

KIRASHION'S COLLAB EVENT

50 contributors

13 fics

21 artworks

16 ships



CELEBRATORY ZINE



*interactive
PDF*

Kira's

INTRO

This zine collects fics and artworks created by 21 Teams, of **13 writers and 37 artists**, during my Discord server's first Collab Event (6 Sep - 6 Oct)!

The event, which I had organized upon hitting 30k on Twitter, aims to celebrate our creative community, the power of art and the importance of exchange.

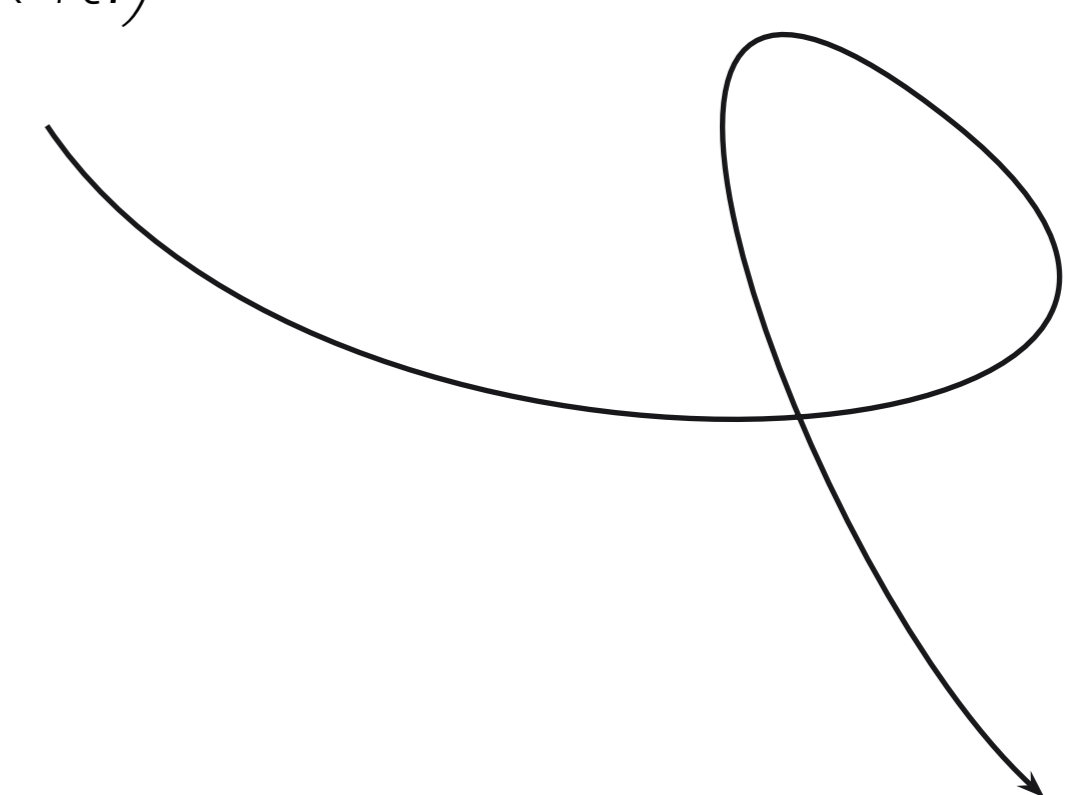
Working with artists I admire made me realise how much joining forces leads to mutual improvement and doubles the fun! Not only that, but the result of a collaboration is a unique, never-before-seen piece which brings out the best in all the contributors' talents - *this zine definitely proves this!*

Thank you to all the participants for your hard work which made the outcome so outstanding! And thank you for the reminder that, while following your passions is true fun, it's even more enjoyable if you make friends along the way!

Enjoy the zine!

INTERACTIVE BUTTON

(click it!)



18+

Before you proceed, be aware that

**THIS ZINE CONTAINS
POSSIBLY TRIGGERING
VISUAL AND WRITTEN
CONTENT**

Warnings for fics are listed under the title of each work and can be displayed by clicking on the corresponding button. However please note that artwork is **not** censored.

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ZhongChi

THE PERFECT OFFERING

#Team-1

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High above the clouds, a serpentine figure flew through the air, his destination within view. Zhongli's scales glittered like gems in the midday sun as the warm rays were reflected. Despite the high altitude, there wasn't a trace of wind, and Zhongli's mood was uplifted by the pleasant weather, a faint smile crossing his lips.

Today, a new head priest would be appointed at the Lapis shrine. As the patron deity, Zhongli felt it was only appropriate to be there.

Landing gracefully in the forest behind the shrine, he transformed in a flash of golden light. The deity smoothed out his luxurious dark robes embroidered with beautiful golden threads, the pattern of the qilin ferocious and life-like. His luminous amber eyes flickered as they adjusted to the dim lighting of the forest, and he glanced around, finding himself alone. Although his mortal form was less imposing than his godly avatar, it still gave off a majestic air; tall arching horns nestled in his long dark hair and a scaled flowing tail trailed behind as he walked.

Making his way up the path to the shrine, he strolled along the natural stone wall, seeking the rear entrance of the mountain. Although Zhongli was technically the one who owned the shrine, he didn't want to be late. Not that one would ever say that he was late, but Zhongli wanted to be punctual. It was only polite.

Above him, there was suddenly the sound of loud cursing. "Shit- watch out!" Zhongli stepped to the side as someone vaulted over the wall, narrowly missing his head and landing awkwardly in the grass before rolling a few feet. The red and white robe attracted Zhongli's attention.

A male miko? Zhongli was intrigued.

"Are you alright?"

A flurry of curses answered him. "Do I look alright?!" The miko got to his feet, the top of his head eye level to the qilin, revealing two fluffy fox ears. He brushed off the dirt and grass on his clothes then stared in dismay at the grass stain on his white sleeve. "Celestia above, Keqing is going to kill me if I can't get this stain out," he groaned before fixing a teary-eyed glare at the deity. "This is all your fault!"

Zhongli was instantly enamored. Dressed in a simple red and white robe, the fox was a beauty to behold. He had azure blue eyes like the glimmering ocean, light copper hair, and a cute dash of freckles across his face like stars. A bushy, well-groomed tail flowed down his backside, the white tip flicking lightly in alarm as the god studied him, his ears laying flat against his fluffy hair.

"What are you looking at?"

Zhongli blinked in surprise, smiling innocently as if he hadn't just been caught staring. "I've never seen a male miko at the shrine before. I wasn't aware the shrine had such a custom," he said smoothly. "I never expected such a handsome fox to be one."

The fox relaxed a bit, and pink colored his cheeks, the flattery doing its job. "I'm... new," he said hesitantly. He regarded Zhongli with questioning eyes. "Who are you?"

"You may call me Zhongli," the deity replied, giving him his lesser-known mortal name. "And you are?"

The fox paused, "... I'm Childe."

"Childe," Zhongli chuckled, the name pleasant on his lips, "delighted to make your acquaintance. I apologize if I ruined your escape over the wall, but I believe the entrance is just over there?"

Childe blushed, "Ah... I was sneaking out."

"Oh?"

"Everyone is preparing for the arrival of Morax, and the past couple of days have been stressful... I was just going to find a place to relax," he explained,

sheepishly glancing at Zhongli. "I wasn't going very far. There's a hidden area in the forest just a little ways away. I like to go there sometimes to get away from everything."

"That's quite understandable. It's always healthy to take some time to ourselves, gather our thoughts," Zhongli said.

"Right?" Childe groaned. "That's what I told the head priestess, but she's been so obsessed with preparing me for the- I mean- preparing the shrine for the ceremony, she wouldn't let me slip away." The pout on his face was incredibly adorable, and Zhongli was struck by the desire to bite his lips.

"Ah yes, how is Madam Ping?" he asked instead.

Childe gave him a glance. Not many could address the High Priestess by name. "She's well enough to lecture me to death if that's what you're asking."

Zhongli chuckled good-naturedly.

They began walking alongside each other back down the mountain, Zhongli's original intention pushed to the back of his mind. "Have you been working at the shrine very long?"

"Yeah, I basically grew up here," Childe nodded thoughtfully. "I think I was 13? 14? It's been a long time. I went through a lot of rigorous training."

Zhongli raised a brow. "Oh? Is it hard being a miko?"

Childe flinched. "Ah... not too bad. I just had some trouble adjusting. We- ren't you planning on visiting the shrine?" he quickly asked. Zhongli pretended to not notice the change in subject, playing along.

"Mmmm... I did have some business at the shrine, but it's alright if I'm a little late. No one will mind." It was true. Who would dare to criticize their own deity? "You wouldn't mind me tagging along, would you?" he flashed a smile, eyes filled with mirth.

Childe froze, eyes wide. His mouth ran dry as he was hit full force with Zhongli's gorgeous smile, "... sure," he croaked out, clutching at his rapidly beating heart as he looked away. A blush crept up the back of his neck.

How cute, Zhongli thought. And when the boy turned back to look at him, he couldn't resist reaching out to pull the miko closer and into his arms.

Childe stumbled as the tug pulled him off balance, crashing into Zhongli's firm chest face first. "Sorry-!" he yelped. Childe tried to stand up, his face red. It seemed like all he was doing around the handsome man was stumbling or falling.

"Are you okay?" Zhongli chuckled, a glint in his eyes as he wrapped his arms around the fox, holding him steady.

"Y-yeah," Childe stepped back, embarrassed. "I'm so sorry about that... I'm not normally so...."

"Cute?"

"... clumsy- huh? What did you just say?"

"I said you were cute," Zhongli purred, stepping forward to close the gap between them again.

Childe's ears flattened against his head. He backed up warily but winced as his escape was cut off, his shoulders hitting one of the torii gates they had passed through. He pressed a hand against Zhongli's chest, trying to hold off his advances. "Zhongli... I'm flattered, but I'm uninterested in courting anyone at the moment."

"Neither am I," Zhongli replied. He was only interested in one thing at the moment.

Mating.

Zhongli's warm lips captured Childe in a kiss, covering up any further protests he might have voiced. The qilin purred low in his throat, pleased as Childe seemed to instantly melt in his arms, encouraging Zhongli to continue. The fox's tail was swishing back and forth with confusion and stiffened as Zhongli gradually deepened the kiss, his tongue slipping into the man's mouth to taste him further. To his surprise, a moan slipped out around it. Zhongli smirked, eyes gleaming. "You're feeling good?"

Childe hung limp in his arms, breathless. The stimulation was too much for the poor fox, who had never kissed anyone before. His skin was starting to heat up, his head was fuzzy, and there was a dull ache of longing in his body from somewhere. "What... What did you do to me?"

"I kissed you."

"No," Childe shook his head weakly. "You did something to me, otherwise how- how could I be feeling so-"

"Aroused? Turned on? Horny?"

"You're shameless!" Childe snapped, renewing his efforts to escape, but Zhongli's hold was firm.

The shameless deity chuckled, "That might be true, but what can you do about it?"

Long claws extended from Zhongli's hands, ripping at the fabric of Childe's robe, the clothes coming off in shreds as the fox cried out in alarm. "What are you doing?!"

Zhongli nuzzled his prey, ignoring the meager struggling as his tail wound around Childe's waist, holding him tight and grinding his growing arousal on the fox's body.

"Of course, I'm preparing my mate," he crooned.

"Mate?! I'm not mating with you! I can't!"

Zhongli paused his actions, Childe shivering in his grasp. "Why not?"

"I-I'm not what you think I am," Childe frantically blurted out. "I'm not a miko... I'm the new head priest of the shrine."

Zhongli wasn't that surprised by this new information, having already suspected it. "I don't understand?"

Childe huffed. "So, when one enters the shrine as a priest, they have to pledge themselves to Morax! They have to be celibate for life, don't you know that?!"

Zhongli stared at him thoughtfully, "I believe I remember them having that tradition."

"Then let me go!"

"Why would I?" A triumphant grin on his face, Zhongli tore off the rest of Childe's clothes, exposing more of his creamy white skin, which was decorated with light freckles like the rest of him. He licked his lips. "You've already pledged yourself to me."

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Hot lips covered Childe's mouth again, the kiss fierce as Zhongli's long forked tongue slid into his mouth, tasting every inch of his new mate. A hand reached down to play with the fox's slowly hardening erection, revealing that he was obviously aroused despite his protests. Recognizing it was his new mate's first time, Zhongli gently pumped the sensitive organ, eliciting delicious whimpers that he happily swallowed.

Childe gasped for air when Zhongli finally broke away. His head was fuzzy, feeling as if he was floating. Everything was focused on the large hand that stroked his member with practiced movements, eliciting untold pleasure from the fox. He gripped Zhongli's robes, trembling, "Z-Zhongli-

"Are you going to cum?"

"I'm-! NnghH~~!"

Hot sticky ropes of cum spurted on Zhongli's hand, and Childe's stomach, the fox seizing as mind-bending pleasure soared through him. Childe's back arched, his tail stiff as he rode out his first orgasm before falling limp and dazed and utterly defenseless. While he was panting heavily and unable to move, Zhongli removed his own clothes with a snap, shifting so that the fox was in his lap.

"Please..." Childe moaned softly, unsure what he was pleading for as Zhongli teased his nipples, finding them as tender as the rest of him.

"So sensitive," Zhongli purred. "Your body is beautiful, such a perfect offering to your god."

Childe whined, head falling back against Zhongli's shoulder. A slick finger prodded at his hole, circling the tight muscle. Childe stiffened. "W-wait, you can't! That's dirty!"

"There's nothing dirty about you," Zhongli gently pressed in, causing Childe to shriek. Natural slick oozed from the fox, the scent blossoming in the air and surprising the deity. "What's this?"

Childe hiccupped, covering his face. "It's a kitsune's natural response when aroused..." he whined, ashamed. "B-but I'm not normally this lustful! I don't know why I'm responding like this-!"

Zhongli didn't know either, but he was pleased as he quickly added another finger. A high-pitched keen escaped Childe as he scissored them, spreading the muscle further and reaching deeper inside the fox. It was too

much, too fast.

"Please, I beg you, slow down-!" Childe tearfully pleaded when Zhongli added a third. His hole was stretched tight around the deity's fingers, and as they started to pump in and out of him, the fox suddenly came a second time with a loud yowl, his cum dripping to the ground. His mind whirled, blinded by pleasure, unable to understand why everything felt so good.

"So lewd," Zhongli hummed, continuing to add yet another finger while the fox was distracted, not intending to slow down in the slightest. "You're being so good for me. You'll be a wonderful mate," he kissed along the curve of his neck, breathing in the heady scent of Childe's skin, basking in it. "I can't wait any longer."

"Huh?" Childe gasped when Zhongli's large cock slid between his cheeks, blue eyes bulging when he saw the sheer size of the deity's manhood.

Geo energy coursed through the erection, glowing with power as it aligned with Childe's hole, which suddenly seemed way, way too small.

"N-no," Childe whimpered, frozen with sudden fear. He gripped onto Zhongli's arms tightly, struggling to breathe. His mind screamed at him to run, but his muscles refused to listen as his body shook. "You'll kill me with that thing!"

"Shhh... it will be alright," Zhongli comforted him but was slowly losing control of his rationale. He wanted to be gentle with this inexperienced mate. He was worried about breaking him, but the desire to feel that slick warmth around his cock was consuming him as he ground it against Childe's ass. "It will feel good eventually; just relax and breathe."

He slowly pressed the large head against that tight ring of muscle, groaning pleurably as Childe's hole was forced to swallow it with a loud pop. Childe shuddered, pain evident on his face as he gaped like a fish, unable to speak. Zhongli channeled some Geo energy through his body, hoping that it might quell some of the pain. It was so hot and wet inside of Childe, the fox's tight muscles spasming and twitching around the intrusion as Zhongli slowly eased him down the thick length. "You're doing so good," he growled, nibbling on Childe's sensitive ears. "You're swallowing my cock so well. I think you can take all of me, hold on...."

Before Childe could protest, Zhongli firmly gripped his hips and pulled him further down, forcing the last few inches inside until the fox's ass was flush against his pubic bone. He was so full. Childe sat ramrod straight, pan-

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ting and flushed with the pure heat that emanated from the large cock buried inside of him. He couldn't believe that this was possible. How was he alive? He pushed against the small bump in his lower abdomen, gasping when it pulsed.

"Don't... do that-" Zhongli snarled, sweat beading down his face as he wrestled with his self-control. His teeth sunk into Childe's shoulder, and his claws dragged across the skin of Childe's thighs and chest, drawing blood and causing the fox to tightly clench around Zhongli's length. Zhongli sharply thrust up into the fox's strained hole, slick squelching around his cock. His eyes flashed as he suddenly lost himself, snarling and growling as he began to pound in and out at a crushing pace.

"Ah-! NNhgh, ughh- slow down-!" Moans began to spew from Childe's plump lips as the lewd noises of their mating filled the otherwise silent forest. The fox held on for his life as the qilin had his way with him, unable to hear the faint pleas of his mate.

"Celestia, you feel so good around my cock," Zhongli snarled as he bit onto the fox's sensitive fluffy ears. "Such an excellent mate, you're taking me so well, I'm sure you'll bear amazing offspring for me."

"Off-Offspring?!" Childe cried in alarm, squirming in Zhongli's lap, only further stimulating him. "I can't bear offspring- I'm male!"

"Gods have never conformed to such things. My eggs would only need a mate to carry them; conceiving them is no problem."

"That's not the problem- AnNh~~" Childe was interrupted by a particularly rough thrust that had him seeing stars. His eyes rolled in the back of his head, a blissful smile crossing his face, and a loud and unabashed moan cut through the air.

Zhongli smiled, fangs glistening in the low light. "Such a good mate," he crooned. The fox had fallen.

Childe gasped, sobbing as he clung to the deity, wrapping his legs around Zhongli's waist and instinctively pulling him in closer. His whole being was consumed by the desire to mate, his vision hazy. Childe began to panic when Zhongli slowed down his movements.

"Harder-!" he begged. "Oh, Morax, don't stop!" Twisting and grinding his hips down, he tried to impossibly take the qilin deeper. And who was Zhongli to deny him?

"As you wish."

Gripping the fox's waist, Zhongli continued his relentless assault, his cock carving out its place in Childe's body. His hips slammed against his ass, slick dripping down their legs as it spilled out between thrusts. Childe keened, heat coursing through him as he clawed at Zhongli's back, leaving long bloody scratches. In a daze, he sought out Zhongli's lips, kissing him deeply and pleasantly surprising the deity who responded in kind.

"More~" Childe sobbed. "More, more, more, more...."

Zhongli began to wonder if he had broken the poor thing as the fox mumbled incoherently, seeking out further pleasure. But he did as his mate requested and reached down to play with Childe's cock that strained against his protruding stomach.

"No, no, if you do that, I'm going to-!" Childe squealed.

Zhongli purred into his ear. "I'm going to breed you so deeply... don't worry and just cum on my cock like the good little mate you are."

Childe did just that, throwing his head back with a howl. "Yes, breed me, fill me up, please give me your children, Morax!" he babbled, seeking relief with an undying fervor. Then Childe's insides spasmed as he finally peaked, clenching tightly around Zhongli's cock and tipping Zhongli over the edge as well. Zhongli firmly gripped Childe's waist, his claws slicing into his flesh as he buried his cock as deep as possible. Still, the fox was too far gone to register the pain from pleasure. A low groan escaped his mouth as he sagged in Zhongli's hold, his body overstimulated as Zhongli's hot cum filled him. Childe's eyes were glazed and vacant, unseeing. He had finally fainted from his exhaustion.

Meanwhile, Zhongli crooned as he basked in the warm confines of his mate, his eyes half-closed as he rode out his orgasm, rolling his hips leisurely as if to make sure to get every drop inside of the fox. He nuzzled Childe with contentment, extremely delighted by his new mate.

Despite his words, Zhongli had no intention of laying his eggs yet. The ordeal was a very sacred rite, not to mention an intensive process, and he didn't wish to cause too much harm to Childe's body. He would have plenty of time to prepare him for that later.

Cradling Childe in his arms, he cleaned up the evidence of their coupling, all traces disappearing with a sweep of his arm as he dressed them both.

Zhongli gently kissed Childe's forehead, sweeping away the hair around his face. He was a bit excited to take the fox back to his home in Celestia- it had been a long time since he had taken a mate.

Zhongli glanced down at the sleeping fox as a sudden thought came to mind, and he pursed his lips with displeasure. He sighed.

"Madam Ping is going to kill me for taking her new high priest."

#Team-1
Aylis
KEMOKE
Maple27



#Team-2 Aylis



@veebs-art
+

AN UNSPOKEN CONTRACT

Perhaps in hindsight, it was not very wise of him to immediately track down the Exuvia, hoping to either grab the gnosis out of the god's body or lure the Archon out himself completely. But then again, he is Tartaglia, eleventh of the Fatui Harbinger—doing things with anything less than brandish nature is just not in his veins.

If his fists can solve a multitude, if not all of his problems, then why ponder and change his ways?

Thus is why after gaining necessary intel from the Traveller and parting ways with them, Childe immediately snuck his way towards the Golden House, easily maneuvering the Millelith outside the doors. He knows how these things work: there will be a multitude of guards outside, but inside? Usually not so much.

The echo of the vast room carries the clicks of his steps, and he thought, he thought, if it were any other circumstances... he'd be amazed at the sight before him. Teyvat's very first, and only Mora mint. He'd seen his share of luxuries and personal stash of Mora, but seeing it in this magnitude, the grandiose shimmer of golden coins surrounding the vast hall? It is a whole different sight, and the young harbinger had to physically snap himself from his awe to focus. He has a mission, and his target is right on sight.

The Exuvia.

Golden scales shine dimly beneath the lighting, and it looks very much alive. Childe had to remind himself that this is nothing but a carcass, it's dead. It's dead, and within it, the God's very own essence: his gnosis. His present for his queen, the Tsaritsa. As he made his way closer, careful to keep his eyes and ears peeled for any cues of anyone else's presence in the hall aside than himself, his mind can't help but wander to the time where he visited each and every one of the statues of Morax erected all around Liyue; meticulous in doing his job. He would much prefer if there

is no stone left unturned in his search for clues and hints to seek out the Archon; and, well, even if he hadn't been the most respectful in his visits and his endeavor, surely no one would have paid any heed? After all, they are just... ancient rock. Statues erected by god-knows-who, in a time now long bygone. He pledged loyalty only to a single Archon—anyone else aside than her majesty the Tsaritsa? Well, he'd love to crush their thrones beneath his heels instead, in all honesty.

In due time, he canted to himself to gather his thoughts. In due time. His steps finally took him to right in the eyes of the Exuvia, and with a few easy leaps, he was right beside the body. Ready to intrude with the power of his delusion, it all happened so fast: the trembling of Mora all around him, the sudden surge of Geo energy present in the room, almost suffocatingly so—no, no. This is not the work of a mere vision holder, nor the Traveller; this is something else. Ancient. Powerful. Yet it was all too late when Childe realized just whose presence it was; grabbed less than gently off of his spot beside the Exuvia, tossed down easily as if he was not one of the strongest harbinger of the eleven but instead, merely a ragdoll. With his face pressed down to the pile of Mora on the floor, each and every one of Childe's effort to fight back was futile—it felt as if his body won't listen to any of his commands, the overwhelming Geo energy felt like it compresses his core from within, rendering him helpless.

Then, in the next second, what was once simply coins of Mora—a throne, just like those he had 'studied' while he was traversing the statues of Morax in Liyue. Childe's eyes widened, panic finally settling in, of course. Of course he stands no chance, who would? Morax was the oldest of the seven, one of, if not, the strongest of the seven Archons. As a mere mortal... it just dawned on him how foolish he was to think he'd challenge such a divinity, and leave unscathed by simply relying on what he knows as a harbinger. No, this is... beyond whatever he had faced and defeated before. Kneeling, pressed to the throne, his face pressed to cold hard gold, Childe can't even turn his head to look at the Archon, strong hand pressed against the back of his neck, another one pinning both his wrists behind his back, rendering him helpless. He could feel the weight pressing against him, holding him down, and as much as he hate to admit... this is oddly, oddly exciting. Such a domineering presence, a struggle for power so similar to battle, oddly titillating in a way that the young harbinger had never felt before.

"You like this throne of mine so much?

You defiled my semblance, thinking that the archons do not watch over his land?

You crawl all over my earth, scheming, as if I never pay heed;

It is only fair that I taint you on the same throne you sacrilege." Wait, that...

that familiar voice Zhongli--no, Morax's voice echoed through the vast void of the golden house, Childe felt so, so small. It was as if the whole building follows his command, it was as if even the still mora pile beneath the platform heeds the archon's call; trembling to the magnitude of his dominance. Childe could feel warm breath fanning against the back of his neck, the whisper sending a spark he hated to admit down his spine.

Childe could feel himself shuddering.

Pinned to a golden throne Morax just fashioned in mere seconds before his eyes, knowing very well struggling against the prime of the adepti is futile. Something else grab ahold of his wrists, slithering; the smooth yet also rockhard solid scales that then traverse uncovered skin, holding him efficiently in place.

"Zhong-- Morax.... what are you--" ripped fabric broke his train of thoughts and sentence, and never would he think he would get excited. The embarrassing hard on Childe has brushed against the throne, and he whimpered. "Pathetic Fatui," was all he heard, unsure if it was Morax or the voices in his own head. He's plenty sure it was actually Morax—but really, all other thoughts were gone with the way he could feel the hand pressing down on his back, and instead of the back of his neck, he could feel the Archon's breath on his now exposed rear, causing his eyes to widen, instinct driving him to try and break free, despite his obvious arousal regarding the whole situation.

"Stay still," Morax commanded, and Childe could only swallow, and bit down on his lips he obeyed. He does not want to think of what'll happen if he decide to disobey, but damn it is tempting to try. In due time, he canted to himself as he breathes to calm down, obeying. Then, he could feel lips on his rear, as if the Archon himself is getting a taste of him—getting a feel, until suddenly, a sharp piercing pain, a bite upon one of his cheeks that definitely cause him to flinch, which was immediately met with a tightened hold of the Archon's tail on his wrists. So much is going on: Zhongli, the man who he had befriended during his stay in Liyue is actually Morax, the Geo archon himself. He's pinned down on a throne, his bottom half bare, and—

"Mister Zho—ah!" A surprised gasp slip past the ginger's lips as he felt something... wet, and warm, dancing right around his entrance, flicking upon his taint. And yet, the more he tried to squirm, the more Morax would press down on his body, keeping him still as he continued on with what he's doing. Morax hold no hostages in tasting him—as if a man starved, defiling his hole with the languid dances of his tongue, as if to pay in his own equal terms the way Childe had desecrated his semblance.

An unspoken contract of sorts, the rule of equal exchange that the God of Contracts so strongly uphold.

Childe could only surrender; writhe and bite down on his lips, drawing crimson ichor against ivories as to not let it show that he enjoys this. That he

had yearned for the usually so solemn and quiet consultant to touch him in such ways; the circumstances might not be ideal, with the big revelation of his identity and whatnot, but Childe doesn't see the need to complain. The outcome of any battle never matters, only the thrill itself counts.

And as far as thrill goes, what can be more thrilling than being face to face with a revered Archon, in such a setting?

So when Zhongli breaches his entrance using his inhumanely long tongue, Childe had completely succumbed—he knew, he knew that he is pathetically hard from this. He knew that his erection rubbed against the throne, leaking precum all over gold, but he has naught to care. He let his eyes fall to a shut, trying to regulate his breath and calm his racing heart; yes, there is nile he can do for now. Morax will claim what he deemed to be his, and no mortal shall ever escape the verdict. When Morax finally pulled away, Childe felt as if he'd lost strength on his whole body altogether. The way Morax's tongue reaches places he didn't even know was possible before, the way he watches for the harbinger's reactions and acted accordingly to his own advantage—by the time he's done, Childe was barely anything more than pliant in the Archon of Geo's hands.

"Didn't know Fatui harbingers are very easy to tame," a mockery, yet when spoken in that rich, powerful tone felt like a praise to the eleventh's ears, and he was still gathering his breath, thinking Morax to be done with him. Oh, how Childe was so wrong.

The next intrusion felt as warm, but less... soft. More solid, and as soon as Morax pressed down on a sensitive bundle of nerve within him, Childe knew it was a finger. He was still pressed down by the half dragon's tail, and he could feel himself tensing up to the initial burn letting out soft, breathy and barely audible whimpers as he squirm; but Morax was quicker on his wits than he, unravelling the eleventh with only a single finger; humiliation crept up on Childe's mind, but thoughts are getting harder and harder to form when there are... other things to focus on.

"What hideous noises you make, Fatui... so amusing to see, are you excited to be in this situation? Pathetic."

Childe didn't even bother to throw in a smart remark, he knows Morax is right. It is pathetic, it is humiliating, yet his body betrayed his mind and he cannot deny how he yearns for someone to finally ruin him, in the best way possible. Oh, how lucky it is that it's Zhongli, the consultant he had been adoring since the first day? Or is this merely Morax—and not the gentle persona he usually meet outside these walls? Curiouser and curiouser, but there is no space to think as of the moment, no.

"Mister Zhongli—please," Childe breathed, begging; while he knows not for what, yet he begs. If he's already humiliated, unravelled and defiled, then, there is no point in feigning dignity anymore at this point.

The second finger was much easier after the stretch, and then came the third that unabashedly made Childe arch his back akin to an expensive

escort, the sweetest of a groan escaping him as his legs spread further. Nowhere was his initial reluctance and denial to be seen, in fact, by this point his hunger was more prominent than ever, and Morax chuckled darkly behind him. Seemingly pleased at the development of this situation. Morax would tease, toy with that particular spot that would make Childe keen; mercilessly working his fingers as he so pleases before ceasing altogether, giving Childe the illusion that he's done: tethering him on the line of barely enough to finish, yet enough to keep him hot and bothered while Morax continued to work him up with his fingers, enjoying how the usually mirthful and pride harbinger is now reduced to mere whimpers and squirms underneath him.

