

A Collection of Debauchery: Kinktober 2021

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by [KainLightsworn](#)

Summary

A collection of kinky works involving a group of Warriors of Light and their many, many sexcapades. Each chapter will be tagged as appropriate, just mind the tags.

Kinktober Day 1: Knifeplay (Thancred/F!Miqote!WoL)

Chapter Summary

Kinktober Day 1: Knifeplay

After 5 years in the First, Thancred had almost forgotten the delicious pain his off-and-on lover M'hana can give him. CW: Knifeplay, light bloodplay.

It had been far, far too long since Thancred had seen his on-again, off-again lover, M'hana. Despite the closeness she shared with Xander, the Warrior of Light, the Exarch's summoning spell failed to bring her to the First with him. He'd all but forgotten the taste of her berry-stained lips, the feel of her bounteous breasts pressing against his chest.

He groaned as she laid the levin-laced tip of her dagger against his collarbone. Gods. In those five years, he'd almost forgotten that this cat had *claws*. Thancred's fingers bunched in the bedsheets, his wrists lashing against his bonds as she dragged the tip of the knife down over his chest, drawing a faint line of blood. Then another, and another.

The slit pupils of her sapphire eyes dilated, her ears twitching in excitement as her delicate blade-work painted the whole of his chest with a thin coat of red. Her white, fluffy tail flicked back and forth, as leisurely as the cat that had gotten the cream.

And frankly, by Thancred's reckoning, this cat would soon get the cream if she didn't let up with her torturous, slow knife strokes. She drummed the nails of her free hand down his bleeding chest as she put the tip of her dagger to her lips. As her tongue flicked out to savor the tang of his aether-deprived blood, she purred in satisfaction, her thighs tightening their grip around his hips.

"Sadistic little *minx*." Thancred groaned, bucking his, alas, still-clothed hips against hers. "Gods, I've missed you. Missed your touch, the *pain* you give-!"

He found his words cut off as she shoved her now-sheathed dagger lengthways into his mouth. He bit down on the tough leather with an indignant groan as she shifted in place over his cock.

"Oh, I'm *well* aware how much ye've missed me, love." M'hana trilled, leaning down to press kiss after kiss to the cuts now scabbing over. "And I intend to carve out me pound of pleasures of the flesh for each year ye dallied about without me." Her textured tongue traced the path of her knife between each successive word. "All. Five. Of. Them."

Thancred groaned, his cock straining against his pants and his eyes rolling back in his head. Gods. It was going to be a long night.

Kinktober Day 2: Human Furniture (G'raha Tia/MtF!Elezen!WoL)

Chapter Summary

G'raha Tia and his lover, Celeste Greystone, one of the Warriors of Light, enact a scene atop the Crystal Tower, the former seat of power in Allag. CW for Human Furniture, slight Humiliation play, and a hint of CBT

G'raha Tia groaned as the heeled, heavily-armored boots on his back shifted down his spine. Crystallized though most of his body may have become, he was not immune to the pressure and low dose of pain from the weight. His back, knees, and elbows ached, his hands almost falling asleep after gods only knew how long in this kneeling position.

Above him, his lover, Celeste took a long drag out of a glass of wine, reacting with a theatrical “*ah*” of satisfaction as she drained it dry. He heard her once more uncork the bottle, filling her glass as she addressed him. “You know, for all their scientific advancement and general debauchery, the Allagans never could make comfortable seats. The most comfortable part of this throne is the royal footstool.”

She accentuated her comment by readjusting her legs and all but slamming her feet down on his back. He tilted his head back to look up at the Duskwight. Her wine-stained, red-painted lips parted in a self-satisfied smirk, her mahogany eyes alight with teasing humor. She leaned forward in the crystal throne, setting her wineglass on its arm. “I wonder what those ancient Allagans would think, to see their final scion and heir on his knees like this.”

G'raha's stomach twisted. As much as he enjoyed this flavor of torment, he couldn't stomach the thought of dishonoring those he spent so much time researching and understanding. “I-I'm sure Lady Unei would offer her sympathies.”

Buried in roleplay as it was, Celeste nevertheless seemed to recognize G'raha's use of one of his safewords, and leaned back in her throne, adjusting her approach. “Hm, mayhap. Regardless, Raha, a *Tia* such as yourself belongs on his knees. Especially after all the hell you've caused. So don't you even *think* about moving, or I shall be most cross with you.”

A shudder ran through his body, his pulse throbbing through his cock as his tail and ears flicked back and forth against him. “Y-Yes, Empress. As you wish.”

Celeste's booted right foot dipped beneath him to rub against his erection, drawing out a groan he couldn't bite his lip fast enough to contain. Her vowels seemed to go on endlessly as she drawled, “Oh, you're *enjoying* this, aren't you?” She nudged his cock again, causing him to gasp. “Hm. You've been so good at being so very still all this time, despite how tormented you must feel.”

Her plate-armored boots once more came to rest in the small of G'raha's back. She grabbed her glass of wine and took a long, lingering sip from it before smacking her lips and taunting, "I suppose you won't mind serving as my footrest for a little while longer."

Kinktober Day 3: Medical Play (Severian Lector/FtM!Warrior of Light)

Chapter Summary

Severian has little interest in the sexual peccadilloes of his clientele. However, he must at least make sure the concoctions submitted to him are safe for the public. So, he calls upon the assistance of his dedicated assistant, Xander, the Warrior of Light. CW:

Medical Play

Xander shivered in the surprisingly chilly air of Severian's private study within the Alchemist's Guild. Well, part from the chill in the air, and part from the fact that he was laying on an examination table, totally naked and exposed to his guildmaster's discerning eye.

When Severian had asked him to test some new creations he'd crafted to satisfy the 'irksome demands of some insistent repeat customers', Xander had agreed without question. When he'd stepped into the room and Severian immediately asked him to disrobe, he'd balked, but ultimately acquiesced.

"Believe you me, the only pleasure I take from this is in witnessing the effects of these creations. As banal and base a use as it may be, I should nevertheless ensure these concoctions are safe before they're released to the public."

True to his word, Severian had shown few signs of physical pleasure while smearing various creams and oils designed to increase pleasure in the user across Xander's chest and thighs. He'd wait a few moments for a reaction, then tut, and write down the effects, or lack thereof.

Knowing what he did of Alchemy, Xander was surprised that so few of the concoctions he'd tested so far worked. In theory, based on the ingredients used, they should have relaxed his muscles, increased his heart rate, and boosted the humors that played key roles in pleasure.

Yet, after seven concoctions and over six hours in a chilled room with naught but the scratch of Severian's quill and his occasional touches to keep him company, he'd felt little more than discomfort or a slight warmth or tingling at the application site. The initial potion he'd taken at the outset of this testing session *might* have worked on someone with more typical male anatomy, as he'd told the guildmaster repeatedly, but did nothing for him.

Not that the perpetually sleep-deprived, labcoat-clad Severian had any interest in testing such concoctions upon himself. He seemed to find the very *subject* of sex tiresome and boring. Which is why Xander blinked in surprise when the guildmaster said, "Now, this particular potion is one of my own making. After having so many tired, second-rate sex potions

submitted for my approval, wasting my valuable research time, I thought it best that I enter the fold myself.”

He uncorked the phial and handed it over to Xander for him to take. Xander gulped down the contents in one gulp and coughed at the bitterness and the heat it spiked down his throat. It felt like trying to swallow the seeds of a raw, hot pepper.

Severian arched an eyebrow at his reaction. “How are you feeling after the initial dosage?”

Xander coughed again, this time massaging his throat to alleviate the unpleasant heat within it. “Throat feels tight. Hot. The taste is extremely difficult to swallow.”

Severian snorted as he jotted down Xander’s response. “Well, the focus is on its *efficacy*, not its *palatability*. Best to ensure that it works before wasting time on such frippery.”

Xander shook his head, his brow furrowing in frustration. “What you consider frippery, most, including myself, consider an intimate part of the experience. Few are those who enjoy such a sharp pain in what’s supposed to be a-“ His breath failed him mid-sentence. He swallowed. His heart started throbbing in his rib cage. “A pleasurable... experience...”

Severian’s quill paused in its scratching. “Are you experiencing an adverse reaction? You sound short of breath.”

Xander shook his head, shifting in place. He was suddenly quite glad Severian asked him to disrobe, as clothing would have felt constricting. His own skin almost felt like it was constricting around him, rubbing against every ilm of his nerves and sparking them like levinbolts.

He could feel how very hard his nipples were, the cold of the lab air brushing against his chest and rousing gooseflesh everywhere it touched. The contrast of internal heat and external cold triggered a shudder through his body, and a soft moan escaped his lips.

The exacting guildmaster took note of Xander’s reaction and paused in his note-taking to run his fingertips across Xander’s chest and nipples, seemingly intrigued by the way he thrashed on the table as a result. His voice remained professional and detached as ever as he asked, “And on a scale from one to ten, how high would you rate your current sensitivity to physical touch?”

Xander attempted to summon coherence but found none. Only a gasp and another broken moan leaked from his throat.

Severian waited a few moments for him to find his words before walking back over to his desk and scribbling in his notes, “Results inconclusive.”

Kinktober Day 4: Breathplay (F!Miqo!WoL/Zenos)

Chapter Summary

M'hana fantasizes about being in the choking grasp (and at the mercy) of one of her dearest enemies, Zenos yae Galvus. CW: Breathplay, masturbation, some elements of primal or pet play

M'hana squirmed in her bed, her fingers wrapped tight around the base of her neck with one hand whilst the other worked furiously at her slickening folds. Sweat weighed down her ears, her hair and tail fur stuck to her skin as she *writhed*, chasing breathlessness and release.

Her own slender fingers were nothing compared to the fantasy in her head. The phantom sensation of *his* thick fingers weighing down on her throat. Of all three of those cold, lifeless eyes, at last, displaying the vaguest spark of interest in what could be the throes of passion or her death throes at his whimsy.

Yes, his full strength crushing her throat would make the intense pressure she laid upon her neck feel like barely a tickle, painting her tanned skin purple and ruddy with bruises, showing the whole world *whose* beast she was.

For him, she was little more than a feral, *savage* wildcat, ready to thrash and bite down on his jugular. She would be his lioness, and he would have to beat her into submission if he intended to claim her.

Her vision swam, going dark and fuzzy around the edges. She relinquished her grip on her throat and flicked at her throbbing core, *yowling* with pleasure as all her effort in chasing her finish finally came to a head.

