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Love and Lust Between Heroes

by fsf99

Summary

The Order of Heroes brings in warriors from across many worlds, crossing time and space. Of course, with so many under one roof, relationships and..."supports", will rise up. Here, we see a chronicle.

Notes

I wonder if this cements me as a smut writer...but anyway, welcome to a "little" smut series for Fire Emblem: Heroes! Due to the nature of the game, I felt it was a perfect medium for making people's shipping fantasies come true. Did it work here? Gosh, I hope so! To start off, here we have a little interaction between the Summoner (Kiran) and Sharena, the blonde spear user. Enjoy!

By the way: Sharena's age is never officially mentioned. As such, here she is considered to be 18. If her age is revealed to be less, know that here it will be considered 18.
The Hall of Heroes is a grand place. A truly magnificent wonder of architecture, it seems to stretch high into the clouds, and can be seen for miles. All in the Askr Kingdom know of its beauty, and all understand its value. From here, the Order of Heroes brings champions from all the realms, in order to combat the evil of the Emblian empire. To any person, this must be the greatest building ever created.

To Kiran, the Summoner and least combat oriented member of the Order, it pales in comparison to what he has seen in his world.

Kiran doesn’t remember much of his own world, sadly. He remembers a light, a portal, and a voice...and suddenly he was staring at Anna, the leader of the Order of Heroes, the spry, red-haired axe wielder who was, understandably, just as confused as he was. He could barely remember anything, but he knew three things. One, he was nineteen years old. Two, he was adorned in splendid white robes. Three, there was a person with an axe coming to kill them.

Anna panicked, tossing some sort of strange weapon into his hands, and somethig clicked. Miraculously, his mind knew what to do. He understood tactics, placement, weaponry, everything needed to succeed in battle. Since that day, he has led many heroes against the forces of the Emblian empire, even against their own friends, family, and sometimes themselves. Those times get a bit awkward to explain.

Now, however, Kiran was walking along the balcony of the Hall. He looked out onto the Kingdom, seeing the capital city in the distance. Rolling green hills, crystal clear lakes, beautiful sky. This place was cleaner than...wherever he comes from. He still can’t remember. His hood is pulled back behind his head, and let the wind move through his short brown hair, unkept. Robin, one of the heroes he has summoned, told him that they appear to have similar hairstyles. Clearly just a coincidence.

“Kiran!” a voice calls out from his right, high-pitched and female, “Oh, sorry, I mean Summoner! Hi!”

Kiran immediately knows the voice, and turns with a smile. Before him is a girl, or rather young woman, with blonde hair and beautiful green eyes, dressed in the armor of the Order of Heroes. A bright smile adorned her face, and she had the look of someone who was always excited for anything. Sharena, princess of Askr and sister of Alphonse, stood before him, hands clasped in front of her.

“Sharena,” Kiran says with a nod, “Good to see you. What are you doing up here?” Sharena was one of the first people he ever met in this new land, after Anna and Virion. A kind and well-meaning girl, she was nevertheless one of the best fighters with a lance she’d ever seen. Her skill with Fensalir was, to him, unmatched. Sure, there were plenty of other lance-wielding Heroes, but he had known Sharena for longer, had been in more fights with her by his side. He trusted her with his life.

“I was looking for you, Summoner!” The girl’s braids flutter in the wind, and she pops onto her toes for half a second in excitement.

“I told you, Sharena,” Kiran sighs, with no ill intent behind it, “You can just call me Kiran. We’re friends, you’re not my subordinate.”
“Sorry,” she replies, tilting her head. (“Was that a blush?” he thinks) She clears her throat, ready to speak again. Kiran can’t help but notice her. Not just seeing her, but actually paying attention. The way that her hair is braided looks a little like a bunch of yellow hearts, and she has a large ponytail behind her head. Her uniform is scaled, and is seemingly loose on the sleeves and half of her neck. Somehow, he never saw the massive shoulder armor she wore on her left shoulder. Her face is rounder than his, and she has a soft complexion, like you could just reach out and feel pillows on her face. It was almost like she was made out of a cloud, that’s how soft she looked.

She’s also really cute, Kiran found himself wondering. He was surprised at himself. Sharena was his friend, his teammate. They had known each other for the... Gods, how long has it been, now? Weeks? Months? Years? It feels as if he’s known her for that long. And just now, together on this balcony, all alone....he felt strange.

“Kiran…”

Her voice brings him back to attention.

“Sharena?” he feels a waver in his voice, but she doesn’t notice. Her face is reddening now, and it seems she’s trying to find the words to say. Kiran swallows, realizing his mouth has gone dry. Sharena purses her lips, looking...nervous?

“I...There’s something really important I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Are you okay?” Kiran asks, worried, “Look, let’s go back inside, it’s warmer, we can take a seat.”

“No!” Sharena suddenly says, causing Kiran to take a step back in surprise. The Princess’s eyes open wide.

“Sorry!” she squeals, covering her mouth, “I mean...I’m good here, we’re okay talking here.” Kiran pats down his clothes, regaining his composure. They look at each other for a second, and Kiran gestures for her to continue. She clears her throat again.

“Well, Kiran...all this time we’ve spent together...fighting together...I’ve realized something important. You’re...an amazing addition to the Order of Heroes, and you are a valuable team member, and-”

Kiran steps forward, placing his left hand on Sharena’s right shoulder. The girl jumps, startled, a blush on her face again. Kiran’s hand gently lays on her as he kindly smiles, looking into her eyes.

“No need to be so formal, you know,” he assured her, “It’s just us two. Say what you need to.”

“Well...Kiran, I’ve come to see you...not just as a teammate, but as a friend...a really close friend! An amazing, bestie, top of the crop, awesome best friend, and maybe…” Her voice trails off a little.

“Maybe...more than a best friend...I-I mean like a super best friend! Close! You’re really great!” Her face is almost beet red, and she seems to be crying. She sniffs, wiping the tears away.

“Aw,” she mock-pouts, smiling, “I’m crying...you made me cry, you silly goose!” Her voice makes this all sound like a joke, but something in her seems restrained, or nervous. Kiran, heart threatening to burst from his chest and stomach full of every single butterfly in existence, puts his fingers on Sharena’s chin, bringing her gaze back to him. The blonde spearman’s eyes are teary, but bewildered, and her mouth hangs open slightly. Kiran again smiles, pausing.

“Sharena,” he whispers, able to be heard only due to the lack of wind on the balcony, “What do you really want to say?” The young woman’s lip trembled, as she tried not to cry. Sharena took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and gulped.
“I,” she starts, eyes still closed, “I like you, Kiran! I really like you, and you’re an awesome friend, and I don’t know why I feel like this, and I’m afraid of what this could do to the team, and the Order, and what Anna will think, and Alphonse, and if you really care at all, and-!”

Her yells are cut off by Kiran’s lips pressing against hers.

She couldn’t help but yelp a little, at the contact. There were still some tears in her eyes, despite them being wide open. Kiran’s lips were a bit chapped, probably from the air, but they were still smooth. Sharena’s, however, felt as soft as a cloud. Kiran felt like he could get lost in them, lost and never found again.

Kiran, holding her cheek in his right hand, pulled back, looking into her eyes as their lips parted with a soft smack. The two weren’t at the same height. Kiran was about half a head taller than her, so he had to bend over slightly. To him, though, that just made this better.

“Kiran…” Sharena whispered, still absolutely dumbfounded at what just happened. The Summoner’s smile turns to a look of surprise too, realizing what he had just done. He started to think, wanting to say something. Sharena was right, what would Anna think? Alphonse? What kind of friction would this make in the team? He couldn’t do this, he was certain.

“Sharena…” he starts, ready to tell her that that was a mistake. Then he sees her eyes. Not the front, but inside. He feels like he can see into her, into her thoughts. The hint of a smile curls her right lip, and she looks happy. Elated, even. Kiran’s heart is thumping harder now, and the butterflies in his stomach have turned into wasps. So, he does the only thing he can think of, what he’s sure is the right decision to take.

He wraps Sharena in his arms and kisses her again, his arms and hands hugging her and holding her up. And this time, the blonde girl responds in kind, her arms around his neck to hold herself, her lips gently pressing to his. Deciding to take precautions, Kiran leads her to the doorway, entering, all while still locked at the lip. Being in the shadow, away from the wind, Kiran brought her against the wall, his hands lowering to her sides as hers pulled his neck in closer.

Sharena was the one who pushed first. Kiran felt her soft tongue against his lips, begging him to let her in. He complied, parting his lips and increasing the intensity of their kiss. Sharena’s quiet moans, coupled with her tongue moving against his, caused Kiran’s mind to overdrive. He gripped her hips, moving closer to her, and she returned the favor, pressing their bodies together.

It was a few minutes before they both stopped and pulled away, gasping for breath. Sharena’s soft white face was blushing red, and Kiran’s was flushed. His hair was still messy as always, but Sharena’s was starting to come undone. It was clear that the time had come to move elsewhere.

“So,” Kiran gasps, chuckling, “Your room or mine?”

“Mine.” Sharena responded without hesitation. She took his hand, pulling him through the Hall of Heroes. Trying not to seem too eager, they nevertheless made sure to avoid all the other Heroes currently there (at one point nearly running straight into Hector, who was having himself some lunch in the canteen). Panting with exhaustion, they arrived at the Hall’s dormitories, where they quickly went into Sharena’s room, locking the door behind them.

Even if the name on the door wasn’t a dead giveaway, the inside of the room was very obviously hers. Like all the other Heroes’ rooms, it is personalized to her. A dresser on the right side has a round mirror on it, with a chair in front. On the left, there is a bookshelf, albeit one filled with more memorabilia than books. Her queen-sized bed has blue sheets, and has poles on each corner and a little “roof”, with drapes over them to shield her as she sleeps. It is a very nice and tidy room.
Neither of them cared, as Sharena’s lips went to Kiran’s again. As they liplocked once more, Sharena’s hands went to Kiran’s cloak and robe, and he helped with the sleeves. Soon, the white robe was discarded, and he was left in his blue vest and white pants, although in the movement his belt was unclasped and dropped. Kiran’s hands moved to unclasp Sharena’s armor, allowing the scaled protection to fall off, leaving her in just her undershirt and white shorts, along with her boots and stockings. Her cloak also fell to the floor, their clothing mixing in a heap. For a pause, they disconnected, seeing each other’s red, sweating faces.

“Well,” Kiran said, keeping his hands on Sharena’s sides, “This isn’t how I pictured the day going.” Sharena giggled, her eyes closing, a gesture that only served to make Kiran’s heart pound harder. Gods, she was amazing.

“Me neither,” Sharena finally replied, “But, uh...is it okay if we...you know…” Though her arms were still around his neck, Kiran could see the nervousness return to her eyes. Her lip started to quiver slightly. She had a big question held, but even despite what they had just done, she couldn’t bring herself to ask it. Kiran decided to quell those fears by passing his hand over her face, moving some of her blonde hair out of the way.

“Yes,” Kiran said, displaying that calm smile of his that always seems to win them so many battles, “The answer is yes, if you want to.” Sharena’s blushing face couldn’t possibly get any redder, but it did. Right after that, however, her hands went to the seam of Kiran’s pants, and Kiran’s went to her shirt. They looked into each other’s eyes, and Kiran nodded.

The undressing lasted less than a minute, due to their eagerness. Soon, they stood before each other in nothing more than their undergarments: Sharena’s white undershirt and white underwear, and Kiran’s simple white boxers. Both of them not knowing what to do, they had a very awkward silence. Sharena’s right hand went up, and she placed it on his toned stomach, drawing a sharp intake of breath from Kiran. He returned his hands to her hips, then turned around her. With the bed behind him, he sat on the edge, bringing her onto his lap.

Sharena moved forward onto his lap, moving right up against his already erect dick, causing him to grunt and her to gasp, looking down at its outline in his underwear. Her blush came back, but Kiran put his lips to hers, silencing her worry and drawing her back to pleasure. This time, he pressed his tongue to hers, and she obliged, grabbing his shoulders to bring him in. Kiran’s hands moved up underneath her shirt, rubbing all over her bare back (clearly bras didn’t exist in this world). His right hand moved to the front, sliding up her stomach and coming to rest at her right breast. Sharena’s were small, but she wasn’t completely flat. It was just her armor that pressed against her. Nevertheless, the girl moaned, a high-pitched sound going straight into Kiran’s mouth. He brought their lips apart again, keeping his hand on her breast, and moved his lips toward her neck. Sharena’s eyes closed, gasping, as she felt his lips kiss and lick at her neck, causing shivers of pleasure to go down her spine, all the way to her core. She felt a heat rising in her lower extremities, something she had never felt with someone else before.

Kiran’s hands went to Sharena’s undershirt, moving his head away from her neck as he lifted the clothing over her head. Sharena lifted her arms to help him, revealing her white breasts to him, with small, pink nipples topping them off. He couldn’t help but stare for a bit, the scope of what he was doing suddenly coming back to him. Soon, however, he took his mouth and placed it on one of her breasts, sucking on it and twirling his tongue around the nipple. Sharena moaned softly, her hips pressing against his covered dick more, simultaneously rubbing against her, raising her excitement more.

She couldn’t take much more of this teasing, and her hands gripping Kiran’s head demonstrated it.
She pressed his face more against her breast, her other hand going down to remove her undergarments. Kiran, sensing the movement, placed his hand on hers, helping her to take off the only bit of clothes she had left. As he did, his fingers passed between her legs, and he could feel the wetness down below. Clearly, she wanted this, and as her hand moved to take off his boxers, something he assisted with, she felt the warmth from his dick as she took hold of it for a second, eyes widening at the strange feeling.

Kiran moved Sharena off his lap a little, allowing them to remove his underwear. Once done, his erection stood tall, his full six inches a marvel to Sharena. Kiran pecked her lips once, to get her attention back, but she pushed against his lips, causing him to fall backwards with her on top. She moved back, crawling down his body to between his legs. As Kiran’s head rested on a pillow, looking down, Sharena’s hands moved to his dick, taking it in one hand. It felt warm, again, and she moved her head closer to it. Kiran, meanwhile, moaned at the feeling of her delicate hand on it. It was warm, a wonderfully pleasing temperature as she began to stroke.

Sharena had never done this before, but she had heard some stories on how it was done. Remembering one of the stories, she reached her head out, giving the head a quick lick. Feeling the reaction from Kiran (and ignoring the weird taste), she licked again, multiple times. After a few more, she went ahead, placing her mouth on it and closing over his head. Kiran gripped the bedsheets, gasping. She moved her tongue around him, keeping the sensation going for Kiran, before she lowered further down, taking in most of his dick before moving her head back up, bobbing up and down slowly, unwittingly causing some slurping noises that only served to make Kiran even more turned on.

“Sharena…” Kiran moaned, looking down at the girl. In the middle of her work, Sharena looked up, her big, green eyes looking straight into Kiran’s as she continued to suck on his manhood. The sight was enough for him to grab her head, caressing her hair and begging her to suck more. She obliged, taking in his entire length into his mouth, seemingly with little difficulty and with added speed.

Her tongue felt wonderful. Just like the rest of her, it felt soft, like wool. Kiran couldn’t believe this was happening, but he was praising whatever Gods this place had that it was. He looked down again at Sharena, feeling himself riding a massive high.

“W-wait!” he said, causing Sharena to stop, removing his dick from her mouth with a pop. The sound was enough to make Kiran’s spine tingle with pleasure, but he composed himself.

Come here,” he continued. Sharena did so, moving herself up until her face was level with his. She was slightly confused, her beautiful green eyes once again showing it. Kiran took her by the shoulders, kissed her once, then flipped her over, landing her on her back with an oomph.

“Kiran…” Sharena gasped, realizing what he was referring to. Looking down, the summoner guided himself towards her womanhood, pressing his tip to it gently, yet still enough to elicit a squeal from the blonde, as she covered her mouth and closed her eyes. Kiran’s hands clasped Sharena’s, one on each side, their fingers intertwined as he pressed her hands into the bedsheets. They looked at each other once more.

“Are you…” Kiran started to ask, but his question was cut off by Sharena nodding, once again smiling kindly enough to let him know that it was okay, that she wanted this, that she wanted him. And he wanted her.

He kissed her on the lips, her head coming up to meet him, and he pushed inside of her for the first time. Sharena’s eyes tightened, feeling herself opened up to him for the first time, and she moaned quietly, keeping her lips on his. Her walls were warm and wet around him, as he pushed all the way into her, feeling her expand just a little to fit most of him. He kept himself there for a few seconds,
allowing them to get a feel for it. They stopped kissing, and looked at each other. Sharena nodded, and Kiran understood, starting to move himself in and out of her. Every motion caused the girl to gasp, her head tilting to the side, cheek pressed against the sheets with her mouth open. Kiran, while focused on his motions, was entranced by how, even now, she still looked beautiful.

Kiran sped up his movements gradually, hearing a soft smack whenever he pushed in. Sharena, turning her head again to look at him, crossed her legs behind his back, using them to hold him closer. Their hands were still clasped together as they touched their foreheads, both with their eyes closed. Kiran reached a faster speed and stayed there, and Sharena unclasped their hands, leading to a moment of confusion for the Summoner until her arms grabbed onto his back, pulling him in more. In this way, he rested his head on her shoulder, letting her head rest on his, crying out in ecstasy.

Their passion was not to last much longer. Kiran could feel his release building, and he assumed (correctly) that Sharena was as well. She was panting now, all out of breath. Her hands left his back, going to his face and cupping his cheeks. She took a glance into his eyes, then pulled his lips towards her, signalling that she was almost there. Their kiss this time was less careful, and more of a furious making out session. Both of them were moaning, lips and tongues clashing hard. Kiran’s hips pushed less into Sharena, but more forcefully. They were nearly there.

Suddenly, like a dam bursting, Kiran and Sharena couldn’t hold it back any longer. With their mouths pressed together so tight that Sharena was pushed into the sheets, they climaxed. Kiran’s seed remained inside her, their lovemaking juices mixing. As his high wore off, Kiran slowly retracted his movements, until he was finally done, coming out and laying on Sharena for a half second, before rolling off of her and laying beside her. They stared at the ceiling, panting. Sharena’s face blushed again, and she turned herself to face Kiran, who did the same.

“Kiran…?” she asked, her hands laying between them. Kiran emulated her movements, shifting a little closer. He hummed in question, responding to her.

“I...thank you.” Her smile returned to her face, her soft, beautiful face. Kiran smiled back, moving forward to kiss her. This time, the kiss was gentle, the most wonderful kiss they’ve had. His arms enclosed her, and her arms did the same. Their legs intertwined together, and they paused their kiss, foreheads against each other.

“Remember,” Kiran said, chuckling. “We have training tomorrow.” Sharena giggled, patting Kiran on the cheek lightly.

“Shush, you,” she chastised, “I don’t want to think about anything else right now.”

Kiran agreed. He kissed her, as a promise.

Chapter End Notes

That...was a lot longer than I intended. I think I fell in love with this pairing near the beginning of it. But regardless, all requests are welcome and may even be accepted! Thank you so much for reading, and I hope to see you in the future!
Cutting Blade: Selena x Lon’qu

Chapter Summary

Selena, tight-lipped soldier of Nohr, knows from her boss, Lady Camilla, the many ways to become better trained with someone in battle. With one of her new teammates, she decides to emulate her Lady, and see where she gets from there.

Chapter Notes

This request came from someone on a Discord server I was on (same one as the first chapter, go figure). Skipped a lot of the fluff, in my opinion, but hopefully it's still nice and smutty for all of you.

Regna Ferox produced some of the world’s most powerful and deadly soldiers. Of these, few could best the Myrmidons in the art of swordfighting. Lon’qu was one of the best, and he definitely knew it, though it never went to his head. He was a stoic man, barely talking to anyone unless he was delivering the finishing blow. He certainly didn’t try to make friends, and he most definitely didn’t talk to women. Not since what happened with Ke’ri all those years ago. Technically he wasn’t of Regna Ferox, but he was still one of its greatest fighters. Even so, he refused all voluntary contact with women, for fear of repeating his greatest mistake.

So when he awoke in his bed, in his room, in the very secure Hall of Heroes, his heart practically burst from his chest in fear when he discovered a red haired girl sitting on his bed, right next to his prone and almost completely naked form.

“Woman!” he screamed, brain going into overdrive as he threw himself backward. He reached for his Killing Edge, which he normally keeps beside his bed on the nightstand, but couldn’t find it. His hand searched without looking, nearly knocking over the candle he keeps for nighttime light. His eyes grew to the size of dinner plates, and he looked, confirming his suspicion that the sword was, in fact, gone. The girl cleared her throat, and he looked back to her, seeing that she was in possession of the sword, holding it in her right hand. Lon’qu’s anger rose, and he was ready to yell (despite still being half under the covers), before he truly noticed the girl. That is to say, noticed how she looked.

Her dark red hair was long, but tied in two ponytails. She had her legs crossed over each other, and the sword was pressed against the bed, under her right hand, while her left supported her from the back, against the mattress. She had her head tilted to the side, looking at the man currently still in the bed. However, what drew his attention was her clothing, or lack thereof. She wore what seemed to be an off-white underwear shirt, with black leggings and no shoes. Lon’qu looked behind her, seeing that apparently she had forgone the clothing inside his room, as it all laid crumpled on the floor behind her. Looking downwards unintentionally (Gods save him!), he saw she wore underwear shorts that were almost the same color as her shirt.

Lon’qu’s eyes drifted around his room for a means of defence. Unlike many other Heroes, who
decorated lavishly, he had forgone most material comforts, save for the bed, which was the same mattress as was given to all other Heroes. He had an armory all to himself on the left wall, in place of a wardrobe, complete with armor stand and weapon display. On the right of his room, he had a desk and a training dummy. He was teaching himself how to properly write as a secret pastime. None of that mattered now, because he realized there was no way he could reach any of that.

“I thought you’d never wake up.”

The girl’s voice brings him back to attention, albeit with a loud, audible gulp. She hmphed, moving her legs around to sit cross-legged on the bed, facing him. She pushed the sword off, causing a clunk as it clattered against the uncarpeted wooden floor.

“You room is disgusting,” she continued, “No style, no class. Too practical.” Her face wasn’t angry, but it still looked pissed. Lon’qu was starting to wonder if anyone would laugh at him later, were he to scream for help.

“Hey!” the girl said, causing him to startle himself, “Are you listening?”

Lon’qu gulped, trying to keep his steely demeanour.

“Who the hell are you, woman?” he asked, his voice unwavering, “What are you doing in my room? On my bed?” The girl just scoffed at him, before shifting herself closer, sitting herself down on his feet still under the covers. He was tempted to kick her off.

“You don’t remember already?” she asked, arms crossed on her stomach, “A week ago. We were on a team together, we fought some Emblians? Anything at all?” Lon’qu’s mind was blank, but he was trying to remember. The girl’s actions, her tone of voice, they felt familiar. A week ago….

“Selena,” he finally said, looking down at his sheets so as to not make eye contact, “I remember. You nearly got me killed. Twice.” Selena giggled, content with his discovery.

“That is exactly why I’m here,” she announced, very pleased with herself, “You and I need to work on teamwork, right? Kiran mentioned it, once the battle was over. But of course you avoided me constantly, so I came here to make sure you couldn’t do that.” Lon’qu looked at the door, which he usually kept locked.

“Before you ask,” Selena continued, “Your pal Gaius helped me with the door. He owed me a favor. And you owe me a good partner.”

“I understand the need for training,” the Myrmidon said, trying to keep himself steady, “But what the hell happened to your Gods-damned clothes?!” The redhead smirked, voting to just lean forward, starting to crawl up to the man, who started to shrink into his pillows.

“I know you’ll just avoid me,” she said, “But you don’t get to do that anymore. So, I’m going to keep you here until you learn to be my partner, and we are going to work together very well. Understand?” Her face was in front of his now, and his face was turning as red as her hair. This fact was not lost upon Selena, who took the opportunity to move her face closer, touching her nose to his.

“Kiss me.” she said. Lon’qu froze.

“Wh-what?!” he asked, his head against the backboard. Selena sighed, rolling her eyes but not moving her head.

“I said kiss me, you idiot!” Her voice raised right in Lon’qu’s face, becoming almost shrill. “You are going to kiss me, and then the two of us are going to couple, and we are going to become great
The girl is mad! Lon’qu thought, Even the Gods can’t save her no! Lon’qu tried to think more, but couldn’t, as Selena’s lips pressed to his, her eyes closing shut as his widened as much as they possibly could.

Even though he tried to get away from it, Lon’qu noticed how truly soft Selena’s lips were. He was sure he’d never tasted a woman’s lips before, and to think that this was the situation for his first time. His hands involuntarily moved out from underneath the covers, laying on top. Selena’s hands, meanwhile, did not falter. One went to his face, cupping his right cheek, while the other lay on his bare chest. Selena was on all fours above him, her knees by his hips, her hands on him. He was taller than her, no doubt, and their height difference showed here.

“What the hell-” Lon’qu’s voice cut in, pulling away from her lips, but Selena just kissed him again, pushing him down towards the pillows. His grunts of protest seemed to only drive her deeper, and something within him was coercing him. He stopped pushing back against her, but his body was feeling uncomfortable. As he shifted, however, all he managed to do was accidentally move himself against her, which caused Selena to...mewl?

“Ah, there we go,” the girl said, stopping the kiss, “I knew you had it in you. It’s about time, too.”

“Hold on!” Lon’qu said, somewhat angry. Selena sat back, sitting purposefully on his stomach just to fluster him more.

“Why is this all you could think of?” he continued, “I am a man of battle, I would have...gladly...trained with you to hone our skills!” Selena rolled her eyes, then pressed her hands to his shoulders, pushing him back down and holding herself above him.

“Because this is more fun,” she said, her face blank, “And it’s easier. Now hurry up and get out of those sheets so you can undress me. Now.” Lon’qu gulped, conceding defeat and moving the sheets off of his body, revealing his well-defined muscular body, along with his underwear, in which his manhood was, in fact, very erect. He saw this and swore. She saw this and smiled.

“I knew it,” she chuckled, “I could see those looks you gave me in battle. You were checking me out, don’t deny it.”

I was trying to gauge your moves, Lon’qu thought, so that I wouldn’t slice your head off by accident! He was about to turn those thoughts into reality, but Selena’s hands took his, moving them to her waist. His hands were large, and felt warm against her skin, even as they were massive compared to her rather petite form. She gasped quietly, eyes closed.

“Come on!” she commanded, “Take off my shirt!” Nodding, Lon’qu moved his hands upwards, sliding along her lithe figure. His mind was starting to accept this, to actually want this. It was as if all of his years of keeping women away were coming right back to him. Not to haunt him, but to remind him of just what he had been missing. As such, when he felt her skin, he knew he wanted more, but he listened to her. A few seconds later, and her shirt was tossed to the side, letting Lon’qu have full view of her chest, including her small-but-not-too-small breasts. She caught him looking at them, and blushed, looking away.

“W-well?” she asked, “What are you waiting for?” Lon’qu was confused, looking back up at her, and she grunted in frustration.

“Do something with them!” she said, raising her voice. Lon’qu realized what she meant and nodded. His right hand cupped her right breast, pressing it between his five fingers. Taking the initiative, his
mouth closed over her left breast, sucking on her pink nipple. Selena’s gasps turned to moans, breaking her steely persona with her very sensitive sounds. These very noises served to drive home Lon’qu’s thoughts that yes, he did want this. Something about this girl reminded him of Ke’ri, and maybe...with her, he could act how he never got to before.

Selena’s hands held his head in place, so he moved his tongue over her nipple more, flicking it every so often. Both of their bodies were starting to sweat, and Selena’s eyes remained shut, while her hips started to buck against Lon’qu who, despite her being on his stomach, felt a pang of pleasure on his dick. While one of Selena’s hands continued to caress his head and hair, her other one pushed down on the waistband of his boxers, slipping them down in order to spring his dick free, the sight of which caused her to blush, yet smile.

“You’re liking this - ah~! - as much as I am, huh?” Lon’qu, still on her breast, nodded, a movement that Selena felt in her core.

“Use your hands lower now!” Back to that demanding tone. Lon’qu obliged, removing a hand from her breast and bringing it lower, tracing the line between her thigh and her hips, going down to her own underwear. He didn’t need to see it, just feel it, to tell that she was plenty turned on now. The wet, sticky spot in her underwear confirmed it. Said underwear was quickly discarded, and Lon’qu’s fingers got a feel for what lay beneath, immediately drawing out more sounds of pleasure from Selena.

“Come on,” she said, “Use your fingers already!” Clearly Selena was trying to stay in control, attempting to be in command at all times, but something in her voice sounded less like demanding and more like pleading. Lon’qu caught this tone easily, but didn’t exploit it. Instead, he continued his mouth’s assault on her other breast as his index and middle finger of his right hand entered her, while his left hand held her back. In the movements, they had sat up to the point where the pillows propped up Lon’qu’s lower back, allowing him to lay at a somewhat strange 45 degree angle.

“Harder!” Selena said once more, making the Myrmidon’s fingers enter her more by moving her hips against it. His thumb, without meaning it, rubbed against her clit, causing her to emit a high-pitched gasp which segued into a moan, her head facing skyward in pleasure. Lon’qu finally removed his mouth from her breast, only for her to grab his face with both hands, sticking her tongue into his mouth in a passionate kiss. This time, instead of trying to flee, Lon’qu graciously accepted, his own mouth pushing back against her onslaught. Their kissing caused the sound of moans and lipsmacks to surround the room, even as Lon’qu’s fingers curled inside Selena, raking at the inside of her walls. Selena separated the two of them, leaving a thin line of saliva between their mouths. Grabbing Lon’qu’s hand, which was still inside of her, she pulled it out, bringing up his hand to completely lick off her juices from it. Feeling her tongue lick clean his fingers caused a shiver to go up Lon’qu’s spine, and his body shook in anticipation. Pressing him down against the pillows, Selena moved herself up, sitting herself so that her opening was right up in his face, and her own face was right next to his dick.

“Now for your mouth~” she said sultrily, this time a definite mix between commanding and pleading. Lon’qu’s hands grabbed her rear, spreading out her cheeks before pressing his tongue to her crotch. The taste was curious, almost sweet. If what he had read was correct, then she probably had eaten something sweet over and over prior to this meeting. That just drove home the fact that she came prepared.

Her gasps of joy were enough to give Lon’qu renewed vigor. He drove his tongue into Selena, and the girl, seemingly to repay the favor, skipped any hand action and immediately placed her mouth on his dick, starting to suck by bobbing her head up and down. The sensation was not lost upon
Lon’qu, who couldn’t help but moan in a gravelly tone as he continued his ministrations with his tongue. As he did so, his hands massaged Selena’s thighs, trying to add to the pleasure being given. Her hums served not just to display her contentment, but also to allow for increased vibrations on his dick.

Lon’qu got more daring, massaging Selena’s clit with two fingers as his tongue explored her insides. Selena, meanwhile, used her hand to stroke his dick as she sucked, making sure to cover all her bases. Lon’qu’s hips bucked unintentionally, making Selena’s eyes widen as she took more of him into her mouth. She moved herself off, coughing and sputtering. Lon’qu moved his head away from her crotch, worried.

“Are you—” he began, but was cut off by the girl moving herself away, and placing herself right over his dick. She touched her slit to his length, wincing at the touch.

“You’re going to make me cum, okay?” she said, chest heaving with every breath, “And once you do, we’re going to become great partners. Got it?” Somehow both excited and worried, Lon’qu nodded. Selena grit her teeth and pressed her lips together, shutting her eyes. In a few seconds, she lowered herself, gasping as Lon’qu’s dick penetrated her. She came down to the hilt, doing her best to fit him inside her while still sitting up. Her hands rested on his thighs, and she looked down at him, arched backwards with her breasts out. Lon’qu brought his hands and grasped her hips, helping her to go down as far as she could. He could see the perspiration on her face, and could feel beads of it coming down his own. The taste of her was still in his mouth, and he unconsciously licked his lips, causing Selena to half-smile with a slightly open mouth.

Gritting her teeth, she raised herself up, then came back down again, half of the effort done by her and the other half from Lon’qu and his strong arms, helping to lift her and bring her back down. She kept her feet on the bed, but her small form lifted so high that her toes were barely on the sheets as she went up. Her teeth bit her lower lip, breathing through her half-shut mouth in ragged gasps. Lon’qu was getting stuck to the bedsheets from the amount of sweat that had appeared on his body. He started moving Selena up and down faster, the warmth and wetness on his dick an amazing feeling. The room was quiet, save for their gasps and the patting of skin on skin, when Selena decided to just full-on moan.

“Gods, yes!” she seethed, “Faster, faster!” Lon’qu obliged, now using his arms less and letting her move herself up and down more than he did. His fingers gripped onto her hips, then moved to simply grab her rear, letting her take care of the movements. The feeling of his hands on her ass fueled her desire, and she moaned much, much louder now, throwing her head back and arching her back as much as she could, her hips starting to gyrate from the sensation. Lon’qu grit his teeth more, feeling like he was going to file them down, almost.

With very little warning, Selena’s fingers clawed into Lon’qu’s thighs. He felt her tightening around him, which made him feel closer to release. However, she moaned loudly as she came, covering him with her orgasm. Lon’qu was disappointed at the suddenness, but Selena continued to let him enter her.

“Hurry up already!” she panted out. He didn’t need to be told twice, and a short bit later, Lon’qu came as well, removing himself from inside her. Selena wasted no time at all moving off and catching his dick in her mouth, letting him finish there. The change of the warmth of her insides to the warmth of her mouth was what drove him over, and thus, his seed sprayed into her mouth, where she gladly swallowed it, then proceeded to lick his dick clean. Sighing, she finished, stroking it and looking at it with a bored look.

“So?” she asked, her tone of annoyance returning, “Was that good? Are we better partners now?”
Lon’qu widened his eyes at the suddenness.

“I...yes?” He wasn’t sure if that was an answer or a question.

“Perfect,” Selena said, moving up his body again rapidly, “Because we’re going to become perfect partners. We’re going to go again. And again. Got that?”

Lon’qu nodded. Now, he couldn’t wait.

Chapter End Notes

"Selena and Lon’qu reached support rank S"

But in all seriousness, I hope you all enjoyed. The next chapter is one that was requested. All requests made are put into a randomizer, so that they'll be unbiased in their order selection. I hope you're all as excited for it as I am!

Remember, comments and requests are always appreciated!
Lady of the Plains: Lyn x Kiran (Summoner)

Chapter Summary

In her world, Lyn was a swordfighter who knew a wonderful tactician, but she could never tell him how she truly felt. Now, with a new leader, she hoped to not make the same mistake.

Chapter Notes

Someday I'll pull a Lyn in Heroes. Maybe. But anyway, here comes a brand new chapter! Seeing as to how these are becoming regulars, I'd like to say that I hope for these chapters to come out every Saturday or Sunday. If I get bursts of inspiration, you can expect them earlier than that, but if not, wait for the weekend!

Side note: In the Western game releases, Lyn is 18, though in Japan she is considered younger than that. So as to clear up confusion, here she is 18, like the western releases.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Evidently,” Kiran muttered, stroking his chin as he pored over maps and books, “A Summoner’s job is never done…”

Kiran had every right to be annoyed. Recently, there had been another world invasion by the Emblian empire. Clearly their princess just wanted more and more Heroes on her side, despite the fact that Kiran and the Order of Heroes was able to stop her at every turn. No matter how hard Veronica tried, she just couldn’t successfully invade, even when she actually nearly managed to attack and possibly kill Kiran himself, only for a strange voice to save him. He’s been going mad, trying to find out three things: who that voice was, what they wanted, and how in the world he’d let his guard down so much.

Now, as he stood yet again above a table laden with tactics books and maps generously provided by Robin and Corrin, two Heroes he had summoned, his mind was going through so many different combinations. In particular, he was wondering what the benefits would be of teaming up two sword users, a fire tome, and a healer, against multiple Lance users. Clearly there was a flaw in planning, but he was certain he could make it work.

A knock at the door, three light raps, broke his concentration. His hand passed over his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose and wiping away some eye gunk he didn’t realize he had. He turned to the door to the room. It wasn’t his personal room, but rather one set aside especially for the Summoner, meant to be used for meditation, strategy, and whatnot. It was windowless, with the only light coming from four torch sconces around the stone walls and pillars. The center of the room had the large wooden table with all his papers on it, and there were two wooden chairs opposing. There was a bookshelf on the left wall and a cabinet on the right, and behind him was the only door, a heavy wooden one with iron supports and a brass doorknob with a lock above it.

Kiran placed his gloved hand on the doorknob and turned it to open the door. He was wearing his
Summoner’s garb, except that his robe was hung from a coathanger next to the door and his weapon was on the table next to a copy of How to Avoid Archers 101. He didn’t like to wear the robe while he planned, since he felt like it restricted him.

“Hello, Summoner!”

On the other side of the door stood a woman with long green hair and a blue outfit that could be considered a kimono, one which greatly accentuated her long legs and thighs. Lyn, the swordfighter from the World of Blazing, had her hands behind her back and her natural smile on her face as she stood before Kiran.

“Lyn,” the young man said, nodding, “Good to see you. Come in, don’t just stand out there.” Kiran turned back to the table, placing his hands on it and leaning his weight against it. His shoulders raised up as he pored over the map in front of him again. Lyn, meanwhile, slowly paced next to him, glancing over his shoulder at the writing before them.

“Who do you have planned this time?” she asked, placing her hands together on the table. Kiran gestures to the drawings.

“Two swords, a fire tome, and a staff user,” he explained, “I was thinking of having you and Eliwood for the swords, since he’s mounted...but I don’t know, this tactic might not work well against lances. Not at all.” He stood up and pondered, cupping his hand over his mouth in thought. Lyn, meanwhile, looked around at the group.

“You know,” she said, pointing to his drawings, “Instead of me and Eliwood, instead of using swords here, why not have Tiki and Hector? Especially if you’re thinking against lances.” Kiran sighed, waving off her suggestions.

“That’s exactly the point,” he complained, “I need to practice for events where the odds are against us. We won’t always know what our enemy will have, so I need to plan for contingencies.”

Lyn chuckled. “You would have liked Mark,” she mutters, a look of contentment on her face, “You’re just so...alike…”

“Hm?” Kiran hums, turning to the woman, “Mark? Who’s Mark?” Hearing the name caused a small trigger of memory in Kiran’s mind, as if he shared some distant kinship with that person, if only by name or profession. He shook it off.

“Mark was…” Lyn sighed, looking at the ceiling in thought, “He was our tactician. We all called him The Tactician to mess with him. I haven’t seen him in....well, I haven’t seen him for a while.” She turned herself around, sitting on the edge of the table, head turned to face Kiran.

“Sounds like you were fond of him,” Kiran replies, “I’m sure he was a wonderful tactician, from the way you talk about him.” His attention went back to the papers in front of him. He passed a hand over a small map he had, trying to see if there was something he hadn’t thought of.

“He and I were close,” Lyn continued. She moved off the table and leaned on it sideways, her right hip against it and her right hand on top of the table, so that she was fully facing Kiran.

“We were very, very good friends,” she said, stepping closer to the boy, who was too busy poring over texts to pay attention, “But I always felt something more...and before I could let him know, he vanished…”

“Sorry to hear that,” Kiran muttered, lost in thought. He was about to open a book on cavalry tactics when Lyn placed her hand over his. The force from her shut the book as he was opening it. He
looked to her, confused, and saw into her green eyes, eyes the color of jade. Her face was one of sadness, but he could detect a ferocity in it, one which was moving her closer until she turned him to face her. She looked up at him, as he was just a few inches taller than her.

“I already lost one tactician to the winds,” she said, moving her hands to place them on Kiran’s chest, “But now I have found another one, and this one I’m not letting leave before I can say how I feel, and not before I can show how much you mean to me.” Kiran’s hands went to her sides to hold her, but his mind’s fuzziness cleared quickly.

“Lyn, we can’t.” He pulled away, shaking his head and turning away, “I’m with Sharena, you know this. I’m not going to cheat on her like this. At all.” He closed his eyes, glad that he stopped himself in time, but they snapped wide open as Lyn wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and pressed herself to him. He felt her sizable chest on his back, giving him a soft and warm feeling that still brought chills to his spine.

“I already asked her.”

Kiran turned, quickly, breaking her hold on him.

“You what?”

“I asked Sharena,” Lyn clarified, moving towards Kiran with swaying hips, flustering the summoner and backing him up towards the brick wall, “And she gave me permission. She agreed with me on one thing. You have a lot of admirers here, and she knows that you two being exclusive just wouldn’t be fair to anyone else.”

Kiran sighed. “That sounds like Sharena,” he muttered, feeling his back hit the wall, “Always wanting to make people happy.” He was already thinking of the talk he and his “girlfriend” were going to have, but the Lady of the Plains put a stop to that by pushing herself against him, now letting his body feel hers from the front, as she placed her left leg beside him and her right leg between his.

“You wouldn’t believe the admiration I have for you, Kiran.” Lyn’s voice lowered to a whisper, one that made the hair on the back of Kiran’s neck stand on end. “How you lead us despite not being in combat. Ever since I was summoned by you, I knew that you were just like him.” Her body pressed against his, the lack of heavy clothing between the two making the touch much more personal. Feeling her breasts pressing to him, how soft and round they were, was certainly a factor in his increasing arousal. Her lips moved up to his face, only a few centimeters from his own.

“I…” Kiran said, putting his hands on her wonderful hips, “I don’t know what to say, Lyn.” The woman shushed him, placing a finger on his lips to keep him quiet.

“I don’t care if this is once only,” she says, her now sultry voice filling him with desire, “But I want it to happen. Do you?” Kiran nodded, now smiling. Lyn giggled.

“Then let’s get going.” Lyn finished her sentence and immediately kissed him, her lips pressing to his, her hands rising up to embrace his upper body, one snaking over his shoulders and one around his waist. In response, Kiran’s hands brought her closer, now straying around the back of her hips. He slowly moved them down to her rear, gently squeezing it to make her yelp. She smiled into their kiss, softly moaning.

Kiran was amazed at the feeling of caressing her rear. He had imagined her, since she was a seasoned warrior, as a very rough and toned fighter covered in muscle. Right now, he discovered that her rear was nice and soft, almost seeming to mold in his hands. Her own tender hands were
slipping off his upper clothing already, and he helped her by shimmying out of it. As he held her close, she pulled her face away to look at his body.

“Like what you see?” Kiran said with a chuckle (and relative surprise at his forwardness).

“Mmm,” Lyn moaned, licking her lips, “Gods, I do...help me out?” Catching her drift, Kiran lowered his hands to the middle of her clothes, to her belt. While it usually held her sword sheath, this time it was lacking the weapon, and Kiran was able to easily slip it off of her. She pushed him away once he did that, winking as she brought up her arms, slipping off her outfit in an intentionally slow speed in order to tease the Summoner, a tactic that worked wonders as Kiran found himself pressing harder against the wall in amazement.

Lyn let the clothing slip to the floor, letting Kiran see her full body. Amazingly, it turned out that she did, in fact, wear underwear on her lower body, but nothing on top, not even a shirt. Her large breasts hung before him, pink nipples an obvious contrast against her pale skin. She had an incredibly curvy figure, with her hip to waist ratio causing his heart to beat against his chest. As she kicked off her shoes, she nodded to his lower half. Kiran looked down, confused, then gave a confirmatory yelp and started to remove his own clothing.

As he struggled to anxiously remove his pants, Lyn giggled, coming over to help him. She pressed her body to his as her hands went to the top of his pants. The feeling of her now naked breasts caused Kiran’s mind to practically explode, coupled with her mouth going to his neck, kissing and licking him there. Her hands slipped off his pants, leaving him only in his underwear with his dick erect and threatening to rip through. Making matters “worse”, Lyn intentionally moved her panty-covered crotch against him, pushing against and rubbing his covered dick. His grunts of pleasure became moans, especially once she pressed her mouth to him again.

This time, Lyn’s assault was full of fervor. Her tongue licked Kiran’s lips, and Kiran gladly opened his mouth, letting their tongues mingle. The smacks of their lips and their moans rose, fighting the noise of the torch fire in the room. Kiran’s hands continued to move over her rear and lower back, feeling the soft skin beneath, while Lyn’s hands chose different paths: one went to his dick, rubbing the clothed member, while the other caressed his midriff and chest.

Lyn pulled away from the kiss first, leaving a trail of saliva between them, as they both panted from lack of breath. Both of their tongues were out, and they looked into each other’s half-closed, passion filled eyes. Lyn went down first, going to kiss Kiran’s chest and trailing down. He placed his hand on the back of her head, accidentally undoing her ponytail and causing her long green hair to stream down her back. She didn’t seem to mind, as she continued down, reached his underwear and licking her lips.

With one finger, she deftly removed his last bit of clothing, her face glowing as she saw his dick in front of her. She held it in her right hand and stroked it a few times. The feeling of her soft hand on him was superb, the gentle touch something that he never got used to. Soon, she licked his tip once, and then right away took him into her mouth, keeping her tongue on his underside and just barely poking out of her mouth. Her eyes closed as she sucked, keeping his dick in one position for a while before starting to move her head.

Kiran looked skyward, hands on her head and in her hair. The way she used her tongue was incredible. Sometimes she moved it all over his length alongside her bobbing, but sometimes she let it focus on his tip, even licking the very center of it, something that he couldn’t decide if it gave him pleasure or awkward sensations. She continued her sucking as Kiran looked down to her, teeth gritted. She opened her eyes, looking up at him as her mouth enclosed his dick. The sight of her green orbs filled him with desire, and he pushed himself into her throat, causing a few tears to well
up. Despite this, she continued to suck, making slurping sounds as her mouth moved up and down.

Kiran could feel himself reaching his limit, but Lyn showed no signs of stopping. If anything, her movements getting faster indicated that she knew he was close. His hips started to buck, and his held-in moans poked through, sounding audibly throughout the room. After a few more moments, he couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“L-Lyn!” he grunted, before moaning in a low tone as he came into her mouth, without warning. The woman’s eyes widened, but she took him in her mouth, taking every drop and swallowing it. As Kiran panted against the wall, she took her mouth off, sighing contently. She stood up, stretching her arms.

“Thank you, Kiran,” she said, “I know you didn’t want to do this, but-”

Kiran cut her off by wrapping her in his arms and kissing her. Her eyes went wide as his tongue invaded her mouth and pressed against hers, his right hand cupping her right breast and his left hand holding her waist.

“No, Lyn,” Kiran gasped once he pulled his mouth away, “I need to return the favor, it’s only fair.” Lyn’s look of surprise turned to one of sudden desire, not expecting a response like this from the Summoner.

“Well then,” she said, bringing her face close again, “Show me how you’ll return it.” Kiran smirked, and kissed her again. Gone was the soft passion of before. Now, the two of them were lustily making out, Kiran pressing into Lyn and pushing her back. They stepped back until Lyn bumped into the table covered in tactics and books. She yelped to signal Kiran, but he didn’t listen. Pushing more against her lips, he bent her backwards slightly, pushing off all the writing on the table. Books and papers clattered against the floor, as Kiran’s hands gripped her rear end tight, lifting her up and placing her on the wooden table, all the while still kissing each other passionately.

During their kiss, Kiran easily and quickly removed the completely soaked panties that she still had on. Breaking the liplock, he lowered his head to her breasts, popping one of her nipples into his mouth and sucking on it for a few seconds, causing Lyn to moan, a high-pitched noise that served to drive Kiran’s wilder side. Leaving her breasts, his face went lower, down to her legs. Spreading her legs apart, he kissed each of her thighs once, before turning his attention to her crotch. With little warning, he pressed his lips to it, licking up its entirety.

Lyn cried out in pleasure. One of her hands held her up, her right hand pressed against the table as her back curved. Her left hand, meanwhile, clutched her left breast, keeping the large mound of flesh squeezed and massaged between her fingers. His tongue continued to work the outside, moving up to include her clit. The pleasure of this caused Lyn to squeal, eyes shut tight in desire.

Kiran’s tongue dove into her then, moving around her inner walls. Her taste was sweet, almost fruity, and he was completely enamored by it. His tongue curled around the inside. At one point struck, Lyn jerked and moaned, letting Kiran know he had hit her pleasure spot. His following attacks continued to pass by that spot, and it felt as if she was getting wetter by the second.

“By the Gods, Kiran,” Lyn moaned, taking her right hand and grasping his hair, “I’m nearly there!” As if on cue, Kiran moved his face away from her, giving her one last sympathy lick. Before she could protest (but after her moan of disappointment), Kiran stood, placing his already erect dick at her entrance and grabbing her hips. He looked into her eyes, and she into his. A nod from her was all he needed, even as they were both panting, and he pushed into her as far as he could.

Kiran was amazed that nobody else heard just how she moaned, right then. Nevertheless, he
continued, now thrusting into her at a regular pace. The force of his thrusts forced her to lay back on
the table, letting her long green hair fall over the wood and over the edge. Her breasts bounced as he
pushed into her, and her face was looking at his, with her mouth left open as she cried out with every
push.

Kiran bent his body over, once more taking one of her breasts into his mouth as he thrusted. Her
moans turned to squeals and yells, feeling pleasure from two different sources. The smooth wood of
the table caused her sweat to pool under her, and she almost felt like she was sliding, though she was
held in place by Kiran’s hands on her hips, which were digging in and bringing her close.

When Kiran removed his mouth from her nipple, intending to go to her other breast, Lyn pulled
herself up, sitting up on the table as Kiran pleasured her. Her arms went around him, and her head
rested on his shoulder, still making the same noises as before. Kiran’s breathing got heavier, and his
movements harder.

“Kiran…” Lyn gasped into his ear, “I’m…I’m….” Lyn pressed her face into his next, moaning, as
she reached orgasm, her juices spraying onto him. She hugged him tight, pressing their bodies
together in ecstasy. Slowly he stopped, until his dick was resting inside of her, both of them panting
heavily as they calmed down.

Lyn pulled her face away from his shoulder and to his lips again, kissing Kiran softly. Their lips
melded together nicely, reserving their tongues from their liplock. With a soft smack, they
disconnected, resting their foreheads together.

“Thank you, Kiran,” Lyn breathed, “Thank you for this.” Kiran smiled back, kissing her cheek.

“You know this doesn’t have to be a one time thing, right?” He chuckled, thinking of the story he
would tell Sharena later.

“That’s good to hear,” Lyn replied, laughing a little, “But for now, what was that about tactics? We
seem to have caused a bit of a mess, and we have work to do.”

Kiran sighed. It was true, then. A Summoner’s work was never done.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this chapter can be summarized with two words: table sex. This chapter was
requested by a guest who goes by Lord Byron. They’ve sent in a bunch of requests, so
expect more of their ideas.

The spinner has chosen the next pairing, and here is a hint: One of the characters has no
qualms in killing for you.

Comments and requests are always appreciated, and thank you very much! I'll see you
next time!
Bewitching and Blushing: Camilla x Olivia

Chapter Summary

What do you do with a friend who just can't seem to shake off their nerves? Well, when you're a certain princess of Nohr, you have your ways, and you know that they work.

Chapter Notes

Massive sorry everyone, for not posting this on whatever schedule I had! I’d been away in a foreign country on vacation and the past two days have been basically just travel! I hope you enjoy this chapter anyway!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Hall of Heroes is a vast building, created explicitly to cater to the whims and needs of all Heroes and members that reside within its walls. Every Hero has a room they can personalize, there is a massive canteen and dining hall, the kitchens are stocked, the training rooms are innumerable, and the training grounds spread far and wide. However, after some missions or training runs, some Heroes care little for these material comforts and wish more for the comfort of their own bed. Some even go so far as to wishing for the comfort of their own bed, but with someone else in it.