So Morax pulled his fingers out, leaving the harbinger twitching and not satisfied. His wrists are finally set free, the half dragon's tail pulling away and curling up, and Childe immediately plant his hands beside his own frame, trying to hoist himself up—to no avail. He could feel his whole body trembling, his knees weak beneath his own weight after the relentless game of edging Morax just made him endure. It was so, so good—yet at the same time, horrible. Drips of Childe's precum had wet the golden throne's stand, and still he was hard. Almost painfully so.

Childe thought he was given reprieve when Morax gathered his trembling body into his arms, to then take a seat on the golden throne. He immediately understood that was not the case, however, when he was then set down upon the God's lap, facing him in his full regalia—the first time since everything started that he is finally allowed to look at him. Properly look at him.

This was not the Zhongli that he knew. Not at all.

The same mesmerizing amber eyes, yes, but also: arms, as black as obsidian trailed with golden markings that melt completely into gold upon his hands. The horns peeking out of the top of his head, it's tips the same glow of gold. No, this is not Zhongli, the consultant to the Wangsheng Funeral Parlor, this is... Rex Lapis. The Archon of Liyue. The prime of adepti. Childe swallowed, wondering what'll happen next.

"There is no need for this kind of inhibitions," Morax spoke, clawed fingers easily picking apart the buttons of his shirt in one fell swoop move, before he pushes the offending garment away off of the eleventh, leaving him bare top to toe. "Well then, Childe, since you had worked very hard to poke and pry on each and every one of my semblance, surely you can work even harder on the actual thing and pay for your past misdeeds," the Archon easily swept his robes to one side, revealing himself—his girth, sizeable, in the same patterns as his arms. Childe had to look at it, and back to the Archon himself...

This, is going in him?

Childe swallowed, hesitating, yet Morax held a hand upon his hips and guide him forth towards himself, and Childe could only reached his hands

forward to hold onto the Archon's shoulders for purchase as he could feel that tip slowly breaching him, stretching him beyond what the fingers did prior. A low, tense groan escaped Childe as his thighs tremble, accommodating Morax—until the Archon just had to cruelly slap his hands off of their hold, holding both of them behind the harbinger as he watches, how the eleventh sunk on his cock, panting all the while.

Morax held no hesitation, in ravaging Childe. It was his right, as he deemed it to be, an equal exchange to what Childe had done to his statues all over Liyue in the first place.

There was no question to Morax's prowess in stamina. His hips pistons to meet Childe's own, bouncing him upon his lap as if the prideful harbinger was nothing but a sleeve made to please the Archon's needs to pay what he is due. With both of Childe's wrists held, there was no way he could hold his own weight and adjust his own pace, he was completely at the half dragon's mercy: and there isn't a lot of it left, burned by his irritation towards the Fatui. Childe's first peak hit him abruptly, leaving him screaming out loud as his whole body convulses; intensity of the orgasm washing over him like never before.

Morax, however, was not done.

He kept going on, thrusting deep into the harbinger; a faint outline of a bulge appearing on Childe's lower abdomen, showing just how deep he's going. Morax certainly enjoys the look of utter ecstasy on Childe's visage, the sweet groans and whines that he let out each time Morax buried himself deep inside the harbinger. The Archon also very much enjoy watching red ripple upon Childe's rear, as he uses his free hand to grab, spank and scratch, satisfaction coursing through the half dragon's veins, his natural instinct to claim, claim and claim being fed fully.

When Childe had gone through another intense peak, and had slumped himself onto the Archon's shoulder, catching his breath as he whimpered, Morax only smiled in return.

"You don't think I'm done, do you?"

Childe could only swallow, feeling a shiver run down his spine as Morax pulled his wrists back once more, and thrust.



SWEET PEA

Xiao's heartbeat sped up the moment he heard the doorbell. He grabbed his sweater at the height of his pounding heart, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Maybe tonight they could try again. Maybe tonight would be different.

He got up from the couch and made his way to the front door. As he opened it, he was immediately greeted by a gorgeous bouquet of differently coloured flowers of which he did not know the name. Behind it there were a pair of friendly, golden eyes and a loving smile looking down on him.

"Good evening." Said Zhongli and stepped past the door frame as soon as Xiao moved aside with a welcoming 'Hi'. Zhongli stopped right in front of his lover -reaching the bouquet out to him. "They are called sweet peas." The older man told him. "They stand for blissful pleasure. Their scientific name is *Lathyrus odoratus* which can both mean 'fragrant' and 'very attractive', I thought they suited you. They can also mean 'goodbye', but I want you to ignore that specific meaning of them. This is no goodbye; I simply want their other meaning to be a good omen for you."

Xiao could feel the corner of his naturally down turned mouth curl up slightly at the explanation of his lover. Blissful pleasure was absolutely something he wished he'd experience tonight, but he dared not hope for it. Not after they had tried so many times before. "You are a hopeless romantic." he said in a quiet voice as he took over the flowers to take in their sweet scent. "Thanks, they are beautiful."

Zhongli leaned down towards him and Xiao immediately lowered the flowers to meet the other with slightly parted lips. It was a lingering kiss -slow and lovingly- which made Xiao's heart flutter. He sighed contented as Zhongli's hand found his waist and travelled towards his lower back, but neither of them leaned deeper into each other -both too scared to crush the flowers in between them.

"My roommates left an hour ago." Xiao informed the other as their lips separated. "They shouldn't be back until later tomorrow." They were home alone with all the privacy they wanted. Normally they'd go to Zhongli's place for such privacy, but as things didn't seem to work out for Xiao, they thought it might help to stay at Xiao's place for a change. A familiar place and a familiar bed. Familiar sounds and familiar smells. Hopefully it would help with the anxiety he felt during sex. It was worth a try at least.

Xiao led Zhongli into the living room, where he had set up a cosy spot on the couch for them to huddle up while watching movies. He prepared a bowl of chips he knew they both liked, a few bottles of different drinks and glasses. The drinks probably tasted better cold, but he didn't want to leave Zhongli's warmth as soon as either of them wanted something from the fridge. He wanted to stay in Zhongli's embrace, hoping that staying in it would keep the comforting and reassuring feeling that he got from being with him from fading for just a second.

There was some small talk between them while Xiao put the flowers into a vase. Little things like the back tattoo Xiao had worked on that day, and about the essays Zhongli had been correcting for his history classes. Zhongli was mostly talking, telling Xiao about mistakes students had made and why they were mistakes. Or telling him about the part he had been amazed by and why those had amazed him. A lot of facts about the subjects were elaborated by the man -things Xiao knew little about, but he let his lover speak about them anyway.

He loved to hear the passion in Zhongli's words. He loved to listen to his calming voice in general. It made the mood peaceful and domesticated. Something Xiao had only started to appreciate after meeting Zhongli for the second time -seven years after the man had been his own history teacher. He hated history back then, but Zhongli had managed to make him appreciate it a bit more since they started dating.

The comfortable feeling, he yearned for in Zhongli's arms, came as soon as he had placed the flowers into a vase and joined Zhongli onto the couch. The other's arm effortlessly found Xiao's waist and wrapped around as the tattoo artist scooped close against the teacher. The conversation died down naturally as soon as Xiao found his favourite spot -squeezed between Zhongli's arm and side. For just a few minutes they were both silent. They were both staring at the flowers -which now stood next to the tv-, as if just looking at them would help to get the meaning of them to come out and bless them.

Zhongli woke Xiao's mind by pressing his lips gently against the top of his

head. "It's your turn to pick a movie today." He whispered softly.

Xiao could feel Zhongli's arm tightening just the slightest bit around his waist as he grabbed the remote to turn on the tv and started browsing through Netflix. Even though it was his turn to pick a movie, he still wanted to pick something Zhongli would enjoy as well. Nothing historical, however. He'd learned quickly enough that every historical inaccuracy would be noted by his lover. It honestly ruined the movie for Xiao. Maybe something exciting? Action or a thriller? He wasn't sure if Zhongli would enjoy those, however.

As he browsed a little further an older movie passed by. A silver screen romance, if he recalled the name of those properly. It was nothing he had watched before, but it made him a little curious.

"What about this one?"

"I didn't know you liked those." There was surprise in Zhongli's voice.

"I don't know if I like them." Xiao answered honestly. "But I'm curious. Do you like them?"

Zhongli nodded. "I've seen a few. I like them, but you can pick something that is more to your liking. It's your turn to pick."

Xiao didn't reply and just pressed play -curious to see if this was a genre of movies they could enjoy together. They were quiet then, both because neither wanted to interrupt the movie, nor did many words needed to be shared between them to have a nice evening.

By the time the movie was almost at its end, their bodies had become entangled greatly. Xiao found himself sitting between Zhongli's legs resting against his chest, while Zhongli's arm was holding his waist, with his fingers spread over Xiao's flat stomach.

Xiao got distracted from the movie as soon as he felt those fingers slowly and gently moving up and down his belly -taking the fabric of his hoodie along. He knew what that meant. Whenever Zhongli's attention shifted towards Xiao, his hands would gently caress him wherever that hand was positioned at that moment. It was some kind of sign, but Xiao doubted Zhongli himself even noticed he gave him such signals.

Completely forgotten about the movie, Xiao waited in quiet anticipation. The back of his head leaned against Zhongli's shoulder. He had his eyes

still aimed at the screen, but his mind was no longer registering what was on it.

Then soft lips pressed against the delicate skin just below his earlobe. Xiao breathed out the air he had been holding as he waited. He closed his eyes as Zhongli's lips moved a little lower -kissing Xiao's neck again.

Xiao rolled his head slightly to the opposite side -exposing more of his neck- and sighed appreciatively as Zhongli took his chance to trail kisses further down his skin.

As soon as Zhongli was blocked by the hoodie Xiao turned his head as far back as his neck allowed him -barely far enough for Zhongli to reach for him. With parted lips they kissed -slowly, almost sluggagely, before tongues slid together. Xiao gasped softly as he felt the familiar bliss as their tongue met. It had only been a week since they last kissed or even seen each other, but the tattoo artist was already hungry for his touch. He wanted to turn around -get them both in a more comfortable position to kiss in- but Zhongli's hands were roaming his body and he didn't want the man to take them away from where they were.

The hand on his belly moved under his hoodie -caressing his stomach. Zhongli's fingers ticklishly trailing the edge of his belly button, while the other hand slid slowly over Xiao's thigh. Xiao spread his knees, letting the hand tease its way further down his inner thigh. He anticipated the moment Zhongli would cup his crotch with his hand. But it didn't happen.

Zhongli pulled away from Xiao's lips but stayed close enough to feel his warm breath against his wet lips.

"Don't stop now." Xiao whispered impatiently as he lay his hands on top of Zhongli's hands to urge him to continue.

"I don't want to ruin the ending of the movie for you." Zhongli whispered back, as he wanted to pull his hands back and wrap them protectively around Xiao's waist once more. But Xiao didn't let him.

Was this man for real...? Xiao pulled himself out of the embrace and turned around. He sat back down on his knees over Zhongli's lap -facing the history teacher. "You should have thought about that earlier." Sliding his arms over Zhongli's shoulders, Xiao leaned down to kiss the older man.

Zhongli smiled into the kiss, returning it and wrapping his arms around Xiao's waist. He let Xiao pressed his body against Zhongli -their chest and

stomach flat against each other, as if they were melting into each other.

Xiao purred a soft sound of satisfaction as he felt Zhongli's hands move over the rounding of his ass grabbing it at the fleshy bottom of it. Xiao's hands found their way down Zhongli's neck. He ran his fingers along the collar of his button down shirt, down the front until he found the first button. He fiddled with it long enough until he could feel it pop loose from its buttonhole, then he moved further down loosening the next one shortly after.

"Should we go to your room?" Zhongli had pulled away from their kiss to brush his lips along the shell of Xiao's ear and whispered the words hoarsely. "Would you feel safer in your own bed?"

Safer was not really what Xiao was in need of. He felt safe no matter where he was with Zhongli. That man had already helped him get over a lot of obstacles ever since they got together. Zhongli was really patient with him, so much that he had often wondered if he wasn't boring the man. But not a single time he found a hint of annoyance of the other. He was always so gentle and caring and consistently listened to his requests when it came to his insecurities.

If only they had already been together back when Zhongli was still his teacher -before his first boyfriend had ruined his sex life.

Xiao didn't want to leave the warmth and intimacy they had right there on the couch. It was comfortable in Zhongli's lap, but he knew that it would be smarter to get upstairs. Even though he knew nobody was going to get home tonight -he had made sure to let them know they were not welcome- his room would still be more favourable. The living room was a big open space, while his room was much smaller and cosier. It would absolutely help with staying in their own little world.

Xiao nodded a reply, but instead of getting off the couch they both ended up kissing each other again -long and lovingly, hands roaming each other's clothed bodies.

When they finally broke loose from each other to get upstairs, Zhongli covered the top of Xiao's hand to entangle their fingers. Xiao feared that if they didn't run upstairs to continue that his own body would betray him and ruin the mood. But somehow, the simple touch of their hands kept his heart beating quickly. It made his cheeks flush in embarrassment. No, he shouldn't be embarrassed about it. Zhongli would not judge him for it. Zhongli had never judged him for anything.

As soon as the door of Xiao's room closed behind them, Zhongli wrapped himself around Xiao once more, pressing his chest tightly against the tattoo artist's back. His lips found Xiao's neck again and trailed its way up to his ear where his sped-up breath rhythm became a lot clearer.

Xiao moaned as he let Zhongli fondle with his body. The teacher's hand was moving down his stomach again. He followed the hand with his thoughts, running them from his hoodie to his jeans, fingers moving over the fly, then dragging them gently over the semi Xiao was sporting.

Xiao arched his back, pressed his ass further back and searched for Zhongli's erected cock behind the fabric. He licked his lips as he could feel the thick length align with his buttcrack. God, how he wanted Zhongli to just pull his pants down and rail him right there. How he wanted the history teacher to force him to stand on his toes, holding him only by his hips or waist to keep him from losing his balance. Knowing how sensitive he was it would get him so close to an orgasm.

But it wouldn't happen. Patient and gentle Zhongli didn't like to take him in that way. Besides, Xiao's body would not accept it in the end. They had already tried it from the back. No matter how amazingly Zhongli would fuck him, no matter how stimulated he would be, somehow his body always shut down just before his orgasm and left him with a horrible unsatisfied feeling of need. He would go limp, his prostate and cock would be painfully overstimulated, but the orgasm would never come. He had tried to jerk himself off during sex. They even tried to switch -Zhongli on the receiving end. Nothing worked. The best part of sex had been taken away from him and it caused the most frustrating feeling of unfulfillment.

It hadn't always been like this, however. Once he had been so turned on -so eager with lust- that his ex had been able to make him cum from just pounding at his sweet spot. The angle had been so perfect and the thrusting in the exactly right rhythm. It had gotten him into an uncontrollable shiver until he spurted his load over his stomach.

Only when he had opened his eyes to look up at his ex-boyfriend, he had realized what mistake he had made. The guy had looked down on him repulsively, telling him how disgusted it was to be able to cum from just his ass, before he had even gotten close to his own. How only whores and sluts were able to do such things. How Xiao was just too ugly and his body too incapable to make him cum faster.

The verbal abuse continued in the months that followed and every single time they had sex Xiao's body had been shutting down further; Delaying

his orgasms until he completely stopped cumming.

Luckily that relationship ended soon after.

The guy that followed was a lot sweeter but didn't think before he spoke. Before he knew it the guy had mentioned how Xiao was probably incompetent. A really nice blow to Xiao's confidence. The guy probably didn't even mean it to be downgrading, but the words had struck Xiao's insecurities deeply.

The relationships that followed all ended because Xiao's lack of a proper sex drive. Not that he didn't want to have sex. He absolutely wished he could feel that pleasure again. But knowing it would never end the way he wished it did, he was hard to enjoy. He got horny once in a while and his cock still got erected during those times. But actual sex, or even just masturbation didn't do much for him.

It slowly got better though. Not by much, but after a while of not having any boyfriends to judge him and having some good porn and a lot of patience, he sometimes managed to jerk himself off in the safety of his own room.

Then Zhongli happened. Sweet, patient Zhongli. God, how much that man had eased his anxiety. He had been so gentle with him. He listened to Xiao's needs, took slow steps or even slowed Xiao down as soon as he was pushing himself too much in his frustrations.

It helped a lot. Where Xiao had thought he could no longer enjoy sex, Zhongli had eased his body enough to at least be able to enjoy the act of it itself. He was once more able to enjoy fingers and lips all over his body -loving it even. He was even able to enjoy the other stroking his cock or pressing his fingers up against his prostate. He had gotten him so close to orgasms already, but frustratingly the actual release was still taken away by Xiao's own body.

They had tried so many things already. Different positions and different angles; Gentle sex to slowly ease him into it; Rough and fast sex in which Xiao was not even able to think; Toys were also an attempt; They even tried some light kinks and... sex therapy -Something that made Xiao so awkward he just wanted to forget about it.

"Is there anything you want to try out tonight?"

Xiao bit his lip, his eyes closed as Zhongli unbuttoned his jeans and slip-

ped past the waistband of his boxers. The warm hand of his lover wrapped around the base of his cock giving it slow, teasing strokes.

"Yes." Xiao sighed in satisfaction as his head lulled against Zhongli's shoulder. "I want to try to ride you tonight." The few rare times that he had managed to masturbate he had been riding a dildo as he jerked himself off, in complete privacy with no prying eyes on him. He hoped that if he'd replicated that in Zhongli's lap, they would get a step closer.

Xiao could hear Zhongli's breath shudder in anticipation and only then realized how erotic that might be for the other. He could feel his ears flush in slight embarrassment.

"I... might not pay a lot of attention to you, though." Xiao admitted, he turned slowly in Zhongli's embrace and looked up at him with slight sorrow. "I want to try and replicate masturbating."

Zhongli smiled a gentle smile. "Whatever you need to do." He replied. "If it works, we'll build from there."

At times like this Xiao doubted if he was even worth having such a considerate boyfriend. He was glad Zhongli was so easily agreeing with him though. It made everything a lot less awkward, and awkward was something that would not help against the shutting down.

Zhongli didn't allow him to dwell on it too much, though, as two hands slipped just beneath the fabric of his hoodie and settled on his waist. Zhongli gently pushed him towards the bed, kissed him and led him down on his back on the clean sheets. It was not the position he had suggested to the other, but he trusted Zhongli to not suddenly change plans without letting him know first.

Xiao mewed against Zhongli's mouth as the hands on his waist slid up over the muscles on his stomach, then further up. Thumbs brushed over his nipples, circling around them and hardening them. The rough surface of Zhongli's fingers on his sensitive nubs made him lift his chest from the mattress to lean into the touch.

Xiao slid his hands over Zhongli's neck slipping under his half-opened shirt, touching his broad muscular shoulders with flat hands to feel them contracting as the other moved. He held him close like that, not wanting his lover to break away from the kiss. One of his hands slid out as he secured Zhongli close to him with the other. His free hand moved back to the buttons on Zhongli's shirt and made quick work of loosening as many

buttons as he could reach. Then he pressed his hand flat against his abs.

With their body being completely in sync, they almost simultaneously grinded their hips together in need of friction.

Xiao groaned, digging his head into the sheets as Zhongli moved further between his legs.

With Xiao's throat exposed, the teacher took his chance to trail kisses down the now more prominent Adam's apple. He skipped the length of Xiao's hoodie as he went down, then pushed the fabric of Xiao's hoodie the slightest bit up -honouring Xiao's request from long ago not to bare his chest and look at him. It was something Xiao was too insecure about after he had been called 'too ugly'.

Zhongli pressed a kiss just below Xiao's belly button. While he slowly pulled both Xiao's jeans and boxer down, he kissed his way down the rough stubbles of shaven pubs.

Xiao held his breath as he waited impatiently for the lips to go further down, then released it in a longing moan as Zhongli's lips pressed against the base of his slowly hardening erection. With his eyes closed and his head buried in the pillow he gasped when Zhongli lapped a long stroke with his tongue from his balls all the way to the tip. Once there, his lips enclosed around the head as he slowly pushed it further into his mouth.

"Zhong— ah!" Xiao lost himself slightly as the other pulled back leaving just the tip in his mouth and sucked at it. Xiao reached with his hands towards Zhongli's head not knowing what he wanted to do with them. His fingers entangled within the teacher's locks, aimlessly moving them through his silky hair.

He didn't know how long he had been enjoying the warmth around his cock, when he felt slicked up fingers slipping between his buttcheeks. Long enough at least for the teacher to reach for any lube. He wondered where the hell he had gotten it from without moving away from him.

Zhongli was too experienced with Xiao's body by now. It was unfair how quickly Zhongli found all the spots he liked the most. Within no time fingers were pressed against his prostate, massaging it, while his mouth was still wrapped around his cock.

Xiao pulled his knees up and welcomed the fingers inside him with a longing moan. He could feel the bliss of pleasure filling his veins. Seeing that

the road towards the orgasm was the only part he could actually enjoy, Zhongli had taught him months ago how to savor the pleasure of it rather than getting frustrated he wasn't able to cum. Zhongli had even learned to see the signs of Xiao's body, so he could stretch the pleasure for as long as possible.

It would be better if he didn't reach the point of almost orgasm right now, however. If he did, things would be over too quickly, and he had plans for tonight. Plans that involved Zhongli's cock. It wouldn't be the first time he had to help Zhongli finish by hand or with his mouth. The shutting down of his body always came without a warning, so he just wanted to be earlier.

He had to stop him before it was too late. It was hard though, Zhongli's mouth felt so slick and his fingers so skilled.

"Zhong— S-stop- I don't want it to end here..."

Xiao whined as Zhong stopped the moment the tattoo artist requested it off him. Xiao smiled with his eyes closed as he tried to catch his breath. As he opened his eyes again, he saw Zhongli leaning towards him for a quick kiss. Then he sat back up and he finished undressing himself before Xiao's eyes.

Xiao had no clue of the man even realized how erotic it was to him to see the man unbutton the last few buttons and letting the shirt slide off his shoulders. He caught himself looking over the other's body. It looked firm, but he knew how soft the muscles were as he touched them. At least as long as the other wasn't flexing them. God, he wanted to touch them. He didn't though, he let his eyes slide down to where Zhongli was unbuttoning his pants and pushed it down to release his full erection.

Xiao found himself reaching for it, his fingers tracing along the underside while Zhongli was taking off his pants completely. When Zhongli leaned down again to kiss him, Xiao circled his fingers around the length and slowly moved them down, pushing his lover's foreskin until it would reveal the head. He could feel the wetness of the head against his palm. It made his breath shudder. Just the thought of Zhongli being so ready for him... It was such a shame that Zhongli had picked him as a boyfriend. Sex with someone who could actually enjoy the whole process would definitely be a far better partner in bed. He often felt ashamed that he was taking that away from the generous man. Zhongli deserved so much more.

Xiao pushed against Zhongli's shoulder and without any resistance the other let Xiao flip him onto his back.

Sitting on his knees over Zhongli's lap, Xiao took a deep breath. He was nervous. He was always nervous when it came to these things. Nervous if his orgasm would finally make itself know. Nervous that if he finally got one it might be either too much, or maybe nothing like he remembered. He was pretty sure that his nervousness wasn't helping him either.

Xiao looked down when Zhongli's hands gently slid over his thighs and rest them on his hips. The other's smile was so warm and gentle as he looked up at him.

"Take your time." Zhongli said softly. "We've got all the time in the world."

They did, but Xiao didn't want to wait. He took another deep breath and looked around to find the lube Zhongli had used before. It only took the tattoo artist mere seconds to coat Zhongli's cock and position himself right above it.

He looked at Zhongli for a moment, seeing the excitement in the other's eyes as the man was looking down at where his cock was wed between Xiao's cheeks. Xiao looked away, down, even though he could not see what he was doing. Blind he rubbed the head of the cock between his crack until it aligned with his entrance. Then he slowly lowered himself.

When the head slowly slid inside and the rim popped past his ring muscle, both of them groaned out the breath they had been holding.

Zhongli's hands were encouragingly rubbing and softly pinching Xiao's thighs, but Xiao didn't dare to see if the guy was looking at him. Even covered by his hoodie it was embarrassing to have him look at him. He tried not to think about it as he slowly let the cock slide further inside him.

He had missed the stretch of it. Zhongli was the perfect size for him. Thick, but not too thick to make it painful. That was proven once more when Xiao managed to sit down on Zhongli's lap, his cock buried deep inside of him.

Xiao bit his lip, trying to cover up how his mouth corners wanted to curl up at the feeling. He reached for his cock, wrapping his fingers around it and stroking it slowly just the way he did when masturbating. At the same time, he slowly moved his hips up then let himself fall down back onto Zhongli's cock.

Zhongli groaned while Xiao sighed longingly as he tried to find the an-

gle he normally used on his toys. It was hard though. The whole situation was different. His knees were spread so much wider than he was used to simply because he had to fit around Zhongli's waist. Normally he held the edge of the bed or the chair he was sitting on for balance, but now he was only able to hold onto Zhongli's belly -or when he leaned backward onto Zhongli's thigh.

As he looked down at Zhongli, he knew there was another difference as well. Zhongli was staring at him with adoring anticipation. On top of that, his lover's hands were touching his thighs -caressing them gently to encourage him. Even though he loved it when the other held him, this was not helping him with the "home alone masturbating in private" simulation he was trying to achieve.

He halted his hips, sitting on Zhongli's lap -his cock deeply buried within him. "I want to try to copy masturbating." He reminded the other embarrassed. "D-do you mind closing your eyes? And maybe... don't use your hand either..." It felt so wrong to ask this of him, but then again, he had told the other he might not give him a lot of attention. He agreed to it.

Still, it felt wrong to ask of him.

Zhongli didn't seem to be bothered by it, though. He took his hands away from Xiao -something Xiao immediately regretted requesting, as the skin where his hands had been felt immediately colder and abandoned. His skin was burning, and eager to be covered by the warm hands.

One of Zhongli's arms found its way underneath his head, to make up for the pillow that wasn't underneath it, the other he used to cover his eyes. But not before he smiled up at Xiao. "Like this?" He asked, making sure he was doing it right.

"Yeah..." Xiao answered insecurely. He convinced himself that it might be a nice experience for the other to just sit back and relax. That thought at least helped against the guilt.

"Tell me when you're not feeling it anymore." Zhongli requested. "I want to know."

Xiao nodded then realized the other couldn't see and replied with a quick 'Yeah, sure...'. .

He closed his eyes, almost as if he was trying to concentrate. Then he moved back up, tugging at his own erection as he let himself fall down

again with a moan. He could hear Zhongli groaning softly as well, and for a moment he thought it would ruin the illusion he was creating. But he watched porn during masturbation. Zhongli's groans and moans were a lot sexier -more realistic- and on top of that Zhongli was going along with the rhythm. Maybe it would actually help hearing the other, he decided. He surely did feel his heart skip beats when Zhongli's sounds of pleasure searched his ears.

Xiao adjusted his angle until he found the one that would actually run Zhongli's cock against his sweet spot. He bit his lip as he pulled back up and dropped himself back on top of Zhongli with that same angle hitting him straight in the prostate. Then another one right after that, as his hand squeezed at the tip of his erection.

He was soon irritated by his hoodie, the fabric constantly falling back and getting in the way. He took a quick nervous breath at the thought of taking it off. Then he quickly did and dropped it next to the bed. Exposing himself to the room. Something he normally did only when Zhongli was holding him close -close enough that he wasn't able to look at his body. It would be fine now though; Zhongli had his eyes closed and he knew he would keep his promise and keep them closed. There was no need for him to be anxious about it.

He glanced down as he continued, just to check and be certain. Zhongli's eyes were still covered, his lips were slightly parted to breathe his quickened breath rhythm and his cheeks were flushed from the pleasure he felt. Xiao felt a bliss of pleasure running through him as he concentrated on the soft groans that came from the man every time, he dropped himself back into his lap.

Fuck. Maybe looking down on Zhongli was taking away from the illusion, but the other looked so satisfied as he rode him. Eagerly he sped up this rhythm. Sometimes sitting up to let himself fall down, other times just grinding his hips over Zhongli's to feel his cock move deep inside him.

"Zhongli..." He moaned as he closed his eyes once more and tilted his head back. He was tugging his cock fiercely as he felt the pleasure building inside of him. He grinded his hips quicker, letting out a restrained moan as he felt the familiar feeling of that orgasm coming closer.

"Almost... Almost...! Just please...!" Xiao begged as he dropped his hips a few times more to let Zhongli's cock hit him deep inside. God, he was so close. So fucking close. He could feel it. His balls were pulling together, his body was shuddering. Just a bit more. Only a little. He could do this...

could he not?

Then the feeling that build within him suddenly ebbed away once more.

"No! No! No!" Xiao shook his head fiercely to himself. His hips and hands desperately trying to find his favourite spots; That tiny bit of sensitive skin just below the rim of his head; That amazing angle that had gotten him so close. He hoped that if he'd hit them enough the feeling would return. But it didn't, and he knew it wouldn't. It never did.

Both Zhongli's hands found Xiao's thighs within seconds. "Don't force yourself." He said calmly. "Take a deep breath."

Xiao shuddered, his head hanging low in defeat. Then he heard a sharp intake of breath from the other, followed by words whispered under his breath: "God... you're beautiful Xiao..."

Xiao shook his head to himself. First because he didn't believe the words that were spoken, then because he realized Zhongli was looking at him. He didn't want him to look at him. He didn't want anyone looking at him. He didn't want Zhongli to be disappointed by what he saw. He covered his body with his arms.

He didn't want to look down. He didn't want to see what Zhongli's expression was like. His words had sounded gentle, but he knew that he was only being polite.