She laid there, sweat and slick-soaked in the aftermath, massaging where her fingers once rested over her throat. Was it more than slightly fucked up to fantasize about their enemy? About a man who seemed content to stalk one of her best friends, yearning for the day that he would yield or kill him in combat?

Mayhap it was. But the Twelve knew she was no stranger to the damnable and the twisted. If such idle fantasies would send her to the seven hells, she'd sing the whole way down and welcome her enemies and lovers both when she got there.

Kinktober Day 5: Boot Worship {MtF!Elezen!Warrior of Light/Haurchefant Greystone}

Chapter Summary

Celeste enjoys a night of sexual devotion from her fiancé, Haurchefant. One which she will look back on with fondness and sadness. CW Boot worship, referenced major character death, 3.0 Spoilers

Celeste had never felt more powerful than when she sat cross-legged at her fiancé's desk in Camp Dragonhead, with the man himself knelt beside her, running his hands up and down her calves. Haurchefant, as ever, seemed in awe of her strength and prowess, relishing in the feeling of her powerful muscles.

"You, my darling, are positively *splendid* to behold" the Elezen murmured, trailing reverent kisses down Celeste's shins. "Your legs stretch to heights beyond most imaginings, sinuous and powerful and *perfectly* accentuated by those boots I found at the Jeweled Crozier."

Celeste shifted in place, feeling her cock strain against the fabric she used to tuck it. She leaned closer to her kneeling beloved with a positively wicked smirk. "I wore them special for you, darling. You know plated metal boots are more my style, lately."

Haurchefant grinned. "Ah, indeed. And I shall have to commission a set of glorious fitted plate to see you safely into battle on the highlands, one day. Alas, were you to wear such heavy armor, I'd not be able to lay lips and tongue against your toes and soles. Like so."

At those words, he began lavishing his tongue across the top of Celeste's leather-footed boot, suckling on the impressions of her toes against the soft hide. Celeste bit her lip as Haurchefant looked up at her with half-lidded eyes, his mouth engaged in worshipful devotions against her boot. His fingers traced prayers into her taut calves.

She pressed her boot, insistent, against the rounding of his lips, shivering at the jolt of power it gave her to see his mouth stretch around what she gave him, hear him hum hymns of satisfaction and pleasure as if he relished nothing more than the taste of her boots.

As a reward, she stroked his hair back behind his ear, petting him like a favored dog. Then, she withdrew her right foot and re-crossed her legs to press her left boot against the petals of his lips.

"You love this, don't you? Kneeling before me and worshiping my boots as if you were at the feet of the Fury Herself?"

Haurchefant slowly drew back with a cheeky grin. “The Fury Herself but wishes she had your strength and beauty.”

Celeste nudged her foot against his chin with an amused chuckle. “Careful. Such sacrilege could send you to the Hell of Ice.”

At this, the knight sighed. “Ah, but if it does, I shall sing your praises upon my descent. For now, I offer worship to you, and you alone, beloved.”

Many moons later, Celeste would think upon this night, and look sadly upon the boots she’d worn, and would never wear again. Gaze upon them, and hope that Halone held enough mercy not to condemn him for his blasphemy, and instead, welcomed him unto Her bosom.

Kinktober Day 6: Waxplay (Urianger Augurelt/FtM!Hyr!WoL)

Chapter Summary

Urianger reflects upon the awakening of a particular desire of his before returning to the present to enjoy partaking in this desire with his current lover. CW: Waxplay, some D/s undertones,

Urianger shivered as the lit candle moved closer to his skin. Full shamed was he to admit it to any other, but e'er since his youth at the Studium, he had found enjoyment in the sensation of hot wax against skin. This discovery happened quite by accident as, one dreary night, he'd knocked a candle ajar when turning the pages of a tome he'd borrowed for study, sending melted wax against his wrist.

He'd hissed at the pain, initially. Then, after a moment's pause, he'd found himself entranced at both the sight and sensation of liquid wax reforming into a solid in the chilly air of his dormitory. He ran his thumb across the joining of newly dried wax and skin, relishing in the odd feeling that this external substance was now molded to his flesh.

Then did he lay a nail under the wax to see it removed, finding a strange joy in the slight twinge of pain from pulled skin. He felt his loins rousing at the sensation, and tilted his head in consternation and confusion.

Curious, he'd rolled back his sleeve and taken the candle from its perch once more, now deliberately tilting it to spill the hot wax across his forearm. The burn felt more intense, this time. So, too, did the insistent throbbing betwixt his thighs.

As the wax cooled against his flesh, he took himself in hand, an adolescent hunger overwhelming his common sense as he moaned and rutted against his palm. It didn't take him long to find completion, the twin sensations overwhelming his senses.

Many years had passed since that day, but the levinbolts sparking through every ilm of his nerves at the feel of hot wax never faded. Back then, his own awkward ministrations amidst hours of study had served their purpose, but ne'er satiated his hunger.

Now, as his beloved Xander poured intricate designs across his chest in searing hot wax, he groaned in satisfaction. His pulse and arousal quickened from the heat, the burn. Then, the cooling, the peeling, the gentle scratch of Xander's nails over the fresh burn marks set a soft moan resonating in his throat.

Xander, for his part, all but purred his next words, clearly preening at his lover's reaction. "You should see how you look with the wax dried against your skin. Painted pretty pink with

burns and the shades of colored candles. Such intricate designs turn your body into a delectable, twitching work of art.”

At this, he tilted his phial of melted wax once more, dripping it ilm by ilm, dangerously close to his erect cock.

“Grab yourself at the base for me. Get a good, firm grip.”

Urianger did as he was bade, taking himself in hand at the root. A moment later, he divined Xander’s intent as his lover poured the remains of the melted wax over his hand. The heat seared his fingers and just around the base of his cock as the wax flowed over his flesh like fine chocolate. Just as suddenly, it hardened, leaving his hand and the start of his shaft encased as though in clay.

Urianger struggled not to move his hand, lest he crack this carefully constructed sculpture of a moment of pleasure. All the while, his balls felt heavy and tight, as if he were poised on the edge of release.

Xander’s cocky smirk widened at the sight of his obedience. “Very good. Now, stroke yourself until you spill. Relish in the feeling of the wax cracking over your skin.”

With such a direct and appealing order, what could he do but obey?

Kinktober Day 7: Tentacles (F!Hyr!NPC/Leviathan)

Chapter Summary

One of Captain Madison's many maidens becomes tempered and forever transformed by the Lord of the Whorl. CW: Tentacles, referenced prostitution, dubcon, tempering, body horror, monster-fucking elements

She'd only ever wanted the captain to love her above all others. That's why she set herself on display, preening for him in his quarters in their Sastasha hideaway. For a woman of ill repute, with no combat skills or education, her looks and her wiles were all she could leverage for the good captain's attention.

Of course, as was a sailor- no, a *pirate's* wont- his eyes wandered and strayed. No matter how much she tried to serve as the beacon of a lighthouse in the tempest for him, he never seemed to make port for longer than a few moments.

Yet it wasn't all bad. While the captain was away, another man gave her cause to play. No, better than a man. A *god*. The Tidefather, the Lord of the Whorl whispered in her ear of deep pleasures yet unseen, could she but join him in the abyss. And like a sailor hearkening to a siren's call, she listened and obeyed.

She touched herself, relaxing while bathing in the soothing waters of corrupted crystals. If her skin seemed to glisten, felt tacky to the touch after the fact, she paid it no heed presumed it the aftereffects of a bath that had gone on for too long. If the air felt drier, more suffocating, she withdrew to the more humid parts of the seagrot to recover herself.

The captain, too, seemed changed. His luxurious beard seemed to move of its own accord, as if its tendrils were limbs with a mind of their own. His visits became fewer as her hair felt heavier, stringier. Soon, it, too, began to move on its own.

Her dreams from the great sea serpent became more frequent, and she often awoke yearning for the taste of sea salt on her tongue. After one such night spent drowning in the depths of primal pleasure, she found she could no longer part and stretch her fingers. Within days, the lines differentiating her fingers faded and merged into a single entity.

When next the captain visited her, he seemed more wavekin than man. He, likewise, recoiled at the sight of her and fled. The bitter sting and salt of her tears bled into the harsh taste of brackish seawater in her mouth.

Her new lord, her *true* lord visited her that night, setting free one of his scales to serve as a mirror. She barely looked like a Hyur anymore, with the barest suggestion of her bounteous curves and humanoid face remaining.

Her hair twitched and undulated around her scalp, a sea of tentacles planting suckered kisses upon her cheeks as she tried to grant herself succor. Her arms, legs, hands, and feet had changed into great, clubbed appendages, curling inwards towards her core as she worked herself open to make ready for her Lord.

Yes, she was beautiful. She was *right*, she was *perfect* for him now. With one tentacle shoved deep into her throat and the other buried as far as she could go within herself, she felt the scales of her god rasp against her sticky skin. He coiled around her, ever closer. Embracing her. Claiming her for his own.

She awoke the next morning, floating upon a sea of bliss and covered from head to two in the spume of the waves. She emerged from the frothy seafoam reborn, her tentacles ever reaching for others to bring them the same pleasure that her lord had given her.

Kinktober Day 8: Spanking (F!Miqo'te!WoL/Hilda Ware)

Chapter Summary

M'hana enjoys it when Hilda plays rough with her. Even if she doesn't always feel like obeying. CW: Bondage, Spanking

“Now then, little kitten, what’ve ye got to say for yerself?”

Hilda’s accent never failed to send a shiver down M’hana’s spine. Her tail fluffed out and swished back and forth in her delight. The sudden whoosh and thwack of the riding crop against her bared flank did nothing to dampen her amusement or arousal.

M’hana’s voice trilled with delight as she smirked, looking back at Hilda with a small smirk. “Nothin’ as of yet. Why don’t ye remind me?”

Two hard strikes against her thighs, sure to leave red welts in their wake. Her legs trembled against the weight of her arousal. Her nails dug into the bed beneath her, her teeth biting into her lip to bite back a moan or gasp.

Hilda crossed to the front of her, using her riding crop to prop up M’hana’s chin. The half-elezen’s ruby eyes showed her mirth, though the half-smirk painting her lips let the sun-seeker know that she was *in trouble*.

“Cheeky lil brat, ain’t ye?”

She withdrew the crop, walking away from M’hana and taking a seat in the corner of the room. Trussed up as she was, M’hana was helpless to chase her retreating pleasure, shifting impatiently in place. She groaned and hissed her displeasure as Hilda idly smacked her crop against her still-gloved hand.