This was the feeling that fell upon Camilla of Nohr. Just about an hour ago, she was a part of a team that Kiran, their Summoner and Tactitian, had brought together to strike at a group of Emblian soldiers, as part of his so-called “Training Tower”. He was curious in how he named things, and he loved to call the different levels of training “stratums”. According to him, Camilla and three other heroes had just gone through the “8th stratum”, against two lance wielders, a mounted healer, an armoured knight with a sword, and a mounted axeman. Camilla, alongside the Hero-King Marth and two others named Lukas and Klein, had fought and bested the soldiers easily, but Kiran’s insistence on increasing their “merit” meant fighting more and more groups of them.

The Summoner had some strange ideas.

Now, Camilla was leaving the stables, where she had handed off her wyvern to a very anxious stablehand. A quick kiss on the cheek from her, however, and the boy went straight to work. She loved how she had that effect on others, but sometimes it felt almost stressful. This feeling was multiplied a hundredfold now, as she felt exhausted and needed something to perk her back up. This is how, as she walked through the halls, she stopped to see exactly what the noises were coming from a certain training room. Passing by the doorway, she heard grunting and saw a blur of pink and white, something that caused her to stop and return to the entrance, placing a hand on the entryway and peeking in, resting herself against the entrance. The sight before her was one that definitely helped to lift her spirits.

Inside the room, on the padded floor, Camilla witnessed a flurry of movement. Twists, twirls, spins, and pirouettes galore were showcased, as the princess saw Olivia, famed dancing Heroine of the World of Awakening, practicing what appeared to be a new routine. The pink-haired girl twirled and
twisted in the air, her graceful maneuvers a wonder to the eye. What was even more impressive was how she seemed to do all of this with her eyes closed. It was as if the world was shut out around her, with nothing else to worry about save for the way her hands and feet moved.

Camilla stepped into the room and leaned against the wall, arms crossed underneath her voluptuous chest. She continued to watch as Olivia’s dance no longer flew through the air, but instead stopped and remained in one place. She recognized the style she was doing now. Apparently it was called something akin to bellydancing. And the way her hips moved, seeing her body shake and rattle along with her jewelry, and especially paying attention to her rising and falling chest, simultaneous with her breaths...Camilla was feeling re-energized just looking at the dance, but she was also starting to feel something else. It was a feeling she was very, very familiar with, and as the dancer before her finished her movements with a pose, one hand raised to the sky and one to the ground with her legs crossed and knees ever-so-slightly bent, she pushed off the wall, clapping and moving towards Olivia.

“Eek!” the pink-haired girl cried, turning to see the purple-haired woman walking towards her, “Camilla! How....how long have you been there?” Her cheeks were turning the same color as her hair now, perhaps even a few shades darker. The sight of it drove Camilla wild.

“Am I not allowed to watch such a wonderful performance?” Camilla asked, her trademark coy voice on display, “You have a gift, dear, and I admire you for it. How long have you been doing this?” Camilla was standing only two feet from Olivia now, and was intentionally bending back a little to put her chest on display, a tactic that seemed to work, as Olivia blushed more, retreating into herself.

“Um….most of my life,” she responded quietly, “It’s been….It’s been a lot of time...I like to do it…”

“Come on, dear, chin up!” Camilla knew exactly how to trap her prey when she wanted to, and always in a way where they both come out better off. “No need to be nervous, it was a nice dance! Who’s it for? A special someone?”

That did it. Olivia covered her face and turned away, squealing. Camilla giggled, pulling her back and into a hug, purposefully smushing Olivia’s face against her chest and patting her head. Olivia, being the shorter one, had her hands on Camilla’s stomach, feeling the armor protecting the soft skin beneath. Her eyes were the size of dinner plates.

“It’s okay, dear,” Camilla cooed, “You’re just always so nervous, it’s worrying. I worry about you, dear.” Olivia looked up at the Nohrian woman.

“You..you do?” Camilla softly smiled, pushing Olivia’s hair out of her eyes.

“Of course,” she reassured her, “And you know, I know just the thing to help you get over your nervousness, even if it’s just a little.” Now Olivia’s blush lowered, and she seemed genuinely curious, pressing more against Camilla, who gently took hold of Olivia’s chin with two fingers.

“Just close your eyes, dear, and I’ll tell you.” Olivia nodded, shutting her eyes tight. She waited, eager to hear what Lady Camilla had in mind. She was sure that it would be something important, a life lesson she’d never forget. Until she felt something soft on her lips, followed by a pressing feeling and an arm snaking around her back. Her eyes flew wide open again.

Camilla was kissing her. The purple haired woman’s lips pushed against hers, and she could feel the warmth and liteness of her body. Olivia quickly became accustomed to the kiss, amazingly. She couldn’t help it, because she knew that there was something about Lady Camilla that attracted Olivia to her. Then again, Olivia’s issues with nervousness seemed to have made her attracted to many
people at once. It was strange, but at this moment, the strangeness was replaced by Olivia accepting
the kiss and returning it gladly.

Much to her dismay, however, Camilla’s lips left her own, leaving Olivia with a soft moan of
sadness. Camilla wiped her lips, placing her right hand on Olivia’s cheek.

“I’m glad you enjoyed that,” she whispered, “But if you want my help, come to my room in fifteen
minutes. I’ll be waiting.” With a kiss on the cheek (and a playful smack on the rear), Camilla turned
and left the room, pausing at the entry to look back and wink, before heading to her room, leaving
Olivia stunned for a few seconds before she ran to get her things and get ready.

Camilla, meanwhile, reached her room and stepped inside, making sure to leave it unlocked. While
her quarters back in Nohr were much more extravagant, Camilla took no time to garnish this
bedroom as her heart desired, and her heart desired a lot. Keeping with the colors of Nohr, she left a
lot of purple and black in the design, but because she was considered higher royalty, her room had
two rooms connected by an entryway. The first room, the entrance, had a fireplace, a small dining
area, and even a nice kitchen, with a large ornate rug on the floor. Through the entryway was her
bedroom, and while it had dressers and a makeup area, the crown jewel was the massive mahogany
king-sized bed, much too big for just one person but perfect for a pair. And a pair is just what
Camilla hoped would share this bed tonight.

Stepping into her bedroom and near her dresser, she casually removed her armor, humming a tune
from Nohr that she remembered. Her armor usually covered only the important areas, and now she
let it all fall, leaving her in just her undergarments. However, knowing that she was meant to
entertain a guest tonight, she opened her drawers, ready to change into something worthy of
attention.

Exactly at the requested time, Olivia arrived at Camilla's door. Entering the room and marvelling at
the grand display, she locked the door out of habit. She was wearing her usual dancer’s garb, but she
had quickly stopped by her own quarters to leave behind her loud and distracting jewelry. Now, all
she had to do was undo a knot and all her garments would fall, leaving her at the will and mercy of
Lady Camilla...but no, not right away. That would be just tasteless. Although, the thought of it did
beckon her hand to go lower...and lower...and lower…

“Olivia, dear!” Camilla's voice called from the other room, “Come on in, I’m waiting!” The sound of
eagerness in Camilla's voice made Olivia’s hand tremble as it reached its destination, but she
removed it. Clearing her throat, she walked to the entryway, stepping inside the bedroom to receive
the sight of her life.

Laying before Olivia, on the bed, was Camilla herself, laying sideways on her right in such a way
that her curvy figure was on display. Her right hand was propping up her head, letting her look at
Olivia vertically, while her left hand was laying on her side, stopping right on her wide hips. She
wore a set of black underwear, both bra and panties, that really looked like they could barely hold
her sizable chest. Olivia audibly gulped, and her legs shook at the view.

“I’m glad you could join me,” Camilla said, sitting up with her legs over the side of the bed, “I know
you want to get rid of your nervousness, and I’d just love to help you with that. What do you say?”
Olivia gulped, taking a few steps forward.

“Of course...of course, Camilla,” she replied, “I just, um...I just don’t know how?” Camilla giggled,
covering her mouth with a closed fist.

“All in due time, dear,” she said, “But first, how about a nice dance? I do so love your moves.”
Olivia’s eyebrow raised. A dance, now? What good would that do? Her dances are mostly for the
battlefield, and she really couldn’t see how it could do anything now.

“Um, okay,” she conceded, “I guess I can do one here...” As she got into a stance, however, Camilla cleared her throat, patting her lap.

“I was thinking of a...different sort of dance.” She smiled, leaning to the side to rest on her arm, left hand pressed into the bed as her right was on her lap. Olivia’s face went red, and her throat clenched, but she absolutely understood and loved the prospect. And considering how she was already wearing her bare minimum, this was going to be nice. These were her thoughts as she stepped closer to Camilla, intentionally swaying her hips before standing before her.

Reaching her arms over her head, Olivia started by moving her hips slowly in circles, letting Camilla see what was in store. Her feet started to turn her, giving off a good view of her rear and allowing a rhythm to be set. Very carefully, Olivia bent her back forward, causing her hip movements to pass her rear just barely over Camilla’s legs. Only the briefest skin contact could be felt, which made Camilla bite her lip, wanting to reach over and grasp the dancer’s milky white legs. She refrained, however, knowing that doing so would ruin the experience.

Olivia pressed on, now facing Camilla and moving more towards her. Her legs were to the sides of the purple-haired woman’s, and her hands moved to Camilla’s shoulders, letting her lift up to allow for easier movement. Her hips and chest waved, bringing Olivia’s bosom up to Camilla’s face and back, over and over again. Her legs and ass were now actually touching Camilla, rubbing along the top of her legs, as Olivia’s dancer clothing gently moved over their bodies.

Olivia’s hands went to hold Camilla’s neck, holding her head in place as her motions continued. Getting up onto the bed, Olivia kneeled on the mattress, now moving her hips against Camilla’s stomach and crotch area, letting the fabric of her clothes drag on Camilla’s legs. Her hands started to caress Camilla’s arms, while her body continued to move against her, now fully and intentionally pressing her breasts against her with Camilla slightly moving her head back to not suffocate. The dance seemed to be breaking down somewhat, possibly due to how Olivia was now biting her lip. Camilla looked down and could see (and feel) a wet streak on her legs. Olivia was very, very turned on by this, despite being the one giving the dance.

“Olivia, dear?” Camilla whispered, “Are you ready to continue?” Olivia slowed her movements and looked at Camilla. The crazy look in her eyes, plus the drool slightly dripping out of her mouth, signalled a yes.

“Come here, then,” Camilla said, gently stroking the underside of Olivia’s chin with one finger, “I want to feel those lips of yours.”

Without hesitation and with a squeal of joy, Olivia crashed down into Camilla, lips pressing together in a hungered passion. The sudden force didn’t surprise Camilla in the slightest, but she did fall back onto the bed just to be safe. Olivia just would not let up, though, wrapping her arms around Camilla and kissing her with fervor. The Nohrian woman couldn’t help but giggle as it happen, casually moving her own arms around to Olivia’s back and undoing the one little knot that she had holding up the rest of her clothing. Doing that, she slid her hands up Olivia’s back, gently squeezing her rear first. This caused Olivia to moan, more than she already had been, and place her hands on Camilla’s face, letting their kiss be more intimate.

Camilla was the first to push the kiss further. Opening her mouth, she let her tongue slip through when Olivia’s mouth was open, letting their tongues join together. This didn’t break Olivias stride, and in fact only seemed to make her even more lustful. In fact, Camilla realized that Olivia seemed to not even be human anymore, just essentially a pleasure machine. While she didn’t particularly hate
that, she knew that she wanted to be more “strategic” with what happened. As such, and much to the
disappointment of Olivia (complete with a sad moan), Camilla pushed her off, holding her over her
with both of them panting heavily.

“No...not at all,” Olivia panted, her chest heaving. Being raised above Camilla caused her clothing to
finally slip off, letting her naked body be free. Seeing her delicious pink nipples on her cramry breasts
made Camilla bite her lip, but first things first, after all. Leaving Olivia with one last peck on the lips,
Camilla moved the dancer’s head lower, until her mouth was aligned with her breasts. Along the
way, Olivia’s tongue and lips licked and kissed Camilla’s neck and collarbone, causing her to emit
gasps at every touch. Her hands went behind Camilla’s back and easily undid her bra, tossing it aside
to marvel at her perfect bust.

Once at her destination, Olivia’s mouth went to work, pressed against the hard pink nub on Camilla’s
right breast, using her left hand to cup and then squeeze the other one. She kept her mouth open,
swirling her tongue around the nipple before sucking it, repeating this in intervals. With two fingers
in the middle and one on each side, with the thumb working as support, Olivia caressed Camilla’s
other breast, keeping both of the soft mounds moving at the same time. Being quite big, they were
very nice to feel, and for Camilla, they were very sensitive. Olivia’s other hand meandered down to
Camilla’s crotch, feeling the wet spot in her panties, but Camilla moved the dancer’s hand away.

“There won’t be a need for that,” she gasped out, “Just keep going.” Olivia nodded, swapping the
positions of her hand and mouth. While Camilla’s right hand remained on Olivia’s head, keeping her
in place, the other was gripping the sheets, almost drawing them closer. The gears were grinding in
her head, and she already planned for where this was going to go.

Without warning, Camilla flipped them over, letting Olivia land on the bed with her hands beside her
head, surprised. Camilla started by stroking Olivia’s hair, pushing it out of the way of her face, and
undoing her long ponytail, leaving her pink hair cascading. Camilla herself had already taken off her
normal headband, leaving the two women with streaming hair mixing between pink and purple.
After this, Camilla’s hands lowered to Olivia’s breasts, kneading them in circles as if they were
dough. While they weren’t as sensitive as Camilla’s, the dancer still mewed slightly at the touch,
turning her head to the side and closing her eyes. Taking that as incentive, Camilla’s mouth went
lower, latching itself to Olivia’s right breast and sucking.

“Oh!” Olivia cried, looking down at the sight before her. Camilla, with her mouth still latched,
looked up at Olivia and winked, before continuing. Instead of focusing on the other breast with her
left hand, Camilla moved it lower, sliding over Olivia’s hips and thighs, then moving it around to feel
between her legs, rubbing the outside of her now very wet core. The feeling of her fingers was a
breaking point, almost, and Olivia had to cover her mouth as her squeals kept coming. Squeals that
Camilla loved.

Camilla decided to take it a bit further. She bit down gently on Olivia’s nipple, continuing to stroke
her lower lips and focusing her massaging on Olivia’s cl\it. The dancer’s hand flew off her mouth,
and her moans became more evident, sounding out through the room. Camilla’s two fingers worked
wonders between Olivia’s legs, even going so far as to making her legs almost go stiff from pleasure,
the muscles straining to get as much as possible.

As quickly as it began, however, it stopped. Olivia was about to open her eyes, but felt Camilla’s
finger on her lips. Feeling how wet it was, she anxiously took it into her mouth, slurping it clean.
Camilla giggled.
“Keep your eyes closed,” the woman purred, “I have a surprise for you.” Olivia did as she asked, but still trailed down a hand to somewhat pleasure herself while she waited. She heard Camilla slip off her panties, which meant that she was now completely naked, and heard her rummaging through her drawers, followed by a small “A-ha!” and her coming back to the bed, giving off a moan of what sounded like pleasure and tapping Olivia on the shoulder. The dancer opened her eyes.

Camilla was wearing a strap-on. At least, it seemed like one, a 7-inch long purple one that had a little black belt looping around her waist. From the sounds of pleasure from Camilla, however, that toy went both ways, with half of it currently inside of her.

“Turn over, dear,” Camilla said, right hand on her hip, “Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle.” Olivia gulped but gladly turned, raising her rear end in anticipation, pressing her breasts and sideways face into the sheets. She tried to look back at Camilla to see what she was going to do, but her angle wouldn’t let her. Camilla, meanwhile, had a bright smile on her face, as she put the tip of the strap-on against Olivia’s lower lips.

Slowly, Camilla pushed all the way into Olivia, who was gasping with every inch. After pushing in as far as she could, Camilla bent over Olivia, going to her ear to nibble it a little.

“Are you ready?” she whispered into Olivia’s ear. Olivia nodded frantically, and Camilla gave her a kiss on the cheek. She moved herself back up, kneeling behind Olivia as she started to thrust in and out of her, being particularly rough on the entry. Each thrust caused Olivia’s face to press more into the mattress, and seeing the pink-haired woman’s breasts squished against the bed seemed to turn on Camilla even more.

The bed started to creak from their actions. Camilla’s movements got faster, and her hand went down to stroke Olivia’s clit as well, giving her more pleasure aside from the strap-on. Minutes seemed to speed by as if they were nothing, and soon, Olivia was begging for release. Camilla toyed with the idea of teasing her more, but decided that she needed something too.

“How is it, dear?” Camilla asked Olivia, whose face was currently making out with the sheets.

“Wonderful!” Olivia replied, with one syllable per thrust.

“Come on, dear, why don’t you cum for me then?” Camilla put as much lust and sultriness into her voice here, trying to get Olivia to reach release.

“I...I…” Olivia’s words didn’t come out, because her moaning drowned them out. She yelled into the pillow, muffling her cries of pleasure and staining the sheets with her mouth. Camilla, due to both the movement of the strap-on inside of her too and the lewdness of Olivia’s moans, could barely contain herself. As such, she quickly removed herself from the dancer, and also unstrapped the toy, tossing it aside.

“Olivia,” Camilla said, now very much horny and at the edge of release, “Could you possible help me out here?” Olivia turned herself around to witness Camilla’s look of lust, and she nodded. Willing herself up, she moved herself right underneath the Nohrian’s crotch, her face looking right up into her womanhood. Camilla, very happy now, lowered herself onto Olivia’s face just as Olivia’s tongue went up, immediately going into Camilla and tasting her.

“Ah!” Camilla cried, her face rising to the heavens, “Oh gods, Olivia, yes!” Hearing Camilla talk even a little bit dirty inspired Olivia, and her tongue continued to explore the depths of the wyvern rider, tasting her sweet juices. Her lips brushed not only against Camilla’s outer folds, but her clit as well, tripling her pleasure by attacking three different sides. Olivia wanted to taste her forecer, constantly being able to keep her mouth against her core.
This was not to be, sadly. Camilla was already so close to finishing that just a few minutes of Olivia’s treatment was enough to trigger her climax. Since she had been holding it back, Camilla’s orgasm caused a veritable flood of liquids to hit Olivia’s face, drenching the woman’s head. Camilla, meanwhile, rocked her hips over Olivia’s face as she came down from the high, then slipped herself off, landing right next to her with their heads beside each other on the bed.

All it took was one look for them to start kissing again, the fervor still there, albeit a bit muted. Olivia got to share Camilla’s taste with her, as their tongues pushed into each other’s mouths and their hands roamed and squeezed once again. It took almost a minute for them to stop, but they kept each other in a tight embrace.

“Well, dear?” Camilla asked, “How’s that nervousness treating you?”

Olivia just had to laugh, then. “I think it’s settled, Camilla.”

“Good,” the purple-haired woman replied, “Because I know your dances can revitalize people, and I feel ready for round two.”

Olivia never danced so fast before in her life.

Chapter End Notes

I promise that this was all randomly chosen and not a pattern of "Kiran chapter, non-Kiran chapter". I hope you enjoyed the first yuri request this series has gotten (and I hope it was well-done). Again, thanks for reading, and remember that requests are still accepted! See you next time!
Two Tacticians: Sharena x M!Robin x M!Corrin

Chapter Summary

Sharena and Kiran have discussed their boundaries, and Sharena is curious. Who else would walk by but two of the most interesting Heroes in the Order? Sharena knows exactly what she wants, and now, she's going to try it out.

Chapter Notes

This is another request that was sent in, and again, all requests are randomized for every chapter. As such, I hope to be able to post chapters more frequently, because I know y'all love these things!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pastries. Lots of pastries. Cake, cupcakes, pies, and cookies. Dozens upon dozens of sugary sweets, all going around in circles around a large, towering cake. Sharena was imagining it, and her mouth was watering. She wanted to have every cake in the world right in front of her, right this minute. She wanted to absolutely stuff herself with sugary goodness.

This was her excuse for not eating the so-called “food” on her tray in front of her. The globs of what were supposed to be vegetable and meat looked less edible than a sandwich made of pegasus droppings. She stuck out her tongue in disgust, once more pushing the food around with her fork. This was the problem with the Hall of Heroes’ canteen. If you didn’t arrive early, you would get mediocre food. If you arrived late, you got what was left. Unfortunately, Sharena had arrived late, and was now forced to “eat” this faux turkey in the hopes that it would be somewhat tasty.

It wasn’t like she meant to get here late. Normally, Sharena is up at the front of the line, getting her food before choosing a group of Heroes to go talk with. She was making so many new friends, it was amazing. Being able to know so many amazing warriors was a dream come true. Today, however, she sat alone, as everyone else had already eaten and left. No, she got here late because of a very important conversation she and her partner, Kiran, were having. Being the Summoner and therefore their leader, Kiran was never really the subject of any scrutiny. Nevertheless, after his “meeting” with Lyn a few days back, he felt like he had to talk to his girlfriend.

“So, Sharena,” Kiran had said, his right arm wrapped around her shoulders. They were sitting in the princess’s room, on the edge of the bed, Sharena’s head laying on Kiran’s shoulder.

“You...gave Lyn permission?” he asked, looking down at her (beautiful, as he always told himself) green eyes, “To...well…”

“Of course I did!” Sharena replied, smiling like always, “Lyn really likes you, too. Not as much as me, of course, but she does! I bet a lot of the girls here do, and I just didn’t want to take away their opportunity!” Kiran nodded in understanding.

“That is,” he began, coughing suddenly, “Some sound logic, especially from you. And you’re fine
with this? With how I might...with other people…” Sharena giggled, hugging Kiran with both arms.

“Of course, silly!” she moved up to kiss him on the cheek, “I’m not a child, I can control my emotions, and I know that I still really like you no matter what, and I know you still like me. So what if other people want in? That’s like making more and more friends!”

“They’d be a bit more than friends,” Kiran muttered, “But I trust you, Sharena. And...and I give you permission to do as you wish as well.” Sharena sat up, looking at Kiran, confused and excited, somehow.

“I mean it,” Kiran said, “You’re placing a great deal of trust in me, and I refuse to break it, so I’m placing a great deal of trust in you. As long as we remain true to each other, I know that nobody else could….or would, honestly...break us apart.” Sharena was speechless for a moment, but then gleefully tackled Kiran, pushing him to the bed and kissing him, leaving them to do other shenanigans.

Said “shenanigans” lasted long enough for both Summoner and Princess to be late for dinner. Kiran told Sharena to go ahead, he had some stuff to work on and wouldn’t be able to join her. Sharena sprinted to the canteen, only to find it empty. And now, she sat at a wooden long table, eating her slop dejectedly and alone. She grabbed a small bit with her fork and put it in her mouth, swallowing and grimacing through the taste. Anna says that the best part of the food is the leftovers, because they were healthier, but Sharena was sure she said that because she herself never actually ate with the rest of them. She had no idea what Anna did, but it was definitely not social.

A pair of voices from the hallway outside caught her attention. The sky had darkened, and most Heroes were now either out training their nighttime exercises or going to bed. Hearing voices and footsteps was curious, especially how some steps were heavy, as if they were with a boot, and the others were light. Sharena abandoned her tray and stood, moving quickly to the entryway and peering into the hall, towards the voices. The torch sconces on the walls provided enough yellow light to see down the hall, and she gasped slightly at who was there.

Walking towards her, side by side and chatting, were Robin, tactician from the World of Awakening, and Corrin, tactician of...apparently both the World of Birthright and the World of Conquest (he always explained it weirdly). She knew that somehow, these Heroes both had female counterparts, but right now it was their male forms walking together. She was astounded. Sharena adored all Heroes, but these two? She practically venerated them. Even Kiran recognized their value, often consulting them for tactics and skills, alongside their female counterparts. She let out a quiet squeal, ready to go say hi, when Kiran’s words echoed in her mind.

“I give you permission to do as you wish as well…” Sharena whispered these words as a reminder, as she watched the two tacticians discuss something about swords and axes. Her mind, which recently has been much more raunchy and inappropriate, turned to some interesting thoughts, which she decided to act upon now, as she walked out of the doorway, and headed for the Heroes before her. Robin was actually the first to notice her.

“Princess Sharena!” he said, bowing his head in greetings. Corrin did the same, albeit with more elegance. He was a prince, after all.

“To what do we owe this meeting?” Corrin asked, once again with his elegance.

“Oh you two,” Sharena said, smiling, “You don’t have to be so formal around me, we’re all Heroes here, right?” She moved her hands behind her back, rising on her tiptoes and falling back down to her heels.
“Perhaps,” Robin said, shrugging, “But it’s really a reflex with me. Is there anything we can help you with, Sharena?” The Princess smirked, putting a finger to her lips like she’s seen Anna do often.

“There certainly is,” she replied, filling her voice with a sultry tone that would put even Camilla to shame, “I do have a certain...thing. And I’d need both of you to help me. I promise that I can make it worth your while.” Robin’s face went red, immediately understanding what she meant. Corrin, however, raised an eyebrow.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “What exactly do you-” Robin pulled his arm and whispered quickly into his ear. Corrin’s face went from pale to pink to red in a matter of seconds, as his eyes grew bigger. He couldn’t help but smile.

“I mean,” Corrin restated, “We would be glad to...help. Yeah, help.” Sharena smiled, feigning innocence like she always did. She walked past the two of them, passing in between. The two men turned as she went, looking at her, and she looked back at them.

“Come on,” she said, “My room is this way.” Her steps resounded as she moved on, and the two men had to blink, realize that this was really happening, and stumble ahead to catch up. As they rounded the corner, Robin stopped.

“Ah, damn,” he said, forcing Corrin to pause as well, “I just remembered, I have to finish some things in my room...I’ll be right there, let her know, will you?” Corrin nodded, still too excited about the prospect. Robin thanked him, running off in the opposite direction. The dragon continued on his way, making sure not to lose sight of the blonde princess, who was quite far ahead now.

Soon, however, they arrived at her room. Standing outside, they stood before each other, and Sharena looked around Corrin to see that they were missing someone.

“He had to go do something,” Corrin explained, “He’ll be here soon.”

“Well then,” Sharena said, opening the door, “Gives us a bit more time, doesn’t it?” Corrin nodded, following her in. He marveled at the luxury of the room, rather impressed, but stopped paying attention to it once he noticed Sharena already undressing, removing her armor to get down to her undergarments.

“Go ahead,” she said, not looking at him, “I can’t be the only one like this, you know.” The dragon boy complied, quickly starting to remove all of his clothes. Once he reached just his underwear, however, Sharena came back up to him, placing a hand on his midriff to stop him.

“So, uh,” Corrin stammered, “Why...why are we doing this again?” Sharena giggled, bringing her arms around his neck and bringing her body closer to his. He, in turn, cautiously placed his hands on her hips. Her light skin was almost dark compared to his paleness.

“Well,” Sharena explained, “I’m a very big fan of you and Robin. You’re both Heroes, of course, and I’m glad to befriend you. But these days, I’ve discovered a better way to show affection. Or, in some cases, a better way to show attraction. Kiran is alright with it. Well, he better be.” Corrin gulped, and Sharena smiled. She moved herself forward, placing a lovely kiss on his lips. It took him a few seconds, but soon Corrin reciprocated, tenderly kissing the princess as his hands pulled her closer.

Little did Sharena know, but Corrin’s nervousness wasn’t due to her forwardness, but to his surprise at his own feelings being brought in. Both he and Robin had liked Sharena for a while now, but they knew that she was “dating” the Summoner. The relationship was a strange one because they didn’t exactly flaunt it in public. Now, knowing how their relationship actually was, it reminded him a little
of how Camilla liked to do things. Or, well, how Camilla liked to do people.

His attention turned back to the kiss. Sharena’s lips were moving against his, melding together quite nicely. Already, he felt his erection starting to rise, pressing against his underwear and therefore against the girl he was kissing. She simply smiled, keeping her arms around his neck and shoulders, deepening the kiss. Corrin’s legs felt like they were made of rubber, and Sharena started pulling at him. Losing his balance, they yelped as they fell, landing on the soft carpet with a thud, Corrin holding himself over Sharena. She laughed, prompting him to also laugh, before he crashed back onto her lips.

Sharena moaned, opening her mouth to let Corrin further in. She felt his tongue enter her mouth and press against her own, and felt his warm hand snake under and up her shirt, taking hold of her right breast and kneading it. She crossed her arms behind him, lifting herself up so that she was hanging off of him. Instead, Corrin pressed her down, firmly squeezing her breast and pinching her nipple. The two disconnected the kiss to breathe, and Corrin went right back in, eliciting a moan from Sharena.

Now they separated for Corrin to move off Sharena’s shirt, exposing her upper body to the air. His face went down to her left breast, taking her nipple in her mouth and pleasuring it with his tongue, while his right hand took care of the other one. Sharena held his head in place, turning her head to the side as she gasped, quietly moaning. She felt his other hand trail down her stomach, slipping into her underwear and tracing her lower lips, causing her to bite her lower lip, trying to hold in her crazed mind. He pushed one finger in, rubbing it around her soaked insides, and let his other hand fully remove her underwear, leaving her completely nude. Sharena moaned loud now, keeping her hands on his head.

With a little pop, Corrin brought his head back up to Sharena’s lips, kissing her again as he fingered her. The blonde girl took his head in her hands, kissing him with little regard for anything except her total domination of his lips. However, she still brought a hand down to stroke the outside of his underwear, her touch causing Corrin’s mind to go from melting straight to evaporating. They both continued to pleasure each other with their hands as their lips melded together, Sharena upping the tension as she reached into his underwear, pulling it off and taking hold of his dick, stroking him as he fingered her. They took apart their lips but continued their movements, looking at each other.

“Ready?” Sharena asked Corrin. The dragon nodded, unsure what she meant. Sharena kissed him once, then guided him to her entrance. He gladly went with her, placing himself ready to go. A confirmation from Sharena was all he needed to push inside her. He couldn’t believe how fast this had all gone, and was wondering when Robin was going to get here.

“Oh, Gods,” Sharena moaned, “Corrin, thank you.” Her legs crossed behind his back, letting her open up more to his dick, which Corrin was now thrusting with. Every push made her shake, and now she was hanging from him like an animal. Corrin, in response, stood them up, holding Sharena up with both hands on her hips, moving them and pinning her to the wall. His thrusts started pushing her up the wall, and she could feel the sweat on her back stick her to the wallpaper. She started to gasp, trying to say something, and Corrin slowed down, listening.

“The bed,” she gasped, “Take me to the bed.” The boy complied, lifting her again and dropping her down, letting her lay down in bed. She started laughing, and he pulled out, a bit tired from the lifting.

“I’m sorry,” he panted, “But I don’t think that was a good idea on my part.”

“That was hilarious!” Sharena said, laughing. “We just moved from here to there for no reason!” Her laughter was contagious, and Corrin found himself laughing too, even as they were both still very aroused. A knock at the door, however, stopped them. The door opened slowly, and in walked
Robin, who had left behind his cloak and had arrived just wearing his basic clothing: shirt and pants. Seeing what was in front of him, he coughed to break the silence.

“I see I’ve arrived...late,” he said, “That was definitely not part of the plan.” Sharena sat up, sitting on the side of the bed.

“You’re just in time, actually,” she said, “You’re just wearing a little too much. Corrin, would you sit on the edge, please?” She moved to the side, letting Corrin take her place as Robin started to undress, revealing that he, too, was also aroused by the mere sight of Sharena. The girl left Corrin there for a few seconds, going over to Robin. She grabbed the tactician by the shoulder and kissed him hard, and Robin heartily replied, leaving both of them in a makeout session, Sharena moaning and taking hold of Robin’s dick, stroking it quickly. Corrin, meanwhile, sat back, trying to avert his eyes as his face blushed.

Sharena moved her lips from Robin’s but kept her hand on his dick, effectively pulling him back to the bed. The poor tactician was forced to follow lest something terrible happened, and thankfully Sharena let go. The princess bent over, her face in front of Corrin’s dick, and her rear on display for Robin. Her left hand went down to her lower lips, holding them open.

“Come on, boys,” she said, giggling, “Don’t keep me waiting.” Turning forward again, she took Corrin’s dick in her hand, kissing the tip a few times to get him interested. Behind her, Robin was mystified, but he moved his dick to her slit, pressing the tip against the outside. As soon as he pushed into her, she took Corrin into her mouth, sucking him hard as she was thrust into at her other end.

Corrin was already feeling as if he was close, but this feeling put him into overdrive. Sharena’s tongue was incredibly soft, and it, coupled with the warmth of her mouth, made Corrin buck his hips in anticipation. Robin, meanwhile, was able to immediately feel the wet wonder of Sharena’s core, with his hands on her soft, white rear as well, gripping it as he thrust into her. He went to the hilt, going all the way into her, feeling her tight walls around his dick. Both men were grunting, and Sharena’s moans were not helping with containing their sounds.

The dragon wasn’t able to hold it much longer. Having been here and at it for longer than Robin, he was much closer to release. With a groan, he came, his seed spurting into Sharena’s mouth. Sharena, still focused on Robin’s treatment, couldn’t pull her head off in time, forcing her to swallow the entire load. Taking her mouth off of Corrin’s dick, she trailed a mix of saliva and cum, which she licked off, leaving Corrin laying back on the bed, exhausted already. Robin’s thrusts started moving Sharena forward, until she was on the same level as Corrin, With her legs pressed against the side of the bed. Robin continued his thrusts, moving faster now as he started to sweat. Since he just started, he definitely had a while to go. Sharena faced down into the sheets as Robin pushed into her, turning to face Corrin, who also turned to face her.

“Enjoyed yourself?” Corrin asked, smiling. Sharena returned his smile.

“Very...much...” she said, in between thrusts. Corrin looked up at Robin, who gave him a nod. The dragon dropped his head back, but then felt a hand on his cheek. Sharena turned his head, letting their lips kiss again while she was still under Robin’s movements. Corrin’s hands went to her face this time, tenderly holding and patting her face as his lips collided with hers. At the edge of the bed, Robin moved his hands from Sharena’s rear to her hips, as his thrusts increased in intensity.

Soon, Sharena started to feel her release arriving, even if Robin was still moving. She moaned into Corrin’s mouth, as her orgasm made her body convulse with held-in pleasure. Robin felt her cum on him, but he wasn’t finished yet. Despite this, he slowed down inside of her, trying to help her down instead of making her feel pained. Sharena, however, wasn’t having any of it.
“Keep going!” she said, stopping her kiss to say those words before going back into the kiss. Robin shrugged, returning to his thrusting. Corrin continued to keep a hand on Sharena’s face, but let the other one grope her breast once again. The feeling of post-orgasm along with receiving pleasure from three different sources was alien to Sharena, but she most certainly enjoyed it.

After a minute or two, Robin felt that he was almost done. As he reached his climax, Sharena moved away from Corrin’s face, flipping herself over so that Robin was now facing her, and she was face up.

“Come on, Robin,” she said, trying to sound as dirty as she could, “I want to feel it all over me!” Corrin, still next to her, blushed at this, but Robin grunted, pulling out at the last second and releasing, letting his climax spray all over Sharena’s crotch and stomach. The girl rested on her elbows, head back and smile on her face, as she felt his warm seed land on her. Robin, all tuckered out, rested himself against the bedpost, panting and breathing hard.

“Mmm,” Sharena said, “Both of you were great, thank you.” Corrin smiled, kissing her on the cheek, and Robin, having grabbed a towel off Sharena’s dresser, handed it to her before laying on her opposite side.

“And you’re sure the Summoner is fine with this?” he asked, as Sharena wiped herself clean.

“Indeed he is,” she replied, “Now, if I can ask you for one more favor?” The two tacticians looked at her, eager to help (and to please).

“It’s pretty late, and this room does tend to get cold. How about you two stay the night?” Corrin and Robin looked at each other and nodded. They settled in next to Sharena, with her facing Robin, and brought the covers up. The princess giggled.

“Thanks,” she said, purposefully rubbing herself against Corrin with her rear, “This is going to be a fun night.” The tacticians smiled, as their hands began to roam her body once more.

Sharena loved befriending Heroes. But bedding them? She loved that more.

Chapter End Notes

I dunno if I'm as proud of this chapter as others, since it feels a bit rushed, but I hope you guys enjoyed regardless. Little bit of a spoiler, the next chapter is going to be an absolute doozy, so I hope you are all prepared.

Comments and critiques are welcome!
Too Many Exalts: M!Kiran x Lucina x Bunny!Lucina x Mask!Lucina

Chapter Summary

Lucina knows that she might not find love and companionship in her world, so she takes this opportunity in the Order of Heroes to let someone know how she feels. Fortunately, she’s made up her mind two times over.

Chapter Notes

What's this? A chapter going up not on Sunday? Yes indeed, my friends, I was so excited for this chapter that I uploaded it a day early! I hope this won't mess too many people up with schedules, but I plan to hurry up my writing to get you guys more smut that you want!

I also hope the name variations don't throw anyone off. Kinda hard, when you have 3 of the same character.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

How much is too much? Was it ever really possible to have too much of a good thing? Could people really suffer when they have too much of something they enjoy?

It was questions like these that plagued Kiran’s mind, as of late. His relationship with Sharena and their relationship with other Heroes didn’t hurt him. He actually enjoyed knowing that despite all they did, they still loved each other. But he wondered if it was possible that there was some sort of cap. Maybe, if they got to a certain point, everything would turn up wrong, like a rotted apple on its side.

“I’m definitely overthinking this,” Kiran said aloud. He was sitting in his own room, poring over a book about the Askran Kingdom. His room was the largest in the Hall of Heroes, as befitting the Grand Hero. It was technically four rooms: An entrance hall with an ornate rug, shelves, and some paintings, with torches on the walls; a bedroom with a King-sized bed made of wood covered in white sheets and bedposts that went almost to the ceiling, and some bookshelves around the room, along with a dresser; a study that included two walls of bookshelves and a wall of maps and charts, along with ways to pin them up; a room that was an entertaining area, with a table, four seats, and a small kitchen/bar. The bar was actually added by Kiran later on, as he started remembering more of the world from whence he came, and was suddenly longing for an easily accessible area for drinks and snacks.

Speaking of which, Kiran felt his stomach grumble. Curious, he walked to his bedroom, looking outside the window. Amazingly, he discovered that it was already nighttime. Earlier that day, he had had a talk with Sharena right before dinner, a talk that turned into, well, their usual fun, and then he let her go, as he had to work on some tactical advice for Anna. However, it seemed that in his reading and researching, it had turned to night fully, making it more than likely that Kiran had completely missed dinner. Groaning, he leaned against the windowsill of the person-high window
which lead to a balcony, one that overlooked the training grounds (for some reason there was a massive crater in the archery range).

Feeling his stomach angry at him, Kiran turned, leaving his bedroom and heading to the small bar. Pushing past the little barrier against the wall, he looked down, foregoing all of the different drinks and heading straight for the snack cabinet. He made a mental note to once again thank Gaius for the recipes and pastries, as he opened the cabinet, only to see that it was almost completely empty, save for a loaf of artisan bread and two sugar cookies. He sighed in shame, before taking out all of the food, closing the cabinet with his knee as he carried the baked goods to the entrance.

He sat back at the small desk in the entrance, directly underneath the torch, and tore off a bit of the bread, closing his eyes and holding it up to his nose to smell the delicious aroma. As he went to take a bite, however, there was a knock at the door. A knock followed by multiple whispers. Kiran sighed once again, keeping the piece of bread in his hand as he went to see who it was. Unlocking the door, he opened it, only to see a shape run in quickly, a streak of blue behind them.

“What in the-?” Kiran said, whirling to see what just came in. He had to rub his eyes to make sure he was seeing things properly. In front of him, currently fallen against the carpet, was a woman with long blue hair and...bunny ears, along with a sort of revealing outfit not uncommon in Spring festivals. Lucina, daughter of Chrom, was there, shaking her head and rubbing her elbow. Just as Kiran was going to ask what was going on, he saw someone else walk in. Another person with blue hair….and a blue outfit….

“What in the-?” Kiran said, less a question and more a requirement for belief. Yes, before him stood two versions of the Future Exalt, Lucina: Her normal summoned form and her form summoned during Ylisse’s Spring Festival (which for some strange reason also included Camilla and Xander). Normal Lucina went to Spring Lucina, holding out a hand and helping her up. Spring Lucina smiled, before looking to Kiran.

“Oh, Summoner!” she said, walking up to him, “Sorry about bursting in. Were you busy?” Kiran looked at the bread in his hand, took a bite, and swallowed, thankful for some food in his belly.

“Not really,” he responded, taking another bite before it was too late, “To what do I owe...this?” This time, it was Normal Lucina that spoke up.

“Summoner,” she said, holding her arm and blushing slightly, “I...well, we...I wanted to talk to you about something.” Kiran knew that look. It was almost like what Sharena did, and what Lyn said. He shook his head to clear his thoughts, because, well, he knew what was coming next, and he was more than happy to see who it was.

“You know of my world, yes?” Lucina asked, still holding her arm, “It is a world of pain and suffering, originally, so I returned to the past to undo it. However, I have found that it is a lonely life, considering yourself she who would reverse time itself. And being here, in this Order, away from the burdens of my world...has let me reflect.” As Normal Lucina was about to say something else, Spring Lucina stepped forward, cutting her off.

“What she means is,” the bunny-eared girl explained, “She...Well, we...may or may not remember any of this when we return to our own worlds and, well, we have been yearning for a time to tell you that-”

“We have feelings for you!” Lucina said, cutting herself off again, “Yes, we do. Both of us...me. This is an alien feeling to me, or us. With Grima on the horizon, we never had the chance to truly have someone else in our thoughts...until now.” Kiran finished his bread, now listening attentively. This was the third and fourth confession in almost two weeks. What in the world was happening?
“Lucina...I mean, Lucinas,” Kiran cleared his throat, deciding that one would be Lucina and the other would just be ‘Spring-cina’ in his mind, “...I guess I’m flattered… truth be told, I’ve always admired you.” That got their attention. Both Lucinas stood straight, startled. Kiran smiled, stepping up to both of them.

“You,” he said, gesturing to Lucina, “I’ve seen your skill with a sword, you’re almost unparalleled. The way you wield your Falchion is incredible, and I am more than happy that you’ve been with the Order. You’ve gotten us out of many scraps, you know?” Lucina blushed, looking down and wringing her hands as her right foot tried to dig into the floor.

“And you,” he said, looking now at Spring-cina, “I know that your weapon is an egg, somehow, but you’re a damn good mage, excuse my language. Yes, I know that there’s a lot of Mages here, but I consider you one of my best, and that’s not changing.” Spring-cina covered her mouth with her hands in surprise, yet her eyes showed that she was smiling.

“You’re both amazing warriors and Heroes,” Kiran told the girls, “Frankly, I’m surprised you two are interested in me. It’s me that should be interested in you. Your battle prowess, and, well.” He brushed aside hair from both of their faces, one in each hand.

“Your beauty is definitely something I admire as well.” Kiran made a mental note to repeat all of this with Sharena.

The two women stood still, not doing anything for a few moments. Kiran was afraid that he had gone too far, maybe said too much. These fears were quelled when the two charged at him, pulling him into a three-way hug. He couldn’t tell if they were crying or not, but when they pulled back, he could see a few tears in their eyes.

“Oh Kiran,” Lucina said, finally using his name, “I cannot believe I never saw this coming…”

“Well guess what?” Spring-cina said, smiling now with a devious look, “We have a bit of a proposition for you, and I hope you will consider it. Have you ever been intimate with multiple princesses?” Kiran gulped. He knew the answer to that was yes, but not at once. After tonight, however, he was certain that he could check off one more item on his bucket list.

“If that is what you ask,” he said, finally responding, “I have an answer.” Kiran's hands went to Spring-cina’s face, cupping her cheeks before he leaned in and kissed her. Spring-cina’s eyes widened and Lucina’s face reddened, seeing what happened before her. The kiss was short, sadly, and Kiran left Spring-cina in a daze as he turned to Lucina and did the same to her, this time placing a hand under her chin. Once he left her mouth, the two women sighed contently. The Summoner smiled, standing between them with an arm on each of their shoulders.

“What say we get more comfortable?” he asked, leading them to the bedroom, an act that they followed gladly. Once there, they nodded to each other, then pushed Kiran onto the bed, making him fall on his back. He quickly recovered, sitting up with a smile. He knew he wasn’t in danger. Quite the opposite, in fact. As he disrobed, starting to remove his own clothing, he took note of how the two women moved closer to each other, starting to get into each others’ arms while not taking their eyes off of Kiran.

“You just stay there, Kiran,” Spring-cina said, starting to undress Lucina, “Just relax for a little bit, if you would.” The Summoner lay back in his bed, head on his pillow with his hands clasped over his stomach. He had undressed down to his undershirt and underwear, waiting to see what the girls would do.

“I will admit,” Lucina said, a blush returning to her face, “I have never done anything like this
before.” Her Spring counterpart, smirking, put her fingers under Lucina’s chin, bringing her face to look at her. As she did, Spring-cina’s other hand began to untie Lucina’s clothing, and Lucina followed her lead, letting both of her hands start trying to remove Spring-cina’s own rather revealing outfit.

“How about a show, then?” The Spring Exalt said, letting her hand take a quick swipe at Lucina’s rear, making her yelp.

“I would be interested,” Lucina replied, inching her face closer, “Summoner, I hope you enjoy this.” Kiran nodded, sitting up now in excitement. Lucina side-eyed him and, seeing his eagerness (and taking a glance at his hardened form through his underwear), she smiled, before turning back and meeting Spring-cina’s lips in a soft kiss.

Both women immediately gasped as they liplocked, both new to the sensation. They had their doubts in the back of their minds, yes, but so far there didn’t seem to be an issue. As they continued to kiss, getting more passionate and feely, their doubts faded, guilty feelings replaced by a wave of pleasure and wanting. It was Lucina who moaned first. Her moan was quiet and soft, almost too soft to hear if someone wasn’t paying attention. And Kiran, who by now was more than a bit turned on, was definitely paying attention, feeling his erection strain against his underwear.

The Lucinas were still going at it, having undressed each other while their makeout was going on. Both of them were starting to moan now, as their hands went from passing over rough clothing to gently caressing smooth skin. While Lucina wore a shirt underneath, along with her underwear shorts, Spring-cina wore nothing underneath her outfit, save for black panties. Spring-cina’s tongue pushed through Lucina’s lips gently, rolling over and pushing against her counterpart’s. Lucina’s hands reached to Spring-cina’s rear, reaching into her panties and grabbing at her rear, while Spring-cina massaged Lucina’s small breasts under her shirt, sucking on her tongue.

At this point, Kiran was barely able to watch without doing anything. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he removed his underwear and took hold of his erection, gently stroking himself as he watched. He was utterly amazed at how absolutely beautiful the women still looked, ever as they were practically swapping spit at the moment. Their long blue hair streaming down their backs, coupled with their smooth, creamy skin and figures were enough to send his mind into a state of bliss.

Soon, however, the two women separated, a “pop” ending their long kiss. Still in each other’s arms, they looked to Kiran, smiling at how he was sitting. With one more kiss, they removed each other’s underwear, and disconnected to let Lucina finish taking off her undershirt. They both walked over to Kiran, who was transfixed on the events before him. While Spring-cina immediately went to his dick, taking his hand off of it, Lucina pushed him backwards onto the bed, laying over him and forcing him to move up, which in turn made Spring-cina get onto the bed as well.

“How do you want us, Kiran?” Lucina asked, holding herself over the Summoner.

“However you want,” Kiran responded with a smile on his face, “I won’t stop you.” Lucina smiled back and bent her head down, taking Kiran’s lips with hers gently. Spring-cina, meanwhile, started to stroke Kiran’s dick, licking the tip between strokes. Her actions made him gasp, opening his mouth to assault by Lucina, letting her press into the kiss, including pushing her chest against his, while her rear was held up in the air, letting Kiran’s hands reach it and grasp it. His fingers dug into her as he squeezed, and her tongue rolled around his, causing them both to moan. Spring-cina took Kiran’s dick into her mouth, starting to bob her head on it as she sucked.

“Oh Summoner,” Lucina sighed, parting their kiss, “You do not know how happy I am right now.” Kiran simply patted her on the cheek, then brought his head up to her neck, kissing and licking at her collarbone and throat. Lucina gasped, laying down on Kiran and holding his head, letting his mouth
pass over her exposed jugular. The Summoner’s face went lower, down to Lucina’s small breasts, and kissed them, taking turns on her nipples to suck on them, flicking them with his tongue.

Spring-cina took to half stroking, half sucking Kiran’s length, allowing for double the pleasure from her actions. With her other hand, she cupped his balls, testing to see if it was something he enjoyed. Seeing no complaints, she continued, closing her eyes as she brought his dick as far into her mouth as she could. Her eyes had some tears in them, but she was at least remembering to breathe as she sucked.

Lucina moved Kiran’s head away from her breasts, and turned herself around, placing her head at his crotch, in front of Spring-cina’s, and her lower half in front of Kiran’s face. Seeing her absolutely soaked entrance, Kiran’s mouth opened in surprise. He wasted no time, however, in taking the hint. Grabbing her rear and spreading her cheeks, he licked up the entirety of her entrance, tasting her juices, before sticking his tongue into her, letting it move around her inside walls and trying to hit her pleasure spot. Lucina moaned, moving her head forward to assist Spring-cina. As her Spring version moved her mouth up, Lucina let her tongue and lips kiss near Kiran’s hilt, attacking whatever was missed. The feeling of two soft tongues on his dick caused Kiran to moan into Lucina, his noises helping to pleasure her even more as he accidentally licked and rubbed against her clit.

Spring-cina took her mouth off of Kiran’s dick, and Lucina sat up, keeping herself seated on Kiran’s face. With a grunt, Spring-cina moved her entrance over the Summoner’s shaft, placing her hands on Lucina’s shoulders to steady herself. Nodding to the exalt, she lowered herself down, gasping as Kiran’s dick entered her, as far down as she could go before she started to rise again, now effectively riding him. Lucina, while being eaten out by Kiran, took Spring-cina’s face in her hands and once more pressed their lips together.

He was amazed that the bed survived with how much it was creaking. It was almost as if it would soon break into pieces at the drop of a hat. The girls on top of him were passionately kissing each other, as each of them focused on a different part of him. Spring-cina continued to bounce on his dick, with Kiran now assisting by thrusting upwards and holding her hips, while Lucina continued to grind her face against his lips and tongue, her thighs squeezing his head. Feeling her soft legs around him as he pleasured her, Kiran was absolutely certain he’d died and gone to heaven.

The pleasure seemed to be nearing a close, however, given how fast both women were grinding on him, and how much sloppier their kiss was getting. Evidently all coherent thoughts had left them, and their makeout was so intense that Kiran could feel drips of their saliva landing on his stomach, in between them. Their moans and lip smacks turned him on even more, and made him thrust harder up into Spring-cina. Along with that, he moved his tongue so that he paid more attention to Lucina’s clit, eliciting more telltale moans from her.

In a few more moments, both girls were nearing climax. Kiran could feel Spring-cina tighten around him, indicative of her upcoming release. Before her, however, he felt Lucina’s hips buck. Without warning, she moaned into Spring-cina’s mouth, her release spraying over Kiran’s face and neck. Soon afterwards, Spring-cina’s orgasm occurred, coating Kiran’s dick as she came. The girls remained locked at the lip even as they came down from their high, leaving Kiran still definitely wanting. Spring-cina moved off of his dick, and Lucina off of his face, the two women still kneeling over him but still kissing. The sight of them helped Kiran from unwillingly coming down from his own soon-to-be orgasm, but he still felt disappointed, particularly as the two moved off of him and continued to passionately make out beside him. He sighed, looking over at the pair.

