

Press unmute, George

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31965157) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31965157>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
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 Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , dream team living together , live-streaming , Marks and bruises , but like the good kind dw , Size Kink , Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of DNF Prank Sapnap !
Collections:	Dream x George [18+] , scrumdiddlyumptious
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-15 Words: 12,445 Chapters: 1/1

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 [notes](#)

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?”

George nodded,
“Yes.”

Then, it wasn't spoken of again for the rest of that evening.

Neither was it brought up the next day.

Or the day after that.

And then before they knew it, a week had passed.

It was a bit odd at first,
Dream found his fingers itching, his brain screaming, whenever he found himself in the same room as George.

He wanted to talk about it,
maybe even explore things even further.

But he just didn't know how to.

Cause what if it was just one sided?

It had just been all for a prank after all.

And for all he knew George might not be interested at all in repeating any of that,
or try to go any further, even.

He felt convinced this was the case since George didn't bring it up either, acted like nothing happened.

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,

“Holy-“

he let out as his heart made a little jump from being jumpscared, hand on his chest to calm himself down.

He hadn't heard anyone walk in, too caught up in his own thoughts.

But there stood George, looking at him, a small grin threatening to blossom across his lips at the sight of a scared Dream.

“Wipe that grin of your face, idiot, I didn't hear you walk in.”

This only made George grin bigger, but he didn't push the subject.

Instead he walked over to lean his back against the counter as Dream got a glass for himself from one of the cupboards above the counter.

He then put the glass and the bottle onto the counter, standing right next to George.

That's when he paused for a moment, as he suddenly registered a faint chocolate smell coming from George.

Huh.

Strange.

“What're you doing up, Dream?”

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,

“My hoodie.. It actually looks really good on you, George.”

He let his hand fall back to his side, releasing the frayed string.

George gave out a light huff, mumbling a soft,

“thanks, Dream.”

As he looked away, looking a bit flustered once again.

And then there was silence.

A silence that allowed for questions to be asked, confessions to be made or conversations to be had.

But Dream just couldn't get the words out.

Cause despite the primal, strong feeling he felt alight in his chest again from seeing him in his own hoodie,

The very feeling that screamed ‘mine’ in the most obsessive, possessive manner as he looked at the British boy with the pretty dark hair and dark eyes,

Despite that strong emotion telling him that now's the time to speak and claim what's his,

He found himself holding back, biting his tongue.

Because suddenly, the moonlight was peeking in through the kitchen window, brushing against George's skin and,

George,

He looked so pretty, wearing his hoodie.

There was no way something that pretty could actually belong to him.

So, he turned and started pouring himself a glass of water.

He then downed that glass, then swiftly turned around, swallowing,

“I, uh, think I’m gonna head to bed.”

George looked at him, then nodded, holding his silence.

And there was something about his gaze just then, that made Dream think he was stuck in a million thoughts, too.

But instead of asking him about it, he gave him a small smile and left to go back to his bedroom.

These things would probably pass.

Surely, he wouldn’t feel like this forever.

Right?

As he saw George the next day,
after he’d had another almost entirely sleepless night,
George seemed just fine.

As if everything was.. normal.

Dream hoped he’d be able to be like that too soon enough.

He hoped he too could go back to ‘normal’.

“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 in front 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 mused, making Dream roll his eyes and say,

“I’m your favorite, George. Say I’m better.”

“Mmh, no.”

George responded, tone unbothered with a hint of amusement.

“Say it, George.”

Dream then pressed, almost forgetting about their hundreds of bystanders listening in on them.

Actually, might even be several thousands since people often livestream their merch discord to an even wider audience who didn’t get in.

“Or what, Dream?”

George then responded, his tone teasing,

Taunting.

Dream bit his bottom lip, holding himself back from taking this too far in front of their audience as his mind began to race with thoughts and ideas,

Ways to make him say it, plead it out, say Dream’s his favorite, his everything.

Say he belongs to him.

He also thought of ways he’d punish him if he’d still refuse to say it.

“I think we should settle this over a boxing match someday.”

Sapnap suddenly spoke, breaking the tense silence that was building up within the call.