Hilda only chuckled at M’hana’s indignation. “I don’t think I’ll be inclined to keep striking ye until ye start behaving like a good kitten. Hold out as long as ye can. I’m a patient woman, and we’ve got the whole night ahead of us.”

Kinktober Day 9: Selfcest (MtF!Elezen!WoL/Fray Myste)

Chapter Summary

While interred on the First, Celeste finds herself longing for companionship. And who better to offer her a warm bed and a night's company than she, herself?

No matter how many times it happened, it never failed to throw Celeste for a loop when she called upon Fray and a shadowy form of herself answered her summons. When she had her comrades with her, she felt less inclined to call upon Fray unless she desperately needed advice or guidance. However, ever since her forcible sojourn to the First, the loneliness had grown all-consuming.

She could seek solace from her many acquaintances in the Crystarium. Could, but wouldn't. She was in a new world now. A strange one. She had no idea how well a body with differences like hers would be received.

Pah. Ridiculous. This world is on the brink of destruction. Do you honestly think such a petty thing would matter to these people?

Celeste sensed Fray's presence before she morphed into existence in the corner of her eye, shadows roiling off her newly-spawned form. She sighed, knowing that her shadow self was right, as ever, but unwilling to part from her insecurity. "Fray. To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

Fray snorted as she walked to Celeste's bedside. *You called me here, you know. You tell me why I'm here.*

Celeste rolled on her mattress to face herself. "I was lonely."

Fray sat on the edge of the bed next to her, gently running her fingers up Celeste's modest curves. *'Lonely', she says. Lonely for companionship, or for warmth in your bed?*

Celeste shivered at the touch, which felt as real as any woman's hand. She reached out for Fray's free hand and found it resting on an arcane construction that nevertheless felt quite solid. "If I said I wanted you to bed me, to show me what my lovers see, would you accept the offer?"

The veiled helm covering Fray's face from view, revealing Celeste's own red-painted lips smirking back at her. With a simple gesture down her chest and torso, the illusion of layers of plate melted away, showcasing her toned muscles and dark skin. Where Celeste might have crossed her legs to avoid displaying her cock, Fray let it stand free and proud, bearing the confidence Celeste wished she could channel at all times.

The Dark Knight's shade straddled her with a teasing smirk. *I'd say that I'm damn sure that's not how self-love is supposed to work.* She ground her hips against Celeste's undergarments, seemingly relishing the throaty moan she drew from her. *All the same, it has been quite some time since we last held a communion.*

At the word "communion", Celeste could feel her mind beginning to dissipate, to fade into a gentle haze. She'd spent too damn long in this Light-blighted world; The Darkness Fray awakened within her would be a welcome change.

Breathe deep through your nose. Let it pass from your lips. Slower. Slower.

Hearing her own voice murmur such gentle hypnotic commands to her in such a sultry tone made them all the more potent. Now, more than any time before, Celeste felt herself opening up to her darker self's influence. Whatever the shade wanted to do with her body, her mind, she gave Fray her absolute trust.

Before all outside sensation faded away, Celeste felt Fray's hands come to rest on her breasts, gently kneading them like loaves of delicate dough. Her calming voice sliced through the last of her doubts as she said, *Good girl. Now, let me take care of you. Of us.*

Kinktober Day 10: Temperature Play (Azem/Lahabrea)

Chapter Summary

In the days before the Sound, before the Sundering, Aphroditos, the newly-appointed Azem, enjoys some experimental play with his former instructor Mateus, the Speaker Lahabrea. CW: Temperature Play. Azem is intersex.

Aether-slick fingers traced delicate sigils over Aphroditos' flesh, leaving him breathless and writhing in sweet pleasure. Wherever those fingers touched and spread a warm, slick substance, a gentle heat followed, flushing the flesh beneath. Little trails and sparks of flame danced harmlessly across his skin.

Dangerous, if one looked at them from the outside. But oh so safe and delightfully warming to the recipient.

He groaned. Ever since he'd first seen the Speaker at the head of a classroom, he'd yearned to feel those studious fingers memorizing the planes of his muscles. Approaching him when he still served as a student had been out of the question for the both of them, but *oh*, the fantasies his mind would weave of those hands and lips touching, shaping, molding.

Yet even his wildest fantasies could not have foreseen such experimental play so soon after they'd begun baring their souls and bodies to one another. Hot, slick, condensed, fire-aspected aether turned his flesh red with a pleasant, nerve-deep burn. Such stimulation set his loins ablaze, rousing him to desperate hardness without and pulsing slickness within.

Mateus, as he now knew Lahabrea, chuckled at his fevered reaction before pressing kisses against every sigil-coated surface of his body. Wherever his lips touched, the blazing fire aether shifted in aspect to its opposite, raising gooseflesh and the faintest hint of smoke.

The sudden shift from hot to cold drew involuntary shivers and a groan from Aphroditos' throat. In response, Mateus chuckled again, this time swiping the aetheric lubricant across his lips before sealing his lover's pleased groans in a kiss. Where their lips touched, flame and frost prickled across their melding mouths. Tingles ran through his entire body at the clashing sensations, which only intensified as Mateus' tongue begged entrance.

Entrance Aphroditos was all too glad to grant. Piping hot tea and chilled water, cinnamon and mint, ginger, and menthol moved across his tastebuds in a gamboling dance. Hot, then cold, then hot again as they explored every last ilm of each others' mouths.

Aphroditos withdrew then with a soft grin. Whether his beloved had crafted this concoction on his own or enlisted another's help, he'd be glad to test it out again and again and again.

Kinktober 11: Stockings (F!Miqote!WoL/Thancred) (Referenced)

Chapter Summary

M'hana tries on some stockings that she got from helping her friend Xander with a difficult raid. CW: Stockings kink, inappropriate behavior of a commanding officer, inappropriate use of Twin Adders resources.

M'hana always enjoyed returning to her quarters at the Order of the Twin Adder when she had time. It was one of the few places where she could play around with new sets of armor and glammers. At least, until she could afford her own living quarters. Which she was absolutely saving for and not pouring all her money into her artisanship.

Certainly not.

Some might say it was inappropriate to use the space she shared with her squadron as a dressing room, but it saved her the cost of an inn room. Even being a part of the famed Warriors of Light wouldn't buy her everything she wanted, alas. So, she modeled her adventuring outfits for her squadron, excited to hear their opinions on her latest haul.

Getting called across the flow of aether was disorienting enough. Getting called across the flow of aether *and the Rift* to help Xander dive into some sort of bizarre, extradimensional factory had basically spent her energy. However, she did manage to get a coffer of gorgeous attire from the experience, so that was a victory.

She examined the plain, black stockings, garters, and undergarments in her hands, giving them an experimental stretch. They weren't made of any fabric she'd encountered before, but felt smooth as silk while stretching like Garlean or Allagan clothing.

Given that they seemed to be constructed for that weird android thing, M'hana wasn't sure that they'd fit on her. However, as she pulled the stockings up and over her legs, she found that they conformed to the dimensions of her body without needing any adjustment. The fabric wisped against her freshly-shaven legs in a delectable way that sent a small shiver down her spine and fluffed her tail.

She turned to examine herself from all angles once she'd finished fastening the garters to the undergarments, and paused, running her hands over her ass in surprise and wonder. She knew she was gifted in that area before, but she hadn't thought she had that much to offer.

Wanting to verify that this wasn't just a figment of her imagination, M'hana leaned her head out from behind the screen of her fitting area to call for one of her friendliest and most trusted recruits. "Oi, Cecily! Can you get a look at this for me?"

The eager Conjurer rounded the corner, performing the Adders' salute. "Certainly, Lieutenant. What can I-“ As soon as her arms dropped, so did her jaw. “Oh- Oh *my*. That looks- I-I'm speechless.”

M'hana gestured around her hips and tail with a massive grin. “*I know!* I just picked these up from a raid with the Warrior of Light a few days back and finally got ‘round to trying them on.” She turned in a small circle to offer Cecily a better glimpse of her lower body. “Don't they make my arse look *amazing?*”

Cecily's face went beet red at the peacocking. She buried her head in her hands, her voice muffled as she replied, “I-Indeed, Lieutenant. H-however, I believe I speak for all of your recruits when I say that I'd rather you had pants on. With all due respect.”

M'hana scoffed as she threw on her Adders' coat to at least attempt to cover herself. The bottom of the jacket brushed the top of her stockings, making it look like she was wearing an *exceptionally* short dress. She examined herself in the mirror, twirling in place to examine the effect before nodding in approval and pulling on some well-worn leather boots.

The brunette Hyuran conjurer remained as flustered as ever by her leader's behavior as she asked, “A-Are you really setting out like that, Lieutenant?”

M'hana waved her hand to dismiss the recruit's concerns. “Oh, I'm not going anywhere all that dangerous. Just a quick drop-in at the Rising Stones to get a certain *someone's* stones arising.”

With a wink and a merry giggle, she flounced out of the Adders' Nest and towards the Gridania aetheryte plaza. When Thancred saw what was waiting for him beneath her uniform, he was going to *lose his mind*.

Kinktober Day 12: Dacryphilia (FtM!Hyr!WoL/Emet-Selch)

Chapter Summary

When Xander took Emet-Selch up on his offer to descend into madness within the Tempest, he expected succor. Not for Emet-Selch to literally take his pleasures from his wretched final moments. CW: Dacryphilia, noncon, body horror, villainous masturbation.

Xander threw himself upon his hands and knees before his enemy, body and soul cracking at the seams as light rose and churned like bile through his entire being. Tears of light trailed down his cheeks as he looked up at the impassive Ascian, betrayal tearing his voice raw in his throat as he shouted, “You said you’d let me descend into madness in peace, you thrice-damned bastard!”

Emet-Selch, for his part, snorted in wry amusement before squatting to place himself on eye-level with him. He wiped away one of the tears, examining it with a look of casual interest before flinging it aside. “And so I have. Your precious friends are nowhere near, nor anyone else you can harm. You have a place to complete your transformation *in peace*. I never promised you it would be easy, nor *less* that I’d comfort you.”

A body-seizing dry heave wracked Xander’s tired frame. He coughed, sputtered, and only a scarce few drops of light scattered upon the streets of Amaurot. He reached for the Ascian before him, whether to cling to him for support or in an attempt to wring his neck, even he didn’t know anymore. Predictably, Emet-Selch slipped out of his grip like an eel, letting him crash to the ground. He sobbed, punching the ground in despair and frustration. “Help me, damn you! I- I sacrificed everything to rush down here as you asked, you can’t-! You can’t just *leave me* to turn like this!”