“Oh my goodness,” said a voice, “I..did not mean to…”

Kiran looked up to his doorway, seeing who just walked in. He couldn’t believe his luck. There,
before him, stood a man with a mask, with short blue hair and a blue outfit. This man, Marth, had been summoned shortly after the Tempest had occurred over the World of Awakening, and Kiran still had no idea who he was, though he carried the same Falchion as Chrom and Lucina. Speaking of, the two Lucinas stopped their intense session and looked up. As they saw who just walked in, they both sat up in surprise.

“Marth?” Kiran asked, voice shaking, “Um, I’m sorry that you had to see all of this…but…” He was stopped by Lucina covering his mouth, looking at the new arrival.

“Her name is not Marth,” she said, still at a loss of breath, “Summoner, this is…us. When we pretended to be Marth.” Kiran, mouth still covered by Lucina’s hand, looked to Lucina, then to “Marth”, who was now smiling. Marth raised a hand to their mask, taking it off easily and setting it aside. Kiran saw it now. “Marth” was, in fact, Lucina, just with seemingly shorter hair… What a curious princess.

“Yes,” Mask-cina said (As Kiran thought of her), “I am, in fact, also Lucina…and I appear to have come for the same reasons as my other selves. And the door was unlocked.” Kiran couldn’t believe it. Three different versions of Lucina, a beautiful and strong princess, had strong feelings for him. And they were all here at the same time.

Dear Gods, just take him now.

“Well hurry up,” Spring-cina said, “The Summoner could use a little more love…and so could you.” The Spring Exalt hopped onto her feet and ran over to her unmasked self, who was already removing her own clothes. She had just gotten to her undershirt and underwear when Spring-cina pushed her lips to hers, kissing her and dropping a hand to rub her crotch. The two Lucinas kissed, as the Spring version wanted to turn her on as fast as possible. Lucina, meanwhile, brought Kiran up to his knees, knowing what direction this was going.

Spring-cina’s kiss made Mask-cina move closer, until they both got on the bed. The kiss was broken, and Spring-cina moved behind Mask-cina, spreading her legs open and sitting behind her, keeping her breasts and legs against her. Lucina stroked Kiran’s dick a few times to get him turned on again, then nudged him forward, until he was at Mask-cina’s entrance. They looked into each others’ eyes, and Mask-cina smiled, nodding to the Summoner. Kiran moved closer, until he pressed himself against her entrance, before pushing in.

Clearly this version of the princess was more sensitive, as she started to moan immediately. Kiran was desperate to climax, but he knew better than to rush things here. His thrusts were purposeful and strong, as Mask-cina’s walls were slick around his dick. Spring-cina’s hands reached around, kneading Mask-cina’s breasts. The girl turned her head to the side, claiming the Spring Exalt’s lips with a smack and a moan. Lucina wrapped her arms around Kiran from behind, more tired than anything else but still wanting to feel close to him.

The four of them remained in this position for a few minutes, both alternate Lucinas continuing their kiss as Kiran thrust into her, feeling the sweat dripping down his forehead. He was nearing his climax now, again, and he felt that she was too, which was strange considering how little they had been doing this. Nevertheless, he felt himself reaching his finish too, and saw Mask-cina pull away from her kiss, now moaning with her mouth wide open.

“Oh, Kiran!” she moaned, “I’m…I’m…” Kiran and Mask-cina both moaned, as they climaxed together, Kiran pulling out of her and releasing on her stomach. Quickly, as soon as he was finished, Lucina moved around him, going to clean his dick with her tongue, assisted by Spring-cina, while the third girl sat back, panting and out of breath. Kiran lay himself back, letting the girls continue to work on his dick as he tried to relax himself.
“Kiran,” Lucina said, moving herself up and next to him, “I have to thank you, again. I am glad you were not...put off.” He chuckled, looking at her and kissing her on the forehead. Spring-cina and Mask-cina followed, surrounding Kiran with a barrier of beautiful women. Soon, however, they had fallen asleep, all of them naked and pressed against him and each other underneath the sheets. Kiran sighed, looking up at the ceiling, feeling their warmth around him.

Maybe it wasn’t possible to have too much of a good thing. At least, not here. Not right now.

Chapter End Notes

Well *that* was a ride. I do hope you all enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. Your support and request really help me to continue writing this.

Requests, comments, and critiques are always welcome!
Chapter Summary

Kiran has noticed herself become attracted to other Heroes all of a sudden, something she couldn't quite explain. Bumping into one of them has cause her to act upon it.

Chapter Notes

Remember when I said I'd start cranking these out as fast as I could? I meant it. You guys are awesome, and I want to continue to deliver content that you'll love. I hope.

Now, journey with me, if you will, into a parallel realm, one that is entirely the same as the one we know, save for one rather crucial detail. I'm sure you'll figure it out...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**ELSEWHERE**

The Hall of Heroes was a majestic, wonderful place, a bastion of architecture and engineering. Its grandeur was known far and wide in the Askran Kingdom, and its towering spires seemed to scratch at the very heavens, as its grounds spread far and wide for all to see. Here, the Order of Heroes dwelled, a collection of powerful warriors from multiple worlds who banded together under one Grand Hero: Kiran, the Summoner.

A woman of 19 years, with long brown hair reaching down to her upper back, Kiran didn’t know much about her life before being summoned. She sometimes got flashbacks, and could remember basic details. When Alphonse asked her about her world, she remembered vehicles and skyscrapers, and that it was simply called “Earth”, but not much after that. Her time here with the Order has been fruitful, especially as its de facto leader. Knowing all of these wonderful Heroes has been a wonder, and she has learned so much from everyone, whether it be tactics or tea. They seemed to like tea.

Now, she was taking a little stroll through the halls, a book propped open in her hand. Kiran adored the books in this realm. They were full of adventures and stories of great deeds, and most of them were actually nonfiction. It was amazing to read the tales of King Marth, only to meet him in person and hear the tales recounted firsthand, learning what was true and what was not. She would never had gotten this chance back in her own world, that was for sure.

As she passed through the halls, she took the time to greet any Hero she met on the way. There was Eliwood, practicing his swordsmanship on a training dummy in the practice rooms. She saw Nowi and Tiki’s younger self running around, playing games in the garden, with Fae laughing at the sight. In the kitchen, she spotted Frederick and Gunter sharing tea, exchanging stories of their respective Lords. It seemed that everything was nice and happy, just how Kiran liked to see it. They had enough war and battles every day, and a moment of downtime was greatly appreciated.

Still engrossed in her book, Kiran walked to her room. Since she read and walked at the same time so often, by now she had memorized the path, and could walk it safely while still peering into pages
of a novel. As she arrived at her room, however, she bumped into an unexpected object, one which caused her to stumble back and fall with an “oomph!”, her book falling to the side.

“My lady!” a voice said, “Pardon me, I didn’t see you there. I mean, I wasn’t...here, let me help you up.” Kiran shook her head, clearing it, and opened her eyes, seeing a hand outstretched before her to help her. Without taking notice of who it was, she took the hand, grasping it firmly as she stood, grunting. Brushing herself off, she looked around, saw her book, and went to grab it, just as the same hand reached for it too. Their two hands held opposite ends of the book, and Kiran looked up at her unexpected visitor.

“Very nice choice,” said Eldigan, ruler of Nordion. Kiran gasped, taking her book quickly and holding it to her chest, blushing as she felt like retreating into herself. She did not know what world the Knight came from, but his summoning was one that truly impressed her. Since the day he appeared, he pledged his sword and loyalty to her, making him one of her strongest and most dependable Heroes. Now, as he stood before her in his elegant red, white, and gold robes, Kiran felt a strange feeling, deep in her stomach. She knew exactly what it was, of course. Recently, she’s found herself discovering what appeared to be feelings of infatuation towards some of the Heroes, particularly the males. It was definitely a strange feeling, but not one that she particularly hated. It had just happened so suddenly, as if a switch in some other universe had been triggered...

“Eldigan!” she finally said, clearing her throat, “I, um, I didn’t expect you here...at my room...is something wrong?”

“Not at all,” the Knight said, placing his hands behind his back, “I was simply looking for you, and I thought it would be a good idea to await you here...to talk, yes.” Eldigan coughed, covering his mouth with a fist as his eyes looked away. Kiran relaxed her pose a little, feeling the pressure on her joints from tensing.

“Well,” she finally said, heading to her door and opening, “Please, come in, I’ll get some tea brewing.” Clearly she’d fallen into the tea trap as well, but it didn’t matter, because Eldigan was following her in with a nod.

“Just leave your vest here,” Kiran said, as she hung her Summoner’s cloak on a coathook by the door, “I’ll be back.” Kiran’s room was actually four rooms: an entry, a bedroom, a dining area, and an office of sorts for planning. This time, she headed to the dining area, where a fireplace with a kettle was already set. Before she left for her daily rounds, she had left a kettle of water to boil, and as she drew closer and tapped her hand quickly to it, she discovered that it had, indeed, warmed up. Taking out two cups and some tea leaves, she poured the two of them some, before placing the cups on a small tray and returning to the entryway.

When she got back, Eldigan was seated on one of the two chairs surrounding Kiran’s entry minitable. She placed the tray down on the table, sitting at the chair across from Eldigan, who thanked her and took the tea, taking a sip.

“Ah, wonderful as always,” he said, complimenting her, “Kiran, you are truly blessed in many ways, not just as our leader.” Kiran blushed, holding her cup in both hands and quickly taking a sip. She ignored the fact that it was as hot as hellfire and her tongue would probably never taste anything again, since right now she was having other things on her mind. The way Eldigan was seated was so formal, with his back straight, with one hand on the cup handle and one on the plate. It reminded her of some sort of formality she had seen back in her world, though for some reason the name of it eluded her.

Looking at him now, Kiran thought of all of the things that attracted her to him. His manners were incredible, his battle prowess was stellar, and wherever he walked, he exuded an aura of strength and
discipline. How she wished she could just…

“Would you excuse me for a moment?” she blurted out, standing up quickly and rushing to her bedroom, shutting the door and leaving Eldigan holding his cup, starting after her. Inside the room, Kiran was almost out of breath, leaning against the closed door. She shook her head and brushed the hair from her eyes, walking towards the bed. Covering her eyes with her hands, she spun around, trying to calm herself, before falling back on the bed in a t-pose. It was all she could do not to just pass out from nervousness.

“Kiran?” Eldigan called, knocking at her door, “If you are done with your...whatever that was, there’s something I must talk to you about.” Kiran shot up to her feet, nearly stumbling off the bed.

“One second!” she called back, regaining her footing and opening the door. Eldigan just barely fit into the room, being so tall that he was a head taller than Kiran herself, making her look up to see him properly. She unintentionally stepped back as he entered, but stopped herself as the two of them stood in front of the bed, facing each other.

“Kiran.” Eldigan said, nodding down to her.

“Eldigan.” Kiran replied, swallowing a lump in her throat.

“I wished to talk to you,” he finally said, “About something...important. Important to me, at the least.” Kiran was curious as to where this could possibly be going, because he was standing awfully close. And his cheeks were a little red.

...wait a second.

“Eldigan?” Kiran asked, “Are you...blushing?” The knight looked away, mumbling incoherently. Kiran leaned to the side, getting a closer look at his face.

“I am blushing, yes,” Eldigan admitted, facing her again, “Because I am nervous. It is unlike me to be nervous, yes, but this is a special case.” He moved his hands down, taking Kiran’s hands in his. The Summoner looked down at their clasped hands, eyes widening.

“Wait, what are you-”

“I have feelings for you, Kiran.”

Six words. Six words were all it took for Kiran’s heart to pass through the emotional equivalent of being struck by a direct strike from a Bolganone tome. Kiran’s breath caught in her throat, and her face started sweating more.

“What?” she finally managed to squeak out, her mouth warbling as she spoke.

“As a knight,” Eldigan explained, kneeling before her, “I have a sworn duty to any master, to always perform to the fullest extent of my abilities. But here, serving you, I have learned more than just battle. I have met Heroes from different eras and different realms, and I have discovered what it means to like someone else.” Eldigan held Kiran’s right hand with both of his, and her left was on her mouth, covering her face.

“I do not ask for marriage,” Eldigan continued, “Nor do I ask to be your lover. You are far above my station, and it would be unwise for me to presume that I may be with you. But I must tell you my thoughts, my feelings, before they eat me from the inside. If nothing else, I hope you will accept my confession, and continue to let me serve you.” Kiran was speechless, and stood motionless, even as Eldigan started to stand up, turning to leave. He was at the door to the bedroom when Kiran grabbed
“Wait,” she said, prompting the man to gasp in surprise, being pulled back by the unusually strong Summoner, “Come here.”

Before Eldigan was able to ask the reason for her forwardness, Kiran had turned him around, grabbed him by his collar, and pulled him down, kissing him directly on the lips. Her eyes were closed and her cheeks were red, and Eldigan’s eyes were wide open. Kiran’s soft lips pressed to Eldigan’s rougher, slightly chapped ones for a few seconds. Soon, the woman separated their lips, sighing. The knight still had a confused expression on his face, but Kiran’s was calm, smiling.

“Please,” she asked, short of breath from nervousness more than exertion, “Please stay here tonight. At least tonight, if never again.” Eldigan nodded in agreement.

“Yes, my lady,” he said quietly, his lips centimeters from hers. Kiran could feel his breath on her face, as he could likely feel hers. So tantalizingly close, she thought, but she knew that she must control herself. Even so, there was no way she wouldn’t take advantage of this.

“Here,” she said, stopping him and turning around. Reaching to her shoulders, she began to slip off her upper clothing, letting it drag over her skin slowly. Looking back, she looked expectantly at Eldigan, who caught on quickly and moved to her, helping to remove her overshirt, his hands passing over her skin slowly. Taking it a step further, he moved in to kiss at her neck, kissing and licking at the right side of her neck and her shoulder, causing Kiran to softly gasp. Once her overshirt was off, Eldigan helped to remove her lower body clothing, keeping his mouth where it was but now dragging his hands on her thighs and down her legs, until she wore only her underwear shorts and her white bra, which Eldigan felt as his hands moved to cup Kiran’s breasts, kissing her neck more.

The woman sighed contentedly before turning in his grasp, kissing him once more. Their soft kiss involved them parting their lips, letting their tongues touch for the briefest of moments. Kiran began to slip off Eldigan’s shirt, unbuttoning it and slipping it off his shoulders to feel his body. His absolutely toned and muscular chest felt warm beneath her hands, which lay flat against it, and she felt his arms encircle her, pulling her close as their kiss intensified.

Eldigan’s hands moved up Kiran’s back, removing her bra and letting it fall to the floor. Keeping their lips together, he took hold of both of her breasts, holding them gently with his fingers on her nipples. Kiran quietly moaned, wrapping her arms around his neck. She felt herself falling backwards, and Eldigan, trying to step forward to catch her, unwittingly caused them to fall onto the bed. Kiran yelped and Eldigan cried out, before they landed and bounced once on the mattress.

Kiran’s brown hair spread around her head, and Eldigan had his hands on either side of her, holding himself over her to not fall down. Kiran started giggling due to what just happened, making Eldigan smile.

“Don’t keep me waiting,” Kiran said playfully. Eldigan snapped back to reality, moving onto his knees and undoing his pants, removing them until he was in his underwear. Kiran could see the outline of his erection, and she bit her lip. Eldigan had other plans, however. As he bent over Kiran, latching his mouth onto her right nipple, his left hand entered her underwear, tracing around her lower lips. Kiran gasped, arching her back and letting him suck on her breast. Her hands gripped the sheets as his fingers continued to tease her outside and rub her clit. Every one of his moves was purposeful, rather than separate. He may not have had a plan, per se, but he certainly knew what he was doing.

“Oh, Eldigan,” Kiran moaned. The knight, hearing this, doubled his efforts, switching his mouth to Kiran’s left breast, allowing his right hand to caress her right breast. His left hand continued to rub her outside lips, until he pushed a single finger inside of her, crooking it as it became covered in her arm.
juices. Kiran cried out as she felt his finger inside of her, hitting her pleasure spot just right. The way that Eldigan was working on her just felt right, like it was something that she needed for so long.

The man didn’t stop there. Soon he started to use to digits to finger her, moving them around in an almost scissoring manner. Kiran covered her mouth to unsuccessfully stifle her moans, which were echoing around her chambers. Eldigan, taking a chance, bit down on Kiran’s nipple softly, just barely pressing his teeth to it. The bite actually pleasured her more, and her hand shot off her mouth, grabbing Eldigan’s hair while her other hand’s knuckles almost went white from holding the sheets so hard. Feeling Eldigan’s fingers enter her and knowing that there was something else on the way excited her.

It excited her so much, in fact, that with a quick movement she flipped both of them over, forcing Eldigan to remove himself from her breast and take his fingers out of her. Kiran kissed him hard once, tasting his tongue once again, before tracing her mouth down his chest to his underwear, which she quickly took off, letting his dick spring free. She stopped suddenly, marveling at what she was doing. She had vague memories of doing something like this back on Earth, wherever she came from, but it was still a wakeup call to her that she was, in fact, having sex with one of the many great Heroes in the Order. One that, she knew, she probably wouldn’t be able to truly have a relationship with.

Tossing those thoughts to the back of her mind, Kiran allowed lust to take over once again. Starting at the bottom of his dick, Kiran licked Eldigan’s entire length, a slow, single action that culminated in her tongue orbiting around his tip. The knight shuddered at this end action, his hands combing through Kiran’s silky brown hair, helping to keep it out of the way. Kiran, however, feeling his hands on her head, got an idea. Getting onto her knees, she brought her hair back and, quickly and efficiently, tied it up in a ponytail similar to one that Lyn had taught her (if only she could see what she was using it for, however). Eldigan, laying back on the bed, somehow felt more turned on by the sight.

Immediately Kiran went back to her work. Taking his dick in her hand and stroking it, she continued to lick with just her tongue, paying close attention to his tip. Soon, however, she simply enclosed her mouth around it, keeping his tip against her cheek as she stroked the rest of his length, her tongue moving in rapid circles around it. As she heard Eldigan’s grunts, felt his hips try to push more of his dick into her mouth, Kiran let her hand down to between her legs, fingering herself as she sucked harder. Her mouth went lower on his dick, taking as much of him into her mouth as possible, nearly touching her throat.

“K...Kiran!” Eldigan said, panting. Kiran had never seen him this worn out, even after battles. The sight of him still trying to remain composed made her flustered, but in a good way. She emphasized this by bobbing her head on his dick over and over, speeding up incrementally. Looking up, she kept her eyes trained on him, a sight that seemed to turn him on to no end. Taking a cue from something she did earlier, she let his dick slide against her cheek, tasting the leaking precum from him. It was salty, strangely enough, and there wasn’t much of it, not enough to distract her, anyway.

Not wanting to spoil the main event, however, Kiran sucked once more on Eldigan’s dick before removing herself from it. Taking the cue, Eldigan came to his knees as Kiran flipped herself around, facing down on the bed with her rear facing him. He paused as he directed his dick to her entrance, seeing the wetness between her legs and on her now glistening thighs. Kiran looked back to him, waiting for his start. She felt his hands on her rear, moving himself against her entrance, pressing his tip to it as she gasped.

“My lady,” Eldigan said, “I...I am not sure about this.” Kiran turned herself over, so that she was facing him as he was ready to enter her. She had a calm look on her face, along with a caring smile.
“Eldigan,” she said, “Even if this is only once, I am still here for you. You may go ahead.” Eldigan’s mouth hung open, but he nodded, understanding. With his hands now on her hips, he pushed into her as far as he could. Kiran moaning until he stopped. She was panting now, feeling him inside of her for the first time. He held himself there for a little, shoulders rising and falling as he, too, felt already out of breath. He bent over Kiran, placing his hands on either side of her before he began to push in and out of her, starting to reach a rhythm. Eldigan pushed harder every time he thrust, making Kiran’s breasts bounce a little. The sight of them made him delirious, and Kiran watched and felt as he grasped them, kneading them around as his dick continued its work.

Kiran was fully moaning now, as her body felt pleasure from three directions. Her head went to the side, mouth perpetually opened due to her moans of pleasure. The way Eldigan was alternating his movements had a purpose to them, one that Kiran couldn’t discern. She couldn’t tell if he was experienced or not. Of course, knowing him, he probably was. After all, he was a knight and a lord, he must have had a fair maiden at some point.

Her climax was approaching, and she could feel it. Kiran tried to tell Eldigan, but no words would come out. She was trapped as her orgasm got closer, and all she could do was enjoy it as her sexual sounds got higher and higher pitched. Clearly this notified Eldigan, because he started to thrust harder, now bending over and kissing at Kiran’s neck. The feeling of his tongue and his lips on her throat ended it. Kiran yelled out her orgasm, feeling herself coat Eldigan’s dick with her love juices. The man started slowing down, not finished, but Kiran grabbed him by the back of the neck, looking him in the eyes.

“Keep going,” she panted through gritted teeth, before pulling his face to hers, passionately kissing him, letting her arms be crossed around his back. Eldigan, his tongue pushing into her mouth, obeyed, going back to the speed he was at before. The way that Kiran was holding him almost made her hang off of Eldigan, a point the man seemed to notice. So when he pulled her up, continuing to thrust into her as he sat her down, himself kneeling on the bed, she took it in stride, continuing to kiss him as he came closer to climax.

That climax came quicker than they thought. Eldigan wrapped his fingers in Kiran’s hair as he came, moaning into her mouth as his cum spilled into her. Kiran felt it all, how it seemed to coat her inner walls. Slowing down, Eldigan rocked his hips into her a few more times, their kiss separating but leaving them just close enough for the tip of their lips to brush together. Their breath mixed together, as Kiran let herself come off of Eldigan’s dick, still kneeling in front of him.

“That,” Kiran breathed, “That was incredible, Eldigan. I…” The knight put a finger to her lips, collecting himself.

“Kiran,” he said, catching his breath, “I...I also enjoyed this. But I cannot be your lover.” Her eyes went wide with fear and confusion. Before she could question him, he continued.

“You are my superior, as I said before. Tonight was...tonight was not a mistake. I still have feelings for you. But I cannot act upon them, as is my duty as a night. I am sworn to protect you and all that is yours. Please understand, you cannot change this.” Kiran thought she was heartbroken, but she knew he was right. While this was a night of passion, she knew it could only be a one-time thing...

“Alright,” she finally choked out, “I understand, Eldigan. But...would you please stay the night? With me?”

He nodded, wrapping his arms around her as they lay down in the bed.

“For you, my lady, anything.”
Kiran could only wish that were true.

Chapter End Notes

To clarify: This is an alternate land. As such, every time you see the *ELSEWHERE* at the top, you will know that we are in the alternate version of the Askran Kingdom. Sound good? Sweet!

I hope you all enjoyed our first Female Kiran chapter! As always, comments and requests are welcome, and I will see you next time!
Cocky Commander: M!Kiran x Anna

Chapter Summary

All he had to do was deliver and discuss some upcoming battle plans. Kiran should know by now that that's not how things work here anymore.

Chapter Notes

This was one of the first requests I ever received for the fic, and the randomizer finally brought it unto us. I hope you all enjoy this early Monday morning upload!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Strictly speaking, Kiran’s days had no schedule. It was hard, try as he might, to keep tabs on a specific timeline when every day could be different. Predicting Veronica’s next move was next to impossible, as shown by her frequent attacks on other worlds as well as the opening of the Tempest not once, but twice now. All he really could do was go about his daily business, which usually meant patrolling the castle, mingling with his fellow Heroes, and occasionally go and try to train himself. He was actually starting to get good at using some of the weapons that the Order had at its disposal.

Of course, in the past few weeks, his free moments have been, say, “occupied” by other people. First was Sharena, then Lyn, then multiple Lucinas at once. It’s not like Kiran was complaining, but he was glad that there was at least something more to do other than just constantly walking around and talking to people. And that wasn’t to say that he just met them for “fun”. Lyn and Lucina both essentially became his sword training teachers, helping him to wield a one-handed iron sword for starters, and Sharena had started to help him with lance training. He was able to use them efficiently now, which was definitely fun.

That’s not to say that he hadn’t met up with them other times. Just the other day, after a training lesson, Lyn had pulled him into the showers with her for a quick session, and earlier today he had brought Sharena into an empty hall to give her a quick kiss. He was simply worried that, with all of this new stuff happening, he would get distracted from the current mission against the Emblian empire. Which is why, with all of his battle plans and books in his hands, he was walking into Commander Anna’s office, which was one door away from her quarters.

“Oh, Kiran!” Anna said, looking up from her desk, “I’m glad you made it. Did you get the tactics I asked for?” Anna’s office, unlike her personality, was pretty bland and boring. She had a wooden desk at the back wall, with a chair behind it, and there were two chairs in front of her. The desk was almost solid, so Kiran could not see her legs or anything under the desk. A round, white rug was in the middle, and there were a few potted plants here and there. She had a small drinks cabinet off to the side, and her desk had some quills and parchment on it, as usual. There was an iron safe on the wall as well, likely full of whatever material goods she was into this week. And of course, the walls were adorned with white, gold, and the sigil of the Order. At the back of the room, there was a door that no doubt led to her living quarters.
“Right here,” Kiran grunted, dropping the things on the desk with a thud. He was fully outfitted in his Summoner’s garb, robe and all, with the hood up to mask his face. Anna, meanwhile, was in her full armor, which was strange considering how she was simply seated at her desk. She had no armor stand in her office, but she did have a hanger for anyone that wanted to use it. Kiran was one of those people, taking off his cloak and hanging it up on the hook, shaking his head to free up his brown hair. He wasn’t a big fan of the cloak, especially having to wear it everywhere. It felt almost restrictive, possibly a little edgy.

“Alright, I’ll look over these soon.” Anna moved the plans and papers off to the side, adding to her already huge pile of paperwork. “For now, though, there’s something important. We need to talk about recent events, Kiran.” The Summoner sat up, intrigued. It wasn’t anything new when Anna talked like this. Sometimes it was because Veronica had invaded another world, sometimes it was because some Hero had broken a training room again. That happened once, as the young dragons Fae and Tiki were playing around and accidentally transformed. The entire room had to be rebuilt from the ground up.

“Was there another invasion?” Kiran asked, “Or did we get more orbs for a summon? I know I’ve been meaning to use Breidablik again, maybe for a world we already visited. I’ve been hearing some nice things about the World of Awakening, you know-”

“I know what you’ve been doing around the Order.”

Kiran froze mid-sentence. Of all the people he didn’t want to talk to about this, Anna was at the top of the list, followed very closely by Alfonse (it’s hard to tell your best friend that you’re having sex with his sister). Obviously it was just a matter of time before it would be a known fact, but he didn’t want it to be so soon.

“Wh-whaaaaat?” Kiran said, feigning innocence, “You’re crazy, Anna, I have no idea what you’re talking about. Is it about how I’m training with my weapon skills? Cause I mean, that stuff is pretty good. Oh, wait, is it my rousing speeches? My awesome tactics? The way that I help each Hero to realize how awesome they are? I mean, that’s something that I’ve been doing around the Order, right?” He nervously chuckled, hands clamping the arms of the chair. Anna simply had her hands clasped together, one eyebrow raised.

“I’ve seen many a bluffer in my day,” she said, standing up, “But let me tell you, Kiran, you are definitely the worst I have ever seen. Ever. And I’ve heard some horrible bluffs.” Anna got out of her seat, placing a hand on the desk as she walked to the edge, before sitting on the left edge, looking at Kiran, who was blushing and sweating.

“I-I-I swear,” he attempted to say, “I have no clue what you’re saying, I just do my job and I’m pretty sure I do it well.”

Anna giggled, pacing around the desk. “I’m sure you do,” she mentioned coyly, “Sharena and I are great friends, and she can’t hide anything from me. I always get whatever information I want, because I have my means.” She started to walk around Kiran’s chair, but he didn’t dare follow her, just sitting there, waiting for judgement. He noticed Anna’s finger on the chair arm, tracing it as it went around to the back.

“So, Kiran, I just have one question to ask you.” Kiran gulped. The possibilities ran in his mind. How could you do this, Kiran? What do you have to say for yourself, Kiran? Are you aware you’re a disgrace to the Order, Kiran? Do you have your things packed since I’m kicking you out and finding a better Summoner, Kiran? He braced himself, closing his eyes and steeling his resolve, a comeback already planned.
“Why did you never invite me?”

“I am not a disgra-!” Kiran was already fully out of his chair, ready to defend his honor, before he realized what Anna just said. With a bewildered look, he turned around to face her. The Commander was standing there with a smile, hands resting on the chair and head tilted to the side. Kiran brought himself back into focus.

“Could you repeat that?” he asked, suddenly very aware of the lack of space between them. Even more so as Anna pushed the chair to the side.

“I said,” she repeated, stepping up to him, “Why, didn’t you ever invite me? The way Sharena described it sounded so fun, after all. Is it true that you two made out on the Hall’s balcony? That’s both romantic and sexy.” Kiran had to agree with her on that point. It felt obvious to him that Sharena would have told Anna, them being close friends. He loved Sharena, but he knew that she wasn’t very good at keeping secrets. Though, if Anna was so receptive of it…

“I didn’t invite you,” Kiran replied, stepping towards her and making her take half a step back, “Because I wanted to see how you were alone. Nobody else.” A few weeks ago, Kiran wouldn’t have dared say anything even remotely close to what he just said. Now, however, his entire personality had changed. He’d become less timid and more assertive. It was as if all of these events were bringing out some sort of hidden courage in him. A courage that Anna seemed to like, as she smirked and placed her finger on his chest.

“Some people say I only care about money,” she said, “Money, wealth, material things, you name it. Everyone thinks I’m just shallow like that, just like all of my sisters. But they’re wrong, you know. I do have more feelings than just money.” Anna’s fingers trailed up, hooking onto Kiran’s collar. She started to pull him towards the door to her quarters, walking backwards and making him follow.

“I like you, Kiran,” Anna confessed, “For probably the same reasons as Sharena. I’m not gonna be sappy or give you some long-winded speech. You won’t be getting special preferential treatment, you know, just because of this. But I must say, Remember when you first showed up and I said you didn’t look like the Great Hero from our legend? I’m sorry about all of that. As the commander here, I should know to never judge a book by its cover.” She took a pause, seemingly remembering something. Kiran put his hands on her hips, bringing her back to attention.

“I may have doubted you before, but definitely not now. You’ve become a wonderful tactician, and I always value your insight. What we’re going to do now, however, is step into my bedroom and spend some time together. What do you say?” Blunt and to the point. This was Anna, after all.

“I’m in,” Kiran said, “But afterwards, we really need to talk about strategy things.”

“After,” Anna repeated, “For now, this.” Anna’s back hit the door and her hand was opening it as she immediately, with her other hand, pulled Kiran’s collar in to kiss him. There was no waiting for her, she immediately pushed her tongue into his mouth. Kiran was shocked and stunned by the suddenness, but quickly got over it, pushing back just as hard until the two were basically french kissing as they entered the bedroom.

Just like her office, Anna’s bedroom was very white, with some red here and there. Her bed wasn’t as lavish as other Heroes’, however, and was simply a normal Queen-sized bed with white satin sheets. Kiran got to really feel those sheets as Anna, still kissing him, pulled him quickly to the bed and fell on it, now wrapping her arms around his neck while he let his hands hold her lower back. Their kiss became hotter and hotter, all sense of foreplay vanishing as they started rolling around on the bed during their intense kiss.
Kiran has never been undressed so quickly by another person before, nor has anyone else undressed him as quickly or as ferociously as Anna had. They had to break their kiss apart, Anna on top, before they realized that they were just in their underwear now. Anna wore a red bra and underwear matching combo which was the same color as her hair. Anna’s breasts, similar to Sharena’s were on the smaller side, but not completely flat as her armor made it seem. Looking up into her eyes, Kiran was amazed to see Anna actually look nervous, her face turning as red as her hair.

“Anna,” Kiran whispered, brushing some hair away that had fallen over her face, “You’re beautiful.” Sometime during their kissing and rolling, Anna’s ponytail had untied, leaving her with her red hair streaming everywhere.

“Oh shush you,” Anna replied, “I, um, I have something to ask…” She turned her gaze away from him, biting her lip as if she was wondering whether or not she should just say her question. Kiran brought her gaze back with his hand on her cheek and nodded, waiting. Anna sighed.

“I,” she stammered out, clearing her throat, “I...want you to tell me what to do. I want you to order me.”

That drew his attention.

“Order...you?” he asked, wanting clarification. If it was what he thought it was, then it was no surprise that he already felt very turned on.

“Well, I should confess something.” Anna sat up on Kiran’s stomach, her underwear-covered rear pressed against his covered dick. “Whenever you order me around in battle, tell me who to attack and such...the way you do it kind of...well, it turns me on. Somehow. I don’t know why.” Now she was beet-red, biting her lip, and looking down and away from him. Maybe it was her proximity to his dick currently, or maybe it was his hands on her hips, but Kiran felt okay with this….kink? Fetish? He’d look it up later.

“If that’s the case,” he said, tightening his grip on her sides, “Then are you ready to take some orders, Anna?” The girl’s face turned to a look of surprised, then one of pleasure as Kiran’s hands groped her rear. Excited, she nodded quickly, and Kiran smirked.

“Then,” he said, tapping his lips with a finger, “I order you to bring your mouth over here.” Anna smiled, leaning herself over him again and placing her elbows on either side of him to prop herself up, as her face neared his.

“And,” he added, stopping her, “Hold out your tongue.” Anna gladly did so, sticking her tongue out before Kiran. He smiled, slid his hands up her body until they slid forward and cupped her breasts, then closed his mouth around her tongue, sucking on it and feeling it with her own tongue. Anna closed her eyes, moaning, her hands pushing underneath Kiran’s body to hug him to her.

Kiran pushed his tongue through Anna’s lips next to her own tongue, connecting their lips together once again. Now, he had his hands on her bra for a few seconds before slipping his hands into them, already going for her nipples, pinching them to bring out more moans from the girl, who rubbed her covered rear against Kiran’s crotch.

“Anna,” Kiran gasped, stopping their kiss, “Take all your clothes off, then mine. That’s an order.” Moaning sadly but obeying, Anna sat back up on him, slipping off her bra and tossing it to the side, before she went lower, sliding her hands down her body slowly. Once she removed her underwear, also throwing it to the floor, Kiran felt the slickness of her crotch against his stomach, her wetness a sign that she was already enjoying this. Another sign was her excited gasp once she removed Kiran’s underwear, his erection nearly hitting her on the face. She touched it, taking it in her hand and
stroking it a little.

“Now, Anna,” Kiran commanded, pushing his fingers through her hair, “Get off the bed and let me sit on the side.” Anna, knowing what his plan was somewhat, rolled off and stood up next to the bed, letting Kiran sit in front of her. As he sat there, Anna went to her knees in front of him, looking up and waiting for his command, the lust in her eyes turning him on more.

“I…” Kiran thought about how to word this. Yes, he knew that he essentially wanted her to give him a blowjob, but he felt awkward about saying it aloud. The word just felt so strange to him. His tactician mind went through a series of synonyms he could possibly use, before sticking to something.

“I order you,” he said, “To use your mouth. As much of it as you can.”

“Yes, sir!” Anna replied with a giggle, moving herself towards him more. With her hands on his thighs, she leaned forward, closing her eyes as she licked his tip as if she were lapping at water. Kiran grunted from the sudden pleasure, looking down at the redhead. He had to admit, he was enjoying this thing that Anna had. Just to help her out, he directed his hands to her head, helping to keep the hair out of her eyes. He wondered when she was going to keep going, when she opened her mouth, taking as much of his dick as possible in one go.

Kiran’s grunts turned into a moan. Anna didn’t move for a second, instead letting her tongue and throat sounds do the work. He felt her lick the entirety of his tip, already cleaning off his precum. She started to suck then, making very loud and obvious sounds as she moved her head. The entire time, her tongue was pressed to the underside of Kiran’s dick, and her hands kept a grip on his thighs.

“Show me your eyes, Anna,” he said, panting. Anna opened her eyes, letting him see her big red irises looking up at him. There were small tears under her eyes from exertion, but Kiran focused on the red of them, and how striking they, combining with her red hair. Without meaning to, he chuckled, then laughed, covering his eyes. Anna stopped, confused.

“I’m sorry,” Kiran said, “You just...your hair, your eyes, and your face are all red, you look like a strawberry or something.” Kiran chuckled a little more, and Anna started to giggle, thinking about that. They both finished with a sigh, looking at each other.

“Weird time to laugh, huh?” Kiran asked.

“Not really,” Anna said, “We’re having fun, after all.” She kneeled there expectantly, and Kiran remembered what was happening.

“Now, uh,” he stammered, thinking, “Now I order you to...use your breasts.” He had to think up something quickly, and just shot it out there without thinking. Anna, however, was ready and willing. Moving her entire body between his thighs, she brought up her breasts, pressing Kiran’s dick in between them.

Kiran’s head nearly exploded. The feel of those soft mounds around him was incredible. What made it better was Anna squeezing her breasts against him, then moving them up and down. Whenever she brought them down, she licked his tip quickly. Kiran was certain he’d discovered his new kink, even if it wasn’t as interesting as Anna’s. Still, he felt like he had to do something for her as well…

“Stop,” he called out, making Anna stop short, “Oh, uh, sorry. Come back on the bed and lay on it.”

“Alright,” Anna said with a smile, crawling up on the bed beside Kiran. Kiran rolled over, holding himself above her with his hands clasped in hers on either side.
“Did Sharena tell you everything?” he asked her, whispering into her ear as he lowered his body down.

“Yes she did,” Anna breathed back, his proximity to her giving her more excited feelings, “Every little detail, and I’m not disappointed so far.” Kiran smiled, mentally thanking Sharena as he guided himself to Anna’s opening.

“Then I hope you’re ready,” he whispered again, “Because I now order you to enjoy yourself.” Anna’s moans rang out instantly as he pushed slowly into her, feeling her warm walls around him as they remained in the missionary position. He kept his face beside hers, smelling the musk of her hair as she yelled in pleasure, rising and falling in volume as Kiran thrusted.

“Kiran!” Anna yelled, turning her head more away from him. As he continued his thrusts, Kiran started kissing Anna’s neck, planting kisses up her neck, her jugular, her chin and her cheek. Once he tried to kiss her cheek again, however, she turned her head back, and their furious makeout began once more, with Anna trying to keep her body still while Kiran’s dick continued to enter her.

Without any warning, though, Anna moaned loudly into their kiss, suddenly climaxing. Kiran opened his eyes, surprised at what just occurred. Anna pulled away from the kiss first as she came down, leaving a trail of saliva between them.

“Woops,” she giggled, “Sorry about that.”

“It’s okay,” Kiran said, “But now, I’m gonna order you to do one more thing. I order you to help me finish, with your mouth.” Kiran flipped them over, leaving Anna on top and his head against the pillows. Anna got off of his dick, kissing her way down his chest and stomach, until she reached his erection. She took him into her mouth, moaning to let her vibrations help her efforts.

It didn’t take much longer for Kiran to climax, but he at least gave Anna a warning. Just as he came, she took him out of her mouth, letting his seed spray over her face and open mouth, swallowing whatever landed in it and licking off what was around her lips. Kiran panted, feeling an ache in his stomach for some reason, and looked down to see Anna wiping her face in the sheets. She finished that, then crawled up to Kiran’s face, laying on him.

“Like I said,” she whispered, playing with his hair, “Sharena wasn’t lying.” Kiran smiled, kissing her lightly on the lips.

“Want to talk about that strategy now?” he asked her, his hands behind his head.

“Go get the books,” Anna moaned, rolling off of him, “I’ll be waiting in here.” Kiran stood, not bothering to grab his clothes, then headed to the door. Making sure no one was there, he ran to the desk, grabbed the books, and headed back to the bedroom. Walking in, he witnessed Anna laying on the bed, her arms outstretched and a smile on her face, begging him to come to her now.

Kiran dropped the books. He had more important things to do.

Chapter End Notes

Sometimes being friendly with your boss has its perks.

Alright guys, gather 'round, I have some news!
First off, you may have noticed a name change. This account, and ergo, me, is now going by the name fsf99. The reason for this is more personal than anything. Second, I've created a blog on tumblr, fsf99.tumblr.com, in order to interact more easily with you guys, especially if you have any questions about the fic or even some suggestions. It's still pretty threadbare, yes, but I hope to make it look nicer as time goes by.

I'm so happy that you guys have enjoyed my writing, and don't worry, there's plenty more on the way! Comments and requests are always welcome!
Money Bride: Bride!Charlotte x M!Kiran

Chapter Summary

What do you get for the woman who wants everything? Well, money, of course! Charlotte finds her currently "salary" lacking, and decides to tackle problems at the source. Although, she'll be doing her tackling a little bit differently.

Chapter Notes

I am so, so sorry about the delay on this chapter, friends. It was originally going to be up Sunday, but external issues caused it to be up today. Hope you all can forgive this little slip up. I wanted to get through the limited time units sooner, since, you know, they're limited time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was a warm and sunny afternoon in the Askran Kingdom, especially at the Order of Heroes. Birds were tweeting, flowers bloomed, and Heroes mingled about, talking and sparring. Yes, it seemed that there was nobody here that was having a bad day. Everyone was in an incredible mood, all friendly with each other, even Heroes who, in their worlds, would be sworn enemies.

Charlotte, however, was not one of these people.

“This is unacceptable!” she screamed into an empty hallway. The eternally bride-clad Hero was holding, in her hand, a few pieces of Askran currency, ones given to all Heroes so they may purchase as they wish in the nearby towns. In Charlotte’s view, however, what she held in her hand was barely enough to let her purchase a measly little hat from a low-end clothing store. She was outraged, and she wanted the entirety of literally nobody in the hallway to know this.

To top it all off, she was still wearing this thrice-damned wedding dress. She had desperately wanted to win that bouquet and take its power for herself, but she got beaten out of it. Now, however, she had been enjoying her time with the Order of Heroes, meeting others from her normal world and training herself more, even if she had to be a bride constantly. To tell the truth, she was starting to get used to the dress, and was even finding it a bit comfortable. But now all of its itches and cramps were rushing back to her, as her mind focused on exactly how little she had been paid.

“Charlotte?” a voice from behind her asked. The blonde bride turned to see another woman dressed similarly to her: Cordelia, the so-called “Perfect Bride”.

“Oh, hello Cordelia,” Charlotte sighed, rubbing her temples, “I shouldn’t have yelled, I’m just a little stressed.”

“I could tell,” the redhead chuckled, her own bridal dress swaying, “Is it about the money? You’re gripping some rather tightly there.” Charlotte looked to see that her knuckles were turning white from her grip. Shocked, she released it, letting the money fall to the floor.
“Oh, darnit,” she muttered, bending down to pick it up, “I’m sorry about that, Cordelia. I’m just...I’ve told you about why I care so much about money, right? About my parents?” The redhead nodded, crossing her arms.

“I remember,” Cordelia replied, “You said you grew up poor, right? It must have been terribly hard for you.” Some flashbacks of her past came to Charlotte, and she brushed them away. Shaking her head, she stood, pocketing her money. Thankfully these dresses had pockets, unlike some other clothing she would wear.

“I don’t know what to do, Cordy,” Charlotte moaned, leaning against the wall, “I told myself I would marry rich, so that I would never worry about money again. But now that I’m here, well, there aren’t any Heroes that are really, well, rich! Not here, at least. I just want to find a rich fellow to marry...and to be sweet to...”

“Hey Charlotte?” Cordelia asked, making the blonde turn to her, “I know that maybe you wouldn’t be able to marry him, but have you heard about Princess Sharena and the Summoner?” Charlotte’s ears twitched, looking at Cordelia with a look of confusion.

“The Summoner and Sharena seem to have some sort of open relationship,” she whispered, smiling, “I heard it from Lucina who, well, experienced it firsthand. Maybe your problems could be solved there, even if it’s just a little.” Charlotte’s eyes widened, and she pushed herself away from the wall with glee. She knew that deep down, she had some sort of feelings for the Summoner. It seemed everyone did. So maybe this wouldn’t be just a money proposal after all.

“Cordelia,” Charlotte whispered, “You are absolutely right. Do you know where he might be at this hour?” Lunch had passed a bit ago, and since there was no mission today most Heroes had gone to rest. Cordelia was only still dressed because she had taken some extra time at the bow range, so Charlotte counted herself lucky.

“He should be in his room,” Cordelia thought out loud, walking through the words carefully, “He tends to eat rather quickly, and works on some battle plans at this time.” The redhead yelped, as Charlotte gave her a sudden hug.

“You are a genius, dear,” Charlotte said, “Have a good night! I know I will!” With that, Charlotte picked up her dress with two hands and starting running off down the hallway, leaving Cordelia chuckling, as she walked towards her own room.

In a few minutes, Charlotte, huffing and puffing from the run, was in front of Kiran’s room. Bringing her hand up, she knocked on the door twice, each time with a closed fist that sounded a little too hostile. She had a plan set. No man was able to resist her charms (or so she believed). All she had to do was “convince” Kiran to up her pay, and that would be it. Knowing the Summoner, however, it could definitely do to go a bit further, maybe sweeten the pot...

“Be right there!” Kiran’s voice called out from inside. The sound of a door unlocking clunked, before it opened, as Kiran let it open entirely to see who was out there. He was already in his sleeping clothes, almost as if he had written off the rest of the day. At the sight of the very elegantly dressed Charlotte, he rubbed his eyes in surprise, as if he believed that he was in the middle of a dream.

“Hello, Summoner,” Charlotte said, stepping inside without asking, “Did I wake you? I’m so sorry, I just really wanted to talk to you about something...important.” Charlotte’s voice started to permeate itself with her charm, acting more delicate than she really was. It’s worked before, no reason why it shouldn’t now.
“Oh, uh, sure,” Kiran replied, stepping aside and closing the door after she entered, “I, uh, wasn’t expecting anyone at this hour. What did you nee-” Kiran stopped short, as Charlotte had begun to remove her dress.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she said sheepishly, facing him, “I was just going to take this off while we talked. It’s dreadful to stand around in. Is that okay?” Kiran, mouth still agape, nodded slowly, and Charlotte smiled, removing the dress slowly, intentionally letting Kiran see her display. Underneath her dress she had a white crop top shirt and some white underpants, so at least she wasn’t fully nude. For her purposes, however, she was showing the perfect amount.

“Kiran,” she began, “I can call you Kiran, right? I wanted to ask about my, um, extra pay here.” The Summoner nodded again, as his eyes followed Charlotte’s body, which had started pacing around in front of him while she talked.

“I just feel like I do a lot for the Order,” she continued, “And I wanted to know if I could, you know, get some more money? Not too much, just a few bits more?” Kiran cleared his throat, feeling his mouth going dry.

“I, uh,” he stammered, “Sorry, Charlotte, but I don’t think I can do anything to help you.”

That didn’t sit well with her. She walked to his side, placing her hand on his left shoulder and leaning into him. He tried to hide it, but he could see the blush in his cheeks and the more obvious movement in his crotch.

“Come now, Kiran,” she purred, “You can trust little old me with more money. There’s some things that I’d love to get that will improve my performance, I promise!” Kiran gulped, feeling a trickle of sweat coming down his neck.

“I can’t do that, Charlotte,” he said again, “Look, I like you, you’re a good fighter, but I can’t just give more wages to Heroes.” Kiran gasped, as Charlotte’s hand stopped right above his crotch.

“Are you sure?” she said, “I’m sure I can convince you, somehow. I was in a wedding competition, after all. What say we skip the matrimony and go straight to the honeymoon?” Her word were like magic in Kiran’s ear, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t hide the very obvious erection now pushing against his underwear. Charlotte, taking advantage of this, closed her hand around his dick, feeling its warmth and Kiran’s shudders.

“Charlotte,” Kiran breathed, “I…”

“Shhh,” the bride responded, letting go of Kiran’s dick and stepping towards the door, “I can see that I can’t convince you. I’m sorry to bother you, I’ll just head back now.” She grabbed her dress and started to put it back on, moving slowly.

“W-wait!”

Jackpot.

“Yes, Kiran?” Charlotte asked, letting her dress drop and turning around, seeing the Summoner in front of her now.

“I…could possibly be convinced,” he said, half-smiling, “Maybe you do deserve a pay raise.” Music to Charlotte’s ears. She giddily moved forward, hugging Kiran tight.

“Oh, thank you!” she said, “Thank you so much, Kiran, I’m so happy!” Kiran awkwardly placed his hands on her back, returning the hug. His eyes widened and his cheeks blushed, however, once he
once more felt a familiar feeling on his dick.

“My offer stands, however,” Charlotte said, pushing him towards the bedroom, “Because we still need to talk about my raise.” The two of them slowly walked to the bedroom, Kiran having to go backwards. As they did, Charlotte quickly and easily removed Kiran’s shirt, showing off his toned body, while Kiran did the same with her upper clothing. Her breasts fell out, causing Kiran’s gaze to turn to them, a fact not lost on Charlotte.

“Are you just going to stare?” she asked, smirking. Kiran shook his head, bringing his hands up and placing one on each of her sizable breasts. Feeling the soft orbs under his fingers turned him on more, and Charlotte could feel his dick twitching. Taking a few more steps, she made them reach the bedside, where she let go of his dick, instead pushing him back, causing him to cry out before hitting the mattress.

“Let’s get this off now,” she whispered, slowly removing his underwear and seeing his erection in the open air. Licking her lips, she pulled him back up, forcing another cry of surprise from him. Pulling him to his feet, Charlotte made sure her lips were there to meet his, keeping him standing as she kissed him. The two of them were at almost the same height, with Charlotte being just a little bit shorter.

She immediately moaned as they kissed, feeling Kiran kiss back right off the bat. His lips definitely knew what they were doing, and she was so excited to see where that could possibly lead. Her hand once more closed around his dick, stroking him off gently. She smiled, feeling her breasts press more against him. The friction of her nipples, while small, still gave her some arousal, and she felt her thighs getting wet from her dripping entrance.

Releasing the kiss, Charlotte went down to her knees, keeping Kiran in a standing position as she took hold of the base of his dick, gently licking at the tip. She could taste his precum already, a salty taste with some hints of what felt like strawberry, somehow. Kiran undid and removed the bow on her hair, letting it fall to the side as her hair streamed around her. In response, Charlotte closed her mouth around his dick, already starting to suck on it and move it into her mouth, in and out. Her throat sounds caused small vibrations to help with her pleasuring actions, and she looked up at Kiran, letting him see her eyes as her lips were sealed around him.

“Oh, Charlotte,” Kiran groaned, his fingers in her hair. She had him roped, now, just like she wanted him. With her hand pressed against his hilt, she let her mouth continue to envelop his dick, making sure to move her tongue over its entirety. Kiran’s sounds of pleasure let her know that she was succeeding.

So it was a major surprise to him when she stopped, taking his dick out with a pop, but still stroking. He was about to ask what was going on, when she moved herself closer, placing his dick right in between her sizable breasts.

“Gods!” he stuttered, making Charlotte smile. She pushed her breasts together, feeling him between them, and slowly moved her breasts to rub up and down his shaft. Kiran’s legs stumbled, and he fell back on the bed, sitting down on it. Not missing a beat, Charlotte continued, staying attached to him.

“How does it feel, Kiran?” she asked, looking up as she licked his tip gently, “I hope it feels good. I do so want you to like it.”

“It’s...amazing...” Evidently Kiran could barely get the words out, as he panted from the pleasure.

“Well I’m going to make it better,” Charlotte giggled. Before Kiran had a chance to ask how, she pushed her breasts as far against him as she could, exposing his dick so that she could close her
mouth around the tip, slurping it. Charlotte could hear Kiran moaning more, and she felt his hands move through her hair, trying to push her more onto his dick. She wasn’t able to physically oblige, so instead she sucked harder, making very loud slurping noises.