George snorted at the suggestion, and the weird tension subsided somewhat as they started talking about who would win in that case, with Dream slowly joining back in on the conversation as well.

They then began reading out other questions and things proceeded onwards.

Until a few minutes later when Dream got a text, from George.

Whilst Sapnap was going on some excuse tangent on why he hadn't uploaded a new video in three weeks, Dream unlocked his phone to read the text,

“Wanna pull another prank on Sapnap?”

Dream's heart felt as if it would jump out of his chest.

Was he suggesting..?

His fingers moved fast across the keyboard on his phone screen,

“what do you have in mind?”

He didn't wanna misinterpreted the suggestion, get his hopes up.

Despite this mindset, his whole body began tingling with excitement,
And as soon as he'd sent the message he couldn't stay still, could barely listen to what

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 in front 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?"

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.

But that's when his gaze stopped at something quite interesting on George's nightstand.

The corner of his lips twitched and he immediately reached over to grab the small bottle,

"What is--"

he mumbled under his breath,
which made George gasp and immediately grasp for his hand, trying to get the object back.

"What is this, George? Just let me look at what it is."

"No, Dream, stop, seriously."

George got his headphones off, getting off the bed to get the bottle back from Dream, who now used his height's advantage and held it up high, grinning down at George who almost looked close to tears at this point,

"Dream please, just give it back."

Dream calmly watched his face, his gaze tracing over his features.

He hadn't been this close to him since that day, since the prank took place.

"Say I'm your favorite and I'll give it back to you."

Dream then said, causing George to groan and let his hand fall to his side,

"Dreem.."

he whined, putting his forehead against Dream's chest in defeat.

"You're so annoying,"

George then mumbled.

Whilst he wasn't looking, Dream moved the hand holding the small bottle, enough so he could finally get a good look at it himself.

He started reading it, then his eyes widened.

"Chocolate scented lube."

He read out loud, causing George to gasp, pulling back from him to immediately try to take the bottle back again.

Dream was quick to get it out of his reach,

"why do you have this, George?"

He said, laughing at first.

Cause it was funny, right?

He looked at the bottle again,

"and you've used how much? Oh my god, George, the bottle is half empty, you--"

He froze,

Then he swallowed,

George has been using this.

He's used a lot of it.

In his stunned state, he didn't even pull back when George reached for the bottle one more time, allowing him to finally grab it and pull back from him.

"I didn't mean to leave it out."

George mumbled as he moved to put the lube into the drawer of his nightstand instead.

"So you.. you used it.. last night, then?"

Dream asked,
his mental filter not catching up with how inappropriate of a question it was until it had already left his lips.

George paused, staring at him for a moment.

Then,

without a word,

he turned to go lay on the bed again, putting his headphones back on and pressing the unmute button at the same time as he did a gesture for Dream to be quiet.

Dream felt stunned for a moment, his mind immediately filling with images of George on his bed, two or three fingers up his ass, moaning into the pillow to keep himself quiet, tears spilling down onto the fabric, small whimpers of, 'Dream..' escaping him here and there.

The whole room smelling of chocolate.

And now when he thought about it, didn't he faintly smell like chocolate a few days ago?

Holy shit,

he did.

Oh my god.

Fuck.

How often did he do this?

George was in the midst of responding to something Sapnap had said when Dream reached for the nightstand and took out the bottle of lube from the drawer again.

It made George trail off, watching Dream uncap the bottle and bring it to his nose to smell it.

Yeah.

That was the exact scent he'd felt when he met him the other night in the kitchen.

So that means, before their encounter, he was-

George pressed the mute button,

"what are you doing, Dream?"

Dream's gaze snapped to him.

Then he lowered the bottle from his face, capping it again,

"You said you wanted to do another prank,"

He began speaking as he walked over to the bed, pausing next to it,

“unmute and try to keep quiet.”

“Wha- Dream-“

“Unmute, George. Let’s do another prank on Sapnap.”

George looked back at him,
He then slowly moved his hand over to press the unmute button, wetting his lips and trying to get back into the conversation he was having with Sapnap.

