

until i wrap myself inside your arms (i cannot rest)

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by [brightlyburning](#)

Summary

'Presented as omega, a distraction you cannot afford. Gone elsewhere to continue the fight. I am-' and here Felix has to squeeze his eyes shut, ignoring the awful plop of his tears onto the paper, '-so sorry.' Hopelessness stings his eyes, and he scrawls, knowing they won't listen,

'Do not look for me.'

(A kink meme fill for the prompt, 'Felix presents as an Omega and knows that according to traditions within the Fraldarius household, he will be offered to the royal Blaiddyd family.')

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"Shit."

The word hardly encompasses just how fucked Felix is, but it seems to be the only one he can think of, sitting naked and enraged in his old room. His coverlet and sheets, rumped and twisted at the foot of the bed where he'd kicked them in his tossing and turning, smell: of him, his sweat, and damningly, his slick.

Hunched at the edge of the bed, he glares at his fingers, shining in the candlelight with the slick he'd found staining his sheets and trickling down his thighs. There's nothing else it can be, clear and slippery as it is; it's made for easing a cock's way, for allowing an alpha to rut into him. He'd settled into being a beta - sure, he'd have to marry a beta or omega woman, which isn't his preference, but he could father a child or two if pressed - and expected that nothing would change now. Yet his body, maintained with fanatical devotion, has chosen now to betray him. Only two months back at Garreg Mach, and now, because the universe decides to have a sense of humor, he presents as an omega? In the middle of a war, when they're supposed to march for the Great Bridge of Myrddin in a week?

And Saints, the room's so damn hot, even surrounded by cold stone and buffeted by mountain winds; he should've realized what was happening when he'd taken off his cape, loosened his collar, and finally unbuttoned some of his shirt at dinner and still hadn't been able to cool down. Sweat sticks his hair to his neck, stings unmercifully at the cuts and scrapes he's picked up training.

Training.

A pit opens up in his stomach, even as his body clenches around nothing, desperate and unfulfilled, yearning for an alpha's knot.

Omegas are rare; he's only met a few. All of them were cosseted, adored, dressed in finery and fed sweetmeats, given the sorts of tasks that required nothing of them beyond their brain if they were lucky, their bodies if they were not. He's never heard of one who served at high levels of the court, and definitely none were allowed to serve as generals.

Generals for their lord, and his lord is currently a vicious beast crouched in the cathedral, circling back to brood over death again and again. He had been so gentle and kind when they were young, and now he-

Well. The mutilated corpses they'd cleared from the monastery bore mute testimony to what sort of man Dimitri has become.

His king, an alpha, and Goddess, *now* he remembers, and it smashes into him like an axe.

There's always been a contract between his house and that of Blaidydd where any omega born of Fraldarius marries into the royal line. It'd made sense to him when he was young: royalty working to bind the Fraldarius family and their crest, responsible for protecting Faerghus' southern borders, ever closer to the throne; Fraldarius receiving land and patronage

and the ears of monarchs in return. It'd made sense to him, then, secure that the last omega of his house had died centuries ago.

Now.

Now there's him, and Dimitri.

He lets his head fall into his clean hand and groans, stomach sour with loathing. Seiros, if this had happened ten years ago, before the Western Rebellion, he'd have been ecstatic; back then, he'd nurtured secret and shameful fantasies of just this moment, of waking up one summer to find Dimitri bending over him, expression lustful-

Fuck, and his body chooses just that moment to demand something in him. The spasm sends him clutching his knees and hissing between his teeth until the pain eases and he can push himself upright, vision swimming with tears.

The candle flickers on his swords, propped by the door, his armor on its stand, and the scattered maps and letters on his desk. His pack, by the door, where he's started packing for the next campaign.

He... he can't stay. Dimitri's given up all control, and for all Felix has honed his strength and speed, he can't trust them against Dimitri. Dimitri, the way he is now, would tear him apart, and even were Dimitri to miraculously return to sanity, the future of a royal omega is set: wedding, babies, stifling ceremony, and never again the hilt of a sword in his hand, or the clarion call of a tournament bell.

Felix would rather die.

However, if he can escape from Garreg Mach, there are options, unpleasant as they may be. Perhaps some of them would still allow him to be of use to the kingdom and its people, even if he must fight alone. The others head east in a few days to the Great Bridge along the Airmid that rushes cold and clear from the plateau surrounding Garreg Mach; he'll have to head west, through Magdred into the great forests surrounding Arianrhod, perhaps swing a little south to Gaspard territory. With the death of Lonato and the war, there's enough banditry and cross-border incursions for him to do at least a little good.

He's never thought of himself as a deserter, or a traitor to his duty, but right now all that awaits if he stays is marriage to a madman. Maybe, if Dimitri were to be persuaded to take back Fhirdiad, to allow him his freedom-

No. That's only foolish woolgathering, him trying to find a way to make a cage acceptable. He's already made his choice, made it the moment he woke to his sheets wound around him and marked with slick. He forces himself into motion and dresses in his oldest clothes, swallowing down the frustrated howl stuck in his throat. Misery thuds hollowly in his chest with each heartbeat as he stuffs his pack with vulneraries, a small shovel, flint and steel. A handaxe wouldn't go amiss, but he'd have to go by the knight's hall to grab one, and he'd rather use his precious time to rifle through the provisions for some dry bread and water.

As for protection... there's laws against commoners carrying swords, but they've relaxed some in these years of war; he should be able to get away with the old steel sword he brought with him to the Academy all those years ago. Damn, the scabbard - it's a waste of time, time he doesn't have, to pry off the silverwork decorations, but he has to do it, would be too obvious a target otherwise. A dagger, too, and the few spells he's learned: they'll have to do for protection.

Shit. He has to write a letter. He can't let them think he's shirked his duty entirely, but he's no good with words, never has been. He settles for grabbing quill and ink and scribbling on parchment, brusque as he can make it,

'Presented as omega, a distraction you cannot afford. Gone elsewhere to continue the fight. I am- ' and here he has to squeeze his eyes shut, ignoring the awful plop of his tears onto the paper, *'-so sorry.* ' Hopelessness stings his eyes, and he scrawls, knowing they won't listen,

'Do not look for me.'

Good enough. He leaves the letter on the desk and hitches the pack onto his shoulders. The moon is waning, near-new; the darkness should give him some cover. He can make it down the western slope of the plateau by dawn, chop his hair into some different style, and disappear into the woods, heading west.

An ignoble end for Fraldarius' heir, yet, still, the only one he can bear.

"Dimitri," Rodrigue says from beside Byleth. The Duke holds his son's letter in faintly trembling hands, its creases gray from worrying at it ceaselessly. It's still early morning in the cathedral, the monks and nuns all in their cells, the only people in this cold cavern Byleth, Rodrigue, Dedue, and their maddened king.

The man before them, clad in tattered furs and grief, says nothing, and Rodrigue's expression crumples.

