

## Double Entendre

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/965042) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/965042>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">CyberSix</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Lucas Amato/CyberSix</a> , <a href="#">Lucas Amato/Adrian Seidelman</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Lucas Amato</a> , <a href="#">CyberSix - Character</a> , <a href="#">Adrian Seidelman</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Oral Fixation</a> , <a href="#">So many confused feelings</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-09-13 Words: 833 Chapters: 1/1

# Double Entendre

by [TheArrow](#)

## Summary

Lucas is having a hard time processing certain reactions to the way his adorable coworker Adrian reads poetry during breakfast.

Now and then, the blond biology teacher gets an odd lump in his stomach: his normally voracious appetite vanishes and he can't even pay attention to the latest football match on tv.

There's a pretty lady involved. He thinks so, at first. Leather-clad and long legs finishing in daring stilettos. He's not quite as incompetent around her like he was when he met Elaine those few months ago. With Elaine, he had metamorphosed into a bumbling ape, to Adrien's amusement and consternation. He isn't the smoothest around the ladies, Lucas knows that. But sometimes Lucas really doesn't know what he's feeling.

When he rushes in to save Cybersix from a Fixed Idea, he knows what he's feeling. Stupidity, or bravery - perhaps even love. He knows the quickening of his heartbeat, the shortness of breath that comes with being in her presence. He's listened to enough of Adrien's endless Romantic or Victorian poetry to understand that in those moments, even if Cybersix is his knight in shining armour, he wants to protect her just as much. He wants to be there for her before and after a monster is fought.

Lucas knows how he feels in those moments, when Cybersix looks at him from under her dark eyes and the curved edge of her hat. When he hears the swoosh of a cape or the delicate footsteps near his window, it's all he can do not to rush to the lady and hold her against him. Every time she leaves him parts of him get fuzzier. The longer he goes without seeing her, which is sometimes weeks, the more muddled his mundane every day becomes.

To wax poetic, however, Lucas has to admit to himself, if he's really honest in the moment, that his mundane is not all grey and drab. In the mundane lies a shining star: Adrian. Adrian the poet. Adrian who dashes off in a hurry to go grade papers and always leaves Lucas to pick up the tab. Adrian who gets lost in his book to the point that he forgets he's supposed to be walking home or buying groceries.

Around Adrian, the muddle of the everyday becomes pleasant.

Lucas is not an idiot. He's a big guy. He prides himself on being a big, manly guy. He can hold his own in brawl, and wants to protect (and perhaps one day lovingly ravage) Cybersix in an overtly manly fashion.

So why is it that sometimes, when Adrian looks at Lucas dreamily through his large round spectacles, babbling on about Oscar Wilde or some other dandy writer, Lucas feels a mighty need to rip the book from Adrian's hands and kiss, no, devour the poetry from his lips? He could pull the younger teacher's smaller body towards him, place his lips against every bit of exposed skin, pull off that tie, unclip those suspenders... Since when does Lucas want to get hot and sweaty with the high school English teacher? Since when is he getting hot after another dude? What is happening to him? What is it about Adrian's face, his hands, the way his shoulder blades slope into his back that drives Lucas wild? Lucas, in the middle of breakfast, is daydreaming about running his hands along Adrian's body, what it would be like to undo his belt and pull apart his shirt, pressing his nose into the other man's black hair and breathing in clean soap and -

“On another planet Lucas?” Adrian asks, abruptly pulling Lucas out of his thoughts. They are sitting at breakfast across from each other at a small, round table. Lucas coughs a little and straightens his posture, surprised by the interruption. Adrian is almost finished reading a small essay anthology, and is holding his coffee to his lips. “You’ve barely touched your food, the cook will be heartbroken.”

“Oh, yeah. I got preoccupied by the field trip on Monday. I’m still missing half my class consent forms, and I’m really dreading the paperwork I’m going to have to get done over the weekend!” Lucas recovers quickly, looking down at the untouched food on his plate. He can’t even think of eating, his mouth dry and his chest tight. He looks back at Adrian, who seems satisfied by Lucas’ excuse about permission slips, and returns to his book, still holding the hot coffee to his lips. The way Adrian’s mouth delicately blows the steam from his coffee is seriously distracting. The knot in his chest solidifies at the base of his stomach, wreaking havoc on Lucas’ nerves, and seems to travel downwards and downwards. Lucas swallows despite his dry mouth, eyes fixing on Adrian’s tongue licking his lips. Lucas shifts his legs a little, and tries to distract himself by looking at the football match on the tv set over the bar counter.

A little smile blooms on Adrian’s lips as he reads. Lucas really, really tries, to ignore how that pleased, satisfied little smile causes a yearning, longing, stiffening ache in his pants.

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