In the meantime, Dream got onto the bed, getting on his knees right between George’s legs before he then hooked his fingers on the waistband of his sweats and began pulling them off.

George suppressed a small surprised noise, quickly hitting the mute button,

“wait, Dream, we’re live, are you actually-“

“I didn’t give you permission to mute, George.”

He said as he glanced up at him through his lashes, gaining eye contact with him as George was looking back at him over his shoulder.

“Dream,”

He said within a soft sigh.

“Unmute, George.”

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 in front 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.

George was quick to press the mute button right as he suppressed a moan by biting down on his bottom lip,
he then looked over his shoulder at Dream again,

“Wh-what are you doing, Dream?”

Dream looked at the red handprint that was showing up where he’d spanked him,

“Mmh, that was for not saying I’m your favorite when I told you to.”

“Oh my god,”

George mumbled, sounding flustered.

Dream lightly bit his bottom lip, watching the handprint he’d left on his ass,

“you mark really easily, George..”

He couldn’t stop himself from repeating the motion, another slap echoing through the room, making the mark even more red and visible.

It made George moan,
surprisingly soft,
almost as if it felt good.

Dream then put his hand back over the red mark, fitting his hand over it to perfectly cover the mark he’d made.

There truly was something so satisfying about seeing his exact handprint marked on George.

“You should get my handprint tattooed on your body, George.”

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

George sighed softly, pushing his ass back into his hands the slightest bit,

“your hands are huge, it would take up too much space.”

He mumbled, trying to sound as if it was a complaint but it only worked to turn Dream on.

“It’s not my fault you’re tiny.”

He said before giving his other asscheek a slap this time, unable to hold himself back from doing it.

It made George moan and push back even further into his hands.
Almost seeming eager for more.

Was he?

“You like this, George?”

He asked, giving another slap to make the mark darker.

“Mmh, I’m unmuting,”

George responded, avoiding to answer the question as he moved his hand to unmute himself in the call instead.

“Sapnap-“

“George, where do you keep disappearing to? Stop muting yourself. You and Dream are both in your afk arc, it’s annoying.”

George felt Dream’s hands leave his ass and he tried masking the disappointment he felt, holding himself back from looking over his shoulder and beg for more.

Instead he tried focusing back on talking to Sapnap as he should be doing,

“sorry, I’m just distracted. There’s a, uh, bug in my room.”

“Oh really? You need me to come kill it for you, gogy?”

He tried sounding as nonchalant as he could, saying,

“no, it’s fine. I’ll handle it.”

“Alright, but- no guys, George can handle his own, I don’t need to go over there and baby him over a bug.”

Sapnap said as he was clearly reading the chat spamming for him to go over to George’s room.

George was about to laugh at the ridiculousness of that statement when instead, a gasp came out as he felt the sudden sensation of a cool liquid dripping down his ass, right between his cheeks.

“Gogy, you’re being dramatic over a bug. Did it crawl into your shirt or something?”

Sapnap said after they’d clearly all heard his sudden gasp.

George couldn’t focus on Sapnap’s mocking comment, glancing back behind him to see Dream was pouring the chocolate scented lube on his ass.

And lots of it.

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.

Holy shit this wasn't good.

He reached a slightly shaky hand back, grabbing Dream's hand to stop him from going any further,

"W-wait, uh, the bug tickled my, uh, foot. I'm gonna kill it real quick hold on,"

he then pressed the mute button before releasing his grip on Dream's hand, moving his hand to push against his own forehead, into his hair,

"oh my god, Dream.."
he whined.

"What?"

Dream said, acting clueless.

"They heard that."

"Eh, I'm sure they'll buy the bug story."

George just shook his head, muttering something under his breath as Dream moved his finger back and began tracing his rim, causing him to gasp and shiver before subtly rocking his hips back a bit.

"You never answered me earlier, did you touch yourself with this last night, George?"

Dream asked as he kept teasing him, switching from his index finger to instead use his thumb to press at his rim, teasingly so.

George was starting to sound out of breath from all of it, rocking his hips into it impatiently, biting back needy sounds.

“Did you?”

Dream asked again, making his voice slightly lower.

