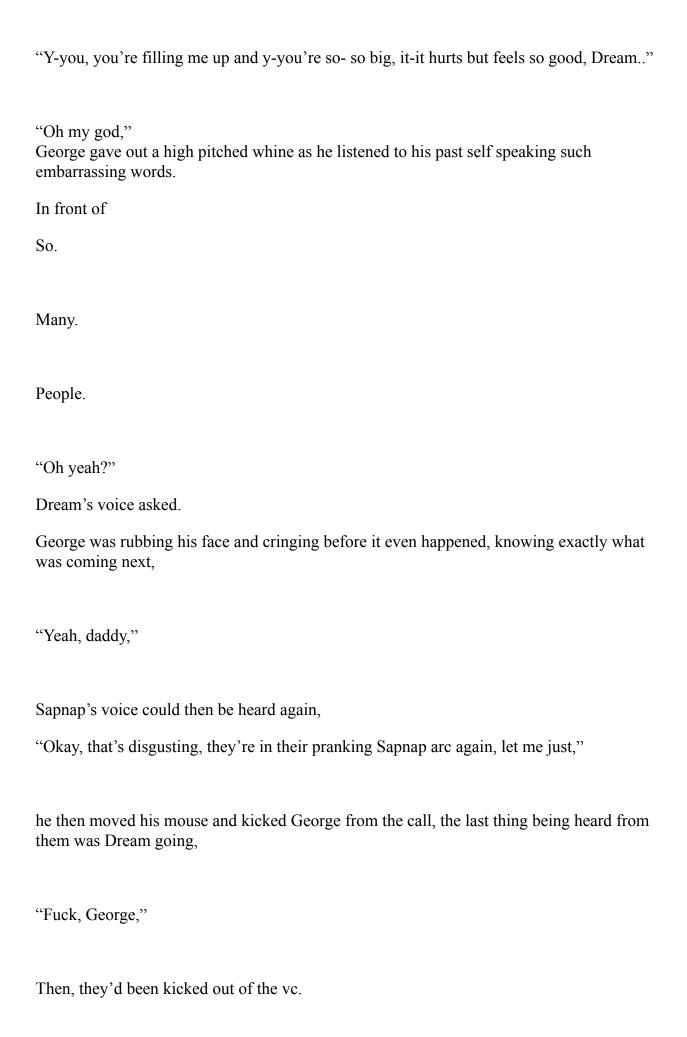
Dream looked over his shoulder, then huffed,

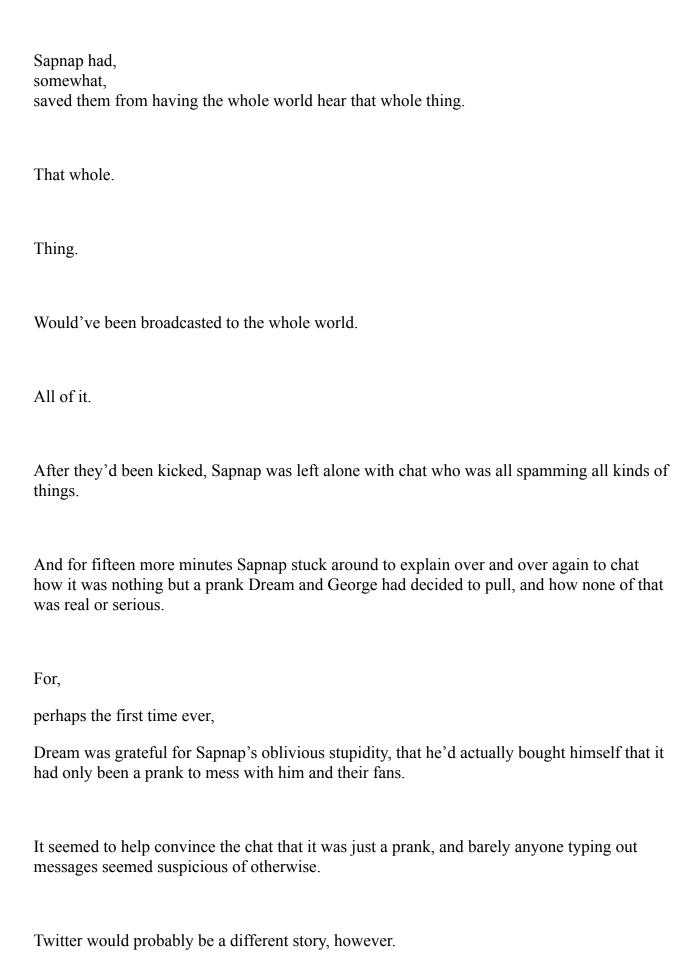












Dream just knew it, this was gonna be talked about, shared around, everywhere.

End Notes

I have no excuses for my sins.

But ! Here's the third and final part :)

And thanks once again for all the lovely comments on the last one, seeing requests for a continuation of this story really motivated me to make this one! So thanks for reading and commenting and leaving kudos!:)

Please <u>drop by the Archive and comment</u> to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!