She felt Kiran’s hips start bucking, and sure enough, his hands gripped the bed tighter. She looked up to see him gritting his teeth, eyes shut tight. Knowing what was coming soon, she took his dick as far into her mouth as she could while still keeping her breasts on him.

“Ah!” Kiran moaned. Charlotte took her mouth off, smiling as Kiran came over her face and breasts. She felt his warm seed all over her, and wiped it off her face, including some that landed right on top of her nose. In a way, she felt somewhat disappointed, but at least she got what she came for. Standing up, she stretched her arms, licking her lips and purposefully cleaning up around that area.

“I’m so happy you considered my proposal, Kiran,” she finally said, humming, “I guess I will see you on the battlefield.” She turned, intending to go to her clothes, but felt Kiran grab her by the hand. Before she could ask what happened, she felt him pull her onto the bed, yelping as she landed right over him, her hands on either side of his chest. Her eyes were wide, her expression shocked, but Kiran looked calm. Sultry, even.

“What’s the rush?” he panted out, face red from exertion, “I still have to make you cum.” Charlotte couldn’t believe her ears. When had the Summoner ever talked like this? Something about it seemed...she couldn’t quite place it. Strange? Awkward?

The moment that his lips kissed hers, she knew what it felt like. It felt attractive.

Without a second thought, she closed her eyes, wrapping her arms around his neck as she kissed him back, deciding to fall on top of him. As she did, her breasts squished against him, going from circles to ovals. As their tongues intertwined, Charlotte squealed, feeling Kiran’s hands roughly grab and massage her rear. She broke the kiss, a trail of saliva connecting their lips.

“Kiran, I-”

“Don’t talk, Charlotte,” Kiran interrupted, “No need to.” He flipped them over, making Charlotte land on the bed with a gasp. Kiran’s lips kissed and licked at her neck, sending bolts of pleasure through her that made her gasp and sigh. His soft tongue against her neck went lower, tracing her collarbone, then going to her breasts, closing his lips over her right nipple. She felt his tongue flick against it, as his hand went lower, removing her lower body underwear easily. His hand traced over her entrance, feeling the wetness below. She had planned on satisfying herself later, on her own time, but this was much, much better.

She covered her mouth with a balled up fist, looking down at Kiran’s brown hair, feeling him work against her breasts and crotch. Her eyes shut, mouth still against her fist, when one of his fingers entered her, rubbing her inner walls. Her moans shook the bed, almost, as did her other hand slamming down onto the mattress. His mouth came off of her breast, but continued to lick at it, tracing around her areola, while her other breast continued to be massaged.

If Cordelia could see me now, she thought, giggling. Kiran’s tongue left her breast, kissing down her stomach. His finger continued to push into her, thrusting in and out. Soon, however, his mouth was at her clit, kissing and licking it. Charlotte stuck her tongue out, her eyes almost going back into her head as she lay there, gasping from pleasure. Kiran’s tongue licked the entirety of her entrance, seemingly cleaning it up. It felt heavenly, up until his mouth left the region.

“What-” she began, wondering what caused the sudden stop. She focused back just as Kiran’s mouth
closed around hers. She let out a soft squeal, before closing her eyes again, gladly and passionately kissing him again. On his tongue was her taste, one that tasted almost sweet (she had planned it that way, just in case). As he lay on his side next to her, kissing her, his hands didn’t stop, and now his index and middle finger of his right hand slowly inserted into her, while his thumb rubbed at her clit.

Charlotte moaned into his mouth, opening her up to assaults from his tongue. She patiently let him explore her mouth before fighting back, passing her own tongue over his lips and his own mouth. By this point, their kiss had turned into a tongue kiss, less lip than before. Charlotte didn’t mind this at all, and minded less when Kiran’s two fingers became three, reaching the limit of what she could take.

Once again, as she kissed him, she felt him suddenly remove his fingers. This time, however, she didn’t even have time to protest before he moved over her, inserting himself into her. Even though he had already climaxed, he was still very aroused from what they did. Charlotte was afraid that doing this would strain him, but the way that he was moving made her not care about it.

Kiran was kneeling on the bed, holding her rear up as he thrust into her. Charlotte was still laying face up, and now held and massaged her own breasts, moaning at every thrust. Charlotte felt closer to release, a fact that she unsuccessfully tried to convey to Kiran.

“Kiran,” she moaned, “I-ahhh!” It didn’t take much longer for Charlotte to climax, raising her hips up as her orgasm coated Kiran’s crotch area. Gasping, she fell back onto the bed, as Kiran fell beside her. They both took a moment to catch their breaths, after what they had just done. Charlotte turned her head to look at Kiran, who was facedown on the bed with his left cheek on the mattress, so he could look at her.

“You didn’t have to do that, you know,” she said, smiling. Kiran shrugged.

“I’m not going to leave a beautiful woman unsatisfied,” he replied, smirking, “And you’ll still get that raise, by the way.” Charlotte beamed, looking back up at the ceiling. When Kiran went onto his side, wrapping an arm around her, she moved closer to him, resting her head on his arm.

“I wish I could marry you,” she muttered softly.

“What was that?” Kiran asked, looking down at her. She simply smiled at him.

“I said, I hope you’ll be ready again soon.” She winked at him, and he gulped, blushing.

She couldn’t wait to tell Cordelia.

Chapter End Notes

This just reminds me that I really need to play Fates. And Echoes. And, well, every game that isn't Heroes or Awakening.

I hope you all enjoyed this little chapter, because I have some great news! I have a link to share with y'all today. It's a link to the tumblr blog I made especially for this AO3 account. It's still a little shabby, since I need to find good pics for it, but it's there for anyone to come in, message me to chat, or send in anon questions! It'll also be there for other future info, so stay tuned if you're interested.
That's all for now, everyone! Comments and requests are still greatly appreciated!
There's a lot of requests right now, though, so be aware yours might be a while!
A Tail of Two Bunnies: M!Kiran x Bunny!Camilla x Bunny!Sharena

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, at the end of a long day, people want to do nothing more than do something that requires little to no brainwork. Lucky for Kiran, there are two people who want to help him do just that, with a little extra.

Chapter Notes

Holy crap, can you guys believe this is the 10th chapter already? It's been two months or so since this series started, and I'm so happy you guys are all still here for the ride. I hope to keep writing more of this and similar stories for you guys to enjoy.

Also, if you enjoyed this, please please spread the word! Having more people read these warms my heart, and makes me happy that others also enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kiran was absolutely brain-dead right now. Today had been a day for Wargames and strategy, and after the day-long events he just didn’t want to think about tactics anymore. It wasn’t even his idea, or Anna’s. Marth had come up with the idea to do Wargames originally, after some ideas that he had made back in his own world. It had been quite the ride, the first two times he did them, but this time it was all him selecting them.

First, Kiran had to make sure he had enough teams for the games. According to Marth’s rules, Kiran was supposed to pit eight teams in a sort of tournament against each other, rallied around a Hero leader. This time, for some reason, Marth’s suggestion was to have each team be led by a different cleric. After taking volunteers, Kiran had all the leaders necessary, taking note that strangely, they were all little girls.

Passing over that small detail, Kiran let them choose their teams. Unsurprisingly, they all went with Heroes they knew from their worlds. Not caring much about it, he got them ready, setting up the brackets and reminding everyone that they were supposed to give it their all, holding nothing back. Yes, it was possible that they could fall in battle, but they would be revived as per the Breidblik’s abilities. The pain of death would still be there, however.

Their mission was to collect as many flags as possible over a course of many simulated battles, across different realms with different portals. Kiran was able to overlook them, and boy, was it a sight to see. The clerics themselves tended not to attack very much, but everyone else was relentless. It was almost traumatic to see the battles, but at the end of the day, they all came back to the Hall of Heroes as friends in good spirits.

Eventually, Elise and her Nohrian family reigned victorious, with the blonde cleric smiling and cheering as Kiran announced her victory. Priscilla, in a close second, congratulated her, even if her team was glaring daggers at the Nohrians. After the celebrations and festivities were done, Kiran was walking back to the Hall from the fairgrounds, looking out onto the fields. In the distance, he was
able to catch six people in conversation. Trying to peer closer, he noticed the bunny ears and carrot weapons, immediately being able to ascertain who it was.

Chrom, Lucina, and Xander were out near the fairgrounds, having casual conversation with their spring counterparts. Seeing both Lucina and Spring Lucina made him remember the time they spent together, and he had to flex his muscle to keep the blood from rushing elsewhere. Along with those thoughts, he couldn’t help but reminisce on the time they summoned Heroes during the so-called Spring Festival.

It had been weird enough to find out about the practice, which, with the eggs and rabbit themes, reminded Kiran vaguely of a practice from his own world. What was truly strange to him was the Summoning. At the time, they didn’t have enough orbs to summon all four Heroes they had met, and as such were only able to summon Lucina, Chrom, and Xander’s alternate forms. By the time they were able to scrounge up the orbs to summon again, the portal to the Spring Festival world had closed. Kiran couldn’t understand it, but some worlds seemed to exist in a strange pocket of the Outrealms, one where after some time, they simply disappeared, never to be seen again.

As such, Camilla was the only one of the group that was without equal, literally. The flirtatious woman didn’t seem to mind, however. She was still as happy as always, and judging by what he heard when he passed by her room some time ago, she had also gotten into the habit of getting to know other Heroes. Kiran swore that he heard Olivia in there, but he couldn’t be certain. Even just remembering all of this was tiring him, and he just wanted to get back to his room. The moment he entered the Hall of Heroes, entering the hallway to the canteen for a quick drink, he was stopped by a pair of arms grabbing him from behind, and a very soft, very familiar feeling on his back. Once again, his muscles flexed.

“Camilla!” Kiran cried out, as the Nohrian woman chuckled behind him, “I’ve told you not to scare me like that!”

“Aww, but you’re just so cute when you’re flustered!” Camilla hugged him tighter, making Kiran very unsure about the integrity of his will. Of course, her armor didn’t help, as the metal felt like it was jabbing into his skin. He coughed loudly, hoping she would get the hint. After one more squeeze, she did, but still turned him around and looked at him, hands on his shoulders.

“You did a fine job today with the Wargames,” she said with a smile, “I’m obviously glad to have seen my little sister win, of course.”

“That’s another win for Nohr, huh?” Kiran smiled back, his eyes focused on Camilla’s almost magenta eyes, “I still remember how you won when we just had a bunch of fliers.” Camilla giggled, her eyes closing up. Kiran’s heart skipped a beat whenever she did that, or when any female Hero did that. It was just so....he couldn’t describe it.

“Well, I feel as if a thank you is in order,” Camilla continued, leaning in. Kiran, sort of hopeful, started leaning in as well, but Camilla’s face went to his ear, slightly disappointing him.

“A very special thank you,” she whispered into his ear, “And not just from me. Your room, one hour. Don’t be early.” She pulled back, patting him on the cheek, and let him go, walking away with her hips swaying like usual. Kiran’s mouth hung open in a wavy smile, and he had to steady himself against a wall to still his heart. He gave up on flexing to stop his arousal, and decided to just make sure it wasn’t visible.

Heading to the canteen, he stopped by the area where the drinks were stored. It seemed that the Askran kingdom was relatively advanced, in that they had giant rooms with enormous ice blocks meant to keep food and drink cold. To warm it up, they simply lit a fire or used a fire tome. Kiran decided to
Kiran had an hour to kill, according to Camilla, but he wasn’t sure what exactly her surprise would be. As such, he decided to go to the Hall’s library, a vast room filled with books and tomes galore. Thinking he was alone, he climbed up the movable ladder to reach the books on the top shelf, which was 8 shelves up. Thumbing through, he found one that seemed interesting, titled “What to expect when you’re a Spearman”, with the subtitle “A manual for footsoldiers”. He stepped down from the ladder, looking up instead of down, and turned to his left when he landed, only to be met by a white-haired, robed male. Both of them cried out in alarm, Kiran first.

“Robin!” Kiran said, extending a hand in greeting, “Forgive me, I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“I would say likewise,” Robin chuckled, shaking Kiran’s hand, “But I actually followed you here. I’ve been meaning to ask you something. Something rather important, to me.” Kiran gestured for him to sit at a nearby table. Robin took a seat, with Kiran taking the one in front of him. Kiran set down his book on the table and crossed his arms over it, while Robin leaned back, intertwining his fingers in his lap.

“Kiran,” Robin started, mulling over his words, “You and Sharena, exactly...exactly how open is your relationship?” Kiran raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised at the topic of conversation.

“That’s an interesting question,” Kiran replied, smirking, “But I would say relatively open. We both have deep, strong feelings for each other, but we also have feelings for other people. It’s really a sense of us knowing that we care for each other more than most other people, but we aren’t...exclusive? I think I’ll call it that.” Robin nodded in agreement with Kiran, rubbing his chin in thought.

“I see,” he finally said, after a few moments of silence, “Do you two ever talk about your times with other people to each other?”

“When wouldn’t we?” Kiran said immediately, chuckling, “Sharena and I enjoy having so many Heroes here, and I can see that we’re making an interesting atmosphere with everyone else. I don’t know how much of it will be retained when you all return to your worlds someday, if at all.” Kiran frowned, wondering about that for a few seconds.

“My point is,” Robin continued, “Did Sharena ever tell you about when-”

“When you and Corrin had sex with her?” Kiran finished bluntly, making Robin try to stammer out an excuse, “No need to be embarrassed, Robin. Yes, she told me about it. She was a bit disappointed in how little time you spent there, actually. Sounds like it was fun.” Robin scratched the back of his head, regretting bringing this topic up, and Kiran laughed.

“Don’t worry so much,” Kiran assured him, “Just, well, try not to be so high-strung about it. Even if anyone else found out, with Breidablik’s charm they won’t mind. How else do you think we managed to get Michalis and Minerva on the same team? Marth tells me that in their world, they would be tearing each other apart.”

“I’m not trying to be high-strung about it,” Robin said, now with his own smile, “I mostly wanted to, you know, get some advice about it. Lucina actually told me what the two of you - or, well, the four of you - did. How was that?” Kiran shifted in his seat, memories giving him a new feeling.

“It was...surprising,” he said, “Incredible. Amazing. Um, it was marvelous, and any other synonyms
you could get for those words.” Both men laughed, Kiran holding the side of his head in his hand with a smile.

“But in any case,” the Summoner said, standing up, “If there’s another Hero you might have feelings for, just...say it. Or they might tell you first. You know, I’ve seen a few Heroes giving you the look every now and then.” Robin’s eyes widened, and he shot out of his chair.

“You’re kidding me,” he said, excited, “Like who?”

“You’ll have to find out,” Kiran replied, “Though, and I’m not joking, your female self was checking you out the other day. Try her, first. You two should know each other pretty well.” Kiran patted Robin on the shoulder, leaving the Tactician with an open mouth of surprise, before heading out of the library. He had no way of knowing how much time he needed to wait, so he decided to take a stroll around the Hall, maybe patrol a bit. Having taken the book with him, he simply began to read and walk simultaneously, a tactic he had perfected over the past few months.

After a long while of walking, and having made it over halfway into the book, Kiran looked up to realize that he was, coincidentally, right in front of his room. Closing the book and memorizing what page he was on, a page about people expertly double-flipping spears before stabbing with them, he went to his room, ready to unlock it, only to find that someone had done that for him. Remembering Camilla’s words from earlier, he smiled. Kiran couldn’t wait to see what was awaiting him behind that door.

“Camilla?” he called out, entering his small little foyer and locking the door behind him, “I think it’s been an hour, hasn’t it?” His calling was met with a strange silence, but Kiran swore he could have heard giggling. Curious, he hung up his robe, heading towards the source of the sound, which was, interestingly, his bedroom.

“Oh, Kiran!” Camilla’s voice rang out, “We’re waiting for you!” We? Kiran couldn’t fathom who the other person could be, but he still was very interested in hurrying in there.

“I’m here, I’m here,” Kiran said, stepping into the room, “What’s this big thank you—” The words died in Kiran’s mouth, as he saw his bed, which was currently occupied by two individuals. Not only were both individuals dressed in outfits similar to the Spring Festival, but one of them was completely on top of the other one, who was lying faceup on the bed.

“Oh, Kiran!” Sharena said, laughing, “I thought you would never show up!”

“Kiran,” Camilla said, her voice cooing at him, “Be a dear and get undressed, please? I have something for Sharena I’ll take care of first.” Not letting Kiran say anything, Camilla simply looked back down at Sharena, bringing down her face to kiss her. The blonde girl kissed back immediately, passionately moaning. Their hands were clasped together, pressed onto the bed, and Kiran was transfixed for a moment before he started to wise up, getting his clothes off quickly.

Once he had strewn his clothing around the floor, leaving only his tent-like underwear, Kiran allowed himself to look at the women again. What he saw caught his breath in his throat. Camilla and Sharena’s tongues were pressing into each other’s mouths, and they had both started moaning louder. Looking at them, he was able to see Camilla’s breasts pressed against Sharena’s smaller pair, how they almost molded under their outfits, how the bunny ears they both wore flopped about lazily…

Kiran’s fantasy ended, when Camilla stopped kissing Sharena, moving off the girl and sitting on the bed. Her legs lay to her side, but she held herself up with her left arm. Kiran could see that she wore exactly the same outfit as her never summoned Spring counterpart, somehow. Sharena sat opposite
her, in a similar position. Her outfit was interestingly similar to Spring Lucina’s, only this one was white and gold, and (in Kiran’s honest opinion) filled her chest area more.

“I, uh,” he stammered, not bothering to hide his obvious interest, “This is quite the thank you, honestly…but how did you get the outfit, anyway?”

“Sharena here helped me,” Camilla explained, “There’s a nice little tailor in the nearby town, and when we faced the Spring Festival heroes, she borrowed one of Anna’s picture-taking tomes. It was easy after that!”

“Come on, Kiran,” Sharena said, standing up and walking over to him, “I heard about you and Lucina. I thought you would enjoy, well, this. Camilla did too!”

“I could tell,” Kiran said, holding Sharena’s face in his hand, “You look incredible in that, you know.” His words made her smile and blush, holding his hand pressed to her face. Kiran kissed her on the cheek, chuckling.

“So,” he said, “What were your plans, Camilla?” The purple haired woman didn’t answer, but instead also walked up to him, taking a place at his other side. She nodded to Sharena, and both girls took his hand, one in each, and brought him to the bed. Kiran willingly let them pull him, eager to see what their plans were. What surprised him was when they turned him around, and Camilla pushed him back onto the bed with one hand, making him fall flat on his back. Scurrying to sit up, he felt himself pushed back down, this time by Sharena. The blonde girl was crawling onto the bed on his left, while Camilla was on his right.

“No need to be so hasty, Kiran,” Camilla said, brushing the hair away from his face, “Sharena, be a dear and help him out?” The Askrian princess nodded, kissing Kiran on the cheek before heading down his body. Coming to Kiran’s “tent”, she easily removed the underwear, taking sight of the erection before her. Facing it from above, she licked its entirety on the top, going from his base to his tip, which she spun around on her tongue. Kiran sighed happily, wanting to pleasure her back, so he placed his hands on Sharena’s pantyhosed rear, squeezing it. The little cottontail on her shook adorably, and Kiran swore he felt himself getting harder, as Sharena’s licking evolved into her mouth covering his tip.

“Don’t forget me,” Camilla’s voice said. Kiran turned his head, and was greeted by the Nohrian’s soft, plump lips on his. They both closed their eyes, gliding their lips against each other. Sharena’s warm and wet mouth was now surrounding his dick, starting to suck as hard as she could. It was like a tunnel of air was trying to take Kiran’s dick, weird as that thought was to him. He couldn’t focus on that, though, since Camilla’s tongue pushed into his mouth, making him the first of the pair to moan. Not ready to be one-upped, Kiran’s hand went to Camilla’s breast, holding the large mass in his hand and feeling her hardening nipple through her clothing (he was hesitant to call it a bra).

Camilla started to suck on Kiran’s lip, keeping her hands on his chest. Kiran felt himself pushed down into the bed, but didn’t care, as his other hand went to Camilla’s other breast. Kneading them in a circular manner, he could feel her nipples in between his fingers, and her clothing was starting to feel a little restrictive. As Sharena’s mouth continued to envelop his dick, now fully slobbering on it, Kiran lowered the front flaps of Camilla’s “bra”. The woman disconnected the kiss, moving herself up so that Kiran could greedily attach his mouth to her right breast, his tongue immediately going to work on her nipple.

“Gods, Kiran!” Camilla cried out, “I can see why Sharena likes you so much!” Kiran simply nodded, popping Camilla’s breast out so as to focus on her other one. She seemed to be in agreement, letting her hands hold his head right on her breast, almost as if he were a babe. Camilla looked down, seeing the top of Kiran’s head but feeling his tongue flicking and rolling her nipple.
Kiran was going to continue his treatment of Camilla’s breasts, but the woman had other plans. Moving her breast away from his mouth, she moved to join Sharena, tapping her on the shoulder so that she would come off Kiran’s dick. Sharena obliged, and Camilla gave her a quick kiss, before she brought her own mouth down, sucking Kiran’s dick and bobbing her head up and down. Sharena, meanwhile, let her tongue pass over whatever Camilla’s mouth couldn’t reach. Having two soft tongues on him at once wasn’t a new feeling to Kiran, but nevertheless it was always extremely enjoyable.

Camilla let her mouth come off his dick, letting Sharena come closer. Now the two of them had their lips pressed to his tip, their own lips barely touching, almost as if they shared a kiss with Kiran’s dick in between them. Just the feeling of their touch was mind-blowing, but combined with their dual attempts to cover his entire length, Kiran couldn’t help but discover how close he was to orgasm.

In fact, with a cry of pleasure and a bucking of his hips, Kiran couldn’t hold it in any longer. He climaxed, his seed coming out and landing all over Camilla and Sharena’s faces, both of them waiting with their tongues out, catching some there. Kiran was left breathless, staring up at the ceiling. The sound of soft moaning and smacking brought his attention back down.

Camilla and Sharena, both still with some climax in their mouths, were making out fully again. The very sight of this, coupled with the bunny ears and the slightly revealing clothing, brought Kiran right back to full-mast once again. The girls stopped their kiss, leaving a line of whitish saliva between them.

“How was that, Kiran?” Sharena asked, still somehow sounding so innocent despite what just happened. Kiran could do naught but nod and give a small thumbs up, with a half-smile and a cough. Camilla got on her knees, rising above him.

“I hope he knows he’s not finished,” she said, sliding her hands down her body, “So, Sharena dear, where would you like to be?” Camilla turned herself, facing away from Sharena.

“Untie me, dear?” she asked, something Sharena did without question, “I know you enjoyed these outfits, Kiran, but some things are just so restrictive in them.” Once Sharena finished with the knots, the dress came off easily, leaving Camilla completely naked save for her bunny ears and her stockings. Both girls turned around, letting Camilla do the same with Sharena. Once Sharena’s dress came off, however, Camilla’s hands came up from behind, quickly taking a small squeeze from Sharena’s breasts.

“Camilla!” Sharena said, laughing, “What are you doing?”

“You’re just too cute, dear,” Camilla replied, taking her hands away, “You and Kiran are a lucky pair.” Kiran blushed, then realized that Sharena was crawling on her knees towards his face. He was just barely able to see Camilla raise an eyebrow.

“What?” Sharena said, “I wanted you to enjoy him there, Camilla. That’s what friends are for!”

Kiran was too intoxicated with the current situation to even attempt to tell Sharena how much that sentence made him love her. He showed this better when Sharena’s legs went over his head, and her entrance was right at his lips. As she lowered herself onto his face, Kiran held her thighs, starting to lick at her wet entrance. Sharena’s sensitivity rose up, and she moaned almost immediately upon his touch. Camilla, not wanting to be left out, held herself over Kiran’s dick, sighing as she lowered herself as far as she could onto it. Kiran had a strange feeling in his dick, a mixture of Camilla’s entrance around him and of having climaxed so recently. He doubted he would do so again so soon, but he knew he could help these two do it instead.
“Oh Kiran,” Camilla sighed, letting herself rise and lower onto his dick, “You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting for this moment.” The way that Camilla was moving on his dick was, to him, unreal. It was like she was trained in the arts of pleasure, somehow. Sharena was more of a “train as you go” girl, but even she was taking a page from the wyvern rider’s book, gyrating her hips as Kiran’s tongue was entering her, tasting as much of her as he could.

Camilla took the pleasure one step further. Leaving her lower body moving on Kiran’s dick, she leaned forward, once more kissing Sharena but also grasping at her breasts. Sharena, ever the pleaser, did the same, leaving them in a sort of triangle on the bed. Kiran thrust upwards along with Camilla, and his head craned up to try to get further into Sharena. Meanwhile, the two girls were french kissing by this point, all sense of passion or “amour” gone out the window, replaced with a simple lust.

Sharena, unsurprisingly, was the one who came first. She felt herself release all over Kiran’s face, head coming back and leaving Camilla’s embrace. Sighing, Sharena fell off of Kiran, catching her breath as she lay beside him. Kiran had no intention of stopping, though. In one fell swoop, he came to his knees, making Camilla yelp as he back was pushed into the sheets, with her rear held up by Kiran, effectively thrusting her down into the bed. And she loved it.

“More, Kiran!” she cried out, her breasts bouncing with each thrusts, “I’m nearly there, more!” Kiran complied. Not slowing down his thrusts, and Sharena, having somewhat recovered, came over to Camilla, latching her mouth to the Nohrian’s left breast. Camilla’s eyes were almost rolled up into her head, the pleasure completely overcoming her other senses.

Finally, she climaxed, yelling loudly as Kiran continued to thrust into her, slowing down once he felt her contract and spasm. Kiran pulled out of her, letting her rest, and lay back on the bed, his legs almost intertwining with Camilla’s, while Sharena lay to his left.

“So,” he panted out, “Who’s idea was this, again?”

“Would you believe it was mine?” Sharena asked, faking a pretty convincing look of innocence. Kiran chuckled, kissing her on the forehead. The feeling of something soft on his right side turned his attention to see Camilla there, smiling at him.

“Thank you for showing us a good time, Kiran,” she said, “Did you like your thank you gift?” Kiran kissed Camilla quickly on the lips, just a light peck.

“How exactly *did* one double-flip a spear? It just didn't make any sense!"

Chapter End Notes

I might be mistaken, but this is probably the longest chapter so far in the series. Since it was the 10th chapter, I wanted to make it a bit more special, and I hope I delivered alright. Thank you all for reading!

Bit of an update. I'm sorry to say that I'll have to put requests on hold for a while. There's a great many in the list right now, and I'd rather go through those before taking
more. Sorry for anyone that had more requests, but I hope you'll still enjoy the content that will be coming through later on.

Remember to follow me on Tumblr if you like this and want to see more. Comments are greatly appreciated, and I will see you next time!
Choice of the Voice: Adult!Tiki x M!Corrin

Chapter Summary

If you've spent most of your eons-long life sleeping, you're bound to be bored sometimes. Tiki has reached that level of boredom, despite not being used to it. Knowing that there was a male dragon here, however, might give her some ideas.

Chapter Notes

Better late than never, am I right? I'm so sorry to have kept you guys all waiting, despite saying I'd be posting more. Last week I moved into college dorms, and as such I missed out on chances to write due to other activities. Classes are starting soon, but I hope to keep writing and to try to keep a regular schedule!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tiki couldn’t quite believe how or why, but she was bored.

It’s easy to get bored of something when you’ve lived for millennia, even if you’ve spent most of that time unconscious and asleep. Everything that used to have a certain thrill became bland and tasteless, after a while. It was hard to find new things to do when you had already done them, and being in her world for so long, leaving all of her old friends behind, had made a deep impact on her.

Then she was summoned here, to the Order of Heroes. She wasn’t surprised at it, considering how important she was in her own world. Being the “Voice” certainly came with its perks, although they were less giving than others. But to see all of her old friends once more, millennia after they passed on in her world, was more than she could bear. It was almost a week before she was finally able to calm herself after passing Marth in the halls, or anyone else from old Altea. It was a mixed blessing, bringing up feelings both of joy and sorrow, seeing her friends but remembering their fates…

Still, during her time here she had occupied herself well. She assisted other Heroes with training and other skills, spent some time catching up on all the history she had missed, and devoted some hours of the day to helping the younger dragons understand their heritage and powers better. Funnily enough, one of these dragons was her own younger self, and since she didn’t remember ever being sent here in her youth, she could only surmise that this was her past self from a different world. An alternate world, if you will.

She was very curious about Nowi, the young dragon also from the World of Awakening. Tiki met Nowi once in their world, but had not seen her in a long while. It was very strange how despite her age, Nowi acted childlike constantly. Tiki could not attribute it to anything, but the younger manakete was nice to talk to. She, along with Fae and her younger self, liked to play around in the training grounds meant for dragons. They spent their time flying and running about, laughing and playing and occasionally setting fire to some trees. Tiki tended to watch from afar, as a supervisor.

Along with that, she enjoyed the library, as she noticed a good amount of other Heroes, including the Summoner himself, tended to do. Taking a short stroll through the history she had missed was a
satisfying feeling, and she read as much as she could whenever she wasn’t training herself or others. Today, she decided to go there, walking down from her room through the Hall, until she reached the room. Opening the large wooden doors, she stepped into a place with an aura of civility and peace. It was almost poetic, the way that the library made her simply stop for a moment and marvel.

There weren’t many Heroes here today, it seemed. Aside from the fact that it was a tad late, Kiran had asked a lot of the more well-known Heroes to head off on a training mission. Stepping past the ornate bookshelves filled with tomes, scrolls, and books, Tiki traced her finger on their backs as she passed, enjoying the feel of them. She closed her eyes, imagining the stories and legends that were within them. When her hand touched empty space, she continued walking, turning around the bookshelf-wall so that she passed over more books. It was strangely calming, and the sensation of the leather on her fingertips reminded her of times long by. Without consciously realizing, she started to speed up, moving faster, her eyes still closed. It was a little thing that amused her, and was getting rid of her boredom. Just had to go a little faster…

Hearing a yell and smacking into something caused her to fall out of her trance. Tiki cried out as she fell, letting her hands go out to keep herself up, only to be looking down into a pale face with red eyes and white hair. Corrin, the wielder of the Yato blade, was blushing as he stared up at Tiki, whose hands had just barely missed his head, pressed against the floor to support her. Her lower body, however, was resting on his lap, straddling him completely by accident.

“Lady...Tiki…” Corrin weakly said, “You, uh, you had your eyes closed.” Tiki, looking to the right, saw a book open on the ground, presumably knocked from Corrin’s hands. The page was open to a description of...oh dear.

“I did, Corrin,” Tiki said, sitting herself up but not moving off of his lap, “Forgive me, I was just looking for something to entertain me. What luck that I’ve found you here.” Corrin gulped, and Tiki looked over at the book again. The pictures were very detailed.

“Well you see,” Corrin blurted out, embarrassed, “You hit me from behind, and I was so startled I turned around, and I fell backwards and kind of hit my head, and then you landed on top. Like...like we are right now.”

“What’s this?” Tiki asked, reaching over and taking the book.

“N-nothing!” Corrin said, laughing nervously, “It’s nothing, just something I was looking at!”

“This is very explicit,” Tiki mentioned, flipping the pages, “Oh, I’ve never tried that position before, looks fun!” The prince below her was now red as a beet, and he covered his face shamefully with his hands. Tiki giggled, flipping through some more.

“What’s wrong?” she purred, peeking at him, “Don’t tell me you haven’t thought of doing these. Today’s your lucky night, I’ve never met a male dragon like you before.” Corrin peeked between his middle and index finger. Tiki smiled at him. She took his hands and held them against the floor, holding herself over him again.

“Most other dragons or Manaketes I’ve met have been female,” she explained, “And while I have no problem with that, I’ve always wanted to feel some sort of companionship with a male. And look who’s come along right in my path.” She licked her lips, and Corrin cracked a very weak smile. Tiki was only guessing, but it was likely he was thanking all the Gods for this chance.

“Go ahead,” Tiki said, bringing his hands up to her chest, “I want to see what that book taught you. My room. Now.” She kissed his hands softly before standing up off his lap, leaving the prince lying there in a trance. Tiki was glad she finally found something, or someone, exciting to do. Heading out
the door, she retraced her steps, rapidly going back to her room and stepping inside, keeping the door open just a crack.

Tiki, despite her important and near-divine status, did not want to be allowed a room fit for Lords. Just the fact that she was given a bed, all the way in the back of the room and facing the door, was a luxury. She had asked for a nice little rock fountain cascade installed in the back right corner of the room, big enough to sit in. Sometimes, Tiki would undress and sit in the small spring, letting herself meditate. Aside from all of that, the room was rather bare, with only a rug to accent the entire area. She preferred it like this, not being one for material delights.

Speaking of delights, she had just sat on the bed when there was a knock at the door. Corrin knocked a little too hard, causing the door to open slowly. Tiki sat on the bed, her right leg crossed over her left. She felt the air over her barely clothed lower body, only just covering her rear, and judging by Corrin’s eyes drifting downwards he had noticed it as well. Chuckling, she gestured at him to come forward, crooking a finger to let him know. Corrin stumbled forward, a wavering smile plastered on his face.

“I remember the page you were looking at,” Tiki said, taking Corrin’s hands, “I never expected you to be such a naughty boy.” Corrin gulped, nervously laughing, his pale face accented with a heavy blush.

“Come on,” Tiki whispered, “Judging from what Camilla says, you’re quite the sight in bed.”

“What?” Corrin blurted, “Does...does Camilla spy on me?”

“More than you know,” she giggled, “You are adorable when you blush, you know. Now hurry, I want you to take me with your dragon strength.” The boy was understandably shocked at how the Voice was speaking, using vulgar terms that didn’t seem fitting for someone of her caliber.

“Don’t be so nervous,” Tiki assured him, pulling him onto the bed as she lay back, letting him hold himself above her, “I’m sure you’re even a little experienced with this.” Tiki was just making an assumption on this. While she had heard about the current experiences going on around the Order, she wasn’t aware of most of the Heroes involved, beside the Summoner, of course. She wouldn’t be surprised if Corrin here had been one of them.

“I’ve had some, yeah,” Corrin said, his hands propping him up on either side of the Voice, “But never with...never with another dragon.”

“I’m glad to be your first, then,” she giggled, palming his cheek, “Now, how about we get to the part where you were in your book?” Tiki’s hand gravitated lower down Corrin’s body, feeling his erection clearly through his clothing. The boy gasped, and Tiki took hold of his dick, tracing a finger over it.

“Closer,” she whispered, her other hand still on his cheek. Corrin obliged, closing his eyes. He lowered his body onto her, first feeling the softness of her breasts on him and the contact of his still clothed dick on her lower body. When their lips came together, Tiki sighed, pulling him closer to her. She helped him guide his hands to her waistline, letting him press his hands into her clothes and slide them up her body. His hands, with obvious callouses on his fingers, felt interesting, a mix of rough and smooth on her stomach and eventually her breasts.

Tiki’s moans were quiet and dignified, as if she was proud of them yet still embarrassed. She closed her eyes as she felt Corrin massage her right breast while keeping his other hand on the bed beside her. She arched her back, letting him take more of her, and took hold of the back of his head with her left hand, ecstatically grasping at his bleach-white hair. Corrin, with all nerves dispelled, took
initiative, letting his tongue enter her mouth. Not even skipping a beat, Tiki pushed back, making Corrin’s eyes fly open. He pulled away, coughing from the sudden attack. Tiki laughed.

“Too rough?” she asked him, shifting her position as he kneeled over her. Corrin slammed his fist into his chest several times, clearing his throat.

“Maybe?” he replied, “Just a little. I just wasn’t, well, I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Not many do,” Tiki said, turning herself around so she faced Corrin on her hands and knees, “That is what makes it exciting. Get off the bed, would you?” Corrin obliged, moving back off the bed, standing before it. Tiki crawled to him and placed her hands on his hips, reaching to undress his lower half. She passively detected Corrin’s dick under his clothes, its outline very obvious. She gently stroked it, leading to her removing his lower clothing and letting it appear before her.

“Goodness,” Tiki said, blushing, “I will admit, it has been many centuries since I have seen one, so forgive my reaction.”

“It’s alright,” Corrin replied, kicking off his pants and starting to remove his upper clothing, “But aren’t you uncomfortable from there?” Tiki didn’t respond, and simply hopped off the bed, forcing Corrin to step back a bit. She let her clothing slip, falling off her body in a fluid motion and leaving her bare, with her breasts before him. Due to the colder air, her nipples hardened, and she noted Corrin’s awe at the sight. Rolling her eyes with a smile, she lowered herself into a squat, placing her face before his dick.

“Do you like it fast?” she asked him, taking hold of his base, “Or slower? I do not think I got to that part in your book.”

“I wasn’t actually reading that,” Corrin muttered, “But, um...slow...I think.” His hesitant voice made Tiki raise an eyebrow, but she put it off, instead deciding to focus on her actions. Licking the tip wasn’t enough, although she certainly did that, feeling Corrin shiver at the touch. She took her time with it, making sure that her tongue passed over the entirety of Corrin’s end. The prince, needing some sort of support, took hold of the bedpost with both hands, leaning himself over the manakete. Tiki placed her left hand on her leg, allowing her right to stroke a little bit of Corrin’s dick. Finished with her “teasing”, she slipped the entire tip into her mouth without opening, allowing his erection to spread her lips open. Corrin tried to push into her mouth, but was stopped by Tiki, who decided to instead push her mouth further onto his dick, taking the time to let her tongue slide over all of his length. Corrin’s grip on the bedpost tightened, and Tiki felt him shake. Opening her eyes, she looked up at his face during her suck, noting how he had balled one hand into a fist, placing it over his mouth.

“Adorable,” she thought, her lips touching her hand at the base of his dick, “I should have done this sooner.” A part of her wanted to see what he would be like in dragon form, but she knew that was much, much harder to do in private. Besides the fact that they wouldn’t fit in a private room, there is a little known fact that female dragons cry out once they hit climax. Many villages have been terrified by the echoing cries heard over the mountains, coming not from a raging dragon but from the passionate screams of post-coitus.

Her thoughts had sidelined again. Tiki’s tongue was poking out of her mouth, between her lower lips and Corrin’s dick. She felt his hand pass through her hair and grab her head gently, evidently no longer bothering to cover his mouth and now just moaning outright. Letting her mouth stay halfway on his dick, Tiki stroked the remainder, tasting the precum on her tongue. Her dual attack continued, and she felt her spit start to pass over her strokes, when she heard a loud crack, stopping immediately and taking her mouth out.
“Sorry about that,” Corrin said, his hand tightly gripping the now splintered bedpost. A broken line of wood ran down the post, all the way to the base. Although it wasn’t completely shattered, Corrin’s hand had caved it in, and it was almost like he was starting to transform into his dragon form, but only in his strength.

“No need to be sorry,” Tiki said, standing up as her hands trailed Corrin’s body, “I am glad I was able to get you so excited. Now, do me a favor.” Corrin waited for the Voice to ask something of him, but she decided to turn them around and push him onto the bed. Corrin landed with an “oomph”, and it wasn’t long before Tiki hopped up onto him, sitting herself right in front of his dick, almost on his stomach. Her wet entrance coated the boy’s crotch, and she sighed, grinding against him a little.

“Stay right there,” she cooed, turning around on him, “I want to see how well this will work.” Reaching behind her, Tiki took Corrin’s hands, placing them on her hips. Corrin’s grip was gentle until Tiki snapped her fingers, which made him hold her tight. Moving her rear back, she grinded against Corrin’s dick, letting him feel her rear before she placed herself over him, his tip just barely grazing her lower lips. Corrin swallowed heavily, and Tiki looked back at him, her hands on his legs.

“Ready?” she asked, lowering herself a bit more. Corrin nodded, biting his bottom lip. Tiki turned forward, facing away from the bed. Hissing, she lowered herself onto his dick, feeling him enter her as he spread her lower lips, letting her walls coat his dick. Corrin helped her lower further, until she reached her limit, the sensation of this being somewhat strange to her, yet definitely pleasurable.

“You’re so….” Corrin started, trying to get the words out as Tiki continued her movements, “Lady Tiki, you’re so…tight!” She giggled at the strange comment, letting her hips move forward and backwards as they also went up and down, making her not just use his dick but also practically control it.

“Watch your tone,” she warned him, “Remember that this is all because of your book.” Soon, Tiki’s movements hit a set rhythm, letting her slam down onto Corrin’s lap and come back up. Corrin didn’t bother thrusting, instead deciding to help Tiki by keeping his hands on her and lifting her. While he managed to control his dragon impulse, he still demonstrated his strength, and Tiki soon felt a lesser need to do any work, as it seemed that he was doing the brunt of it.

Tiki’s mind was so distracted, yet so awake. Truly, it had been ages since she had actually gone for more than an hour without almost nodding off. It was this sense of awakening that made her realize that her orgasm was very close. She let Corrin know with her moans, letting them bounce around the room. Corrin started to thrust up into her alongside lifting her, so that now he was meeting her in the air, rather than on the bed. Now the mattress was shaking, and the wooden bed was creaking, almost begging to break.

“Harder!” Tiki yelled out suddenly, “Do it harder!” She didn’t have to tell him twice. The boy below her grunted loudly, his skin smacking against hers hard, leaving her rear pink from the contact. The manakete was facing the bed, her green hair streaming around her and down her body. Both of them were covered in sweat, and both of them were huffing, having expended so much energy on their actions. In just a few moments, Tiki wasn’t able to contain herself much longer. Gripping tightly to the sheets, she slammed herself down hard on Corrin’s dick, pinning him to the bed and yelling out her pleasure.

Tiki tightened around Corrin’s dick, feeling him also pass through his climax. His seed shot into her, filling her up as her own juices mixed with his. Their combined finish left them dazed for half a minuted, both of them needing to catch their breath after that display. Tiki moved off of Corrin, turning around in bed to crawl up over him. She smiled down at the boy, who seemed to be dozing
off, completely spent after the ordeal.

“Thank you very much,” Tiki whispered, brushing his hair on his forehead. The dragon prince chuckled, then turned his head, falling asleep on top of the blankets and completely naked. Tiki sat on the edge of the bed, then stood. She headed to her in-room spring, sitting in the water to cleanse herself. Closing her eyes to meditate, she sighed, expelling the tiredness from her body. Standing up after cleaning for a minute or so, she dried herself off with a convenient cloth, and lay in the bed next to Corrin, cradling his head against her chest.

“Good boy,” she thought, “Now, I wonder how your female counterpart might be…”

Chapter End Notes

Guys, I gotta admit, I'm practically in love with Tiki. Top tier dragon waifu, in my opinion. Anyway, hope you enjoyed this very late chapter! Please, please consider donating to my Ko-fi page if you enjoy this fic, and be sure to follow me on Tumblr! I really appreciate all of your support!

Comments are always appreciated, and have a nice day!
Heated Decision: M!Kiran x F!Corrin x F!Robin

Chapter Summary

Who knew that forgetting one's allergic medical problems could lead to an almost heavenly experience? Kiran didn't.

Chapter Notes

I'd like to take this moment to say that college, after the first week, isn't as bad as I expected. I even got lucky enough to have time to write!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The light from the window, despite it being covered in a heavy curtain, was just barely able to pass through a crack. Incredibly, the light entered at the perfect angle to hit Kiran right in the eyes. Kiran was asleep, but the warmth of the light caused him to open his eyes, blinding him for a startled second.

Shaking his head, he squinted, seeing that the curtain wasn’t fully drawn together. This would have been a minor fact, were it not for Kiran’s obsessiveness to detail. Every night he makes sure to completely close the shutters, and clearly he hadn’t done so. Thinking back, he had to remember exactly what happened last night. There had to be an explanation about why this happened.

Kiran snapped his fingers, remembering. Last night was a small party between Heroes. There had recently been a new world summoning, this time from the same world as Eirika and Ephraim. The latter had asked (or rather demanded) that some sort of celebration be held, even though there really hadn’t been one done for any other world summoning. Eirika apologized profusely to Kiran about this, and he assured her multiple times that it was alright. After the latest Tempest arrival, they needed a rest.

The party had included food, festivities, dancing, and music. Some Heroes with dancing skills, particularly Ninian and Olivia, put on a show for everyone, with Azura as the singer. Those three always seemed to have a wealth of talents all the time, and they were the talk of the Hall afterwards. During the dinner, however, Kiran had just a little too much to eat, and was feeling very full by the end of it. So full, in fact, that he was sure he was going to be sick.

And sick he was. After excusing himself from the party, he hurried outside, where he had to relieve his stomach in the bushes. In the back of his mind, he recalled that back on his world, he had a allergic reaction to seafood, which happened to be the main course of the night. Kiran hated how his memory seemed to return at the worst of times, especially when two people came out to check on him, having seen his sudden exit from the party.

“Summoner?” Robin asked, holding on to the wall as she peeked around the corner, “We saw you running out and...oh.” The female counterpart of the Ylissean tactician, alongside the female version of the dragon Corrin, had had the same mind when they went to see what happened to the Summoner, and they hadn’t expected to find, well, this.
“Hello Robin,” Kiran wheezed, holding his stomach and placing his hand against the wall, “Don’t mind me, I’m fine-BLARG.” His words were cut off by another retch from his gut, making the two Heroes flinch.

“You’re not feeling well, Kiran,” Corrin said, walking up carefully, “Here, we can take you back to your room.”

“I said,” Kiran muttered, “I said, I’m - HURGH - fine!” This was accented by him retching again, almost slamming his head against the wall. He stood up, wiping his lips and sighing. It seemed that the worst of it was over.

“Come on,” Robin said, taking hold of Kiran’s left arm, “You’re all pale, you know. Are you allergic to fish?”

“Apparently,” Kiran confirmed, feeling his stomach swirl, “Remember how I told you that memories of my world are coming back little by little?”

“I remember,” Corrin said, taking his other arm, “Something about giant cities and...something called smog?”

“That was just one part of it,” Kiran sighed, “But alongside that, I’m remembering things about my past life. Including that, apparently, I have a deadly aversion to fish. So, my room would be nice right about now…”

The two tacticians helped him move, as Kiran was feeling very groggy right about now. Borrowing a mend staff from the armory, Robin used it to the best of her ability, soothing Kiran’s stomach somewhat. It took a while to get back to his room, but they thankfully made it without incident. Kiran’s hands slightly fumbled as he opened the door, and he walked in, Corrin and Robin following him in. Once he passed through his entryway, he made it to the doorway into the bedroom, leaning on the frame and looking back to the two behind him.

“Are you two just...standing there?” Kiran’s mind was failing him, due to both the effects of his allergic reaction and his lack of sleep over the past few days.

“I, uh,” Robin muttered, wringing her hands. Corrin, meanwhile, moved up to Kiran, lifting him off the frame.

“Let’s get you into bed,” she said, “Wouldn’t want you to feel worse.” Kiran mumbled in agreement, and Corrin nodded to Robin, who also came over to help. The Ylissean tactician helped Kiran remove his robes, hanging them up on a hook nearby, while Corrin let him fall into bed, bringing the covers down and helping him to cover up. Kiran, still in his clothes worn under his robe, sighed, gesturing towards the window. Corrin understood, closing the blinds quickly. In a few moments, the Summoner was nestled nicely in his bed, ready to rest.

“Alright,” Robin said, sighing, “We’ll just, um, we’ll just go now.”

“What?” Kiran muttered, eyes half open, “No, you can...you can stay, if you want.” Even though he was nearly asleep and possibly delirious, likely due to this being the first time a Mend staff was used on him, his words made Robin blush, but Corrin smiled.

“You don’t have to tell me twice,” she whispered, before looking to Robin, “What’s the harm in it?”

“You can’t be serious,” Robin gasped, “I mean, I know we’ve talked about...well, you know, but-” Corrin wasn’t listening, mostly because she was stripping down to her undershirt and underwear. Robin yelped.
“Don’t worry, Robin,” the dragon said with a reassuring smile, “It’ll be okay, we’ll just, you know, wake up first.” Robin hummed in uncertainty. She and Corrin had talked about this before. Both of them, over the time they had spent in this world, discovered that, somehow, Breidablik’s charm effect had been amplified. They didn’t know about the weapon’s charm, however, and just guessed that they had started to develop feelings for the Summoner. It had come up in conversation completely by accident, but the two had discussed what they should do about it. Now, Corrin was taking the opportunity, even if it came due to...strange, circumstances.

Robin, defeated, followed Corrin’s example, hanging up her clothes and ending up with just her shirt and undershorts. Kiran, by this point, was sleeping like a rock. Corrin slid into bed on his right side, and Robin on his left, both of them not being too close to him but still feeling his warmth. Corrin fell asleep with a smile, and Robin took a little bit longer, having to calm the nerves in her.

Kiran had no memory of what happened after he entered his room. Which is why, the moment he realized there were two bodies on either side of him, his first reaction was one of surprise.

“Ahh!” he half-yelled, clamping his hand over his mouth. Robin jerked awake, shocked, but Corrin slowly opened her eyes, yawning.

“Mmm,” she moaned, stretching her back, “Good morning, Kiran. Sorry for the surprise.” Kiran, still struggling to understand exactly how he got into this situation, took enough time to register the very obvious feeling down between his legs.

“Oh gods,” he muttered softly, “Not now…”

“Wh-what was that?” Robin asked, lifting herself up with her hands on the mattress, so that she was laying sideways, “Did you say something, Kiran?”

“Forget about that,” the Summoner said, waving his hand, “Did I...last night, was I…”

“Drunk?” Corrin finished, “No, but you were dead tired. And, well, we thought you might want some company.”

“Oh.” Kiran sighed, realizing that this was his life now. Not that he was complaining. “Okay, so, this was a mutual decision?”

“Somewhat,” Robin said, cozying up to him more and placing her hand on his chest, “I was a bit worried, but I think it’ll turn out well.” She closed her eyes, resting her head on his shoulder. Kiran, no longer caring about the obvious issue in his pants, decided to roll with it, moving his arms around both of their shoulders, holding the two strategists close.

“Also,” Corrin whispered into Kiran’s ear, making his spine shiver, “I know our male selves spent some time with Sharena, as I’m sure you also know. I wanted to do something similar.” The Summoner smile, turning his head toward Corrin.

“Is that so?” he whispered back, facing her, “And why would I agree to that?”

“Because,” she purred, lightly pecking his lips, “It’s a good strategy.” She kissed him again, lightly and with little meaning. Kiran felt like she was teasing him, a feeling amplified by her hand trailing down into his pants. He hadn’t been unclothed from last night, since th two had only taken off his robe, so while they were nearly naked, he was still covered.

“Hey, you two,” Robin said, poking Kiran, “Don’t leave me out of this.” The three of them were still under the covers, and it was starting to feel a bit sweltering. Kiran turned his head to face Robin, smirking.
“We weren’t going to,” he said, “Don’t worry.” Robin smiled, pressing her lips to his. Unlike Corrin’s teasing, Robin immediately went in, wanting to kiss Kiran passionately. The dragon princess, meanwhile, moved lower, starting to remove Kiran’s ill-suited clothing for this occasion. With his arm around her shoulders, Kiran pulled Robin in closer, which in turn made her wrap her arms around his neck.

“Calm down there,” Corrin laughed, helping to slip off Kiran’s pants, “Or, actually, keep going. I have a plan down here.” Kiran didn’t bother asking what said plan was, due to him being focused on the kiss with Robin, which was getting more heated as Robin’s tongue pushed through Kiran’s lips unexpectedly. He never got used to the feeling of tongue contact, yet he couldn’t find a reason to dislike it.