Still, he looked. Something within him told him he should. An insecurity who wanted his thoughts to be validated even if it would hurt. He was staring at Zhongli's stomach first, encouraging himself into looking at his face.

When he finally found Zhongli's eyes, Xiao's heart skipped.

Zhongli was looking straight at him, his eyes half lidded. He wasn't just looking though. There was something in his eyes. Lust? Pleasure? No, it was more than that. Something deeper, something like... admiration? Xiao's cock twitched when he suddenly realized how deep and pure the affection within the other's eyes was -how true the admiration was and not just in a way to make him feel better. It was in a way nobody had ever looked at him. In a way he never thought anyone could look at him.

Xiao swallowed, trying to get a hold of himself and then slowly -experimentally- moved his arms away from his body. Zhongli's beautiful golden

eyes slowly moved down to his body again with that same loving appreciation in his eyes. Xiao felt his cheeks flush and his cock twitch eagerly. He was getting hard again. Fuck, that never happened before. He was quietly staring at the other, not knowing what just happened, and savouring the fluttering feeling he felt in his stomach.

Zhongli had told him he was good looking before. Zhongli had looked at him with appreciation and love written in his eyes before, at his face, but not at his body before Xiao never let him. But the look Zhongli was giving him now was different. Zhongli looked at him as if he could devour him; kiss and love and lusted over his body from top to bottom. His breath shuddered in anticipation at the thought.

As Xiao was just looking down at his lover -just sitting there without a movement and letting the expression on Zhongli's face sink in-, Zhongli suddenly realized the mistake he had made. There was a glint of realization in his eyes and then a hint of guilt.

"I'm so sorry, Xiao." He said in a calm voice. "I forgot I wasn't supposed to look. You were panicking, I wanted to reassure you..." He looked away, closed his eyes once more and placed his arm over his eyes again to honour the promise he made Xiao once. "I won't look again. I'm really sorry."

Xiao looked down at the other, his cheeks still flushed a deep red. He didn't want Zhongli to look away. Not after he had looked at him like that. Not after nobody had ever looked at him in that way. Just the thought of his lover looking at him in that way was making his heartbeat twice as fast. He took a deep shuddering breath as he grabbed Zhongli's arm and lifted it almost in a panic.

Zhongli seemed confused. He kept his eyes closed at first, but then slowly opened them to look up at Xiao's flushed face.

"Don't look away..." Xiao whispered softly as Zhongli didn't seem to understand. It took a few seconds, Zhongli slowly let his eyes travel down -confused rather than in that lusting way from before. Then when his eyes landed on Xiao's leaking cock his eyes shot back up in surprise. A glint of understanding suddenly shone in the teacher's eyes. Zhongli took a deep anticipating breath. His hands found their way to Xiao's thighs, as his eyes slowly moved down over Xiao's body once more, taking in every inch of him. Zhongli's lips were parted, his cheeks flushed in excitement. Xiao could even feel him eagerly twitch inside of him.



"You're so beautiful." Zhongli said hoarsely. His eyes moved back up, slowly taking in Xiao's body until they met eyes once more. "Don't hide from me. I want to look at you."

Xiao gasped -almost on the edge of moaning-, as lustful eyes settled on him again. Was this it? Was this what he needed? He needed to know; he had never been turned on a second time before. He began grinding his hips into Zhongli's lap again, then soon turned to lifting his hips and dropping them to feel the tip of his cock rub deep inside him.

Zhongli wasn't letting him do it on his own this time. He could feel the teacher bucking his hips up inside of him when he dropped down, hitting him deeply inside. Xiao moaned, then saw Zhongli looking down over his body once more.

"Absolutely gorgeous." The teacher said in a tone that was barely above

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a whisper. It didn't matter how hard it was spoken, it was going straight down Xiao's stomach where it fluttered around and added to the building of pleasure.

Zhongli rolled them over. Xiao was bewildered at first, but then saw Zhongli staring down on him, calm but longing eyes. Xiao's body shuddered as Zhongli thrust inside of him, not taking his eyes away from Xiao's body.

Xiao looked at Zhongli in pure longing, holding his gaze as Zhongli locked them. After all these years this was the first time anyone had managed to recover him from his body shutting down. He did not dare hoping for an orgasm, but God, how he wished he'd get one.

He could feel that long gone orgasm coming closer like it always did. He was already mentally preparing himself for the disappointment.

His toes curled spastically; his knees pulled up higher as his body begged for Zhongli's cock to slip deeper. Zhongli leaned closer to him, wrapping his arms around his waist as he picked up a quicker pace. Xiao wrapped desperately around the other's neck, moaning desperately into Zhongli's ear as he hoped.

"Please, Zhongli." He begged in a whisper. "Please..." He knew Zhongli could do little to make Xiao's body to work properly, but who else was he supposed to beg for?

Then Zhongli said something that switched something within Xiao.

"You're doing great, Xiao. You are doing absolutely amazing." The words were soft and hoarsely whispered into his ear. "It feels really good."

Xiao almost choked when a feeling that he hadn't felt for years suddenly overwhelmed him. His balls pulled almost painfully together when they forced his cum out. His whole body was shivering as his orgasm came over him. His insides were clenching around Zhongli's cock, his hands desperately grabbed onto Zhongli's neck -pulling him close and his nails digging into his skin.

He put his heels into sheets when Zhongli kept thrusting against his sensitive prostate, but then the teacher's hips also faltered.

Xiao gasped for air, whimpering under the wave of pleasure that came over him. Then almost immediately after a wave of emotions swept over him. As Zhongli was whispering gentle words of encouragement and praise,

Xiao felt tears running down his cheeks as he buried his face into the crook of Zhongli's neck.

"Are you hurt?" Zhongli sounded concerned.

Xiao slowly shook his head, tears still flowing. He was not hurt, overwhelmed maybe, but not hurt. He had never felt so relieved in his entire life. It was not as amazing as he had remembered it to be, it had been better. The orgasm had laid down, but it left him lightheaded and his body buzzing with the afterglow and the exhaustion.

"Thank you." He whispered against the teacher's neck. "Thank you so much." He buried his face even deeper into Zhongli's neck.

Zhongli was pressing gentle kisses in Xiao's neck as far as he could reach within the titan's grip of his boyfriend. Then after a few minutes when he noticed Xiao's body was no longer shocking from the tears that had run down his cheeks, he whispered. "Can I look at you again?"

Xiao hesitated for a moment. Then he nodded and slowly let go of Zhongli's neck. He looked at Zhongli when the other slowly moved to lean on his hands. Their eyes locked before Zhongli sat up further -enough so he could trail his eyes over Xiao's naked body. Xiao could immediately see the glint of admiration in his eyes, and it stirred the butterflies in his stomach again. He stared at him while Zhongli took his sweet time to look at each detail on his body. The man leaned down again, kissing a trail over the piercings on his collarbone, towards his breastbone, all the way down to his belly button, where he licked the lukewarm drops of cum off of Xiao's belly.

Xiao's breath shuddered as he looked at the other doing so. Then watched him slowly move back up. Listening and shivering at the whispered words of affection between each peck. "Let me look at you more often." Zhongli whispered the words against Xiao's lips just before he locked them together in a long kiss of pure affection.

ONE OVER EIGHT

There's a strange tension in the air.

It didn't take much for it to shape up.

It makes Ajax's lips curl into a smirk. Bennett is... quite oblivious to it though. For a while.

Ajax's large hand is stiff around a rapidly shortening pencil, scribbling in a nigh illegible handwriting. So many formulas. All the numbers are beginning to merge together, much like those on the digital clock of Bennett's watch.

Out through the large bay window, the sky has long since turned inky. Streetlights flood the courtyards and spill on the ugly grey carpets of the study room.

Ajax is... bored. Not that that was hard to predict. Nobody likes cramming for finals. Especially not for a class they're taking for a second time. But Ajax is bored... and also very, very distracted.

Not his fault that Bennett has that... that thing. That thing where he's so obviously oblivious that the temptation to fluster him grows exponentially every time an occasion arises.

It doesn't take that much to test the waters. Ajax has long legs. When his ankle knocks on Bennett's under the table, the freshman pulls away with a half-mouthed 'sorry'. When his ankle knocks a second time, Bennett looks up from his laptop screen. Ajax looks right back.

Bennett silently thanks the heavens for the loud hum of the air conditioning system. Otherwise, he's sure Ajax would've heard his heart skip a beat, and then start thumping way too fast. It's very, very hard for Bennett to keep a straight face.

There's a cocky smile on Ajax's lips. One that's just subtle enough.

Bennett clears his throat. "How's your progress?"

"Slow. I feel like I only know about a quarter of this shit."

"Same."

More silence. The lights are at once too bright and not bright enough. Ajax desperately needs another coffee. Or something.

He peers over at Bennett's watch before resuming the exercise he's trying—keyword, trying—to get through. It's almost one in the morning.

Either it's too late for his brain to function, he's crammed too much stuff in there for the day, or it's Bennett's fault. It's probably all three of these things, but there's one of those excuses Ajax knows weighs more than the others. But... he needs to at least pretend he's still interested in working.

"I'm getting another coffee, want some?" he offers.

The chair's legs screech against the linoleum.

"I'm good, thanks."

The door of the work room they reserved closes behind Ajax with a click. In front of him, row after row of shelves, very dimly lit. The whir of the fans in the ceiling is the only real sound. It's completely, fully deserted. A thought crosses his mind, and he muffles a chuckle as he makes his way to the elevators.

He comes back a few minutes later, his wallet lighter by a few Mora and a fuming cup warming his hand.

Bennett's emerald green eyes are obstinately fixed on his notebook. He's cute. The thoughts that follow are a bit too risqué for a study night in a college library, but that doesn't keep Ajax from thinking them. Not with

"Damn, they should really have some security agents touring the floors, unless they don't mind people fucking in the library," Ajax says.

The words roll off his tongue so casually. Smooth. Impossible to not think about that when you're twenty years old, bored, and perpetually horny. When he plops himself in his chair, his leg brushes against Bennett's. And

it stays there. Their gazes cross, and there's a silent meeting of the minds.

There's almost a buzzing sound in Bennett's ears. If this isn't flirting, he doesn't know what is. Ajax is not as smooth as he thinks he is. But he's smooth enough. Enough to make heat wash over Bennett's face, and tinge the tips of his ears red. Bennett clears his throat again, his eyes snap back to the screen of his laptop.

"I-I guess." His voice almost cracks. "Did you end up finishing number 25?"

"No, I'm still stuck on 22," Ajax replies.

"Shit, shouldn't you find this easier than me, since you're resitting it?"

"Dunno. I keep getting, uh, distracted. Guess my brain's not really into it today."

"When is your brain really into it, anyways?" Bennett chides.

He giggles nervously. Taps both tips of his pen alternatively on the paper. His leg is still against Ajax's. He shuffles in his seat, but his leg doesn't move. Bennett has a sneaking suspicion about the reason why Ajax is distracted. It's starting to distract him, too.

He slams his pen down and gets up.

"I need a bathroom break."

That is a lie. What he needs is to stop thinking about his ridiculously hot classmate, who is overtly flirting with him while they're supposed to be cramming. The exam is tomorrow—well... today, at this point. And Bennett's brain is as deep fried as KFC chicken.

"You know what? That sounds like a great idea."

Ajax keeps the door from slamming behind Bennett, and follows him out.

Despite his shorts and the cool temperature of the library, Bennett feels too hot. He gulps. Breathes too shallowly. Hears Ajax's footsteps behind him. The redhead towers over him by almost a foot. He has those freckles, and that ludicrous grin he wears so insolently well. It takes Bennett all his willpower to keep his eyes looking in front of him.

That's not. That's not exactly the direction of the bathroom. It's faster to

go through the shelves. Instead, he's drawing a long L shape along the walls.

Bennett chances a glance above his shoulder. Bad idea.

Good idea.

Ajax catches up with him. Playfully knocks their shoulders and their elbows and gets too close. Bennett leans into it, knocks back. Is knocked in return. Knocks back again.

Then, instead of Ajax's shoulder against his, it's a hand, pushing him into the shelves of the back wall of the library. His breath is knocked out of his lungs. Not just because of the tackle itself.

But because of the lips that crash against his, wanton, hungry.

Large hands clutching his shirt, digging into the messy strands of his blond hair, and Bennett can't breathe, and doesn't want to.

Ajax nips and bites and drinks every sigh out of Bennett's mouth, tongue almost forcing its way in, but it doesn't have to—Bennett's lips fall apart instantly.

Bennett realizes how badly he wanted this. Needed this. Without really believing it could ever happen.

The swirl builds, engulfs him. Like Ajax's body, pressed against his, with a very hard bulge at the apex of his thighs. Rutting against the equally hard bulge in Bennett's shorts. Even as Ajax finally frees his lips, Bennett's breath hitches in his throat, his heart beats as loud as a thousand drums.

He doesn't know if he fell asleep on the table and is just having the hottest fucking wet dream in his goddamn life, or if this is real. Not that it really matters, at this point.

At this point, Ajax completely short-circuits his thought process. Ravenous hands firmly grip his waist, eagerly touching, claiming Bennett's body like it's the first time he's touching someone after living alone for a century.

It kind of is. It's been a while. And Bennett is very, oh so very prone to giving Ajax terribly indecent thoughts. That he falls apart like this, back arching in Ajax's arms, hands falling on the redhead's chest, roaming over his abs, and even lower, is almost surreal. It wasn't hard to guess that Bennett is

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into men, but that didn't mean he'd be into the dizzyingly sizzling, almost aggressive making-out-between-the-shelves-of-the-library-instead-of-studying that's happening right now.

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Bennett tiptoes and leans against the shelf, barely catching enough oxygen between kisses to keep himself afloat. Ajax's hands leave burning trails in their wake, and it doesn't take much to coax Bennett to wrap his leg around Ajax's hips.

It's not slow, it's not soft, it's a race for the summit, and the winner gives at least as much as he takes. The awareness of where they're standing, where anybody could catch them red-handed, fades to the back of their minds. Partially.

Ajax finds the risk of getting caught more thrilling than scary, actually. He smirks into their kiss.

He wonders how far he can take it.

"Archons, I want to fuck you so bad," he purrs, and that sets a million fireworks in Bennett's guts.

"Do it."

The words fall out of his mouth before his mind can actually process them. It's so unlike Bennett. But gods, he feels drunk on Ajax's lips, and doesn't have half a mind to push him away. Or to drag him back to his dorm room, for that matter.

No, Bennett wants, and he wants here and now. His whimper dies against Ajax's lips when Ajax hoists him up against the shelves. He lifts Bennett like he's weighing nothing, and grinds his cock against his ass.

Too many layers. There's too many fucking layers.

Ajax's hands slip under the waistband of Bennett's pants and underwear, eagerly digging into the soft, supple skin of his butt, and it only makes him crave to bury himself inside sooner.

The only preparation he can grant his classmate is two fingers slicked with spit, but Bennett doesn't mind. He holds onto Ajax for dear life, face buried in his warmth, grazing teeth against his skin... Biting in as Ajax's fingers

push and then curl up inside, stretching him out, making him almost moan. The heat is almost unbearable. Bennett's last two functioning brain cells are the only thing keeping him from letting the whines and the sighs flow out of his lips like he's some sort of wanton whore in a porno flick.

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"F-fuck," he breathes out against Ajax's neck, and in response Ajax's fingers dig knuckle-deep inside his tight heat.

The sensation is heady, it rolls over Bennett like a bulldozer, crushing his sanity to dust. It doesn't take him long to come apart under Ajax's touch—the simmer gradually builds into a roiling boil, setting the blood in his veins on fire.

His pants slip down on his thighs and Bennett does realize he is half-naked in the middle of a college library... But the thrill that wells in his stomach and tears through him like a surge of electricity makes his walls clamp tight on Ajax's fingers. It also causes a wet spot to appear on his underwear where his dick strains against it.

Without even bothering to ask the question, Ajax's nimble fingers have already managed to pull a condom out of his wallet, but the wallet itself fell to the floor with a thud. Doesn't matter. Holding the wrapping between his teeth, he unbuckles his belt with one hand, doesn't even bother undoing the button or the zipper and just pulls everything down. The head of his cock, wet with precum, is teasing Bennett's entrance, and he aches to get inside.

Bennett does his best to hold himself up against the shelves, legs tightly wrapped around Ajax's middle, while Ajax fiddles with the shiny little square. It takes so long that Bennett steals it from Ajax's fingers and expertly rips through the corner with his teeth. Hands it back to Ajax. And Ajax rolls it down his cock about as expertly as Bennett has opened it. He lines himself up and lets Bennett sink himself on it, just slightly spreading him open, and then he bucks his hips to draw back.

Gods, Bennett is tight. It's hard to really make it in, but Ajax would rather be killed on the spot than to give up. And Bennett doesn't seem to have half a mind to protest, his breaths heavy and deep, as he barely manages to keep his vocal chords inert. Truth is, he would sing Ajax a fucking symphony—it hurts, but it hurts good, and Bennett doesn't care at all if that means he will walk funny when he comes into class for his exam.

It takes a while, but the effort pays off. When he finally sheathes his whole length inside, Ajax allows himself a small groan of victory, exhilarated.



He starts to move, and it's the furthest thing from slow and hesitant. No, Ajax fucks like he means it, thrusting in and letting Bennett bounce on his cock. He prays to any god that will listen that the sound of Bennett's ass slapping against him won't alert anyone about their grotesquely inappropriate actions. But he's pretty sure that there's no way in hell someone would miss their shuddering breaths, or the discrete whines Bennett lets slip out even with lips pressed tight, if they came anywhere in their general vicinity.

A choked whimper leaks out of Bennett's mouth when Ajax hits a specific spot, and it makes Bennett feel dizzy as the ecstasy builds. Ajax does his best to do it again, and this time Bennett moans. And he moans again, and it's loud and it's lewd and it only makes Ajax yearn to hear it more, but... He swallows the next moan with a kiss, searing hot, full of tongue and teeth.

It gets harder to support Bennett's weight while settling into a semblance of a regular rhythm, but Ajax miraculously manages, even as each thrust feeds a rising tide that threatens to swallow him whole. With Ajax's lips sealed to his, Bennett does his best to meet his hips and hold onto him, but each time he sinks himself all the way on Ajax's cock, he feels himself coming apart. It's just coming in so deep, his walls are squeezing tight on Ajax's dick in expectation for what is drawing nearer with every drag in and out of his heat. It's hard to smother every sound, impossible, actually.

Not when the growing pressure finally reaches a breaking point, and Bennett barely manages to keep his ankles hooked behind Ajax as he lets out

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a throaty whine and spills in his pants. The sensation overwhelms him as Ajax keeps thrusting in, chasing after his own release like his life depends on it.

"F-fuck, shit, I'm g-gonna come," Ajax whispers against Bennett's lips, hips bucking and jerking in slower motions as he crawls to the last few inches to his climax.

He does his best to keep silent, but fails miserably when he finally reaches it, shooting hard and deep inside Bennett's tight ass. He keeps thrusting, until he's completely depleted and overstimulation catches up with him. He stops, bites his lip and huffs, face flushed and eyes misted with heat as he stares back into Bennett's blissed out emerald eyes.

"The Tsaritsa be damned, this is the hottest fucking shit I've ever done in my life," Ajax says, and then he laughs, giddy and high on the rush of endorphins spreading throughout his limbs.

Bennett is too stunned to do anything but laugh with him, heart only starting to slow down as the heat wears off. Ajax slowly lets his legs slip to the floor. Upon pulling out, though, a very unwelcome realization hits Ajax—there is a rip through the condom, and his cum is leaking out.

"Well, woops," Ajax says, grimacing.

Bennett leans against the shelves behind him, and looks at Ajax's hands, bewildered. Surely enough, there's a slimy substance trickling down between his thighs, and it's not hard to guess what it is. His legs are shaky and unsteady under him, and he wonders if he can even make it to the bathroom now. His butt is definitely sore, and his back hurts where the shelves dug in. But damn, he hasn't felt this good in a long fucking time, and it's never been this easy, or this natural to just... let himself be railed stupid by someone.

"I-it's fine," he says. "I'm uh... clean."

Well, his underwear is definitely not clean, but at least his last physical was.

Embarrassed smiles are exchanged, but words are few and far between until they make their way back to the study room.

Bennett's cheeks are still pink, but it's for a different reason than before. He squirms in his seat, struggling to find a comfortable way to distribute

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his weight on it.

Ajax smirks from the other side of the table. He's sprawled out on his chair, leisurely twirling a pencil between his long fingers.

"Wanna... you know... do this again sometime?" he asks.

"Maybe... if you pass the exam," Bennett replies almost absentmindedly, holding back a grin, eyes not leaving his notebook.

"I'll take that as a challenge, bunny boy."

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#Team-7
Lynx
Anavi
Kanna

PRETTY PICTURE

"You look beautiful like this, my love."

Tartaglia shuddered as big hands caressed his bare chest, squirming slightly under the heated gaze of his lover.

He couldn't exactly see Zhongli that well, the man sitting somewhere behind him, but he could still definitely feel Zhongli's eyes staring holes through the back of his head. Normally he wouldn't feel so embarrassed about this, but his position left him in quite a weak state. He was kneeling on the ground, his wrists bound together behind his back. If he truly desired to, he could probably break out of the bonds.

But that wasn't what this was about. He wanted to give up power and let Zhongli take care of him. So he kept still, glancing downward when he felt the soft rope against his skin. Zhongli, ever the romantic, didn't just want to tie him up and leave it at that. No, his lover insisted on making him a piece of art.

Apparently this really was a thing. 'Shibari', Zhongli had called it. An Inazuman, usually sexual, type of rope binding that would create intricate patterns on someone's body. It was a tradition about as ancient as Zhongli himself, but he agreed anyway. It seemed like a fun idea and he always loved being the center of attention.

Though he had to admit, this was still a little embarrassing. Especially since he was kneeling on the floor, with just the rope and his shorts on. There was already a dark spot in his underwear, having Zhongli's big hands roam around his bare skin more than enough to make him excited for what was happening next.

"You're so strong." Zhongli whispered, leaning a bit closer and pressing a kiss on his neck. A full body shiver wrecked through his body at the action,

desperate for more. He whined when Zhongli's fingers brushed against the scars on his chest, before his nipples got pinched. Despite having lost most of the feeling he had there, he still got goosebumps.

Tartaglia tried to turn his head to look at his lover, but a firm hand on his jaw prevented him from doing so. "Xiansheng-" Before he could even attempt to say a coherent sentence, he got interrupted.

"I thought I told you to stay quiet, unless you were asked a question. Having to use a safe word is also still an exception, but besides that... You better watch your mouth."

He quickly nodded in agreement, face flushing in embarrassment. Even if Zhongli wouldn't really get mad, making a mistake still hurt his pride. Thankfully, his mind didn't linger too long on that small slip up, because it had other things to worry about when he saw something moving in the corner of his eye. Was that...?

"You've told me about your interest in my.. Non-human features before, haven't you? If you behave well, I'll let you see them properly. You just have to be patient."

And if that wasn't one hell of a motivator, Tartaglia thought to himself.

So he obediently turned his gaze back to focus on the wall in front of him. It was quite boring, but it was better than disappointing the one he wanted to impress.

"Good boy." Zhongli purred next to his ear.

Tartaglia's face was in flames, his pale cheeks and the tips of his ears flushed pink. He could never get over the amount of control Zhongli had over him, even with such simple words.

The flush even spread down his chest when he felt Zhongli slide off behind him. His bare back was pressed flush against the other's strong chest, which was still partly covered in a thin button up.

A warm palm was sliding down his chest, quickly to the waistband of his shorts. The lack of further movement was slightly annoying, but he figured his lover just wanted to make sure he was okay. So he gave a short nod, because he was still not allowed to talk.

After giving the silent agreement, a hand slipped into his underwear.

"My, so wet already? I wonder if you're just so turned on that you're already soaking through your clothes or if it's your vision."

Archons, he hated the teasing, but the degrading comments still made him squirm.

His hips twitched when he felt Zhongli's fingers slide between his folds, barely grazing against his clit and making him whine. He needed more an hour ago. Carefully, he tried moving his hips, but being tied like this made getting any useful friction a lot harder. He was definitely going insane like this.

"Beg, Ajax." Zhongli commanded.

"Please, Xiansheng, I've been good." Tartaglia immediately tried pulling out all the stops. He had never been a patient man. "I need it so badly." He craned his head to the side again, looking at his lover with big eyes. It's then he noticed the horns and he felt a completely different kind of heat in his lower abdomen.

The smile he got in return was blinding.

His breath hitched when two fingers got shoved into his soaking wet cunt, legs trembling as his muscles strained against the rope. When he heard the sound of fabric ripping, he looked down to see where it came from. Zhongli had ripped his shorts to get a better angle, instead of just taking them off. Which was ridiculous... But what was even more ridiculous was that he thought it was hot too.

The strength of an Archon could wipe out a whole nation, but instead, those hands that could kill thousands, were just making him come undone. When Zhongli started actively toying with his clit, he knew it would be over way too soon.

His whole body tensed up, breath coming out in short puffs. He was desperately attempting to stave his orgasm off, but it didn't seem like it was a possibility. "Z-Zhongli!" His mouth fell open in a silent scream, clenching around Zhongli's fingers and keeping them there in a vice grip. A few seconds after cumming, he managed to relax his body enough to release the other's hand. His whole body was limp now, completely exhausted from their earlier activity.

He closed his eyes and tried to catch his bearings again when Zhongli started untying him. The rope had left marks on his pale skin, but nothing

was extremely painful or irritated. He actually... Really liked it, because this way he'd carry the memory of their intimacy together.

A kiss was pressed on the top of his head.

"You did well. I'll draw you a bath. I love you, darling."

Tartaglia still melted from Zhongli's extremely sweet side. "That sounds great. I love you too."

#Team-7

Lynx

Anavi

Kanna

Kae

23:14



#Team-8

Arklistener
KiraShion
CouffeNoir

MY GOOD BOY

Ajax parks his luxurious car slowly, entering the garage of the three-floored house he owns at Guili Plains.

He is in Liyue for business, as usual, the Fatui Co. assigned him. An odd job that only he can deal with, but it's nothing difficult for him. The only issue is that he is on this trip alone, missing his lover every passing minute. He had to travel for miles and the exhaustion of it almost makes him want to lay down on the bed and sleep until the next morning, but it's still early afternoon and his mind is flying away to somewhere far away.

The thought of Kaeya all alone and unguarded, in their manor, keeps him awake. He stayed in Mondstadt and is probably bored, but worst of all, he is in heat. When Ajax left that morning, Kaeya was panting and sweating, his nipples were so visible through the shirt that he had to restrain himself from giving up his job and stay home to take care of his beloved pup. His whines, as they kissed one last time before he left, made his heart sink. He needed to see him, he needed to see his puppy.

"Why do they always ask me? Couldn't they pick someone else for the job this time? I really really don't want to stay here," he mutters to himself as he steps into the living room.

Ajax raises a hand to his eyes and massages them as he puts down his bags and switches the lights on. It feels so cold being alone.

As he looks around he lets out a breath and tries to ignore the emptiness of the house. The thought of having to stay in Liyue for three whole days while his Kae is by himself, wet and needy, without his master helping him is excruciating. Torturing even.

Childe sits down on one of the sofas in the living room and ponders about whether or not he should call Kaeya already. Just to be sure he is doing fine. He fears what Kaeya could do to all his clothes as he is left alone. As he sits down, he passes a hand through his hair ruffling it, his eyes closed and frowning. It's not the first time that he has to travel for work, he is called Mr Worldwide for a reason after all, but it's the first time he does it after their marriage. After he finally settled down with him, they spent

their honeymoon period -which lasted 5 months- closed inside their manor, fucking all day. It's the first time he feels actually alone.

He should have tried harder to convince his boss to let him skip this job, but Lady Tsaritsa refused to comply. "You will have time for your lovemaking in the future, Ajax. Don't disappoint me," she said in her cold compelling tone. No room for dialogue.

As he dwells internally about his loneliness and recalls Lady Tsaritsa's ice-cold voice, he grabs his phone from his inside pocket. He really needs to call him.

But as he pulls out the phone, a black dog leash comes out as well. It was folded inside and the shining metal label with Kaeya's name on it tinkled. He smiles at it and an idea sparkles a flame into him. Ajax rushes to video call Kaeya, hoping that he is not sleeping yet. It should already be midnight in Mondstadt.

The call doesn't even have the time to ring as it gets accepted immediately, much to his surprise.

"Honey, did you arrive safely?" Kaeya welcomes him with a big smile and soft eyes.

He is laying on the bed, dim red lights colour his figure and he wishes to be there with him even more, kissing him as they embrace each other.

"Babe, I just sat down. I am very tired, you see, but I am sure you can help me relieve some of this stress", Childe smirks as he bites his lips looking at the naked shoulders that Kaeya purposely exposes.

Oh, how he wants to see more.

"Dear, what can I do for you?" Kaeya tilts his head, showing the puppy ears he still has on. They were the same colour as his hair.

"Be a good pup, would you?" Ajax orders, gripping the leash in his other hand.

"Master wants to play with me? Through the phone?" Kaeya asks jokingly. But as he makes a pouting face, he bites his lips. He clearly wants this as much as him.

"Puppy, show me your full self, now." Ajax compels him, intent on punishing him for his mockery.

Kaeya smirks and obeys, the front camera is partially covered by his hand as he adjusts the phone in a more suitable place. He takes off the hand and reveals himself, naked and ready for his master. Ajax can feel the throbbing of his boner already asking for him to free it, and he swallows a gulp of saliva. He eats him with his eyes.

"Good boy, don't make me use this," he shows him the leash, "expose yourself and beg for me."