Fine. Byleth has always been graced with lack of tact. It drove Jeralt to distraction, made him useless in anything involving diplomacy, but Dimitri deserves no tact right now: only truth. He squares his shoulders, steps forward, and says, flat,

"Felix left."

Dimitri lifts his head, and his shoulders stiffen beneath his cloak. A growl rumbles deep in his chest and expands to fill the cathedral nave, and Byleth's grateful, for once, that he was born completely neutral, outside the spectrum; whatever scent Dimitri's producing has both Rodrigue and Dedue paling and a faint sweat beading at Rodrigue's hairline.

"'Left,'" Dimitri repeats, and the word is heavy and expectant as an executioner's axe. He rises in one smooth motion and wheels to face them, all sinuous muscle and vicious gaze. He searches their faces, his jaw set, then focuses on the letter hanging in Rodrigue's nerveless hands.

"Give it to me."

Rodrigue offers the letter, and Dimitri snatches and shakes it flat with one hand, the other, as always, wrapped about Areadbhar. He scans Felix's message - the handwriting near-indecipherable, the ink blurred with old tears - and his brow darkens with each word. Shadows deepen beneath his clouded eye as he lifts his gaze from the letter to them, crushing the message in his grip as he had that soldier's skull in the Holy Tomb, so long ago. His clawed gauntlet tears the parchment, too loud in the open space.

"Your majesty," Rodrigue begins. His voice chokes and dies when Dimitri speaks over him, his eye burning with the blue flame of zealotry.

"I will hunt him down and lay Edelgard's head at his feet as a courting gift," Dimitri says, low, almost snarling, "and he will know that he is *mine*, as he has always been." His teeth gleam with each word, sharp and white in the cathedral's darkness.

"Felix has an independent spirit," Rodrigue says, but his words are meek, more apology than protest, and Dimitri does not even spare him a glance.

"Then, while I finish the work I am charged to do, let him wander. We will cross the Great Bridge and burn Enbarr to ashes so the souls of the fallen may rest."

Saints, *really*? Down one of their best generals, and still wanting to invade enemy territory - they cannot have a fool for a king, and Byleth, for all he loves Dimitri, cannot follow him to his death.

Byleth, hand resting on the Sword of the Creator's hilt, straightens and glances at Dedue. "Dedue, Rodrigue, please know I mean no harm. You may hit me afterwards."

Dedue's eyes widen, and he jerks forward to throw an arm in front of Dimitri, but Byleth's already torn his blade from the scabbard. Time slows. The sword leaps into his hand, searing heat licking at his grip as he swings it to wrap once, twice, around Areadbhar's shaft, his weapon near a living thing, responsive to his commands. He twists, gets his other hand on its hilt, and rips Areadbhar from Dimitri's grip to leave him unbalanced. The lance clatters across the shattered tile floor, and Byleth lunges, hooks his knee behind Dimitri's, and uses his free hand to shove Dimitri down across the stone.

He straddles Dimitri, sword at his throat, and says, calm as he can be with Dedue at his back and his axe biting his neck,

"Felix will *never* be yours if you cross the Bridge of Myrddin, Dimitri, because you will be dead."

Dimitri bares his teeth and roars, gauntlets tearing gouges into the stone, which to anyone but Byleth would be terrifying: the strongest alpha in the area, enraged. His chest heaves, and his back bows off the floor, head held down by the threat of Byleth's sword.

Byleth waits out the motion, presses his blade closer, then continues, "Marching hundreds of miles through hostile terrain, supply lines stretched thin, with the countryside barren of

anything to scavenge was a foolish idea before." He tilts his head and bends down, planting his free hand on the cold stone beside Dimitri's tangled hair. "Doing the same thing with our best swordsman missing is suicidal. Now, tell me-" he gathers Dimitri's hair in his hand, pulls Dimitri's head back so the apple of his throat brushes the blade, and watches Dimitri's eye narrow, nostrils flare at Byleth scruffing him, something usually done by alphas to recalcitrant children, "-what is an alpha's first priority?"

Dedue answers instead. "The health and happiness of their partner." The cold sting of his axe across the skin of Byleth's neck lessens fractionally.

"Tell me, then, Dimitri, if Felix is yours: what will make him happier? For you and everyone you care for to press beyond Myrddin and fall beneath imperial weapons, carrion for crows? For his birthright to be parceled out to Adrestians?" Dimitri's expression contorts as Byleth shakes him, just a bit. "Choose that and no one you love will know peace in their graves, yet Edelgard will have unnumbered years to spread her power across Fodlan.

"Or will he be happier if you take the Great Bridge and hold it as a symbol that vengeance will be at hand, so no Adrestian may sleep easy in their beds? Turn north and liberate Fhirdiad, put the traitors to the sword, care for the same people Felix has spent five years protecting?" He eases the sword from Dimitri's throat, his hand from his hair. "You claim he is yours. *Prove it.*"

"I have a duty to the dead, a duty to carry out their revenge," Dimitri snarls, and arches up to press his throat against the blade. Blood beads in a string of rubies across his skin and trickles to the floor with every word. His eye glitters, wild, white, rolling like a maddened beast's to glance at phantasms only he can see. "My duty has made me a monster, unfit to live, and I've borne it gladly - how can I turn from it now?!"

Byleth gentles his hand and turns the sword so Dimitri's throat meets the flat of it. Dimitri's pulse pounds down the blade into his fingers, curled about the hilt.

He bends closer, and closer, until he takes up all of Dimitri's vision, until their breaths mingle. He summons up every scrap of humanity he's gained from serving at Dimitri's side, holds fast to them, and says, "You can live for something besides the dead, Dimitri. You can live for the people you love. For the promises you've made others, the beliefs you hold. And if you are an alpha, and you intend to claim Felix, then live for him." Goddess, let this work; he has guided Dimitri for so long, has learned all he knows of emotion from his friends, and it will kill him, surely, to watch them all fall for Dimitri's revenge.

Dimitri takes a deep breath, his sides pressing against the insides of Byleth's legs. His gaze fixes on Byleth's, and tears well to fall across his hollow cheek. The weight of his head grows heavier in Byleth's hand, tension slipping, bit by bit, from his neck, his spine.

"Your hand," he murmurs, "has it always been so warm?"

"Yes," Byleth says, perplexed, and lowers Dimitri's head to the floor, then stands, backing away so Dedue can help Dimitri sit up and fuss over him, to which Dimitri pushes him away irritably.

Dedue casts Byleth a truly menacing glare.

Dimitri laughs against where he's pressed his face to his knees, then lifts his head to meet Rodrigue and Byleth's wary gazes. He doesn't look whole, not yet; shadows still etch time and pain across his face, and his shoulders bow with the weight of his slain. But even so, he clears his throat, and says at last,

"Let us take Fhirdiad, then. I would be a poor suitor to present Felix the Emperor's head while the capital lies in chains."