Corrin made short work of Kiran’s clothes, having to break up his kiss for a second to take off his shirt, leaving him completely naked. While he was taking off his shirt, Robin took a second, breathing heavily with flushed cheeks, to take off her own shirt, revealing her bare breasts to the air. Just as Kiran finally focused his vision again, Robin’s lips returned to his, the girl now moaning lustily into their liplock. Kiran’s hands cupped her breasts, kneading them and squeezing. Corrin, feeling restricted, threw the covers back, exposing them all to the elements but not distracting the makeout session before her. Instead, she went lower, and Kiran soon felt her exhaling over his dick. With Robin focusing on his upper body, he wasn’t ready for when Corrin’s warm mouth and wet tongue took his dick, covering it both in the heat of her mouth and in her saliva.

Pushing Robin off, Kiran broke the kiss, leaving the white-haired tactician somewhat disappointed. He quickly changed her mind, however, when he bent his head, latching his mouth to her right nipple and sucking on it.

“Ah!” Robin yelped, taking hold of Kiran’s head and holding him in position. The Summoner’s tongue flicked Robin’s pink nub, all the while feeling as Corrin did downright amazing things with her mouth. Her bobbing moved so fast, Kiran felt as if she was trying to drain him completely (which, for all he knew, was actually her goal). He let out his own groans, moving his mouth from Robin’s left breast to her right one.

“Oh Kiran,” Robin breathed. In a fit of inspiration, he lightly bit down on her nipple, earning him yet another yelp from the Ylissean tactician. Soon, however, he felt his hips start to buck, as Corrin’s mouth and tongue were relentlessly assaulting him. He wasn’t ready to orgasm just yet, but he felt it rising soon. What confused him was Robin letting go of his head and moving him away from her breast. Before he could ask her the reason behind this, the woman had laid on him, her bare rear facing him with her mouth at his dick. Kiran, not being as dense as he used to be, took the hint. He placed his hands on Robin’s rear, and gently touched his tongue to her entrance, licking it in its entirety and tasting her juices.

Robin, meanwhile, went to assist Corrin, though by this point there was really no need for assisting. Corrin’s mouth didn’t always cover Kiran’s dick, however, and as such Robin let her tongue press against it whenever Corrin moved her head back up. The feeling of two soft tongues on his dick, a feeling not unknown to Kiran, made him stuff his face into Robin’s rear, his tongue entering her. Feeling her body vibrate from the pleasure, Kiran continued his tongue movements, letting Robin know exactly how much he adored being this close and intimate with her. Occasionally his tongue would move out, instead voting to lick at Robin’s clit for added pleasure.

Down between Kiran’s legs, Corrin popped her mouth off his dick. Having been fingering herself during this, she decided she needed more than what she was doing now. Sitting herself up, she placed herself over Kiran’s dick, which Robin was still happily pleasuring, leaving the two in an interesting position. Corrin rubbed at her clit, feeling how her arousal had glistened her thighs, and
went down onto Kiran’s dick, letting him go in her as far as possible. Robin, having had her eyes closed most of this time, accidentally ended up licking at Corrin’s clitoris. Her surprise was replaced by a more intense desire, since Corrin taking Kiran into her also made Kiran press his tongue more into Robin, which in turn ended the strange triangle with Robin more viciously taking in Corrin’s clitoris.

“Oh, yes!” Corrin cried, as she started to really move on Kiran’s dick, “Gods, Kiran, I’ve been wanting this so much!” As she moved up and down on him, Corrin’s breasts bounced, making it a sight to behold for both people below her. Robin in particular was stricken. Corrin’s breasts were slightly larger than her own, but since Robin tended to wear baggy clothing in contrast to Corrin’s more tight fitting outfit, the difference seemed much bigger. Wanting to see if they really felt as nice as they looked, Robin moved herself up, emulating Kiran’s actions on Corrin’s breasts by taking the left one into her mouth and sucking on it. Corrin, surprised, simply arched her back, letting Robin take more of her breast into her mouth.

“These two…” Kiran thought, tasting more of Robin’s entrance, “This is just incredible…” His tongue passed over her inner walls, tasting more of her. Feeling Corrin move herself on Kiran’s dick, he helped her, moving his hips in tandem with her. The dragon cried out on every bounce, still letting Robin somehow keep a breast in her mouth. It was hard for Robin to do so, since she was simply sitting on Kiran’s face, while Corrin was actually moving her body up and down.

“Gods, yes!” Corrin yelled, her head tilted back to face the ceiling, “Oh, Kiran, more!” Kiran felt like it was her first time doing any sort of dirty talk, but he didn’t mind. What he noted was how she seemed to be tightening up, getting ready to climax. Her subsequent moaning and her hands gripping Kiran’s legs affirmed this observation, and Kiran worked even harder to make her orgasm. Robin wasn’t able to notice this, and instead focused on her own pleasure. Her mouth was forced off of Corrin’s breast, due to the fact that Corrin was now trying to kiss her, but was failing and instead ended up simply touching their tongues together.

Corrin’s cry of climax came quickly, and Kiran’s thrusts continued as Corrin tightened around him, riding out her orgasm on Kiran’s still hard dick. When she finally stopped, Corrin finally pressed the kiss against Robin, leaving it going for just a minute. She finally disconnected their lips and got off Kiran’s dick, sitting on the edge of the bed before standing.

“Come on, Robin,” she said, as the Ylissean tactician moved away from Kiran’s mouth, “He’s all yours. I’ll be right back.” Corrin left the room, still completely naked, and Robin turned herself, looking down at Kiran while her rear positioned itself over his dick. They looked into each other’s eyes, Kiran feeling her white hair falling onto the sides of his face.

“Kiran,” Robin whispered, her face just an inch from the Summoner, “Please...please kiss me.” Kiran, nodding, put his left hand on the back of Robin’s head, bringing her down and kissing her gently. Although his right hand went down to rest right over her rear, he didn’t try to push into her just yet, simply enjoying the feeling of her body on his. She had her upper body pressed against him with her lower body raised slightly, remaining above his dick. Neither of them used tongue, wanting to savor the moment. Her kisses felt almost as good as Sharena’s, Kiran noted, but she felt almost like Lyn.

Kiran loved this life.

“Ready?” Robin asked, breaking the kiss for half a second before going right back to it. Kiran didn’t say anything (not like he could), and instead pushed Robin down onto his dick. She took a sharp breath as he entered her, and he felt similar to how Corrin was. Robin, however, didn’t go in slowly, opting instead to very quickly start letting Kiran into her. The Summoner was shocked by this, especially given Robin’s previous actions.
“Oh, yes!” she hissed, moving away from his lips, “Oh Gods, Kiran, I’ve wanted this for so long!”

There was naught that Kiran could really do save for laying there, as Robin’s movements indicated how close she was to climax. This really wasn’t surprising, considering how closely acquainted his tongue and her entrance were getting. Now, Robin was in a lustful stupor, and it showed. Kiran kissed at her neck instead, wondering if this would help her finish faster. As it turned out, it did.

With a loud moan-yell, Robin came, her orgasm taking less time than Corrin’s. Soon, she was exhausted, laying on Kiran while slipping herself off, laying on his side. While Kiran thoroughly enjoyed that, though, there was the small matter that he still hadn’t reached climax, and it was starting to hurt.

“Not enough?” said Corrin, walking back into the room with one of Kiran’s towels around her neck, “No worries, I can help. Come to the edge.” Kiran sat up, shuffled himself to the edge of the bed, and sat there waiting. Corrin knelted in between his legs, stroking him with one hand gently. Kiran winced, his dick feeling very sensitive at the moment. Corrin giggled, then brought up her breasts, slipping Kiran’s dick in between them. The Summoner gasped, gripping the bed.

“I want you to finish, Kiran,” Corrin said, licking the tip of his dick, which was now being stroked by her breasts, “I want you to finish so I can taste you better. So I can bond with you even more.”

“Corrin,” Kiran breathed, “I’m going to….argh!” Nary a warning was said as Kiran climaxed, his orgasm shooting out, landing on Corrin’s face and breasts. She closed her eyes, smiling, feeling Kiran’s warm seed on herself and keeping his dick between her breasts.

“Nice to see that that worked,” she said, moving off of him, “How do you feel?”

“Like I died and went to every heaven,” Kiran gasped, breathing heavily.

“Good,” Corrin replied, “Because it’s morning, and I need a bath. Would you be a dear and help the two of us clean up?”

“Gladly,” Kiran snapped, standing up immediately. Corrin went to Robin, poking her to get her to stand. Taking her by the hand, she led her out of Kiran’s bedroom, leading Robin to the Summoner’s personal bath room.

“Hurry up, Kiran,” Robin called back, “Or else I’ll have Corrin all to myself!”

Forgoing the towels he had tried to get, Kiran followed them. It may have still been morning, but he knew it was going to be a good day.

Chapter End Notes

I know some of you might have expected the summer versions, but trust me when I say that they’ll be here eventually. The next chapter, however, is half-chapter, half commission, and I hope you'll all enjoy reading it as much as I'll enjoy writing it.

That's it for now, everyone! Thank you for reading, and remember to spread the word!
Uncertainty: M!Kiran x Beruka

Chapter Summary

What do you do when one of the coldest and most efficient assassin retainers you’ve ever met suddenly asks you for a very lewd proposition? Kiran’s about to make that decision.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, and welcome to the chapter that is also my very first commissioned work! I definitely enjoyed writing this, and I hope you all enjoy reading it! Yes, the schedule for uploading is strange, but I hope it doesn't put anyone off!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Of all the pastimes that Kiran had in the Order of Heroes, watching the winged beasts with their trainers was definitely near his favorite activity. Though he himself wouldn’t dare to get on one of those things, the sight of them was incredible. While the Pegasus were swift and elegant, breezing through the sky as if they were rays of light, the wyverns were more ferocious, screeching as they flew. They dove, curled, and shot through the air, their black, scaly skin a sharp contrast against the clear blue sky. They seemed terrifying from below, especially if one was coming for you.

Leaning on a fence surrounding the winged beast area, Kiran was enthralled by the sight. Camilla had once taken him on a ride on her wyvern, one which he heartily enjoyed, and not just because Camilla was holding him closely from behind. From his recollections of his own world, he knew about airplanes, giant metal birds that took people through the sky. The other Heroes were amazed when he told them about it. However, the feeling of plane flight just couldn’t match the wind in one’s hair as they tumbled through the air, feeling the living creature below you and hearing the flap of its wings. Whether it’s the feathery down of a Pegasus or a rough, leathery wyvern back, the thrill was still there.

Today it seemed that a race was going on. He didn’t catch all the details, but it seemed that Caeda, from the World of Mystery, and Subaki, from the World of Birthright, were engaged in a friendly race on their respective Pegasus. There was no track or anything like that, just the two of them going in circles and loops all over the track. Apparently, from what Kiran heard, this entire race was because Subaki wanted to show how incredible he was on Pegasus-back, and Caeda had taken him up on the challenge unexpectedly. Kiran appeared to be the only spectator.

That wasn’t going to be for long, however. As Kiran leaned on the fence, facing the sky, he heard footsteps on the grass to his right, along the fence. Not bothering to look, he continued to gaze upon the flying beasts, as Caeda easily won the race and gave Subaki a friendly handshake. It was hard to see from this distance, but it seemed Subaki wasn’t all that happy about it.

The footsteps stopped next to Kiran, and he felt the wooden fence shift as another person put their weight against it. He heard the sound of metal striking wood and moving against it, and in his
peripheral vision he saw a smaller person, one with short aquamarine hair and black armor, to say nothing of the headband.

“Hey there Beruka,” Kiran said, side-eyeing the new arrival. She had unsurprisingly been summoned alongside Camilla and Selena, the other retainer. It almost seemed like fate, the way each noble had appeared with their guards. Unlike most of the other retainers (save for Peri, probably), Beruka put Kiran on edge when he first met her. A quiet and lonesome assassin who doted heavily after her Lady, Beruka never seemed like someone who would want to have light conversations. In fact, unless he was giving her orders, Kiran didn’t talk to Beruka for a long time. It was only at the request of Camilla that Beruka started to open up, even starting her own conversations now.

“Hello, Kiran,” Beruka said, making an example of Kiran’s point. The wyvern rider was leaning on the fence similar to the way Kiran was, with her arms crossed on top and one leg propped up on the lower bar. However, due to her height and the height of the fence, Beruka’s head ended up resting on her arms. She had it tilted, so that she looked up at the sky like an indifferent child.

“What was that?” he asked, now actually looking at the Hero, “Or just here to talk? You’re getting better at it, you know.” Beruka grunted, turning away from Kiran, but not before he caught the slightest hint of a blush and a smile.

“What was that?” he asked, teasingly, “I know what I say, Beruka, come on!” He playfully punched her in the arm, making the fence rock some more. Beruka didn’t answer, but now side-eyed Kiran, actually half-smiling for once. Kiran was amazed at his people skills, since somehow he was able to make even the most stone-faced Heroes crack a smile every now and again. He remembered when he first got Navarre to smile. That had been his crowning achievement.

“You’re so annoying sometimes, Kiran,” Beruka told him, without any disgust in her tone, “I smile. A lot. Ask Selena, I know she’ll tell the truth.” Unlike most Heroes, it didn’t take long for Beruka to stop calling Kiran the Summoner. She still did it sometimes, of course, but Kiran preferred to be on a first name basis with the Heroes here. He was surprised at how the Lords and Ladies of different Worlds seemed to be much more open to that idea than some of the less noble Heroes.

“I’m sure she will,” Kiran replied. He turned himself on the fence so that his back was resting against it, his elbows on top of the fence behind him. “Now, what is it?”

“What do you mean?” Beruka asked suddenly, “Can’t I just….um….shoot the breeze with a friend?”

Kiran raised an eyebrow. “Did Camilla teach you that phrase?”

“No!”

Eyebrow raised.

“...yes.” Beruka slumped, sheepishly looking straight ahead now. Since she wasn’t turning her head anymore, the red on her face was much more apparent, a fact not lost on Kiran.

“Say,” he started, “I’m feeling a bit hungry. You feel like heading to the canteen?” Beruka pushed herself off the fence, immediately ready.

“Sure!” she said, uncharacteristically happy, “Um, I mean, of course. Lead the way.”

Kiran chuckled, shaking his head. With one last parting look to the winged beast section, he started walking back to the Hall, flanked on his left by Beruka. Following the stone path before them, Kiran walked with his back straight and his hands in his pockets, his right hand close to Breidablik as always. Beruka, however, was ever so slightly hunched over, an instinctual move from her training.
Kiran gave her a pat on the back and she started, her back straightening as she yelped in surprise.

“You seem really stressed right now,” Kiran mentioned, as they passed into one of the torch-lit hallways, “More than usual, I mean. What’s up?” Beruka stayed silent, and Kiran shrugged, walking through the halls until they almost reached the canteen. They were just two doors down, passing in front of a mural to the Order, when Beruka finally let down her guard.

“Wait!” she said, stopping short. Kiran took a few extra steps before turning around, interested. Beruka’s mouth was shut tight, and her hands were balled into fists at her side. She looked very nervous, and somehow, Kiran knew where this was going. Possibly.

“Is something the matter, Beruka?” Kiran asked, knowing full well what the matter was probably going to be.

“Yes, something’s the matter,” Beruka replied, finally looking Kiran in the eyes, “Kiran, even since Lady Camilla made me talk to you more, it’s made me realize some things. I realized that, well, I was...Lady Camilla said I was starving for affection.”

“Sounds about right,” Kiran thought to himself, keeping his arms folded as Beruka continued.

“And when I told her how I was talking with you, she said the way I talked was interesting. Except she didn’t say interesting, she said lovey, and I hate that word.” Beruka paused for a second, thinking of what to say next. “And so, Kiran, I need to confess. Yes, I have feelings for you. But I also need to ask you something.” Kiran leaned in slightly, anticipating what she might say now.

“I want you to...show me what sex is like. To teach me.”

If Kiran had had any water in his mouth right now, he would have done a spit take. Of all the times this had happened to him, none had been as blatant and blunt as this one. In fact, he choked on some spit and spent a few moments having to cough his throat clear.

“Sorry,” he wheezed, holding his chest, “Um, Beruka, are you absolutely sure you said what I think you did?” The retainer now took on her more normal expression, looking a bit annoyed at him.

“Yes, I meant it!” she snapped, “Kiran, please. It has to be you.” Beruka rushed to Kiran and threw her arms around the Summoner, hugging him. Her height forced her to wrap her arms around his midsection, with her head on his chest. Kiran’s arms went back in surprise, looking down at her.

“You’re the only man I’ve ever liked,” she muttered, “And Lady Camilla, she told me to act on these feelings...especially since you and Lady Sharena are open. Just like what Lady Camilla does.” Kiran, his shock value gone, put an arm around Beruka, patting her on the head with his free hand. She looked up at him, and he smiled.

“Alright, alright,” he said, “Come on, then. My room’s a few halls down.” Beruka smiled, letting go of him but still hugging his arm as they went. Feeling her shaped black armor against his robed arm was curious, but Kiran didn’t mind it. He loved having her hold his arm like that, for some reason. As they walked to his room and stood before it, Kiran unlocked the door, then looked down to Beruka, thinking about how to make this more special. With a cry of surprise, he picked her up, causing her to yell out in shock as he lifted her bridal style, making her hold on to his neck as they walked in.

“Kiran!” she said, barely containing a laugh, “What are you doing?” The Summoner let his laugh loose, carrying her through the entrance.

“Laugh a little,” he told her, “It won’t kill you!” Although she tried to stifle it, Beruka gave in,
laughing along with Kiran as the two went into the bedroom. Reaching the bed, he dropped her down onto it, falling over her and holding himself up, both of them laughing until they once more looked into each other’s eyes. Beruka’s purple eyes stared back at Kiran, who felt as if he was getting lost in them. Being there for longer than he had anticipated, Kiran cleared his throat, getting up and off the bed.

“Right,” he said, as Beruka sat up and stood as well, “Well, if I need to teach you this...first, we have to undress.” Nodding, Beruka started to unclasp her armor, before Kiran reached out to stop her by grabbing her arm.

“No,” he corrected, “The best way is to undress each other.” Beruka’s face turned red once more, as Kiran allowed himself to continue what she had started, slowly taking off her armor. Soon, all she had on were her normal under armor clothes, which were just tights and a vest over her underclothes. Kiran gestured to her, and Beruka gulped, helping to undress him. He let his cloak fall off his shoulders, but made sure that she was doing most of the work. As she did, however, he noted that her hands seemed to be shaking. This was someone trained to kill with precision, her hands never shook.

“Nervous?” Kiran asked, as her hands went to his waistline.

“No.” Beruka said flatly. With her hands on his pants, readying herself to pull them down, she hesitated. “A little,” she admitted, “This isn’t like anything else I’ve done.” Kiran smiled, cupping Beruka’s cheek in his hand and looking at her.

“Wanna know how to make it smoother?” he asked her. When she nodded expectantly, he leaned in, kissing her. He felt her take in a sharp breath, as he had to bend over to really be able to kiss her. Beneath him, however, Beruka started getting into it. She finished letting his pants fall and hugged him around his waist, making him pull her closer. Kiran noted that she wasn’t doing anything, just keeping her lips pressed against his without moving.

“Beruka?” Kiran whispered, his lips mere centimeters from hers.”

“Mmm, yes?”

“Have you...ever been kissed before?”

“No,” the assassin said, a bit embarrassed, “But...I like it.”

“Here,” Kiran said, moving in again, “Try opening your mouth a little. Like...like you’re eating something.” He couldn’t think of any other way to explain it, but the analogy seemed to have worked. Beruka did as he said, slightly opening her mouth, and Kiran kissed her again, this time hoping that his movements would be noted by her.

It seemed like she was a quick learner. Soon, Beruka’s lips were gliding against Kiran’s, and her arms had gone from his waist to his shoulders, with her hands against his back trying to pull him in more. Kiran, one-upping her, lifted her up by her legs, holding her rear and kissing her in the air. Beruka went with it, her hands moving to his face to kiss him more. She accidentally passed her tongue through her own lips, touching Kiran’s, and continued. Their makeout continued passionately, feeling their tongues twirl around each other while Kiran walked them towards the bed.

Their kiss didn’t stop, even as they fell onto the bed with Kiran on top. If anything, it intensified, with Kiran laying on Beruka as their lips never seemed to reach a moment of reprieve. However, when Kiran’s hand passed over Beruka’s head, he unwittingly loosened and took off her headband, something that made her stop immediately.
“What’s wrong?” Kiran asked, noting how Beruka seemed to have clammed up entirely.

“My...my headband,” she whispered, “I’ve...nobody else has ever taken it off before. It feels…”

“Free?” Kiran finished for her, pushing the hair out of her face. Beruka nodded, her face softening.

“Well if you want to continue,” Kiran said, “We’ll have to take off more than just your headband.” Beruka blushed, giggling. Kiran’s hands started to take off her shirt, finally touching her soft skin as he slipped off her upper clothing, letting Beruka do the same to him. Now, they were both only wearing their lower body underwear, Kiran with his boxers and Beruka with her shorts. With her breasts exposed to the open air, Beruka covered herself with her arms, looking away.

“Hey now,” Kiran said, gently moving her arms, “It’s okay.”

“It’s embarrassing,” Beruka muttered, “But...with you, it’s alright. Wh-what now?”

Instead of saying anything, Kiran moved his head down, kissing Beruka’s neck. The retainer’s following gasp, a short, high-pitched noise, caused a bump in Kiran’s heart. To him, it was one of the most adorable things he’d ever heard, even in a situation like this, but he didn’t let it last long. His tongue trailed on her body until it found her small yet plump breasts, closing his lips around her right nipple. Beruka gasped, shutting her eyes tight.

“Kiran,” she breathed, “It feels…”

“Good?” Kiran asked her, taking himself off her breast, “Well, you have to do some work too.”

“I do?” Beruka breathed, “How?” Kiran stood up, letting Beruka see his erection straining against his pants. Crawling forward, she looked at his dick, pulling down his boxers to let it loose. She took it in one hand.

“It’s really warm,” she whispered, “Is it supposed to be like that?”

“Y-yes,” Kiran said, feeling Beruka’s cold hand on him, “And, well, you stroke it. Slowly, or fast, however you want.” Beruka looked at his dick and did so, moving her hand up and down on it. Kiran leaned his hand to the bedpost at his side, steadying himself.

“Is this it?” Beruka asked, “Lady Camilla mentioned that there was more.”

“Well,” Kiran muttered, “A lot of people, um...use their mouths?” He’d never had to explain the process of this to anyone before, yet doing so with Beruka felt...well, it probably just aroused him more, especially when the assassin put her mouth on his dick and immediately took him into her mouth, holding him there.

“Woah!” Kiran cried, gripping the bedpost, “Ah, it’s okay, it’s okay! You just have to, well, bob on it. You know, like a....” Kiran wondered if popsicles existed in this world, or else the analogy wouldn’t work, but thankfully Beruka seemed to understand, bobbing on his dick. The noises she made, those being soft gulping ones as her mouth was filled, drove Kiran crazy.

Beruka proved once again she was an apt learner. Soon, she was holding Kiran by the base of his dick, taking him in as much as she could. She didn’t seem to know what to do with her tongue, so she kept moving it around her mouth, brushing up against his dick over and over. For someone who had no experience with this, she was certainly pushing Kiran closer to the edge, and he started to hunch over, since Beruka’s mouth was absolutely stunning him.

“Is something wrong?” Beruka asked suddenly, getting off of his dick, “Also, why does it taste salty?” Kiran wiped his brow, half-smiling.
“I’m all good,” he assured her, “But we don’t have to be in this forever, you know. Want me to show you the best part?” Beruka nodded slightly, and Kiran placed his hand on her shoulder.

“Lay back,” he said, “I’ll show you.” As Beruka lay herself down on the bed, Kiran made short work of her own underwear, leaving her completely exposed. Kiran crawled over her, leaving his dick positioned at her entrance, and took Beruka’s hands in his, holding himself over her. Seeing her now, with her hair around her and both of her eyes, was so strange to him.

“What is it?” Beruka asked, “Is there something on my face?”

“No,” Kiran breathed, “I’ve just...never seen your whole face before.” Beruka blushed and looked away, but still cracked a small smile. Kiran kissed her on the cheek softly, and she seemed to push her face into it.

“Ready?” he asked, whispering into her ear.

“Yes.” she replied, already feeling his tip at her entrance. Slowly, so as to not shock her, Kiran pushed in. She felt so tight around him, obviously since this was her first time, but as he entered her she moaned. Her high-pitched voice was music to his ears, and once he finally stopped inside of her, as far as he could go, he let her take a second to get prepared before he continued. He had to bend a lot due to her small stature, but he didn’t necessarily mind.

“Kiran!” Beruka cried, her body shaking with each thrust. Not stopping or slowing down, Kiran moved his head to face her. Before he could ask her what she needed, she kissed him. Evidently she chose not to follow his earlier teaching, because now she was kissing him sloppily and without real purpose. Along with that, her hands left his and chose to instead wrap around his body, holding on to him as he continued to thrust into her.

Unsurprisingly, due to Beruka’s inexperience along with Kiran’s very effective teasing, it wasn’t long before he could feel her getting ready for release. What was surprising was how loud she yelled when it happened. Kiran was sure he could feel the bed rock just from her cries of pleasure, as he felt her not only tighten around his dick but also coat him with her climax juices, leaving her absolutely spent and limp, making her get off his mouth with a pop.

“You’re not done,” she noted, worried, “Do you need help?” Kiran half-grinned, nodding, and Beruka, showing her strength, flipped them over, removing herself off of Kiran’s dick and moving down to it. As Kiran lay back, his head on the pillows, Beruka took him in her mouth once more, going back to the same sucking speed as she had previously. Now, Kiran saw how she pushed his dick into her cheek from the inside, and once she looked up at him, her eyes looking into his while her mouth was closed over his dick, he was done.

“Beruka!” he grunted, trying to squeeze out a sentence but failing, as his orgasm shot into the assassin’s mouth, surprising her and making her take her mouth off his dick, leaving the last bits of his climax to spray over her face. Coughing, she accidentally swallowed, wiping her face on the bedsheets. Once she was done, she sat at the foot of the bed, panting and wiping her face a bit more.

“How was it?” Kiran asked, sitting himself up before her.

“Incredible,” she panted, “I...loved it.” Smiling, Kiran leaned forward, pulling her back onto the bed next to him. The two laughed for a little, Beruka having been caught off guard. She yawned, shuffling closer to Kiran.

“Beruka?” Kiran asked, “You do realize it’s midday, right?” She hummed a yes, closing her eyes and staying right next to him. Sighing, he let his arm go around her, surrendering.
“Hey Kiran,” Beruka asked, making the Summoner look down at her, “This won’t be a one-time thing, will it? You won’t...abandon me?” Kiran patted her on the head and kissed her forehead, holding her close.

“Of course not,” he assured her, “Not you or anyone else.” Satisfied with that answer, Beruka closed her eyes again. Kiran lay there, looking up at the ceiling for a few minutes, before deciding to get some rest as well. He couldn’t wait to tell Sharena.

Chapter End Notes

I have an announcement! I am starting work on another fic, one that isn’t centered around smut! I don’t want to reveal the details just yet, but I will tell you that it is a Fire Emblem AU fic with heavy emphasis on a particular pairing. First chapter should be going up sometime soon.

Thank you all for reading, and I’ll catch you later!
Heartbreak and Solace: F!Kiran x Alfonse

Chapter Summary

A routine mission. An assassin's arrow. Guilt and sadness combined can be a powerful thing, especially to those you love.

Chapter Notes

This one's definitely more emotional than the rest, trust me. The prompt was pretty emotional as well, so I hoped to do it justice with the fluff. Hope you enjoy.

Kiran considered herself a careful person. From what she remembered from Earth, she never did anything that one would consider risky. Always walking with other people, always looking both ways before crossing the street, even making sure she pulled out papers carefully, so as to not get any cuts. Kiran hated to be clumsy or in danger, so she always made sure to take every safety precaution available to her.

In the World of Zenith, however, all bets were off. Even though she was the tactician and therefore not a fighter, she was still ending up close to the battlefields, just barely out of reach of all the soldiers of an empire that wanted desperately to take her life and the lives of her closest friends. More than once a stray arrow or magic blast landed at her feet or flew past her head. Her cloak was once singed by an enemy fire tome, thankfully stopped and countered by Delthea, who was her primary mage on that excursion.

“What is it this time?” Kiran asked Anna, as they stood on a battlefield, away from the fighting. Several Heroes were doing battle with Emblian soldiers, to the dismay of the latter. The generic fighters were no match for the greatest Heroes of many worlds, and the battle was definitely going in their favor. So much so, in fact, that Kiran, Anna, and Alfonse were simply watching, not caring too much about the battle itself, which they were sure would be over soon.

“Something strange,” Anna mentioned, “According to one of the dagger using Heroes, Matthew, there is one archer unaccounted for on the Emblian side.”

“Probably just a deserter,” Alfonse scoffed, crossing his arms, “Look at the battlefield. We’ve not lost a single Hero this time, and the Emblians are in retreat! This is a victory for this World.”

“Remember why we’re here, Alfonse,” Kiran scolded, spinning Breidablik absent-mindedly in her hand, “This is part of the Training Tower I came up with. I’m not even sure if those Emblian soldiers are actually even real, but they help keep the Heroes on their toes.” She looked back to the battlefield, where the Emblians had all fallen, leaving the Heroes chanting for victory. Kiran smiled, putting her fists on her hips in triumph, but felt something was off.

“What is it, Summoner?” Anna asked, noticing Kiran’s worried expression.
“The archer that you mentioned,” she muttered, “Where could he have gone?” Looking around the small clearing they were in, Kiran was suspicious. Stepping away from the rest of the group, she squinted her eyes, suddenly seeing something moving in the trees. Because the rustle was so loud, Anna and Alfonse looked to it too, with the boy taking a few steps towards Kiran, cautious.

“Die, Summoner scum!” cried a voice from the trees, before two arrows suddenly sailed out of the darkness, aimed directly for her.

“Kiran!” Alfonse yelled, dashing forward and unsheathing Folkvangr. Kiran brought up her arms, including Breidablik, in an X as a last-ditch measure of defense, knowing that there was no way she could dodge these shots. Thankfully, she didn’t have to, as Alфонse’s sword passed in front of her along with the rest of him, and she could hear the clank of arrow halves hitting the grass behind her.

“Delthea!” Kiran yelled, gesturing with an open palm at the trees, “Hit him!”

“With pleasure!” the small mage yelled, blasting the treeline with her Dark Aura. A cry of pain rang out among the splintering of wood and upheaval of dirt, leaving naught but a crater where once there was a bowman. With that scene over, Kiran finally let her breath go, realizing that she had been holding it in. Turning to where she heard the sound of the arrows, she crouched down, picking up the separated arrowhead.

“That was a close one,” she whispered, “Too close…” Standing back up, she noted something important. There was only one arrow on the ground. Where did the other one go?

Unless…

“Are you okay, Kiran?” Alfonse asked, turning to face her and sheathing his sword.

“Yes, I am-” In the middle of reassuring the prince, Kiran’s breath caught in her throat. She heard Anna gasp behind her, but didn’t register anything else. Her heart grew cold and her head spun, as she looked at Alfonse.

“What is it?” he asked. Following their gazes, he finally looked down at his body, seeing what the fuss was about. It was likely the fault of the adrenaline coursing through his body, but Alfonse only just now noticed the arrow currently embedded in his left stomach, having punched clean through his scale armor. Upon seeing it, his face paled, and his arms went limp.

“Oh.” was all he could say, before he collapsed to the grass, falling onto his side. The last thing Kiran remembered was Anna calling out orders, and herself blasting Breidablik to create a Portal home, to Askr and the Hall of Heroes. Everything else from there was a blur, or just black.

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About a week after the fateful day, Kiran strolled through the Hall’s botanical gardens. Filled to the brim with exotic plant life and medicinal flora, the gardens were outside of the Hall, beside a greenhouse meant for the kitchen and its food growing. She had spent a lot of time here in the past week, simply reminiscing. Thankfully there had been no major Emblian excursion, so Anna told Kiran to take some time to rest and recover after what happened.

According to the Commander, Kiran had gone into some sort of shock after the attack. Between narrowly avoiding death and seeing the arrow embedded into Alfonse’s body, her body and mind couldn’t take it, and she nearly passed out. The Hall’s medical wing, staffed with Askrian nurses as well as some clerical Heroes, never really saw much use, due to Breidablik’s ability to revive Heroes that fall in battle. However, something about the arrows used that day managed to circumvent
Breidablik’s ability to “reset” injuries, and so a lot of work had to be done to help Alfonse heal.

Even with all of the staves and healing magic at work, the Prince still needed some rest. Sharena was forced to take over some royal duties back at the Askrian castle, leaving Anna and Kiran to sort things out back on the homefront. Alfonse’s injury and the surprise attack from the Emblian assassin had caused a drop in morale, which Anna promised to remedy if Kiran would relax for a few days. However, one thing was still eating at Kiran’s mind, one that wouldn’t let her see Alfonse. She couldn’t bear to look him in the eye or to even be in the same room as him. It all felt much too painful to remember, and she felt guilt wash over her daily.

“Why didn’t I notice sooner?” was her main question. Her entire job was to be a master of the battlefield, yet not once did she think the Emblians would try a dirty trick like this. Veronica had tried it before, why not a common footsoldier? The fact that the arrow was coated in some sort of venom from a native Emblian plant only made it more clear that this was a premeditated attack on her life, and she only survived because Alfonse saved her. And now, he was wrapping up a week of recovery, and she was sitting on a measly stone bench in a secluded garden.

“I have to talk to him,” she said to herself, wringing her hands together, “At some point, I have to.” She knew that a strategy was desperately needed for this. She couldn’t come off as desperate for his attention, because that wasn’t what she wanted. However, she needed to talk to him in a way that wouldn’t put him down, nor make light of his injury. Much like her necessity for battle tactics, she needed to plan out every part of her conversation with him, even accounting for any problems that might arise.

“Kiran?”

She yelped, accidentally hopping on the bench and losing her concentration. Looking for the source of her name, her eyes alighted upon none other than the Prince of Ask, Alfonse. Thanks to his bedrest, he wasn’t wearing his regular armored attire, instead dressed in the plain white robes of Askrian royalty (which were less robes and more sleeping clothes).

“Anna said I’d find you here,” he sighed, “I’ve been looking everywhere for you, you know.” Kiran’s plans went out the window, and she couldn’t look Alfonse in the eyes. She turned her head, muttering a greeting that Alfonse couldn’t quite catch, forcing him to lean in to hear.

“What?” he asked, “Kiran, what is it? We haven’t seen each other in a week, at least. I...well, I missed you.” Every single word he said hurt her more, and she visibly recoiled when he sat next to her with a very concerned expression on his face.

“I never saw you in the medical wing,” he said, stifling a laugh, “I didn’t mind, of course, you were probably working on some strategy or another. But...I still haven’t gotten the chance to see you, and talk. About what happened.”

“So what?” Kiran snapped, her hood falling off her head as she looked at Alfonse again, “It happened. You almost died, and you’re fine. That’s what happened, and it was my fault.” Alfonse’s head jerked back in surprise.

“Your fault?” he asked, genuinely worried, “Kiran, it wasn’t your fault. It was the Emblian soldier. He somehow got around and tried to get a shot at you, and I stopped him. Nothing more.”

“Nothing more?” Kiran asked, as if she couldn’t believe what she was hearing, “I’m the Summoner. I’m supposed to see past all of this! I didn’t pay attention, and someone tried to kill me, but they nearly killed you!”
Alfonse huffed, his shoulders rising and falling. “I’m fine, by the way. Kiran, that was in the past. Tell me why you’re being so...so cagey!”

“Because I almost lost you!”

Whatever sound was in the secluded garden, whatever insect chirp or leaf flutter, silenced. Even Alfonse stopped, his breath catching in his throat. Kiran’s accusation sounded and felt so sincere and so true, he immediately felt guilt. Her eyes were red but there were no tears, as if she was able to hold them back. They simply stared at each other, neither of them breaking the silence until Kiran finally took a sharp breath.

“Breidablik is supposed to revive fallen Heroes,” she muttered, just loud enough for him to hear, “But whatever was on that arrow negated that. If it had hit you anywhere vital, anywhere lethal...you wouldn’t have come back.” The weight of that revelation hit Alfonse like a pegasus at full speed. His hand flew to his chest, as the sudden pang of fear gave him massive chest pains, like daggers in his heart.

“So you see?” Kiran finished, “You could have died. Actually died. No revival, no coming home after the battle. And I couldn’t bear to lose you. Of all people, not you.” A single tear finally escaped her eye, trailing down her cheek and falling down, splashing onto the stone bench below. She felt Alfonse’s fingers take her chin, lifting it up to face him again. Even after what she just said, even after she bared everything to him, he was smiling. She felt confused.

“But did I die?” he said, “No. And would I have taken that arrow again? Yes. If only because doing so saved your life.” Kiran gasped, and Alfonse cupped her cheek with his right hand.

“I would do anything to keep you safe, Kiran. I would give my life for you. Without hesitation.” She couldn’t think, couldn’t talk. All she could do was let out soft gasps, trying to speak or breathe. Unable to find the words, she simply decided to take action.

Kiran crashed her lips to Alfonse, throwing her arms around his shoulders. The prince wasn’t surprised at all, hugging his arms around her and kissing her back immediately. There, in the middle of a garden of beauty, the two shared their first kiss, sitting on a simple stone bench facing each other. Kiran moved closer to Alfonse, whose legs were facing away from the bench. To alleviate this, she moved onto his lap, with her arms still around him. Their lips never left each other, relieving months of repressed feelings in just a few minutes.

Kiran’s hands rested on Alfonse’s chest now, with her tongue pushing against his. They parted for a few seconds, keeping their lips barely against each other. Both of them were breathing hard, feeling their breaths on each other’s faces.

“Now,” Kiran gasped, “I want you now.”

“Now?” Alfonse echoed, just as quiet, “Are you sure? We’re in a garden, and this bench is-”

“Nobody will come in,” Kiran said, kissing him once, “I don’t want to wait anymore, Alfonse. Please.”

“As you will,” the prince said, chuckling, as he repeated one of his oft-said lines. Kiran couldn’t help but giggle a little, then gasp again, as Alfonse’s mouth reached her neck, lifting her shirt. Moving her arms, Kiran let her cloak fall to the ground, followed shortly by her Summoner’s shirt, leaving her in her loose-fitting undershirt. Not bothering to take the rest off, she kissed him again, his hand grasping underneath her right breast and holding it.
Shifting on his lap somewhat, Kiran’s hands undid his pants, helping him slip them off before moving off her own, leaving them both with just their underwear boxers. Kiran’s were soaked almost clean through, and Alfonse’s showed his very obvious erection, which Kiran rubbed up against as she moved herself on Alfonse’s lap, continuing to kiss him. A sudden hiss of pain from him, however, made her stop and pull back, seeing him holding his stomach right over where the wound was.

“It’s nothing,” he assured her, taking his hand off the scar, “Just a pang. The healers said that would be normal for a wound like this.”

“I’ll be careful,” Kiran said, “Here. Let me.” As she slipped off of his lap, Alfonse’s pain receded, but he continued to hold on to himself. Kiran kneeled between his legs, her knees against the hard tile. She gently moved her fingers along his length, seeing the hole that his boxers had in the middle, purposefully sewn there for some reason.

“Are you sure?” Alfonse questioned suddenly, putting his hand over Kiran’s, “If you don’t want to, then you don’t have to.”

“I do want to,” Kiran told him, flashing him a calm smile, “Just calm down, you’ll strain yourself again.” She guided his dick out of the hole in the boxers, feeling its warmth as her fingers went around it, her thumb rubbing the tip, feeling it already coated in pre-cum. Her mind went back to the time she spent with Eldigan, but she dropped those thoughts, focusing on the matter before her. She flicked her tongue against Alfonse’s tip, feeling him shiver. She smiled looking up at him and letting her mouth slip over his dick, making all sorts of sounds as she went as far as she could on him.

Alfonse placed his hand on her head, letting his fingers go through her brown hair. She alternated speeds, going fast for a few strokes before slowing down, making sure that she could taste every part of his dick. Alfonse’s groans let her know her work was well-done, and so she continued, leaving no part of his dick untouched. After about the best minute of Alfonse’s life to this point, she took him out of her mouth, standing up and removing her underwear, exposing her crotch to him. She climbed up onto the bench again, almost sitting on his lap once more. This time, she faced him and positioned herself, using two of her fingers to spread herself open, ready to receive him.

“Still want to do this?” Alfonse asked, his gaze flickering between her face and her lower body.

“Shut up,” she chuckled, lowering herself. Slowly, she let him enter her, holding herself up with her hands on his shoulders. She went down all the way she could, staying there. Alfonse, noting her hesitation, kissed her on the neck, his hands on her hips. Her head went back, facing the ceiling with eyes wide open.

“I love you, Kiran,” Alfonse whispered against her neck, “More than any other.” His words were all the motivation she needed, and she could feel a fire return to her.

“I….love you, Alfonse,” she replied, looking back down to him, “I don’t want to lose you, so don’t scare me like that again.” The blue-haired prince smiled, kissing her cheek. Kiran took a few breaths, then started to move, rising and falling in a slowly increasing rhythm. This time, she felt more than just an attraction. It was almost like a deep bond had happened between them, one that they shared intimately in this garden, hidden among the colors of the flowers. She should have felt shame, or possibly embarrassment, but right now all she felt was blissful delight.

There wasn’t much else for her to do but continue, rotating her hips for Alfonse’s dick to almost scratch at her inner walls. Alfonse continued to kiss and lick her neck, paying close attention to her collarbone, and letting one of his hands hold her breast, rubbing his palm over her clothed nipple. There was no other way to describe this feeling, and she didn’t want to try to do so. She simply let it
happen, feeling wave upon wave of pleasure fall over her. Never before, not even with Eldigan, had she felt such ecstasy.

“Alfonse!” she cried out, “I’m going to...I’m…!” She didn’t want to say the words, but still let him know how she was nearing her limit. Alfonse’s lips pressed harder to her, surely leaving marks to be found later by a snooping Hero. Crying out to the heavens, she let her climax loose, letting out all of her emotions along with it in a cascade of pleasure. Alongside her, Alfonse also finished, both of their releases combining in a flurry of sounds and sighs.

Once the two were all tuckered out, Kiran’s arms embraced Alfonse yet again.

“Thank you,” she whispered, “Thank you.” Alfonse could do nothing more than leave her there, hugging her back, feeling her head rest against his shoulder. Although he couldn’t see it, he knew that she was smiling, just like him.

His wound had stopped hurting a while ago, and he was glad.

Chapter End Notes

If anyone saw, I have also posted the first chapter of my new AU, "Are We Done Yet?". I do hope you guys will enjoy reading it as much as I know I'll enjoy writing it.

One more thing. I noticed that my comments started declining once I stopped taking requests. It's a little sad to see this, since I really enjoy interacting with you guys in the comments section, but I've decided to re-open request taking. Be aware that on my list of requests, I have removed some that I've decided I didn't particularly like or just felt would be too strange. There are still a lot of requests in the list, so consider that before making one.

Aside from that, thank you for joining me on this chapter, and I will see you guys later!
Down Below: M!Kiran x Sharena

Chapter Summary

Kiran's day off isn't exactly a vacation, since he has a rather important meeting with none other than the Prince of Askr, Alfonse. However, his girlfriend's come over for a short time, and after a quick greeting and scare, she's ended up under the desk. She doesn't feel like staying still, either...

Chapter Notes

This chapter and the next chapter of the AU is dedicated to a friend of mine who recently got into a car accident. He's okay, thankfully, but it was still a scary situation. He was one of the inspirations for this series, so I've got quite a bit of thanks for him.

Anyway, hope you enjoy this rather unorthodox chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Daylight was breaking in the Kingdom of Askr, but Kiran wasn’t able to see it. The curtain on his room’s window was fully shut this morning, just like he liked it every single night (save for when he’s otherwise occupied). He felt some sort of crick in his neck, and turned it until he heard a very loud pop, wincing at the noise. Rolling over, he lay in the middle of the bed, stretching his arms and legs, feeling all of the cricks shift and shudder.

Tossing the sheets off and rolling to the bedside, he sat up on the edge facing the curtains, slipping his feet into his wool white and gold slippers. He was wearing his typical pajamas: a white undershirt and white boxers. Walking to the door which lead to his main living room, he grabbed a white robe off of the same hanger that held his Summoner robe. Today was a day of relaxing, with no new incursions by the Emblians into any new world. Putting on the robe, he felt more relaxed than ever in the past few weeks.

“Well,” he said to himself, opening the door and stepping into his living room, “Maybe not that much.” It hadn’t been that long ago that he had spent a night with Beruka, after all. He remembered that night now, as he moved to his kitchen (or rather his half kitchen, half entertainment area) for some breakfast. Normally he would go to the mess hall, but right now he felt like staying in, and as such, he raided his pastry stash, grabbing some cookies that he had nicked from the kitchens a few days ago and some milk in a bottle from his own personal icebox.

With his breakfast in hand and a smile on his face, Kiran left the kitchen, passed through the living room again, and entered his office. The pride and joy of his own personal office in the Hall of Heroes was the large wooden desk in the back center, just a bit ahead of the wall, with a chair behind it. Here was where he drew up most of his plans and discussed many of his ideas with others. The walls were covered in maps and charts, and had four bookshelves full of books, two on the left and two on the right. The desk itself was a beauty, with enough space underneath to put an entire person. It had a solid front, so that if he were to sit there, nobody would be able to see his legs. Here he sat
now, setting the milk on a coaster as he leafed through some maps he had left there last night.

“Regna Ferox, huh?” he muttered to himself, resting his head on his hand as he looked at the region from the World of Awakening. He noted the interesting structure separating it from Ylisse, some sort of large wall. It reminded him vaguely of something in his world, though he was sure that this one saw much more use. He noted how the map divided the country into two sides, and remembered that he was talking to Lon’qu about it earlier. The sword-wielding Hero had apparently been right hand to someone named “Khan Basilio”, leader of the west half of the country. Kiran didn’t understand politics very well, so he couldn’t comment, but even the title of “Khan” sounded strangely familiar.

Hearing a distant knock from his front door ended his thoughtful stupor.

“Come in!” he called, moving around some of his things. Although he had nowhere to go, he knew that Alfonse would be coming by in the morning. The two of them needed to talk about the last Tempest over the World of Blazing, and try to figure out why exactly it had been so much shorter. He was worried that the next Tempest would be coming soon, so he wanted to talk with Alfonse before he brought up the matter with Anna. Robin brought up a book concerning the Tempest he found in the Hall’s library, a thick, leather bound manuscript that gave off an ancient odor. Because of this, he couldn’t manage to see the doorway, and his face was obscured from view. However, he was able to hear the sound of footsteps coming in, and assumed Alfonse was there, waiting.

“I’m worried about this last Tempest, Alfonse,” Kiran said, looking through the book, “If this one was so short, then there’s no way the next one won’t be longer than the rest. And we need to predict what world it’ll end up in next.” He heard footsteps coming closer, and was about to continue before he saw a finger stop on top of the book, pushing it down flat against the desk, open.

“How about a hello next time?” Sharena asked, coyly smiling at her boyfriend. Kiran smiled right back, setting down the book and getting up, giving Sharena a quick kiss on the cheek. Instead of her usual armor attire, Sharena wore her casual royal robes, which were white and gold similar to the Order’s outfits, and were much more loose and comfortable. Clearly she had no plans today either, hence her appearance.

“Hey there you,” he said, going around the desk, “I didn’t expect to see you today. I’m sorry I missed our date the other day.”

“Mmm, it’s okay,” the princess said, resting her arms on Kiran’s shoulders and clasping her hands together behind his head, “How was your time with Beruka? Camilla told me about it when she came over instead.” Kiran sighed, resting his forehead against the blonde’s.

“She was definitely cute,” he told his girlfriend.

“Really?” Sharena asked, feigning shock, “Not cuter than me, I suppose?”

“I, uh,” Kiran stammered, genuinely confused, “Well, you see, the thing is…”

“I’m joking, you dummy!” Sharena laughed, gently slapping him on the shoulder, “Man, I just love that you always fall for that, but you really need to wise up about it!” Kiran’s smile brightened. He loved this woman, definitely.

“So,” he whispered, hugging her closer, “What brings you around here today?” Sharena chuckled, wriggling out of Kiran’s grasp and going around his desk to look at the charts and maps.

“Alfonse is running a bit late,” she explained, “So I thought I’d pass by first, to see how you were doing and all. Oh, is this a map of Valentia?”
“Valm, actually,” Kiran said, sitting down on his chair, “Which is Valentia, just really far in their future. Do you know how crazy it was to see Alm and Celica meet again here? Alm was summoned from a world where he hasn’t seen Celica in years, but Celica is from a world where she’s already reunited with him. It’s crazy how these portals work, really.”

“I know,” Sharena replied, passing her hand over the maps, “It’s still fun to make friends with them, at least, and to talk about their lives in their worlds. Among, well, other things.” Kiran shifted in his seat, a movement that Sharena noticed. Without warning, she turned, plopping herself down onto his lap, startling him.

“Oh come on,” she teased, “Don’t act so surprised. I’ve missed you a lot, you know.” Her arms rested on Kiran’s shoulders again, while his hands held her hips. He was glad he wasn’t wearing tight clothing right now.

“As much as I’d love to do this,” Kiran mentioned, “Alfonse is going to be here any second.” Sharena moved her hips, grinding against Kiran and shutting him up.

“We can make it quick,” she reminded him, “Then do more later. Come on, for me?” Kiran, knowing that it was impossible to argue against her, simply bid her to come closer. Once she did, he planted his lips to hers, lovingly kissing her for the first time in a while.

“Hey, what’s this?” she whispered into the kissing, “Your kisses are different now, who made you change?”

“Well, I did meet Lyn again yesterday,” he explained, still kissing her, “You’d like her.”

“I always knew you were into thighs,” Sharena giggled, intensifying the kiss, “Maybe I’ll invite her to one of our dates one day. You, me, Lyn, and whoever else you want?” Kiran, unable to currently think clearly, gripped his hands onto Sharena’s thighs, emphasizing what she was saying. The two’s kiss increased in passion, as their lips collided. Sharena took Kiran’s lower lip between her teeth, letting it slip out slowly before crashing right back onto him.

Kiran was glad that the chair was sturdy, because now that his hands were roaming Sharena’s back, under her robe, the furniture item was starting to shake a little. They stopped for a second to stabilize themselves, only to go right back into it, both of them moaning and gasping. Movements of passion ruled them at this moment, and neither of them felt like they wanted to stop.

They were forced to freeze, however, when they heard a knock at the door.

“That’s gotta be Alfonse,” Kiran hissed, looking at the open doorway.

“So what?” Sharena asked, “He already knows we’re together, what can he do?”

“Doesn’t matter,” he whispered back, “Just...this meeting shouldn’t last long. Get under the desk.”

“What?!”

“I don’t want Alfonse to either get mad or feel horribly awkward at seeing you here like this. Please just do it!” Kiran’s pleas won her over, and she moved herself underneath the desk, albeit begrudgingly. Her face was pouty as she rested herself, her legs laying sideways.

“Come in!” Kiran called out the doorway, soon after hearing a door opening and shutting. He looked back at the book before him, trying to remember where it was he stopped last time, but looked back up once Alfonse came into view. Unlike Sharena (who was still under the desk), the prince of Askr was wearing his Order of Heroes attire. He had a sparring session with “Marth” later today, arranged
by Kiran, and was already prepared for a victory he was sure would come easy.

“Good morning, Kiran,” Alfonse told him, stepping up to a few feet before the desk, “I can see that you’re not exactly dressed for a long day.”

