

"IT'S BETTER IF I KEEP THEM."

ARMADILLO X GN!AMAB!READER | NSFW | MASTURBATION | 1.2K

He was instructed to gather laundry, a task he'd done before—every Friday, once a week. Traveling through the several floors of H.E.A.V.E.N Facility, entering rooms and gathering hampers and carrying them to the laundry rooms to be done by another subject. A task used to and would consider a part of his routine. But you aren't.

You're new here.

This is the first time he's gathering clothes from you, and he's nervous—annoyed—bothered—desperate for something? He's never had to gather the clothes of humans. He's asked not to. Humans are dirty and their scent clings to their clothing for days at a time. At times, it's overwhelming—mouthwatering. He would have liked to keep it that way, allow another subject to gather your clothes, but the Warden had instructed him specifically. As defiant as Argon is, Warden is someone he always listens to.

He's never been inside your room, an active choice he made to avoid the place. He wipes his sweaty palms across his sweats, clearing his throat as he knocks. Silence. He knocks again and there's no answer. He's tempted to leave, but suddenly the door slides open. You had left it completely unlocked. Which is reckless. No one would steal from you, but still reckless. Like all humans are. His emerald green eyes dart around the dim bedroom. It's clean.

He hadn't expected that.

Argon shakes off his surprise, his ears flopping as he does. His tail flicks through the air as he slowly walks into your room, keeping the lights off. The hallway light was enough. It smells like you; the armadillo blows out air from his nose. Argon looks around. It's decorated like he expected, filled with your belongings. He looks over your made bed. He doesn't touch it, but your scent is strongest there. You sleep in your bed. He forces his gaze away. Finding your clothing hamper in the corner of your room, the lid placed to the side, it's full.

The Armadillo clicks his tongue, adjusting his nose ring. There was an apparent attempt to shove your clothing down, but you had clearly failed and were in a rush. You wear too many clothes—clothes you look nice in, but that's not what matters. The large bull lets out a huff, walking over to your hamper and effortlessly hoisting it up and holding it with one hand. He takes a couple of steps back, accidentally allowing a few articles of clothing to fall. Argon clicks his tongue, "Damnit." Mumbling under his breath, he rises to his feet, avoiding your clothes as he leaves your bedroom. Adding your hamper to the large cart, divided from the other hampers.

He returns to your room, bending down and picking up a shirt, a sock, pants, and—he touches something damp. A shiver runs up the armadillo's shell, his tail freezing mid-swing. He furrows his brows and uses his index to un-ball the fabric. It was your boxers. A surprised yelp leaves his lips. Argon jumps back, tripping over his own feet, landing on his butt with a heavy thud.

He stares with wide eyes and parted lips. His hand slammed over his nose and mouth. He just touched your—your smell is strong and potent. His chest heaves as he breathes out a muffled, heavy, exhales. He stares before forcing his gaze elsewhere, carrying the rest of your clothing to your hamper. He places his hands on the metal cart, gripping the edge. His senses are filled with you. He shakes his head, squeezing his eyes closed, desperately wanting to get away from whatever thoughts creep into his mind. He pries his eyes open, his face hot. He should just leave it.

He bounces his leg. It would be bad if anyone saw him here, being lazy. He has to turn in the laundry to be washed. He shifts uncomfortably. He's never late to turn in the laundry. He pulls at his clothing, readjusting his sweats. He turns his gaze to your bedroom, his teeth digging into his lips. They were damp in one spot, meaning you. He lets out a hot breath. He stares at your boxers. They smell good. What would you taste like? His hands slap his face, pressing down on his burning cheeks.

You're a human. He shouldn't think of you that way, he should never think of you that way. He lets out another shuddering breath. He should leave them, but if the Warden found out that he had left it behind, he'd be humiliated.

Would you notice if he? The armadillo shakes his head. It's wrong to steal, to take. But his body is uncomfortably hot, his clothes feel tight. He's leaking. He slowly walks into your bedroom again. It's your fault he feels this way, and he's not asking you directly to help ease the ache within his body. He would never ask. He walks back and swipes your boxers off the floor, shoving them into his pocket. He would return it.

The laundry for today could be just a little late.

He closes the door to the bathroom, locking it behind him, and pressing his back against it. He lets out a groan, pulling down the waistband of his sweatpants, his lips parting at the sight of his bulge. There's a wet spot forming. His cock twitches and Argon lets out a sigh, bunching up his shirt and tucking it beneath his chin. Breathing deeply as he pulls down his boxers, watching his cock spring free, slapping his toned stomach, pre-cum smearing against his brown, freckled skin. He gently touches himself, hissing slightly, his thumb rubbing against his tip.

Carefully wrapping his hand around his throbbing length, slowly dragging his hand down. His teeth dig into his bottom lip, breathing deeply through his nose. He slowly plumps his cock. His free hand slips into his pocket, groaning as he touches your boxers, unfolding it. He presses the back of his head against the bathroom door, bringing your boxers to his nose, his eyes rolling back at your scent. His cock twitches. You smell so good, and he hates it. He hates the way you make him feel, why the way you stare, the way you speak. He hates the shape of your brows, the shape of your pretty lips, of your unique eyes.

His lips part, the fabric of your boxers touching his tongue, your taste flooding his mouth, and his back arches. He sucks on your boxers, pressing his tongue against the fabric. It's not enough. He wishes it was your cock. He wishes he could wrap his tongue along your length and suck. Feel you twitch as he takes all of you with your hands tangled in his hair. He pulls your soaked boxers from his mouth, instead pressing it against his cock, choking on a heavy groan. He wraps your boxers around his cock, panting as he fucks your boxers, pretending it was you. You are here with him, touching him, feeling him. He squeezes his eyes closed; he's close.

His body tensed, feeling his cock throb. "Wait--" The words tumbled from his mouth, cut off by a loud moan. He slams his hands over his mouth, feeling his hot cum spurt from his dick, splatting against the other side of the small bathroom. Coating his hand and your boxers in his seed. He breathes heavily, bending forward slightly, his hand dropping from his mouth, pressing against the door. He stares at the mess he made, at your cum-coated boxers, guilt settling in his gut.

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