Thank all the saints. Byleth blows out a breath, works his jaw to try and ease the tension out, then forces his shoulders to relax. He slides the sword safely home, then shakes out his arms and holds out his hands, palm-up. His smile feels nearer a grimace.

"A good decision. Dedue, Rodrigue, I'm ready to be punched now."

He regrets his words the moment Dedue's armored fist crashes across his jaw.

Felix's elbow aches. His knees, scraped raw by bark, complain. His back is one great spasm, and Saints, *really*, now sweat threatens to sting his eyes-

The aged deer he's been tracking steps further into the glade and lowers its head to crop the grass, and Felix releases the bowstring. The arrow flies true, pierces the animal and drops it where it stands, blood spattering the dying late summer flowers beneath it.

Felix rises to his feet, groaning when his stiff knees crack, and paces down the tree branch to lower himself to the forest ground. Dry brown grass crumbles beneath his feet as he approaches the deer, pulling his dagger from its sheath.

He's been lucky to get the deer at all; his archery skills are minimal, to the point that even Ashe had despaired of him, and it's taken moons for him to be able to successfully hunt on foot. Apparently hunting boar with horses and hounds before the war had been poor preparation. The first few moons he'd supported himself by hunting bandits and small imperial patrols, but there have been fewer of those around. A good sign for the progress of the war, though it's made it harder for him to scrape by.

He butchers the deer, wraps the various cuts of meat in waxcloth, and washes his hands in a nearby stream. Fresh blood clouds the water's surface and washes downstream, glittering beneath the sunlight slanting low across the ground. On the other bank, the shadows lengthen, and oppressive summer heat, threaded with the first hint of winter air, presses his sweat-laden hair to his neck.

It's half an hour's walk to the nearest village, a hamlet of twenty-odd families, and he arrives just as the sun dips below the horizon. The villagers, most of whom are cooking outdoors to escape the heat, greet him effusively, their gazes straying to his prize.

Mayor Alden, a short, rotund and whiskered man who can never leave Felix alone, bustles out from the nearest house and calls, "Good hunting, Wolf?"

Why the villages Felix ranges through have all decided to give him predatory names is beyond him; he can't be that frightening. He brings them meat in return for their silence, runs down the bandits that threaten their meager livelihoods, drives imperial patrols away from the land he's claimed as his to protect -

"Obviously." Felix hands over a few packets of venison to various villagers and grunts at their thanks, discomfort pricking at his spine. "Any problems?" He ducks into the rickety alehouse at the center of the village, trading a copper coin for a mug of ale, and joins Alden at a corner booth.

"Well enough, well enough." Alden glances at the door, then leans closer. "Some of the Arianrhod City Watch came around several days ago asking about those murdered men and any suspicious characters."

Unruffled, Felix sips his absolutely terrible ale, the drink managing to be both too sour and too sweet. "Hm?" He'd left those men's corpses at the crossroads, three moons ago, after they'd tracked him down in one of his safe harbors and tried to have their way with him in the middle of his heat. He's never had patience for people who underestimate him.

"We said nothing," Alden says hastily when Felix eyes him over the rim of his mug. Really, the only reason suspicion might fall on Felix is that he's something of a legend in these southern wilds, and he's known as an omega among a few villages. "But, er, if you're ever in the market for a mate, there's several young alphas in our village who have expressed interest..."

Ugh. More of this. He avoids villages for precisely this reason.

"Enbarr has fallen, and there are rumors that King Dimitri intends to pass through Arianrhod on his return. Why, I'm not sure, it seems the Bridge would be better..."

Alden chatters on, but his voice is drowned in the pounding of Felix's heartbeat. His hands tremble around the cold earthenware mug.

Fuck. He's run out of time.

"Does anyone know when the army will be here?" Felix manages through numb lips. His heart thrashes against his ribs. His stomach twists, sour and tight, and perhaps ale was not the best choice.

Alden, in the middle of some rapturous tale about the Ashen Demon and Gautier scaling the walls of Enbarr - like Sylvain would ever willingly get more than twenty feet off the ground after Ingrid took him on a ride on her pegasus and almost dumped him off - turns back to him and shuts up.

Well, that more than confirms that Felix looks like shit, if it's got Alden to go quiet.

"Within the month, they say, but Wolf, you look terrible. Are you not well?"

Oh, thank the Goddess, an excuse.

"I am," he says, "overheated." It's not too far from the truth, what with him hailing from lands farther north than this hothouse. "I should go." Felix finishes off the mug and escapes the booth, all while Alden watches in silent disapproval. He's always worried too much about Felix, tried to send the village's few hunters out in ever-widening circles so they can find where Felix beds down and leave him food: too kind, this man. Thankfully, by now he's learned that he can't order Felix to do anything, and so he only calls,

"You're always welcome here!"

Felix grunts and raises a hand in farewell as he ducks into the gloomy evening and across the lane to plunge into the welcoming embrace of the forest. The oncoming cool of night whispers across his face, dries the sweat at the hollow of his throat, clearing his mind enough to think.

Seiros, Dimitri, *here?* Felix has heard rumors of him, even this far south: how he overwhelmed the Great Bridge like a wave falling upon a crumbling shore, then turned north to reclaim Fhirdiad, putting traitor nobles to the sword and exiling their children from the capital; how he left behind a chastened kingdom to cut south towards Enbarr, spreading fire and death in his wake.

Some call him the Savior King, praising his kindness to those who've stayed loyal to his cause, his insistence on limiting harm to those who aren't fighters. Others call him the Tempest King for the swift brutality of his vengeance, how he's hunted down every soldier who stands against him and dispatches them.

The people of Fodlan, confronted with the beast and the man, have settled on calling him the Storm King.

Felix shakes his head. Woolgathering, again, when he has something else to focus on: what to do now. It's an easy leap, even stiff with labor and laden with venison, across the river that runs west to Arianrhod, and a left at the tree scarred by a lightning strike leads him to a great outcropping of stone overlooking a bend in the river: his favorite harbor.

The cave's breath sighs cold and dry against him as he drops to his knees, slings pack and quiver off his back, and shoves them through the cave mouth before crawling after them. The narrow passage is just wide enough to admit him and his things, but tall enough to keep him from scraping his front to Aiell and back, which, more than anything, endears the cave to him; bad enough to live in the wilderness, but it'd be even worse if his shirts were ripped.

The passage opens up into a chamber of rough gray stone, long enough for him to lie flat in and wide enough that he can build a small fire and not roast. A bedroll and some supplies taken from imperial soldiers fill the rest of the space. His harbor is near the top of the bluff, with a thin crack at the top of the chamber that looks out to the night sky and admits the morning dew.

The embers he's left burning return to roaring life with a handful of fuel, the smoke trickling up the chamber walls to escape through the crack in the ceiling. Felix slides the best cuts of venison onto stakes to roast over the flames, then occupies himself with the tedious work of

survival: unstringing his bow, waxing the string, cutting the remaining meat into thin strips to dry.