“I’m relaxing today, Alfonse,” Kiran responded, moving his chair forward so Alfonse wouldn’t notice Sharena’s side-effects, “It’s much more comfortable than the cloak. By the way, Anna said that I arrived in Zenith with the outfit already on. How did that happen?”

“Beats me,” Alfonse said, looking over the books on the shelves, “Hey, I’ve never really come into your office before. Mind if I look around while we talk?”

“Make yourself at home,” Kiran said. He felt Sharena move around underneath him and his heart skipped a beat, hoping that Alfonse wouldn’t notice. Then he felt her fingers start to touch around his crotch region. Seeing Alfonse turned towards the wall away from him, he looked down with an annoyed expression. Looking back up at him, Sharena smiled innocently, stroking him over his boxers. There was a hole in the front of them, so Sharena, being sly, slipped his dick out of them, continuing to stroke it. Kiran couldn’t believe her, but did not complain.

“Hey Kiran?” Alfonse asked, making the Summoner shoot up and try not to look suspicious.

“What’s up?” Kiran asked, resting his arms on the desk. Alfonse pointed to a map on the wall, showing the World of Birthright and the World of Conquest, or what the Order knew about them.

“These worlds are the same, aren’t they?” Alfonse remarked, tracing his finger over the topography, “Why are they considered two different worlds?” Kiran had a theory for that, but couldn’t say it immediately. Without looking down, he could already feel that Sharena had gone a step further, and was now licking around his tip. Kiran gasped, making Alfonse turn.

“Something wrong?” the prince asked in a concerned tone. Kiran waved him off.

“Just a twitch,” he lied, “And as for your question, my theory is that they’re considered different worlds because of their timelines. Seems that the timeline for the World of Conquest doesn’t seem to match with the World of Birthright.” Sharena’s tongue was trailing all over his dick now, bringing it back to full mast in no time. Her lips kissed it gently while she licked it, and Kiran’s hand balled into a fist so that he didn’t make any sound.

“Well, anyway,” Alfonse said, “The Tempest. What did you think about it?”

“Well,” the Summoner sighed, taking the book and turning it, letting Alfonse come up to the desk to look through it, “This part of the book I found intrigues me. See this graph here? This says that every few Tempests done, the power has to be diminished, and similarities can be seen, or patterns. According to the same page, the Tempest focuses on one world at a time, but can also appear more than once in a particular world, just like with-”

“The World of Shadows,” Alfonse finished, straightening up, and turning away from Kiran, contemplating “This book could predict it all. The last one was over the World of Blazing, right? What if the next one is over the World of Binding?”

“Could be possible,” Kiran agreed, trying to talk normally despite the feel of Sharena’s tongue on him, “Since the first one was over the World of Awakening, and the World of Shadows is the same world in the past. Since Blazing and Binding have the same world….ah!” Alfonse turned quickly, waiting to hear Kiran’s sudden revelation.

In reality, Kiran’s exclamation had been of pleasure. His eyes shut tight and he seethed, trying to cut
off any more noises of ecstasy, because Sharena had just taken his dick into her mouth. Her head had gone completely over his dick, covering it and bringing it to the back of her mouth. Kiran opened his eyes only to catch Alfonse looking at him expectantly, albeit a bit confused. He needed to salvage it.

“I, uh, just thought of something,” he stammered, again tightening his fist as Sharena’s mouth bobbed on his dick, “We should talk to Eliwood, Hector, and Lyn first, and then the others from BLAZING.” He unwittingly yelled out the last word, due to Sharena’s increase in speed. Alfonse, now genuinely worried, turned fully toward the desk, raising an eyebrow.

“Are you okay, Kiran?” he asked, stepping forward, “Do you need me to send for a cleric? I passed by Priscilla in the hallways, maybe she could-”

“I’m fine,” Kiran assured Alfonse, leaning more onto the desk to try and hide Sharena’s head, “I’m just, um, having some foot cramps. Lot of walking around yesterday, after all. You know how it is?” Alfonse looked puzzled, but nodded.

“I gotcha,” the prince said, “Yesterday’s training kept everyone on their toes. Speaking of which, I wanted to go over some new ideas with you about training Heroes.” Kiran nodded, lowering a hand below his desk to stroke Sharena’s hair, earning him a quiet hum. Alfonse went to the other side of the room, looking over the maps from the World of Radiance, specifically the one showing Tellius.

“You know how the Training Tower allows us to fight against realistic Emblian soldier apparitions?” Alfonse questioned, “Well, what if we made those apparitions just like the times when we fought to rescue some worlds? Make it a whole chain of them, and swap out teams after every time.”

“You don’t mean,” Kiran asked, bringing his hand back up to the desk as Sharena continued her musings, “Some sort of chain gauntlet?”

“Better name idea,” Alfonse corrected him, “Would be to call it the Chain Challenge. Think about it, it could get some more Heroes on board, it just sounds so exciting!” Kiran looked skeptical, but seeing the bright look in Alfonse’s eye won him over. Plus, his climax was building up, and he really just wanted to get Alfonse out of there lest he be witness to something he didn’t want to see.

“It’s a wonderful idea,” he said, “I think we can definitely make it work.” Alfonse clapped his hands together once, a smile on his face.

“It could even help us make more orbs!” he explained, making all sorts of hand gestures with his hands, “More of a challenge, more strategic value, a chance to use more of the Heroes that are sidelined…”

“All right, I already said yes.”

“Just think!” the prince continued anyway, “Every time a team switches, they get stronger, and we can make the apparitions stronger too!”

“Alfonse…” Kiran was amazed at two things: Alfonse’s sudden enthusiasm, and how quickly Sharena had brought him to near-climax. He couldn’t last much longer, and Sharena was gleefully trying to make him finish soon.

“Anna will be so on board with this, she loves challenges that are tiered, oh Gods why am I so excited about this-”

“AH, GODS!” Kiran accidentally yelled, as he couldn’t stop his orgasm. Sharena’s mouth was assaulted by his seed, and Alfonse froze mid-gushing explanation, once more confused. Kiran took a bit to get his breath back, then regained his composure, while still coming down from his post-climax
“Alfonse,” he said, slowly, “I’m very glad that you’re enthusiastic about this, but you should try to calm down. Besides, don’t you have a swordfight to get to?” Alfonse’s eyes shot open.

“You’re right,” he shot out, pointing at Kiran as he started to walk out the door, “I am not going to be late to this sparring match. Tell Anna about this idea, Kiran!”

“I will!” the summoner called out, “Just get to your thing!” Alfonse gave Kiran a thumbs-up (a little gesture that Kiran taught him) and ran out, closing the main door behind him. Kiran finally lay back in his chair, pushing himself back to let Sharen signature.

“Are you happy now?” Kiran chuckled, as the princess stood up and rested herself on the desk, “I nearly gave it up to Alfonse thanks to you. Were you trying to embarrass me on purpose?”

“Mayyyybe,” Sharena said, “Or maybe, I’d want you to return the favor, so chop chop!” Kiran smiled, shaking his head. He pushed the chair out of the way and kneeled himself in front of the desk, where Sharena was now sitting. She spread her legs, revealing her damp underwear under her royal skirt. Kiran dove his face in there, pulling off her underwear to reveal her pink and glistening entrance. Kiran gave it a tentative lick, making Sharena grip the desk and gasp.

“Gods, Kiran,” she sighed, “Just hurry up!” Grateful to oblige, Kiran’s tongue dove into her, immediately passing over and pressing against her inner walls. Her taste brought back memories to him, and he remembered them fondly as his hands caressed and massaged her inner thighs, while his tongue continued its exploration of her insides. Sharena’s left hand gripped Kiran’s messy brown hair, and she brought her legs up, clamping her legs around his head.

“Do you like that?” she breathed, as Kiran continued his barrage, “I bet my thighs feel soft on your ears, don’t they?” Kiran nodded as best he could, making movements that caused Sharena to cry out in pleasure. She was lucky not to be a bumbling wreck at this point, but Kiran was working to change that. Her hips starting to buck, making her thighs slide past his ears over and over.

“Oh, Kiran,” she moaned, tilting her head back. The man in question was working his tongue into his girlfriend exactly the way she knew how, and with some changes from his other learning experiences.

“Kya!” Sharena cried out, tightening her leg’s grip on Kiran alongside her orgasm. Kiran tasted her climax, licking up her entrance once more before her legs let his face go, and he stood up, kissing her again while she was still on the table. She wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him right back, tasting herself on his lips. They pulled away, leaving a small strand of saliva between them.

“So what was that offer again?” Kiran asked her, grinning. Sharena shrugged.

“Did you already think it over?” she asked him, “Because if you did, I can go talk to Lyn before you do.”

“Maybe some other time,” Kiran breathed, kissing her cheek, “Let me get dressed. I owe you a date.”

Chapter End Notes
I want everyone to know that every comment, every follow, every kudos warms my heart so much, and I love that you guys enjoy this series.

Also, the poll for the next chapter is up! The poll closes on the 28th of September at 10 AM PST, so go ahead and choose what you want next! Find the link on my profile!

Please be sure to share and comment! See you next time!
Experimentation: M!Corrin x M!Robin

Chapter Summary

Saunas are places where people can go to relax and take a load off. These two tacticians are taking that last point very literally.

Chapter Notes

This is literally my first time ever writing any sort of M/M smut. Be warned, it may not be the best.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After a rather grueling and crazy day, Robin was relaxing in the sauna.

The Hall of Heroes, besides having a wealth of rooms for training, strategy, and war preparations, also contained less violent and more recreational locations. Obviously, nobody, not even the toughest of Heroes, can be expected to constantly fight without rest. As Kiran put it, in the words of some great person from his own world, “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy”. That, however, is where the quote got weird, as nobody, not even Kiran himself, had any idea who Jack actually was.

One section of the Hall of Heroes was a sort of communal shower house, for Heroes that didn’t have the pleasure or the importance to have their own bathrooms. Right next to these were a few saunas and spas for any Hero to indulge in. Unlike the Order’s hot springs, which were located outside of the Hall, these saunas were inside, and were incredibly well made. Of course, the walls, floor, and benches were made of wooden planks, and the center hot stone furnace was similar to other saunas, but the rooms had had heart and soul poured into the during construction, and one could feel it as they relaxed in there.

One fine afternoon, Robin, the amnesiac tactician from the World of Awakening, was sitting in the sauna, resting himself after a nearly full day of swordfighting with Chrom and Lucina. Of the two, the latter was constantly attacking and hoping Robin would put his sword up quickly, and the former tried to do the same but continually missed, eventually stabbing Falchion down to the hilt into the wall of that specific training room, a feat that embarrassed Chrom even more when Kiran, as a way of possibly making a joke, put up a placard “honoring” the event, when the “Great Falchion struck down the wicked stone wall”, ending its reign of tyranny. Letting Lucina comfort her ashamed father, Robin decided that the best way to relieve his aching and tired muscles was a nice, comfortable trip to the sauna.

Now, he sat on the bench in the far side of the room, wearing nothing more than a towel wrapped around his waist, going down to near his ankles. The hot stones in the middle of the room were still warming up, with coal underneath them to get them going. Right now all the room had going for it was its temperature, which was only a little bit above normal room temperature. Robin sighed, shifting the towel beneath him. He felt strange in this position, being completely naked save for a measly little towel. There was a reason he didn’t come here too often, and it wasn’t simply because
he was busy most of, if not all, the time.

The stones were starting to warm up now, and the sauna started feeling more humid. Robin wasn’t sure exactly how these things worked, only that there was heat and water involved. He was certain that Miriel could figure it out, back in the World of Awakening.

“Hm,” he wondered aloud, his mind sparking a thought, “I wonder how everyone’s doing…” When he discovered the people that had been summoned here, he was rather curious at the selection of attendees. Clearly not everyone from his world had been Summoned, but he couldn’t figure out why this selection was so important. Chrom and Lucina didn’t surprise him. After all, they’re both Lords back in their world. And he supposed that his role as a tactician placed him in high importance. But why didn’t some of his other companions follow them? Robin made a mental note to ask Kiran or Anna about it. Surely there must be a reason for Breidablik to have chosen them.

Thinking about talking to Kiran made Robin’s thought process switch to the Summoner. He felt a strange kinship to the man, a fact that he’d let him know about multiple times, but he just couldn’t place the reason why. From what he’d learned by talking to him, Kiran was from a completely different world, one very detached from any of the other worlds the other Heroes were summoned from. Even though the Summoner’s memory was spotty at best, Robin was able to get some details out of him, including something about his world’s political state. According to the brown-haired young man, his world was considerably more peaceful than any of theirs, but it still had its issues.

Switching mental thoughts again, Robin started thinking about Kiran and Sharena’s relationship. Thinking about some of his previous pastimes with the girl made him shiver, even as the sauna was heating up. His towel started to feel a little tight around his lower body, so he loosened it, not really worried about being walked in on. After all, it was a training day, and most Heroes didn’t use the sauna anyway. This gave him plenty of leeway to lean back and think about Sharena more. He understood that she really loved Kiran above all else, and in a way, he could understand that. Though he himself was still a bachelor when he was summoned, it wasn’t like he was completely against the thought of a relationship back in his world.

His mind started to conjure up images again, this time not just of his times with Sharena. The two of them had hooked up a few more times since that time with Corrin, and she actually told him about not just her hookups, but Kiran’s as well. It was incredible to him how they could be so open, yet so together. And aside from thinking about her, he found himself really thinking about other Heroes in the Order. Remembering what Kiran told him the other day in the library, he couldn’t help but think of his female self. If she really was checking him out, then maybe he’d have a chance.

“Would it be wrong?” he wondered aloud again, “Is it masturbation? Is it incest? I should look that up…” Any thoughts of actually researching the ethics of having sex with yourself dissipated along with the mist of the sauna, as Robin’s thoughts turned much more risque. He imagined meeting his female self in the bedroom, exchanging a few choice words, getting close together. He felt his arousal harden, turning his towel into a tentpole, and he sighed, slipping his hand underneath and taking hold of his erection. He imagined them on the bed, slipping off her clothing, her slipping off his. Their lips meeting, their hands passing all over each other. He continued to stroke himself, closing his eyes and leaning his head back.

“Gods,” he muttered, continuing to imagine it. He imagined her hands on him, stroking him as he did himself now. He thought of her mouth on him, of his mouth on her. The combined moans of ecstasy sounding out in his room, where two of the same people were truly exploring their bodies, bit by bit. Then, when he finally would lay her on her back, looking over her…

The door opens. Not in his head, but the sauna itself. Robin, yelping, quickly covered himself with
the towel again. While his eyes were closed, the steam had become opaque, so he had no clue who just entered. Judging by the responding cry of shock, the other person in here hadn’t seen him either. He couldn’t hold down his erection without being obvious, but he did his best.

“Who’s there?” Robin asked, both of his hands on his lap, trying to be inconspicuous. A few footsteps sounded, coming towards him, and he saw a figure stepping through the steam. As they came out of the white cloud, Robin sighed, recognizing the intruder.

“Oh, Robin,” said Corrin, the young dragon that Robin had befriended in his time here, “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to shock you.” His tone was worried, as if he had just committed some grave error, but Robin shook his head, waving it off.

“You’re fine,” he assured him, “What brings you here?” Corrin sighed, sitting down beside Robin, so that they could speak easy.

“Well, I was finished with my training,” Corrin explained, laying back with a towel wrapped around his waist just like Robin, “And for the first time in...probably forever, Camilla said she had something to attend to, and left me alone. It was strange, but I honestly welcomed the calm.”

“I hear you,” Robin chuckled, leaning forward, “Tharja is like that, never letting me go alone after training. I swear, she’s constantly stalking me at every moment. Though, I get the feeling Kiran’s becoming her victim too…”

“Tharja, the dark mage?” Corrin asked, “I thought you liked her. That’s what she told me.”

“Did she also tell you that I would do anything for her, even if she didn’t ask?”

“...yes.”

“She likes to think that,” Robin groaned, “It’s not that I don’t like her, or that I don’t trust her, but sh’s a bit too much.” He cleared his throat, chuckling a little. Corrin looked at him, confused.

“Sorry,” the tactician apologized, “I was just thinking about that stuff before you got here. Relationships, and the like. Do you ever think about that?” Corrin looked away, scratching his neck.

“Sometimes,” he said softly, “Especially now...maybe not relationships but...I’ve been thinking of some things.” Robin, relaxing a little, nudged Corrin on the shoulder with a playful fist.

“Like Tiki?” he said, winking, “Yes, she told me what you guys did. She really caught you off guard didn’t she?” Corrin awkwardly chuckled, and Robin’s joking scene died, feeling genuinely concerned.

“What’s up?” he asked, putting his hand on Corrin’s shoulder, “Sorry if you didn’t want to bring that up, I’m sure it was meant to be private. I just assumed that, well.”

“Don’t worry,” Corrin said, still not turning, “It’s something else. You know how we’re not sure about when, or if, we’ll ever go back to our own worlds?” Robin nodded, and Corrin turned to face him again.

“And, well, there’s all this stuff going on, thanks to the Summoner and Sharena...I realized something.” Robin leaned in closer, trying to get Corrin to talk. The dragon took a breath, sighed and look Robin in the eyes.

“I also have feelings for you.”
And that was the moment Robin’s mind lost itself, sputtering out of order to a full stop. Clearly, this must be what the Summoner feels like.

“C-Corrin?” Robin muttered, “You’re not just joking around, are you?”

“Gods, no,” Corrin said, putting his hand on top of Robin’s, “But...I realized that I liked men and women for a while now, but I didn’t know what to do about it. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not complaining about the current situation. You weren’t wrong earlier, Tiki definitely caught me by surprise.” He tried to emulate Robin’s playful nudge earlier, failing miserably and just leaving the scene more awkward.

“The truth is,” Corrin sighed, “I wanted you to be my first....male. Because I really enjoy our time together, Robin, and even if you don’t feel the same way I still like you. As a friend, as more, I don’t know! You don’t even have to like me back, but please, would you let me do this?” Robin blinked, clearing the sauna mist from his eyes. He was trying to think about what to say, but judging from the returning tightness in his towel he realized he must have harbored some sort of hidden feeling for….well, right now he knew that there was something about Corrin that attracted him.

“Here,” Robin said, “Let’s do this.” Corrin expected the white-haired man to continue the sentence, but instead Robin took hold of Corrin’s face, bringing their lips together. Robin closed his eyes as he did, and Corrin, overjoyed, closed them as well, taking hold of Robin’s shoulders. Immediately, Corrin could feel the difference. Corrin’s lips felt rougher than any girl he’d kissed, and he hadn’t kissed that many. He felt more angular, not as smooth as anyone else he’d been with, and he didn’t really mind, even when he stopped the kiss, pulling Corrin around and sitting him on his lap. Corrin’s towel slipped off of him as he sat on Robin’s towel-covered lap, and the tactician could see Corrin’s dick in full view before him, just as Corrin could feel Robin’s dick through the thin towel.

“Oh Gods, Robin,” Corrin sighed, “Please...please take me. I beg you.” Whether it was the heat of the sauna or the heat of the moment, Robin obliged. Taking off his towel, he allowed his dick to stand tall, pressing up against Corrin’s length. The dragon moaned, thrusting at Robin to grind their dicks together, even making Robin feel pleasure when he didn’t expect to. Taking hold of Corrin’s shoulders, Robin pulled him down into another kiss, feeling the dragon’s lips on his own.

Corrin’s desperation poked through, as his kissing was rough and sloppy. Robin had to steady him by wrapping his arms around his body, feeling his smooth skin beneath his fingers. He had to admit, he was getting really into this, something he never expected to have happen. He didn’t even bother pretending it was someone else, it just felt good regardless, especially once Corrin started kissing his neck.

Robin was breathing hard, holding on to Corrin’s lower back as the dragon bent himself to kiss at the tactician’s neck. He could still feel their dicks rubbing against each other, a feeling that felt a lot more pleasurable than he really thought it would be. Corrin’s tongue centered over Robin’s throat, sucking on his neck. His teeth grazed against Robin’s skin, leaving small red love marks that Robin knew were going to be questioned. Still, he lay back a little more, resting his head against the back of the wooden seat with Corrin still on his lap.

“Corrin,” Robin breathed, as the other man started to kiss down his exposed chest, “Why didn’t you tell me this earlier?”

“I was worried,” Corrin replied, starting to stroke Robin’s dick slowly, “And I was a bit busy with...other things. Plus, I needed to make sure that these feelings were real.” Robin nodded. It sounded like a legitimate reason. Before he could continue the questioning, however, Corrin’s tongue was lapping at his tip, making him seethe.
“I’m sorry if this is uncomfortable,” Corrin whispered, kissing up Robin’s length, “I just want you to do me. I won’t do anything you don’t want me to.” The Ylissean tactician was astounded by this shift in Corrin’s character.

“It’s—gah—fine!” Robin gasped out, once Corrin started to suckle on his tip, “There’s no problem.” By instinct, Robin grasped Corrin’s head, stroking his white hair, prompting him to finally take all of Robin’s length into his mouth, closing his lips around his tip and sliding the rest of it further.

At this point, Robin couldn’t tell whether the drops of water trailing down his body were from sweat or condensation. He was honestly afraid that the heat would get to him, maybe by overheating the two of them, especially considering what was happening. There was no doubt in his mind that his face was redder now, since it felt much warmer, but he wasn’t about to ask Corrin about it, especially not since he could feel his dick touching the back of Corrin’s mouth. The other man had fully taken him in, and was now just holding his dick in his mouth while lapping at it with his tongue. He rolled his head around, touching Robin’s dick against the inside of his cheek, all the while keeping his tongue pressed against his tip.

“Gods, Corrin,” Robin breathed, unable to stop himself from smiling with his mouth open, “How in the world did you learn this?” Corrin popped Robin out of his mouth, keeping a trail of spit between his lips and Robin’s tip.

“Is it bad if I say I practiced?” Corrin asked timidly, a blush forming on his cheeks, “Also, I sort of copied what I saw some other people do…” Robin scoffed, imagining the thought process that Corrin must have gone through to reach this level of mastery.

“Sounds like something you’d do,” he muttered, sitting back as Corrin kissed his dick once more and went up his body, kissing up his chest and then to his neck. As Robin gasped, closing his eyes, Corrin held himself over him, placing himself directly above Robin’s dick. As he started to lower himself down, Robin stopped him, placing his hands right above his rear and causing Corrin to look up, worried.

“Are you absolutely sure about this?” Robin questioned him, looking him in the eye with a concerned look, “I want to be sure you’re really wanting this.” Corrin kissed Robin on the lips again, holding him there for a few seconds, then disconnecting with a smack of their lips.

“I want this,” he groaned, “Gods, I want this. Please.” Robin nodded, and Corrin rested his head on the tactician’s shoulder, his arms wrapped around his neck. Robin judged the distance and brought Corrin down, hearing him hiss as he started to push in. Although Corrin had quite clearly lubricated Robin’s dick with his own saliva, it was still a bit of a pain to actually enter him, as clearly shown by Corrin’s apparent pain.

“Are you okay?” Robin asked, but Corrin nodded, begging him to keep going. Gritting his teeth, he let Corrin lower himself more, until he couldn’t go any further. The dragon was huffing and puffing heavily, almost straining himself at the feeling. Robin could feel Corrin’s dick rubbing against his stomach, feeling the other man’s erection pushing against him as Corrin took his head off of Robin’s shoulder, replacing it with one hand on each.

“Corrin,” the Ylissean tactician moaned, “It’s so tight…it feels incredible.”

“Me too,” Corrin gasped, “This feels...ah!” After getting into an even motion and sustaining a rhythm, Corrin’s fears subsided, as did Robin’s. Together, surrounded by the hot sauna steam, their moans of pleasure rang out. Corrin was having the time of his life, and Robin was surprising himself by how much he was really enjoying this. Corrin’s lips pressed against his as Robin’s dick thrust in and out of him. He was glad that he was sitting on the towel, otherwise there would have been a lot
of awkward noises between the sweat and the wood.

“Robin!” Corrin cried out unexpectedly, “I’m going to…” He never finished the sentence. The
dragon moaned loudly, climaxing and spraying his warm seed all over Robin’s stomach and chest.
Slowly, the two stopped moving, until Corrin removed himself from Robin’s dick, grunting as he did
so. Robin felt a bit disappointed, since he hadn’t even reached climax, yet Corrin was so sensitive
that it took almost no time for him to do so.

“Thank you, Robin,” Corrin sighed, laying his head against Robin’s chest, “You don’t know how
much I wanted this.” Robin wanted to say something, or bring attention to the fact that he hadn’t yet
finished, when Corrin’s eyes opened wide.

“Oh Gods!” he yelled, getting up and wrapping his towel around his waist, “I forgot, I was going to
meet up with Xander today for training! I’m sorry, Robin, I have to go!” Before Robin could protest,
the dragon had flown out the door, leaving a jetstream in his wake that shifted the sauna steam.
Robin, mouth hanging open from when the words died on his lips, sighed, looking down at his still
erect dick.

“Hm,” he hummed, taking hold of it. His thoughts turned back to his female self, and he smirked,
closing his eyes and working to finish. He felt like he deserved it.

Chapter End Notes

Whew. That was a journey.

Rather big announcement, here. I'd like everyone to know that from this point forward,
no more requests will be taken. Since there are over 20 on the list currently, and since I
am only one person and would prefer to keep it that way, there will be a moratorium on
all requests. Unless I’ve already replied to you and let you know that your request is in,
it will not be accepted. I'm very sorry to anyone that is now discouraged from
commenting due to this, but please know that I read all comments and am touched by
every single one.

Along with that, the poll for the next chapter is up on my profile, and will close on
October 18th at 1pm PST.

Thank you all for reading, and I'll see you next time!
Have you ever felt pent up after a training session? If not, then Sharena feels sorry for you. But right now, she also feels something else...

Whew! How long has it been? A month? A month and a half? College is interesting, let me tell you, and I am so glad I was finally able to get this chapter out as a Thanksgiving....Black Friday....er...

Screw it. Consider this your Cyber Monday present from me to you.

It was a calm, quiet morning for the Order of Heroes. Considering how the day had just barely broken, nobody expected anyone else to actually be fully up and about. Even the strictest Heroes, who in their own worlds would be yelling to wake everyone up at the sound of the first rooster, were sleeping in their beds, waiting for that same rooster that never came.

In one of the Hall’s training rooms, this sense of sleepiness didn’t reach a certain Princess. Sharena, with her trusty Fensalir, was busy making mincemeat out of a variety of training dummies. Thankfully she wasn’t actually destroying them (that was usually done by Chrom), but she left little nicks and cut from her deathly precise jabs and slices. Her skill with a lance was so proficient, she was capable of slicing an apple in half from three feet away, using a single slice.

The training room was padded entirely, so that Heroes could train against dummies and each other without fear of really hurting themselves. Of course, there were the outside versions that were little more than dirt enclosures surrounded by wooden fences. Sharena usually trained in those areas, but today she felt like staying inside. The morning clouds looked shifty, and Kiran had mentioned to her that it seemed it was going to rain, so she didn’t want to risk it.

With a yell of strength, she hopped and stabbed, nicking the wooden dummy on the neck and slicing it open, just barely leaving the head attached. She gasped, running to try and stop it before it fell off, only to slip and fall right in front of the dummy, leaving the head to snap off and fall on her head, making a loud bonking sound. Sighing, she stood, rubbing her head and feeling a welt already starting to form. She kicked the disembodied wooden head across the room, letting it hit the wall. As she bent over to pick up Fensalir, which she had carelessly tossed to the side, she heard someone walk in behind her.

“My, my,” said a soft, womanly, accented voice, “That is quite a sight, I must say.” Sharena blushed, realizing that the sight from the door would be directly up her skirt. Thankfully she was wearing her shorts like always, but it was still a tad embarrassing.

“Lady Tiki,” she replied, recognizing the voice of, well, the Voice, “I didn’t expect you here. Did
you need something?” Sharena picked up Fensalir, twirling it a few times as she stood back up, before placing it hilt-first on the floor hard enough to cause a thud. She looked over at the Manakete, who was wearing her usual red outfit that left very little to the imagination, a fact not lost on the princess, who was struggling to keep her eyes focused on Tiki’s face.

“Not particularly, no.” Tiki closed the door to the training room behind her. “I’ve never really been in one of these. Well, I once saw Olivia practicing her moves in here, but I’ve not had the need to be here.”

“Well, it’s not really a surprise,” Sharena admitted, “Considering how, you know, you can turn into a dragon. I’ve seen you flying around outside, in the area reserved for dragons. I really hope it’s not too small of an enclosure. N—not that it’s actually, like, an animal enclosure! I meant no disrespect!” Sharena was certain she would end up on the receiving end of a fireball, but was met only by laughter from the other woman.

“It’s fine, Sharena,” Tiki said, already on a first-name basis with the princess, “Yes, it’s probably better for everyone that I practice my dragon form outside, much like the others do. Though, I hear Fae desperately wants to try out one of these rooms. Ninian and I won’t be able to hold her back for long, you know.”

“She’ll learn,” the princess chuckled, walking over to the bench by the side of the room and setting Fensalir against the wall, “You caught me at a bad time, Lady Tiki, I was just about to wrap up and get someone to replace the dummy.” Tiki walked over to the bench as well, while looking at the headless wooden figure.

“Looks like you had some aggression,” Tiki mentioned, “Or was it just a slip?” Sharena’s face went slightly red again due to Tiki’s proximity, and she tried to hide it from the dragon.

“Just a slip,” she stammered out, “I don’t like to damage these too much, and I already know I can handle real enemies.”

“Oh?” Tiki said, “But you can’t seem to handle being around me, can you?”

Sharena gulped, turning back to her. “W-well, Lady Tiki, you’re quite a wonderful looking woman, er, manakete, and…” She couldn’t help herself, her eyes now trailing the entirety of Tiki’s body. Her curves were incredible, from her hips to her chest, and her thighs. Sharena refused to believe that she was actually thousands of years old. Her imagination was cut short by a hand on her chin lifting her head, making her look directly into the eyes of one of the most beautiful women she’d ever seen.

“I actually came here to speak to you about Kiran,” Tiki whispered, her other hand moving to and landing on Sharena’s waist, making the blonde whimper as Tiki moved closer, “See, I’ve realized that he is quite the special young man, and I wished to truly...bond with him. As I had with Corrin, the other day.” Sharena was very aware of the heat in her core now. She often had to go and masturbate following training sessions, as her exercise caused her to become aroused, likely because her armor caused a lot of friction. Recently, of course, she had sought out Kiran or other Heroes to help her, but never before had someone come to her.

“However,” Tiki continued, tracing her thumb over Sharena’s lower lip, “I can’t just leave you here like this. It just wouldn’t do. What do you think, dear?” Their bodies were almost touching now, and Sharena was feeling very, very constrained in her armor. She wanted to feel Tiki’s body on hers now, and was very thankful that the Manakete had locked the door. She hoped.

“I’d love that, Lady Tiki,” Sharena whispered. Tiki smiled, causing Sharena’s heart to skip a beat. How could someone ever smile in such a way that it was arousing and adorable at the same time?
“First, however.” Tiki’s hands trailed up Sharena’s sides. The blonde hated that she barely felt her touch, thanks to her scaled armor, but clearly that was something Tiki wanted to change. The clasps of her armor unlatched under Tiki’s fingers, and soon Sharena was wearing only her white shirt and shorts. She breathed a sigh of relief, as her chest was finally able to breathe.

“Goodness,” Tiki exclaimed, genuinely surprised, “How do you survive with that armor? It’s practically flattening your breasts!” Sharena once again blushed at the woman’s candidness, but she had to admit that the Manakete had a point. While Sharena’s chest wasn’t exactly voluptuous, her armor made it seem that she was flatter than she really was, thanks to how restrictive it was. She felt it was a necessary sacrifice, however. If she didn’t have adequate protection, she’d be much more exposed. As such, she still couldn’t understand how Lady Camilla’s armor was designed, but she didn’t question it often, probably because she usually didn’t see Lady Camilla with clothes actually on.

“Yep,” she thought, “I’m definitely more aroused now.”

“Well,” Tiki added, taking Sharena’s right breast in her hand, “I’m glad to have something more to work with, anyway. Kiran is a very lucky man, for him to have you.” Sharena wasn’t listening, instead focused on the pleasure that she got from Tiki’s handling of her breast. They tended to feel sensitive after being cooped up for so long, and so she just wanted the dragon to caress them more.

“L-lady Tiki,” she gasped, moaning slightly, “Please, you’re teasing me so much, I don’t-”

“Shh,” Tiki shushed, gently caressing Sharena’s cheek, “I’m getting to it, dear. Do you want a kiss? Would that make it feel better?” The blonde girl nodded eagerly, and Tiki giggled.

“Of course it would,” she whispered, her breath bouncing off of Sharena’s lips, “It always does.” One second later, and her lips touched down. Sharena had had her mouth slightly open just like Tiki, and now their lips were melding in a heart-stopping kiss. Immediately, actually shocking Tiki, Sharena threw her arms around the Manakete, bringing their bodies together. Both of them were wearing simple clothing, which was the only barrier as their bodies came together, their breasts pressed into each other.

Sharena was ferociously kissing Tiki, and the dragon was almost having trouble keeping pace. They started to stumble, and before they knew it, both of them had fallen onto the padded ground, never breaking their liplock. Sharena had fallen on top of Tiki, letting her rest on top of the green-haired woman in order to feel as much of her body as possible with her own. Sharena’s kiss-fueled moans were music to Tiki’s ears, as Tiki’s moans were to Sharena’s.

“Lady Tiki,” Sharena moaned, in between kisses, “Your lips feel amazing, I want more.”

“You’re all worked up, Sharena,” Tiki noted, also in between liplocks, “Let’s see just how much.” Sharena’s moans rose in pitch immediately, as Tiki’s hand strayed down her body and into Sharena’s skirt, going underneath her panties.

“My, my,” Tiki gasped, ending the kiss suddenly and leaving Sharena whimpering, “You’re absolutely soaking down there. Do you need my help to relieve that?” The blonde princess nodded quickly, biting her lip and looking down at Tiki’s breasts. The manakete easily noticed this and brought Sharena’s chin back up to look at her, before slipping off her red shirt, revealing her body to the princess.

“Go ahead,” Tiki said, “I’m waiting for you.” Sharena didn’t need to be told twice. Immediately, like a thirsty person finding water, Sharena dove in. Tiki wasn’t loud this time, but as Sharena’s mouth took over her right nipple, she gasped, keeping her eyes shut and her head to the side. By now she
had taken off her usual tiara and loosened her flowing green hair, letting it flow over the floor. She put her fist up to her mouth, and finally cried out once Sharena’s hand strayed down and passed against Tiki’s entrance, starting to rub it with two fingers.

The Divine Dragon was in the midst of a pleasure crisis. She had never been with a human female before, having only enjoyed the company of other dragons, regardless of sex. Even in her youth, when she had looked up to her friend Marth, she hadn’t ever considered the thought of doing such a heinous act with him. Now, however, she felt a want, or rather a need, to see what Kiran could possibly show her, yet she still wished to visit Sharena first. Perhaps she should have consulted the couple together? That certainly would have been quite a busy day.

“Ah!” Tiki cried, once Sharena’s teeth gently bit down on her nipple alongside the intrusion of Sharena’s fingers into her. The princess’s digits rubbed at Tiki’s inner walls, coating themselves with her juices. Tiki bit down on her hand, ineffectively hiding her pleasure. Sharena seemed to know every part of Tiki’s core that would bring her the most pleasure. Once the princess moved her head away from Tiki’s breast and trailed her tongue down her body, there was no doubt in the dragon’s mind that she made the right choice to come to her first.

“You’re so wet, Lady Tiki,” Sharena commented, causing the manakete to blush.

“That’s unbecoming of a lady,” Tiki replied, cracking one eye open to look down her body at the blonde. “Saying things like that is not very princess-like.” Sharena smirked, passing her tongue over Tiki’s lower lips while keeping eye contact the entire time. Tiki moaned once she felt her clit be pressed against. The soft, wet feeling of Sharena’s tongue was even better than the fingers she still had inside of her, but when they combined it was a purely blissful feeling.

“I don’t care,” Sharena told the dragon, licking at her clit, “I’m not very princess-like anyway, so it doesn’t really matter.” She lapped at Tiki’s clit, before slipping her tongue down her folds, eventually pushing through them and licking Tiki’s insides.

Tiki was no stranger to these actions, having done them before with other manaketes she has known. Sharena’s tongue, however, was heavenly. The Divine Dragon couldn’t imagine where this princess could have discovered how to pleasure another woman so well. Perhaps, and to Tiki this was a long shot, she had spent some time with Commander Anna, unbeknownst to the others? The thought of that image aroused her even more somehow.

“Oh, by Naga,” Tiki moaned, “Sharena, how-”

“It’s easy,” Sharena interrupted, raising her head out of nowhere and depriving the dragon of her pleasure, “I just do it the way I’d want it done to me.”

“That’s...understandable,” Tiki breathed, “I suppose...someone with less experience would want that.” Thinking of something, Tiki cupped Sharena’s cheek, confusing the princess.

“Why don’t I teach you?” she asked, seeing the receptive expression in Sharena’s face, “I’m sure Camilla has shown you a thing or two, but I want to make sure you’re properly...acclimated. I’ll need you to lay back for me, and I will help you learn how to pleasure another woman.” The blonde girl nodded, excited for what was coming, and was soon on her back. She still wore her shirt and shorts, however, a fact that wasn’t lost on Tiki.

“First,” the manakete cooed, crawling to the princess, “You should always start with teases. Nothing too much, of course, but also not too little.” She lifted Sharena’s shirt and lowered her pants some, kissing at her stomach around her hips. Sharena giggled a little, clearly ticklish, but Tiki wasn’t deterred, continuing her ministrations with her soft kisses. She continued to do so as she pulled off
the white shorts, slightly poking out her tongue to pass over the soft white skin of the woman beneath her. Once her touches went lower, Sharena’s giggles turned to gasps, and then moans.

“Next,” Tiki said, letting her breath float on Sharena’s skin, “You have to focus on one specific location.” Her lips sensually closed around Sharena’s clit, and immediately the princess cried out in pleasure. Tiki’s tongue now fully came out of her mouth, pressing itself against the princess’s clit. Sharena’s moans were music to Tiki’s ears, a solo of pleasure.

“You already taste so good,” Tiki sighed, dabbing her tongue on Sharena’s clit and straying further downward. Sharena wanted to say something, wanted to tell Tiki just how good this all felt, but once the manakete’s tongue started to slide between her folds, the princess’s tongue twisted and refused to move any longer. Now she just moaned, eyes shut tight and thighs squeezing Tiki’s head.

Tiki’s lips now took over all of Sharena’s entrance, pushing her tongue into the blonde and closing her lips over her folds. The combination of Sharena’s soft thighs along with her sweet juices resulted in Tiki’s efforts quadrupling. She abandoned the lesson altogether, now deciding to indulge in the taste and smell of the woman below her. However, as Tiki’s tongue tasted more of Sharena’s juices, her sensitive Manakete ears heard something. Stopping her movements, she covered Sharena’s mouth with her hand. The princess’s muffled cry of confusion was expected, but soon she also heard something, and quieted.

There were voices outside the door. Tiki had locked it, so there was no way they would come in, but noises like Sharena’s weren’t always considered to be pleasure by some. She couldn’t quite tell who it was, but there were two people. A man….and a woman, it seemed. There was some talking, and she wasn’t sure how long it would be before they left. Therefore, she decided to have some fun. Prying herself away from Sharena’s crotch, she took her handof the princess’s mouth, shushing her. Sharena cocked her head, but understood what she was referring to when Tiki’s lips once more kissed and sucked on the blonde’s clit.

Immediately, she covered her mouth again, this time with both hands. Her moans were completely muffled, something that, in some strange way, only doubled Tiki’s desire. She opted for fingering herself during her ministrations on Sharena, curving her back so that she could reach her entrance. She slipped two fingers into herself, feeling her own wet insides as she pleasured herself. Sharena, meanwhile, was very close to failing Tiki’s impromptu challenge.

The voices seemed to be wrapping up their conversation, but Tiki wasn’t giving up. She took her tongue out of Sharena, kissing around her entrance instead now. The shock of Tiki’s removal hit Sharena like a truck, evident by her whimpers. Tiki wasn’t ready to risk anything, sadly, but when she fingered Sharena out of nowhere, feeling her slick enough to immediately use 3 fingers as well as lick constantly at her clit, she was certainly toeing the line.

Sharena’s moans came back, but as they did, Tiki heard the voices moving away. Satisfied, she calmed down how she played with Sharena’s entrance, until the princess actually pushed her away, confusing the manakete.

“Sharena?” she asked, sitting up, “Is something wrong?”

“Not at all,” Sharena gasped, “I wanted to try something.” Tiki was a little afraid when she said that and grabbed Fensalir at the same time. However, once Sharena placed the butt end of the spear on the floor, right in between them, she got the idea.

“My, what a naughty princess,” Tiki teased, holding her finger at the edge of her mouth, “I do like this side of you, dear.” Sharena smiled, pulling Tiki towards her, something that was irrelevant, considering how she was also moving towards her. Both women touched the lance shaft with their
cores, gasping simultaneously. Tiki’s right leg went over Sharena’s left, and Sharena’s right over Tiki’s left as well.

“I’ve been wanting to try this for forever,” Sharena said, already starting to grind against the spear, “It feels so much better than I expected!”

“I’m glad you think so, dear,” Tiki said in return, “In truth, I think this is - ah! - a wonderful idea.” With mutual approval from both parties, the two of them grinded more against the staff, feeling both their folds and clits rubbing against the smooth shaft. Sharena’s right hand held on to Fensalir, keeping it steady, and soon they both ended up moaning to the ceiling. Tiki’s hands were behind her, holding her up, while Sharena only had one arm supporting her. Their hair was a mess and Fensalir would certainly need some cleaning, as well as the room, but they didn’t care. Right now, they cared about each other.

When their climaxes came, they came separately. Sharena succumbed first, coating both Tiki and Fensalir in her juices. She still held the spear up, however, so Tiki could soon after climax, moaning for the world, or at least Sharena, to hear. Once her climax high came down, Tiki pushed Fensalir out of the way, crawling over to kiss Sharena once more.

“So,” the princess asked, once their liplock was over, “When do you want to talk with Kiran?”

“Soon,” Tiki said, kissing Sharena on the nose, “As for you, though…” Tiki whispered something into Sharena’s ear, something that made the princess light up. Tiki pulled back, smiling, and Sharena tossed her hair back.

“The answer is yes,” Sharena giggled, “I can’t wait.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter's poll is open, and linked on my profile! Thank you for reading, and I hope you're as excited as I am for Heroes Book Two to finally arrive!

Comments are appreciated, and I'll see you all next time!
Chapter Summary

Two Tsunderes, one summoner. You know where this leads.

Chapter Notes

Because it's not yet midnight where I live, I can officially call this a Christmas present to all of you! Woo! I hope you all have had a wonderful holiday season!

First, there was the incident at the shooting range.

Kiran was watching the different archers practice with their bows. Everyone seemed to be trying different styles with different weapons. Jeorge’s Parthia went clean through a target, Gordin and Klein competed for the most shots placed with their Brave Bows, and even Cordelia, or at least her Bridal version, was shooting shots into the bullseye with deadly precision.

When Kiran went over to Clarisse, he found her with her personal bow, taking careful aim. Her target didn’t have a single arrow in it. Confused, the Summoner stood behind her, watching. She exhaled, letting all of her breath out, then loosed the arrow, the string twinging as the shaft flew. As the arrow whistled through the air, Kiran’s eyes could barely track it, until it thunked into the target, directly in the bull’s-eye. Satisfied, only then did Clarisse stand up straight, as opposed to her bent over arrow firing posture.

“That was a nice shot,” Kiran commented, walking up next to her and causing the sniper to turn quickly.

“Thanks!” she said, unusually cheerful, before her normal scowl returned to her face alongside what seemed to be a blush. “I mean, yeah. Of course it was. How else would I put an arrow in someone’s heart at this range?” She turned away from him, crossing her arms, leaving Kiran a bit baffled as to what just happened as she started to walk away. Clearly, he should have learned that any sort of compliment just didn’t seem to work with Clarisse….yet that time, she seemed happy. Genuinely grateful for his presence. He shrugged it off, letting her go as he turned to stop an argument brewing between Virion and Jeorge, apparently over who had the best hair.

The next incident happened in the mess hall.

It was a normal dinner, truly. The same day that Kiran had encountered Clarisse, he found himself sitting by chance sitting next to Selena. Taking a bite of his food, he noted her pushing her own food around with her fork, so he elbowed her.

“Something wrong?” he asked, with a mouthful of meat. The redhead sighed, resting her hand on her cheek. Kiran elbowed her again, swallowing his food.
“Come on,” he said, smiling, “You’re not usually this sad. What’s going on?”

“Nothing,” Selena muttered, trying to spear a piece of her meat with her fork. Kiran watched as she tried three times to do so, eventually giving up and dropping her fork. Swallowing his next bite, he patted her on the shoulder, causing her to look at him.

“Well, whatever it is,” he told her, “I’m sure it’ll pass soon. You’re good at getting past things, it’s a great part of your character.” The retainer looked up at him, and for a second, possibly even two, she genuinely smiled.

“Thanks,” she whispered, before looking down at her food, “I-I mean, duh, of course. You don’t get to look this cute by moping all the time. Idiot.” Kiran was taken aback, even as she stood, leaving her food on the table and walking off in a huff. Clearly, there was something he was doing wrong, if two different Heroes were getting mad at him. He didn’t pry, however, instead finishing his food and heading off to take care of other duties.

Today, however, there had been another incident. When he was going through the training rooms again, he had bumped into Selena, who was looking to go train with her sword. Upon her seeing him, her face turned red, and she looked away, almost as if she were embarrassed, before running off. Even before Kiran could ask her what happened, she was gone. Then, later, he ran into Clarisse, just walking through the halls as if she had not a care in the world.

“Hello,” he told her simply, “Nice day we’re having, no?”

“Sure,” she scoffed, only barely turning to look at him, “Why do you look tired?” Kiran blinked, rubbing his eyes.

“Do I? Hm, I guess I’ve just been staying up late. Patrolling, making tactics, stuff like that.” He was going to chuckle, showing that it was a joke, but he cried out when he felt her hand slam him against the wall, holding her bow up to his throat.

“You’re going to sleep more,” she said with a threatening voice, “Or, like I’ve said before, you’re going to get a permanent sleep with my bow. Got it?” Kiran couldn’t decide if he was terrified by her threat or turned on by her proximity, so he decided to voice his “concerns”.

“Well, if it’s you pulling the bowstring,” he said, trying to push her off, “Maybe I’d be okay with it.” That did it. Her face turned red, and she released him, letting him fall to the ground coughing.

“Idiot,” she hissed, turning away, “J-just get some sleep.” She walked off, and Kiran used the wall to help him stand, hearing her boot steps going down the hall, away from him. Shaking his head and pulling his hood back up, he continued on his way, going to see Alfonse for some reason in the library.

Later in the evening, he was in his room, reading a book about Askr’s history while sipping a cup of tea. The tea had been severely bitter, yet he refused to put the book down to go get sugar, instead persevering and drinking it anyway. He was just getting to the section that talked about Alfonse and Sharena’s grandparents when there was a knock at the door. He sighed, finally setting a bookmark in between the pages and setting down his tea. Pushing the chair back, he stood, groaning. It seemed that knocks on his door were becoming much more common, nowadays.

As he walked up to the door, however, he heard another set of footprints. Then some talking. Then...yelling? It sounded like there were two people out there ready to fight, but the door was so thick that he couldn’t tell who they were. Once he heard the voices get louder, and potentially the metallic sound of a sword being drawn, he knew it was time to intervene, throwing the door open.
“Hey!” he yelled, “What’s going on here?”

The sight before him was...interesting. Of all the people who were currently aiming weapons at each other, Selena and Clarisse were at the bottom of the list. They were both frozen, staring at him in surprise. Selena had her Armorslayer in both hands, ready to swing, and Clarisse was nocking her bow, although still aiming at the ground. With a raised eyebrow from Kiran, they both sheathed their weapons, looking rather embarrassed.

“So,” Kiran said, leaning against the doorway with his arms crossed, “I don’t suppose one of you can explain why you were about to try to kill each other? Not that it would have worked, of course.” The two of them were silent, looking at each other, then away. Selena looked embarrassed, but Clarisse just looked furious. Hearing nothing from them, Kiran sighed.

“Well, in that case, good night to you two.” He turned around, ready to go back inside.

“No!” the two women yelled, and soon Kiran felt a push from behind, followed by the feeling of the carpet in his room rushing up to meet his face. There were two gasps from above him along with the sound of a door closing, and before he knew what was happening, he was being pulled up by both arms. He felt a little dizzy, and his vision was slightly blurred, but he could tell that he was being taken to his room by both hands, and wasn’t fully aware of what was happening until he was dropped onto the bed, sitting on the edge. Once his vision was clear, he was able to see Clarisse and Selena both before him, and now they both had the same expression: worry.

“Okay,” he grunted, hitting the side of his head to stop the ringing in his ears, “That just happened. May I ask why, and please no silent treatment this time?”

“Well,” Selena said, touching her fingers together, “Kiran...the thing is...”

“H-hey!” Clarisse interjected, looking at the redhead, “I’m supposed to say it first!”

“Or what?” Selena retorted, looking right back at the sniper, “What the hell are you gonna do about it?”

“Is that a challenge?” Clarisse asked, ready to draw her bow again.

“Stop it!” Kiran yelled, standing up. With his height, he was about a head taller than both of them, and his yell, instead of phasing them, seemed to just snap their attention to him. “Stop it, for crying out loud. What is so important that you two need to almost kill yourselves over it?” Selena scoffed, and Clarisse huffed, leaving Kiran fully aware that he may have screwed up somehow.

“Isn’t it obvious?” the blonde woman asked, frowning and blushing.

“You’re the smart one,” Selena added, head tilted down but still looking at him, “I’m surprised you haven’t figured it out yet.”

“Figured out what?” Kiran asked, looking at them with desperation in his voice, “What is so important that you two are just about ready to kill each other?!”

“The fact that I like you!” They both yelled at the same time, before turning on each other again, “Not you, me!” They said simultaneously, “Oh yeah?” Once more. “Prove it!” They were glaring daggers at each other, and it took Kiran clearing his throat to make them stop.

“Okay….maybe...we can work something out? I mean, this is the first time anyone’s...threatened to kill someone else over me. I’ll admit, I’m flattered, but I’d prefer it if you didn’t-”
“No!” Selena yelled, grabbing his arm and pulling him towards her, “You listen to me, Kiran. I’m the cute and strong one here, okay? You have to pay attention to me!”

“Absolutely not!” Clarisse yelled back, grabbing Kiran’s other arm, “I-I’m the one that likes him more! Get away or I’m nocking an arrow!”

“Ladies, p-please,” Kiran muttered, worried for his safety, “M-maybe we can figure it o-Mmmph!” Selena stopped his talking, grabbing his head and kissing him, forcefully sucking on his lower lip. He didn’t even have time to kiss back, immediately enjoying the feeling of Selena’s lips, when his head was pulled back, and Clarisse, with a fire in her eyes, kissed him as well, forcing his hand to her waist. This time, however, Kiran was the one that pulled back, dazed.

“O-kay,” he said, half-chuckling, half-whimpering, “I, um…ah!” This time on purpose, both girls pushed him onto the bed, leaving him slightly less stunned, but still rather worried. The worry was quickly dissipated by the sight of them scrambling onto the bed, starting to pull off his clothes.