“Mmhh,”

was all George could get out as a response, nodding with it.

It was a good enough response, in Dream’s opinion, made him deserving of a reward.

He moved his hand, scooping up some more lube, the chocolate scent now strong in the room,
intoxicating in a way.

He then coated his index finger with it and began pushing it inside of him,

“Do you touch yourself like this, George?”

He asked as he slowly kept pushing it in, causing George to push his forehead against the laptop, his lips parting with sounds he couldn’t keep inside anymore.

“George. Answer me. Be good.”

“Y-yea- mmhh, Drea-haa,”

“How often, George?”

“O-often,”

Dream swallowed, trying not to get lost in the mental images popping up in his head of George doing this to himself.

Often.

Fuck, just how often has he laid awake at night thinking about him moaning and gasping whilst George was laying in his room doing this to himself?

Dream lightly bit at his bottom lip,

“You imagine it’s my fingers when you do it, don’t you?”

“Dreammm, please,”

He was fully rocking his hips back into it at this point, basically fucking himself on Dream’s finger.

Dream used his other hand, giving a hard spank to his left ass cheek, right over the already sensitive marked area,

It made George bite down on his bottom lip as a pained cry tried to escape him.

“Answer the question, George.”

Dream straight up demanded.

“I, I imagine it’s you, D-Dream,”

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,

‘Where’s Dream??’
‘George sus’
‘Aww poor sappy’
‘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 asked as he pushed his fingers in and out a bit faster, rougher.

It caused George to give out a needy moan and push up into his touch.

“Just cs, Sap- he- he wanna play cs,”

he breathed, amazed by how his brain managed to register that much from the conversation since he hadn’t focused on any of that.

“Now?”

George shook his head,

“Thi- this week.”

He put his head down, pushing the laptop away a bit to fold his arms over his head, moan into the mattress,

“Dream, please-“

“I can’t hear you, baby.”

George pulled his head up again, pressing his lips together to suppress a moan from the nickname.

“Is there something you want, George?”

George nodded, rolling his hips back.

“Tell me what you want and I’ll give it to you.”

George whined in response, not wanting to admit to what he was craving.

“Fine, if you’re not gonna speak anyways then I might as well just unmute-“

Dream spoke as he was reaching for the unmute button but George quickly grabbed his hand, stopping him,

“You, I- please, Dream- I want- want you,”

Dream moved his hand from his grasp, putting it next to him and using it to support himself as he leaned down close to George,

“Do you want me to fuck you, George?”

George moaned, nodding.

“Then ask me properly, George.”

“Dream, please-“

“That’s not what you call me, remember?”

He felt a shiver run through him.

Of course he remembers,
he can't stop thinking about it.

“Daddy, please,”
He moaned.

“Please, what?”

“Please, fuck me,”

Hearing George plead out like that, it made Dream's dick twitch in his sweatpants.
It almost made him dizzy with lust for a moment.

It was almost a shame,
Dream thought,
that they had to be muted during this.

Cause a part of him would've loved to have this recorded, be able to replay George calling
out for him in the most sinful way like that,
over and over again.

But then, of course, it was absolutely for the best that this was kept between them and not
shared with the whole world.

He had to keep that in mind, even if it was tempting at times to have this recorded live.

Dream leaned back, pulling his fingers out of George, noticing how he pushed his ass up a bit
towards him as if he was already missing his touch, a small needy noise escaping him.

“You're being so needy, George..”

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 Sappnap arc.”

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

“Sorry, Sappnap, 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 Sappnap 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 like he'd felt in his hand last time, something his brain had memorized and brought up over and over again everytime he got off after that time.

“W-we do, have them, yeah,”

he then spoke as he remembered he was still expected to answer Sapnap's question.

“George what's wrong with you why do you keep sounding like that?”

He whined,
a genuine reaction to feeling Dream slowly tease him with his clothed dick between his
asscheeks,
but he hoped it came out more like a whine to Sapnap's words of annoyance.

“I- I'm fine Sapnap, stop complaining.”

He then reached over and quickly pressed the mute button,

“Dream, please,”

“Please what?”