Kaeya is wearing only a pair of torn-up stockings and some jewels as he wiggles his exposed ass in front of the camera. A buttplug-tail is inside his hole and as he moves on the sheets he adjusts the tail so that it is not covering his ass cheeks. He squeezes the legs together as he rolls on the

side to show both his ass and his face. Childe notices the cock ring on his dick and smirks to himself, happy to know that his boy is not going to waste any precious cum while he is away. But seeing how plump and rosy his nipples still are, he decides to make him suffer a bit.

"You are being very good, but I gave you no order to put on the ring," he stares at him with fierce eyes.

"Oh Master, have mercy. I only wanted to be a good puppy while my master was away. I didn't want to waste his favourite snack."

Ajax smirks and stares at the beautiful curves of Kaeya's ass, at how clean and shaved it is. He wants to grab it and ruin it, he wants to edge his pup until he is a begging whining mess. But he will have to wait.

As if he could read his mind, Kaeya grabs his thigh and pushes his dick between his legs so that he can see all of it. It's hard and leaking and it's calling for his master's caring hands. Kaeya knows how to submit and still play with him. His dark skin is glowing under the soft lights hung upon the bed frame, his long and silky hair matches perfectly with the fake fur of the tail and ears. Kaeya's long and thin fingers stretch his ass open a bit more, showing how tight it is around the buttplug. His hole is sucking it in, like a starving dog. It clearly longs for something bigger, like his master's cock. Ajax licks his lips as he admires the beauty of his puppy.

"Now, be good and play with your tail," Childe orders as he wiggles the leash in front of him, "I will give you a reward when I get back home, ok?"

Kaeya groans and opens his mouth in a way that makes his cock itch with need. Kaeya lazily reaches for his tail and fidgets with the hair before grabbing it in his slim hand and starts to pull it slowly, oh so slowly. The skin around his hole stretches and the plug peeks at him mockingly. Kaeya lets out a soft moan and places the other hand on his face, he is blushing like a schoolgirl as he plays with his hole in front of the camera for his master. Ajax watches him as he tries to hold himself and not tremble from the pleasure mounting over him, his hole leaking as the plug teases his senses.

"Show me your face, puppy," he orders.

"I'm sorry, Master. I just-" he whines again, louder, "nghhh-" Kaeya pants as he twitches in pleasure. His hand keeps pulling and pushing it inside and out, as he bites his index finger.

Ajax sees his dick throbbing between his legs, held back only by the ring, as more precum starts to leak through. He admires how submitted to his own pleasure his puppy is, obeying diligently, so Childe puts the leash down.

Kaeya moans again as he trembles, masturbating himself like a good pup for his master's entertainment. Ajax doesn't even realize that he is smiling like a devil as he sees his puppy jerking himself, too focused on the adorable expression of embarrassment that Kaeya cannot hide. His eyes are closed, lips trembling as he softly moans, his chest moves every time he pushes the plug back in. The nipples are hardened already and they are

waiting to be touched, neglected by Master's hands.

As he stares at him, he feels his dick neglected throb against his clothes and so he rushes to unzip his pants and grabs it. He pays no mind to how floppy and wet his jerking off is, Ajax's full attention is on the beautiful face that Kaeya is making for him. He is so engrossed in the twitching and whining mess that he is becoming at his own hands, unable to release the pleasure, that he doesn't care about his own stained clothes.

"M-master, I... nghhh-" Kaeya moans again, he is arching his back as he keeps fucking himself with the plug of the tail.

"Is my good puppy feeling close to climax already?" Childe mocks him and keeps jerking his hand up and down, biting his lips.

"Mhhh, yes... I want to..." another moan. Kaeya raises his chest and grabs the sheets, moving his hand at a faster pace.

"What do you want, tell me."

"I... AH! I want your cock, Master-" he almost yells in pleasure.

"Oh, you don't get to decide when you receive it. You will have to wait for your Master to come back," Ajax laughs at how much of a mess he is, the more he stares at him the closer he is to cumming.

"But... I-" Kaeya rolls on his back and arches it, his legs spread open as he shows his full self to Ajax, "I want to... to come-AH!"

Ajax moves his hand faster and smugly looks at him, he is dominating him by just merely giving his puppy orders. Childe stares at Kaeya's fingers grasping at the sheets with desire, his knuckles are turning white and his muscles are tensing up. As his hole stretches and tightens even more around the plug, nearing him to the climax, his skin glows with sweat under the red light. He can almost feel the softness of his skin under his hands like a phantom feeling, he can almost smell his body in heat, leaking all over the place, he wishes to put his lips on him. To submit him even more. He wants to suck on his nipples and lick his leaking hole until it's dry.

"Who do you belong to?" Ajax asks, voice low and demanding.

"To you, nghh..." Kaeya's voice melts like honey and he trembles in pleasure.

"Louder. Who do you belong to?"

"I... I belong to you, Master" he wails with his full self in a spasm of pleasure.

Ajax smirks and squeezes his length, "good boy."

"Master?" He moans again.

Kaeya looks so damp with sweat and leak, he is glowing so brightly under the red light. Kaeya lowers his eyelids and stares at him, fucking himself relentlessly, he is on the edge and the only thing keeping him conscious is a tight ring at the base of his dick. He arches his back once more and raises a leg to his chest, the dampness of his skin makes some of the hair strands stick to his thigh. The hand starts to lose some of the built-up paces.

"What is it, puppy?" Ajax is trying to restrain himself from cumming, he wants to enjoy the show some more.

"Can I... nghhh- can I come?" Kaeya begs foolishly. He should know better than to beg like this.

"There is no going back on your words, puppy. You will not waste your precious love juice, alright?" Ajax laughs and slows down his hand, waiting for the right moment.

Kaeya pouts and whines in sadness, he clearly cannot resist much longer before he snatches the cock ring away, but Childe's orders must not be disobeyed. So he keeps fucking himself, edging the pleasure to impossible lengths, putting up the best show for his master.

"Ma...master..." Kaeya's voice is a low growl.

Ajax feels like he is suffocating, he needs to release his puppy from such pain, seeing him twitching and squirming on the bed all alone and so desperate to be fucked is becoming a torture for himself as well. He loves him too much to play with him with such cruelty. But it would take him too long to go back home and return to Liyue in time, he has to be at the harbor in less than ten hours.

Ajax alts his hand, thinking about how he could get himself out of this stupid task. His mind trails off and before he realizes it, Kaeya is close to passing out from exhaustion. He cannot torture him for much longer. His puppy needs him.

"Kaeya, stop now." Ajax says in a sweeter tone, looking at his tired face, all red and damp with sweat.

His disheveled hair is sticking to his body and the fake tail is a mess of precum and knots. Kaeya lets out a sigh and stops fucking his hole, still too much on edge for feeling relief but he can now take deeper breathes. He closes his eyes, almost passing out.

"NO! Don't sleep. Wait there, puppy. Master is coming back home, ok?" Childe yells, jerking him awake.

"But Master has work to do..." Kaeya whispers as he struggles to stay awake.

"It doesn't matter, you are way more important," Ajax quickly readjusts himself and gets up, "Let me hang up, I need to call someone. I will call you back in a minute so please stay awake." Ajax rushes as he quits the call and immediately calls the tradesman he has an appointment with the next morning.

Rescheduling the job will bite him in the ass tomorrow morning but he doesn't care, he has a puppy to take care of.

Ajax runs on the road and pays no mind to how awfully he parks the car, it's 1AM and it took him longer than he wished to get back home. Once he

is at the manor he jumps out of the car and rushes to their bedroom. He doesn't even break a sweat as he skips some steps on the stairs and basically rolls into the room.

Kaeya is in the same state he expected him to be, naked and with his legs spread open, almost passed out from the fatigue of being on edge for so long. He barely lifts an eyelid when Childe approaches him.

"Oh, dear puppy. You are so exhausted," Ajax takes off his clothes as quick as the wind, "let me claim my juice." He says softly, mounting over him on the bed.

"Master?" Kaeya sighs, trying to raise a hand toward his face but it's too much strain for him. He is limp and still in heat.

"Be a good boy and stay awake a bit longer, ok?" Childe whispers in his ear as he leaves a soft kiss against it.

Ajax grabs both his legs and puts them on his shoulders, placing himself between them. He slowly removes the cock ring, albeit Kaeya's whimpers of pain, and gently strokes his dick, massaging it with careness. When Kaeya moans louder, jerking awake once again, he grabs his tail and pushes it out in a swift move.

Kaeya moans louder and squirms under him as he is finally freed from such pain. But he has no time to sigh that Ajax pushes his own tip to the rim of his hole, tempting him with his length. He doesn't push it in immediately, he waits for his puppy's pleas.

"Ah, Master... please, give it to me..." Kaeya begs as he arches his back in anticipation.

"Are you ready to take my bone, pup?"

"Yes... Yes, I am. Ple-" Kaeya's whines get cut off as Childe pushes his full length inside him.

He enters his hole and slams his pelvis against his ass. The clapping of his thighs against Ajax's hips and the wet and soggy sound of his hand jerking him as he fucks into him ruthlessly are accompanied by Kae's loud moans of pleasure.

Ajax bites his calves, leaving purple hickeys on his legs as he fastens the pacing and thrusts inside him with more force. It will surely leave some bruises at this point. The puppy's moans and cries are music to his ears. Childe admires how Kaeya trembles and arches even more under him, how he twirls and twitches in pleasure from being fucked as if he was nothing more than a hole. His own personal slutty fuck-hole.

"Good boy, cum for me."

Childe thrusts into him faster, gaining more pace as he grunts in his own pleasure, his dick throbs twice against Kaeya's insides and he has to restrain himself not to cum before his needy puppy does.

Kaeya moans loudly as he is being pounded against the mattress, his head spiralling from the bumping and his body arched in convulsions of contentment, he screams and squirms as he comes loudly and violently in

Childe's hand, dirtying himself and the sheets. White thick sperm all over his panting body as Childe watches in amusement.

Ajax thrusts one last time before releasing himself inside his tired and violated hole. He fills his puppy with his own thick juice and as he slowly takes his dick out of him, Ajax kisses him softly on the head, all damp from sweat.

"Good puppy, you deserve to rest now."

Childe kisses him again fondly. Kaeya looks at him with lovestruck eyes as he tries to steady his breath. They are both exhausted and in desperate need of a shower, which will probably come later. He lets himself go and falls on the bed beside his husband as they hold each other's hands.

Ajax stares at him, his heart is still pacing fast but it's fine. They are fine. He watches as Kae smiles at him through closed eyes and tries hard to not fall asleep right there in such a state.

"I love you, you know that, right?"

"Oh honey, I am well aware..." Kaeya whispers, opening an eye to look at him, "And I love you too."

Ajax will have a lot of explanations to give the next morning but for the moment, he is more than happy. He intertwines his fingers with Kae's and holds his hand like this.

#Team-8
Arklistener
KiraShion
CouffeNoir

HAMMOCK

Scaramouche was very much annoyed, due to the fact that his lower-ranking coworker wasn't present in his office at the current moment as he said he would. With documents that needed both their signatures concerning missions they were both to be present for. Though technically a leisure day where nothing was expected of the two, the balladeer worked nonetheless. Not wanting to waste a day for so-called 'relaxation'. Wanting to get work done early and not have to deal with it later was always on the agenda. So having to work with other people wasn't ideal, as it could get in the way of matters he could easily handle himself. But in this line of work, it was inevitable that a second opinion on important matters was recommended by the Tsaritsa. With an internal facepalm, Scaramouche got up from his desk to look for his late coworker.

The current location of the two harbingers was a rented area of the Fatui, all in part due to Pantalone, whose extravagant spending had no bounds. With the building itself being of a higher standard than the typical one seen in a busy city, being near a private beach. Locations aside, Scaramouche started to look to where that annoying redhead might be. Searching the long hallways, the upper floors, hell even the office that Childe was assigned, and yet there was no trace of him. This was starting to get on his nerves, as things typically did. Especially with this glare that the windows were admitting on this particularly sunny day. Why didn't Childe ever close the curtains even a little bit? Not even Scaramouche's hat could block out the sun's rays. Going towards one of the windows to start to close the curtain so that he wouldn't go blind with the beating light, he took a glance outside. Only to see the man that he was looking for.

Lounging about on a hammock. With a content look on his face as he laid back and took in the sun.

"This motherfuck-"

Not even bothering to finish his own sentence, he stormed off to the lower level to confront the 'lazy' harbinger. Once outside, the weather became more clear as the short man could feel it on his skin. Scaramouche can't fathom how Childe could stand the heat the sun was emitting, especially being from a region as cold as Snezhnaya. Not even he could stand the heat that was starting to be felt more and more as he stood by the exit of the building. So he wanted to make this sidetracking quick and get back inside. Walking towards the other harbinger with a disgusted look on his face.

Scaramouche scoffs to himself, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"Of course I would find you here, lounging around not utilizing the day for anything remotely productive."

Childe turns only his head with his hands behind them, then turns back to his original position and smirks.

"Unlike someone I know, I actually know how to relax and enjoy doing so. Anyway, what brings you to my humble hammock." Gesturing with the wave of a hand.

"Gods, have you really forgotten? Need I remind you that I have documents inside my office that need both our signatures for future missions we are to be present for. I specifically asked you to come around so we could get it over with, and I find you here lounging around without a care in the world."

Childe turns his head, seemingly interested in the conversation now.

"Oh, that's what this is about? You know we both have the day off right? I don't even know why I came into the office in the first place."

"So you're just gonna blow me off like that? I don't care that we 'technically' don't need to do anything today. I wanna get this done and over with. Gives me less work later on and less time in the future I have to deal with you."

"Awe, is that how you see it Scara? You not like hanging out with me?" He asked in a sarcastic tone.

Scaramouche scoffs. "What makes you think anything else?" I honestly don't see how you would think otherwise."

"The fact that you took the time to find me Scara." Childe turns to look at his shorter colleague. Taking both his legs out of the hammock, now sitting up with his hands intertwined on top of his lap. "Anyone else you would have just scolded them the second you saw them again. Not bothering to look for them. But for me, you left your office the minute I didn't appear when I said I would be there. And I'm guessing you didn't have second thoughts about it either from the look on your face." Childe chuckled, looking more intently at Scaramouche's face. The fair-skinned man was blushing at the notion that he cared for the other. And upon realizing why Childe was staring at him, he hid the lower part of his face with his hand.

"Ugh, why am I being like this? And all you are doing is speaking to me." Not even his hand could hide the flustered frustration Scaramouche was trying to hide in his voice. He hated to admit and see in himself that he cared for the person in front of him.

"Hey what are you doing hiding like that Scara? There's no shame in being embarrassed. It's honestly cute to see this side of you. Would you mind coming closer to me? I want to have a better view of your pretty face." Childe took one of his hands and extended it towards Scaramouche.

Scaramouche thought to himself for a quick second. 'Why would you want that?' The one sitting before him sometimes was confusing. He wasn't used to being open with his softer side like Childe. Always trying to keep up an act of superiority and strength. But sometimes that could be tiring. Before taking the hand covering the lower part of his face and taking the extended hand offered he thought; 'Maybe I do need a break.'

With the two hands softly holding on to one another, the one whose was first extended guides the second one towards the hammock that is being used to relax in the sun. Before the smaller man could even ask to sit inside the hammock as well, the taller man pointed out something that might make that difficult.

"Hey, would you mind taking off your hat for me? Might make it difficult to sit here with me if that's what you were planning on doing."

"Heh. I guess you're right. Give me a second, the fabric was very expensive." Scaramouche lets go of the other man's hand to use both of his own to take off his lavish hat and gently place it on the ground. "Any other requests while I'm up and about?" He asks in a sarcastic tone.

"Not that I can think of, just come and sit with me however you see fit." He pats down on the hammock with his hand, being enthusiastic.



Scaramouche only chuckles at the gesture before going back towards Childe. With him deciding that sitting back to chest was what he wanted to do. A bit shyly, he turns around before sitting back against Childe. Now it is the 11th harbinger's turn to be flustered. Not exactly expecting the 6th too so quickly choose a position and stick with it. But the flustered feeling settles down as Scaramouche slowly takes his hands and brings them towards his chest.

Being in another's arms isn't something that you would expect to see with this high-ranking harbinger. As his aggressive and standoffish nature usually is enough to push anyone away. But not for the one who currently securing his arms around the smaller man. Finding ways to slowly break down those defensive walls was something that Childe had gotten used to doing. And right now he was seeing a part of the other harbinger almost no one would ever see. In his lap becoming more like a touch starved kitten than a dominating figure.

"You know, I like seeing this side of you Scaramouche. It's endearing to know that you trust me enough to be vulnerable around me."

"How in Teyvat is this vulnerable? All I'm doing is holding onto you. I hope you still are aware that I'm more powerful than you, even in

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Tutankhamun91

Deimon

Jo

the position we are in right now."

"Now, there's no need to get defensive Scara." He gently kisses the top of Scaramouche's forehead. "I meant it as a compliment."

"Yeah I know, but you can be-" A finger was placed on Scaramouche's lips, along with a quiet shushing being directed towards one of his ears.

"You know Scaramouche," He kisses the top of his ear. "Sometimes you talk too much. And you make me wanna try different ways to quiet you down."

"Yeah? And what is a way you were thinking of now to shut me up?"

"Hmm. I was thinking about doing something like this." Childe takes his hand away from Scaramouche's lips and reaches back down with the other towards his chest. Slowly pulling his shirt up while lightly caressing his stomach. In response to this, the smaller man lets out a quiet sigh and a moan. Arching his back against Childe's chest.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself Scara." He kisses the side of his neck, getting another moan out of Scaramouche.

Suddenly, Scaramouche grabs both of Childe's hands, stopping him from caressing his stomach any longer. Then turning himself around to face him. Confusion and concern soon could be seen on the ginger's face. "We can stop if you don't want to do this. I should have asked you before anyway-" He's stopped by the sudden jerk of a fist holding the collar of his shirt. With a very flustered Scaramouche looking directly at him.

"Stop teasing and just kiss me properly you idiot." And upon Scaramouche's request, Childe obliged and embraced his lips with his own. The grip that he had on the man's collar loosened as he succumbed more and more to his lustful desire. Becoming more physically obvious in both men as they looked down upon one another.

"You want to do something about our erections or are we just gonna keep staring at them until they magically go down?" Scaramouche remarks.

"Go ahead, I'd love to see a show from you." Childe grins and Scaramouche clicks his tongue in response. Getting up from his current position. And before Childe can ask if he had done something to frustrate Scaramouche, he noticed what he was doing. He was quickly taking off all his articles of clothing, placing them down beside his hat. Then turning back to Childe in order to go back into the position he was in before.

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“Didn’t want to get my clothes all sweaty. It would be a nuisance to deal with later.” Quietly remarking. Soon resuming what was going to occur before he had gotten up from the hammock. Placing his hands onto the man’s shirt, unbuttoning it shirt, to reveal Childe’s defined chest. Working his way down slowly to Childe’s V-line, earning a moan in response. Stopping his hand’s motions, Scaramouche looks up at his partner for approval to continue.

“Please keep going Scaramouche, you’re making me feel really good right

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now." And upon the approval to resume, he continues to go down and using both hands, slides Childe's pants and underwear down enough to reveal his aching cock. Twitching in response to Scaramouche's advancements. Instead of touching the throbbing cock as expected, Scaramouche puts one of his hands in front of Childe's mouth.

"What are you doing? I don't understand what you want me to do Scara."

"Let me place two or more fingers in your mouth. Or at least spit in my hand. I'm not gonna jack us off without some type of lube you moron." Giving Childe a look that expressed 'Do I look dumb to you?' without speaking any words. He does what Scaramouche asks, opening his mouth in order to get the guiding man's fingers wet enough for pleasuring the two of them. Once he was satisfied, he took his fingers out and placed his other hand's fingers into Childe's mouth.

"You're being so good to me right now Childe. It's good to see that it doesn't take much for you to be so obedient." He chuckles, taking his other fingers out of Childe's mouth with a groan heard in reaction to his remarks.

Taking both of their cocks into the now two lubed hands, slowly pumping up and down at a pace that quickly got both men moaning. With now the mixture of spit and precum, it was only a few minutes of the steady pace that it took for them to be close to cumming.

"C-Close, Scara."

"Go on then, cum for me pretty boy." Scaramouche's command was met with Childe's high-pitched moan before cumming over Scaramouche's hand. Soon slowing the pace on his cock and fastening the pace on his own. Soon coming close to his own climax.

But as the balladeer was reaching his release, the younger harbinger had another plan. Taking Scaramouche's hand off of his cock, preventing his partner from orgasming.

"Wha- what are you doing?"

"It's honestly cute that you think I'd let you cum so easily comrade. It's a lot more fun seeing you like this."

"R-Really? You find this entertaining?"

"Very. Now if you really want to cum like I know you desperately want to, be a good boy and beg for it."

"You're kidding me? What makes you think I would ever- Ah!"

Childe suddenly places his hand onto Scaramouche's cock, making him squirm at the sudden friction. The sudden jolt of pleasure caught the harbinger off guard. When he once again got close to his orgasm, Childe quickly stopped moving his hand. Repeating this cycle of edging until the one being edged folded.

"Fuck! Please just let me cum! I'm begging, aren't I? Just please let me cum Childe!" The desperate calls for release in Scaramouche's voice were what Childe wanted to hear. But he still wanted to keep his partner on edge for a bit longer.

"You think you can change your position for me Scara?" Childe asked, taking his hand off Scaramouche's aching dick once again to take off his own shirt.

"Which position are you going for? It's pretty limited on this hammock you know." Even flustered and out of breath, Scaramouche could always find a way to make a sarcastic remark.

"I want you to bend down, ass up towards me. So I can properly fuck your little ass." Childe grabs Scaramouche's ass from behind and gives it a squeeze. An involuntary yelp can be heard from Scaramouche as a response to that specific touch.

"Alright, but you better properly prepare me since I know how fast you can get."

Childe quickly laughs at the comment as he takes off the remaining clothing that he had on. Watching Scaramouche get into the position that was asked of him. Hands-on the ground, with only his lower body residing on the hammock. It was a bit uncomfortable, but he soon got used to the new position.

Licking his index and middle finger before slowly putting one of them inside the smaller man's exposed ass. Following suit are involuntary moaning as Childe reaches his prostate. One finger turning into two and then three, the fair-skinned harbinger had been prepared with enthusiasm from both sides. Childe pulled his fingers out of the prepared hole and slowly replaced it with his cock. Both men groaned as they experienced sudden

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pleasure simultaneously.

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"Gods I've always loved how your ass felt." Childe remarks as he starts to pace himself, pumping his member in and out of his partner's loose hole. As Childe soon fastened his pace to help himself reach another climax, Scaramouche was starting to realize his position on the hammock wasn't the best one to be in. As he was losing his grip on the ground.

"W-Wait Childe, hold on a second! I-I'm gonna-" Scaramouche was cut off by the man who was currently railing his ass.

"You know I won't let you cum yet right? Or do I-"

"I'm not even close yet! Let me get my balance or I'm going to-"

Scaramouche soon lost his balance and fell onto the ground face first. Childe didn't even need to see it to know that his partner was ticked. Hearing the grumbles and profanities being emitted from Scaramouche's mouth.

"Oh shit." Childe tries to hold in his laugh the best he can but to no avail. His snickers can be heard from his partner on the ground. Very pissed off at his current predicament.

"First it was the teasing, and now you're laughing at me for something that is your fault."

The man huffs as he gets himself to a better sitting situation on the ground. Pulling his knees towards his stomach, wrapping his arms around them.

"You seriously aren't gonna sulk on the ground like that are you Scara? Come back on the hammock." The taller man pats the hammock with a grinning tone but to no reply.

"So you're gonna ignore me now, are you? Playing the silent treatment isn't gonna help you sweetie." Still no reply. By now Scaramouche would say a snarky remark, calling out the ginger for teasing him even more. He only got this quiet when he was upset or frustrated over something.

"Hey Scara, you okay? You're being awfully quiet down there."

"...."

"Scaramouche, will you at least look at me?"

"...."

"Kunikazushi, please?"

Reluctantly, the purple-haired harbinger looked up, it wasn't often that he was called by his birth name. So it seemed that Childe was trying to be serious at the moment.

"I can't tell if you're just being a brat or you're generally upset. But either way, can you please come back into the hammock? It will be more comfortable than the sand that you currently are sitting in." He extended a hand towards Scaramouche, and to his surprise, the commonly stubborn man took it without hesitation. Though this was only a small victory for Childe, as the smaller man was sitting in the hammock, once again choosing to face away from him. Instead of a way to show vulnerability, it was showing his current frustration over the situation that had just occurred. Crossing his arms around himself as a way it seemed to comfort the man.

"Can I hold you Scara?"

"I don't care, do what you want."

"That wasn't a yes or a no Scaramouche."

".... Yes you can hold onto me, Childe."

"Okay."

Childe takes both arms and slowly embraces the annoyed Scaramouche. Who is slowly loosening up to the touch. A sigh could be heard from the one embracing the other.

"You okay? That tumble didn't look pleasant."

"Yeah, it wasn't. It didn't help you rubbing it in with your snickering." Scaramouche didn't hesitate to give Childe a piece of his mind.

Childe can only sigh before responding. "You know sometimes you're a pain in the ass. Mostly it seems unprompted, but right now you are justified in being a pain in my ass. I apologize for laughing at you when you fell. I hope you don't stay mad at me."

"....It's fine. Just help me out right away next time will ya instead of laughing at me? You can be really annoying at times you know?" He is quieter

with his last sentence. As if he really doesn't mean what he said. And by how he is positioning himself closer to Childe, he doesn't. Taking one of Childe's hands and lightly kissing the knuckles. As to reassure the taller man that he isn't completely ticked off at him.

Childe can only lightly chuckle at this display of affection, knowing it to be a rarity from Scaramouche. So he makes sure he shows to appreciate it. By finally giving what the purple-haired man has wanted for a while now. That the ginger has been denying him.

"You haven't cum yet, have you? You must be on the edge even without me touching you right now."

"It would be nice if you helped me out there instead of just edging me."

"You have been taking it well." Childe teasingly replied. "So I'll oblige to your request." He directs one of his hands towards his partner's aching cock, slowly starting to rub up and down while using his other hand to prepare Scaramouche once again. Leaning back even more towards Childe's stomach, he takes in the pleasure with stride. Not taking long for him to be ready again for penetration and a faster pace. Childe reacts to this by taking his cock and pushing it back into Scaramouche's small hole. Not waiting for anything and quickly fucking Scaramouche's ass. Knowing he is hitting his prostate by how loudly Scaramouche moans each time he pumps into him. Taking a small amount of time for the smaller man to get close from the penetration and the edging from beforehand.

"I-I'm-" Scaramouche can't even finish his own sentence as he climaxes. Groaning is the only thing that he can muster through it as Childe slows down his pacing on his own dick and his hand on Scaramouche's while he starts to ride out the orgasm.

As Scaramouche is riding out his orgasm, his body reacts to the slow movements of his partner's hand still moving up and down his cock. Childe didn't stop fucking his ass and stroking his dick even when Scaramouche finished riding out his climax. Trying to move back from the overstimulating feeling but to no avail. Leaning harder against Childe's chest, he feels a peck on his head from the redhead.

"Just a little more, you'll be good for me right Scara?" He groans in response as the overstimulating feeling around his cock quickly turns into pleasure. The dick slowly slamming into his ass helping him get close again as well as Childe's pace he used to stroke his cock. But it wasn't enough stimulation to get him to where he wanted to be.



"F-Faster. Please g-go faster Childe." He wanted to cum badly, not knowing how much longer he could take this slow pace. It was torture having to endure it, even from such a short time from his previous release.

"All you had to do was ask." Fulfilling his partner's wishes, quickened the pace that he was pumping Scaramouche's cock. Earning moans as the harbinger was reaching his climax. With a loud groan, cum spilled onto Childe's hand once again, slowing down the fast pace in order to help his partner ride out another orgasm. Stopping his hand only when he felt the cock he was stroking stop twitching.

From what Childe is seeing, he and Scaramouche are now taking the time to catch their breath. With Scaramouche closing his eyes while taking in the loosened embrace of his partner. As Childe slowly took his cock out from Scaramouche's ass, he could help but think about what he was originally going for in this endeavor.

"You know, I never got to really quiet you down did I Scara, you always were a loud fucker." Scaramouche chuckles at the comment. Opening his eyes in the process.

"You couldn't even if you tried Childe. I will always have a lot to say, especially to you."

"Should I take that as a good thing or a bad thing?" Scaramouche turns around a small bit at the question. Just enough to be facing the ginger face to face. Taking one of Childe's cheeks into his hand and rubbing it gently with his thumb.

"Both. I do it to annoy you and to let you know you are tolerable to be around."

"Tolerable enough to let fuck you?" Childe jokingly asks.

"Heh. Yeah, you are tolerable enough to fuck me." Scaramouche kisses his partner's other cheek before getting up from the hammock.

"What are you doing Scara?"

"I'm getting ready to go back inside. We still have paperwork to sign you know." Childe seems a bit dumbfounded at the response. Not an ounce of annoyance was heard in his tone.

"Not even five minutes after you came and you wanna go back to work. Some things never change about you do they Scaramouche?" Childe star-

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ts to collect his clothing, watching as his partner does the same. Finishing dressing up first and now waiting for Childe to finish doing the same.

"I'm in a good mood right now, so once you're done, I'll have some coffee ready for the both of us in my office."

"Wow, the Balladeer in a good mood? That's something that is unheard of, wouldn't want this opportunity to go to waste." Childe remarks sarcastically, not bothering to quicken his pace.

"Yeah, don't let it get to your head, I'll be waiting inside. So you better hurry before I drink for the both of us." Scaramouche snaps his fingers at the man in a playful manner.

And with that, the younger harbinger fastened his pace and soon both men were walking back into the building. Ready for a hot cup of coffee to reenergize both of them.