“I’m going to prove it then,” Selena muttered, working on taking off his pants, “I like him more than you!”

“Like I said,” Clarisse hissed back, taking off his shirt, “I have an arrow ready for you, redhead.” It wasn’t long before they’d gotten the Summoner down to nothing but his boxers, leaving them both staring at him, especially because he wasn’t actually aroused, it seemed. Kiran shrugged.

“What are you two waiting for?” he asked, “I can’t be the only one naked, after all.” Selena sighed, and Clarisse blushed, but they both followed his lead, getting off the bed and stripping down to their underwear. Selena, glancing at Clarisse’s chest, blushed, looking angry. The sniper noticed this, smirking.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, crawling back onto the bed on Kiran’s right side, “I think I know. You’re clearly not up to par.”

“Sh-shut up!” the redhead yelled, moving up on Kiran’s left, “I-I’m definitely better! You’ll see!” She reached down, pulling off Kiran’s boxers, but stopping once she actually saw his dick, which was slowly hardening. Clearly, at least to Kiran, she had seen one before and was still surprised by them. Even so, she still took it in her hand, stroking it softly. Her thumb rubbed the tip, and she moved her head closer, licking it. Judging by the face that Kiran was making, she seemed to be doing her job right, and so she continued. Taking a cue from something she remembered Lady Camilla mentioning once, she stroked his entire length, while still licking his tip.

Clarisse, not wanting to be outdone, slid herself up Kiran’s side, until her face was level with his.

“Are...are we going to kiss now, okay?” she muttered, red-faced, “Don’t...don’t hold back!” Shutting her eyes tight, she pressed her closed lips against his. Kiran wanted to enjoy the kiss alongside the servicing he was receiving, but clearly the assassin had never done this before. Bringing his arms up, he pushed her off, spitting out the blonde hair that was currently falling around his mouth.

“Here, try opening your mouth a little.” He couldn’t believe that he was giving kissing lessons to a contract killer, but then again, he couldn’t believe most of what his life was right now. “Kissing is less pushing and more...I dunno, gliding? Sliding? It’s weird, I’ve never had to explain this before.”

“S-so?” Clarisse asked, “Idiot, j-just...I can do it, I don’t need your help!” Even so, when she went to kiss him again, she seemed to follow his advice. With her mouth slightly open, she kissed him harder than before, her frown seeming to dissipate before the feeling of his slightly rougher lips. Kiran took the initiative, opening his lips just a little and closing them again. Clarisse understood, following his
movements, and before long he was able to hear a soft, barely audible moan from her, even as his own gasps of pleasure rose up thanks to Selena’s ministrations.

In fact, the redhead looked up at the two of them with a scowl. Clicking her tongue, she took his entire tip in her mouth, flinching at the sudden taste. Without letting that stop her, she sucked on his tip, closing her eyes and pressing her lips around his length. It was a strange feeling to her, even if it wasn’t her first time. The sliminess of his tip combined with the smoothness of the rest of his length made for an interesting combination, especially as she moved her tongue around it. Her unintentional slurping sounds made Kiran’s ears perk up, something that, when she peeked up at him, was easily noticeable. Soon, she brought her whole mouth onto him, taking him into her mouth and moving her head up and down.

Kiran, growing more and more aroused, took hold of Clarisse’s right breast with his right hand, caressing it with her bra on, and slipped his left hand through Selena’s hair, feeling her head as it bobbed. Clarisse, meanwhile, seemed to be enjoying their kiss. She took his head in her hands, letting him play with her breast just so she could kiss him more. Her normally high-pitched voice translated to her moans, letting Kiran hear her as he pinched her nipple between two knuckles, still grasping her breast.

“H-hey!” she said, somehow laughing in between kisses, “What...what do you think you’re…”

“Stop, Clarisse,” Kiran chuckled, continuing to kiss her, “That’s not going to work right now.” Needless to say, Selena, who was now fully sucking on his dick, was not exactly happy about the sight. Groaning, she pulled off of him, spitting out onto his sheets and sliding up, starting to remove her panties fully and perching herself over his dick, ready to take him, and resting her hands on his chest, something that made him stop kissing Clarisse and look over to Selena.

“What’s wrong?” the redhead scoffed, grunting as she lowered herself onto Kiran’s dick, “Didn’t expect to be doing this with the cuter one?” Selena gasped once she took him in all the way, and Kiran was left with his head laying on the pillow, moaning. Clarisse scowled at the retainer, who started to move herself up and down on Kiran’s dick, leaning forward to move her hips more easily.

“Two can play at that game,” she muttered. The sniper lay on her side and took off her panties, and soon Kiran was faced with Clarisse’s leg moving over his head, leaving her almost seated on his face, looking at Selena with a frown. “Come on, Summoner, you dunce,” she said, still staring at Selena, who was upping her pace, “I...I want you to do this for me!”

The Summoner in question shrugged, licking her lower lips endearingly before pushing his tongue into her. Clarisse yelped and soon moaned, rubbing herself against his face and grasping one of her breasts. Her eyes locked with Selena’s, and both of them ended up scowling at each other, despite the pleasure they were both getting right now from the man they both liked. Growling, Clarisse grabbed Selena by the wrists, making the retainer yell out in surprise.

“I told you I was better,” she hissed, moving Selena closer as they both had their hips grinding, “Loser.”

“Sh-shut up!” Selena said back, “I’m in a much better position than you, are, anyway!”

“Want me to shut up?” the sniper asked, as Kiran’s tongue reached deep into her, “A-ah! Make me!”

“With pleasure,” the redhead muttered, grabbing Clarisse’s shoulder and slamming her mouth against the other’s. The blonde assassin didn’t protest, moaning loudly as their lips smashed together, moving their heads as Selena continued to move on Kiran’s dick and Clarisse felt his tongue twist inside of her, going sideways and looping. To the man currently caught beneath them, this was
blissful. With Selena riding him, Clarisse straddling his face, and the two of them making sounds that drove him crazy, he was more than willing to forgive their earlier near-murder.

Surprisingly, it was Selena who lost it first. Breaking away from the kiss with Clarisse, she leaned back, moaning loudly as she climaxed. Kiran felt her tighten around him, and soon felt nothing, as the redhead slipped off of him, laying by his side and catching her breath. He saw her out of the corner of his eye, and no sooner had she done so than Clarisse, giving out an uncharacteristic squeal, left Kiran’s mouth, turning herself around and leaning over him, positioning herself to go down on his dick.

“It’s about time, Kiran,” she whispered, kissing his neck, “I...I want to finish with you inside me.” Not even letting him reply, she kissed him fully on the lips, slamming herself down onto him. If Selena felt wet, Clarisse was absolutely soaking. Not only was she able to taste her own juices on his tongue, she was able to move much faster on his dick due to Selena’s lubrication. Kiran wrapped his arms around Clarisse, hugging her close and feeling her large breasts on his chest. A tap on his shoulder made him open an eye.

“Let me in,” Selena muttered, in a state of drowsiness. Kiran, confused, moved away from his kiss with Clarisse a little, as the blonde was also curious as to what Selena meant. They got their answer soon, as Selena grabbed both of their heads and kissed them at the same time. It was strange, feeling two pairs of lips and then two tongues at the same time, but Kiran certainly liked it, especially because it made both of them moan even more.

The fun didn’t last long. Clarisse, already pent up from Kiran’s mouth, pulled back from their strange kiss, crying out her pleasure to the ceiling as she climaxed. Once again, Kiran felt his dick being squeezed, this time by Clarisse’s inner walls tightening during her orgasm. She, too, got off of him, laying on his other side. Kiran now felt a very distinct pain coming from his nether regions, one that made him groan. Immediately, both girls were back up, looking down at him.

“Kiran!” Selena cried, “What did you do to him, you assassin?”

“Shut up, you mercenary! This is all your fault!” They glared daggers at each other, and it took Kiran sitting up and kissing them both, one at a time, to stop them.

“Selena...Clarisse…” Kiran sighed, putting his arms around them. “Why do you have to fight? Can’t I like you both? Can’t we, you know, share?” Both of them blushed at his words, making him laugh, throwing his head back.

“Oh, you two are just so adorable...but, um, I still haven’t finished.” Selena snapped her fingers, realizing it, and Clarisse nodded, going down to his dick and licking it. Selena, not to be outdone, did the same, leaving both of them on the bed in front of the summoner, lapping at his dick while looking up at him. Their soft tongues working on him at the same time was too much.

Kiran moaned, climaxing and watching his seed spray up, landing all over both of their faces and their hair. Clarisse greedily took him into her mouth, cleaning him up, while Selena kissed at his pelvis, massaging his thigh. Once they were both done, they looked at him expectantly. He returned the gaze, confused.

“Oh come on, now,” Clarisse sighed, sitting up on her knees, “You can’t expect me to believe that’s it?”

“The night is young, Kiran,” Selena said, crossing her arms under her breasts and pushing them up, smiling, “You’re not out of the woods yet.”
Kiran smiled, sitting up and dragging them both back down to the bed. Their squeals of cheerfulness were music to his ears.

Chapter End Notes

I'm glad I was finally able to get this chapter out. Finals and such are done for the year, so winter break is a blessing. I do hope you guys enjoyed this.

The poll is up and ready, and I will see you guys next time!
Chapter Summary

It's been some time since the Order of Heroes was introduced to the forces of fire and ice. One of these forces in particular has something important to say to Kiran...

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I'm not dead!

Man, I'm glad to finally get another chapter out. Stay tuned at the end of the fic, I'll have some rather important announcements! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, what you’re saying is, there are more Kingdoms in Zenith than just Askr and Embla?”

Sharena rolled her eyes, giggling. “Just like I told you the last three times, Kiran, yes. They’re just, well...out of the way. We don’t even know about them all.”

The Summoner chuckled, putting an arm around his girlfriend. They were leaning against the bannister where they first confessed to each other, looking out over the Kingdom once again. Truth be told, a great many things had happened since that fateful day, not least of which being the sudden appearance of a Kingdom of Fire and a Kingdom of Ice. After an excursion into the flaming borders of Askr and the discovery of the Princess of Ice, the Order discovered it had a new threat it needed to prepare to fight against.

“You have to admit, though,” Kiran continued, adding to a topic he and Sharena were conversing about earlier, “Loki is really good looking. I mean…” He made a motion in mid-air, as if he were holding something. Sharena had a shocked expression on her face, then laughed, gently pushing Kiran to the side.

“You’re so crude!” She laughed, feeling her long ponytail waving around in the wind, “But, well, I suppose you’re right. She and that other girl...wouldn’t you want to just, I don’t know, pin them to the bed, like you do to me?” Sharena smirked, giggling as she moved back towards him, keeping a hand on the railing while facing him, enjoying the red appearing in his cheeks. It contrasted cutely with his brown hair.

“Sharena,” he muttered, pulling his hood up to hide his face, “It’s still embarrassing when you talk like that…” The princess rolled her eyes, turning him to face her and giving him a kiss on the lips, holding on to either side of his hood so that their kiss was obscured from the side. She intended for it to be short and sweet, little more than a peck, but soon she found herself wanting more, as did he. Their lips opened and closed against each other, the smacking sounds lost to the winds up above. Kiran put his arms around Sharena, and she in turn wrapped hers around his neck. Unlike the first time they were here, this time the kiss was less frantic. They both knew how the other kissed now, so there were no surprises.
“Ah, I do hope I’m not intruding.”

Nevermind. There would be at least one surprise today.

Both Kiran and Sharena yelped as they heard the voice, breaking the kiss and stepping away from each other, trying to act natural. Kiran leaned against the railing, nearly falling off in the process, and Sharena leaned her elbow against the wall of the balcony, failing miserably at looking stealthy.

“Oh, you two don’t need to worry about me,” said Fjorm, second princess of the Kingdom of Nifl. She was giggling, having come up the spiral stairs leading to this balcony. “I was just coming up to see the view. But now that I’m here...I was meaning to find you, Summoner.” She stepped up to the balcony, passing between the two of them and looking out onto the land.

“Such a beautiful view,” she sighed, “My castle in Nifl has a view similar to this. Of course, the castle is made of ice, instead of stone. The way the sun sparkles off of it is lovely.” Sharena smiled at her, walking up beside the Princess and watching the view as well. Kiran, however, stayed against the wall, looking her over. When they had first found her, rescuing her from the encroaching forces of the Muspell and Loki’s wrath, he had noted the distinct style of her armor, realizing that it was unlike any he had seen in Askr prior. Once her identity was discerned, for some reason he expected her to break out into song and dance. Perhaps it was a strange coincidence from his own world.

“Do you like being here, Fjorm?” Sharena asked, hugging her arm. Fjorm nodded, patting her on the head.

“It may not be like Nifl,” she explained, “Yet it feels like home. All thanks to one person, actually.” She turned to look over at Kiran with a warm smile on her face, which made him blush. It seemed so soft and kind, yet at the same time seemed to have some sort of hidden meaning within it. Once Sharena gave him the same smile, he was able to connect the dots.

“This wasn’t a coincidence,” he deduced, “Was it?”

“Not at all,” the ice princess told him, giggling, “Sharena told me you two were coming up here. I wanted to thank you, Summoner. Both for rescuing me from the forces of Muspell, and for allowing me to fight by your side.” She gave him a warm smile, something strange coming from a princess of a literal ice kingdom. It made Kiran shiver. To him it seemed so innocent, yet at the same time highly mischievous. He knew where this was going to go.

“In my Kingdom,” Fjorm continued, “There is a custom. Since we are a land of snow and ice, it is common for people to be buried in avalanches. If you are buried, and someone saves you...you owe that person a debt. You rescued me from Surtr, Kiran. I am in your debt...and it feels like it has been increasing. Every time I fight by your side, it seems as if you help me more than I do you.” Kiran felt like this was unnecessary.

“Please,” he chuckled, nervously trying to wave off the compliments, “We’re the Order of Heroes. It’s our job to protect everyone.”

“That may be so,” Fjorm agreed, “But it does not make up for what I feel would be best. So...I asked Sharena what may help, and she gave me a suggestion.”

“Did I?” Sharena asked, faking confusion, “Hm, what could that have possibly been?” She walked over to Kiran, pushing him forward towards Fjorm, who blushed. Her face looked like a red blanket had been draped over a patch of snow. Kiran’s mouth hung open.

“That is why,” the Ice princess continued, stepping closer to Kiran and taking his hand, putting her
left hand on his shoulder, “I wish to express my admiration and respect for you more. Would you allow me to?”

“O-of course,” Kiran stammered out, attempting and failing to give her a confident smile, “If that’s what you want, then I’d be glad to.”

“Good,” Fjorm whispered, inching her face closer to his. “Because that is exactly what I want.” She ghosted her lips over his, letting her breath pass over his face. She seemed so cold, even her breath chilled his skin. She leaned forward, but brought herself back, not quite letting their lips touch. Kiran let his own hands go to her waist, holding her and feeling the contrast between his warmth and her apparent cold.

“It’s almost as if I can feel your aura,” Fjorm whispered, resting her arms on his shoulders and wrapping them around his neck, “It feels...benevolent. You are a kind soul...” Her lips were so tantalizingly close, but every time he leaned forward, she seemed to move slightly away, giggling at his efforts.

“Do you want to kiss me?” she asked him. Kiran nodded, making her smile. “Good. Because I want to kiss you.” Taking the back of his head in her hand, she pressed her lips against Kiran’s gently. Her lips were much, much warmer than the rest of her. Where her hands and body were freezing, her lips were practically burning. Once their initial kiss was over, she opened her lips, kissing him again. As they continued, he could hear Sharena’s gasps off to the side, and looked to see her leaning against the wall, lifting her skirt and putting a hand down her pants. Her face was red, and her hand was moving. Kiran wanted to see more, but Fjorm’s hand brought him back to face her.

“She’ll join in later,” she whispered, kissing him again. This time, she wasn’t as gentle. Her tongue immediately slipped into Kiran’s mouth, pushing against his, and her hand went under his cloak and into his pants, palming his erection. Once more, her near-freezing touch made him recoil, which only served to entertain her.

“Sorry,” Fjorm whispered, holding his dick in her hand, “I’m naturally cold. It’s part of my Nifl heritage. You’re certainly managing to warm me up, however.” Kiran didn’t know how that was possible, especially since her cold touch made it feel like she would freeze his dick off. The cold feeling dissipated, however, as her hand did in fact seem to get warmer. The change in temperature made him shiver, sighing. Fjorm noticed.

“I told you,” she giggled, kissing his cheek, “Now, would you like to disrobe me as well?” Kiran nodded frantically, and the Ice Princess stepped back, opening her arms to him. Kiran stepped forward, taking off his cloak and letting it fall to the ground, and let his hands pass over her body, making her bite her lower lip and gasp. His fingers trailed over her clothes, then into the seams, starting to remove her upper clothing. However, both he and Fjorm noticed that, somehow, she was also getting her lower clothes taken off. They heard a giggle from behind them, before Sharena, in only her underwear, stood up, smiling at the two.

“I couldn’t wait,” she said, having slipped off Fjorm’s lower clothing, leaving her in just her underwear, “I want to feel you too, Fjorm.” Kissing the Ice princess’ neck and making her moan, Sharena trailed her hands around her waist, going down with her right hand to rub Fjorm’s entrance through her underwear. Kiran, meanwhile, finished removing Fjorm’s clothes, now staring in awe at the two blonde women, both of whom were wearing only their innermost layers. He started to struggle out of his remaining clothes, easily taking off his shirt but having some difficulty with his pants. Meanwhile, Fjorm had turned her head, kissing Sharena on the lips as the Askrian princess’s hands did their work, the left one on Fjorm’s left breast and the right one rubbing at her entrance.

“Give me a second,” Kiran muttered, finally working his pants off. As he went to remove his boxers,
however, two different hands stopped him, pushing him back against the wall. Fjorm and Sharena had come up, and they both kissed him, one on each cheek, before they went to their knees in front of him. Sharena rolled down his boxers, and Fjorm’s eyes seemed to dilate as she looked at his dick, which practically sprung out from its restraints. She raised a hand, taking it and rubbing her thumb over his tip.

“Curious,” she said, “When I was taught about sex in my royal studies...I was told that these would be cursed.”

“Let’s hope not,” Sharena commented, winking up at Kiran, “Or half the Order would be hexed.”

“Way to be blunt, dear,” Kiran muttered, a blush rising on his face. Sharena smiled, closing her eyes and kissing his lips to his pelvis. Fjorm, meanwhile, kissed his tip, pushing just a little bit into her mouth and stroking the rest. Both of them looked up at him, and he looked at them, admiring just how similar they seemed to look. He stroked Fjorm’s hair, paying close attention to how it turned blue at her tips, similar to how Sharena’s almost seemed to turn pink.

“How did I get into this situation?” Kiran thought to himself, resting his head against the wall as the two girls focused on his lower half. Not that he was complaining, of course, but still. It was strange how any circumstances ended up with him in this spot right here. Both girls were focusing on his tip now, keeping their eyes focused on his crotch as they suckled his tip, the sides of their mouths pressing against each other. It was strange feeling them at the same time, considering how Fjorm’s mouth seemed to be just a little bit warmer than Sharena’s, causing an almost evenly split sensation of heat differences.

“Are you sure we should be doing this here?” he asked, looking around at the scenery in the distance, “Someone could walk up the ladder…”

“No they won’t,” Fjorm said, moving her mouth off of his dick and letting Sharena take over, latching her lips fully around Kiran’s tip, “I locked the door to the spiral staircase. We’re alone up here, we have nothing to worry about.” She stood, putting a hand on his chest once more, as Sharena bobbed her head on his dick, pressing the underside of it against her tongue. Fjorm took Kiran’s face in her other hand, giving him a soft kiss, which she soon intensified with her tongue. Kiran, not to be outdone, kept his left hand on Sharena’s head, moving the other one to Fjorm’s clit to rub it. The ice princess gave out one of the cutest sounds he’d ever heard, just then, squealing into his mouth.

“Lay down,” she told him, pulling him from the wall. Sharena moved her mouth off his dick, moving backwards on her knees and wiping her lips. Fjorm, with surprising strength, moved Kiran so that he was laying on the ground, which somehow did not feel as cold as it should. Sharena immediately went back to his dick, looking into his eyes as she stroked it a little, then started to kiss along its length, closing her eyes as her lips pressed against it. Fjorm, meanwhile, crawled over him, looking down at his face from on top. Her rear was close to his entrance, which was still occupied by Sharena’s mouth, and so she moved up a little, lowering her breasts onto his face.

Kiran let the soft mounds rest on his mouth a little first, then opened his lips, closing them around her right nipple and sucking on it. Fjorm panted, letting out short, quick breaths due to the pleasure.

“You seem experienced at this, Kiran,” Fjorm commented, caressing the top of his head while he sucked on her nipple, gently biting it. “Ah...be careful, you, if you get too excited you’ll bite too hard.” She smiled down at him, pressing her hand to his forehead and moving it back through his hair, doing so multiple times. Even if he was currently on her breast, she still wanted to look at him calmly. Kiran could still hear and feel Sharena on his dick, now fully sucking while cupping his balls in one hand. He flicked his tongue over Fjorm’s nipple before leaving that breast and moving to the other one.
“Sharena?” Fjorm said, looking back to the princess, “Don’t let him cum yet, okay? I’d like to feel him as well.” Kiran nearly choked from how blunt Fjorm was, but wasn’t dissuaded, sucking harder on her breast. Sharena, however, pulled off of his dick, and he opened his eyes again, trying to see what was wrong. Fjorm moved herself away from his mouth, smiling down to him and moving himself back. He looked down the length of his body to see his girlfriend holding Fjorm’s rear, guiding her entrance over his dick.

“Sharena told me that you’re amazing at this,” Fjorm told Kiran, teasing his tip against her folds, “So far, I’m not disappointed.” Biting her lower lip, she descended onto his erection, gasping at the feeling. Kiran couldn’t believe he felt so warm and wet, and even Sharena was looking in bewilderment. Once she went down as far as she could, she rose back up, keeping her legs on either side of Kiran and putting her hands on his chest, gyrating her hips while she rose and fell.

“That looks like fun,” Sharena said, moving over to Kiran’s face, “But I want some too!” Before Kiran could say anything, Sharena moved her leg over his face, facing Fjorm and lowering herself onto his lips, quivering once his lips came into contact with her own entrance, which looked just as wet as Fjorm’s felt. Even as he was filling the ice princess with his dick, he grabbed Sharena’s rear, spreading her cheeks apart and pressing his tongue to her clit. The princess yelped, a high-pitched sound that Kiran never grew tired of hearing.

By this point, he wouldn’t be surprised if the entire Kingdom could hear them, their voices carried on the winds that constantly passed this balcony. Sharena was moaning as she usually did, grinding herself against his mouth and tongue, but Fjorm was surprisingly quiet, merely gasping and sometimes letting out a small whine. She wasn’t moving particularly fast, as Sharena tended to do, but she seemed to be enjoying herself nonetheless. This was amplified when Sharena, clearly wanting more, grabbed Fjorm’s shoulders, leaning forward to kiss her on the lips.

Kiran felt something warm and wet land on his stomach, and from the sounds above him, it must have been spit from an almost unnecessarily sloppy kiss. As his own tongue drove its way into Sharena’s entrance, he could hear the two blonde’s mouths connecting, disconnecting, and connecting once more, and the wet slapping of tongue against tongue was evident. Part of him wondered if Sharena was kissing Fjorm more passionately than she’d ever kissed him, but he figured that wasn’t possible. He hoped.

The kiss continued, even as Sharena came out of nowhere. One second, Kiran had pushed his tongue against her inner walls, the next he was tasting her orgasm in his mouth, sputtering at the suddenness of it. Sharena almost went limp, sighing happily and moving herself off of Kiran, who was preoccupied with Fjorm starting to move faster on him. The moment that Sharena moved off, laying down next to the Summoner, Fjorm leaned down, planting her lips on his, and starting to slam herself down harder on him, causing their bodies to slap together loudly.

Kiran could feel his climax coming, almost as if his dick was starting to bulge. Groaning, his tongue wrapped around Fjorm’s, he gripped her rear, moving her faster. The ice princess disconnected the kiss, pressing herself up with her arms and rearing her head back, gasping more.

“Oh, Kiran,” she said, somehow speaking calmly despite the situation, “I’m going to cum...now!” Once she said that, she moved herself down onto his dick as far as she could, quietly moaning and coating his dick. She gasped, moving off of him but looking into his eyes with a worried expression.

“You’re not done, are you?” Kiran shook his head. Fjorm nodded, tapping Sharena on the stomach, making the girl shudder and sit up.

“Help me please, Sharena?” Fjorm moved back down to Kiran’s dick, licking up his length and tasting her own juices. Sharena did the same, licking Kiran’s other side and moaning at the taste of
Fjorm. Once again, the two raised their lips to his tip, sucking on it with their eyes closed. Kiran had had enough.

“You two...” was all he could say, before he grabbed both of their heads, keeping them there as he came. His seed came shooting out, some of it going into Sharena’s mouth and some into Fjorm’s. Both girls, once he was done, pulled back, then once again kissed each other, passing some of his seed in between them. Kiran sighed.

“How are you two so dirty?” he asked, genuinely confused. The girls stopped their kiss, smiling at him with their arms on each other’s shoulders. They crawled up beside him, Fjorm on his left and Sharena on his right, hugging him.

“Say, Kiran?” Sharena asked, “I hope you don’t mind...but I think Fjorm is our girlfriend now!” The Summoner looked to Sharena, then to Fjorm, who nodded.

“I told you I must repay my debt,” the ice princess explained, rubbing her hand on Kiran’s chest, “And...I feel that my love will be the best way to do so. Would you accept me, Kiran?” He didn’t answer at first, kissing her on the nose.

“Gladly,” he whispered, hugging them both close, “Though...I’d probably prefer to be in a warm bed right now. We can keep going there, if you two want?”

Sharena looked to Fjorm, and Fjorm to Sharena, then to Kiran. All three of them got up and quickly started getting dressed. None of them wanted to waste any more time.

Chapter End Notes

How long's it been? A month or so? I have some reasons to explain right now, so I hope you'll all bear with me.

I'll be honest, I've been going through a rough patch. School, life, and a general lack of motivation have hurt my writing time. That, along with a general lack of interaction with people who read this fic, has caused me to slow down, despite me really wanting to continue this series (especially as we start getting into year two of Heroes!)

I'd like to remind everyone once again that requests are CLOSED and have been for more than a few chapters now. Please stop requesting pairings, I already have plenty to go through. You'll notice when you try out the (new and improved) poll on my profile.

Along with that, I'd really enjoy it if you all could spread this fic more. Having more people is never a bad thing, and I'd like this to reach as many people as possible. Along with that, please go ahead and follow me on Tumblr, so that I have a reason to use it, and you can talk to me if you want! (Please talk to me I'm lonely),

Also, a general reminder for ages. While I do age up characters accordingly, if their canon ages are suspect (Lyn and Sharena being prime examples), please be aware that any character that looks young or is confirmed to be young will NOT ever be included (ex: Elise, Sakura, Fir). Any requests with them have been changed or removed. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Anyways, the poll is up on the profile, and I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! I'll see
you all next time!
Summer Memories (Marth x Summer!Tiki)

Chapter Summary

Of all the things he'd experienced since being summoned, one of the weirdest for Marth was seeing his friend Tiki all grown up. Now, that same Tiki, hailing from a warmer land, had a proposition for him.

Chapter Notes

After about a MONTH of anticipation, here it finally is, the 20th chapter of this fic! Goodness me, we're just a few months away from the anniversary, aren't we? That's exciting!

Also, today is my birthday! I am officially dedicating this chapter as my birthday gift to you guys, thank you for sticking by this fic, even if the uploading schedules have gotten crazy!

Looking out over the hills, Marth was reminded of Altea, and of home.

He wasn’t complaining about his situation, of course. Being summoned to assist in a war against an evil empire, he felt more honored than trapped. And Askr was not a terrible place to be in for such a job. Of course, in his mind Altea was the most beautiful of all the realms, but he was forced to admit that Askr was a beautiful Kingdom. The way the land seemed to be divided into hills and valleys, the brisk air that permeated everything. Marth felt much more invigorated here than he could even believe.

He stepped away from the hillside now, resting his hands on his hips, one held over his empty scabbard. He felt strange walking around without Falchion, and although he trusted Kiran’s word that it was safely stored in the armory, a part of him still felt nervous. He knew that he could trust the other Heroes here...mostly. It was strange to once fight alongside Michalis, the man who tried to conquer all, and other “Heroes” whom, he was told, were far from deserving that title in their own worlds.

Still, he had gained invaluable experiences here as well, and learned more about the future, and past, of his Kingdom. Meeting Chrom and Lucina was the most curious part, by far. Aside from his descendant’s curious fashion sense and tendency to smash holes in walls, Chrom seemed to be a fine leader, something Marth was proud to see in someone who shares his blood. Lucina, Chrom’s daughter, gave him even more hope. The girl had asked if it was okay for her to call her “grandfather” (despite the millenia in their age difference), and had barraged him with questions about Altea and his conquests, which he had to quickly explain how they were not conquests, and he wasn’t the ruthless, all-powerful killer that she had heard legends about.

As he stepped away from the cliffside, those thoughts of his legend came back to him. He wasn’t surprised that the tale of his reign was altered over the years, as evidenced by how he was considered...
a so-called “Hero-King”, a title he resented heavily. He was no Hero-King, he was simply someone who wished to save his Kingdom alongside his friends, many of whom had been summoned alongside him. Aside from his betrothed, the lovely Caeda (as well as another Caeda wearing a wedding dress, which delighted Marth to no end), he had come across so many of his friends and compatriots. Ogma, Gordin, Draug, Jagen, just to name a few.

Walking through the fields, Marth started to walk towards the Hall again. On the way, he noticed something peculiar. It seemed as if there was a sword, a large one, left on the grass. Looking closer, Marth reached to pick it up, only to realize it was none other than Alondite.

“Clearly,” he said to himself, walking away from the sword, “Zelgius must be more careful with his weapon.” He left the large sword lying there, walking towards the training fields. Today was a calmer day, and he couldn’t see many Heroes training. There were some riders on the cavalry fields, as well as an archer or two. He recognized Virion and Innes, two Heroes he had met, and had soon become unenthused with. Between their outlandish personalities and their constant need to show off, Marth was more or less bored of them in the first few minutes he had known them, although he refused to show it outwardly.

As he passed the fields, he couldn’t help but think of his own world. According to conversations he had had with the Summoner, once this war was won, he would be able to return to his world, almost as if he had never left. Marth certainly hoped that was the case. Considering how most of the friends and advisors from his world seemed to be here with him in Askir, it would be disastrous to return to his world, only to find it overflowing with chaos due to his absence. Not just Altea, of course; all the other Kingdoms of Archanea seemed to have a Hero present here. They would all be in disarray if Kiran’s words were untrue.

A few more paces down the path led him to a doorway leading to the Hall again. Taking one last look at the training fields, Marth stepped inside, feeling a rush of air from the inside of the Hall blast him in the face. He stepped down the hallway, admiring the Hall’s furnishings, but curious as to why this area was so much colder than the others. He could certainly use something to warm him, up, but he didn’t really want to go back outside. Perhaps he would invite Caeda, either one or both of them, to the new hot springs the Order had discovered. It had been curious, traversing towards those springs. Marth was certain that their enemies were coming at them with music.

As he passes out of the training room area, however, the Hero-King heard an unmistakable call.

“Mar-Mar! Hello!”

Marth turned around, looking down at the ground. He fully expected to see the small, young manakete whose company he grew to enjoy. However, instead he was greeted by a much different view of the dragon.

“How are you, Mar-Mar?” asked the dragon, leaning forward to look at the prince. This was the version of the manakete from Chrom’s world, yes...but it wasn’t her normal form. This was the Tiki that had been summoned during the so-called “Summer Festival”, where several Heroes from the World of Awakening and the World of Fates had arrived, wearing rather revealing outfits not at all accustomed to the current season in the Hall of Heroes. These Heroes quickly got along with their counterparts, however, as well as several others in the Order.

The curious thing about these Heroes, and something that Marth himself was noticing greatly at the moment, was that they seemed to be perpetually in a state of Summer. They never seemed to get cold, despite their outfits and the climate of Askir, and they appeared to radiate a soft glow and warmth at all times. This, of course, led to them being wonderful heaters come winter, where many others would huddle up with them in front of a fire, creating a massive hugging pile of warmth.
“I’m fine, Tiki,” the Altean replied, getting over the initial shock of seeing her, “I was just taking a stroll, is all. Would you care to join me?” Seeing his beloved manakete friend in this new form was strange to Marth. He remembered discussing it with Caeda once, upon their arrival, and the princess reminded him that it would be a normal reaction, especially to someone he had known when they were still young. Even so, having both his world’s Tiki there as well as these two other forms was a curious feeling. He loved to play with her younger form, playing tag, hide and seek, and anything else they could think up...but the way that her older form acted around him, with her hugs and her nicknames...it stirred something inside of him. Something he and Caeda had felt before, especially in the bedroom, but also something he didn’t want to feel for someone he had known like this. At least, that’s what he told himself.

“I’d love to,” Tiki replied, hugging Marth’s arm and nuzzling her head against it. Marth gulped, blushing slightly. Even through all of his regular clothes, the feeling of Tiki’s more exposed body was a curious one. Especially the way she seemed to so lovingly stroke his shoulder with her cheek.

Soon, thankfully, she stopped, slipping her arm around Marth’s, who stood as straight as he could to avoid awkward eye wandering. They walked down the halls, with Tiki greeting several other Heroes that they passed. Marth gave them quick nods, something he usually disliked doing, but was forced to do right now by the body at his side.

“Mar-Mar?” she asked, looking to him, “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course you can, Tiki,” Marth said, finally relaxing and giving her a soft smile. That smile faded, however, once she leaned up to whisper into his ear. The warmth from her body seemed to amplify as her lips reached his head.

“How good are you at sticking a landing?”

Before Marth could reply to that, he felt a push from the side, and soon his body was passing through a doorway, landing on...sand? Falling face-first, he stopped himself just before he hit the ground, forcing himself up onto his feet quickly.

Clearly, while he and Tiki were walking, he had become completely unaware of where he had stepped. Somehow they had ended up right in front of Tiki’s bedroom. At least, this version of Tiki. The room’s floor was completely covered with sand, and the walls were decorated to look like a beach and the ocean, with the furniture styled accordingly. The bed, meanwhile, was right in the middle of the back wall, and Marth had the strangest feeling that this was part of a more sinister plan.

“T-Tiki,” he stammered, turning back to the dragon, who was now closing the door, “Is there something you need to tell me?” The manakete leaned back against the wooden door with her hands behind her back, tilting her head and smiling at the Hero-King. The very sight of that sent shivers down his spine and made his legs want to melt.

“Several millennia is a long time, Mar-Mar,” Tiki cooed, pushing herself off the door and walking towards the man, who was standing completely still, “Enough to...fantasize. So many years I wished that I could see you again. Now, I finally have the chance...and I want to show you just how my feelings for you evolved as I grew.” Before Marth knew it, Tiki’s hands were on his shoulders, and her body was sliding up against his clothing. Her right hand cupped his cheek, moving his head as if she was inspecting it. She smiled.

“I could stare and look at you for centuries,” she whispered, taking his left hand and moving it to her waist. Marth was about to protest, but was stopped by Tiki’s finger on his lips, gently shushing him.

“Before you ask,” she giggled, “Yes, Caeda knows. Clearly you haven’t noticed all of the goings-on
around the Order.” Her body was closer now, and Marth could feel her breasts against his chest. He gulped, but resigned himself to his emotions. Yes, Tiki was a wonderful looking woman, and yes he’d had more than one thought, but they were quickly quashed by his loyalty to Caeda, his soon-to-be wife. But even they had had a discussion about how this world was...and they had both heard about the Summoner’s special relationship with the princess of this realm and some other Heroes. In the end, they agreed that they would be true to each other no matter what, even if there were some deviations along the way. And now, it seemed there was one in front of him.

Deciding that it wasn’t worth it to wait any longer, Marth closed the distance. Raising his other hand to hold Tiki’s waist, he brought her closer into a kiss. There was no awkwardness anymore. This wasn’t his Tiki, even if they were the same person. He felt nothing strange from this, and judging by the arms snaking around his neck, neither did she.

Her mouth was warm, like the rest of her. Tiki’s lips seemed to know what they were doing, and their kiss was not a short one. They stood there in each other’s arms, each one trying to pull the other closer, even if they were flush with each other at that time. This led to Marth being forced to step backwards, continuing the kiss as he trailed Tiki with him. Their lips melded together, and soon the dragon pushed the tip of her tongue through, letting it wrestle with his gently. The moment Marth’s legs touched the bed frame, however, all bets were off.

It was as if something clicked inside his mind. Falling backwards onto the bed, the Hero-King’s kissing started to intensify, as did the manakete’s. Tiki soon worked to remove his clothing, tossing aside Marth’s royal blue robes and armor, until the man was left almost entirely naked, save for his pants. Every time they broke away to remove another article of clothing, they returned to the kiss with perhaps more intensity than before, slamming their lips against each other. The feeling of her red swimsuit against his skin, just barely able to feel her nipples through it, was astounding. Her warmth wasn’t overwhelming, either. It was as if it reached just the right amount of heat for the current moment. Marth was thankful for that, because he was sure they were making a whole lot more.

“Oh, Mar-Mar,” Tiki moaned, wrapping her arms around his head, “I need your touch more…” The blue-haired man obliged, sliding his hands up her sides and to the back of her swimsuit, untying the knot and feeling it loosen. Tiki sat up on his stomach, just in front of his crotch, and let the fabric fall, as well as her breasts. Marth was transfixed by them, and just as Tiki started to say something, he sat up, grabbing them with both of his hands and covering her right nipple with his mouth immediately. Tiki yelped, then softly moaned, holding Marth’s head to her breast while grinding her crotch against him.

While his mouth occupied her right breast and his left hand massaged her left breast, his right hand went down to her rear, sliding along the curve of her body before slipping into her swimsuit. Tiki yelped, feeling his hand squeezing against her bare rear. In response, she took one hand off of his head, pushing it in between them to undo his pants, trying to reach inside.

“I want to make you feel good, Mar-Mar,” she whispered, moving her hand into his underwear and taking hold of his length. She licked her lips.

“It’s bigger than I thought it would be,” Tiki admitted, rubbing her fingers over the tip, “May I see it?” Marth, feeling slightly embarrassed, moved his face away from her bosom, and the manakete shifted off his lap, moving off of him. She crawled backwards on the bed, undoing his pants and slipping them and his underwear off. As soon as his erection was open to the air, her eyes seemed to sparkle, and she licked her lips. Her hand returned to it, slowly stroking his length up and down, focusing her thumb on his tip. Tiki leaned forward, giving Marth’s dick one long lick from bottom to top, staring up into his eyes the entire time. Marth, meanwhile, had moved his head back to rest on a
pillow, even if he was raising his head to look at Tiki’s work.

“I want to do something right now,” the manakete said, taking the tip in her mouth and quickly bobbing her head on his length for a few seconds, getting it slick with her saliva before pulling away. Marth noticed her move further up, and was curious about what her plans were. His thoughts were dispelled when he saw her bring her breasts up, slipping his dick in between the two large, soft pillows. A moan escaped Marth’s mouth, which amplified once Tiki pressed her breasts together around his shaft.

“Tiki…” he groaned, “This is...this is heavenly…” The dragon giggled, starting to move her breasts up and down on him.

“I thought it would be,” she said, “My counterpart told me about trying this. She read it in a book, apparently.” Pushing her breasts down further, Tiki bent her head down, taking Marth’s dick in her mouth again in order to suck on his tip, moving her tongue all around the fleshy bulb and down against the underside. The man below her was enjoying every minute of it, and before long one of his hands had gone to her hair, gently taking her tiara off and letting her hair come loose. Tiki raised an eyebrow, looking up at him in her current position as her emerald hair cascaded around her shoulders.

“Sorry,” Marth muttered, “But...I always thought you would look beautiful no matter how your hair was. I was right.” The dragon giggled, taking her lips off of his dick with a suctioning sound. She moved back, resting on her legs, and looked down at the Lord, who was tilting his head in confusion. Tiki sighed, a happy sound that seemed to echo in the room.

“Oh, Mar-mar,” she cooed, resting her hands on her lap, “I’ve missed you so, so much...it’s inconceivable to be here with you like this...after thousands of years…” Her voice didn’t sound sad or lonely in the slightest. Rather, it was joyful. It was the sound of someone who had waited for generations, only to be reunited with someone they cared about deeply. Marth felt a pain in his chest, and he couldn’t fathom what it was. He struggled to sit on his legs, in the same position as Tiki, and brought his arms out, pulling her into a hug.

“As long as we are here,” Marth whispered, feeling her naked body against his, “I promise you...Caeda and I will be there. Whenever you need us, for anything.” He pulled back from the hug, keeping his hands on her shoulders and looking into her eyes. “I promise.” Tiki, with her eyes wide and slightly glistening, smiled, brushing the hair out of her face.

“Thank you, Mar-mar,” she whispered, leaning forward to kiss him on the lips. Marth quickly kissed her back, and as it went on, their kiss intensified. Tiki started moaning again, scraping her nails over Marth’s skin, and soon they found themselves laying on the bed again, Marth underneath Tiki. The dragon reached down to his dick, taking hold and stroking it a few times, using her hand to guide it against her entrance. Moaning into his mouth all the while, Tiki lowered herself onto his erection, feeling him inside of her for the first time.

Tiki’s lips never left Marth’s, effectively closing over his and pressing her tongue into his mouth, where both of their tongues slipped and slid against each other. Her bottom half was bouncing on his dick, moaning every time he went inside of her again. Occasionally, she would go down as far as she could, then wiggle herself, letting his dick rub up against her inner walls. Her body shifted and moved against his, bringing them as close together as possible.

After a while, however, Marth felt like he could do more. Stopping his kiss, he moved the two of them so that Tiki was laying on her back, and once more he entered her, holding her legs to him and lifting her up to his kneeling form, thrusting inside of her as the manakete, with her back arched, cried out in pleasure. The bed rocked beneath them, and before they knew it, they were nearing their
climax.

Tiki broke first. With a drawn out but softer moan, she rode out her orgasm, letting her body go almost limp while Marth continued to push into her. Groaning, she gestured to him to pull out, pressing her breasts together and winking. Marth understood, pulling out of the dragon and moving up to her breasts, pushing his dick in between them and thrusting there now, resting his hands on the bed above Tiki’s head. The manakete stuck out her tongue, lapping his tip whenever she could reach it, waiting for him to finish between her breasts.

That moment came in about a minute more. Marth gripped the bedsheets, pushing himself into the space between her breasts and cumming over her chest and face. Tiki closed her eyes, feeling Marth’s warm seed on her. Once he finished and pulled away, she wiped her face clean, making a show of cleaning her fingers off just to entertain the Lord.

“Thank you, Mar-Mar,” she sighed, crawling up and laying beside him, her hand on his chest and her head against his shoulder, “You were incredible…” Marth smiled, putting an arm around her waist.

“I’ll have to make it up to Caeda somehow,” he noted, resting his head back, “I know she got your permission, but there’s this pit in my stomach that I just can’t stop thinking about.” He felt Tiki’s hand rub his chest, and she leaned up to kiss him on the cheek.

“Don’t worry about that,” she whispered, “You’ll make it up to her. I’ll help you.” She reached down, gently tapping his dick. “I’m sure you can work with two beautiful women at once, hm?” Marth nodded, and Tiki giggled, resting against his body again. In mere seconds, she was asleep, gently laying against him.

Evidently, some things didn’t change.

Chapter End Notes

I have a little surprise for everyone, in the form of a discord server just for this fic! Do you want to join a place with other fans to talk and make friends? Well this place is for you! I'll have the link set up soon on my profile, look for it starting at around 7 am PST.

The poll for the next chapter will be up, and running until Sunday at 10 pm PST. As a sidenote: Last chapter I stated that I will not use any character in this fic that is young or that looks young, i.e. Elise, Sakura, Nowi, and others. This also includes any characters below the age of 18, for games with canonical ages, specifically Echoes. Because many characters in Echoes are below 18, they have been removed from the pairings list and will not be placed back on. Thank you for your understanding, and have a fantastic day!
Hot Spring Meetup (M!Kiran x Kagero x Sonya x Mathilda)

Chapter Summary

The strange green hot springs seem to have a mind of their own, as they tend to appear and disappear every now and again. Now, however, Kiran is finally able to visit them, only to stumble upon three lovely ladies and one curious bit of hot spring knowledge.

Chapter Notes

Wow, I didn't take over a month to write this one! Fair warning, this chapter is almost 1k words longer than my normal ones (blame it on me just really liking the prompt), but I do still hope you enjoy it regardless!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Kiran couldn’t exactly remember who it was that gave Anna the intel about the hot springs located a ways away from the Hall of Heroes, but he was certainly glad that it had happened. According to the stories, there were several different hot springs hidden around the World of Zenith, ones with green colored water said to enhance one’s attributes and cure illness and health problems, as well as being wonderful place to relax. Legend also says that these hot springs are guarded by legions of musical soldiers, phantoms that are easier to defeat than regular enemies, but come in much greater numbers.

Kiran had to admit that it took them a while to clear the way to the first springs that they found. Every few times they passed through enemies, they needed to take a break, until they were finally able to break through the ranks of the musical phantoms. Different floors seemed to present different styles of music, and Kiran made a note to see if the tunes had names in Zenith. The phantoms came in droves, but they were beaten back until the very end of the “dungeon”, where the greenish light emitted by the hot springs was in sight, glowing against the walls of the caverns.

It seemed that these hot springs were elusive, however. After some weeks, they seemed to vanish, only to reappear elsewhere. This, of course, forced the Order of Heroes to once more beat back legions of musical phantoms, until they once again reached the green waters of the spring. This time, Kiran was determined to get some time in the refreshing water. It seemed that everyone else in the Order was able to visit the last springs but him, a fact that irked him somewhat. Thankfully, he was able to find some free time, delegating a few tasks to Anna (who was surprisingly eager to do so after she and Kiran spent some time alone in her office again).

Even as he walked in his swim gear, simply consisting of white and gold shorts and a plain white shirt. He brought a rough towel with him, realizing that it was his only real option in this world, and he wore his Summoner’s cloak, never going anywhere without it or Breidablik, which was currently clipped to his shorts, causing them to slip a little, much to his chagrin. The length of the cavern seemed to have gotten shorter, as Kiran had barely walked for two minutes when he could already see the glow of the water in his vision.

“Thank you, Zenith,” he muttered, picking up his pace, “For your wonderful, magical green waters.”
As he approached, he took notice of something strewn about the nearby rocks. Paying it little mind, he came upon the water, his grin turning into a look of shock, and his face reddening greatly.

“Oh, hello Summoner,” said an adult, feminine voice from the waters, “It’s quite nice seeing you here.” That voice, Kiran knew even without looking, belonged to the paladin by the name of Mathilda, from the World of Shadows. What struck him wasn’t her presence, though. As Kiran looked back towards the rocks, he was finally able to determine what those items were. They were clothes. He could see Mathilda’s armor, as well as what Kiran only assumed was underwear. A look back to the pool confirmed it: Mathilda was laying against the edge of the springs, looking up backwards at him. Though the water was opaque, not letting anything be seen under its surface, he could see enough of Mathilda’s chest floating above water to know that she was entirely naked.

“This has to be a dream,” Kiran thought to himself. “Hello, Mathilda,” he said out loud, somehow able to maintain his composure, “Would you mind if I joined you?”

“Not at all,” said another, much silkier and smoother voice, causing Kiran’s heart to jump. Evidently he hadn’t looked at the rock carefully enough. In the middle of the water, floating vertically, Kiran saw another woman from the World of Shadows, the mage Sonya. Her purple hair cascaded around her shoulders, and her chest floated in a similar position to Mathilda’s, where the water line reached just above where her nipples would be. Kiran realized he was staring, only because he heard Sonya then giggle.

“Is something the matter, Kiran?” Mathilda asked, turning to lean her arms on the edge of the spring, looking up at the Summoner, “The water is perfectly fine, I insist you join us.” He gulped, but nodded, going to leave his cloak and towel, as well as Breidablik, on one of the rocks next to their clothing. As he went back to the spring, however, Sonya made a tutting noise.

“I would suggest not wearing that, Kiran,” the mage said, with a sly look on her face, “These waters are not friendly to any sort of clothing. They tend to...fall off easily.” The way she said that made it seem like there was a different reason for that happening, but Kiran wasn’t about to argue with a woman who was currently giving him some miniature heart attacks. He shrugged out of his shirt, then stopped, suddenly very conscious of his pants. With a sigh, he removed his shorts, exposing himself fully to the air and praying that this wasn’t an indication of a future career.

“Oh my,” he heard Mathilda say, “I suppose we should have turned around, sorry.” He heard the water slosh, and looked back to the pool, seeing that the two women had turned away. Mathilda was once again relaxing against the side, and Sonya floated to the center, laying her head back with her eyes closed, so that her hair floated on the surface of the water. Kiran went over to the pool, stepping in slowly. As soon as his crotch region touched the water, he couldn’t help but sigh in relief, feeling a wave of calm and peace wash over him. It was as if all the negative thoughts inside of him were forcibly expelled, and his energy seemed to shoot straight up, as if he had slept for days. He felt fully rested. Clearly Mathilda, who was sitting just a few feet from him, noticed his expression.

“Doesn’t it feel wonderful?” she asked him, resting her palm on the water, “Clive and I came to this spring the last time it was discovered. We felt born again, almost. It was such a wonderful time.”

“Of course,” she cooed, touching his chin and moving it to face her more, “These springs do something else entirely. I’ve found they’re very good at...stimulation. But you know plenty about that, don’t you, Summoner?” That last word was said with a hint of what could only be described as intense interest. Kiran felt that he understood what she meant, particularly when the waves of calm
turned into waves of...arousal?

“So,” Kiran said, suddenly very lost in Sonya’s beautiful eyes, “This spring...causes heightened arousal?” Without even thinking, his face was moving closer to the mage, who was also leaning in.

“Now you’re getting it,” said Mathilda, who had moved up on Kiran’s other side, holding him similar to Sonya. Feeling two pairs of large, soft breasts on either side of him made Kiran feel even more aroused, yet claustrophobic at the same time.

“We know the things you’ve done with some other Heroes, Kiran,” Sonya whispered, gently kissing him on the lips, taking one of his hands under the water and guiding it to hold her breast.

“My Clive won’t mind knowing about this,” Mathilda said from the other side, gently taking Kiran’s dick in her hand underwater, rubbing her thumb on his tip, “As long as I do it twice as much with him.” She kissed the side of Kiran’s neck, pressing her breasts more against his body. Kiran was absolutely not complaining, entirely welcoming these advances. His hand on Sonya’s breast squeezed, causing the mage to let out an uncharacteristically cute moan, giving Kiran the opportunity to push his tongue through to her mouth, sliding against hers.

“You two need to learn subtlety.” A third voice caused Kiran to stop, breaking away from his kiss with Sonya. The mage sighed, and the paladin giggled, as another body floated out of the dark side of the pool. Kiran was amazed that there was even a dark side in an illuminated hot spring.

“That isn’t to say that I haven’t experienced the same effects.” The voice belonged to a third woman, whom Kiran discovered to be none other than the beautiful ninja of Hoshido, Kagero. The ninja’s hair, even in a place like this, covered one of her eyes, and she was also entirely naked in the water. Kagero swam up to Kiran, effectively placing him in a position where he was trapped by the three women, and more particularly by a barrier of their breasts.