Surviving in the wilderness has been challenging, painful - the first moon he had burned, then blistered, then finally browned, and the less said about his hair the better - but more than anything else it has been mindbogglingly *boring*.

Dimitri's presence, if nothing else, might prove an end to the boredom.

The leaves have just begun to turn when Felix sees Dimitri again.

He hears the clatter of horsemen before he sees them, and finishes bartering for dried fish and cloth too fast to make a good deal; that's the last of his looted bandit elixirs traded away.

"Are you well?" The merchant hands over his wrapped bundles with quirked brow, mouth pursing as Felix stuffs everything into his bag.

"Yes," shit, shit, *shit*, "my thanks."

Felix hitches his pack back on his shoulders and hurries out of the market, the bright colors and the noise of bards, children, merchants crying their wares scraping at his senses, amplified with pre-heat. He's an idiot, and Dimitri is even more of an idiot - why is he even *here*?

His heat's stirring, and he'd wanted to stock up on supplies for each of his harbors before he beds down to endure the humiliating days ahead. He'd even been clever enough to aim for a market town on the far side of Arianrhod, distant enough from the path to Faerghus that Dimitri would have no reason to be there.

Except, judging by the hoofbeats growing steadily louder, Dimitri, like the damn fool he's always been, clearly is.

Yes, good; a tree ahead, a hundred feet off the footpath that rings the village. Without breaking stride, he slides his pack off and hurls it onto a low-hanging branch, then scrabbles up after it. The leaves, fringed with gold and red, shade him from the road, and when he presses himself flat to the branch, he's hidden well enough.

The hoofbeats slow and the ringing of armor lessens to a faint clicking as the horsemen enter the marketplace. Cheers rise to fill the air, the people greeting their conquering hero, the army that's liberated them from Enbarr's yoke.

Felix stills, his breathing shallow. His throat aches. Through the leaves, the first mounted knights trot into his sightline. Their parade tack, the blue and silver of Faerghus, shines in the sun, and fuck, he misses home. The knights, their lances held aloft in serried rows of steel, pass, and then-

His fingers bite into the bark. He swallows, his heartbeat drowning out the roaring crowd.

Dimitri rides into view, mounted atop a great gray charger and followed by Dedue, and longing runs Felix through. Campaign has treated his king well; the shadows beneath his eye and lining his face have eased, and his expression is calm, though there's tension set in the corner of his dark eye. His broad shoulders ripple with each twitch of his left hand on his mount's reins.

Still, he isn't whole, not yet: his blond hair spills untamed, his right hand rests on Areadbhar, and he smells, even this far away, of an oncoming storm, the scent left behind by lightning striking the earth. It's pure, untinged by any other omega, which makes something dark and possessive in Felix shudder in vicious delight. Dimitri's scent howls to the surrounding world that this alpha is unmated, is virile, is ready to hunt down his mate and -

The stubble lining Dimitri's jaw catches the afternoon light and sparks gold, and fuck, Felix shifts irritably, his thighs tingling at the image of that stubble scraping pink marks into his skin, Dimitri gazing up at him, his expression wicked with knowledge- Goddess, it's hot, sweat sticking his shirt to the bark beneath him, his hair to the back of his neck...

In the street, Dimitri reins his horse to a stop, lifts his face to the sunlight. He sniffs the air, nostrils flaring, then opens his mouth, animalistic, lupine, to draw in the scent. His hands clench on the reins, on Areadbhar, white-knuckled, muscle and veins swelling along his bare forearms.

Cold rushes down Felix's spine and leaves goosebumps in its wake. Damn it. He's *already* in heat, probably pushed over the edge by smelling Dimitri near, ready, hungry for an omega to push down, to bite, to spread their thighs and rut, leaving them whimpering and clawing at the earth with pleasure so overwhelming it's near punishment.

His trousers stick to his thighs, to the bark, damp with his slick. The wind ruffles his hair, slips between his shirt and skin and whispers at the curls plastered to the back of his neck with sweat.

Dimitri, sniffing again, turns towards Felix's hiding place. His eye shines dark, hungry, and his expression hardens into fierce need. A possessive smile curls his mouth, his teeth bared, sharp.

Felix swears, even as the flames of arousal rising within lick at every inch of him.

Dimitri's caught his scent.

Felix had made it to his safe harbor nearest the village - an open cave cut into the path of the river that he'd barricaded with logs and rubble - before shuddering out his first orgasm, his head full of fragments of Dimitri: the swell and curve of his bicep, the sun on his hair, his scent on the wind. He'd used the momentary clarity brought out by completion to clean up before moving on to his favorite harbor.

Noon the next day, the sun riding high in the sky, and Felix *hurts*, his body writhing and shivering for want of a knot, and even his fingers do nothing to sate the need. He can't come,

and he wants to so badly he might actually cry, but every time he tries Dimitri's stupid dangerous expression and powerful shoulders are there in his mind's eye, and-

His cock aches, and his entrance is swollen, hot to the touch and so sensitive he flinches when he rubs the pad of a finger across it. His cavern smells of only him, he has nothing to do except try to come on his own fingers, and he hates it, hates heat, hates that he's alone-

He forgot to burn the cloth he used to clean up last night.

Felix groans, tossing his head back against the bedroll and cursing at the unhelpful ceiling of the cave.

Shit. He's usually better at hiding his tracks than this, but he'd been so rattled by Dimitri's presence, by his authority and power, that he'd forgotten to do even the most basic concealment. He should know better, especially after what those men from Arianrhod tried moons ago.

Well. He's in a heat ebb at the moment, the shaky desire eased and his mind clear: enough to make a quick run to the cave, grab the things he left there and burn them before returning here to suffer through the last of his heat.

Grumbling, he pulls on clean clothes, then climbs down and out of the cavern. The air refreshes him, and it's surprisingly wonderful to stand fully upright and work the knots and sore spots out of his spine, his muscles tense from trying to come for hours and achieving nothing. He shoulders bow and quiver, thumps his dagger into the sheath at his belt, and heads for his destination. The miles fall away beneath his feet, the damp cool of the woods a balm against the sweat and frustration of unfulfilled heat.

Approaching the harbor, a faint scent of lightning drifts across his path. Fresh slick eases out of him, and his skin prickles with the nearness of his alpha. His throat is parched.

Dimitri.

Cautious, calling upon all the woodcraft he's learned these moons in the forest, Felix circles the area until he's downwind, all the while keeping a wary eye turned toward the glade where his harbor and Dimitri no doubt are.

He finds a sturdy oak and leaps up onto the lowest branch, then climbs higher until he can see into the glade.