There was a dark seductiveness lacing Dream's voice as he spoke, his tone lower.

It made George whimper,

“Please just,”

He couldn't get it out properly, feeling his whole face was burning out of embarrassment to be pleading out for him like this.

“Just what, George?”

“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?”

George groaned,

“You’re so annoying,”

“Alright, fine, I won’t give it to you, then.”

George whined, pushing his ass back where he felt Dream was pulling back.

“You can’t just say ‘put it in’ and expect me to know what you’re talking about. Be specific, George. Put what in, where?”

“Me,”

he moaned as he rolled his ass back against his dick,

“Please,”

“Then be more specific.”

He knew Dream was only doing this to get him to actually spell it out for him for his own satisfaction.

Dream wasn’t dumb,

He knew exactly what George wanted.

He didn’t have to spell out a single word for him to know what he wanted in this scenario.

But was he gonna let George have it or was he gonna use this situation to get him to plead out for him?

Obviously, he’d choose the latter.

“All you have to do is say it, tell me what you want, George.”

Dream said as he grabbed his hips to make him unable to grind his ass against his crotch any further.

“Dream,”
He moaned.

The grip Dream had on him would probably leave even more marks and subtle bruising, things he silently hoped would happen as he'd get left with the subtle reminders that he'd been there,

his hands had been on his skin,
lingering marks to prove it.

And he wanted even more of that.

He wanted Dream to absolutely wreck him.

So, he finally gave in, too impatient to allow his embarrassment over it all have a hold of him any longer,

“Please, Dream, put your dick inside of me,”

He almost groaned at himself after saying it, feeling a wave of heat through his whole body from the sheer embarrassment of saying those words.

“That sounded really pretty coming from you, baby.”

“Dream,”
He whined in response, feeling embarrassed.

“It’s gonna hurt at first. You still want it?”

George gave a soft whine, speaking breathily,

“Yeah.”

“Does it make you want it more, knowing it’ll hurt?”

George moaned at that, pushing the palm of his hand against his forehead as he felt his face heat up even further.

“Look at me.”

Dream demanded, and George felt he had no other option than to look back at him again, staring up at him through his lashes.

“Does it, George?”

George’s gaze traveled back down to look at the outline of his dick through his lube soaked sweats.

He swallowed,

“Yes.”

He admitted, staring at what he hoped would soon be deep inside of him.

He knew it would hurt.

Oh absolutely it would.

It even hurt a bit when he used only his own two fingers.
It hurt even more when Dream used his fingers.

Looking at his dick, he knew,

That.

Would.

Hurt.

And he couldn't wait.

“George!!”

Sapnap's yell could be heard loudly through his headphones, even Dream could hear it, causing the corner of his mouth to twitch.

“I'll put it in if you unmute.”

“You're insane,”

George said with his voice light and airy, turning his head back to face the laptop,

“you actually want me dead, Dream.”

Dream huffed, leaning forward to reach for the unmute button himself,

“You’ll be fine. You’ve done great so far, you’ve been so good. Just try to keep it down and they won’t notice.”

George whined,
“Dreem,”

And then, he was unmuted again and Dream leaned back once more.

“Okay, you know what George? I’m gonna expose you. I’m gonna expose both you and Dream for being in your ignore Sapnap arc.”

Sapnap said as soon as he got unmuted.

“Wh- what’s that supposed to mean, Sapnap?”

George asked, starting to feel genuinely nervous from those words.

“So, guys,”

Sapnap began, addressing the audience and ignoring George’s question,

“The other day, well, I guess it was like a week ago now. Anyways, the other day, Dream and George pranked me into thinking they were having sex with each other.”

“Oh my god,”

George mumbled, rubbing his face.

Well, suppose he should’ve expected Sapnap to actually tell their fans about that at some point.

Especially since Sapnap got convinced himself that it was nothing but a prank after all and therefore it wasn’t like he was leaking anything private or real going on between the two.

At least not in his eyes.

What about Dream?

George often thought of that ever since the whole thing happened,

Did Dream truly think of that whole thing as nothing but a prank?

He's been worried he did, especially since he didn't mention a thing since it happened and seemed just fine, as if nothing had happened.