At this, Emet-Selch took a seat on a nearby bench, spreading his legs wide to accommodate a now obvious disruption in his robes. The vicious, teasing lilt returned to his voice as he asked, “Did you believe your pleas for help capable of moving me to *mercy*, Hero? Please. Be thankful I gave you this opportunity to turn where you would bring harm to no one else.” He took himself in his left hand while waving his right in an all-too-familiar dismissive pattern. “But please, by all means, do continue sobbing like the helpless wretch that you are. *Rage* against the inevitable destruction of your very soul. I find it ever so amusing and arousing to watch you pathetic creatures *writhe* to the last.”

Thus, Xander’s desperate pleas for succor fell upon ears deafened by soft grunts of pleasure. The last thing he saw before white consumed his world, his thoughts, was Emet-Selch smirking at him, cock in hand.

Kinktober Day 13: Body Worship (MtF!Elezen!WoL/Haurchefant Greystone)

Chapter Summary

Celeste feels a pang of fear before baring all to her current lover, Haurchefant. He does his best to alleviate his lady's fears, as a knight ought.

As confident as Celeste tried to portray herself, baring all of herself before a new lover was never a simple proposition. There were certain *things* about her body that, with the wrong lover, could wind up with her corpse rotting in an alley in the Brume. (Not that anyone would *dare* attack her thus, now. Anyone that did would get a taste of the Darkness she'd been cultivating over the past several moons.)

Yet this night filled her with even more trepidation than most. With most of her lovers, she didn't really care about their opinion of her body. In the end, they were there for a tumble, and that was the end of it. But Haurchefant, despite being a known flirt and philanderer, had insisted upon *courting her* before they shared a bed. He'd made it this whole gods-damned *romance*, and by the *Fury*, something about that terrified Celeste to no end.

If he rejected her now, it would actually hurt. It was for this reason that she folded her legs inward, turning her body away from the door as Haurchefant knocked. (An unnecessary gesture, but appreciated nonetheless.)

"Are you quite indecent, my darling?"

He didn't wait for a response before entering, naked as his nameday. He folded his arms behind his back, crossing to Celeste's bed with an appraising expression on his face. He leaned in with a teasing smirk as he said, "Based on how you'd responded to my rapacious repartee, I'd not expected you to turn a blushing maiden when we reached the bed."

"Ah, but words are much easier to toss about than deeds, aren't they?" Celeste returned his teasing with a rueful smile of her own. "Listen, Haurche, before we get started, there's something I really should--"

He silenced her with a lingering kiss, maneuvering her deeper into the downy bed. "Hush, now. None of that. No fears, no insecurities. Allow me to take care of you tonight, my sweet." He brushed his knee against her cock as it awakened in her smalls. "Ah, and I see that a little friend of ours is coming out to play. How lovely to meet her!"

Celeste blinked, torn between embarrassment and stunned shock. "You knew-? I never said- I should damn well hope none of my comrades ever mentioned- And you don't mind?"

Now it was Haurchefant's turn to blink, confused. "Why would I mind it? I've little and less pressure to produce an heir, and I've always seen the beauty in all the flesh shaped by Halone. Surely you did not think me so churlish as to cast you out over a commonality in our flesh?"

At this, the Duskwight all but threw herself towards her lover, wrapping her arms around him and pressing her lips to his neck. Haurchefant slipped away from her and then captured her lips once more with his own. He pushed his tongue into her mouth, questioning and exploring. She happily let him map each corner and crevice of her mouth as she explored him in return. He tasted of citrus. Something clearly ordered and imported from elsewhere. How much had that little touch cost him?

When they parted, Haurchefant ran his callused hands over Celeste's still-covered breasts. While her growth had been modest, it was more than enough to fill Haurchefant's palms. Despite the roughness of his hands from years of hard training and battle, his touch was gentle, coaxing. Her cock roused further against her smalls, and she bit her lip to hold back a moan.

"Lovely." Haurchefant's voice rumbled in his chest as he worked her breasts. "Your skill with herbalism has worked wonders in shaping your body. And I intend to offer my praises to every last ilm of it."

He punctuated his words by grinding his hips against hers, allowing their rousing cocks to rub against one another. With that gesture, all remaining worry vanished from Celeste's mind. She felt at peace, and ready to hear the praises her beloved could heap upon her.

Kinktober Day 14: Collaring

Chapter Summary

Xander gifted Urianger with a special, intimate necklace that would serve as a collar for his nameday. A necklace entwined with a special enchantment to bring his mind some calm. CW: Collaring, Intelligence play, inappropriate use of light-aspected aether.

Urianger's eyes widened at the sight of the gem-laden gorget laid out for him on his nightstand. His fingers traced the delicate stones and golden filigree. His breath caught in his chest as he felt the fluctuations of an enchantment beneath his fingers. Such a brilliant piece of craftsmanship, both arcane and artisanal. But who was responsible for such a precious gift?

He heard Xander's voice hailing him from the doorway. "Ah, I see you found your nameday gift. A bit sooner than I'd intended, but I hope that you like it, all the same."

Flattered, Urianger turned to face his beloved, who stood before him in only black trousers. Xander's hair was, for once, down from its typical bun, feathering around his face as though freshly washed and dried. The man must have just finished bathing.

"I am flattered beyond measure that thou wouldst offer a gift such as this. It must have cost thee a king's ransom."

Xander chuckled, shaking his head. "A pretty gil, yes, but hardly a king's ransom. M'hana did the heavy crafting. I but had to supply her with materials. As for the enchantment that I'm sure you sensed, I weaved that myself. A singular enchantment with a singular purpose. So, as much as I wish I could behold you wearing such finery at all times, this collar must wait for more intimate contexts."

Urianger arched a brow, both at the term "collar" and the mention of the necklace being for intimate use alone. "And what, dare I ask, would be this singular purpose, beloved?"

Xander smirked as he crossed to the nightstand, taking the gorget in his hands. "Take a seat by the vanity, if you would."

Urianger nodded. "As thou desirest." He did as Xander bade him, taking a seat before the mirror. He reached behind his neck and removed his typical gorget to allow his lover to put on the new one for him. His neck suddenly chilled and bare from the absence of his favored necklace, he asked, "Wherefore must this necklace be used in intimacy alone? What effects hast thou woven into its aetheri-"

His sentence died in his throat as Xander closed the gorget around his neck. The lamplight of the room glinting off of the gemstones in the necklace seemed almost hypnotic. His mouth

hung slightly open, words long forgotten. His head twisted this way and that, following the light's dance across the precious stones.

His brow, normally furrowed in thought, looked totally relaxed. His eyes, so sharp and clear in all other contexts, looked glazed and hazy. The rest of the world, save his body, the mirror, and Xander seemed to fade away into nonexistence.

Xander laid his hands on his shoulders, massaging them. At the sensation, a groan resonated in Urianger's throat, his eyes becoming half-lidded.

"I'm sure by now you see the effects of my little enchantment. I've woven this collar with Light-aspected aether to bring the mind of its wearer to an almost complete standstill."

His beloved's words drifted in and out of his consciousness, heard and understood on an instinctual level, yet not comprehended. He opened his mouth to respond, but no words emerged. Only the faintest bit of saliva, rolling down his chin from the corner of his mouth.

Xander pressed a kiss to his cheek, then tilted his head to kiss him on the lips. Absent the greater part of his senses, sensation overwhelmed Urianger, allowing him to moan free and deep into the kiss. When his lover pulled back, he whined in displeasure.

"Hmhmhm. So long as you wear this special collar, you'll find that you're quite unable to gather your wits, much less your words. Yet you may still communicate your willingness or unwillingness to proceed through body language."

Oh, he was willing. Indeed, Urianger had never felt more willing. A fact which he made clear by pawing at Xander's trousers, gazing deep into the sapphire eyes of his beloved to communicate his desperate need. Xander, in response, stroked his hair like a favored dog.

"Good boy."

Kinktober Day 15: Prostitution (MtF!Elezen!WoL/Aymeric de Borel)

Chapter Summary

During her years as a courtesan, Celeste Greystone experienced many clients. By far the strangest and most memorable was her evening with Ser Aymeric de Borel, before he became commander of the Temple Knights. CW: Prostitution, referenced transphobia, tooth-rotting amounts of fluff.

Anyone who sold their flesh for a living knew damn good and well that walking the streets was the worst way to search for coin and patrons, and Celeste was no exception. She might have been the lowborn bastard of a high lord, left for dead with her younger brother and mother in the Brume, but she was no damned fool. And even at her comparatively young age, she could see that working in a pleasure house offered little better compensation than wandering the alleys.

No, despite her poor station, she had her sights set on a much higher class of clientele. Some would argue that one with her unique anatomy had little business being a choosing beggar, but she would argue right back that her situation made her the perfect fit for a courtesan to these nobles arranged to marry people and produce heirs against their wills. Full many of them concealed their true desires from the world for fear of censure. She but filled that void of desire in a way that wouldn't draw the negative attention of gossipers and the rest of the world.

Discretion, indeed, proved the better part of her business and of valor. And it was discretion which tonight's clients asked of her. Some aging viscounts or other, concerned that their knightly son had yet to start courting, equally concerned about his closeness with his male companions. They felt that someone with her unique anatomy provided a fair compromise between teaching him how to lay with a woman and granting him the body type he seemed to desire.

Celeste rolled her eyes, now that she was awaiting the lordling in his chambers. Of course, these *people* never regarded her as a *true* woman, but some in-between ground. A compromise. A *concession*.

The door to the chambers opened and closed. Young Aymeric de Borel stood before her, face beet red with embarrassment and something of a grimace gracing his (admittedly fair) features. "So, you are the companion my ever-so-charitable parents granted me for the night. My sincerest apologies for wasting your time, but I do not think that there shall be any laying this night."

At this, something in Celeste bristled. She hadn't come all this way, sat freezing in her smalls in this spoiled lordling's quarters, only to be sent away. She put forth her best simper, pouting, "Does my appearance displease you, my lord?"

Aymeric blinked, his blue eyes twisting in some hint of pain. "Hardly. You are quite a beautiful courtesan. The only thing that displeases me is the circumstances which brought you here. I know my parents, well-intended as they are, wished to teach me the ways of the flesh, fearing that I only desire the company of men. They are mistaken. In truth, I don't desire *anyone's* company in my bed."