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OFFICE RENDEZVOUS

With a glass of a Snezhnayan beverage in one hand for distraction and a wobbly smile Thoma announces the meeting over and bids his friend farewell.

Yet for all that Thoma prides himself on his attentiveness, he hardly even notices when Gorou departs the room.

The moment the tail disappears from view he pushes his chair back just slightly and falls into a slouch. Tension bleeding out of him and a smirk on his face as he takes in the little thing sitting pretty between his legs.

“And here I thought you didn’t know how to keep your mouth shut.”

He gets a stuttered breath for that - one that’s muffled by three inches of cock.

Attention always gets Scaramouche a bit excited. Like he hasn’t enough in the past so even Thoma’s teasing gets him a bit panicky in a good way - enough at least to drag his tongue up the underside of Thoma’s cock, mouth sucking rather than cockwarming.

“Hey, what did I tell you, hm?” Thoma says, voice light but firm, hand falling down to cup Scaramouche’s wet jaw. He keeps it still till the boy settles once more, tiny suckles on his spongy tip disappearing until Scaramouche is once again just holding Thoma in his mouth.

“Good boy.”

He melts after that - floating back far into whatever headspace he’d been in for the past hour. Willingly submissive and weak and being the good warm hole he wants to be. Scaramouche is there, but also not. Having been instructed to keep his eyes on Thoma he blinks slowly - blearily.



Scaramouche's a wet heat around Thoma's cock, tongue flat against the underside of Thoma's length. Well trained enough to keep his teeth out the way but mouth small enough that the tip of Thoma's cock sits almost at the back of his throat, precome dripping down his throat in slow, well-earned droplets.

#Team-10
Aci
Kuon
Ea

He's been a sloppy hole the entire past hour - perfection having faded and faded until the drool that's dripped down the sides of his mouth had made the curls at the base of Thoma's cock tacky with it. Cheeks and chin as wet as he's made the cock he's been warming.

His precise original position, back straight and hands pretty in his lap have disappeared into a beautiful clumsy need - Scaramouche hanging onto whatever's made his mind blissfully empty.

"Feels good, huh?" Thoma whispers when he feels Scaramouche's tongue flutter just slightly against him.

"Needed something to help you forget all those big thoughts."

The boy whimpers, a shiver running through his naked body. For as much as Scaramouche relishes control, sometimes he needs it all taken away. When the choices are no longer his and he gets pleasure tingly through him at the idea of obeying.

Nipples hard in two pink peaks and cock leaking between his legs, he whines for Thoma's words.

Thoma shushes him gently. Slotting his thumb beside his cock he hooks it into the side of Scaramouche's mouth and gives a small tug. Drool instantly coats his finger and Thoma's cock twitches at how beautifully ruined Scaramouche is like this. Perfectly obedient for Thoma to stuff his mouth full - get those lips wrapped around just a little bit too much.

"You're going to be quiet for me, aren't you?" He whispers. He pulls his hand back enough to slip his thumb free and then cards his fingers through Scaramouche's hair.

Only a tiny amount of guidance is needed - a barely there pull and the boy is gurgling around his cock as he sinks down lower, body able to take and take as his eyes glaze over and he settles once more.

"That's it," Thoma sighs and tips his head back as his eyes close. A moan falling from his lips until he cracks open one eye enough to retrieve his drink.

"Good boy," he says and brings the glass to his lips.

BONDS OF BLOOD AND BLADES

KAEYA

Someone was screaming.

It was a bloodcurdling cry for help, a desperate sound tinged with immense anger and pain. The scream brought him to attention - it woke him from a magical trance in which he was just a moment ago. His sword was still hammered deep into the puppet: if it were to aim at a real man, the blade would be right in the center of the heart, tearing it in half. It was a deadly precision Kaeya honed almost every night.

In the next seconds, he understood how tired his body was - he could feel the sweat trickling down his back and the white shirt unpleasantly sticking to his tense shoulders. His breath was trailing off, his lungs were unable to catch enough air to oxygenate his brain quickly enough. He felt a certain excitement with the training, blood was coursing madly in his veins.

But finally his consciousness returned from the land of tiredness and pain - the scream that had awakened him from his trance must have come from somewhere. From someone who is in indescribable pain, who needs help, who wants a saviour. He sharpened all his senses. The ears were trying to catch another scream or its spectrum. The eye wandered back and forth across the empty training field, looking for the slightest disturbing movement or sign. Frost began to cover the blade of his sword - magic rose in the air waiting only for the sign to attack. He was looking for the enemy and his victim.

Finally he found something that caught his deadly attention. Under a tree that was a thousand years old sat a ginger man staring at his /Master/. He wasn't smiling as usual, he wasn't strangely weary as he was most of the time. But even from a few yards away Kaeya understood what Childe

was trying to tell him. The ice elf could never confuse that expression. He knew.

Kaeya quickly realized that it was him who was screaming. There was no one else. It was him who needed a saviour.

CHILDE

Regret

Chains have long been covered with dust – Childe hadn't touched shackles since the Kaeya's ice covered. Even though years had passed in which - despite appearances - he hadn't been mistreated at all, he still remembered those cold, mocking looks of Ragnvindr's elves.

That night was unforgettable. It came back to him like a good old friend. But it was more of a nightmare.

He perfectly remembered the request of his queen - "sacrifice" she whispered, sometimes he still could hear her voice in the darkness, saying "sacrifice yourself for the good of the cause", "for me and for your family".

He didn't regret it for a moment. If his freedom was to save the future of the other Snezhnaya elves, the choice was simple.

Only the journey was blurred in his mind: all he remembered was the pain as he was shackled to hold back the magic of both elements. He tried to fall asleep, driving away the fear of the unknown. The pain was too throbbing though, he couldn't feel the magic running through his veins, and yet something seemed to be consuming him from within. He was burning, fiery. Even the songs carrying magic couldn't suppress his thirst.

This weird fever wasn't completely gone, but evidently subsided as he faced the Ragnvindr royal couple and their sons. He remembered perfectly the mocking glances of affectionate friends of the nobility. He remembered their joy and laughter that echoed through the corridors of the castle. After all, it was Mondstadt who won the war. They had a right to be happy. Childe didn't have one.

He didn't regret having been given to an ice elf.

He didn't regret losing his name - Ajax wasn't a slave, he wasn't shackled. So Kaeya did a lot for him by giving him a new name.

Childe also didn't regret their relationship, which certainly couldn't be called "normal". They were getting as much out of it as they could.

But they didn't regret anything.

Childe only regretted one thing in his life.

#Team-11

Larinae

Luc

Looby

He couldn't lie to his brother by saying "see you again" the last time he met his eyes.

The fresh air couldn't calm him down. He clearly felt the emotions rushing through his veins. He couldn't say exactly at what point he lost his composure and control. There was only one thing he was sure of - the last few days hadn't been kind to him, so he had ceased to be like that too.

The familiar nightmare had come back to him over the last nights like a good old friend and embraced him. Kaeya remembered its content very well - not only from dreams, but also the narrow, fading scars on his back reminded that he had survived it alone. He remembered the sound of the sparkling fire, the chill that enveloped his stripped body, and the blood trickling down his back. The pain from the enemy's whip came back sometimes. The scars still tingled when he thought hard enough about those moments.

He took a deep breath. God, he was so tired and full of energy at the same time. He couldn't describe exactly what he felt. Anger? Not completely. Well, at least not only. Excitement? Definitely. Childe promised to help him. It's natural that Kaeya got excited about what was to come. He didn't know what it was - his /partner/ didn't reveal a bit of a secret, but a lot could be expected from the skills of the fucking ginger. So the ice elf allowed himself a silly smile as he glided down the corridor, passing more and more elves. The servants - he wasn't surprised at all - for these several days obediently lowered their heads and stared at the floor. Only a few dared to speak unasked when they offered Kaeya their services.

Finally, he pushed open the ebony door that led to his familiar private training ground. Here he felt a bit better than in other places in the castle. He could unleash a little more of the madness that he had within him. Immediately he felt that his tense muscles finally let go and relax. On the elven gods, it was then that he also realized how he was excited in these last days. He was full of nerves, fiery and vexed. He was sure his eyes twinkled as if he was drunk. Or maybe he was? It wasn't just alcohol that made him feel like this.

He moved in a smooth step towards the thousand-year-old tree, where the ginger usually sat and watched his master training. Kaeya smiled a little - in his opinion - too nostalgic, and sat down by a thick tree trunk. He pulled his ancestral dagger - the only memento of his old family - filled with sapphires from its scabbard. He closed his eye and he plunged the blade into the ground near his feet. He was waiting for Childe. And his goddamn surprise.

#Team-11

Larinae

Luc

Looby

"Diluc" the woman whispered pleadingly. It was clearly too quiet in the room - the only sound that was repeating was the tapping of his fingers. The noise, however, wasn't unpleasant, as if the redhead was unconsciously tapping the rhythm of an old song that his mother sang him to sleep. The good memories seemed to be stuck in his memory, but they definitely worked; subconsciously the melody calmed his restless mind. Diluc sighed aloud as he looked around his office again. But nothing could hold his attention for more than a few seconds. Not the old, magic books, not the piano in the corner of the room, not even his collection of dry, elven alcoholic beverages. He looked back at the doe eyes of the woman standing in front of the massive desk cluttered with papers. He saw some kind of resolution in her gaze - she came to the office ready for the fight, and then for its consequences.

Her proud pose reminded him of a hunt from a few years ago. One of the most memorable moments in his life. Diluc remembered a beautiful, majestic roe-deer emerging from the bushes. Then - he recalled - she presented herself proudly. Her gaze, too, seemed to illuminate the man's soul completely, like the woman standing before him now. He remembered the moment as he drew an arrow on his bow and saw resolve in the eyes of an intelligent animal. She died, her children survived - an exchange that his Seneschal was also doing now.

"Very well, I'll try to calm him down," the man finally replied, watching Jean exhale the long held air. Sweat beaded on her pale forehead and her cheeks flushed slightly. He knew it cost her a lot. Jean, among other things, was to keep the royal family safe, and her request violated one of the oaths she had taken shortly after the Long Elven War. "Let's forget this conversation even took place, Jean," the man said calmly, pulling a black glove over his bare hand. He got up from a comfortable maroon chair and stood right in front of his soldier.

"Diluc" the woman hesitated, glancing at her friend. She used to be much more comfortable with him. However, she stopped calling him by name in public as soon as he ascended the inherited throne from his father. She would still joke at him privately, though now he was much more sensitive to teasing. It wasn't common, and now, even in private, she preferred to address him with the respect he deserved. "Diluc, if you want to punish me for what I said," she said, looking into his serious eyes, "I will understand it. I came here knowing what could happen to me".

"Be quiet at last," growled her king, a bit too menacingly. He sighed again, but put his hand on her left shoulder and squeezed it tightly. Her deer gaze fell to their shoes and the floor, her head jerked down, too, as a sign of respect and understanding. "There are no witnesses, you came to report to me on the missions," the man started to leave the room, though he paused

for another second, grasping the door handle. "I'm gonna go find Kaeya. You were right, he's definitely problematic this time" he admitted, leaving the room and his friend there.

Kaeya's madness kept coming back and sometimes it overshadowed the memories of the two of them. Diluc, though he would never admit it, sometimes missed the blue-haired little elf that followed him through the corridors step by step. He remembered his eyes shining with happiness; Kaeya loved to wander around the castle, avoiding the gaze of the servants. The ice elf simply wanted Diluc's attention and approval.

"But when did that change?" Diluc wondered as he peered into Kaeya's empty bedroom. He knew this moment perfectly well. He knew when the Ice Elf madness had begun to devour him from within, along with the nightmares that returned to him. He remembered those nights a few days after the war when Diluc was awakened by a terrifying scream full of pain and despair of Kaeya's. Diluc was helpless, he didn't know how to help the person he was attached to and whom he had affection for. "Though now maybe I'm helping somehow," he thought, sighing. He also closed another empty room - Childe's bedroom was empty, too.

"Where are they?" he wondered, searching for a clue in his memory that would lead him on the right track. "Will they get me involved in fighting madness this time?" he said quietly, making sure there was no one in the corridor that could hear him being insecure.

He swallowed saliva as he adjusted the buttons on his shirt. A strange feeling warmed his cheeks - he was sure they had flushed from the memories of the last incident of "madness." He remembered Kaeya's hand on his throbbing penis. Childe sweetly whispered words that he never repeated afterwards. If he had, Diluc would have kicked him out of the castle, for sure. The hands trembled; as if they remembered what the redhead had been up to the last time. It was impure, disgraceful to some extent. Diluc was a king, after all, and yet he remembered pleading on his knees as his brother's cool hand tightened on his dick. He felt excitement and titillation then. What was wrong with him? Was he not the right king and heir? He kept feeling so insecure when Kaeya and Childe exuded confidence. Was this normal behavior for high elves? He had never talked about these topics with his father when he was still alive. He regretted it because now the collision with this perversion shook his small world.

"Your head is about to steam, Diluc," a familiar voice laughed. The red-haired man jerked his head up in surprise, and his face clouded over. He didn't find his head steaming funny, though he did enjoy watching the dimples in Childe's cheek stretch out with a smile.

"What have you been thinking so intensely, your majesty?" The ginger

corrected himself, this time gently tilting his head and body towards his lord. The man's hair was disheveled, as if he had just gotten out of bed or was having sex in it. Diluc couldn't really tell. He saw Childe's muscles move beneath his white crumpled shirt and strain as he approached him. He knew their arrangement quite well - every two weeks they met on one of the evenings at the training ground and fought with swords. Sometimes there was a wild dance with their magic; they didn't have to hold back and compete with each other. Although the result always had to be the same - Diluc as king of the elves couldn't lose, never. So the ginger at one point threw away his sword and gave up, falling to his knees and playfully begging for mercy.

The redhead swallowed again, trying to get rid of the dry mouth. Finally his eyes found the blue ones and he asked, "Where is Kaeya?"

"Why are you looking for him?" Childe asked coldly. There was no trace of the smile from before, but Diluc couldn't decode the strange twinkle in his eyes that he noticed. "After all, you were ignoring him until recently and avoiding him like fire," he pointed out aptly.

The redhead, in fact, hadn't known how to talk to Kaeya since his return from the war. He couldn't help him with the nightmares, he couldn't assure him that he was safe and there would be no more wars. He couldn't talk to him seriously without the jokes that Kaeya usually put in. Childe was entitled to be surprised by the sudden interest in the ice elf.

Gingerhead and his brother had a strange relationship, but Diluc was sure that Childe was now closer to Kaeya than Diluc'd ever been. After all, it was his brother who took care of the slave who ended up in the castle. It was he who freed him from the chains binding his beautiful and incredible magic. The two had a strange bond that most didn't understand. Not Jean or the other sisters of the order. Diluc remembered his round table's numerous questions about this relationship, but he could not explain it. Kaeya and Childe seemed to complement each other where they were lacking. They seemed to be passionate lovers and eternal enemies at the same time. But Diluc recognized the tenderness in the Childe's gestures when he joked with the ice elf.

"I thought the madness was taking too long this time," he said, looking deep into his blue eyes. "That I can help you with him," he added in a lower voice, feeling his cheeks warm again.

"Ah" on the face of the gingerhead foolish smile again appeared "Did you like what happened recently?" He asked, coming too close to Diluc. He felt Childe's breath against his left cheek, suddenly a cool hand touched his pulsating neck. He felt the fingers caressing his vein. But he couldn't afford to be seen that way. He reached towards the collar of Childe's shirt

and squeezed the fabric, pulling it away from him.

"Where is my brother?" He asked, tearing his voice with anger.

"If you are ready to help me, come with me, your majesty," the ginger replied obediently. A smile was wiped from his face, though Diluc was pretty sure it was his eyes laughing at him this time. "He's in the training ground and he needs your help," he assured, turning like a dancer on his foot and hurried forward. As if it really was important and serious. Diluc silently followed him, his brother finally needed him. So he had to help him.

A breeze enveloped Diluc's body immediately. Warmth is something the redhead was used to. After all, it was he who inherited the magic of fire from his ancestors and it accompanied him from childhood. He remembered the first time he had burned himself with it. After the entire accident, not even one small scar remained. But he had kept his magic better ever since - he had learned to combine it with the sword art as well. He wasn't the only elf to do it this way - Kaeya and Childe did that too, though he definitely didn't have the grace they did. His sword was heavier, required more hand strength, but everyone was impressed by his technique. Even though Diluc was still the youngest king of the elves, his firebird went down in history as well - it burned enemies in this way during the fight and gave them no chance.

The wind pleasantly stroked his stiff shoulders and his focused face. It relaxed him and took him away from thoughts that might have depressed him. But the wind wasn't good enough for Diluc to forget why he'd followed Childe. The redhead stopped looking at the training field he knew and focused on the figure sitting under the thousand-year-old tree. If Kaeya recognized the emotions that appeared on Diluc's face at the moment, he didn't show it.

Kaeya was drunk. Diluc could tell from the few meters between them. Not with alcohol, but with emotions. Like last time. The ice elf's eye was a little hazy, but a broad, satisfied smile shone on his swarthy face. Kaeya's gaze was intimidating, Diluc thought he was undressing him with his eyes. Maybe he was so.

Kaeya was sitting comfortably: he untied and kicked off his shoes, which lay within a few feet of him. His shirt also came out of a tight corset that only accentuated his muscular chest. The pants were one of the tighter ones, emphasizing his slender legs. Diluc suddenly felt stupid - they stopped for several seconds in front of Kaeya, but no one spoke. They let Diluc savor this strange sight of Kaeya's inebriated with excitement. Or maybe they also took advantage of those seconds.

The redhead's eyes fell to Kaeya's dagger stuck in the ground. Its blade was hidden in the grass, but the sapphires shimmered clearly in the sun.

Diluc swallowed, searching with his left hand for his dagger, the scabbard of which was strapped to his belt.

The whole situation seemed irrational.

The elven king saw something dangerous, maybe even insane, in Kaeya's eyes. So he looked for the thoughtful blue eyes of Childe, but found them not to be at rest or composure. Childe looked like a hunting wild cat: his eyes closely followed Diluc's movements, and a smile appeared on his face that the redhead could not decipher. He was alone on the training ground against two talented elves. No matter how powerful and confident in his abilities he was, he couldn't beat the two of them. So he felt safer when his ancestral dagger was in his dominant hand - this time it was the rubies that gleamed in the sunlight.

"Oh, as we can see, the kinks are the same in the family" Childe smirked at Diluc. "Will you believe it when I tell you that Kaeya is also very fond of playing with knives, Your Majesty?"

Diluc cursed loudly as the corner of his eye saw Kaeya rising from under the tree. He didn't dare to look away from Childe for a second, he knew him from training and how good he was. An elf could be deadly - he was bloody talented after all; this is why Tsaritsa gave it to the royal family. The dagger blade also gleamed in the sun as Diluc swung the blade toward his opponents. He didn't know if he should call the two that, but at the moment it seemed so. His arms tightened dangerously and he just waited for the right moment to summon his magic.

Suddenly Kaeya laughed as he continued to unbutton his tight pants. The sight seemed out of place. Diluc's eyes darted from the undressing ice elf to the wildly grinning Childe. A few seconds passed in strange anticipation of any movement; Diluc wasn't sure what he was waiting for exactly. Childe finally took a step towards the elven king, but his hands were spread out in surrender. He came closer, step by step, until he was within Diluc's reach, the blade resting against his muscular stomach; the man was protected from the dagger only by the white shirt he was wearing.

"Your Majesty," Childe began, smiling dismissively. He moved a few more centimeters closer. The blade pressed slowly into the elf's cloth and skin. Diluc's eyes fell on the dagger. The hand trembled, backing up a few millimeters. "Hope you didn't take it seriously," he continued, reaching for his king's hand. Diluc allowed him to grab the blade - he was afraid that this atmosphere would make him instinctively hurt the two in front of him. So the hand released the handle of the weapon. He sighed, letting out the air. Immediately his hands traveled to unbutton his shirt buttons - he felt extremely hot and felt the sweat seep into his clothes.

"Or no," added the gingerhead, smiling. The next seconds were like suc-

cessive frames of a video: Childe's strong hand grasps Diluc's right hand; the other arm tightly closes the fire elf's body, grabbing it around the waist and pulling it towards him. Then Diluc felt not only Childe's hands on him, but Kaeya's as well, turning towards the redhead's pants.

#Team-11
Larinae
Luc
Looby

He thought it might be an illusion or a hallucination, but the touch of cool hands sliding under the fabric of the pants first, and then the boxer shorts, was too real. Kaeya's body pressed against Diluc and Childe, pushing them backwards. The whole thing must have looked completely sexless and ridiculous - three tall, muscular elves that slowly moved towards the tree in a tangle of arms and legs. But the redhead really felt hot - someone else's hands were unbuttoning his shirt, sliding the material of his trousers off his legs. Diluc himself wasn't sure what to do with his arms. Uncertainly, like a child wandering in the dark, he pulled out one of his hands and gripped Kaeya's hip, trying not to lose touch with his warm skin. The redhead was sure that they looked like a large elven sandwich - with no order or composition.

It was only when Childe gave the other two a brief "stop" that they realized they had reached a thick and tall tree trunk whose leaves and branches shielded their naked figures from the sun's rays. They began to tear off their clothes - Childe stripped naked, not worried about the soft grass under his feet, Kaeya remained in the sexy corset, and Diluc was stripped of his shirt, pants and underwear just as quickly.

"Diluc," Kaeya whispered, leaning towards his brother's face. His lips found the man's smooth chin. The ice elf began to wander his lips over the cheeks and neck of the redhead. Diluc felt not only the hot mark left by his tongue, but also the gentle nibbling. He shuddered every time - as if he wasn't sure he might like it - and looked away, avoiding Kaeya's keen piercing gaze. The whole process gradually distracted the man from the hand of the ginger elf touching his chest. As his fingers squeezed one of the nipples, Diluc finally stopped ignoring Childe.

Diluc felt strange. He was a king - he ordered people left and right. He was in power, he controlled not only dozens of elves, but also all decrees and laws. He ruled. And yet, he felt so weak and passive, when the familiar hands of two elves appeared on his body. He felt as if had failed in his duties. But he couldn't oppose what was happening on the training ground. By the elven gods, he couldn't admit that his body was leaning towards Kaeya's teeth, which wandered lower and lower.

The tongue marked the path; it began on Diluc's trachea and continued through one of the collarbones, both nipples, and taut abdominal muscles.

The redhead's breathing became irregular, restless. He felt Kaeya nibble at the skin near his groin. His eyes fell on the ice elf. He looked amazing - his knees settled comfortably on the green grass. Kaeya's hands found their way to Diluc's backsides against which Childe's growing penis rested. Ice elf's lips finally fell to the head of the red-haired elf's cock.

"Ah, no," he let out a soft whimper. He could feel Childe's hardness pressing down his back more and more. He wanted to say that he didn't know what to do with his hands. He also wanted to add a few wise observations that flashed from his head as Kaeya sucked his glans penis. The hands moved from the buttocks to the testicles and began to massage them. If that was not enough - he felt a gentle pressure on his anus. He felt Childe's fingertips circling around his hole. He wanted to let them know that they had to slow down, but the ginger predicted his movement, holding the redhead's body in place with his other hand.

"Quiet" Childe whispered directly in his ear, "calm down" he explained in a hoarse voice. "I'll let you go now to take care of your hole," he announced, gently biting Diluc's ear. "We have to stretch you," he laughed shortly. The redhead was sure that if he turned around, he would see silly smile on Childe's face. He didn't have time to think about it, though, because Kaeya put his penis deeper into throat. Diluc couldn't understand it - the last time he tried to do it, he almost gagged, and yet Kaeya seemed to swallow his cock deeper and deeper. The sucking has become more intense, and so has the pressure on the testicles. He felt his orgasm build up. He was so fucking hard he didn't think it was possible. His hand landed on the elf's navy blue hair.

"I'm coming" he whispered, trying to pull his penis out of his brother's mouth. However, Kaeya only sucked harder. "It's too much" he admitted, coming inside. He felt his legs grow weaker. He shuddered all over, unsure if he could hold on. Fortunately, the ice elf's hands moved from the testicles to his thighs and held him as he was cumming.

Kaeya pushed Diluc's penis out of his mouth, swallowing his sperm slowly. He even seemed to enjoy the white liquid. If the redhead didn't know the taste, he could say that Kaeya looks like he tasted the most delicious dish of his life. Diluc also felt the constant play of Childe's fingers. The hands spread the buttocks and massaged the anus, looking for the right moment to slip into the hole. The redhead realized that Childe must have used saliva and hesitation appeared on his face - so far they had used different liquids for this; it was more hygienic.

"Need a minute to rest before playing again?" Kaeya said, straightening his hair. He made sure that no strands of hair would stick to his mouth or eye. He wanted to give his brother all his attention. "But only a minute," the ice elf threatened, "I know you can do more and longer," he murmured, grasping half the soft penis in his hand again.

"Let's change position, Diluc," a gingerhead's whisper reached his ear. Childe dropped to the grass, dragging his king with him. Now all three were surrounded by green, soft grass. It wasn't unpleasant - it brushed their legs and backsides, leaving a strange tingling sensation.

"Now we can start having fun," he continued. For the first time in a long moment, his hand left Diluc's hole - it began to wander all over his body: hips, squeezed the nipple, reached his neck, grasping her in an embrace.

"I'll take care of you Diluc, you don't have to worry," Kaeya said. As if he knew the redhead felt empty. "Let us do more," he urged. It was amazing - so far these two lovers hadn't asked if they could do more: they acted, leaving a trail of pleasure. But they never announced any "more." Diluc - savoring the electrifying atmosphere - swallowed and nodded first, then said a short "yes".

Childe's hand was wrapped around his left hand. At first the fingers made unidentified lines, then the nails left faint traces. So he wasn't surprised when the hand was lifted up and held in that position - he was enjoying it, not necessarily in a sexual way. At the same time, Kaeya got even closer. He took Diluc's right hand and led it to his hips. Their lips collided with each other in a frenetic dance. Everything was messy and quick; as if they couldn't get enough of each other, fill themselves up. Eventually, the tongues joined the dance, merging and intertwining. Not for long. Kaeya stepped back a few centimeters in a strange haste.

And then Diluc understood why he did it. The redhead gritted his teeth, letting out a broken breath. The pain, that radiated from his left hand, was tremendous. He jerked his hand toward himself, unaware what exactly happened to it. He could only feel his blood trickling down his hands and dripping onto the grass. His hand was throbbing and he thought he could feel every breath he tried to draw. He jerked his hand again, but only more pain came, so he turned his head as far as he could. The sight he saw was incomprehensible - his hand was nailed to a thick tree trunk with Kaeya's ancestral dagger. The amount of blood was not as large as he might have thought. The wound wasn't wide either. It would have been even narrower if the redhead hadn't struggled in panic. His anxious gaze found Childe's blue eyes.

"Don't worry" he heard the calm voice of the ginger. He almost seemed to be humming the words. "You'll feel really good in a moment," he continued. Something in Diluc's brain finally connected - he realized that the strange gleam in Childe's eyes was due to the same thing that usually made Kaeya's eyes become cloudy. Childe was drunk with excitement and emotion. Diluc just before he turned his attention to his brother to understand him, saw the gingerhead's fingers returning to his buttocks. The pressure on the anus has also increased. The fingers circled again until they finally slipped inside, slowly stretching the inside.

"You'll feel just bliss in a moment," Kaeya said, tilting his head gently. Their lips came together again - this time in a long but very calm and downright delightful kiss. This momentarily distracted Diluc from his throbbing hand. Kaeya tasted sweet. He moved his tongue unhurriedly, as if he was savoring the redhead's anxiety.

Childe's fingers stretched inside him, going deeper and deeper. First he felt two slip inside, and after a few minutes of wet kissing with Kaeya, he felt another finger in his hole. His other hand reached towards Diluc's hardening penis and moved up and down in a steady rhythm. Kaeya was living up to his promise as well - his lips were forming a long and passionate kiss, as his hands roamed Diluc's chest.

The panic that had been present in him for the last minutes was slowly leaving the redhead. Actually, the excitement was building inside him, his breathing was choppy again. He was also sure his face was a wet mess. He could feel the sweat trickling down his forehead and temples, he was fucking hot - probably his cheeks were red. His lips tingled - they must have been swollen from passionate kisses, too. Diluc finally dared to move his right hand towards Kaeya. He grabbed his jaw and pulled him into another long kiss.

The ice elf finally licked his lips and broke away from his brother by more than a dozen centimeters. His eye traced the grass near the tree for something. Diluc wasn't sure what exactly. But when an intoxicated smile appeared on his swarthy face, the redhead knew Kaeya had found what he was looking for. Diluc looked at his body more closely: sweat beaded on his muscles, and the corset emphasized his lean belly even more. However, it was the head of the penis that got his greatest attention - it was wet with precum. Embarrassed, Diluc looked away - both elves had indeed promised him pleasure and had so far fulfilled it, but he was the only one who had reached so far. He felt stupid.

"Diluc, your head is steaming again," the gingerhead laughed, placing his

head in the free space between Diluc's left hand and his head. "I will try to slip into you," he added. Diluc could clearly feel his hardness pressing against his buttocks and his entrance. "It won't be easy, you're so fucking tight."

"But what kind of experience are you going to have, Childe," Kaeya interjected, this time pointing his lips towards the ginger. "A fucking heaven". he said, joining their lips in a short, intense kiss. Immediately after that, Childe began slowly inserting his penis into Diluc's hole. At first, he helped himself with his hands, separating his buttocks. The whole activity was as passionate for him as it was for Diluc. Moans and purring started to escape from the mouth of the redhead. He felt a large and hard cock gradually fill his inside.

Childe was really careful - he moved in slowly, stretching the sides. For safety and comfort, his hands finally left Diluc's buttocks and moved to his stomach for a firm grip. Kaeya's hands cupped Diluc's hard cock and squeezed it close to the root. "I'm sorry, you have to hold back for a while, brother," he laughed, "we want to finally come too."