Whilst George found himself almost every night thinking back to that instance and getting off to it with his chocolate scented lube.

There was one instance a few days prior where he found Dream had left one of his favorite hoodies on the living room sofa, after wearing it for a full day.

A dark, sinful desire filled George's mind and before he could tell himself not to, he went for it, grabbing the hoodie and hiding it in his room.

He wasn't sure if it was the fact that it smelled like Dream, or the fact that it looked so much bigger on him as he wore it, or just the knowledge that this was an item that belonged to Dream, something he held close to his heart and therefore meant a lot to him,

But something about it made George's heart race.

And as he was wearing it he truly felt like he belonged to Dream, in every sense of the word.

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 gave a huff, then he parted his lips, about to speak-

And it was right then that,

without warning,

George felt Dream begin to push his dick into him.

His hand flew up to his mouth to keep himself from making any noise, right as his eyes began watering cause,

Holy shit that was a lot.

He thought his two fingers made him feel stretched out,
this was practically tearing him in two.

“I’m not- no, dnf isn’t real they didn’t actually have sex, guys, I said it was a prank,”

Sapnap kept rambling in his headphones as George’s head started spinning,

He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, couldn’t even keep his eyes open,

And he couldn’t tell Dream to pause for a moment either cause he had to keep quiet.

He just allowed his eyes to fall shut as he accidentally let out a high pitched moan that got muffled by his hand.

In the meantime, Sapnap kept ranting,

“No, listen- no fuck you guys I’m not gonna tell you all the story of how they tried to trick me cause you’re all probably gonna jump to some conclusion that it’s real or something.”

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.

He honestly hadn't paid attention to a word that he'd been saying,

"Shut up, Sapnap,"

he said breathlessly, not even caring about how his words completely lacked attitude as intended, but came out more like a rushed plea.

He just couldn't deal with listening to him anymore.

He was going insane,

And Dream's full length was all inside of him and pushing in and out and holy fuck,

He reached for the mute button, blindly pressing it before pushing the headphones off of his head,

finally allowing himself to moan,

"Dream, I- I can't,"

"Can't what, George?"

He whined,

"Please,"

"Does it feel good?"

He moaned,

"Yeah,"

“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,

plead out for him,

not have to worry about people listening to him.

“I wanna look at you,”

Dream then mumbled before pulling out, making George whine at the absolute loss.

“Turn around.”

He ordered,

and George obeyed without question, rolling onto his back instead.

He then turned his head to the side, running his hand through his hair, feeling some of the strands be damp from sweat.

He then ruffled it a bit so it would fall over his forehead, since he knew Dream liked him the most like that.

“Fuck, you’re pretty,”

Dream breathed, his gaze taking him in for a moment as George whined a small,

“Dream..”

just wanting Dream to push back into him, fill him up again, make him feel full and complete once more.

“This hoodie.. it makes you feel like you belong to me when you wear it, doesn’t it?”

Dream asked as he subtly traced the white smiley printed on the black fabric.

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."

George's gaze snapped back up to Dream, suddenly wondering what type of idiot he currently had inside of him.

“What?”

“Here,”

Dream's hand moved over, pinching George's right nipple, making him give out a soft groan.

“One eye,”

He moved his hand over to the other nipple, pinching that too, causing George to whine as he bit his bottom lip,

“The other eye,”

He then moved his hand, running his thumb along the mark he'd made,

“And the mouth. A Dream smiley.”

George looked at him, feeling too dazed to deal with this, pushing his head back a bit as he kept his gaze rested on him.

“You're an idiot.”

He said softly, lightly biting his bottom lip again.

He couldn't help it though, he did kind of liked the concept.

It made him look forward to later on when he'd be able to go look himself in the mirror and see just how accurate this smiley he'd made would be to the actual real thing that was on his hoodie.

“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.

“Or maybe you could get a small smiley, right here,”

Dream said in a low voice, pressing his index finger down hard on the exact spot he’d imagine it would be placed on the side of his neck.

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

Feeling all hot and bothered, he was slowly falling in love with the idea of having a tattoo just like that as a permanent mark on him to make everyone see he belongs to Dream.