Celeste tilted her head back and forth, listening intently to the lord's oration. Though he clearly had not come here to seduce, the low rumble of his tone could charm the smalls off of a Halonic nun. She'd heard of (and been to bed with) men like this before. It usually ended with the night whiled away in quiet conversation and gentle embraces. Not a terrible way to spend an eve, and certainly better than some of the depraved peccadilloes these other highborn bastards had subjected her to in the past.

She leaned forward, pursing her lips and putting her (admittedly meager, as of yet) breasts on full display. Her voice fair dripped with enticement as she asked, "Not a single one, my lord? Might you not be persuaded?"

Aymeric averted his eyes, his blush reaching his forehead by this point. "M-Mayhap with the right person. With someone I have come to love. Yet while I can see that you are a lovely woman, I am not filled with the desire to lay you down and ravish you. I appreciate that you came all this way, but I'm not interested. Not in that way."

Celeste uncrossed her legs and leaned back on the bed, supporting her weight on her elbows. "Well, my lord, if you do not intend to spend the evening laying with me, then how might we spend it? In conversation? In a tender embrace? Coerthan nights are quite chilly."

Aymeric massaged his temples. "I may not desire a tumble with you, but I hate to think of you coming all this way and receiving nothing but petty coin for your troubles. Pray, allow me to please you in whatever ways bring you the most enjoyment. I would see you enjoy our time together."

Celeste arched a brow. "You would offer the whore her pick of pleasures? My lord, it would seem you have our roles *quite* confused, here." Still, she would hardly look a gift chocobo in the mouth. "Hm, if you're so persuaded, then come. Shower me with the kisses and gentle hands that only a highborn such as yourself can provide."

Aymeric closed the distance between them, his lips ghosting against hers as he murmured, "From one highborn bastard to another, I'll do what I can to grant you some reprieve this eve."

Part of Celeste's blood ran cold that Aymeric had discerned her heritage, but that part soon faded as his soft lips encompassed her own, his archer's arms wrapping around her. For at least this evening, she could trust her client to be gentle and kind.

Kinktober Day 16: Intercrural Sex (FtM!Hyur!Warrior of Light/Estinien Wyrmblood)

Chapter Summary

Just before they set out to parley with Dravania, Xander decided to have a few drinks in the Brume. His fellow Azure Dragoon Estinien finds him there, and an absolute frenzy of lust overtakes them both, propriety be damned. CW: Drunk sex, wall sex, intercrural sex, clothed sex.

Xander barely had time to react as Estinien steered him out of the Forgotten Knight and all but threw him against the wall of the nearest alleyway in the Brume. He wrapped his arms around his brother Dragoon and held on for dear life as Estinien roughly cast aside his helmet and forced his lips upon him.

A gesture which he welcomed, the warm, pleased haze of fine Ishgardian Spiced Wine and sheer, wanton lust driving away all his former anxieties.

Xander's fingers knotted in Estinien's hair as he opened his mouth to allow the elezen's tongue entrance. Entrance he took with a commanding, possessive growl.

Estinien tasted of stale wine and smoke and *by the Fury* was this a horrible idea. But as Estinien, already rock hard through his breeches, rutted against Xander's slickening entrance, the fastenings of his pants pressing for just a moment against his awakening cock, he found he no longer gave a damn.

Xander felt Estinien fumbling with the fastenings of his breeches and pulled back, breathless as he said, "Wait. W-Wait. Don't- No clothes off. Not all the way. Don't want you sticking it in."

Estinien grunted in affirmation, lifting and adjusting Xander's uncoordinated limbs so that he could position his uncovered cock between his thighs. Xander reflexively tightened his thighs around Estinien, rocking with each of his desperate thrusts to generate the friction they both needed.

Xander, meanwhile, moved one hand from Estinien's hair to the head of his cock, which had to feel chilled from the precum beading at its head. He rubbed his hand across the oversensitive flesh, groaning as Estinien snarled and repositioned his mouth to Xander's neck before biting deep and *sucking*, as if he were *determined* to leave his mark on him.

Cum soon painted his hand with white, Xander's own release sending an unpleasant shock of cold through his system as the Ishgardian chill caught the wet fabric. Even still, the wine and

boneless haze from his orgasm left him feeling dizzy and unsteady on his feet. He leaned into Estinien's strong arms and chest, and knew no more.

When he awoke the next day, Xander's head pounded, and he wasn't sure how much of the previous night had actually happened. But for the deep bruise upon his neck and the scrapes on his back from the stone and brick of the Brume, it could have been a wonderful dream.

Estinien, as was his wont, said nothing when they set out for Dravania.

Kinktober Day 17: Titfucking (F!Miqo'te!WoL/Thancred Waters)

Chapter Summary

Sometime after his return from the First, M'hana sought to surprise her off-and-on lover Thancred with the gift of her bounteous bosom. CW: Titfucking, some petplay elements.

M'hana purred in satisfaction as Thancred's gifted fingers rubbed the sensitive spots behind her ears. Her voluminous breasts, often a selling point in her favor for past lovers, encircled Thancred's pale but ruddy with blood cock. She massaged her tits against him as if she were trying to bury a stubborn piece of meat in pillows of dough.

With her head in such close proximity to his slit, it was hard to resist the urge to lick a few early drops of salty cream from it. Thancred saw her lick her lips and chuckled, ruffling his hand through her hair. "No cream for you yet, kitten. I know you want it, but you must learn to be patient."

She ground her breasts against the flesh of his cock as she crinkled her nose and hissed in feigned irritation. "I need to learn patience? Last I checked, *yer* the one who's already dripping!"

He pinched at one of her ears, forcing her to pause in her ministrations as her tail fluffed out of its own accord. A soft groan caught in her throat and she leaned into the gentle pull of his fingers. She released some of the pressure holding her breasts in place around his cock with a purple-lipped pout. "That's not bloody *fair*!"

Thancred only offered a wry smirk in response. "You weren't exactly being fair either, sandwiching me with your lovely bosom." His hands, now bearing calluses and burns from the powder of a gunblade, came to rest over hers, pressing them back in. "So, come then. Pick up the pace. If you do well enough, I'll let you lick up all the cream after the fact. Fair enough?"

The thought of wiping Thancred's cum off of her breasts and licking it off of her fingers while he watched and waited out his refractory period brought a smirk to M'hana's lips. "Oh, *more* than fair."

Kinktober Day 18: Humiliation (Lahabrea/Emet-Selch/Warrior of Light)

Chapter Summary

As Emet-Selch takes his pleasures from the one bearing Azem's face, he reflects on how pathetic he has become, joined by Lahabrea's voice in his ear. CW: Humiliation kink, dehumanizing language. WoL is left ambiguous but presumed to be my FtM WoL Xander, and is basically a prop in this.

By *Zodiark*, he must be getting desperate. Such was Emet-Selch's thought process as he thrust into the flesh beneath him. Why else would he bother attempting to pleasure himself with this half-formed *thing* prancing around with a mockery of his dearest friend's face?

"Ah, but he was never just your friend, was he?"

It took all Emet's restraint not to snarl as Lahabrea's voice echoed in the back of his mind. He felt almost certain his eyes and mind were playing tricks on him as he saw the distinct, angry red of Lahabrea's soul burning into his retinas like an Allagan warning signal. He rolled his eyes at a pathetic moan from the miserable *creature* beneath him, forcing his palm against its mouth to silence it.

"You wish you could have gotten Azem to scream like that for you, don't you? Yet now you satisfy yourself with this shattered husk, this carrion, only after I'm long departed. Pathetic."

The Speaker's voice, torn and manic and absolutely an illusion but more real to his own ears than the pleased howls he drew out of the beast beneath him, made him bite his lip. His cock roused at his fellow Unsundered's harsh words.

"Only when Azem's half-dead would they even consider glancing your way. And were I still alive, you'd never even turn their head. So, you bury yourself in this weak and feeble imitation in hopes that it will sate your long-held desires."

The *creature* beneath him opened its mouth to speak again, tears streaming down its cheeks. Emet moved his hand from its mouth to its throat, silencing it in one grasp. He could end their troubles right this moment, cast down the one who laid Lahabrea, Nabriales, and Igeyorhm low.

And yet, for all his arcane might, for all his strength and power, he couldn't bring himself to close his damn hand into a fist. It should have been easy. Like squashing a fruit or a noisome bug. Instead, he released it, watched it gasp for air and grind itself against him as though he hadn't just been trying to strangle the life out of it.

“You truly are a spectacle like this, *Hero*.” Emet teased with a sadistic grin. The mockery had little bite to it, as he lacked both the sadism and the genuine amusement to make it work.

Not like he could focus on anything, with Lahabrea’s voice sneering in his ear, “*You truly are a spectacle like this, Hades. Rutting into a beast you, by rights, should have put to slaughter for want of the warmth of dear old Azem.*”

Emet shuddered at this illusory voice speaking his true name in his ear. Let the broken plaything beneath him think that he shuddered for them. It might boost its ego enough to continue walking into his spiderweb.

And here he was, the most pitiful of spiders, making mock of mating with a particularly bothersome fly. He truly had become something *pathetic* over the eons.

Kinktober Day 19: Hate Sex (Estinien Wyrmblood/Ysayle Dangoulain)

Chapter Summary

In one of the few moments he can snatch away from Alphinaud and his fellow Azure Dragoon, Estinien seizes the opportunity to act on his burning, vexing lust for his mortal enemy Ysayle. CW: Hate sex, violent sex marking.

Estinien snarled, his still-armored fingers clawing at the earth beneath him as Ysayle rode his cock, her skirts hiked up around her waist and his breeches pulled down to his greaves. Her pale skin turned a pretty pink, the dewy sweat across her body seeming to turn to frost. Whether that was due to their altitude or her status as the vessel of Saint Shiva, he couldn't tell.

It had been a tussle to get to this point. He bit his lip to hold back a moan as she ground him deep into her core. He wasn't going to give Iceheart the satisfaction of knowing she was bringing him pleasure. The damned witch seemed to know it, regardless, based on the self-satisfied smirk on her face.

He thrust up into her and found her body retreating from his. "Now, dragonslayer, did you think I'd let you get away with that?"

Estinien threw his upper body towards her, maneuvering his powerful thighs in an attempt to reverse their positions. He was in control here. Not this wretched vixen.

