

Advanced Warfare - Will Irons x Reader

Von abgemeldet

It simply was his every move, his simple looks, his deep voice, that let you agree on your decision to make him your man, every morning you were waking up next to him. You two were engaged. He promised to take care of you, he wanted to spend the rest of his life with you and simply said yes, beneath countless tears of joy and the most beautiful smile he had ever seen. You made his life complete and he was worried not even being married would be enough to show how grateful he was.

When you looked at him -he was still asleep- all you saw was a handsome man with a big heart. There never had been any sign towards you that revealed he was a soldier. A good one. You knew, of course, but it was like there were two people inside of his body. On one side that man, his comrades simply called "Irons" and on the other side there was this man you called Will. And when you were angry you imitated his mother and called his full name -William Robert Irons! But that was as rare as his name was long.

Still asleep he turned his face towards you and you realized he even looked much more like his mother than his father. Since his mother had died few years ago you only knew his father, Mr Jonathan Irons. You were impressed by the man the second you met him and you shared a nice relationship with him. He liked you the moment he saw you and often told you how much you'd suit his son. Whenever you were alone with him and you talked about Will there was nothing but pride in Mr Irons' voice. He only had a high opinion on his son for the same reason you had: he was willing to die for what he believed in. He didn't care about the money or the fact that honor might make things easier in life. He did what he did, because he was certain to do the right thing. And you admired that about Will and you admired that his father accepted his son's decision not to follow into his footsteps but even supported his son. A family like you had wished for. But soon you would be part of it too, though you already thought like that.

There was also Will's best friend, even he just called Mitchell. Perhaps you were the only person on this planet to call him Jack. He was a nice guy and you two came along so well. You remember how Will introduced you to him and you remember that pride in his voice and how much Jack shared his joy. It was very important to him that you would come along with Jack. After all they were that close they've decided to become marines together. You sometimes wondered what it might feel like to have a friend that close you could call yourselves brothers in arms. You imagined it a pretty nice feeling and there was even a part of you that envied Will for having such a deep friendship. Of course it wasn't to compare with what you had but still... You knew he did all of this for you. He was a soldier to protect the innocent and he was willing to

give his life if it just would save yours.

You caught yourself smiling as your hand reached out for his cheek. Your fingers slowly caressed over his stubble across his jaw towards his chin as he opened his tired eyes slowly. You were happy to be able to let him start the day with a smile.

"Morning...", he mumbled and you responded with a smile. Again you had the feeling to fall for him again.

"You're up for long?", he asked, stretched his arms and rolled over to his side so he could cover your side with his arm. "No. I just got up right before you. Slept well?", you said, still smiling. He leaned towards you to kiss your lips quickly. "You could say that. Man, I don't remember when I've slept that awesome at last." It was, that he just came home the day before. He had changed since he enlisted. He had become a lot more bulky but for a reason you enjoyed that sight even more. You felt safe next to him, when you closed his arms around you. After all, you were a woman and you wanted a man, instead of a boy. You thought it was a little cheeky, but next to him, Jack always appeared like a little boy and you wanted to be his big sister, though Jack was as crazy, stupid and clumsy as Will when they were together, having a beer. There was no difference between them - like twins from different mothers.

"Bet it was me who made you sleep so well.", you then said and caught his attention again. He looked up at you, with a smirk. "Since when so cheeky, babe?"

You loved when he called you that. It was such a common and boring nickname but it sounded all so sexy, when he just called you that.

Now you grinned a bit yourself. "Since you."

Again he came closer to give you another kiss. A passionate one so you embraced his neck with your arms as he rolled on top of you, resting on his strong arms. As you two ran out of breath he got away from your lips. His eyes fixed yours and you so countless emotions running right through his head when he looked at you.

"You're so beautiful.", he whispered. He really was a romantic one but you were the one who couldn't handle it. You covered your eyes with your hand smiled. Your cheeks blushed and that smile turned into an awkward laughter. "What's so funny?", he said.

"Stop that!", you just complained, still smiling and your free hand pushed his face gently away. As you put your hand away, he laid down on you, buried his face in your neck and you knew he needed some tenderness right now, so you embraced him. You heard him taking a deep breath, as he gently kissed your skin, breathed in your scent. He loved your scent. He loved your taste, your gently touch. You were his outlet. Whenever the smell of blood, fear, sweat, despair and pain was in the air on the battlefield he tried to focus on you to get rid of these negative thoughts. To remind himself what he was fighting for. You were the one drying his tears when he cried over the loss of a fallen brother. You were the one to cheer him up and make him smile as you tell him how clumsy you had acted that day. You were the one to offer him shelter when the sky was about to fall on top of him. And you did this out of trust and love. You knew, as the only person on earth, what he needed and that was why he chose you. Why he had asked to be chosen by you.

Again he kissed your neck. "I love you.", you hear him whisper as you tightened your embrace and smiled, kissing his brown hair. "I love you, too."