“It would look pretty on you, carrying a mark showing you belong to me.”

Dream said in a lowered tone.

George felt too embarrassed to admit he'd like it too, instead shutting his eyes and subtly rolling his hips down to get more of Dream inside of him, deeper.

“Look at me, George.”

He whined, obeying immediately by opening his eyes and looking up at him.

He wet his lips,
“Dream,”

Dream huffed, almost seeming prideful at how easily George obeyed him.

Dream then leaned forward, placing one hand on each side of him,

“I'm gonna go faster now, scream at me if you want me to stop and I might consider it.”

George felt his heart jump in his chest at his words.

Then, he felt Dream push into him, hard, and fast, picking up a rhythm that kept hitting hard, and fast,

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.

He wasn't gonna be able to take this for long, it was absolutely too much.

"Drea--"

he gasped when he felt him angle himself a slight bit differently and hit his prostate.

Tears were forming in his eyes and he knew he sounded absolutely wrecked as well,
Constant loud and needy moans that were close to screams matching up with every thrust.

Moments prior when he had to keep quiet felt like a whole world away from this.

George eventually felt it was edging on embarrassing how he sounded like this, so he moved his hand to his lips and bit the back of it to keep himself quiet, brows knit as muffled noises went straight to the back of his hand.

Dream wasn't a big fan of that.

Slowing down his thrusting, he grabbed his wrist, moving it away from his mouth and pinning it above his head,

"Don't silence yourself. I wanna hear you."

George whined in response.

"Look at me, George."

George looked up at him through his lashes.

"You close?"

George nodded, struggling to form a single coherent word or sentence.

“That’s not a proper answer, George.”

He whined,

“Dream,”

He got out, the name sounding more like a plea.

“Answer the question.”

“Mmh, close,”

Dream nodded, gaze dipping to his parted lips,

“Good, me too. I’m gonna cum inside of you, okay, baby?”

George almost came from that sentence alone, letting out a noise between a whine and a moan, some precum leaking from his own dick onto his stomach.

“You really want that, huh?”

Dream said as he did a slower thrust in and out of him, picking up on his reaction to his words.

George whined,

“Y-yes,”

“Yes what?”

“Yes please,”

Dream reached down, running his thumb along George’s bottom lip,

“Call out for me, George.”

“Dream-“

“Not that.”

He whined,

“Daddy,”

“Good boy. You’re so obedient when I have you like this, George. I love it.”

George would’ve been tempted to throw some comment at him back,
but he didn’t.

He struggled to even think properly, so he wasn’t gonna even try to come up with a snarky comeback.

Then Dream leaned down, and without warning he captured his lips with his own, causing him to absolutely forget about what they’d even just talked about.

He felt Dream give out a soft moan against his lips and he could barely breathe,
it was all so overwhelming,
so hot,

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.

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

“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,

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.

He then felt Dream scoop up some cum that was slipping out of him, pushing it back inside of him with his thumb which made George moan.

“Holy fuck..”

Dream then mumbled, as George felt all of his limbs were so heavy, he wasn't sure if he'd ever be able to get back up from this position ever again.

“You okay?”

He then heard Dream ask, that sweet voice again.

He hummed, moving his hands to push himself off the bed, noticing how there was a small wet patch right where he'd laid his head.

He'd drooled, apparently.

He didn't even have the energy to feel embarrassed over it.

Instead he sat up, feeling the uncomfortable sticky feeling of his own cum on his stomach, causing him to grimace a bit.

He then glanced at Dream who was already watching him.

“Did I hurt you?”

George gave a small shake of his head, a weak smile at his concerned voice.

He then leaned forward and put his heavy head against Dream's shoulder.

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,

“must’ve been Sapnap. Probably kicked you or something for ignoring him for too long.”

George let out a short laugh,

“Oh yeah, he definitely did. You should’ve heard how annoyed he was getting with me not paying attention to him. Such a crybaby.”

Dream only shook his head with a small huff.

They then both decided, it was probably best to actually go check on Sapnap and see if he’d heard them at all through the walls since they did stop caring about keeping quiet after a while.