"Ah, Kaeya" Diluc's right hand reached for the Ice Elf's penis. However, it was knocked off with a smooth movement. "Please," he whimpered, pleading. The whole situation was too much for him. Though his left arm continued to throb with intense pain, the rest of his body was filled with pleasure he had not known before. Childe slowly began to move faster inside him, his thick dick heating Diluc to red. Kaeya's grip on the shaft of his penis was strong and confident. And though he kept him from coming, Diluc was on the verge for a dozen or so good seconds, unsure whether he would come anyway.

It was only after a few deep breaths, and finally getting used to the speeding movement in his ass, that he turned to Kaeya, moaning out more words. "I can, I won't come," he argued, "let go" he begged.

"I'm glad" said the ice elf, smiling. "Childe, I want to play too," he said like a grumpy child who had not yet gotten his toy. And after a few seconds of silence, in which the ginger elf had really fought not to laugh, Diluc realized what fun they meant exactly. Childe's right hand suddenly appeared with the Diluc's ancestral dagger. It certainly belonged to him

"Grab him tight, Diluc" Childe commanded, pressing the handle of the knife into his hand. "You have to hold it firmly and have a lot of control over it, okay?" He explained in a calm voice, as if he knew that the redhead was not sure about the whole activity. "You know its blade inside out and

its weight as well."He spoke as he cupped his hand over the hand of his king. "Kaeya trusts you, you don't have to be afraid," he said, whispering straight into his ear.

#Team-11
Larinae
Luc
Looby



Diluc swallowed the gathering saliva in his mouth and grasped the knife handle more firmly. Childe was right - the dagger was in his hand like an old companion. Until recently, he had used it to defend himself against "predators", and now he received it for sex. On the one hand, it seemed out of place to him. After all, it was a knife handed down from generation to generation. It had a beautiful, delicate blade that was more likely to cut enemies' throats. But his excitement grew with each passing second - it must have been helped by the faster and faster thrusts of Childe's penis, which was beginning to hit every point of his pleasure.

And Kaeya? The ice elf calmly watched the hesitating Diluc and the blade reflecting the sunlight. His penis was still wet with the precum and waiting for the action, his chest glistening with beads of sweat. However, he was silent as he waited for his brother's decision. His eye continued to glow with excitement that kept growing. When the redhead moved his hand gently towards Kaeya's chest, the ice elf approached him with pleasure.

Childe took advantage of Diluc's last moments of hesitation and hammered quickly inside him, almost to the testicles. When his king, however, moved his hands, he slowed down to steady movements which were neither a threat nor to any of them. Diluc directed his hand towards Kaeya's tense nipples and placed the blade on one of them. Kaeya let out a sharp breath and a soft sigh. He wrapped his hand around the penis and started pumping up and down.

Childe made Diluc move his hand once more - the knife slid lower, towards the corset, leaving a faint trace behind it, only breaking the skin. Kaeya groaned as he moved a few more centimeters forward. The blade bit lightly into the tense abdominal muscles, and the first drop of blood appeared. Childe grabbed it in the other hand and licked it.

"You can cut me, Diluc" Kaeya whispered, releasing more words between sighs. His hand moved faster and faster. "I love that feeling," he admitted, looking deep into the redhead's eyes. "When a cold blade that could kill me brings me to the brink," he explained.

Both of Childe's hands returned to Diluc's hips and tightened on them with some force. He started moving a little faster again; was gaining momentum. He felt his penis grow between the tight walls of Diluc. The redhead moaned loudly before he put the dagger's blade against Kaeya's nipples again. This time he damaged the skin almost immediately: tiny droplets of blood stained the knife as well.

Diluc was getting started. His movements were clearer, though not as accurate as before. The pleasure combined with the pain brought him to

orgasm almost immediately. Under these conditions, it was not easy for him to incision the skin of the Kaeya with care. The sight of him almost reaching also didn't help the redhead to calm down. He also felt his interior stretch and take all of Childe's strength, their breaths and groans mingling together to create a strange, exciting song.

Diluc moved the dagger just to Kaeya's neck before his orgasm gathered. He could clearly see his brother catching shallow breaths. The blade pressed against the skin again. Not as lightly as Diluc would have liked. He had no intention of piercing the skin, but he moved his arm uneasily as Childe pushed into him again. Dark red blood began to flow from the wound on his neck as well. Kaeya licked his lips and leaned almost over his brother's face. He moaned in his ear, begging for more cuts, for more chill from the blade. His hands this time also embraced Diluc's penis. He pumped two of them simultaneously, rubbing against each other, marking their precum on each other. Everyone felt an incredible ecstasy as their orgasms built up. Another cut on the chest, a few drops of blood. Five aggressive thrusts that smashed Diluc's cramped interior. Pleading from the brothers' mouths and the ginger haired elf's snarl.

Sperm covered Kaeya's hot hands and Diluc's stomach. The redhead lowered the blade, embracing his brother. They were both breathing fast as they tried to recover from their dizzying orgasm. Childe drew the younger of them to a kiss, then allowed himself to come inside his king. However, he didn't take his penis out of Diluc's ass right away. He also needed to calm his intoxication. All three were drunk with pleasure. They didn't move for several minutes, during which time it was reaching them what they had just done.

"My left hand is numb and hurts so much," Diluc said, his voice was hoarse from all moans.

"If only your hand hurts you by the end of the evening, I'll consider it a feat," Childe laughed.

"Ah, but the fun is just beginning, brother," Kaeya murmured, pressing his hand lightly around Diluc's neck.

"In the next rounds I would like to play with electricity, boys" Gingerhead smirked.

They were just getting started.

GoroKazu

I CANNOT KEEP MY TEARS

#Team-12
Aewin
Willatasticnsfw
KiraShion

Grief is a strange thing. Three months have passed, yet even the sight of a cat—and one that looks nothing like his, at that—is enough to summon an image of Tomo and sour your thoughts.

You sigh, averting your gaze from the kitten, and breathe in Watatsumi's clean scent to clear your mind. The very air here seems suffused with a type of healing magic, no doubt some lingering blessing from the islanders' departed god. How appropriate, that you should find yourself seeking refuge from your friend's death among a people who cling to their god despite its demise. Perhaps that is why you can't seem to let go. (Perhaps you should leave soon.)

"Kazuha!"

The voice startles you out of your thoughts, and you glance up to see General Gorou approaching.

Sloppy, Kazuha. It's not like you to be so out of touch with your surroundings.

"General." You incline your head respectfully, the closest to a bow you can approximate from this position. It's only been a few months, but Gorou's passion for keeping the soldiers safe has already earned your admiration, and you've gotten to know each other somewhat over shared meals. "Is there something you need from me?"

Gorou shakes his head, the clip in his hair bouncing with the movement. "Not truly, though I wish to speak with you about something if it's not a bad time."

"Not at all. Dusk approaches, and even we wanderers have settled in for the night." You tug on your unarmored sleeve to demonstrate that your patrols for the day are done, and flash him a small smile. "The day is done, unless you dictate otherwise."

The general sits cross-legged in front of you, his bushy tail kicking up a small cloud of dust as it sweeps across the ground. He pulls a small jug from a pouch at his waist as reverently as if it were an offering to Orobaxi. "Saké?"

"I'm afraid I have no cup with which to partake, though if you wish to speak for an extended time I could fetch a pair from the barracks."

Gorou's canines briefly poke out as he chews his bottom lip. "No, that—that should have been my responsibility, I apologize. But on reflection this may not be a conversation for the middle of the village anyways. Would you join me in my quarters? I have a full saké set there. My apologies for the false start." He clambers back to his feet.

"And now I am not only willing to converse, but downright intrigued. You're a masterful diplomat, general." You clasp his hand and allow him to help you up. He's notably warm, the heat seeping through even the leather of his gloves. His exposed fingertips are an interesting textural contrast to the worn material, and your attention catches on the details of the design. You're thrown back to the time Tomo impulsively picked a stray kitten up off the streets ("we're parents, Zuzu!"), and the two of you walked hand in hand back to camp while his sword hand straddled the line between 'keeping your new pet firmly in his kimono' and 'staying intact.'

"Kazuha?" Gorou's voice cuts into your memory again. Ah. You're gazing at his hand like a lovestruck fool. You drop it like it's mora you've been caught stealing from the Grand Narukami Shrine's offering box.

"My apologies. I was just noting that the leather seems worn; you may be overdue a new pair."

He glances at a glove. "Hmm. Right as always. I'll requisition a pair tomorrow. Come on, let's go to my place."

The walk to Gorou's house is a short one, and it's only upon slipping your shoes off at the door that you realize it's a smaller home than you would have expected a general to have. The high-ranking families of the Sho-

gunate live in entire compounds for their extended family; you wonder if Gorou simply has no family nearby, or if he's living more simply than he's entitled to as a show of solidarity with his troops.

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Aewin
Willatasticnsfw
KiraShion

The room he leads you to is simply decorated—primarily host to a low table, which he indicates you should sit down at, and a futon. You sink to your knees on one of the provided cushions.

"Apologies for the mess. I didn't have time to store my futon this morning, Kokomi called for me quite early."

"Think nothing of it. The army's wellbeing is more important than your mattress." You try to give him an encouraging smile, but you can't deny the itch of anxiety rising in you at the seriousness he's broaching this mysterious topic with. "So...tell me. What is it I can do for you?"

Gorou carries the saké set over and joins you at the table. "Well, it's more like 'what can I do for you?' From what Thoma said, you're usually a pretty carefree guy. Yet it seems like you've been lost in thought the entire time I've known you. Is everything okay?"

You swallow a bitter laugh. How could it be? You've lost the man that kept your head out of the clouds, tethered you to reality. Your parents always said you should stop daydreaming, and Tomo helped you do that; with his lips on yours, his hands on your hips, there was always something physical to anchor your floating mind to. Something better in reality than what your thoughts could conjure. But in the end, there hadn't even been a body, just a pile of ash in the wind, and a white-hot Vision that escaped destruction by being of divine make itself. You shift your hand to where it currently hangs at your belt.

How do you even begin to express what it feels like to lose that all at once, out of nowhere?

You take a deep breath. Then another.

Poetry. Poetry is easier than prose, for expressing fundamental truths of the universe.

*"Like a driven wave,
Dashed by fierce winds on a rock,
So am I: alone
And crushed upon the shore,
Remembering what has been."*

Your voice cracks slightly near the end, and you deliberately compose your face into a neutral expression.

"Tomo," says Gorou. It isn't a question, and you confirm with a nod. "I had thought—it seemed at first that you were handling it better than expected, but clearly we haven't kept a close enough eye on you. Do you need some time off, to deal with your loss?"

"No!" It bursts out of you, and your cheeks burn with embarrassment at the force of it. "No, I—it's good to be distracted. It's good to be useful. Please, don't stop sending me on missions."

He nods almost imperceptibly, and fills a cup. Silence stretches on as he fills another and pushes it to you. You incline your head appreciatively and turn it in your fingers before taking a sip. It's of excellent quality, with fruity overtones, and burns pleasantly as you swallow. Most of Gorou's house seems in line with how rank-and-file troops live, but the saké is clearly something special, because most resistance soldiers aren't allowed alcohol during the war. If they drink anything at all, it's low-quality stuff smuggled in by the island's treasure hoarders. But you'll forgive him the indulgence, because Celestia knows you need a good drink right now.

"Kazuha..." His voice brings you back to yourself for the third time this evening. "I trust you to do your job, I'm just concerned for you. A distracted soldier is a walking target, and I don't want you following him to your death. I'm sure he wouldn't either." He reaches over the table, places a hand over yours. "Forgive me if this is disrespectful, but would it help if I pretended to be him for you, for a while? You could say your goodbyes, gain a sense of closure that an abrupt loss doesn't grant. It's something I've done for others. It's part of being a general."

The warmth of a hand on yours is a comfort you thought you wouldn't ever feel again. That in and of itself is special. But you don't think he knows how deep your relationship with Tomo ran, what it would take to soothe the ache of waking up every morning without his limbs tangled in yours.

You clench your hand beneath his. "We were more than simply friends. You do not need to offer yourself to me in that way."

"You think little of me indeed if you think that would make me retract my offer. Or perhaps little of yourself. Though I will not force you." He begins to move his hand from yours, his cheeks red, but you catch it before it's out of reach.

"I only meant that I did not think you realized all the ways in which I missed

#Team-12
Aewin
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KiraShion

him. If you are willing to spend the night together to exorcise my demons, I will not turn down the offer." You drain your cup faster than you usually would, as a boost of courage. This is not the sort of thing you normally do. Is it the sort of thing that Gorou has done before? "I suggest we drink some more first, however. Tomo and I often shared a drink before a night together." Not a lie, but not the only reason.

Gorou pours you another cup, and the two of you raise a toast and begin drinking in earnest. The questions fly fast as he effortlessly pries broken shards of memory from your heart. Whether they're meant to help him play the role, or simply to invite you to share the burden of memory with another, you're uncertain.

"How did you meet him?"

You chuckle. "When my parents died, I lost my family estate. I resolved to be a wanderer and earn my living through commissions and slaying the wicked, but as luck would have it, a ruin grader snapped my sword within a month. Tomo was the second son of a minor noble family that happened to be at the forge when I went for a replacement." The corners of your lips quirk upwards. "He disappeared outside while his parents were speaking to the smith, and they hired me to find him. It didn't take long; he had wandered behind a nearby restaurant and was feeding the stray cats crawling around the dumpster, the hems of his fine robes absolutely soaked in grease and decomposing fruit."

"Was it love at first sight?" Gorou sips at his drink, smiling at you over the rim of the cup.

"Perhaps it was. It was..." You pause, searching for the correct term. "Inspiring, in my mind, to see someone so dismissive of propriety, who would do what they wanted without bothering with appearances. I rather enjoy blunt and straightforward people. There's no need for pretense and artifice. The world would be a simpler place without it."

Gorou nods his agreement.

You refill your drink, taking note of the warmth spreading through your body. Alcohol has always affected you quickly. "We spoke as we walked back, and I learned that he chafed under his parents' expectations. He had his own ambitions of helping the common people, and his parents wished to remain above them, but as a second son he had no influence of his own with which to oppose them. I then acted as his bodyguard for a stretch of time, and we grew to be good friends. One day he confessed to me that he

was leaving, and begged me not to stop him. It is the one time I've forsaken my honor and gone back on the terms of a job, and yet I cannot bring myself to be sorry for it."

You trace the outline of his Vision at your hip. "The night we left—he always called it the night we eloped, he was rather silly at times—he received his Vision. And I received a kiss."

"That's very cute." Gorou's tail is wagging slightly. You can't help but think that Tomo, lover of all animals, would have loved him.

You down the last of your drink, and gently set your cup on the table. "I believe I'm ready to receive another, if you're still willing." Your face flushes from more than just the alcohol.

"Of course." Gorou sets his own cup down and shuffles around the table on his knees. He's gentle when he leans in and presses his lips to yours softly. He lingers; you both know that this is more than just a one-off peck on the lips. You both know where tonight is headed. But you break away slightly to murmur against him.

"Harder. Tomo was passionate; he had a great love for life. For me. If you truly wish for me to believe you are him, you're going to have to take me without hesitation."

"You prefer to bottom, then?"

"I fill either role, depending on my mood. But your tail would make it quite impossible for me to fool myself, should I be the one to take you."

He laughs, and you feel the curl of a smile against your neck. "And he speaks truth as always! Well then, if you'll permit me." You don't have time to ponder what he means before he sinks his teeth into your neck—not hard enough to draw blood, but enough that you'll definitely have pinpricks from his canines tomorrow. And a sizable purple bruise, judging from the way he latches on and sucks, drawing a groan out of you. If you close your eyes, ignore the twitch of his ears against your jawline, he could be Tomo in the flesh. It's intoxicating, even more so than the drinks.

You're suddenly glad you're not wearing your full armor this late in the evening. It makes it easier to undo the tie of your sash and lift your hips to let Gorou peel the layers of your kimono back so that they hang to the side of your torso. He eyes your exposed chest, hunger in his expression, and swoops in to tug at a nipple with his teeth. You let out a loud cry and buck up against him.

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Tomo used to abuse your nipples without end, teasing you for how loud you were when he played with them. Gorou is no different, attacking them with the same erratic fervor you see from him in a fight. He alternates broad strokes of his tongue with toothy nips and long, drawn-out sucks while pinching and pulling at the other nipple with a free hand. All you can do is throw your head back and brace yourself against the floor, making desperate gasping noises as you struggle to remember how to breathe.

Hands dip under your hakama and tug, and you obligingly lift your hips so he can remove them. He mouths at the front of your underwear, the wet heat of his breath seeping through the material and surrounding your hardening cock, and so what if you moan out a quiet 'Tomo,' because is that not what you're here for anyways? To succumb to memories and sensations? To surrender your quiet poetry in favor of remembering—and forgetting?

The press of his mouth against the fabric intensifies as hands work deftly at the ties of your undergarments, stripping them away and allowing him to nuzzle directly against your length. Without wasting a moment, he swipes his tongue against your cock as if testing it, and then opens his mouth to swallow you inside, inch by inch, laving the underside with his tongue and rolling it around the shaft with little licks as if he's using it to pull you deeper inside. He's stretched so low to the floor to reach your cock while you're on your knees that it almost looks like he's prostrating himself before a king or a god. You're no glutton for power, but it's an exhilarating position to be in regardless.

Soon, almost too soon, his throat is constricting on all sides like a vice as he makes way for you deep inside—a skill that had taken Tomo a long time to learn despite his general size and metaphorically big mouth. Gorou surprises you despite his much smaller build, burying his nose at the base of your shaft with seeming nonchalance.

You clench your fists, resisting the instinct to slam into the wet heat of his throat or sink your hands into his hair, ruining the illusion with the sensation of twitching ears where Tomo would have none. Your thighs quiver, and your hand finds Tomo's Vision among the half-discarded robes that have slipped further and further down your arms.

Yes. You can do this, you can stave off your grief and enjoy this, with his memory here, clasped in your hand.

You squeeze your eyes tightly closed and envision his head bobbing between your thighs. When Gorou eagerly swirls his tongue around you, that's

Tomo. The lips sucking a line of kisses up the side of your cock, the hands fondling your increasingly spit-slick ballsack, the throat that closes around you, the slight scrape of teeth before they're covered—all Tomo, with his gorgeous head of hair swaying up and down as he swallows you deep and uses his hand to work anything that won't fit.

Your hand tightens around his Vision as the throat undulates around your cock, working you toward completion until you feel like a firework with a lit fuse. You're so busy trying to gasp out a warning that you hardly notice the frame digging into the meat of your palm.

"T-Tomo, slow down, I'm-ah!" Hands spread your asscheeks, their grip firm, and your cheeks burn as you give in and buck into the heat. There's a lewd, wet suctioning sound with each thrust, and it takes a scant few seconds of that sensation and that noise before you're tumbling over the precipice with a loud cry and going slack.

And then silence, broken only by heavy panting and the slurping of excess fluids as Gorou lets your softening cock slip from his mouth.

You slowly loosen your deathgrip on the Vision and breathe heavily as you come back to Teyvat. When you crack an eye halfway open, Gorou is licking your spend from his lips, tail swaying eagerly behind him. He's unkempt, the ornament slipping in his hair and his lips swollen and shiny with spit and the remnants of cum. His eyes shine too, with something you can't quite place—admiration? Lust? Jealousy? It's something you'll have to think on later, when your brain feels less like porridge. But you won't lie to yourself and say the sight is without its own merits, even without the memory of Tomo between you.

It's embarrassing to have come so quickly, but it has been half a year since you were touched by another person.

You let out a sigh, determined to give a better impression. "You're overdressed, General. Do you keep sword oil here at home?"

Gorou furrows his brow as he begins stripping his armor off. "Sword oil?"

"Yes. For lubricant. If that's what you can do with your mouth I'm eager to see what the rest of you is capable of."

"For...lubricant." He gives you a doubtful look as he kneels down to continue undressing.

"Tomo and I, we, ah. Well, we spent a lot of time on the run, and it wasn't always possible to have the appropriate tools to do things properly. But we made sure to keep our blades in working condition, and it didn't take us long to discover that sword oil could also be used to keep our...other blades properly lubricated as well."

Gorou claps a hand over his mouth and tries to hold in his wheezing at that, his ears twitching in clear amusement, but it's useless to try to hide his laughter, and it spills out freely. "I'm certainly glad you kept your blade in peak condition as it's rather impressive, but here on Sangonomiya it's simple enough to create a basic gel from seagrass. So long as you're with the Resistance, there will be less...resistance."

He looks pained that such a thing came out of his mouth but it prompts an honest chuckle from you. Wordplay has always been a weakness of yours, and wordplay from a gorgeous, naked man even moreso.

And he is gorgeous. Tomo wouldn't blame you for admitting that.

His shoulders are broader than you'd expect from his petite build, likely the result of working with a bow through his youth, and his waist is deliciously tapered. The muscles of his stomach are tight and defined, lightly covered with a dusting of hair—fur?—that leads to a thicker patch of hair below. (It's no wonder he wears his pants so high; the soldiers would be distracted to no end, should that enticing trail be left out for public viewing.)

His cock is jutting proudly out from the thatch of pubic hair already, long and slightly on the thicker side. You'd wondered if it would be bestial in nature like other parts of him, and it does seem slightly different in texture from yours and Tomo's, but it's similar enough that you don't think you'll have a problem pretending.

Trying to pretend he's Tomo is both nostalgia- and guilt-inducing, but he certainly seems earnest about the offer. He hasn't said a word about the name slip-up, though perhaps he expected that, given the premise of the night. But you can't deny that the touch of another person is filling a void inside of you that, while perhaps not the same void Tomo left, is close enough that it lessens the pain.

"Kazuha?" Gorou is hovering nearby with a small jar of what you assume is the mentioned lubricant, his tail wrapped around his thigh.

"Apologies, I was lost in my head. Shall we move to the futon?"

He nods, and you follow him to the mattress. Public sleeping spaces in Inazuma such as barracks and inns—anything that might house foreigners, really—are all beginning to move to mainland-style beds propped off the floor on frames, but you're pleased to see that Gorou has chosen to use the traditional futon-on-tatami style. They're less loud without a frame to creak with every movement, and you've always found them more comfortable for both sex and sleeping.

Gorou gestures for you to sit down, and you arrange yourself on the futon, drawing your loose kimono closer even though you know that in a few moments, you'll be as intimately open to him as you can be. Gorou seems to sense your hesitation, and transfers the saké set from the table to the side of the bed, handing you another cup. You drink it much less gracefully than you usually would, thankful for the grounding burn that snatches your head back from the clouds it's floated off to.

"Are you certain about this? We don't have to continue, if you've changed your mind."

You close your eyes and think of flaxen hair, dark nights spent in another's arms. The warmth of a mouth on your cock, the way Gorou's smile sometimes reminds you of his.

"I want this." (You want him. You want them both. And it is the cruelest imposition of reality that you can never have that.)

"Lie back."

You oblige, letting your kimono fall open again, and spread your legs for him as you rest your head on the pillow.

There's a soft pop as he opens the jar of gel, and then the futon shifts as he leans in and presses a soft kiss to your cheek. "Relax for me."

The gentle press of fingers near your hole causes you to gasp even with the warning; you've always been rather sensitive there. The slick slide of fingers around the entrance pulls a new soft sound from you with each successive circle as he teases closer and closer to actually penetrating you. He peppers you with distracting kisses as he refreshes the lubricant from the jar, and this time after rubbing a small circle or two around your entrance, he begins to slide in a single finger. You start to clench instinctively, but a disappointed click of his tongue is all it takes to prompt you to relax again.

He takes his time, for which you're grateful, and he's clearly experienced at it, either from preparing other partners or himself. The first finger is slow and steady, likely even slower than you truly needed. You're not that out of practice. You lean into the sensation, trying to step back on the path to pleasure even after a previous orgasm—and it works. The shift in position when he adds a second finger allows him to reach an angle that wrenches an abrupt shout from you and makes your cock jerk. He rubs small circles over that sensitive spot, gentle and teasing, as you huff impatiently and buck your hips, ready for more.

Gorou laughs. "Eager, I see. Don't worry, we're almost there, I just need to..." He slides a third finger in then, and you could cry with how overwhelming the stretch is, how full you feel. You want him inside of you now.

"Fine, fine. I didn't take you for such a needy man. You learn something new every day..." He pulls his fingers out, and you realize with horror that you might have actually begged out loud for him to fuck you. You refuse to ask for confirmation.

He slicks up his cock then, and hoists your spread legs around him, lining up to fuck into you. The nudge of his tip at your entrance leaves you breathless, and he leans over to mouth at your neck. "Ready?"

Your head swims with his scent, with him this close—the beeswax and cedar and bamboo of his bow, the undertone of dust from using Geo abilities, some sort of dander from his animal features. It's not unpleasant, but it is very much not Tomo. Gorou did not offer to fuck you as himself, and you would be able to think of nobody else, immersed in his scent like this.

"Wait."

He pulls back immediately.

"I still want—I want this, but. Your scent. It's all wrong for him. One moment."

You reach into the small pouch in the sleeve of your kimono. It's too small to hold much, but you use it to store a few small things that you couldn't bear to part with, should you be forced to run—including one of Tomo's scarves. There'd been nothing left of his body once the Shogun was done with him, nor could you have recovered anything left behind on the Ten-shukaku's steps, but while fleeing you had found some of his belongings in a camp the two of you had used before, north of the Grand Narukami Shrine. You'd kept some small items including this scarf, and set up a memorial for him, before fleeing to the Resistance.

Gorou watches silently as you unfold the scarf and rearrange yourself on your knees. The scent is faded and mixed with your own despite careful handling, but if you bury your face in it you can still smell the hints of clove from his sword oil, the static of Electro powers, and the ever-present scent of every cat he could get his hands on. You smile, nuzzling into the soft cotton, and call back to Gorou.

"I'm ready."

He takes you at your word, shuffling in and kneading your ass for a short moment before spreading your cheeks. You bury your face in your arms and Tomo's scarf, trying not to think about how exposed you are, before you feel the nudge of his cock at your entrance. You lift your hips slightly, trying to open up as wide as possible to ease things along.

He presses the head inside slowly, and you force yourself to breathe deeply and stay relaxed as it begins to sting. You know from experience with Tomo that this will pay dividends in pleasure, once you've adjusted.

It's smoother once the head has popped past your opening; he's able to easily slide the rest of his length in until his ballsack slaps softly up against you. His hands stroke up your tabi-clad calves, calming you, and when you push back to signal that you're ready, he grabs you by the hips and begins to move.

You drop your head to the floor, cradled by the scarf, and think of Tomo as Gorou fucks you.

Sometimes Tomo fucks you fast and relentless, leaving bruises on your hips and marks on your neck, teases you for every cry you let out when he drives into that spot that makes you see Celestia. He makes your body thrum under his wicked mouth, sucks at your nipples until they're red and puffy, works you over until you're a gasping mess and you come while screaming his name, heedless of strangers that might be passing near your camp. Archons only know what the poor bake-danuki of Chinju Forest have heard in the middle of the night.

Other times, he fucks you slow and sensual—holds you close against his chest, strokes you gently and makes you shudder apart slowly while whining for more. He trails his fingers idly through your cum as you both cool off afterwards, and whispers of how you'll settle down together and make a home someday, if the drive to wander ever fades. You'd liked the idea, presuming that day would come eventually. Only...

Only now, there's not the slightest chance in Celestia of that happening.

Not with his ashes left on the steps of the Tenshukaku, to blow away in the wind.

It's all past tense, now. Who are you fooling?

An ugly shudder wracks your body, and you sob as tears begin to drip onto the scarf in your hands. Gorou stops moving, and you can sense he's about to pull out. You reach back to hold him in place, knocking a cup over in the process. You lock eyes with him, tears wetting your cheeks.

"No! Keep going." You want, no, need to give into sensation, to let your mind turn off for a night, an hour, an instant. Anything.

A pause then, where he's clearly assessing you, before he nods and adjusts his position slightly, bracketing your legs with his. "Stop me if that changes."

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You nod, not trusting yourself to speak again, and Gorou begins to drive into you again, deeper this time. The new angle allows him to barely brush your prostate with each thrust, and you grunt in frustration and scoot back, propping yourself on the balls of your feet and perking your ass up to help him make that final needed adjustment. His next thrust brushes straight across your prostate, and you moan as you give yourself to the pleasure.

He picks up the pace quickly, using his squatting position as leverage to fuck down deep and hard inside of you. His legs and core must be made of Tatarasuna steel, to endure it as long as he does, but he doesn't stop or shift even as the sweat begins to roll down you, staining the silk of your kimono and mixing with the tears that haven't quite stopped leaking out, no matter how you try to repress them. Your cock hangs thick and heavy between your legs, aching with need and undeterred by the guilt churning in your gut, and you find yourself wondering if you can come untouched.

A particularly vicious thrust startles a loud *ah!* out of you, and it's only when a voice comes from outside, asking if everything's okay, that you realize that there are guards patrolling the village, and sound carries easily through thin traditional walls such as those on Gorou's home.

Gorou doesn't stop fucking you even as he reassures the guard that all is fine, and you turn back to thank him as the guard moves on, only for the sight to steal the words from your mouth. His hair is a disheveled mess, his hairclip nearly fallen off from the force he's been fucking you with. And his expression...words such as feral and manic could begin to approximate it, but they can't quite capture the open, animal lust he's displaying as he grabs your ass and digs his fingers in deep. It's intoxicating, to be desired like that again.

"Harder," you demand of him, your usual calm temperament undone by grief and need and guilt. Forget picturing him as Tomo, all it's causing is a complicated frenzy of emotions. Perhaps what you need is simply to lose yourself in pure physical sensation.