Something shines against the green sprawl of grass in the middle of the glade, pale, limp: a piece of cloth, or, no - recognition thrills up his spine - the deposed Emperor's hair. A lock of it cut from her head before it was placed atop the main gate to Enbarr, and brought here, tied with Faerghus-blue ribbon, as- what? A courting gift?

The slick dampening his thighs shouts his body's approval. Dimitri's displayed his strength for all to see, bent it to provide Felix proof of how much he's desired by so powerful an alpha.

Felix would've been just as happy with a sword from the Imperial Armory, but an irritating part of him is pacing with excitement.

Speaking of Dimitri...

Felix frowns and tests the branch above him. It bends, but not so much as to be dangerous; he hauls himself higher, and the wind cools his overheated skin. The height lets him get a better view of the clearing, and-

There Dimitri is, and he's-

Felix chokes down the snarl, want and irritation warring within him in equal measure. His spine aches with the impulse to arch, to present.

Dimitri leans against the entrance to the cave, to *Felix's* cave, arms folded across his naked chest. He is only armed with a Levin sword tucked at his belt. It's foolish of him, but then he's the strongest alpha in the area, has no need to fear anything. He's gazing out into the woods before him, expression calm, the wind ruffling his hair. His torso dries Felix's mouth with wonder, the months of good food packing muscle back onto him, his shoulders broad and flecked with scars. The golden hair spreading across his chest narrows down into the waistband of his trousers.

Felix's fingers twitch against the bark, wanting it to be those shoulders, the thick ropes of his biceps. They'd be warm, and strong, and he could fight back and lose, relax into that strength, knowing himself truly bested.

And there, the crux of it: in one hand, Dimitri holds the cloth Felix had cleaned his slick and spend up with the day before. He lifts it to his face, eye closing, his lips drawing back to expose his teeth as he scents the cloth, scents *Felix*, and his heat. A low growl of possession and need rumbles from his chest, warning off any challengers nearby. His scent spikes with lust, and Felix's body clenches, yearning.

Felix swears beneath his breath, what should be humiliation but is arousal instead making his nails bite into the bark, his cock jump against his wet thigh.

Dimitri can't be - but he *is*, his free hand dropping to thumb at the laces of his trousers. The sound of him yanking them loose reverberates through the silence. He flicks his trousers open, revealing the root of his cock, nestled in golden curls of hair.

Dimitri's arousal is heady, choking, demanding he present himself, and Felix swallows, dazed. He wipes the sweat beading at his hairline off with the back of his wrist, then bites into the meat of his thumb, trying to keep the whine of need within.

In the clearing below, Dimitri lowers the hand holding the cloth from his face. His eye glitters, sinful, animal, above the taut curl of his mouth. His other hand slips into his trousers and lifts his cock into view, the touch of his hand to that straining flesh making all the hard muscle of his abdomen and chest clench.

Goddess. Felix can't breathe, his body shaky, his blood on fire.

Dimitri's cock is thick, long, heavy enough to rest in his hand and fill his grip only half-hard, curved in a way that would fill Felix up. It's as insistent as the rest of him, and when Dimitri thumbs at his foreskin and pulls it back, he reveals the slit, already wet, and damn it, Felix's mouth waters.

And yes, there, at the base, inviting, the extra folds of skin that swell with his knot when he fucks.

Felix swallows. Over the pounding of the blood in his ears, he can hear the first drops of his slick spatter the bark beneath him. The wind's changed direction, stirring his hair.

Dimitri gazes down at his cock with hooded eye, his fingers curling around and massaging it to full hardness. Sweat trails down the valley between his pectorals, and he tilts his head back against the cool stone of the cave's entrance, exposing the hollow of his throat and closing his eye. His hips begin to roll, his hand stroking that thick cock as it thrusts into the air.

"I can *smell* your desire, Felix," he murmurs, and his voice settles onto Felix's shoulders like a cloak. "How much you need me, how unfulfilled you are. Your fingers weren't enough for you, were they? I'd give you my knot, whatever you need, if you'd let me have you."

He presses his thumb at his slit, gathering the liquid there, spreading it about over his length. The slick sound of his hand working at his cock makes Felix's heart hammer.

"I can smell your slick, how wet you are- I would fill you up, the way you want, the way you need, I'd chase you down and bite your neck, I'd claim you as mine-" his voice is all growl and command now, every muscle straining in sharp relief with tension, "-I'd mark you and breed you, give you so much pleasure you'd cry with it. And all you have to do, the only sign you need to give that you want this, is take up that gift I've left for you."

Felix swallows. Dimitri has hunted him down, but yet- yet he liberated Fhirdiad first and turned for Enbarr after, leaving Felix to run free, to serve the war effort in his own way. Dimitri is, even now, giving him a choice. Giving him an escape route, trusting that Felix will choose what is best.

Perhaps, now, it's time that Felix returns that trust.

Slowly, his skin prickling with need, he swings himself down to the forest floor, landing in a near-silent whisper of fallen leaves. His heart threatens to beat out of his chest as he approaches the last bit of brush and branch shielding him from the glade, and he pauses, lingering, at the threshold.

Dimitri's hand, its scarred knuckles, the fearsome strength in his tendons and muscle, slides over his cock still, thumb teasing at the head. His brow furrows at something, some twist of his grip, and his moan sears at Felix's bones. Utterly shameless, his king, secure in his power and authority, and yet waiting, still, for Felix to choose.

He chooses. Believes in Dimitri, one more time.

Felix steps into the glade, poised, trembling with tension and adrenaline, ready to flee if Dimitri so much as moves wrong. He knows these woods as he knows nothing else; he can escape, should he need to. His body, strung tight, quivers with desire and anxiety both, sweat dappling his neck, his back.

Dimitri's hand slows, then stops. His fingers flex about his cock, the rigid length jumping in his hand, as if stirred by Felix's nearness, before he tucks it back beneath the loosened laces of his trousers. He rolls his head forward, opening his eye, fathomless blue with hunger, and pierces Felix through with his ravenous gaze. Triumph, possession, and a terrible tenderness war across his face.

Felix's knees threaten to buckle. His skin burns, the intense need for Dimitri running riot in his veins. He must look like some fey creature, browned by the sun and lithe with wandering, but Dimitri gazes at him with longing even so.

"Dimitri," he says, and hates and loves with equal measure the shudder of desire in his voice.

"Felix," says Dimitri, his tone suddenly gentle, coaxing, like Felix is a wild beast to be tamed. He straightens from his slouch, lifting his chin, and those brutal hands curl into fists at his side.

"Who rules the Dukedom?" He hasn't heard of his father passing, but with him an omega, the burden of heir will likely fall upon one of his cousins. Goddess knows some of them are better suited to caring for the people and their land than others.

Dimitri scents him, his nostrils flaring, but holds himself back. His voice hums with tension.

"Rodrigue still rules, but in your absence the title of heir had passed, last I heard, to your cousin Julia."