The attempt succeeded, and he painted Iceheart's pale blue lips deep purple with bruising kisses. Gods, everything this temptress stood for vexed him. Yet this vexation did naught but feed the desperate fire burning in his core to bite and claim and mate.

His teeth sank into her delicate neckline, marking the cold, almost-white flesh with an impossible-to-conceal bruise. Let the damned witch try to hold the upper hand when all could see her shame upon their return.

Kinktober Day 20: Foodplay

Chapter Summary

As a gesture of appreciation and welcome for his return to the Source, Celeste presents her lover G'raha with a sexual feast for him to devour. CW: Foodplay

Celeste smirked as G'raha Tia's face went a deeper shade of cherry red than his hair. She knew her little 'welcome back to the Source' gift might fluster him, but by the Fury, she hadn't expected him to stand there spluttering for a solid minute.

Mayhap smearing the whipped cream in thick layers across the cut between her abdominal muscles and hips, as well as all over her thighs, was a touch overboard. Well, overboard when combined with the hefty dollops of chilled whipped cream adorning her nipples as if they were the top of a dessert.

Her lips, normally painted red with colored lip pigment, were stained this night with a cherry glaze. Honestly, it took saintly feats of self-restraint for her not to have licked it all off before her lover got there, so she damn well hoped he appreciated it.

"I- Y-You are- That is to say--"

His ears folded back, his tail swishing in nervousness. Gods, he was so adorable when he was flustered. Celeste smirked at him, crooking her finger to beckon him forward. "Come on, G'raha. My Allagan princeling. Will you not sup on this feast I've laid before you?"

G'raha clenched and unclenched his fists, clearly psyching himself up. He shook his head to clear it, smirked, and chuckled low in his throat before approaching the bed. "Well, when you've offered such a delectable spread, more the fool I would be to say no to you, my sweet."

He leaned in and closed his lips around one of the sweet-cream coated nipples, sending levinbolts through Celeste's body. She had to resist the urge to lash and writhe, lest she destroy her carefully laid out display of carnal sweetness.

When G'raha pulled away, Celeste's dark brown nipple hardened against the cool air, all the surrounding cream removed. Celeste looked at her lover's face, then giggled to herself. Apparently, the Miqu'te princeling had been a sloppy eater, and a bit of the cream she'd used to coat her breasts now painted the side of his cheek.

He blinked at her laughter, his confidence deflating as his ears flattened with worry. "Wh-What? Is there something amiss? Did I do something wrong?"

Celeste shook her head, reaching up and swiping the tiny bit of cream off of his cheek with one long, delicate finger. She rounded her lips in as deliberate of a flirtatious pose as she could while sucking the cream off. When she pulled her finger out of her mouth with a lewd popping sound, her cherry-glazed lips had left a suggestive imprint around her flesh.

Based on the sudden bob in G'raha's throat, the implication was not lost on him. He leaned in once more, this time to lay his claim to her lips, his textured tongue laving across every ilm of her mouth, as though determined to taste every last onze of fruit she'd used for this night.

While a part of Celeste did not look forward to the inevitable cleanup from all of this, the night certainly promised to be delectable.

Kinktober Day 21: Exhibitionism (F!Miqo'te!WoL/Thancred Waters)

Chapter Summary

M'hana thanks the Twelve that she's no longer stuck in the stuffy role of Warrior of Light as she bounces in the embrace of her lover, Thancred.

Every sun that passed, M'hana could not thank the gods enough that she'd cast off the mantle of being a part of *The Warriors of Light*. Oh, she still was a part of the crowd, no doubt about it, but she didn't draw near as much attention as, say, Xander. She dodged a bloody musket ball when she declined to take a leadership role in the current group.

And nothing made her more thankful that she'd cast off the shackles of duty and reputation than her time spent with her lovers. Especially Thancred. Gods, *Thancred* was the only one who'd dare to take her apart in public this way. Limsa was known as a capital of debauchery anyway, so it's not like her near-nakedness drew too much negative attention.

The warm breeze and the salt of the sea kissed and caressed the bare parts of her flesh as much as Thancred's callused hands did. With her perched on his lap- more accurately, on his cock- and his duster coat strewn across their laps to shield them from the public eye, they rocked in a subtle yet intimate dance.

Subtle, yet oh so exposed and obvious. The trained eye would know at a glance their mating dance, and it sent a thrill of fear and, more pertinently, *excitement* through her clit.

Thancred's fingers dug into her hip as he murmured into her neck, "You like this, don't you, kitten? Knowing that everyone can see me taking you apart? That you'll yowl like an alleycat when I'm through with you?"

As if to illustrate his point, Thancred brushed his fingertips against M'hana's clit, drawing an unguarded gasp and moan from her throat. She felt so overstimulated, so oversensitive that she couldn't resist the urge to rock more fervently against her lover, driving him deeper into herself.

If it wasn't obvious what they were doing before, it was now as her breasts bounced with her every motion. A satisfied purr rumbled deep in her chest before she replied, breathless, "Then why don't we give them all a show for the ages?"

A dark chuckle rose from Thancred's throat before he nipped at one of her twitching ears. "Yes, let's."

Kinktober Day 21: Overstimulation (FtM!Hyr!WoL/Urianger Augurelt)

Chapter Summary

Xander writhes beneath the magic touches of his lover, Urianger, overstimulated almost beyond coherence. CW: Overstimulation, multiple orgasms.

As much as Xander wanted to squirm away from the vibrating stone pressed right against his cock, he couldn't. Didn't even want to, but even if he did, he didn't have the strength left in his limbs to do so.

Not when each thrum of aether through the stone sent levinbolts of pleasure coursing through every ilm of his nerves. Not when his entire body seized and thrashed, soaked in sweat and slick. Urianger, the cruel bastard, offered only a patient smile as he screamed, rutting uselessly against the air.

His cock ached, his folds fluttering with his racing pulse and another gush of fluid as yet another orgasm wrenched its way out of his overstimulated body. His lips, fingers, and toes felt numb, his chest heaving with his breath. He blinked, dazed, as he came back into his body, his lover's voice falling senseless against his ears.

After a moment's recovery, he finally managed to decipher Urianger's words from the pounding of his pulse in his ears.

"Thou hast died five times by my hand in rapid succession. Dost thou yet have the stamina to continue, or should I shift mine attentions to thy recovery?"

Even though his entire body screamed for respite, his oversensitive cock stabbing with pain with each beat of his heart, he gathered his strength and his wits to slur out, "One more round."

Urianger's brow twisted in concern, but he nodded his assent nonetheless. "As thou desirest, dear heart."

Kinktober Day 23: Bath Sex (Urianger Augurelt/Estinien Wyrmblood ft. FtM!Hyr!WoL)

Chapter Summary

Upon returning from his latest sojourn to the First, an exhausted Xander shambles to the bathing chambers to find his partner Urianger and off-and-on lover Estinien already present. The pair have a surprise in store for him. CW: Bathsex, Voyeurism, Sort-of Threesome.

Xander shambled through the hallways of the Waking Sands towards Urianger's chambers, feeling a crust of sand and heavy salt crack and crumble on his skin and clothes with each ponderous step. Between spending the day checking on Ryne and Gaia in Eden and helping those dwarves investigate some extradimensional factory, he'd had enough sediment caked onto his body to last several lifetimes. He could only hope Urianger would forgive him the mess as he changed course and headed for the bathing chambers instead.

As he entered the bathing chambers, he shook his head, running his fingers through his hair to divest it of the salt that suffused it. He took the pins that held his hair in its usual composed bun out, and his hair remained stubbornly in place. Chills ran down his spine as he thought of how his hair had felt the same not two moons ago, still trapped by Light-corrupted aether.

That strange factory did seem to have a massive profusion of Light... Xander thought, his stomach churning. So lost was he in such grim reflections that he almost failed to notice that the bathing chambers were already occupied. Not just occupied, but occupied by two men who relaxed at the edge of the massive heated pool.

Two very *familiar* men, one naked save for the star-spangled jewelry that adorned him, and the other *completely* naked. Lounging, chatting as if they hadn't noticed him coming in. As if he'd somehow *interrupted* something.

"Ah! Welcome back, my beloved. Full glad am I to see thee safe and whole from thy travails in the First once more."

It took Xander a moment to process that he'd been hailed as he pried himself out of sediment-encrusted clothing. *That's going to take an age to clean, and the silk shirt might just be completely ruined...* He blinked as he recognized the voice hailing them, pausing mid-motion as he went to divest himself of his boots. "Ah, Urianger! I'm sorry, I didn't see that you were already in here. If you'd rather be alone, I could just--"

But he wasn't alone. Xander's mind supplied as he *finally* registered that familiar head of long, snow-white hair, that scarred back, and the taught thighs and glutes a lifetime of

training as a Dragoon brought. He blinked once. Twice. As if the image of the elusive cat of a man would vanish if he looked away.

When his figure proved quite solid, Xander gave voice to a burning query. “Estinien, what are you doing here? And why are you *naked*? With *Urianger*?”

Estinien snorted as he turned to face Xander. Xander found his eyes fixated on his fleshy lance for a moment before his wits caught up with him and he averted his gaze, his cheeks flushed. Estinien did not seem offended. Rather, he tilted his head with an arrogant smirk. “Still able to catch your eye, am I? Even though you’ve got this bookish one right here?”

Xander dipped his toes into the bathwater, keeping his eyes firmly away from Estinien’s hardened, scar-covered body as he sank into the warmth. He fumbled through an apology under his breath as he relaxed against the stone wall of the bath, the heated water releasing tension in muscles he didn’t even realize he had.

“’Tis actually this precise state of affairs that brought me to summon the Azure Dragoon to such an intimate locale.” Splashing water. Movement. Xander felt Urianger’s presence come to rest over him before he took note of his wobbling reflection. “’Twas mine intent that, to quell thy fears of disloyalty and, I confess, to satisfy mine own curiosity, that he might be persuaded to share our bed. In so doing I hoped to, at a stroke, allay thy nerves and provide us all some measure of satisfaction.”

Xander blinked as he processed Urianger’s words. Before he had a chance to respond, he heard Estinien scoff and felt the ripples of his movement through the bath as he walked to Urianger’s side.

“Fury’s tits, you talk too much. What he means to ask is whether you’d be all right with having me join the pair of you for a tumble.”