So together, they walked over to Sapnap’s room,
Dream knocking on the door as George stood next to him.

They waited for a moment, then the door swung open with Sapnap giving them both a death glare.

“Again? Really? Another stupid prank?”

George snorted at his reaction.

So he must’ve heard them, then.

Dream was about to speak when Sapnap continued,

“I can’t believe you two. I mean, I can somewhat understand pranking me when it’s just us, but to do it to our fans too.. that’s just another level of bold.”

“What are you-“

Dream began, both him and George starting to look a bit lost on what he was on about.

“I’m talking about how you guys just pulled the same prank on the chat you did on me a week ago.”

“What do you mean by that, Sapnap?”

George asked, now beginning to feel a bit nervous.

Sapnap looked at them as if they were the idiots,

“You two, you made it sound like you were having sex when we were on the merch discord.”

“What?”

“Oh my god, stop playing dumb already, I know you guys just did it to prank me again. This is so stupid.”

“But, but, Sapnap, what do you mean, you, and, the fans?”

Dream spoke fast, now really starting to sound nervous.

Sapnap sighed,
Turning around to his computer where he sat down by the desk,
moving his hand over to click the mouse a few times, finding a link of a recording for the merch discord and then forwarding through it until it was closing to the end.

Dream and George both got close to the monitor as Sapnap switched to make it so it played on speakers.

Then, they all listened as past George said,

“Shut up, Sapnap.”

And that's when George remembered he'd pressed the mute button, right after saying that.

But then,
to both Dream and George's absolute horror,

They heard the sound of George take his headphones off,
then moan.

Holy shit holy fuck

They didn't mute.

"Oh my god,"

George got out, feeling as if his soul was leaving his body, putting his head in his hands.

He thought he'd pressed the mute button but he must've missed it.

Dream looked like he'd seen a ghost, staring at the screen as the speakers blared out their past selves speaking,

"Dream, I- I can't,"

"Can't what, George?"

Then Sapnap's voice could be heard saying,

"What? Dream? Is that Dream talking?"

“Please,”
George’s voice whined.

“Does it feel good?”

Dream groaned at how embarrassing it was listening to himself like this.

He couldn’t even begin to wrap his head around the fact that thousands upon thousands of people had heard this, too.

“Yeah,”
George’s needy voice let out.

“You know more words than that, George. What about it feels good?”

Sapnap seemed pretty confused by the reactions of both Dream and George, seeing as George was now full on crouching on the floor with his head in his hands, seeming to have a crisis of sorts.

“I- Dream-“

George’s past self then whined.

“Tell me, George.”

Past Dream demanded back.

George braced himself for what was about to come out of past George’s mouth,

“Y-you, you’re filling me up and y-you’re so- so big, it-it hurts but feels so good, Dream..”

“Oh my god,”

George gave out a high pitched whine as he listened to his past self speaking such embarrassing words.

In front of

So.

Many.

People.

“Oh yeah?”

Dream’s voice asked.

George was rubbing his face and cringing before it even happened, knowing exactly what was coming next,

“Yeah, daddy,”

Sapnap’s voice could then be heard again,

“Okay, that’s disgusting, they’re in their pranking Sapnap arc again, let me just,”

he then moved his mouse and kicked George from the call, the last thing being heard from them was Dream going,

“Fuck, George,”

Then, they’d been kicked out of the vc.

Sapnap had,
somewhat,
saved them from having the whole world hear that whole thing.

That whole.

Thing.

Would've been broadcasted to the whole world.

All of it.

After they'd been kicked, Sapnap was left alone with chat who was all spamming all kinds of things.

And for fifteen more minutes Sapnap stuck around to explain over and over again to chat how it was nothing but a prank Dream and George had decided to pull, and how none of that was real or serious.

For,

perhaps the first time ever,

Dream was grateful for Sapnap's oblivious stupidity, that he'd actually bought himself that it had only been a prank to mess with him and their fans.

It seemed to help convince the chat that it was just a prank, and barely anyone typing out messages seemed suspicious of otherwise.

Twitter would probably be a different story, however.

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