

Mazoku in heat

Von Momi

Kapitel 2: Battle's aftermath

Und hier das nächste Kapitel meines kleinen PWP's x3
Disclaimer wie immer, nur die Idee gehört mir^^
Gewidmet ist das Kapitel Dee^^
Frohe Weihnachten <3
Aber auch euch anderen viel Spaß damit!

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It was a hot summer night and the army had built their tents around various fires.

The flames seemed to dance in the dark, clear night.

The stars seemed to sparkle even brighter and the moon had a mysterious halo around its form.

Everyone was still up and dancing and celebrating.

There was wine and meat roasting over the fire.

Laughter and cheering could be heard, but a certain someone refused to participate in this, in his eyes, immature, primitive behavior.

The dark-haired sage sat outside the camp leaning on a tree.

He could still supervise everything, but was out of reach for the wine and hormone drunken men.

He was in no way appealed to be touched in an inappropriate way.

Silently he sighed to himself.

His king would certainly laugh and call him rude for acting that way.

He would advise him to let himself loose and just enjoy the night.

But how could he?

How could he go and just mate with some random soldier, whose name he would have forgotten in a moment's time?

It just had no meaning.

No reason.

No future.

What he really wanted, or rather whom, was no secret to everyone close to him and the king.

They were nearly inseparable, as the sage always stood by his king's side, to protect and advise him in the best possible way.

Though the oblivious receiver of his affection should by now be surrounded by only the best looking Mazoku, male or female, Daikenja wasn't sure about his king's preference.

But he certainly wouldn't go and mix up with some cursed, ugly Soukoku.

He had already done so much and risked his good name and reputation in bringing him to his side.

The dark-haired knew, that only few people felt friendly towards him.

Most of them loathed and feared him.

They believed, he would turn against them and drown the world into chaos.

He snorted silently.

How idiotic!

He wasn't nearly as powerful as Shinou was.

However his aptitudes rather lay in mental working more than in physical activities.

He could hear footsteps closing up to him and tensed.

"Leave me alone, I'm not interested!", he snarled, before the supposed soldier could do something.

But when he heard chuckling, he stared up in disbelief.

"Why, my beautiful sage, you never turned me down before!", the gorgeous king spoke and flipped his blonde hair back with a slight moving of his head.

For a moment, the Soukoku could not do more, than stare at him, until he noticed how stupid he must look und turned his look down again.

"Shouldn't you be somewhere else?  
With someone else?"

Or someone more, his mind added.

He felt the king kneel down in front of him and lift his chin, to make him look into those sparkling, cerulean blue eyes.

They were even more gorgeous that night, he imagined.

"Why would I want that?", he wondered out loud and looked for the answers in the depths of Daikenja's midnight-black eyes.

"Because tonight is a special night and everyone has someone special with them.", he answered reluctantly.

"So why don't you?", the interrogation continued.

"You know why!  
I just don't find pleasure in such activities and I won't act on my hormones and procreate with some unworthy brat."

He crossed his arms.

"And if you would leave now, I would like to bask in the tranquility of the night."

Once again he heard the other man's silent laughter.

"How come you are so rude to me?  
Is it your way of coping with the hormones?  
Or are you depressed by seeing everyone with someone?"

"Sorry, but it's not of your concern.  
Go and enjoy yourselves!  
The kingdom needs an heir.  
Leave me and my prudish nature alone."

But that went not quite as planned, because suddenly Daikenja felt himself being lifted up by strong arms and pressed against a muscular, disarmed chest.

He looked up into blue eyes that had a playful gleam.

"What do you think you are doing?", he wanted to yell, but it came out as a squeal rather.

When he received no answer, he started to struggle against those hands, but the grip

on his knees and waist only closed firmer around him.

"Try not to make too much uproar.", the blonde man whispered to his prey.

"Wha...?"

But as he looked around, he could see, that all the soldiers they passed on their way, had stopped whatever they did and stared into their direction.

Soon though, they started cheering and whistling and the Soukoku felt his face burning.

That was so embarrassing, humiliating!