He obliges, the harsh smack of skin on skin echoing around the room. You lean into really feeling the details, the fullness of him pressing at your walls, the physicality of almost-claws sinking into your flesh and spreading your cheeks so you can be speared open over and over again. But with your new, deliberate focus on the minutiae of the scenario, you begin to notice a shift in where that sensation is centered as his breathing grows more labored and ragged, the focus shifting from where his cockhead drags over your prostate to the base of his shaft.

It's...thicker? But only near the base. And it's starting to stretch at your rim insistently with each thrust.

That's not...normal. That's new. It's not bad, just different...but it's still more than a little concerning.

"Gorou?" You do your best to keep your voice level even as your mind is trying to process the fact that a portion of his cock is getting tangibly bigger, alarmingly quickly. "Did you—ah!—did you forget to mention anything?"

Gorou doesn't stop or even slow down, just keeps fucking into you as it continues to swell. It catches at your entrance each time he fucks into you, so thick that it's bordering on painful each time it nearly pops in. He growls something out that your overstimulated mind processes as "knot" before shoving in deep, and the entire thicker portion forces its way inside of you and lights up the nerves near your entrance. He howls and the knot expands to an even more obscene girth inside of you as he fills you with jets of unusually hot cum.

Your brain still hasn't caught up with what's going on, but it doesn't need to—your body responds automatically to the feeling of being full, the touch of his hand on your dick, the continued spurts of warm liquid. Your last vaguely coherent thought is 'How does he come so much?' before you're following him over the edge with an overwhelmed "oh," burying your face in Tomo's scarf and absolutely ruining Gorou's futon.

Breathing hard and shuddering through the aftershocks of orgasm, you wait for Gorou to pull out so you can move somewhere where relaxing your position won't land you in a puddle of your own cum. It doesn't happen. Turning, you find him staring at where the two of you are connected, his ears pressed flat against his head. He looks like a kicked puppy, and you ache to reassure him.

"I'm guessing that wasn't intended, but I'm fine, Gorou. Just—" you shift restlessly, his dick pulling at your stretched rim. "Pull out so I can get somewhere clean?"

His expression falls even more, and he croaks out a reply in the most dejected, meek voice you've ever heard from him: "I...I can't. I'm so sorry."

It's only then that you realize the knot is big enough that he's right. Pulling it past your entrance would undoubtedly tear something.

"Then let's...move onto our sides. We should be able to do that, right?"

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He nods, and you carefully shuffle limbs and blankets until you're lying on your sides with his arms around you on top of a mostly-clean blanket. He presses his face into your neck, and you get the impression that he's sulking.

"I'm sorry. I didn't think that would happen, or I wouldn't have offered. I'm sure this never happened with Tomo, I'm sorry for ruining it."

You burst out laughing at that. Tomo probably would have thought that this...whatever it is...was a fun adventure. He'd probably be jealous he couldn't do it too.

"It's okay. Truth be told, by that point, I'd already given up on thinking of him. But what do you mean, you didn't think it would happen, does that not happen all the time for you?"

His ears twitch against your hair, and he protests, clearly embarrassed. "No, it doesn't! It's not like I'm particularly experienced, but as far as I know it's never supposed to happen when you're alone, and only with partners you...well, only with certain partners. So congratulations, I guess my body thinks you're special."

You smile and adjust Tomo's scarf where it's currently serving as a pillow. Like this, it almost feels like you're being held by both men that seem to view you as special. Warmth blooms through your aching body at the thought.

"Well, I'm honored it thinks so. And here I was, worried nobody would ever find me attractive again." It's a tease, but a true baring of insecurities in a fashion. You haven't been concerned that nobody would ever find you physically attractive again, but it seemed impossible that you could ever find someone that could know you as well as Tomo. Gorou...well. Gorou makes you wonder about that, with the way he picked up on your continued unease so easily despite having not known you before you lost Tomo.

His arms tighten around you protectively. "Don't joke about such a thing, Kazuha. You're even beautiful when you're crying, though I'd prefer you not have to."

"Mmm." Perhaps there's hope for you moving forward after all.

The two of you lay in comfortable silence for what might be a scant few minutes, or what might be half an hour. It's difficult to tell when you're cocooned by his warmth and held in strong archers' arms. His cock conti-

nues to leak slowly inside of you, and while it's not a truly unreasonable amount of cum, the warm fullness in your gut does start to concern you. Surely there's an end to this?

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"As much as I enjoy the cuddling, I feel compelled to ask...when do we separate?"

"You can stay, if you'd like."

You slap a hand to your mouth to suppress a chuckle at the misunderstanding. "I meant physically. Gorou, your cock is still inside of me. How long will that be the case?"

"Oh."

His cock squirts a fresh jet of warmth inside of you with a twitch, and you muffle a moan with Tomo's scarf.

"We should be able to pull it out soon. I have a larger futon I can pull out if you'd like to stay over, once we've cleaned up."

"That sounds delightful."

True to his word, it's only a few more minutes of idle chatter before he's able to pop the swell of his knot past your sore rim and make a frantic run for a cloth to catch the fallout with. Cleanup is messy but not unwelcome; there's the typical damp cloth, yes, but he also covers your mouth with his and lazily fingers his cum out of you until you crest the peak of your third orgasm for the night. You don't think of Tomo at all that time, too bone-weary and mentally exhausted to do anything but surrender to sensation and intimacy as you're wrung dry.

Later, as you're wrapped in clean guest robes and snuggled against Gorou with the lights out, a poem arises from your idle thoughts.

*If I should live long,
Then perhaps the present days
May be dear to me,
Just as past time filled with grief
Comes quietly back in thought.*

The corners of your lips curl in a satisfied smile, and you drift to sleep.

TEACHER'S ASSISTANT

Diluc impatiently eyes the clock on the wall, doing his best to ignore the growing heat burning below his navel and how he's starting to sweat under his clothes. His eyes dart back and forth from the lecture hall of students he taught to the clock, waiting for just a minute longer until the clock hand finally ticks past three and he can finally dismiss them.

Amidst the hustle and bustle, Diluc easily finds his mate amongst the horde of students eager to leave.

"Kaeya Alberich," Diluc's clear, low voice cuts through the white noise of chattering students. His mate, in mid-conversation with Rosaria, twitches and turns to meet Diluc's sharp eyes with wide eyes.

"You're to come to after-hours - we need to have a talk about your research paper's proposal."

A low "ou" spreads out and is echoed teasingly by the remainder of lingering college students. As they climb up the lecture hall stairs to leave, multiple students snigger in Kaeya's direction. Perhaps most of the class thinks Kaeya's in trouble with the TA, Rosaria knows better.

"Well," Rosaria begins, eying the both of them with faint disgust. "I sure hope you two will actually use office hours like it's supposed to be used for. And not like what you told me you two did last month."

"Hey," Kaeya protests. "It's not my fault my heat came early. I swear, I was a diligent student who went in for completely innocent, school-related reasons."

"Yeah," Rosaria snorts. "Real innocent. So innocent you enticed him to fuck you up the wall and went at it until the school closed. Such a dedicated student."

Kaeya shuts his mouth with a snap, face turning red. He quickly glances around, but luckily the students are almost gone and it's just the two of them in their side of the room. "What if someone hears?" he hisses.

"What. It's not like you'd mind since you're so freely sharing your sex life with me." Rosaria smirks. She stands up, tucking the chair back into the table. "Have fun with your lover boy, whore." She turns to leave but pauses to fix a firm glance back at Kaeya. "Oh, I know you two are probably going

to fuck, but for the love of god don't you dare text me about the details again."

Kaeya grins, leaning back in his chair. "You said no texting...so calling's fine, then?"

Rosaria sighs but doesn't bother replying. She turns her back to Kaeya, hitches her designer bag further up her shoulder, and gives him the middle finger as she saunters off - the sharp, long, silver acrylic nail resting on her middle finger fiercely glinting under the artificial lights.

Kaeya watches as the heavy doors swing shut behind her. He hears Diluc's footsteps, light but purposeful, striding up the stairs and turns to face his mate. His bond tingles and he feels himself relaxing the closer his mate gets. He tilts his head up to view Diluc above him, inhaling the comforting scent of wine and lampgrass. He greets his lover with a mischievous grin, dragging Diluc down for a peck. "So," he purrs. "What naughty things did I do for you to call me out today, teach?"

Diluc sighs. Kaeya waits for the usual no-nonsense attitude from Diluc, searching his lover's gaze. What he doesn't expect is for Diluc to lean down and nuzzle the side of Kaeya's neck, rubbing his scent over Kaeya's scent glands. Kaeya flinches at Diluc's hotter-than-normal body temperature.

Kaeya twists to grasp Diluc's face down to his level, cradling Diluc's almost feverish-like face between his hands. "What's wrong?"

Diluc sighs gratefully, no doubt relishing the cold relief Kaeya's palms bring. "I'm in my pre-rut and I need your help, Kaeya."

Kaeya pauses. "Er. Now? Not that I don't want to help you, but I actually have class in two hours..."

Diluc's eyes close and he leans his weight into Kaeya's hold. "The office is open; Professor's on vacation, remember?" he murmurs. "I promise I'll restrain myself enough so that you can make it to your next class." Diluc reaches to grasp Kaeya's wrists, opening his eyes to hold Kaeya's gaze. "Kaeya. Please."

Kaeya's breath hitches. Diluc never begs - so for him to ask Kaeya of this shows how unbearable it must be getting for him. "All right, all right. Anything for you."

Diluc rumbles out a sound reminiscent of a purr, no doubt pleased that he managed to convince Kaeya. He leans in close, breathing in the scent of his mate's pheromones and only separates himself after one last nuzzle to Kaeya's scent glands.

Diluc waits for him by the stairs, and when Kaeya approaches, he wordlessly holds Kaeya's heavy bag without being prompted like the gentleman he is.

The two walk as calmly as they can towards the building designated for Diluc's professor as to not to draw suspicion, then quickly power walk the rest of the way to the office. The two take time to take off their sho-

#Team-13

Sunny

Kai

Caju

es - mainly Diluc, because his oxfords need to be loosened and can't just be kicked off like Kaeya's boots can. But as soon as Diluc locks the office door, he becomes anything but a gentleman.

It's rather dim in the weakly-lit office with the light faintly spilling out behind closed curtains and the lights off, but that doesn't deter Diluc. He drops their bags hastily in favour of pushing Kaeya down onto the desk, his hands fumbling to unzip Kaeya's skinny, black jeans.

Kaeya lies flat on the desk, and when he feels Diluc sliding his hand underneath to massage at both his cock and folds, he tilts his head back with a heavy exhale. He feels himself harden under Diluc's attention, slick trickling steadily out of him to coat Diluc's fingers and easing the slide, making everything more pleasurable. Distantly, past the building pleasure, he can smell the way his pheromones thicken in the air, the scent of frost and calla lilies spreading to fill the room. He feels Diluc hum appreciatively under his chin, slowly loosening his own hold on his pheromones so that both of their scents can mingle in the air.

"So wet for me," Diluc praises in between gnawing at Kaeya's scent glands. Kaeya hums, then jerks as one of Diluc's fingers (long, slender, the perfect size-) slides in. At the same time, Diluc bites their bond mark, causing Kaeya to gasp and involuntarily clench down on Diluc's finger.

"Alpha," Kaeya keens, tilting his pelvis up to try to get Diluc's fingers up farther up inside him. The scent of Diluc's pheromones mingling with his is starting to make his thoughts hazy. It's as if Diluc's pre-rut is making him go into heat. "Want to be good. Just for you, just for you."

In lieu of a reply, Diluc slides in two more fingers with his index finger. Kaeya leaks out more slick, helping Diluc stretch him out further.

"More, more, more," Kaeya chants, canting his hips around to get Diluc to brush against that particular spot within him. Diluc chuckles, and it takes Kaeya a few seconds before he realizes he's clenching down on nothing. Kaeya groans, snapping his eyes open. He's more than prepared to chew Diluc out for being a tease, but when he sees Diluc raising his fingers to his mouth, his mouth goes dry.

Mesmerized, he watches Diluc lap at his fingers. He licks the slick off them with an almost laughable amount of elegance (it's the young master in him, for sure) for the obscene act he's doing, but that somehow makes it all the hotter for Kaeya. Diluc smiles knowingly at Kaeya like he can read his thoughts, holding his lover's gaze as he uses the tip of his tongue to daintily lick the slick off his fingers. Kaeya watches greedily, licking his lips. Pinned under the weight of Diluc's fiery gaze, he feels himself start to throb with want, slick pooling underneath him, as he stares - hypnotized by the way Diluc swirls his tongue around his fingers, the way Diluc breaks off to lick his lips then goes down on them - swallowing them and bobbing his head up and down, only popping off when most of the slick is gone. Kaeya stares at the way his slick gives Diluc's lips a sheen, his eyes focusing on

#Team-13

Sunny

Kai

Caju

the way the string of saliva connects Diluc's pretty, red mouth to his long, elegant fingers.

Suddenly, nothing else feels more important than wanting to feel that talented mouth against his own. Kaeya lunges forward to drag Diluc down in a kiss. He hits the table a bit hard but finds himself hardly bothered, moaning as he tastes his own slick on Diluc's tongue.

Diluc kisses Kaeya back like he's starving. He devours Kaeya's mouth, sucking on his lover's tongue and gnawing on his lips like he wants to eat Kaeya whole. The two make out sloppily, all the while with Diluc rubbing his hips incessantly against Kaeya.

"Want you," Diluc growls in between kisses. "Need you. Such a sweet-tasting omega. You taste so sweet, my Kaeya. My omega."

"Mmhm," Kaeya pants out. "Only for you, alpha." He paws at Diluc, pulling at Diluc's blouse. "More, alpha. Give me more."

Diluc breaks the kiss, pressing a deceptively sweet kiss to the corner of Kaeya's mouth, as if he hadn't just tried sucking Kaeya's soul out of his mouth. "Always so good for me," Diluc praises. "If my omega wants more, then how can I refuse?"

Still pressing kisses, but this time trailing from Kaeya's lips down to his neck, Diluc blindly fumbles around before finally succeeding in shoving down Kaeya's pants. Kaeya wiggles, the two reluctantly breaking apart to help discard Kaeya's jeans into a random spot in the room.

"Off," Kaeya demands as he tugs off his own shirt and tosses it away. He sits, now fully naked except his socks, watching Diluc carefully unbutton his black blouse to reveal the slender, pale body beneath. Kaeya continues watching, slick trickling from him to pool under the table, as Diluc takes the frustratingly longer-than-necessary time to carefully slide the blouse off himself, muscles rippling as he does so, to hang it over the back of the chair.

"As much as I enjoy this sexy strip show, Diluc, can we just get to the fucking part already?" Kaeya huffs. "A wrinkle or two in your clothes won't hurt you, you know."

Diluc doesn't glance up from his current task of unbuckling his pants and stepping out of them as he replies with, "Patience."

Kaeya snorts. He waits, impatiently, and as soon as Diluc lays the pants over the back of the chair with the blouse, he immediately draws Diluc back down on the table with him, relishing the skin-on-skin contact and the familiar weight of his alpha on top of him.

They make out lazily. Their hands roam, feeling each other up, fingers pressing onto familiar bruises made from the sex they had earlier this morning.

"I want to taste you," Diluc whispers as he breaks off.

Kaeya spreads his legs wider in response, grinning.

Diluc grasps Kaeya's cock and gives it a few lingering strokes before he takes it within his mouth. He pushes Kaeya's thighs out wider, the other hand

reaching down to finger Kaeya, his three fingers sliding in more smoothly than earlier thanks to the steady slick dripping out from Kaeya's pussy. Kaeya whines at the feeling. The way Diluc's hot mouth engulfing his shaft, from the way Diluc hollows out his mouth and sucks, and from the feeling of Diluc's fingers stretching him wide open for his cock – all of it feels too good. When Diluc begins bobbing his head up and down, popping off occasionally to tease his head or blow air onto the cooling saliva coating Kaeya's cock, Kaeya lets out a loud moan. His fingers grapple around, wildly searching for an anchor, before clinging on for dear life to the sides of the oak desk. Diluc doesn't relent, swirling his tongue around, paying special attention to the foreskin near the head. He takes out his fingers when he moves to eat out Kaeya's pussy.

"Oh, Archons," Kaeya whimpers, belly tensing and thighs buckling, as Diluc licks between his folds and starts slurping the slick out from within him. His tongue circles around, licking inside shallowly at first then deep, as he sticks his tongue in deep to fuck Kaeya. He ends with a harsh suck, slurping the slick out within Kaeya.

Kaeya jerks his hand up to his mouth to muffle his scream, writhing against Diluc's grip. On instinct, he tries to close his thighs against the overwhelming pleasure and bucks back, but Diluc's grip is strong, and he doesn't give Kaeya time to catch his breath, keeping Kaeya in place and spreading his thighs out wide.

"Such a sweet omega for me," Diluc praises and then, without pausing in mouthing around his folds, slides four fingers in and scissors them around, stretching Kaeya out so he can take his cock and knot. Diluc glances up as he does so, loving the way Kaeya's face scrunches up in reaction to that familiar pleasure-pain of the sudden stretch. He watches with a primal sort of pleasure, the alpha within him in delight over the way his mate shows his pleasure - the way Kaeya throws his head back and keens against his hand. Kaeya, no doubt, loves the way Diluc's cock carves him open. He clamps down incessantly around Diluc's fingers and twitches against Diluc's tongue. Diluc and his alpha side both rumble happily at this, loving the way Kaeya is driven insane with pleasure.

Diluc dives back and eats Kaeya out with a renewed vigour, wanting to melt down all of Kaeya's inhibitions until he has Kaeya wailing from how good it feels – passersby be damned. He reaches in deeper and stretches Kaeya out wider, each time massaging against that spot in Kaeya that has his beloved jerking up with a loud moan, writhing.

"I- Diluc," Kaeya gasps out, body tensing. "I'm gonna - no more, no more. Want you in me - don't make me come yet-" He cuts off with another moan that ends with a loud keen as Diluc obeys, removing his hand and, with the flat of his tongue, licks all the way up back to the head of his cock and pulls off.

Before either of them can catch their breath, Diluc's standing up and

hoisting Kaeya's legs up in the air so that he's presenting all of himself to his mate.

"I think you're ready, no?" Diluc says, pressing a quick kiss to Kaeya's calf. "I can't wait anymore." He eyes Kaeya, his pupils blown wide and mouth shiny and red with slick.

Kaeya clenches down against the rush of slick that floods out from within him at that, from how hot his mate looks, and feels his cock ache and pussy throb at the promise of what's to come.

"You stretched me out so good – fucked me so well with your mouth," Kaeya purrs out as best as he can, still struggling to catch his breath. He inhales, then smirks, baring their bond mark in an unspoken invitation that has Diluc's eyes darkening with lust. "Do your worst, alpha."

Unexpectedly, Diluc smiles at that. It's a soft, loving smile, but it contrasts deeply with the darkening lust bleeding from his eyes. Diluc's expression makes Kaeya shiver in anticipation.

"I can't be held accountable if you can't walk straight after this," Diluc says, adjusting Kaeya's legs so that one rests on his shoulder while the other is spread out wide.

Kaeya laughs, tilting his head in a way that he knows drives his lover wild, and bats his eye up at his alpha with a saccharine smile. "Is that a threat? That everyone would know teaching assistant Diluc held me up after class to screw me? That he fucked me like the slut I am, bent me over the desk, made me his bitch and fucked me until I cried?"

Diluc snorts. Used to Kaeya's teasing and big mouth, he doesn't reply and instead aligns himself, teasing Kaeya back by shallowly pressing in and out, before finally guiding himself in with a push after Kaeya's whines of displeasure.

The loud, wet squelch in the room is quickly overshadowed by both of their groans. Kaeya tenses as Diluc eases himself to about halfway in. The stretch is obscene, even with the ridiculous amount of slick he's leaking, but the ache is soon forgotten in the wake of satisfaction he feels about finally being filled just the way he wanted. Diluc is both wide and long, and the way he forcibly carves into Kaeya even though they fucked earlier this morning before school has Kaeya moaning from both the sensation and the thought of how hot it is how well-endowed his alpha is. And the knot to come – the way he'll be stretched wider and filled more as Diluc's come is plugged in has Kaeya positively salivating.

"Are you okay?" Diluc whispers hoarsely. Kaeya looks up, seeing the way Diluc has paused, temples beaded with sweat and hands shaking in their grasp at Kaeya's legs. A rush of warmth fills him, and he feels a fond smile unfurl across his face. That's his Diluc - even when pre-rut threatens to overwhelm him, he's still ever the gentleman – waiting for Kaeya to give him the green light before proceeding all the way. Kaeya stretches out his arm to caress Diluc's face, surprising Diluc into blinking his eyes

opened from where they were clenched shut.

"You can shove it all in, you know," Kaeya whispers. "I can take you. No matter what you give me. Promise." He shifts forward, trying to lean a bit closer to Diluc so he doesn't miss Diluc's reactions to his next words. After all, he wouldn't want to miss the way his darling, strait-laced lover flushes beautifully upon hearing his dirty talk. "After all, you know how much of a slut I am for your cock, don't you, Diluc? I want it in me all the time, stretching me full, carving me open - pounding into me like I'm your cocksleeve until I'm flooded with your come and bred like the whore I a-" Diluc growls in embarrassment. Kaeya smirks, enjoying how his mate predictably flushes a bright red from his ears to his neck.

Unfortunately, Diluc doesn't give him much time to admire his work when he slams himself inside. In response, Kaeya clenches down, but that does nothing to hinder the way how Diluc's cock forcefully shoves its way up into Kaeya, the sheathed cock hard and burning hot inside him. The force and speed of Diluc's thrusts push out all the air from his lungs and whittes out all thoughts from Kaeya. He comes, mouth opening around a loud, broken gasp; body jerking and clenching down incessantly. Distantly, past the blood rushing to his ears, he hears Diluc moan in response to the orgasm taking hold of Kaeya. It takes him a while to come back, and when he does, he finds himself weakly meeting Diluc's kisses with his own. He slowly loosens his grip on the desk and, instead, searches for Diluc's hand so he can interlock them together.

It takes several deep breaths and both of them eventually losing the kiss to just moan and breathe each other in. Kaeya feels overly full, his walls fluttering around Diluc as he's still sensitive from his previous orgasm. It's not until Diluc nuzzles his neck, layering his own scent thickly onto him, that Kaeya begins to feel more like himself.

Kaeya inhales and tentatively clenches down, drawing out a low moan from both him and Diluc. Kaeya's skin tingles. Diluc feels too much, but Kaeya absolutely loves the pleasure-pain that comes with having sex with Diluc's monstrous cock. He rocks himself back into Diluc slowly, chuckling at how wetly it squelches from where they're connected. Diluc holds still, letting Kaeya fuck himself gingerly back onto his cock, continuing to scent Kaeya to soothe him.

Eventually, Kaeya builds up the pace. He turns his head to lean against Diluc's temple, breathing in Diluc's scent, exhaling in a moan. He feels like Diluc's dick is so far up in him that it reaches the back of his throat, and it's great. Kaeya might be oversensitive, but that's perfect. And Kaeya wants to feel this sensation even more.

"D-Diluc," he begs. His voice cracks, but he finds he can't care less if he loses his voice. All he can focus on is his alpha - the red of his eyes, the pretty flush spreading on his pale skin, the way his scent blends so good with his. The way Diluc gazes back at him, eyes hungry, hair messy, sweat

beading down his forehead. Kaeya clenches down and watches the way Diluc closes his eyes, lost in the sensation, the way his beautiful lips open around a groan. "Fuck me hard, alpha. Please."

Diluc inhales, presses his forehead down onto Kaeya's shoulder, breathing in Kaeya's scent to steel himself, before he heaves himself back up. He drags himself out slowly to give them both time to adjust, before thrusting back in at the same, careful pace.

Kaeya takes deep breaths, trying to match the rhythm of his breathing to Diluc's thrusts, and finds it working with limited success. As the thrusts gradually increase in pace, Kaeya eventually just lets go. He focuses on the white-hot ball of pleasure kindling within him – the delicious friction from the way Diluc's fat cock slides into him just right, the way Diluc's knot grows in size and kisses his rim – occasionally shallowly entering in with Diluc's cock, the way his own cock bounces and slaps his stomach from the force of Diluc's thrusts. Past the hazy pleasure clouding his mind, he hears the wet squelches and how Diluc forces out gasps, pleads, and moans from him. Diluc moans, too, softly, as his hips rut incessantly into Kaeya.

Kaeya tightens his legs around Diluc to draw his alpha in closer – deeper – the best he can. Eyes clenched, he leans his head back, the untouched surface of the desk a nice, cool relief to his hot body. He tries to muffle the obscene sounds spilling out of his mouth but, honestly, he cannot bring himself to be quieter. Diluc himself is lenient with voicing his pleasure – either too lost in pleasure and pre-rut haze clouding his judgement, or he just simply doesn't care if the scandalous way they're using office hours might be heard from passersby.

Somewhere along the way, Kaeya's legs grow limp, and it slips off Diluc's shoulder to dangle in the crook of Diluc's elbow. Diluc lets it dangle, mind only able to focus on chasing the pleasure burning beneath his navel.

"Kaeya," Diluc groans, mouth pressed on Kaeya's neck near their mating bite. He kisses it occasionally, when he has the breath to, and Kaeya shivers from both the mumbled praises spilling out Diluc's mouth and the sensitivity of having his mating bond touched by his alpha while his alpha is fucking him so good.

"Alpha," Kaeya whimpers out. "You fuck me so good, alpha." He rocks back to meet Diluc in the middle, squeezing down, trying to take Diluc in deeper with each thrust. Each time, it gets harder and harder to do so with the swelling of Diluc's knot, but with Diluc's stamina and Kaeya's persistence, their pace has yet to drop. Kaeya relishes in the way Diluc carves him open, the way he pushes in with deep, unfaltering thrusts to hit that spot deep inside him – the one that whites out Kaeya's vision half the time even though he just came. "Want to be g-good for you, alpha. O-only you, only you."

Kaeya feels the way Diluc's lips curve into a smile across his skin, and both himself and the omega side within him delight in getting their usually stoic mate to be pleased with how good he is for his alpha.

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Sunny
Kai
Caju



"The best," Diluc agrees. The pace at which he slams into Kaeya increases brutally, the knot forcing itself in more and more, and just before Kaeya can't take any more pleasure, Diluc pushes all of himself inside, sealing his knot in to lock them together at the same time he bites their bond mark. Kaeya seizes from the overwhelming sensations, crashing over the edge and crushing Diluc's fingers in his grip as he comes with a wail. Diluc follows suit with a moan, spilling his seed deep within Kaeya. As Kaeya recovers from the aftershocks, he feels how Diluc keeps coming within Kaeya, spilling into him in hot, pulsing gushes that plug him up until he's unbearably full and then some – the knot making sure nothing is spilled out and offering him no reprieve.

"Fuck," Kaeya pants. Diluc's done coming, but the knot will take a long while before it goes down. He looks down between them to see the way how Diluc's cock and come creates a large, protruding bulge in his stomach. Diluc hums in agreement, kissing their bond mark. "The best omega," he whispers lovingly – something that has Kaeya shivering in delight from the praise. He then reaches down to press down at the bulge on Kaeya's stomach as he shallowly ruts up. Kaeya immediately gasps and keens from oversensitivity. Diluc's cock feels like it hasn't softened one bit.

"I'm- too much, too much," Kaeya whimpers out, feeling like he's going to tip off the edge again. "Diluc. Please."

Diluc hums noncommittally. He loosens his hands out from Kaeya's sweaty clutch, moving both hands to cradle Kaeya's ribcage. Diluc's thumbs circle around his areola before toying with his nipples. At the same time, Diluc chooses to circle his hips, grinding around as best as he can, threatening to pull out from Kaeya's walls. For Kaeya, who feels hypersensitive and thrives on the pleasure-pain Diluc gives him, it's too much. He inhales sharply and comes again with a whimper.

Diluc hisses at the way Kaeya tightens around him but keeps grinding his hips up into Kaeya's. When Kaeya calms down, panting heavily, Diluc doesn't relent. He leans down to kiss their bond mark, tonguing the sensitive gland in a way that has Kaeya seizing up again.

"Remember. You promised me two hours until your next class."

Kaeya whimpers in response. "Diluc, please. Spare your poor, fucked-out omega."

Diluc snorts. One hand pinches Kaeya's nipple harshly. Ignoring Kaeya's yelp, he grinds up hard against Kaeya, making Kaeya cry out when his oversensitive, softening cock grinds up into Diluc's abs. "It's barely been thirty minutes, Mr. Alberich." Diluc levels down a hungry glare, smirking when he sees Kaeya gulp. "It'll be in your best interest to keep up with the pace of this session," Diluc emphasizes this by grinding down until Kaeya sees stars. "After all, I don't go easy."

Kaeya moans feebly in response. He's definitely not going to be able to walk after this session.





NOCTURNE

Void. Pain. Coldness.

It's those three things, and nothing else.

Ajax can't move, can't see, can't hear. There's the taste of blood on his tongue, though. And a dull, relentless pain behind his head from being knocked unconscious. He's kneeling on a hard cement floor, and its frigidness seeps into the bones of his bare legs. His arms are tied to a wooden pole, hands turning numb from the lack of blood circulation, while his upper body is bound tight in an intricate net of ropes.

This is... Ajax has no idea. He struggles to piece together his memories from before he lost consciousness, and all that comes to him is a mangled portrait, with jagged pieces that don't quite fit together.

He remembers coming to Inazuma at the Tsaritsa's request to look for Scaramouche, to force him to hand over the Electro Archon's gnosis. He remembers landing in Inazuma, setting foot on Ritou Island. He remembers making his way off Narukami Island. But beyond that?