Good. Julia has a steady head on her shoulders and enjoys agriculture and figures far more than Felix ever has; she will be a good steward for a land at peace.

"You could reclaim it, should you want," Dimitri says.

Felix snorts and takes another step closer to the lock of hair in the middle of the clearing. "Omegas don't inherit unless they're the only one left alive, you know this." He has three cousins still living, all of them betas, and he doesn't want the title enough to wish for their deaths.

Dimitri's breath catches as Felix closes the distance between them. His hands twitch open and close again, white-knuckled and trembling. He clears his throat and murmurs, voice so low it rubs against Felix's skin like warm stone,

"You need but ask me for it, and it is yours."

"The nobility-"

Dimitri growls, his teeth bright, sharp, and Felix whimpers, low in his throat.

"The nobility will do as I command, for they have seen what comes of betrayal." He leans forward, the deep green leaf-shadows passing across his face. "If it would bring you to my side, I would dare any change."

Felix takes another step, and then another. The grass rustles against his boots, scarcely heard above the thunder of his heartbeat.

Dimitri's chest jerks with his breaths, his eye wild, all the brute power of his body held back, awaiting Felix's choice. His heels sink into the earth, as if preparing to lunge. A bowstring, drawn back, further and yet further, threatening to snap.

"Where is Dedue?" Felix reaches up to unstring his bow and take off his quiver, and Dimitri barks a laugh. His gaze is fixed to where Felix's hands lay his weapons down onto the green carpet of the glade beside the lock of the emperor's hair, and a sudden thrill of power, of *control*, shivers up Felix's spine. It only heats farther when he hears Dimitri's nails scrape at the stone of the cave entrance.

"Goddess, *now*- ? Not here," Dimitri manages, and jerks his chin at the Levin sword sheathed at his belt. "I have tried his patience enough, bringing him with me to look for you; I would not test him further. He is close enough to find me, should I signal him with lightning, and he-" Dimitri shifts, voice roughening, "-he will come no closer, while you stand before me."

Felix undoes his belt and slides his dagger and its sheath off the leather, laying them beside his other weapons, and Dimitri rumbles his longing, his approval, the sound making Felix's body tighten around where he is empty, needing. Unburdening himself, making himself vulnerable, knowing what will come when he chooses, and choosing anyway.

Near-defenseless, on one knee beside his courting gift, fingers barely brushing it, Felix looks up once more, and his throat goes dry.

Dimitri gazes back, his eye almost black, his body drawn and still as if hewn from the cavern's granite. The muscles of his bearded jaw roll, beads of sweat trailing down in the hollow of his throat. His abdomen quivers, shining where the blunt head of his cock has kissed the flat golden plain of his stomach and left it wet. His nails claw against the stone. He looks fierce, primal, the power of his desire hazing Felix's thoughts.

"One more request."

Dimitri groans, low in his throat. He licks his lips, and they shine red in the light. His hips jerk, demanding. "Name it."

Felix bares his teeth, and finds an answering recognition in Dimitri's face. "You will not make me a meek and biddable pet to be cossetted and kept from battle. I will remain your general and your advisor, and I will *cut off the hand* of any but you who touch me."

"As expected of you," Dimitri murmurs, and the words tremble with feeling. "My Felix. Yes."

"Then," Felix says, grasping his courting gift and rising to his feet in one motion, his grin a threat, a challenge, "catch me and claim me, if you *can*."

Dimitri's snarl of triumph fades behind him as he pelts into the trees, his heart alight with joy.

The branches whip at his face and tear at his clothes as he runs, and behind him Dimitri crashes through the brush like the beast he is, wood snapping and roots torn up as he gives chase. Birds flutter, squawking, up from their disturbed trees in his wake.

He'll have to do better than *that*.

Felix knows these woods; if he angles west, towards where the sun is beginning to descend, there's a brook, and a spot where he can wash off some scent to give Dimitri more difficulty. But first, a distraction; Dimitri's still a while behind, tangled in a thicket and snarling, so it gives Felix time to pull off his tattered shirt. He swipes it over his neck, his bare chest, even dares to dip the collar between his cheeks, and then tosses it up into a tree.

He'll never let anyone, even Dimitri, say he was won easily. Not for him the lazy and coquettish stroll of a typical omega in flight, beckoning their alpha partner to take them without effort; he has never known how to yield without a struggle, and he refuses to start now.

Onward, the haze of heat settling even deeper into his bones until every part of him aches for a touch, a kiss; he's breathless with need, his blood buzzing in his ear like a charging spell. He's not sure how much time has passed, how much ground he's covered; every so often he hears Dimitri's long stride near him, and goes still, heart thundering, until Dimitri growls and veers away again.

The sun has sunk halfway down the sky. The dark and gnarled trunks of the ancient trees are limned with faint rainbows as he stumbles on, panting through clenched teeth, his body begging for Dimitri. The faint splash and flicker of the brook, and the scent of water, draw his attention and lead him to open ground.

He kneels on the stony lip of the brook and scoops up water in one hand, the other still clutching his courting gift. The water is cold as winter on his parched throat, and he splashes it on his burning cheeks, runs damp fingers through his hair. The coolness does no good; his skin still sparks and sears with longing, slick with sweat. He closes his eyes, irritated anew - how long is it going to take Dimitri to find him, honestly - and scoops up another handful of water to drizzle it across the heated back of his neck.

A sudden silence in the forest prickles at his senses, no birdsong, no rustle in the leaves. He opens his heavy eyes, a calmness settling upon his shoulders, and twists to look downstream.

Dimitri emerges from the undergrowth, Felix's shirt in one hand, and stoops to the water. The chase has taken its pound of flesh from him as well; brambles have left thin lines of blood welling across his skin, and as Felix watches, dazed, several drops roll down the expanse of his chest. He wants to put his mouth there, he is so empty, he craves and yet he can't settle, can't give in-

He must make some sound, a whimper or a whine, for Dimitri's head snaps towards him.

His king's gaze burns like blue flame. In one smooth motion, he rises.

Felix swallows, heart thundering, and springs to retreat.

With a roar, Dimitri is on him, a storm; he sweeps Felix up in his arms, and Felix gasps at the contact, all skin on skin, a delight. A blur of motion, Dimitri laying him down into soft grass, the sun in its splendor haloing his triumphant face-

Felix twists, almost manages to get a hand up to shove at Dimitri's jaw, but the heat's stolen his strength, and Dimitri knows it, his eye glittering.

"Felix," he growls, and when Felix bares his teeth in response he huffs, amused, and drops himself onto Felix, caging him in with the solid press of his body. He straddles Felix's narrow hips, all heat and weight. His hands slide up Felix's naked chest and light fires in their wake, and as his rough palms pass over Felix's nipples Felix gasps at the white-hot shock of pleasure.

"Beautiful," Dimitri murmurs, and leans further down, as if to kiss him.