And though he never felt happier in his life.

"What are you doing?

They're going to get the wrong idea." , he whispered to his king, but the blonde only smiled a little.

"Why should they?

They see their king carry away his special someone for the night."

Daikenja felt his heart pacing up, beating hard against his ribcage.

"Just for the night?", he wondered and they reached the kings tent, which they entered fast.

But his answer had to wait, until the king had bedded him onto a fluffy fur-rag and poured the two of them a glass of wine.

Then he himself settled down next to the curious sage and stroked his cheek, after the cup was taken from his hands.

"No, not just for one night." , he said and leaned in, to capture those lips he had watched for so long now.

They were even softer than he imagined.

He moaned satisfied and his hands started to roam over the sage's side, his back and his firm butt.

When they stopped the kiss in need of air, Daikenja shyly smiled at him.

"I wanted to do this for quite a while.", he confessed.

"Why didn't you?

I waited for you.

But tonight my patience was at end.

I needed you with me."

This answer warmed the black-haired's heart and he hugged the man in front of him.

"So your hormones got the best of you?", he wondered teasingly and let himself loose, showed the other man his desire.

"If you want to say it that way.  
I'd rather say it's heavenly foreordination."

He tried to sound serious but with a fully grown erection and his hands, that were massaging the firm backside of his partner, he failed.

Daikenja laughed.

"Your such a sweet fool."

"And you love me!"

He felt his cheeks redden but nodded softly.

"I do!"

And they once again closed in for a kiss.

A deeper one.

One full of their desire and love for each other.

One that lead to more touching and eventually clothes shedding until they rolled over the rug stark naked and fully aroused.

Lips red and swollen from the kissing and hips grinding together in an almost practiced rhythm.

"May I...?", the king wanted to know and gently his hand reached down between the Soukoku's legs, who nodded and granted him access to his most private place.

With extra care he started probing at the hole, using the wine as an lubricant and slowly he stretched the tight channel for something way bigger.

Daikenja tried to relaxed and closed his eyes, clinging to the blond.

It was his first time and he hoped, he wouldn't regret it.

He hoped, the man would stay with him even after this night.

And even if Daikenja was not that good of a lover.

Suddenly he felt the fingers exit him and he gulped and looked his lover in the eyes.

There was an unspoken question, but he understood and nodded.

Shinou lifted his legs on his shoulders and slowly started to enter him.

He could hear him groan and moan.

And he was relieved, that it seemed to feel good for him.

The black-haired got used to the penetration fast, thanking his king inwardly for the patience and then asking him to move.

And move he did.

The first ones were more probing and trying.

But then he found his way and started hitting the Soukoku's prostrate, making him scream in joy and ecstasy.

Forgotten were the soldiers outside, who could most possible hear them, and forgotten was the war and his fear of losing the blonde kind.

Instead he raked his fingers in those golden curls and kissed him with all his love and passion and threw his head back, as he climaxed and spilled his seed over his stomach.

He felt Shinou follow him and release within him and he smiled somewhat dreamy.

The strong form collapsed onto him and he started to caress him gently, trying to calm him down again.

"Hmmm, that was amazing, my black-haired beauty...", he heard Shinou moan and chuckled.

"I can only return that compliment.  
I never thought it would feel that good."

The blonde shifted, to prop himself up onto his elbows and looked Daikenja into the eyes.

There was this playful sparkle once again and the dark-haired swore, he could feel something twitch inside him.

"So...  
You're up for another round?", he grinned and Daikenja pulled him down for another searing kiss.

When they woke up the next morning, completely spent and sore, and left the tent, to grab a bite and a quick bath in the river, there were already soldiers, who cheered

congratulated them and Daikenja felt his face nearly exploding, when one of them clapped on his kings back and asked about his secret to make someone like Daikenja scream as loud as he had.

That definitely was the most humiliating and embarrassing moment of his life.

But as he saw his king´s smile, he knew, it was worth it.

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So ich hoffe es hat euch gefallen^^
Über Kommentare würd ich mich freuen x3