A shudder ran through Xander’s body at the sheer amount of desire he felt from that suggestion and the images it provided. A shudder that then served to remind him how very tired, abused, and overworked his muscles were after his days in the First. Chagrined, he offered an apologetic smile to his would-be lovers. “I hate to say it, but I’m afraid I don’t have that sort of fun in me today.” A cheeky grin crossed his lips a moment later as another thought came to mind. “However, if you two don’t mind providing me with some entertainment, I wouldn’t decline the show.”

Urianger leaned in and kissed Xander’s forehead before patting his still-salt-caked hair and wrapping a muscled arm around Estinien’s waist. “Well, then? Shall we offer my beloved a show?”

Estinien cut off Urianger’s words with a consuming kiss, his arms pulling Urianger into a close, possessive embrace. Xander bit his lip at the display, knowing full-well how Estinien’s mouth consumed and claimed his lovers. Urianger’s jewelry jingled like little bells against itself and his skin as his body trembled with desire. Xander took a deep breath and dipped his head below the water before jealousy could arise in him.

A deep breath which he realized was totally unnecessary a moment later, blessed by the Kojin as he was. He opened his eyes so that he could see what he was doing and get a closer look at the bodies of his lovers beneath the surface of the water.

Granted, it was a touch difficult to see through the murk of salt and deaspected crystalline sand washing off his skin with every move he made. But once the minor currents of the running bath drew away the cloud of sediment, he could see how easily Estinien's thick, muscled thighs all but eclipsed Urianger's tanned ones, the instinctive rocking of their bodies sending bubbles and ripples moving outward to the tune of their undulations.

When he broke the surface of the water once more, he had to take a moment to un-plaster his hair from his face to clear his vision. He was rewarded with the image of Urianger's mouth open, eyes half-lidded, the picture of ecstasy as Estinien sank his teeth deep into his collarbone, sucking and bruising the flesh.

Xander's hand still ached, but he let it slip between his legs nonetheless, coaxing his cock out from his lower lips. An easier task than usual, given his lower half was still submerged. As he took himself in hand, he leaned back against the wall of the bath once more. This would prove to be an enticing show.

Kinktober Day 24: Masturbation (Aymeric de Borel)

Chapter Summary

When he has a moment to catch his breath and reflect on his past dealings with Xander, the Warrior of Light, Aymeric de Borel finds himself drifting in idle fantasy. CW: Masturbation, referenced smut literature.

If there was one thing Aymeric had never expected about becoming a proper head of state, it was the sheer amount of illicit literature that had cropped up about his relations with others. The latest swath of these tawdry novels (would that the wastes of pulp they were printed on could even be worthy of the name) seemed to focus on his closeness with the Warrior of Light.

The fiction pairing him with his dearest friend Estinien was embarrassing enough, but this was beyond the pale. Yes, it was true that he valued Xander's counsel highly. It was also true that he'd invited the man over to his personal estate for dinner and drinks after the conclusion of the Dragonsong War. But a nice dinner with the finest foods and wine he could afford was the very least he could have done for the man who almost singlehandedly brought an end to a thousand years of constant conflict.

A nice dinner to which the man himself had worn a rather peculiar set of plate armor which left his chest distractingly exposed during their repartee. Which he seemed to accentuate by leaning into the table to pick up some extra servings of-

By the Fury, he was attempting to proposition me!

Aymeric turned the thought over in his head, and found that he didn't dislike the shape of it. Which was... unusual, for him. It had never been his wont to take people to his bed. And yet, for some reason, when his wanderings turned to Xander, the images that lurked behind his eyes would set his cheeks ablaze. Easy enough to pass off as a result of the cold or heat in public.

More troublesome was when the thoughts of sharing such an intimate embrace with Xander lingered after their introduction. Then, desire forced him to take himself in hand, burning with embarrassment as he pondered what Xander's hands would feel like wrapped around his cock instead.

He knew Xander was no stranger to hard work nor hard fighting. Yet he was also an alchemist of incredible renown. Would his hands hold calluses to reflect his hours training with lance or greatsword? Burns from snapped bowstring or the raw aether surrounding his flashing rapier? Or would his hands hold the delicacy expected of one who spent their every waking hour poring over tomes or shuffling through ancient cards?

He bit his lip, holding back a soft groan as he imagined the smaller man with hands roughened by a life of adventure, calluses dragging against sensitive flesh with each stroke. The fingers of his free hand tightened in his bedclothes as his imaginings turned from Xander's hands to his lips. Silver-tongued and skilled in diplomacy as he could be, what magic could his mouth work when put to baser use?

The thought of those deep blue eyes looking up at him, half-lidded, as his lips worked around his shaft, increasing suction and pressure made him rut into his hand. He couldn't stop the fantasy from overtaking his senses, moaning aloud his friend's name.

"Xander- Fury take me, Xander, that feels so-!"

He palmed himself furiously, driving himself to the brink of climax before slowing his pace, imagining how his friend would torment and tease him. He seemed so patient in his dealings with others. Surely that patience would extend to the bedroom.

Or mayhap it wouldn't, and he would seek a more frenetic union, opening himself to ride upon the Lord Commander as many a ten-gil author had written of him in the past. Ah, the thought of Xander opening for him, so hot, so willing, so eager to be filled. Filled not only with his cock, but with his seed.

The thought of emptying himself deep within Xander's willing body sent him careening over the edge and into his climax, painting his hand white. As he laid there in the afterglow, his mind finally caught up with his body, and guilt twisted his brow.

While such thoughts might entertain him for an eve, they were improper in the extreme. He dared not indulge in such idle fantasizing often. It might provide too great a temptation to ignore.

Kinktober Day 25: Bondage {F!Miqo'te!WoL/Thancred Waters)

Chapter Summary

When Thancred suggests tying down M'hana, she's expecting something a touch more romantic. What she gets instead is a much hotter sort of treat. CW: Bondage, rope bondage, light spanking, suspension play.

“Ye know, when ye mentioned that ye wanted to tie me down, I thought ye meant the Ceremony of Eternal Bonding. Not this.”

M'hana's light-hearted tease drew a low chuckle from Thancred's throat as he put the finishing touches on yet another knot in the silken ropes holding her suspended over their shared four-poster bed. “Don't play coy with me, kitten. You knew what I meant. Though that first thought has merit. Someday soon.”

M'hana rolled her eyes, squirming to test her bonds. Ankles and wrists held firm against the bedposts, her midsection suspended by ropes binding her to the canopy. Each and every one of them held annoyingly firm, leaving her a tired, disgruntled, and most importantly, bound-tight mess.

She poked her lips out in a childish pout as she attempted to crane her head to see her lover Thancred behind her. “Now ye know as well as I do that this isn't bloody fair in the least. I can't even see ye, much less what yer doing.”

She trembled at the hard swat of an open palm on her bare hind. “If you don't find it fun, you can always use the safe word.”

M'hana snorted. “And let ye know ye got the better of me? Hells take that. Besides, I'll get ye back double next time. Have ye all trussed up in pretty red bows just in time for the Starlight Celebration.”

Thancred pressed a gentle kiss to M'hana's ear. “I don't doubt it. However, we've a few moons until Starlight, and for tonight, you're all mine to use and toy with. Understood?”

M'hana shivered, already feeling the tell-tale heaviness in her limbs that showed her mind slipping into that place beyond pleasure and pain. She opened her mouth to respond, and only purred in delight.

“That's what I thought.”

Kinktober Day 26: Stripping (MtF!Elezen!WoL/Haurchefant Greystone)

Chapter Summary

Celeste offers a lovely strip tease to her future husband, relishing in his reactions to her show. CW: Stripping.

If there was one thing that Celeste adored about Ishgardian prudishness, it was the inevitable enjoyment and scandal that came once people were behind closed doors. Especially if one enjoyed peeling off the many layers of clothing to reveal the body beneath. Which Celeste emphatically did.

Ever since she'd started dressing in a noblewoman's gowns, Celeste had developed a special fondness for peeling off furs and gowns to reveal her body. A fondness which only grew as magic and herbs softened her body and made it more *right*.

Now, she stood before her husband-to-be in gorgeous furs, heavy dresses, and special lacy smallclothes. She leaned forward to reveal a glimpse of her breasts as she drew one arm, then the other out of her fur coat. Once the coat hit the floor, she turned her back to him, sliding her gown off of her shoulders with sensuous movements.

The gulp and subtle shift of Haurchefant's weight against the bed let her know her little show was having the desired effect. Celeste smirked to herself as she kicked her little show up a notch, bending forward to showcase her ass as she slid the dress over her hips and let it drop to the floor.

After that she turned to face her fiance and threw her foot onto the bed next to him. With that, she peeled the leather boots her beloved had gifted her off of her legs ilm by delicious ilm, revealing black-stockinged feet. Slowly, painfully slowly, she repeated the trick on the other leg, relishing in Haurchefant's ear-to-ear lecherous grin.

Once she threw the second boot to the side, she struck a flirtatious pose for her future husband, hooking a finger over her lip as she simpered, "Was the show to your liking, milord?"

Haurchefant answered her query by rising to his feet faster than any enemy she'd ever faced, wrapping his arms around her and pressing a consuming kiss to her lips. When he drew back, he growled, "You are a delightful distraction from my paperwork, beloved. Pray, let us while away the hours with some more *entertainment*."

Kinktober Day 27: Role Reversal (MtF!Elezen!WoL/G'raha Tia)

Chapter Summary

Celeste returns to her apartment in the Source, only to find G'raha waiting for her with a special nameday present in mind. CW: Role Reversal, birthday sex.

Celeste arched a brow as she entered her apartment to find G'raha seated on her bed, waiting for her, looking as smug and self-assured as a cat with a hidden stash of cream. "You're a touch early for our evening together, Raha. I'd have thought you'd still be out handling matters for the Scions."

With a youthful energy belying the hundreds of years he'd actually lived, G'raha leapt up from the bed and grinned at his lover, his eyes twinkling with joy. "I am, in a sense. After all, you, too, are a Scion of the Seventh Dawn. And it would be remiss of me not to celebrate the day that the one most important to me came into this world."

Celeste paused in setting down her bags of ingredients and flowers, her eyes narrowing. "Now where, oh where, did you happen to hear about my nameday, I wonder? I don't tend to enjoy people making a production of it, so I try to keep that information only within my circle of confidence. So, who told you it was today?"

G'raha shook his head. "On that, my lady, I must apologize, for I have been sworn to secrecy."

Celeste snorted. As if she needed any further confirmation, she could all but see M'hana holding her hand to her mouth in that little "hm hm hm" chuckle she employed when getting into mischief. "So M'hana let that particular cat out of the bag. Of course she did." She took a step towards the bed where G'raha waited. "So, how do you intend on embarrassing me for my nameday? Hosting a surprise party? Baking me a cake?"