He jerks back, narrowly avoids Felix's headbutt, and sits back up. His gaze flicks to Felix's hand, still wrapped around the lock of hair, and narrows with understanding. He shifts his weight, the motion dragging him across Felix's aching cock, and says, level, "Drop it if you want me to stop."

Felix snarls and pointedly keeps hold of his prize.

Dimitri's smile is vicious and hungry before he strikes. One broad hand works beneath Felix's shoulders, twists tight into his hair, the heat of it a siren call to surrender. He tugs, and when Felix moans at the sensation, Dimitri's other hand cups his jaw, somehow gentle even still, and he holds Felix firmly still to kiss, rumbling, "Mine," into his mouth.

Felix melts.

Dimitri kisses him hard, messy and wet, fucks into his mouth with his tongue, and he groans as Felix arches into the solid weight of him, free hand scrabbling at the powerful muscle of Dimitri's back. Everything burns, demanding, the only anchors where Dimitri's touching him, nails scraping, rough callused skin sweeping over his body.

"Saints, Felix-" Dimitri's voice shudders, and he tucks his face tight into Felix's neck, stubble scraping heat against his pulse, their scent mingling. He nips at Felix's shoulder and laughs, low and rough, when Felix chokes out a moan and jerks his hips against him. It feels good, right, to let Dimitri between his thighs, to spread himself for his king, and then Dimitri's hand drops, curls around Felix's knee, and drags his leg up to wrap around Dimitri's waist, opening him further, making him a cradle for Dimitri's body, and that's even *better*. His cock twitches at the easy possession of it, and his entrance lets loose another flood of slick. Dimitri's hips stutter against him when he notices, his nostrils flaring wide.

He can't stop making noise, desperate bitten-off sounds that Dimitri responds to with biting kisses and low rumbles. He doesn't want only this, though - he wants more, something in him, something to ease the terrible empty ache. He gets a grip in Dimitri's hair and yanks.

Dimitri growls, and in another blur he's rolled Felix over, face pressed to the cool grass and hips hitched up. The world sings of lightning and crushed grass, and Felix makes a noise he's never heard from himself, a high-pitched yelp of surprised pleasure. He gets an arm beneath himself and pushes upward, but Dimitri's hand curls over the back of his neck in a measured grip, scruffing him with a snarl of " *Stay*."

Felix tries to shove him off, but it's useless; Dimitri's strength is immutable, tidal. His partner bears Felix's pointless struggle with cocked brow, then, seeming to tire of it, knocks Felix's knees apart and presses himself between them. His expression, from the corner of Felix's eye, is ravenous, gazing at Felix like a treasure, skipping from where his hand's curled warm and firm about the fine hair at the back of his neck to Felix's hand, white-knuckled close about his courting gift.

"Stay," Dimitri repeats, before he uses his free hand to tear open Felix's trousers, the rear almost soaked with slick, and yank them down and off. He licks his lips as the trousers fall over the curve of Felix's ass.

Felix helps, begrudgingly kicking them away. His voice is breathless with mingled want and humiliation, unlike him, when he digs his toes into the yielding earth and barks, "Get on with it!"

Dimitri stoops, presses a kiss at the small of Felix's back that makes his face burn, before he mutters, "Always so impatient," against Felix's skin. Felix groans, tries to buck him off, but Dimitri's unassailable as ever: only pins Felix's calves beneath his knees, laughing.

Of *course* he's impatient, he's a day in heat and his alpha has pinned him down and isn't - isn't -

His thoughts stutter to a stop as Dimitri's hands cup his cheeks and spread him to get a better view of where he's- where he's *open*, wet and hot and vulnerable, and even as he moans he can feel his slick dripping over the back of his balls, the insides of his thighs, leaving them shining in the dim light.

There's a part of him that burns with embarrassment, but it withers away as Dimitri's hands tremble, thumbs petting at him.

"Oh, *Felix*. You look-" Dimitri swallows, and what of him Felix can see looks pole-axed, his mouth half-open to draw the scent of Felix's- Felix's need - to him. "You look *hungry*. You need something in you, don't you?"

"Yes, Seiros, just-" whatever he wants to say is lost in a frantic moan as Dimitri's fingers slide down and around his opening, and Dimitri echoes the moan as Felix's body grabs uselessly at his fingers, Felix's fingers clawing at the earth. He hitches his hips up, swears, and Dimitri takes pity on him.

"I'll give you everything you need, Felix. Always." The words ring with truth. One hand slides up to curl again about the back of Felix's neck, possession written in the press of their bodies.

Dimitri pushes two thick fingers into him without hesitation, punching out a wet gasp from Felix's chest, and twists them, hooking them downward- yes, that spot, swollen and needy, that Felix has never been able to reach on his own, the angle all wrong -

He shoves back into Dimitri's touch with a snarl, and Dimitri laughs, pleased, and circles the pads of his fingers there, hard and deep, until Felix howls, lightning crackling down his spine. Then the fingers retreat, return as three fingers to stretch him wider, Dimitri's voice low and filthy, "That's what you needed, isn't it, darling-"

The ownership of it, of Dimitri's hand holding him pinned, his other hand working inside him, tears Felix's orgasm from him. He arches, shuddering, shouting, and comes against the grass, warm splashes of his come bouncing back to pelt his belly and thighs. It's a small release, enough to slake the thirst.

Dimitri, hushed, says, "There you go, my darling, my Felix. So beautiful." His fingers ease out of Felix, who whimpers, and then nudge at Felix's mouth.

"Open."

He does, and there's fingers curving over his teeth, wet, the taste indescribable. Goddess, his own slick, being fed to him, and he shudders and mouths at Dimitri's fingers, whining, his entrance fluttering and his cock twitching. The shudders of climax wane, and all at once he's empty again, and he hates it, biting at Dimitri's knuckles to express his dissatisfaction.

"Hush, Felix, I've got you," and Dimitri's hands clamp about his hips, fingers stroking the lines between stomach and thigh. He lifts him higher without even a grunt of effort, spreads him wider, and then he licks one long and filthy swipe across Felix's entrance with the flat of his tongue.

Felix bites his lower lip so hard he might bleed, every muscle stringing tight, and flings his free hand back, searching for Dimitri's hair. Heat sears through every limb, and he can't catch his breath, his heart roaring, and every flicker and dip of Dimitri's tongue makes him shake and whimper, tears welling in his eyes.

Dimitri eats at him like a beast, sloppy and wet, his stubble scraping unmercifully at Felix's crease, lighting tiny sore fires up and down. He pulls away only to mutter filthy praise that has Felix shuddering in embarrassed delight, then dives back in, thumbs pulling Felix's entrance wide, exposing him further.

His king opens Felix on his tongue, mouths across his tender rim, even tests his teeth at the delicate furl of skin there. Slick and saliva roll down Felix's balls, his thighs, and he should be embarrassed by how messy he is between his legs, but Dimitri is moaning, is lapping at him, into him, like he's something to be devoured, something delicious. The lewd sounds, slick and wanton, tear at Felix's senses, and he finally sinks his hand into Dimitri's hair and yanks him closer.