Beyond that, there's Scaramouche's silhouette, but ghostly, hazy, so faint that Ajax doesn't know whether it was real or imagined.

Just as he starts straining against the ropes, assessing the likelihood of being able to break free from them, the deafening silence is broken. Two heels clack like thunder on the stone floor, and a honeyed laughter escorts them. A laughter that sounds a bit too familiar to Ajax's liking.

"You took your sweet time to wake up, Tartaglia."

Deft hands untie the blindfold, and when it falls, it takes Ajax a moment to adjust to the blinding light pouring through a high-perched window. When

he does, his eyes make out the contour of a form just as familiar as that laughter.

"S-Scara... mouche," Ajax painstakingly utters.

His throat is parched like the desert, saliva more sludge than fluid. He cringes, sucking in a breath.

The Sixth Harbinger is familiar to Ajax, but the clothes he wears aren't. It's actually quite skimpy—wooden heels, black thigh-highs, a women's kimono cut right above them, billowing, flowy sleeves bearing Electro symbols, and a plunging neckline.

Why he is dressed like that, Ajax can't really say. But he knows all too well the strange warmth creeping up in his guts at the sight: Scaramouche is lithe, graceful, even more so with his waist tightly cinched by a wide obi. Between his slender fingers, he holds precisely what Ajax came to seek: a small glowing purple object, in the shape of a chess piece.

"Looking for this?" Scaramouche asks, dangling the gnosis in front of Ajax's eyes. "Too late. It's mine now... and so are you." Scaramouche closes his hand around the gnosis, and it vanishes in a flash of purple light.

His eyes narrow at Ajax, piercing irises of indigo. Their vicious glint makes Ajax's blood curdle, and a sinister chuckle erupts in the room.

"I was expecting a more strenuous challenge, but this was quite disappointing, actually." He smirks. "If this is the best warrior the Fatui have, I was right to leave them."

"Scaramouche, untie me and fight me like a man," Ajax hisses through gritted teeth.

Scaramouche replies with a long-winded burst of laughter that has him wiping tears from the corners of his eyes. Ajax watches without a word, seething with rage, until silence falls again on the room.

"Sorry, Tartaglia—not everyone shares your passion for the battlefield. I have you right where I want you," Scaramouche finally says, crouching down to squeeze Ajax's jaw with an iron grip.

Ajax doesn't struggle against his grip, unwavering eyes of azure fixed with intent on Scaramouche's periwinkle ones. When he replies, his voice is calm, but each word is heavy.

"You'll regret this."

"Really? What are you going to do? Cry for Signora's help? Tough luck, she failed. She was too weak, and so are you."

Scaramouche stands up, turning his back to Ajax. The next thing the re-dhead sees is a purple flash before the room starts swaying, and a searing pain takes hold of the entire side of his face. The slap echoed in the room from its strength, way greater than Ajax would suspect from someone with Scaramouche's small, almost scrawny form. Still, he only lets out a grunt, and then glares at Scaramouche, ignoring the taste of iron blossoming again on his tongue.

His eyes glide up and down the shorter man's silhouette, the slender legs wrapped in luxurious silk stockings, and the smallest expanse of creamy skin in the interstice before the kimono's hem. Under any other circumstances, this attire would've made him turn mad with lust. Even under these, it still makes it hard to keep himself from staring.

It makes it even more difficult that the tingle left behind by Scaramouche's hand is not entirely unpleasant.

"Pathetic, disgusting little worm."

A scowl of contempt pulls Scaramouche's pretty features, and then Ajax's eyes catch a curiously familiar glint of blue light as a blade of water materialises in Scaramouche's hand. Ajax frowns.

"How did you do that?" he asks, barely managing to keep his tone neutral.

"This? Ridiculously easy, actually, especially with the aid of a gnosis' and a Delusion's power," Scaramouche replies, running his finger along the edge of the blade without flinching. It doesn't cut his finger, and a self-satisfied smile curls up his lips.

"Why are you holding me here?" Ajax's voice snaps.

"Tch, you ask too many questions. Always yapping about like an annoying little dog. Must be why the Tsaritsa is always so eager to send you away from Snezhnaya. It's certainly not for your competence, in any case." The arrogant, disdainful look is back on Scaramouche's face.

He twirls the blade in his hands, slowly walking left and right in front of Ajax, and pointedly avoiding answering his question.

"Let me go, and maybe the Tsaritsa will be merciful enough not to obliterate you on the spot," Ajax hisses.

"Oh, I doubt she'll even come close. See this body? It's the body of a god." He lets out an airy giggle, and then narrows his eyes at Ajax again, pointing the weapon at him. "You should be thankful that I haven't obliterated you yet."

"I'd like to see you try," Ajax replies, defiantly smirking at Scaramouche.

"Oh, but I will. Just wait and see," Scaramouche says, grabbing Ajax's jaw again.

He crouches down, a complacent smile spreading on his lips as he grazes the tip of the Hydro blade on Ajax's cheekbone; it bites, crimson stains it and slowly drips down the freckled cheek. Ajax sucks in a breath and exhales slowly, lips pressed into a thin line. His heart is thumping in his chest, but he doesn't waver, channeling fear into febrile excitement, like he's done so many times before.

Ajax has figured that this is but another type of battle, but he wonders if he can truly win it. Scaramouche licks the carmine drops from the blade. His gaze transfixes Ajax, almost hypnotising, and a wave of shivers travels down the ginger's body. Scaramouche presses the edge of the weapon against Ajax's throat.

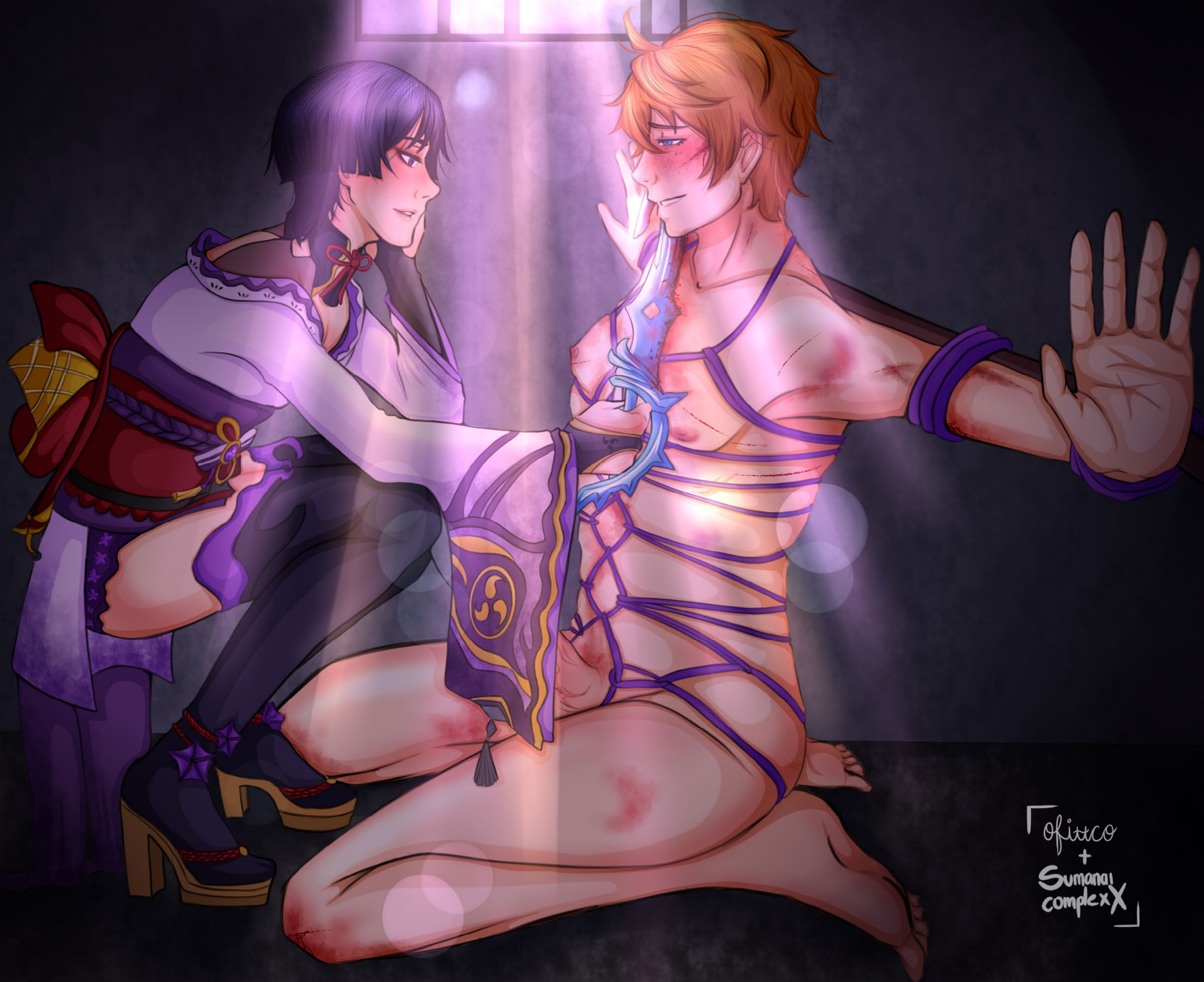
"A little less talkative, are we now?" Scaramouche coos, cocking his head. "Or perhaps you're weak to the point that a pretty boy in feminine clothes suffices to render you speechless."

"Dream on," Ajax spits out.

Scaramouche pulls on the rope net across Ajax's chest to press the blade firmer into his skin. The edge bites in again, making Ajax clench his jaw tighter, but he still stares right into Scaramouche's eyes, doing his best to ignore how the pain triggers a wave of adrenaline spreading like wildfire through his body.

The toughest part is suppressing how exhilarating this wave feels, and how it instantly has every fibre of his being craving for more. It swells in the pit of his stomach, and then it descends... lower, down to the apex of his thighs, despite more drops of blood staining the blade; or perhaps because of these drops.

#Team-16
Fairytunes
Sumanai
complexx
Cookie



“My, my, what do we have here?” Scaramouche says, eyes slipping precisely to where Ajax hoped they wouldn’t go. “Does this turn you on? Disgusting. I barely even touched you.”

Ajax doesn’t reply, fingers curling into fists at either end of the pole.

It stings. It stings that Scaramouche is right, and that Ajax’s cock is standing to attention between his thighs. But the sting is soothed, muffled by the strange haze creeping up in Ajax’s mind and obscuring his thoughts. It’s made tantalizing, almost desirable, by that intoxicating fog.

Scaramouche stands up, haughty eyes staring down at Ajax. The tip of the water blade drags on his skin from his throat to his clavicle, down and down, leaving an angry red line in its wake. It short-circuits Ajax’s ability to reply, makes his breath short, raspy. It pulls him on edge, has his heart thrumming in his chest.

#Team-16
Fairytunes
Sumanai
complexx
Cookie

It's definitely not how he imagined his time in Inazuma.

He wants Scaramouche to go away. He wants Scaramouche to stay. He wants Scaramouche to completely consume him, make him his plaything, use him like a toy until he unwinds and breaks at the seams. He wants Scaramouche to stop and let him go, to pretend this never happened, and so he can tell the Tsaritsa he couldn't find Scaramouche despite his best efforts. The pull in both directions gets more frustrating the more things drag on, but Ajax knows the choice isn't even his to make.

And Scaramouche makes sure he knows that when the blade drags above the fluttering heart in his chest.

"It would be so easy to just kill you. A finely honed instrument of war? Pretty blunt if you ask me." Scaramouche laughs again. "Pitiful." He uses the tip of the blade to force Ajax to tilt his chin up, and then the Hydro sword returns to his throat. "Open your mouth, whore."

Ajax does as ordered, because of the weapon that could slit his throat at any moment—except, not really. It's more because he can't stifle the part of him that wants to be ordered around, and obey. The part of him that wants to please. The part of him that aches to be used, even if it means being thrown away like garbage after it. Perhaps because it means exactly that.

Fingers force their way inside, the pads of two pressing on his tongue, nails digging in. They push further in. They make it very clear that Ajax is but a thing in Scaramouche's hands as they keep burrowing deeper, until they trigger Ajax's gag reflex. Meanwhile, Scaramouche's eyes don't leave his, a ruthless, unyielding stare colder than ice, sharper than a razor blade. And his fingers don't show any sign of retracting, despite tears welling up at the corners of Ajax's eyes.

Ajax wants to pull back, but doesn't. Can't will himself to. He heaves and gurgles on Scaramouche's fingers, and a smirk tugs at the corners of Scaramouche's mouth.

When Scaramouche's fingers finally give him a respite, leading Scaramouche to promptly wipe them down on his kimono, Ajax feels like he's going to throw up. He gulps down what little saliva he has in his mouth, still so dry.

But something else isn't dry—between his legs, his erection has grown harder than ever, and a drop of precum leaks from the tip. His face is flushed, his breaths are strained; impossible to deny how he is enjoying this, no matter how badly he wishes he wasn't.

Scaramouche chuckles.

“Look at you. What a degenerate slut.”

Scaramouche steps away, and Ajax thinks, just for a second, that it means he'll be let off without more.

But the sharp pain in his groin strikes so suddenly that it cuts his breath and makes him double over. He can't stifle the primal mewl of pain that ensues. His vision blurs for a second, until Scaramouche forces him to stare again into the abyssal depths of his indigo irises.

“You're just a puny little fly. I wonder if you're even worth my attention, you make me feel sick. Maybe I should just squash you and get this over with.”

Despite the pain, or perhaps in good part because of it, Ajax is as aroused as ever, breaths shuddering and trembling as they pour through his nose. His eyes are almost pleading, glazed with tears, and snot drips out of his nose. Pleading for what? Ajax hesitates between being left alone to rot, or being used in whichever way Scaramouche sees fit. The reasonable option would be the first. But a strong beast in his guts is screaming, yelling for the second one. And it's clearly winning the struggle.

So much so that when Scaramouche's fingers painfully dig in Ajax's jaw, Ajax opens his mouth on his own accord, sticks out his tongue. Hates himself for it, and wants to melt into the ground and disappear. But he does it anyway, the impulse stronger than him. And Scaramouche laughs, a high, euphoric laughter that almost ends in a wheeze.

“Now I see why the Tsaritsa kept you as a pet. So serviceable, so pliant. You really have no shame, do you? Well... Since I've claimed you as mine, I might as well make good use of that.”

The Hydro sword Scaramouche was holding dissolves into thin air, and instead his hands lift the hem of his kimono, revealing the pair of extremely short shorts underneath. And the tip of his dick, peeking out from under the shorts' leg. He pulls that up as well, and grabs a fistful of Ajax's hair, holding out his cock in Ajax's face.

“Suck,” he orders.

He doesn't really need more than a light yank on his hair to beckon Ajax to lick the head of his dick, tongue gliding around it, then further down. Not breaking eye contact with Scaramouche, Ajax intently licks a wide strip

along the shaft, taking in Scaramouche's taste. His breaths grow almost to a pant, his tongue eager, as he encircles the head with his lips and takes it in. Scaramouche forces his way in, doesn't leave Ajax an instant to adjust to his size, and makes the ginger gag on his cock. He only pulls back slightly, before snapping his hips forward, burying his whole length to the hilt until it hits the back of Ajax's throat.

Ajax can barely breathe, and doesn't mind in the slightest.

He forgets. Forgets what he came to Inazuma for. Forgets that he's supposed to not want this. Forgets that he's Scaramouche's prisoner, turned into his fucktoy against his will. All that remains is the heady, intoxicating haze that makes his head spin, the yearning to get his throat fucked until he chokes on Scaramouche's dick.

His own cock throbs, twitches with every movement of Scaramouche's hips, almost painfully hard, leaking more drops of precum on his thighs. Tears begin rolling down his cheeks, and spit drips down his chin. He's nothing but a hole, nothing but a fleshlight, and a slobbering mess. The gag reflex comes again, and nausea rises, but Scaramouche doesn't relent. His breathing is strained, his grip tightens on Ajax's hair as his thrusts get more brutal.

When he finally lets Ajax off, thick threads of saliva link the head of his glistening cock to Ajax's mouth, before dripping down on Ajax's thighs. He strokes himself and stares down at his prisoner, a satisfied smirk on his lips, barely showing any signs that the heat is building in his core. Ajax greedily swallows generous gulps of air while he's allowed to.

"Wow, you're actually enjoying this? You fucking whore."

Scaramouche's shoe brushes against Ajax's throbbing erection, and Ajax feels it thrum through his entire being. A needy whine escapes his lips as he bites his lip to stifle it, to no effect. He looks down at his thighs, at Scaramouche's wooden heel, unable to sustain Scaramouche's stare any longer. Scaramouche pulls Ajax's hair, forces him to look up again.

"Look at me. I want to see the look in your eyes as I defile you, trash."

Then, Scaramouche's sandal is not merely brushing, but pressing on Ajax's dick, stroking it almost violently. It hurts. And that... doesn't really matter. It doesn't matter because Ajax is already so close, so close that he lets out trembling sighs and gasps that quickly turn into more whines and whimpers, uncontrolled, wanton. It has him panting, already almost on the

edge. The only thing keeping him from collapsing at Scaramouche's feet is the pull on his hair.

And Scaramouche rejoices to see Ajax reduced to a complete mess, unable to speak. He lets out low groans of pleasure as he strokes his own cock, bringing himself closer to completion.

And then his foot stops moving. An inhuman whine spills out of Ajax's lips, shaky, desperate. His mouth hangs open, eyes lost in the whirlwind of pain and pleasure, in shock at the sudden deprivation. A thick fog weighs down on him, and he's nothing but want, and need, and yearning, to the point where he shifts on his knees, moving his thighs in search for just a modicum of stimulation.

"Stop that," Scaramouche hisses, yanking on Ajax's hair. "You fucking dog. Do you really think I'd," he lets out a sigh, "I'd dirty myself for lowly scum like you? Think again."

His hand pumps his cock more earnestly, his hips buck, his thighs clench as he readies himself for his grand finale. His sighs build into throaty, precipitous breaths as pleasure deforms the traits of his alabaster face, and he pulls again on Ajax's hair to keep him from looking down.

And then, he lets out a low, strained moan as he finally reaches his orgasm, and he comes on Ajax's face, open mouth, chest, everything. Thick white strands drip down all over him, cover him generously. Scaramouche keeps milking his cock until he's emptied, and only then does he finally let go of Ajax's hair.

Ajax collapses to his side, barely keeping himself off the ground because of the pole holding his arms. He's short of breath, benumbed amidst the whirlwind of sensations, while his cock still aches, aches so badly to be touched. He can't speak, can only let out another whine of supplication as he looks up at Scaramouche through the fan of his lashes, matted with Scaramouche's cum.

Scaramouche's disdainful scowl is back on his face, and his dick has been tucked back into his shorts. He scoffs.

"Better lick every drop of that, because this is all you're getting until I come back; but I'm sure a degenerate like you will enjoy it."

Just as he's about to leave, Ajax lets out another whimper of protest.

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Fairytunes
Sumanai
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"P-please... please," he keens, barely able to articulate the words.

His cheeks are flushed, lips parted, breaths more wheezes than anything else. He licks his lips, looks at Scaramouche, expectant, but his hope is but a thin thread barely holding his head up.

"Please'? Who are you begging?" Scaramouche narrows his eyes at Ajax while the redhead struggles to come up with an answer.

"P-please... M-master," Ajax says, words painstakingly stumbling out of his mouth more than they are said.

Scaramouche laughs, shaking his head. He doesn't need Ajax to voice it to guess what he's begging for. "Well, well... One does need to take good care of one's toys, after all."

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, Scaramouche walks the few steps back to Ajax's side. He lifts his foot behind himself, swings it forward, only to stop a few inches from Ajax's cock. The way Ajax reflexively raises his knees to try to protect himself has Scaramouche cackling.

Scaramouche grabs the pole and forces Ajax to sit up on his knees once again, ignoring the distressed look in Ajax's eyes, a perfectly balanced mix of fear and hopefulness.

Ajax doesn't know fear in front of an enemy. Ajax relishes in danger. But this is not the battlefield. This is the cell Scaramouche detains him in, and that changes everything.

Scaramouche prompts him to look at him with a gentle nudge of his fingers under his chin, a sharp contrast with his previous unrestrained brutality. The tip of his foot carefully slips under Ajax's cock, pulling a strained, throaty sigh from the redhead. Then, softly, Scaramouche slots Ajax's cock between his toes, and glides up and down the length. Ajax closes his eyes, bites his lip to keep himself from moaning, but it feels so good, it makes him almost dizzy.

And even though it feels this good, he's on edge, barely able to relax under the touch, convinced that Scaramouche is merely being gentle now to kick him down harder later.

When Ajax's eyes open again, they are half-lidded, his lashes fluttering as waves of pleasure wash over him. Scaramouche's smile is almost tender, but there remains a shadow of a smirk playing on his lips. But he keeps

stroking, keeps slowly but steadily bringing Ajax closer again. His rhythm increases, his eyes don't leave Ajax's, fixed on the deep but dull ocean blue.

And Ajax barely holds on, barely resists how his body wants to melt into the touch, completely deaf to the part of him that is desperately trying to keep him from enjoying this. 'Resistance is futile'—the meaning has never seemed so clear as it does now, now that Ajax's cries are almost warbling to Scaramouche's ears. The heat only keeps rising, inevitable as a tidal wave. Each stroke makes him feel delirious, his sanity drips out of him along with the drops of blood still trickling down his cheek and his chest.

Scaramouche keeps intently moving his foot, keeps staring into Ajax's eyes, until Ajax finally reaches the breaking point, keels over, bursts apart. Ajax comes, and spills all over himself with a broken cry. It rips him asunder and dissolves his consciousness of everything else to complete oblivion. It leaves him shattered, quivering, even more so as Scaramouche keeps moving until he's totally emptied, and then some more, to the point that choked, desperate cries start coming out of his mouth.

"What music to my ears, Tartaglia," Scaramouche huffs, and his foot finally stops moving.

He yanks on Ajax's hair, crouching down in front of him. Then, something Ajax wasn't expecting happens. Scaramouche's tongue licks a line up his bleeding cheek, the first warm thing Ajax has felt since he arrived here.

"You're mine, now," Scaramouche purrs into his ear.

And Ajax doesn't say anything back. Wouldn't know what to say. The trance he's in right now subordinates his entire will to Scaramouche. The shivers his voice sends down Ajax's spine are too powerful to handle.

The next moment has his mind abuzz, floating, ripped from any anchorage into reality. It's Scaramouche's lips laying upon his—an ephemeral, fleeting kiss of death that seals his existence as belonging to Scaramouche, and only him, until Scaramouche decides to throw him away, or his life comes to an end.

Then, the crackle of electricity rises, and the smell of ozone spreads in the air, and Ajax shuts his eyelids tight, not knowing what to expect. Pointlessly, for what follows is the rope binding his arms being finally ripped in one clean cut. Scaramouche stands up while Ajax doubles over, falls face first on the ground, barely able to move his sore arms.

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He's filthy. Soiled. Covered in all manners of bodily fluids, hair matted with cold sweat, shivering on the ground like a worm. And that has a light-hearted chuckle coming out of Scaramouche's mouth as the sound of his heels resounds further and further away from Ajax.

This is hell. This is torture. Yet, the taste it leaves on Ajax's tongue is almost sweet. And the thrills it rouses in the marrow of his bones... may turn out addictive.

"Rest well, pet."

The door shuts behind Scaramouche with a loud bang, leaving behind a deafening silence once again.

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XENXENXENA
X
IKUSAHARA



#Team-18 Anaake
Midnightzero



#Team-19 IzzyTheBaka
Riff Michbells

SPRING AWAKENING

If Kazuha had a middle name it would be 'wanderer'. After the death of his close friend Tomoya, he wandered and wandered and wandered until he stumbled upon the Crux Fleet. Even after successful voyages sailing with captain Beidou and her crew, he still wandered.

His mind was never at rest after Tomoya's death. He'd wake up in cold sweats in the top bunk of the cabin and stumble outside for some cool fresh air. Kazuha would sit in the crows' nest and talk as if Tomoya were sitting right next to him.

"It's a beautiful night right?" He said aloud, talking to everybody and nobody. Kazuha felt something press against his hand and saw nothing there. He figured it was the wind trying to comfort him after the event that happened in the past couple of months or so. Kazuha hadn't returned to Inazuma since that incident and since he'd been wanted for stealing his friend's vision that unrightfully belonged to the Shogun.

The ship however set sail to Inazuma with a new passenger on board. Aether was determined to find out as much information as he could from the electro archon before he, like Kazuha, continued on his journey of wander. Kazuha returned to the bunker as he spotted thunderclouds storming in the near distance. He was almost there. One last goodbye to his friend was all he needed to truly be at peace.

The ship docked at Ritou and Kazuha wasted no time in rushing off to where his friend lay. He waved goodbyes and "be right backs" to the crew before taking off in a small fisherman's boat. Kazuha arrived at the spot surrounded by bright bluegrass a couple of hours later, his arms ached and burned due to all the rowing. He rubbed his sore muscles and climbed the small entranceway to where he laid his friend to rest. Much to his surprise, a boy with a familiar figure was standing in front of the broken sword.



The boy turned around and was shocked to see Kazuha standing there. He had light brown hair and held a piece of glowing grass in between his teeth.

"Tomo?" He reached out and stepped closer to the boy.

"Whoa, you know me? Who are you?" Tomoya asked.

Kazuha felt his heart skip a beat. "You- you don't remember me?"

"Honestly my memory is very fuzzy." Tomoya scratched his head. "All I know is that I don't really have a place to go at the moment."

"Ah that's okay, maybe I confused you with someone else," Kazuha said. "My name is Kazuha by the way. What's yours?"

"Hmm, I don't really remember. But the name you said earlier feels familiar I don't know." Tomoya touches the hilt of the broken sword. "This sword is also familiar. Do you know who it belongs to?"

#Team-20
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Reisu

It belongs to you, Kazuha thought. "An old friend of mine. But you can take it."

"Are you sure? You seem like you know this place. I wasn't expecting anybody else to be here." Tomoya said, stepping closer to Kazuha. He smelled the same; of Sakura blooms and the sea. Kazuha had to fight the urge to pull him into a hug and breathe in his scent. But Tomoya didn't know who he was anymore and he wanted to respect that.

"It's just a peaceful place I visit. The wind is the calmest here, it's very relaxing." Kazuha said, fiddling with his fingers.

Tomoya pulled the sword out of the ground and swung it around. His moves were the same as when he battled Kazuha and before he challenged the Shogun. "Thanks, I hope this person won't mind."

"Not at all. I think he'd be very happy actually." Kazuha snuck glances at Tomoya's focused expression.

"You seem suspicious, Kazuha. I don't know what you know but somehow I feel I can trust you." Tomoya shot Kazuha a look. "You don't happen to have a scabbard on you do you?"

Kazuha looked around the small cave. "No sorry. Though you can-" The two of them suddenly heard a whistle blow nearby.

"Shit I gotta go, they must be looking for me." Tomoya slapped his palm against his forehead. "Hopefully we can cross paths again Kazuha?"

Kazuha smiled slightly at Tomoya before he ran off. "Yes I hope so."

Even if we don't meet again it was nice seeing you, old friend. Kazuha clutched the empty vision in his hand before disappearing into the wind as quickly as he came.

Kazuha returned to the Crux Fleet after the battle with the Shogun. The vision he held onto so dearly sprung back to life during the battle much to Kazuha's surprise. He was dumbfounded still that his dear comrade who was supposed to be dead talked to him just days prior. The crew was happy to see Kazuha as he was, as usual, the last to board.

"Kazuha, come here you're late!" Beidou shouted from the deck. "We've recruited someone new when you were away!"

Kazuha hopped on board to see the pirate crew crowded around the new member. There in the center stood a familiar figure with light brown hair and a blade of grass in between his teeth.

“Yo Kazuha! I knew we’d cross paths again.” Tomoya smiled, waving at Kazuha.

Tears welled up in Kazuha’s eyes and he ran to hug his old friend that appeared once again in front of his eyes.

“Whoa whoa, I didn’t think you’d be that happy to see me? We only talked for barely five minutes.” He rubbed Kazuha’s back as the crew cooed and whistled.

“Looks like Kazuha found a boyfriend!”

“Kazuha no need to hog him for yourself, share with the rest of us!”

“Relax Kazuha, the boy doesn’t even have a vision!”

Kazuha took a step back. “I have something to give you. I’ll be in the crows’ nest tonight.”

Tomoya blinked in confusion before ruffling Kazuha’s hair. “If it’s you then sure thing.”

Kazuha sat atop the crows’ nest, the moon beaming down on the ship as it anchored close to an island far out from Ritou’s port. Tomoya jumped up and took a seat next to Kazuha crossing his legs in a similar fashion.

“So, does everyone get a welcome present when they arrive onboard?” Tomoya asked cheesing.

Kazuha giggled. “The only welcome present I got was a warm place to sleep.” He pulled out the empty shell.

“I wanted to give you this,” Kazuha said. “It doesn’t work anymore, but maybe just maybe if I leave it in your hands it can reactivate again.”

“Is this an empty vision?” Tomoya asked, taking the glass from Kazuha. His vision stalled for a second then snapped back into reality.

“Thank you, Kazuha. This feels... warm somehow.” Tomoya looked at the

moon.

They sat in silence for a moment. There was no wind to comfort Kazuha, but he figured his comfort was right by his side at that moment. Tomoya, as how it usually went before he lost his memory, broke the silence.

“You’re an interesting character Kazuha. I think I’m going to like you.”

Heat rose to Kazuha’s face as he felt a hand on top of his.

“I think so too,” Kazuha said, closing his eyes and listening to the wind.

The empty vision glowed a bright purple and it faded away as fast as it came.

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XIXI

**KIRASHION'S COLLAB EVENT
CELEBRATORY ZINE**



*Thank
you!*