G'raha laughed. "Perish the thought! If I baked you a cake, it would more resemble a hard rock than any confectionery treat. And, call me selfish, but I rather wanted you all to myself for your nameday."

Celeste took another step forward, unclasping her plate armor and letting it drop to the floor. Doubtless, her downstairs neighbors wouldn't be pleased with the noise, but they could damn well get over it.

"You? Being selfish? Someone call Alisaie and tell her to bring Angelo with her, because little porxies just took wing."

The good-natured ribbing made G'raha's face go a deeper shade of tomato red than his hair and fur. All the same, his little smirk never left his face. "Indeed. Well, all teasing aside, I

must beg your forgiveness for this imposition. *Break!*”

Heaviness settled in all of Celeste’s limbs, dragging her to the floor faster than the sack of popotoes she’d dropped by the door. “Wh-What-?” She craned her head up to look at G’raha, who tilted her head up in his hand.

“You do far more than enough for my benefit, my dear. So for today, I’m asking- nay, *demanding* that you lie back and allow me to take care of *you*. At least for today.”

Celeste blinked in shock, then grinned. “Well! Who knew you could have a dominant streak in you, my little princeling? Very well, then. Treat me like your prized princess, and have your way with me.”

Kinktober Day 28: Crossdressing (F!Miqo'te!WoL/Thancred Waters)

Chapter Summary

Once more making use of some fascinating garments she'd acquired from her journeys, M'hana and Thancred engage in a bit of gender-bending, role-playing fun. CW: Crossdressing kink, roleplay, role reversal elements.

Ever since M'hana found out from Xander that the attire they'd picked up from that strange factory on the First could stretch to fit *any* physique, she'd had a mind to test that theory. Fortunately, she and Thancred seemed to share a mind on that front, and he was a most willing sport.

He stood before her, clad in thigh-high heeled boots and stockings, the flare of his skirt coming out just above his ass. His ass which, as M'hana had experienced for herself, looked somehow larger in those delightful stockings. The dress cut across his chest, revealing a cut of his delicious pectorals, which she trailed her fingers across in absent amusement.

She smiled up at his made-up face. Paints contoured his strong jaw into softer proportions and his lips had been slicked a pretty coral. His eyes glimmered beneath smoky shades as she teased, "Ye know, I always wanted to have a tall girl with big tits to keep me warm at night."

Thancred's hand came to rest on her head, tousling her hair as he returned her teasing remark. "And I've always wondered what it might be like to bring a Tia of my own to bed."

M'hana could hardly ask Thancred to play dress-up in this way without participating in kind, so she'd taken the liberty of binding her chest and contouring her own face to stronger, if still boyish, proportions with facepaint. That, and the obvious strap-on between her legs, gave the impression of a Tia entering his early ruts.

She buried her face into Thancred's lace-covered bosoms with a contented sigh. "Yer so soft, ye know that?" She ran her hand under his skirt and groped his ass, relishing in the jolt of surprised pleasure it drew from him. "Soft, but still meaty. Just how I like my women."

Thancred ran his hands over M'hana's breech-covered ass in return, groping and massaging both cheeks at full force. The sensation drew mewl of submissive pleasure from her throat, prompting Thancred to chuckle. "Submissive. Just like a Tia."

Upon noticing the shiver his words drew from his lover, he smirked. "Oh? Do you like it when I call you my Tia? Do you want to hear me moan 'M'hana Tia' into your ears as you take me tonight?"

M'hana kissed Thancred's neck with a smirk of her own. "I do, but only if you want me to call you a good girl and praise you for how well you're taking me."

Kinktober Day 29: Telepathic Bonds (Lahabrea/Azem)

Chapter Summary

Lahabrea and Azem share a moment of pleasure shortly after their marriage in Amaurot.
CW: Telepathic bonds, oral sex. Azem is intersex.

Is this all right for you, my soul's mate?

Aphroditos shivered in delight as this question pressed upon every ilm of his aether, pricking at the goosebumps on his skin like a thousand tiny needles that scratched every itch, every yearning his body had. Overcome by sensation, he relinquished some of his tight control over his aether to let his beloved feel his overwhelming happiness.

Now that they had become bonded in the eyes of the law and their fellow Convocation members, his beloved Speaker preferred to apply his physical mouth to much more creative and carnal pursuits when they had a moment alone. That eloquent tongue could explore his depths and savor the nectar of his pleasure in ways that would leave his body twitching. Then, greedy lover that he was, Mateus would pull his mouth back to suckle on his seed-heavy balls until his pulse coursed once more through his hardening cock.

Spirits only knew how he kept at his oral attentions so long without his jaw wearing out, but Aphroditos supposed years of teaching at the Akadaemia and practice at the Hall of Rhetoric had grown his endurance.

Of course, with his mouth fully otherwise occupied, the esteemed Speaker had to resort to his exceptional command of aether for them to communicate. For which Aphroditos was grateful, as hearing his beloved's voice echo through his mind, his soul, his everything as his body came apart at the edges from his attentions below never failed to comfort him.

You've done so very well tonight, Aphroditos. My love. My heart. My most ardent student. Hold out a while longer for me, and I shall make it worth your while.

At this, he could only respond with a soul-deep moan as his lover's clever tongue teased across his dripping-with-precum slit before his lips enveloped his head. By the end of this night, he felt certain that his lover would prove his undoing.

Kinktober Day 30: Sex Toys (Referenced Urianger Augurelt/Moenbryda Wilfsunnwyn)

Chapter Summary

M'hana reflects as she works on an intimate commission from one Urianger Augurelt in the likeness of a departed friend. CW: Sex toys, sex doll, Moenbryda minion, unhealthy coping mechanisms

M'hana frowned as she looked over the order that Serendipity had handed to her while red to her ears. She was no stranger to fulfilling more “mature” orders for the discerning customer. She'd constructed many vibrating trinkets, intricate piercings and rings, and even the odd mammet intended for sexual release.

It was one of these on which she worked today. She'd blinked in stunned shock when she beheld the name on the order itself. That Urianger might order a toy for his personal use was surprising enough. That he'd order a mammet in *such a particular likeness* for such a purpose...

Well, a part of it turned her stomach, she had to admit. Though, in reading his poetic, effusive praise of the recently departed Moenbryda's body, M'hana couldn't help her mind wandering to the Roegadyn's confident demeanor and toned body.

She'd be a damned liar if she claimed she'd never imagined being crushed between the axewoman's thighs. Or burying her head deep in her bosom. Or letting her pound her senseless with a strap-on. All the same, it felt *odd* to sculpt a decent likeness of her vagina and areolae into metal.

Worse to know someone *else* she'd pondered naked would use it to cope with the loss of his beloved. Not that she had any room to talk when it came to unhealthy coping mechanisms. The number of times she'd woken up next to an Elezen that looked suspiciously (to her half-awake, half-drunk mind) like her departed husband was- well, uncomfortably high.

With the main sculpting done, she tapped at the mammet's joints and orifices to make sure that it functioned as intended. Perhaps it was disrespectful to lose oneself in sexual imaginings of the dead, but gods, if M'hana didn't wish she'd had the chance to part Moenbryda's folds while she yet lived. Not this doll-like recreation.

Her own discomfort at the construct aside, she could but hope that Urianger found some solace in it.

Kinktober Day 31: Free Day- Vampirism (FtM!Hyr!WoL/Urianger Augurelt)

Chapter Summary

Xander makes a discovery about his fellow Scion and soon ends up in over his neck in trouble. CW: Vampirism, light gore.

In retrospect, Xander should have suspected that Urianger was much older than he stated, given his speech and mannerisms. While full many of the Scions claimed that he was simply a fan of older literature, he somehow felt there was more to the story than that. It wasn't until he entered the elezen's study and found his mouth bloodied around the vital organs of a star marmot that he found his suspicions confirmed.

He'd heard of creatures of this nature before. Fiends vulnerable to the light of the sun that feasted on the living aether of other beings to survive. Not unlike voidsent, yet a different class of being altogether. A vampire.

Suddenly, his propensity towards keeping his skin and eyes covered made perfect sense. Urianger could not bear the light of the sun, and had to protect himself from burning alive.

Xander made to leave the room, but found his exit barred by the man himself, his eyes fair glowing with an unnatural hunger. His hand, still coated in the blood from his latest meal, gently stroked Xander's cheek as he murmured, "Prithee, do not be alarmed. Stay with me."

Like a mouse in the eye of a snake, Xander found himself both terrified and captivated, unable to break contact from those eyes. He barely even flinched as Urianger closed the distance between them, his blood-soaked lips sealing, claiming his own. As much as Xander wanted to shirk away from the sudden tang of iron against his tongue, he found himself paralyzed, his pulse throbbing through every ilm of his body.

When Urianger drew back and began tracing his lips down Xander's chin towards his neck, he tilted his head to allow him easier access. Distantly, some part of him screamed to run, to fight, to save himself. But that part soon faded into oblivion as Urianger licked against his pounding jugular as if savoring the taste of him.

His voice grew husky in Xander's ear as he whispered against his neck, "Thou shalt make a fine eternal mate."

Before he had time to question the matter further, pain rent Xander's world in half as Urianger sank his teeth- nay, his *fangs*- deep into his neck, drawing blood from the wound like a dehydrated man from an oasis in a desert. He felt himself growing faint and dizzy with every onze of blood drawn from the wound, his skin growing paler before his very eyes.

First the fingertips. Then the hand. Then the arm. By the time the unnatural pallor reached his shoulder, he was barely clinging on to consciousness. Only then did Urianger relinquish his hold on his neck.

His vision swam as he watched Urianger take his own fangs to his wrist, ripping at the now-fluttering pulse points there to relinquish a font of blood. Desperate to replenish his own stores of lost aether and heedless of the corruption that had taken root within it, Xander laid his mouth against the wound and drank.

The flavor held the usual iron tang of blood, yet somehow, tasted sweeter than the finest wine he'd ever imbibed. It made his mind swim, his limbs grow heavy, and desire flood through his veins. He drank like a man possessed until naught remained. Yet still, a part of him hungered. Desired. Yearned.

He looked up at Urianger for solace, for comfort, for orders. The man but smiled, his eyes now glowing in the darkness of the study. When had the candle blown out? His voice rang with power as he said, "*Kneel.*"

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