Dimitri snarls, twists to nip at the inside of Felix's thigh to reinforce his dominance before bending his attention back to Felix's hole, and even the vibration of his voice across Felix's

skin stokes the flames. Seiros, it's embarrassing, how easy he is for Dimitri, how much he wants to be taken by him: barely any time at all and he's already teetering on the brink.

Felix shudders, gasps out some semblance of warning, and Dimitri growls right against his slick and twitching hole,

"Give it to me, Felix, give me what's *mine*."

And because his body's given up, because he's so damn gone for Dimitri, he listens. He shudders, moaning, and jerks uncontrollably against Dimitri's grip, another climax spurting across the grass like Dimitri has reached within him and pulled all his strength out.

Goddess. Fuck. Dimitri is going to *kill* him.

Dimitri, still far too composed, lowers Felix down and rolls him over, thankfully not into his own come, so that Felix, chest heaving, can blink up at him, his gaze bleary with tears. The fog of heat clears again, just for a moment.

"You look," he manages through gulps for breath, his chest heaving, "far too pleased with yourself."

Dimitri, the entire lower half of his face shining with Felix's slick, his mouth red and his hair a riot from Felix's tugging fingers, only shrugs and licks his lips.

"Why shouldn't I be?" His grin is slow and filthy. His hands drop from Felix's hips to his half-done laces, where he starts to shove his trousers down and off. "I caught you."

"Sap," Felix says, ears burning. Ugh, his hand with the courting gift is cramping, and so while Dimitri wrestles his trousers off and tosses them aside, he switches hands and props himself up on one elbow. His mouth goes dry as Dimitri's cock comes back into view, rigid and waiting, insistent. The slit glistens with a bead of clear precome. His body winds tight, but not before he lets out a truly pathetic moan of frustrated desire, his entrance clenching around nothing.

"All for you," Dimitri assures him, still looking damnably smug. He scoops Felix's trembling legs up and tosses them over his broad shoulders, so Felix's hips are tilted up, made available. The clear intent of it, the knowledge that he's about to get fucked full, knotted, claimed, makes Felix toss his head back in the grass with a moan, baring his neck, the sudden urge to submit overpowering.

"Come *on*," he starts, but the words splinter into a moan as Dimitri cradles his neck, the back of his head, in one large hand, the other curled about Felix's half-hard cock, still damp with his spend. He angles his hips, the head of his cock sliding across where Felix's wet and empty and ready. The tip catches on his swollen rim, Dimitri gasping between clenched teeth like he's been gutted, and then his hips shudder forward-

Felix arches into the sensation, every nerve alight, and heaves a gasp, every muscle, every tendon, loosening with the searing knowledge that he's claimed. He belongs. Dimitri's ravenous gaze searches his face, finds what he's looking for, and he presses Felix deeper

against the grass, holds him tight against the shelter of his body, and thrusts into him, his cock thick and heavy and filling Felix until he has to whine with the pleasure of it.

“Goddess, you- you’re so wet, tight-” Dimitri is the storm, untamed, feral; his cock jolts Felix with every breath, leaving him full, fuller than he’s ever been, can ever hope to be. His thrusts are brutal, dragging across Felix’s spot and leaving him crying out with inescapable pleasure, his hands clutching Dimitri’s shoulders, digging into his skin to anchor himself.

Dimitri *takes* him, every deep grind of his hips nudging Felix’s cock into his grip. He never breaks stride, never looks away, and the intense ferocity of his gaze dares Felix to even try. He’d never think of it, is too caught in Dimitri’s eyes, in the blinding pleasure of Dimitri fucking him, the slick filthy sound of Dimitri’s cock inside him, the tight grip of his hands, his vicious thrusts. He’s being wrecked, taken apart with unerring precision, Dimitri pounding against his spot and stroking his cock and whispering, unending,

“Look at you, darling, beautiful, fierce, tamed to *my* hand, no one else’s-”

Felix claws at Dimitri’s shoulders, heaves in a gasp, and comes. His spend spatters white across the flat plain of Dimitri’s stomach, drips across his golden curls, and as he shudders in Dimitri’s grip his body milks Dimitri’s cock, rhythmic contractions that have Dimitri groaning. He can’t speak, can barely think, shivering against the hard line of Dimitri’s body, letting his entire mind luxuriate in the feeling of being so thoroughly used. Overcome, tears trickle in lukewarm trails down his cheeks.

Dimitri slows, but doesn’t stop. His hips roll against Felix, slow, somehow even deeper, dragging against every inch of Felix. When Felix whines and trembles, he lets go of Felix’s spent cock, settles his hands to cradle Felix’s jaw, holding him in place as he fucks into him.

His voice is a rumble of thunder, promising rain. “You want my knot? You want me?”

Felix, kitten-weak, manages to dig his fingers into the back of Dimitri’s neck as best he can and slur a “Yes.”

Dimitri’s breaths deepen, become harsher, his fingers biting into the skin of Felix’s jaw, the faint pain subsumed into the warmth of heat. His hips stutter, become sloppy, Dimitri finally unleashed to chase his own completion. Felix shifts, clenches, the tight press of Dimitri’s knot battering at his rim, promising further ecstasy, and he sobs-

Dimitri sinks his teeth into Felix’s neck, moaning. His hips hitch, then he thrusts again, his snarl vibrating against Felix’s neck. His knot forces its way past the last resistance Felix’s stretched rim can offer, into him.

Felix moans, even as Dimitri gathers him up, holds him tight as if he’d ever run, rocks into him to fill him, to use him, to claim him. He’s bent in half, drenched in sweat, run through and trembling, and yet there’s an indefinable rightness to this, a pleasure to knowing that he’s giving Dimitri this, a home in his body.

Dimitri’s bite deepens. The muscles of his shoulders and back shudder, strung tight beneath Felix’s limp hands, as he somehow pushes deeper, hips rolling, and Felix gulps for breath

around the wave of pleasure, his eyes hazy with tears. He locks down onto Dimitri's cock, his knot, and Dimitri groans, trembling, and comes, spilling within him.

They rest, wrapped about each other, hardly a breath between their bodies. The cool air of the forest licks at Felix's sweaty brow, his sore arms, slung about Dimitri's shoulders. Dimitri's hand dips between them to cup Felix's ass before one shaky finger traces where they're connected, feeling where Felix's sore entrance has opened up and taken him.

"All right?" Dimitri murmurs against Felix's neck, all sudden tenderness. He licks over the bruises he's bitten into Felix's neck, in apology and possession both, and shudders when Felix runs a heavy hand through his hair.

"Perfect," Felix breathes. His king has him, has chased him down and won him, and yes, all right-

It is.

They are, together.

End Notes

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