“Hello, Summoner,” Kagero said, giving him a shy, but adorable smile, “While this is a surprise...I was hoping that you would be coming to the springs today. Everything about your demeanor at the hall today suggested you would do it.” She leaned in, giving him a small kiss on the lips. “You are an easy target to track.”

“I-I am?” Kiran asked, looking at her, but focusing on the feeling of her moving onto his lap, feeling her thighs against his and her breasts on his chest. With Sonya on his left, Mathilda on his right, and Kagero in front of him, Kiran was glad that he was the height that he was, or else he would be suffocating at the moment. Not that he would mind that.

“Very much so. If I were an enemy combatant, you would have perished easily.” The ninja smiled again, leaning forward to kiss Kiran on his mouth, holding him in a kiss for a few seconds before pulling away. “However, you arrived at an opportune time. The hot springs’ effects had us three nearly tearing at each other. You will be a lucky man tonight, Summoner.”

“I already am,” Kiran whispered, laying back as the women got closer to him. He seemed to be getting so many lucky breaks recently, Kiran was worried his luck would soon run out. After all, there was no way that so many Heroes wanted to be with him like this...or was there?

“What are you thinking about?” Mathilda asked, kissing Kiran’s cheek and resting her right hand on his chest, keeping his arm between her breasts, “You look so deep in thought, Summoner.”

“He’s probably thinking about how lucky he is,” Sonya noted, kissing Kiran on the other cheek and gently stroking his dick under the water, “Like what Kagero said. You are a lucky man, Kiran. I already wanted you before, for multiple reasons...but this water is only making me want you more.”
Kagero, meanwhile, simply kissed Kiran on the lips again, moving onto his lap just in front of his dick. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she pressed her body to his, letting him feel her breasts on his chest. Mathilda moved her hand, lowering it to help Sonya with stroking Kiran’s dick.

The Summoner moaned, reaching his hands to the sides to try and touch two of the women. While he managed to get his right hand on Mathilda’s waist, sliding it around to hold her lower back, Sonya immediately grabbed his hand, forcing it to her breast again.

“You have work to do, Kiran,” the mage giggled, sighing in pleasure once Kiran’s hands started to massage her breast. He squeezed the soft flesh while it was still under the water, cupping it and weighing it in his hand. Mathilda, seeing the act, decided to use her other hand to move Kiran’s, sliding it back around to the front of her stomach, then gently down to her clit, moaning all the way.

“I want your fingers now, Summoner,” Mathilda moaned, pressing herself more to Kiran’s body, forcing his hand to rub against her clit, “I need to work through this arousal…”

“I-I’ll do my best,” Kiran said, breaking the kiss with Kagero, who licked his lips, begging to return to it. Without letting him restart it, Kagero starting to lick at his face, wrapping her arms around his head as her soft, warm tongue traced his cheeks. Kagero looked so wonderful, Kiran thought, licking him with her mouth open and eyes closed. As soon as her tongue got near his lips again, Kiran echoed her, sticking out his tongue and letting it rub against hers, before they slowly went back into their kiss, now much more anxious and passionate than the last one.

Mathilda and Sonya, still huffing from Kiran’s hands, looked at each other and nodded. Both women got on their knees beside Kiran, causing them to be halfway out of the water, revealing their breasts fully. They moved closer to the Summoner, putting their stomachs up against his shoulders and leaning over him, resting their breasts against the sides of his head. The two ladies then leaned towards each other, capturing their lips together in a kiss similar to Kagero and Kiran’s.

Kiran broke the kiss then, taking his left hand away from Sonya’s breast and moving it to Kagero’s. However, the ninja stopped him.

“You have another job to do,” she whispered, kissing his nose before she moved off of him. Kiran was confused, until he felt the two women over him move off, leaving just a smacking sound of lips separating. The three of them waded through the water, waving for Kiran to follow, which he did.

“The water is much more shallow over here,” Mathilda said, intentionally taking Sonya’s head and bringing it to her breasts, where the mag eagerly started to suck on the left one, “So we have much more movement.” The paladin breathed heavily, holding Sonya’s head to her breast as the mage pushed two of her fingers into her. Kagero, meanwhile, took Kiran’s hands, bringing him to the shallow end. At this point, the water reached Kiran’s shins, and he had a full view of the women before him. He gulped, taking in the sight of Kagero’s body.

“Wow,” he whispered, walking up to her and taking both of her breasts, one in each hand, “Kagero, you’re…”

“Beautiful?” the ninja asked, finishing the sentence for him, “Spare me the pleasantries, Summoner…I don’t care much for them.” She palmed his dick with her right hand, holding his cheek with her left. “And yet...coming from you, they seem genuine...and perhaps even exciting.” Without warning, she pulled him down to the water, causing Kiran to cry out as the water splashed around them, leaving both of them dripping wet. Kiran could feel himself being turned around and moved, and once he opened his eyes, he was seated on the floor of the spring, with just enough water to allow for his dick to be present above the surface. The three girls were before him, looking down at his body while sitting on their legs.
“So, Kiran,” Sonya asked, crawling up to the young man, “I believe you need to satisfy us right now, am I correct?” Kiran gulped, nodding excitedly. Sonya giggled, then pushed her hair back, going down to lick at Kiran’s tip, suckling on it. Mathilda came up beside him, kissing his neck and his lips, holding his head in her hands to steady their passionate make out session. Kagero, however, had other plans. Moving in front of him, she leaned down, wrapping Kiran’s dick in her sizable breasts. Sonya continued to suck on his tip, but now also ended up kissing Kagero’s breasts every time they came up on his dick, and used her right hand to gently massage his balls.

Kiran couldn’t believe any of what was happening, despite it being so real. His tongue danced with Mathilda’s, as the paladin moved his hand against her crotch once more, guiding his fingers into her entrance, which was wet both from the water and her arousal. Sonya moved a little, still suckling on Kiran’s tip, but now also resting her rear on his chest, allowing him access to her entrance as well. He gladly accepted the offer, pushing his fingers inside of her entrance for a few seconds, then pulling them out, breaking the kiss with Mathilda to hold the fingers up to her. The paladin smirked, holding Kiran’s wrist and looking into his eyes as she took his fingers into her mouth, sucking and licking them clean.

“I love these hot springs now,” he muttered, before Mathilda went back to kissing him, and Kiran’s fingers went back into Sonya. Kagero was rubbing her breasts faster on Kiran’s dick, and Sonya moved her lips off his tip, now smashing them against Kagero’s own lips. The two of them kissed hard enough to swap spit, with most of it falling onto Kagero’s breasts and onto Kiran’s dick, making it even slicker. He couldn’t take it much longer, and started whining into Mathilda’s mouth, feeling ever closer to climax.

“You’re not going to finish yet, are you?” Mathilda asked, moving off of his lips but still grinding against his fingers, “You need to let us ride you first, Summoner~” Sonya and Kagero clearly agreed, because they stopped their kiss, both of them moving away from his dick. Sonya was the first to return, however, squatting on top of Kiran and feeling him rubbing against her entrance, causing Kiran to lay his head in the water, moaning with his mouth open. Sonya moaned every time she went down on him, faster and faster until she was bouncing on his pelvis, letting her breasts bounce up and down.

During Sonya’s ride, Kagero brought Mathilda up into a kiss, then moved their heads closer to Kiran, letting him into the kiss. Their lips pressed into a triangle, and soon they all had their tongues out, licking at each other’s mouths, until both Kagero and Mathilda stuck their tongues into Kiran’s mouth at the same time, mashing their faces together. Kiran was confused by this, but at the same time he didn’t hate it. Rather, he welcomed it, fingering both women with two fingers to feel their inner walls.

Sonya’s entrance felt warm and inviting, but Kiran learned how close she was to climax once she cried out, slamming herself down as far as she could onto Kiran’s dick. He felt her tighten up around his dick, before slumping off, laying herself in the water as Kagero left the kiss, looking at Kiran and stroking him. Kiran looked to Mathilda, who shook her head.

“I’ll be satisfied just with your fingers,” she whispered, “Kagero wanted to be the one you finish with, and I can tell you’re close to that.” Kiran nodded, kissing Mathilda quickly on the lips and doubling his efforts with his fingers inside of her. Mathilda hugged Kiran’s arm, smiling and gasping with pleasure every time his fingers went inside of her. Sonya, now occupying the spot Kagero took,
simply rested next to Kiran, putting a hand on his shoulder and resting her head against his. Kagero, however, lowered herself onto Kiran’s dick, then leaned forward, laying on him and pressing her breasts into his chest. She was blushing hard, though whether it was from her actions or the spring heat, Kiran couldn’t tell.

“Summoner,” she muttered, looking bashful all of a sudden, “I...I’d like you to finish inside of me, please. If you wouldn’t mind...I just need it so much...” Kiran smiled, patting her cheek with his right hand, and kissed her on the lips. Kagero sighed pleasantly, moving her rear up and down to let him further inside of her entrance. Unlike Sonya, Kagero didn’t moan. Instead, with her mouth attached to Kiran’s, she yelped, rubbing her breasts against him with every movement she made.

“You certainly know how to treat a lady to a good time,” Sonya whispered into Kiran’s ear, playing with his brown hair as he kissed the busty ninja riding him, “I see Sharena wasn’t wrong about you at all.” Of course she had something to do with this, he thought. Sonya’s lips kissed his cheek, then nibbled on his earlobe, as the mage softly hummed into Kiran’s hearing. While focusing on Kagero’s lips and body, he felt Mathilda tighten up around his fingers. Thrusting them in and out of her more, and rubbing his thumb against her clit, Kiran felt a warm fluid, separate from the waters of the spring, wash over his fingers as Mathilda finally came, very quietly sighing but very obviously grabbing his arm tighter, squeezing it between her breasts.

“It seems to be just us two now,” Kagero noted, breaking away from her kiss with Kiran but still riding him. “I...I’m going to climax soon, Summoner...are you?”

“I think,” Kiran said, unable to speak because of the sight before him. Kagero’s position, as well as her riding, had moved the hair from her eyes, and now she was looking straight at him. “You’re absolutely gorgeous, Kagero.” The ninja’s eyes widened, and she blushed, but she didn’t deny his comments.

“K-Kiran,” she moaned, finally using his name instead of his title, “I’m...I’m....” She kissed him hard again, moaning as she came suddenly, continuing to ride him as she did. After a few seconds of her climax, she slowed down, then broke the kiss again.

“I am sorry, Kiran,” she said, the hair going back in front of her eyes, “We’ll help you climax, do not worry.” Kagero slipped off of him, quickly moving back down his body, laying kisses down his chest and stomach and to his pelvis. Kiran could feel Sonya and Mathilda move as well, and he propped himself up with his arms, only to see and feel all three of them put their breasts on his dick, squeezing it between them.

Kiran gasped, and moaned once all three women leaned down, kissing his tip and sharing him together. Unable to control himself, Kiran came, feeling his climax shoot out of his dick and onto the three women, splattering on their faces, their hair, and their breasts. He was left panting, even as the three of them, giggling, licked his seed off of each other, culminating in their own three-way kiss, their breasts still pressed against him. Once that was done, they looked to him, all of them smiling.

“Did you enjoy that, Summoner?” Mathilda asked, closing her eyes and nodding. Kiran shakily smiled.

“I enjoyed that very much,” he answered, sitting up. The women came up to him, each giving him a kiss on his face.

“Perhaps some other time, we can be somewhere less...wet,” Sonya suggested, tracing Kiran’s chest with a finger.

“I would certainly enjoy that,” Kagero concurred, kissing Kiran’s cheek and nuzzling his neck.
Kiran patted the ninja’s head, and gave Sonya a quick kiss on the lips.

“It would be my pleasure,” he told them, setting a mental note in the back of his mind. The next time these springs appear, Kiran would be first in line.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I did vote for Kagero in the bunny Voting Gauntlet. I would have voted for Sharena, true, but Kagero felt more appropriate considering the chapter. Besides, I have both Kagero and Sharena's bunny forms now, only two more to go...

The next chapter poll is up, and will be closed on Saturday at 10 pm PST! Have a good day, and I'll see you next time!
Chapter Summary

Knowing that these Heroes aren’t usually accustomed to fighting with magic, Kiran took it upon himself to oversee their training for the day. However, it seems one of them has a plan, one that Kiran isn’t aware of until too late.

Chapter Notes

First off, finals are basically done for me, woo, summer vacation! After almost a month of waiting, I finally bring you my longest chapter yet! I’m serious, this thing is super long, I have no idea how it got this long. Thank you to all of you who waited patiently, and please be prepared for a special announcement at the end of the chapter. Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kiran was certain that there was nobody in any of the worlds that was as lucky as he was. Of course, in his mind this was obvious. Not many would have the opportunity to help lead an interdimensional fighting force of the greatest Heroes any history has ever seen. Far fewer people would be able to be romantically and physically involved with so many lovers, either.

These feelings reached a boiling point when Breidablik heralded the arrival of Heroes from the World of Blazing and the World of Binding, dressed in a way to celebrate their Festival of Love, a time when friends, family, and lovers shared their adoration for each other in the form of gifts and actions. Of course, Hector didn’t get the memo, arriving not with a present but with Armads, which he used rather effectively once he was summoned. Then again, he and his “regular” counterpart could often be seen exchanging blows in training. Kiran swore that every strike shook the Hall’s foundations.

He had gotten presents for both Sharena and Fjorm during this festival, and it was no surprise to him that Sharena had gotten his present first. Somehow, she had gotten him a plush version of Feh, the Hall’s owl, with a heart stitched onto it. He felt rather ashamed that his own gift to her was a box of chocolates and some flowers, but the princess loved them all the same, particularly when she took a piece of chocolate in her mouth, then kissed him.

Fjorm had been harder to find a gift for, but Kiran was certain that the small model of her home castle from Nifl would be nice. It was more than he bargained for, however. She loved it so much, she pulled him into the bedroom and didn’t let him go for several long, wonderful hours.

Right now, however, Kiran was focused on overseeing some training. The Festival of Love had been months ago, and he was curious about the new Heroes that had been summoned both during and around that time. The way that Lilina and Lyn used the power of the magical gifts they used as weapons was curious, especially once they each met their own counterparts. Hector was no surprise, considering how he brought along basically the same weapon, but Roy and Eliwood at least had new
weapons with festive names, though Eliwood’s made Kiran vaguely remember something from his own world, something to do with the name.

At the moment, as he was reminiscing, a horseback mage launched an attack, utterly obliterating one of the wooden training dummies set up on the range. He shook himself from his stupor, seeing the mage in question. Eirika, the Restoration Lady from the World of Stones, sat upon her steed, hand outstretched with a smile on her face. When she had been summoned, alongside L’Arachel and Myrrh, there had been a buzz among the other Heroes from the World of Stones, particularly Ephraim, Innes, and Seth. Ephraim was curious about having two different sisters, but was ready to defend them both, nearly to the point of, once again, getting into fisticuffs with Innes. Myrrh seemed ready to just hug Ephraim to stop him, and L’Arachel was preparing to whack them with a staff. According to Seth, once Kiran asked him what was happening, all of this was normal to them. Kiran didn’t question further.

Alongside the princess was another woman unaccustomed to using a tome. Lyn, or at least her form from the Festival of Love, threw out her hand, causing another magical present to fly out, also destroying a target set out on the field. Kiran was curious about this Lyn for two reasons. First, he couldn’t help but wonder if she was more like her regular form than he expected. Second, he remembered that when Lyn was summoned from the curious world where the bridal competition was held, she had detested the dress she was forced to wear. Yet somehow, this version of Lyn seemed more than happy to be wearing such attire. Such an action made Kiran question just how much some versions of Heroes changed between their world variations.

“Good shots,” Kiran told them both, looking out at the wooden carcasses, “Though, I’d suggest toning down the power next time. We don’t exactly have an unlimited supply of those dummies out there.”

“Well, you’re welcome to be our target, Kiran,” Lyn joked, holding her gift at her side, “But I’ll do my best with that. I’m still getting used to using a tome.”

“I thought the point was to destroy the target?” Eirika asked, looking down from her horse, “After all, if we’re going to be fighting, we have to make sure we use all of our strength. Isn’t that what you said?”

“W-well…” She was right, he had told everyone that some time ago. Eirika had always been one to call him out on inconsistencies, something that he much appreciated. Though that had mostly been her regular form, this new Eirika very quickly got into the habit as well. That just made him think yet again of the potential ramifications of all of these Heroes meeting themselves in this world. Although he already knew what the effects were with Lucina, the others made him more curious.

“She’s right, you know,” Lyn added, holding her gift in both hands, “If our job is to defeat the enemy, then perhaps we should use our full strength even when we train.” Kiran looked from Eirika to Lyn, and back again. They were making very good points, and the smiles on their faces didn’t help his situation.

“U-um,” he stammered, rubbing behind his head, “See, that is very true, but…” Kiran sighed. “I...do not have a good way to answer that.” Lyn giggled, walking over to him and giving him a playful pat on the cheek.

“Don’t worry, Kiran,” she said, “We’re just teasing you. You’re so cute when you’re flustered.” She leaned in a little more, whispering in his ear. “Although, judging from what my counterpart says, you’re even cuter when you’re aroused.” The Summoner gulped, and the sweat trailed down his neck. He was wondering if Lyn would ever tell her other forms about the things they did. Lo and behold, here was his answer.
“Are you trying to skip out on your training?” he whispered back, gently putting a hand on her waist. “Because I’d be fine if you did.” Lyn giggled again, kissing him on the cheek and turning back to the fence, firing off some more magical attacks. Kiran crossed his arms, leaning back on one foot and looking at her. The dress she wore left a lot to the imagination, but already knowing what Lyn looked like naked helped a lot.

“Excuse me, Kiran?” Eirika asked, walking up alongside him. She had dismounted her horse, leaving it tied to the fence in front of them. “I needed to ask you something.” Kiran turned to the princess, who took his arm and turned him away, looking back at Lyn before facing forward again. She had a mischievous look on her face, and Kiran felt like he knew what would be coming.

“Tell me,” Eirika muttered, holding Kiran’s arms with both hands, “Is what Sharena said true? Have you really been doing all these things with other Heroes here?” Kiran nodded, and she smiled. “At least you aren’t a liar,” she said, taking one hand from his arm and gently holding his cheek. “I’m rather surprised you haven’t asked me or my other form. Is there something about me that puts you off?”

“Not at all,” Kiran replied sincerely, “I just...I feel strange asking first...I know I’ve been doing it often, but it’s still so surprising to me whenever another Hero asks me to...well, you know.” Eirika smiled, kissing Kiran on the cheek.

Perhaps you should try asking first, then. I could see Lyn already had you flustered, and there isn’t anyone else around. Why don’t you ask her?” She smirked. “Doesn’t Lyn look just wonderful in that dress of her? It seems very well-made, and the way the color flows is magnificent. Wouldn’t you just want to...tear it off?” Her last sentence was punctuated by an innocent sounding giggle. Kiran looked back to the Lady of the Plains, and he had to agree. However, even though he agreed that Lyn’s dress was spectacular, his mind was focused on something else. Lyn was a beautifully shaped woman, and the dress she wore showed off her curves, and especially gave anyone a wonderful view from the front.

“Don’t discount yourself, Eirika,” Kiran noted, still looking over at Lyn before returning his attention to the blue-haired woman before him. Eirika was a beautiful woman before, but it seemed like this version of her only doubled her beauty, and her body. Kiran often found himself catching glimpses of her soft, white thighs, and wondering just how good they would feel on his shoulders, squeezing his head between them. Shaking the thought from his mind for now, he watched as Eirika blushed at his comment, patting him on the cheek before returning to her horse, leading it away to the stables. Kiran, meanwhile, walked up beside Lyn, watching as she blasted gifts towards the field.

“You’re doing good work,” he commented, putting his hands behind his back. Lyn nodded, wiping some sweat from her brow.

“Magic is tougher than it looks,” she sighed, “But I know I’m getting the hang of it. I’ll be the only version of myself that can use magic, and I’m pretty proud of that.”

“What about your Bride form?” Kiran tried not to think about how the wedding dress seemed to accentuate her figure just as much as this dress before him now. “I would assume that using a staff, even if it looks like a candlestick, counts as magic.”

“W-well,” Lyn stammered, looking flustered, “Yes, maybe I didn’t consider that...looks like I’m not the only version then. A shame.” The Summoner laughed, patting Lyn on the shoulder.

“You’re still unique in my eyes,” he said, nodding his head, “Just looking at your dress lets me know that.”
“My dress?” Lyn asked, crossing her arms, “Are you absolutely certain you were looking at my dress? There’s more to it than just the region just below my neck, you know.” Kiran gulped, realizing that he was paying a little too much attention to Lyn’s ample bosom. He continued, however, reminded of Eirika’s idea.

“Well,” he stuttered, putting a hand on her waist and another on her hand, making her raise an eyebrow, “I couldn’t help but...a-admire your form...and how absolutely stunning you look.” At least he was telling the truth. The way the flowing blue fabric seems to contrast Lyn’s long green hair was pleasant to the eyes, and the accent colors, not to mention the yellow triangle on her front rising from her stomach, gave Kiran a beautiful image to behold.

“Why, Summoner,” Lyn said, smirking and pulling him closer by the hand, “If I didn’t know better, I would say you’re trying to flatter me. Do you have...ulterior motives?”

“Perhaps.” Kiran’s hands both went to her waist now, moving in until their bodies were touching, with Lyn not-so-subtly wrapping her arms around his shoulders. “I...wanted to ask if you...maybe...possibly...”

“Too flustered to speak?” Lyn asked, very intentionally pressing her chest to his, “I’m surprised at you, Kiran. All of these conquests, all of these tactics, and you can’t make the first move?” Kiran swore he could hear Eirika laughing at him in his mind.

“I-I’ll make the first move,” he whispered, pulling her by the waist and smashing a kiss on her lips. He felt her chuckled, wrapping her slender yet strong arms around his neck to pull him closer. Between the warmth of her upper body and the softness of her dress, he just wanted to stay like that, not even move. His hands betrayed him, however, sliding up her waist and reaching just underneath her breast, causing her to stop the kiss, putting a finger on his lips.

“Now, now,” she whispered with a smile, “Perhaps you should try something more than that. A simple kiss isn’t your style, according to my counterpart.” She was right, he knew, and so he let go of her chest, returning to her face for a kiss. He paused just before their lips connected, and instead kissed her cheek. Lyn smiled, patting his head, then gasped as his kisses continued, moving lower down her face until he was licking her neck, causing her to close her eyes and shiver. Kiran’s arms went around her waist, and his kissing pushed her backwards, making her walk until she reached the fence.

“Naughty boy,” she gasped, feeling the Summoner’s lips reach the top of her breasts, kissing the large round objects. She gently pushed him away then, giggling as she sat on top of the fence, her blue dress billowing underneath her. Kiran was confused until she seemed to open her legs a little more.

“Isn’t this a little fast?” he asked with a smirk, kneeling before the robed woman and throwing the dress skirt over his head.

“Perhaps,” Lyn noted, tilting her head as she watched him disappear under the dress, “But I have some idea of what you’re capable of down there. I’d like to witness it first-hand.” He couldn’t argue with that, Kiran thought, as he witnessed the sight before him. The light coming into the dress underside was minimal, yet colored with a blue tint. He could just barely see her white legs, along with her thighs and, finally, her soft black panties. Kiran knew that her normal form wore shorts under her outfit, but perhaps this version of Lyn didn’t need such dress, considering the length of the dress. Any thoughts of clothing design were banished once his lips found her thighs, and he heard Lyn’s moans softly begin, as his head brushed against the front of the dress.

“It seems he actually did it,” Kiran heard another voice say, as his tongue made its way towards
Lyn’s underwear, nipping gently at her thighs. He could feel the Lady of the Plains shiver, either from his actions of from her giggle.

“Did you put him up to this, Eirika?” Lyn asked, evidently talking to the Amnanesis Lady, “I wouldn’t have expected this from you.” Finally reaching Lyn’s panties, Kiran gripped them with his teeth, emitting a gasp from Lyn as he pulled them down her thighs, revealing her to him. Stopping for a second to appreciate the sight, he stuck out his tongue, slowly and deliberately moving the tip of his tongue from the bottom to the top of her slit, collecting some of the wetness already present. Every centimeter he moved caused Lyn to moan louder, as if he were playing an instrument with his tongue.

“I figured he would enjoy it, and so would you.” Eirika’s voice seemed genuinely caring, something not uncomman from the princess. “He seems to be doing such a good job...” Kiran felt a hand on his head through the dress, assuming it to be Eirika’s. She gently pushed him forward, causing his tongue to press against Lyn’s clit. Even though Kiran was already used to her moans, Lyn’s current sounds were only serving to arouse him more.

As his tongue traced Lyn’s entrance more, he felt the hand move off of his head, followed by the sound of footsteps. Lyn gave a surprised noise, and soon Kiran felt the fabric over his head move, as well as something moving up next to him. He took his mouth off of Lyn’s clit, turning around and seeing Eirika’s smiling face, her light blue hair moving over her shoulders and slightly sticking to Lyn’s dress thanks to the static electricity.

“I hope you don’t mind if I join you?” she asked, kissing a surprised Kiran quickly on the lips, “Mmm, tasty already. May I?” The Summoner, still shocked, nodded, and Eirika patted his cheek, pushing past him to lick up Lyn’s slit, once more causing her to moan. Eirika seemed to waste no time, sucking on Lyn’s clit and sticking her tongue inside of the woman.

“Kiran!” Lyn cried, “C-come out here!” He obliged, struggling out of Lyn’s dress and witnessing Eirika’s body completely covered. Looking up, he took note of quite possibly the lewdest face he’d ever seen. Lyn’s hair was undone, leaving her green locks cascading everywhere, no longer bound by a ponytail. Her mouth was open, and her tongue was ever so slightly sticking out.

“I think this was all Eirika’s plan,” he muttered, stepping up to kiss Lyn on the lips, a kiss that she hungrily accepted, being the first to stick her tongue into his mouth. Kiran knew that Eirika’s normal form would never have created an idea such as this, but this form was...different. Almost bolder than her other self, this form had a mischievous streak that put Lissa to shame. It was as if her entire personality had glitched out, to put it in terms from Kiran’s world. He didn’t mind, evidently, as he was now doing his best to push Lyn’s tongue back into her mouth, now reaching into her dress from above and kneading both of her large breasts, causing the woman to moan even more. He was curious as to how she hadn’t fallen off the fence yet, but a quick eye opening revealed the truth to him. Lyn’s knuckles were almost white, as she maintained a vice grip on the wooden fence she sat upon.

“Maybe you’d want to get down?” Kiran suggested, something Lyn didn’t want, if her head shakes were any indication. As Eirika clearly continued to work her magic down underneath Lyn, Kiran focused on opening her upper section. As he continued to essentially swap spit with her, he maneuvered against her dress, finding a zipper behind her back. With a little awkwardness and a lot of extra moaning, Kiran managed to unzip the dress, causing it to fall off Lyn’s upper body, leaving her upper body bare and her lower body still covered in the dress skirt. Now with her breasts revealed to the open air, Kiran leaned down, taking one of her nipples into her mouth and swirling his tongue around it. Never before had he heard Lyn scream as he had just then.
Clearly Eirika was getting into it as well. A quick glance down allowed Kiran to witness the princess sneak a hand through her own clothes, pulling up her skirt to rub at herself. With an idea brewing in his mind, Kiran removed himself from Lyn’s breast, much to her moaning sadness, and moved behind Eirika. Once he put a hand up her skirt, kneeling behind her, she yelped, but didn’t stop eating out Lyn, nor did she push him away.

“I think you’re the naughty one here, Eirika,” Kiran said, reaching under Eirika’s skirt with both hands and swiftly lowering her white panties, whistling at the sight of the wet spot in them. He reached down underneath her again, rubbing his fingers against her entrance and soon pushing two inside of her. Both girls were moaning now, Lyn opting to remove one hand from the fence so that she could massage her own breast, her mouth eternally open as she moaned.

“I think you’re right, Kiran,” Eirika suddenly said, moving out from underneath Lyn, who almost fell back at the surprise lack of pleasure. Kiran moved back a little, letting Eirika stand. She reached behind her back, unclasping her armor and letting it fall to the floor with a clunk. Her boots came next, letting her fully remove her panties. Kiran took the hint, tossing aside his cloak and working on his shirt. Lyn, meanwhile, stayed on the fencepost, reaching a hand into her loosened dress to rub at herself, trying to maintain the pleasure herself.

“I know the grass is soft,” Eirika added, as her long, flowing robes were unclasped from her neck, “But I think a blanket is better.” She let the robes fall back, landing on the grass. Eirika’s regal dress was next, and she slowly opened each button until she reached the last, when she looked at Kiran with a concerned expression.

“Are you really going to leave Lyn like that?” she asked him, as he finally removed his shirt and dropped his pants, noticing as Eirika’s eyes quickly panned to his erection, obvious in his bulging underwear. Kiran shook his head, turning to Lyn and walking to her. Before he could even do anything, Lyn leaped forward, grabbing Kiran with her arms and legs. She was hanging off of him, with her legs and arms crossed behind his back, and her dress covering the sight of Kiran’s bulge rubbing against Lyn’s entrance.

“You wanted me to do this, Kiran,” she gasped, kissing his neck, “You shouldn’t just leave me like this.” Lyn’s thighs squeezed Kiran’s hips, and he rapidly reached down, sliding off his underwear and leaving him entirely naked. Lyn smiled, kissing him on the lips again as she pulled herself more onto him, moaning as she felt his cock enter her. Wanting to support her, Kiran grabbed her clothed rear, squeezing it as she bounced against him.

Standing before the fence, Kiran felt Lyn’s tongue roam all over the inside of his mouth. Hearing a moan from the side, he opened an eye to see Eirika laying on her own robes, entirely naked. Her white bra had been discarded, and now she was rubbing her own clit with her left hand, using her right to massage her breast. She winked at Kiran the minute she saw him notice her, and seemed to be waiting for him. Kiran stopped the kiss with Lyn, slowing his thrusts.

“Eirika is waiting,” he told her, “We shouldn’t keep her like that.” Lyn nodded, Kiran noticing a small trail of spit falling out of the corner of her mouth. Kiran, still keeping Lyn on him, sat down on the robe, then lay back, allowing Lyn to sit up on his cock, her knees on either side of him. Eirika, laying on Kiran’s right, turned on her side, resting a hand on Kiran’s chest and watching as Lyn bounced up and down on his dick again, looking down and shutting her eyes, gasping each time their skin slapped together.

Kiran soon felt Eirika’s soft lips on his neck again, her body pressing against his side. While feeling the immense pleasure of Lyn’s warm insides, as well as the satisfaction of her breasts bouncing up and down, one of them held up by his left hand, Kiran slid his right hand underneath Eirika’s waist,
reaching around to rub between her legs. Eirika’s breath skipped, and she continued to kiss his neck, leaving small bite marks on the skin. Kiran was right. This Eirika was much different.

“You know,” Kiran said, “I do have a face just waiting for you to sit on it…” Eirika chuckled, patting his chest again. She pushed herself up, holding her face above Kiran’s, now putting her hand on his pelvis. Lyn continued to ride him, occasionally slowing to gyrate her hips, letting his cock rub around inside of her.

“I don’t want to sit on your face, Kiran,” Eirika whispered, leaning down to kiss Kiran softly. It was a strange juxtaposition, this. Eirika’s lips moved softly and gently against his own, while Lyn was seemingly bouncing faster on his dick, clearly trying to outlast him. Judging by the strain he could feel in his pelvic region right now, he was rather certain she was going to.

“You’re welcome, by the way,” Eirika whispered, ghosting her lips over Kiran’s before pulling away, turning to Lyn. The princess leaned forward, tossing her hair behind her head and losing her mouth over Lyn’s left nipple. The lady of the plains was moaning louder now, her head thrown back with her green hair flying everywhere. Kiran felt like he was going to explode at the moment, and it seemed Lyn was too.

“Kiran!” Lyn finally screamed, climaxing and slamming herself down onto Kiran’s cock, making the Summoner feel her insides tightening around him. Every fiber of his being begged him to hold it in, but his will gave out in the next few seconds. Groaning, Kiran fell back, his upper back and head landing on the grass as he came into Lyn. He could feel Eirika move over his body, sliding her hands over his chest and tracing her lips over it as well, playfully licking at his nipple. Lyn didn’t seem to want to get off, staying in her seated position with Kiran still inside of her.

“Sorry, Eirika,” Kiran huffed, tilting his head up as Eirika kissed his neck again, “I couldn’t hold it in for you…” He shook his head, defeated, but perked up once the princess stood up, walking over to where she had left her tome.

“Don’t worry, Kiran.” Eirika walked back over, standing above Kiran and opening her tome. She muttered a few words, waving her hand and wiggling her fingers. Out of nowhere, Kiran felt a heat emanate in his chest, passing through all of his nerves and blasting all the way down to his fingertips. He felt a sudden boost of stamina, and the sweat off his brow seemed to evaporate. More importantly, however, his cock hardened once again inside of Lyn, making her gasp in surprise with a smile on her face.

“Dark magic?” The summoner asked, as he watched Eirika give Lyn a quick kiss on the cheek, patting her breast playfully. The green-haired beauty moved off of Kiran’s cock, holding out her hand for him to take. He did so, as Eirika took his place, laying back on the robe and spreading her legs, putting a fingertip against her lips.

“I’ve been practicing some spells outside of training,” she explained, beckoning for Kiran to come over now, “You should have another round in you now, I believe. Does it feel like you do?”

“Only one way to find out.” The Summoner kneeled in front of Eirika, crawling up her body. He kissed every part of her legs, from her feet to her thighs. Kiran took a few minutes at her thighs, leaving very clear red marks wherever he sucked on Eirika’s skin. Lyn, behind Kiran, was still coming down from her climax, but soon moved forward, waiting for him to make a move. Eirika was gasping every time Kiran’s lips touched her skin, her moans turning into mewls as his kisses went further up. First tracing a circle on her stomach, then slowly licking each of her nipples, and finally sucking on her neck, licking the entire length of it. Eirika felt like she was melting underneath him, something made more evident once he slowly pushed his cock inside of her.
Eirika screamed, shutting her eyes and balling her hands into fists, one on each side of her head. Kiran kneeled up, looking down upon the princess bare before him. He had pushed his cock into her but hadn’t started to pull out or get into a rhythm just yet. He waited for Eirika’s approval, which he received through a quick nod of the head accompanied by a bite of the lip. As he slowly pulled out, only to push back in again, Kiran felt two soft orbs press against his back, as well as two arms sliding up to caress his chest. Lyn rested herself against him, pushing herself up so that she could kiss him on the side of the neck, resting her head on his shoulder.

“You two seem ravenous,” Kiran noted, turning his head to kiss Lyn on the lips, something the girl gladly reciprocated, leaving one hand on his midriff and one on his chest to hold him. Eirika, staying still and holding herself in position as Kiran entered her, finally opened her eyes, smiling weakly.

“I’m not like my other self,” she said, “If I want to fill my needs...I’ll do it.” The last word hadn’t left her mouth before she was moaning again. The mix of her stationary position and Kiran’s thrusts caused her breasts to bounce up and down her chest, making quite the sight to any willing to watch. At the moment, however, Kiran and Lyn were busy playing around with each others’ tongues to really notice.

Kiran was astounded by the stamina that Eirika had given him. Before he knew it, he was practically ramming himself into Eirika, feeling the entirety of her perfect entrance. Lyn left his body, parting ways with a light nibble on his earlobe, and move around him. Kiran got a wonderful view of Lyn’s rear as she crawled over Eirika, briefly sucking on the princess’s breast to keep it steady, before turning around, smirking as she sat on Eirika’s face, plain and simple, yet deviously orchestrated. Without missing a beat, Eirika pulled Lyn down, eating her out furiously and shoving her tongue inside of her without so much as a thought, causing the green-haired woman to moan and rock herself against Eirika’s tongue.

Even with the magic’s effect, Kiran could feel that he was not long left for this. Eirika seemed to echo these sentiments, as her legs wrapped around Kiran’s waist, pulling him in more and begging him not to let go. As Lyn pleasured herself on Eirika’s face, Kiran was left to wonder who would break first.

“E-Eirika,” he asked, having to speak louder over the sound of their moans and their skin slapping together, “I-I want to...finish somewhere else...” He gulped, trying to focus on what Eirika told him to do. Be direct, have integrity. “I-I want to feel your breasts...” Lyn’s eyes opened, revealing a mischievous look as she slowly got off of Eirika’s face, letting the princess speak again.

“You really are naughty, aren’t you, Kiran?” Eirika gasped, still feeling Kiran thrust into her, “I...I suppose we can...Ah!” Without warning, Eirika came, pulling Kiran in as far as possible to feel him inside of her as she released, coating him in her juices. Once she was done, he pulled out of her, staying in his kneeling position until Lyn, once again moving off the princess, pushed him down to lay on the robe, which was now covered in sweat and other, more viscous fluids. As Kiran lay down, Lyn and Eirika lay on either side of his cock, each of them kissing the tip before wrapping it between their breasts. Their nipples grinded against each other, making them both stifle a moan, before they rubbed his cock with their soft mounds, with Lyn clearly taking a more prominent role. Kiran let his head fall back, rubbing both of their heads and enjoying the feeling.

“I think he’s about done,” he heard Lyn say, before feeling a soft pair of lips on his tip again.

“Let’s make sure he finishes strong,” followed Eirika, as Kiran felt another mouth on his cock. The combined assault of their soft, rubbing breasts and their wet mouths caused him to break. Grabbing both of their heads, Kiran climaxed, causing his cock to shoot his seed partially into their mouths and partially into the air, where it came down on their hair, their faces, and partially on his chest.
“It actually tastes nice,” Lyn gasped, rubbing her breasts a little more against his cock for fun. Kiran looked up, seeing the girls use their tongues to clean up his tip, followed by them kissing for a few seconds, sharing the flavor. He chuckled nervously, awed by the sight. Lyn broke the kiss first, moving to press her breasts to Kiran’s stomach, licking his chest to clean off whatever cum had landed there. Eirika, meanwhile, slid up beside him, putting a hand on his chest and resting her head against his shoulder.

“Did you learn something today?” she giggled, looking up into his eyes.

“I thought I was the one supervising training,” Kiran joked, putting an arm around Eirika as Lyn slid up his other side, sliding underneath his arm as well and holding herself against him.

“Next time, be more assertive, okay?” Eirika leaned up to kiss Kiran under the chin, snuggling into him. “We’ll move in a little bit. Lyn and I have plans for you inside the Hall, where it’s warmer.” Lyn giggled on Kiran’s other side, gingerly holding his cock.

“I think the real magic is right here,” she whispered, making Kiran sigh contently and kiss her on the head.

Chapter End Notes

I believe there is an elephant to address in this room: requests.

I'll be frank, everyone. I'm not going to be making polls anymore, nor am I going to use the pairing list entirely. The reasoning is this: this is my fic, and while I know many of you were anxiously waiting to see your pairings, please know that there are many pairings that I personally want to write, either to keep up with new heroes, banners, or events. I'm sorry to anyone that may dislike the removal of requests, but please know that your requests weren't bad, or anything like that. There are just things I would prefer to write so that I can stay up to date with the app and the game.

That being said, I do hope you enjoyed this chapter. I put a lot of effort into it (clearly), and now that summer has begun, I do hope you can all expect even more chapters, faster. That's it for now, see you all next time!
More Than Friendly Competition (Olivia x Lene x M!Robin x M!Corrin)

Chapter Summary

Olivia's no stranger to shyness and awkwardness, but it wasn't until a certain other dancer was Summoned that she started to feel another emotion: jealousy. Perhaps a little competition could help settle these unwanted feelings.

Chapter Notes

Summer is in full swing, and after a few extra things, I finally have the days to myself! It's been almost a month since the last chapter, and during that break, this fic hit its one-year anniversary on May 24th! Thank you so much to everyone that has been with this fic since the beginning, and also to anyone who joined in along the way!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Olivia wouldn’t normally consider herself a jealous person. Being as shy as she was, she felt like the concept of jealousy should never really affect her. Considering how half the time she was practicing by herself and the other half of the time she was performing by herself, at least here in Askr, she really didn’t think she had the time to feel envy towards anyone else for any reason.

That is, until a certain summon.

Olivia had been present when Kiran had summoned more Heroes from the World of Genealogy. She was there when Ares arrived, leading to a slightly confusing, slightly tear-inducing meeting between him and his father, Eldigan. When Ishtar arrived, both versions of Reinhardt in the Order immediately bent the knee to her, much to her seeming elation and confusion.

Then came Lene.

Olivia had only known one other dancer in the Order, discounting her other self with the darker robes and her future son. Ninian was a wonderful person to talk to, and after that time Olivia had spent with the dragon and her husband, Eliwood, she knew that Ninian was also a wonderful person to sleep with. Being the only other dancer made her attractive to Olivia in more than one way, but with Lene’s arrival, Olivia felt strangely envious. Perhaps it was because of how much more outgoing she was compared to the pink-haired beauty, despite them having similar outfits.

It wasn’t so much that Olivia was jealous of Lene’s skills. Usually, she would watch the other dancer practice, and reached a conclusion that their skills were similar. It was more about her personality, and the way she didn’t seem to mind who was watching, in fact often encouraging others to watch, provided they also took her shopping. That was something that somehow pricked her nerves. Olivia liked shopping as much as the next person, but seeing someone else use her craft to further her shopping goals like that...it made her both angry and jealous. She couldn’t tell which was which.

Perhaps because of all this, Olivia found herself outside the Hall of Heroes, away from prying eyes, to practice her dance routine. Having found herself a suitable spot of grass, the dancer gave herself a
few seconds to prepare her breathing and stretch, twisting her torso and bending to touch her toes. Closing her eyes, she took a step forward, moving into a vaulting position for her opening acrobatics. A vault, spin, and twist later, she had landed on her feet, standing with them pressed together and her arms up in a V. Her breathing remained steady, and she turned back to her little area.

Her right foot stepped forward first, twisting her into a spin that brought her arms up to her chest and forehead, pirouetting and driving the tips of her slippers into the grass. Spinning out with a leg outstretched, she stepped onto the grass with her left foot, effortlessly moving into a vault. She could feel the white cloth attached to her arms drag through the air behind her, and her pink hair float before she touched down again, moving into a position with her knees bent and ankles crossed.

“And a kick,” Olivia said to herself, kicking her right leg as high up as she could before coming down into forward splits, muscle memory kicking into gear. Her flexible body was a wonder to behold, as she seemed to float back up from the split, bringing her right leg up into a bent position across the left leg, moving into another spin before stepping out, opening her arms. The cloth continued to drag behind her, her body spiraling forward at an angle as if she was a top. After three turns, she stopped. Her left foot stepped forward, waiting on the tip as her hands and head also moved ahead, outstretched towards her front. After half a second, she stepped back, crossing her legs and throwing her arms and head back, as if baring her soul to the world.

Once the world seemed to clap excitedly, however, Olivia’s eyes flew open, and she yelled out, falling backwards flat on her back, thankfully protected by the grass.

“That was wonderful!” Olivia could hear a female voice react, still clapping and getting closer, “Oh, I’m so sorry about messing you up, I just really liked your dancing!” Groaning, the pink-haired dancer sat up, rubbing the back of her head and looking at the hunched-over figure that was currently blocking the rays of the sun. For a second, she swore that she was looking at her reflection, but one she shook her head and adjusted her vision it was all clear.

“You have such a nice form,” Lene, the dancer from the World of Genology, said. Her hands were on her lap as she bent over, looking at Olivia directly. “I mean, I have my own and I think it may be a bit more garish, or something, but yours was so nice! I’m Lene, by the way.” She held out her hand, allowing Olivia to take it. The green-haired girl helped Olivia up, smiling the entire time.

“Th-Thank you,” Olivia said, sighing, “I’m Olivia...though, I already knew your name. I was at your summoning.”

“You were?” Lene asked, separating their hands, “Oh, wait, I think I remember you! Weren’t you hiding in the back?” Olivia blushed. Was it really that obvious?

“I was.” Her clothes had a tint of green, she noticed as she looked down. She’d have to scrub them thoroughly later. “I’m not the most...outgoing person. It’s a bad habit of mine, really.” She could tell by Lene’s expression that the explanation did not work well on her.

“Wait,” Lene started, holding her hands up, “If you’re so shy, then...why are you...well…” She gestured vaguely to Olivia’s form, making her furrow her brow and cross her arms.

“What are you trying to say?”

“Well, you know, if you didn’t want people to stare at you, you wouldn’t dress like that! I mean, I’m fine with people staring at me when I perform, mostly because I can usually get some sort of shopping out of them by the time I finish.” There she went with the shopping again. Olivia sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.
“Well...how about this?” The dancer looked up, pointing a finger into the air, “A competition. What do you say? The loser has to...buy the winner whatever they want!” As Olivia saw Lene’s eyes light up, she cringed inwardly. Sure, she was confident in her abilities, but perhaps she was getting in over her head…

“Okay, challenge accep-wait.” Lene, in the middle of agreeing, stopped herself. “Who’s going to judge us?” Olivia’s face turned red again, and she bit her nails. It was a bad habit of her that she was trying to drop, to no avail.

“Um...well, maybe I could…” She looked around nervously. Obviously there was nobody else outside with them, which was troubling. Olivia racked her brain, desperately thinking of something, until an idea came to her from something she had overheard earlier in the canteen.

“Come with me!” Immediately after grabbing Lene’s hand, she ran them through the halls of the Order, passing bewildered and curious Heroes left and right. Lene almost struck a corner multiple times, as Olivia was just trying to get through as quickly as possible, finally reaching her destination.

The Hall of Heroes had no shortage of tacticians. Discounting Kiran, there were several from different worlds that were able to give their opinions on battle strategies the Order would use. As such, there are several rooms that contain more than enough material to look over, regarding positioning, advantages, and general tactics for use in battle. These rooms were all open, their doors laid bare for the Hall to see, save for one with its door closed. Olivia easily identified it as the one Robin, the tactician from her world, would be using.

“Robin!” Olivia said, pushing the door open immediately and hoping to see the tactician. See him she did, in fact, with a guest. Robin looked up from his seat at the table with a map spread on it. Standing beside him, leaning on the chair’s arm, was Corrin, the prince from the Worlds of Fate. Both tacticians looked rather surprised at the sudden entry of the two dancers, evidenced by their red faces and huffed, out of breath looks. Lene immediately put a hand over her mouth, giggling, but Olivia paid her no mind. She knew that these two would be perfect for her idea.

“E-excuse me?” Olivia said, letting go of Lene’s hand and stepping forward, “Hello, Robin...and um, Corrin. Could I ask for a favor?”

“Sure, Olivia,” Robin coughed, standing up. His hands pulled on his shirt, and he seemed to be shifting uncomfortably, especially around his waist region. Corrin seemed to do the same, awkwardly standing up and stepping a few feet away, avoiding eye contact and putting his hands behind his back. Olivia walked right up to Robin, taking one of his hand in both of hers.

“I need your help,” she said, “I….we, need judges for a dancing competition. So, I thought you could help us. You just have to decide whose dance is better. Okay? Can you do that?” The tactician was forced to nod, partially due to his actual interest in witnessing this event and partially because Olivia, with her pleading face and slightly hunched over demeanor, was making the ache in his pants worsen, not lessen. Olivia was once again oblivious, but Lene’s smile turned much more mischievous. She had an idea brewing already, and she was going to capitalize on it.

“I’ll clear an area,” Corrin immediately said, jumping into action and pushing the table to the side of the room. The scraping, squeaking piece of wood made Olivia shudder, and even Lene and Robin seemed to be uncomfortable. Soon, however, it was over, and Corrin had effortlessly cleared a wide open area in the center of the room. The table was a mess, of course, as all the papers, books, and little figurines representing units had scattered, and the detailed battlefield turned into a sight akin to the aftermath of a meteor strike.
Robin took the chair he had been using and pulled it back, almost against the wall, and pulled over another one parallel to the first, both facing the performance area. Corrin sat down first, sitting straight with his hands on his lap, and Robin did so next, sitting back and laying in the chair, resting his arms on the armrests. One looked nervous, the other intrigued. Olivia stepped up first, letting Lene rest against the back wall, arms crossed.

“I’ll be starting,” Olivia said, curtsying to the two tacticians. Robin nodded, and Corrin leaned forward, eager to see. Olivia took a deep breath, remembering her training from earlier, and stepped forward, twisting her foot to the side. With a push, she started to spin, throwing her leg out and vaulting herself through the air. Her arms moved in tandem, swirling around her body with little issue or resistance, and her fingers curled and fluttered like leaves on a tree.

Hearing Corrin’s gasps of incredulousness and Robin’s seat creak as he also leaned forward, Olivia was certain she had this in the bag. She continued her routine, keeping her eyes closed and thanking herself that her desire to win outweighed her shyness and anxiety. A hop led to a pirouette, which led to a wave of the arm as she somersaulted through the air once more, only to land in a split, her arms extended to the ceiling and her head facing up, gasping.

Corrin shot up, clapping quickly, his face curled into a look of surprise. Robin was clapping as well, though he stayed seated, simply smiling at the sight. Certain that she had cinched the competition, Olivia stood, bowing to the two tacticians and turning to Lene, who was also clapping.

“I think I’ve won,” Olivia giggled, clapping her hands together. She was met with a smirk from Lene.

“Step aside,” the other dancer said, “I have this, easy.” Olivia stood a few feet behind Lene, and watched as she stepped onto the performance area.

And kept going.

“Hello, Corrin,” she said, walking up to the dragon and not so subtly spinning to slide onto his lap. Olivia, Robin, and Corrin himself froze, mouths agape, as Lene wrapped her right arm around Corrin’s neck, tracing her left hand entirely on his chest. The green-haired dancer chuckled, leaning in to whisper in the boy’s ear.

“I do really want to win this,” she breathed, causing him to shiver, “So I’m going to perform a very special dance I know. Would you be interested?” Corrin, looking straight ahead, nodded, a smile wavering onto his face slowly. Lene nodded, standing up off of him and sliding her hands up her sides, paying close attention to the curve of her breasts. Her legs bent in different directions, causing her to lower herself onto his lap again. Her hands rested on Corrin’s shoulders, giving him ample view of her tightly compacted bosom, which had most certainly been pressed together more by her upper clothing prior to her turn.

“H-Hey!” Olivia finally said, quickly stepping up behind Lene, “You can’t do that! That’s…that’s…!”

“Against the rules?” Lene asked, looking at the pink-haired girl, “We never established any rules, you know. And besides, this is a dance too. I’m sure you know how to do it, from what Camilla told me.” Olivia’s face could not have gone redder there, and she made a note to talk to Camilla about her loose lips.

“Well…two can play at that game!” Before he could protest (not that he would have), Robin found himself the victim of Olivia’s attack, as she slid onto his lap similar to Lene, grinding herself against him and moving her hips. She yelped, feeling the telltale sign of his arousal poking at her through his
pants and her shorts, causing him to shrug with a nervous chuckle.

“Sorry about that,” he gulped, “I guess you two were just...um...”

“Shut up,” Olivia sighed, sliding herself around on him until he was facing her back. She stood somewhat, bending forward and easily slipping into the same routine she had done for Camilla, where she displayed her ample rear for both Robin’s eyes and his legs, as she slid over his lap over and over. Lene, meanwhile, had moved up a stage. Putting a hand on Corrin’s cheek, she leaned down, continuing to feel his erection pushing up against her body as her lips kissed over his face. Her free hand took hold of his, laying it on her waist and pressing it there.

“I think I’m the winner here, right?” she whispered, teasing him with a near-kiss. When the dragon tried to move forward to seal their lips together, whimpering, she pulled back, smiling, only to come back and kiss him on the nose, continuing to feel his clothing rub against the bare skin of her thighs. Corrin’s eyes were fluttering, trying to get more of her, but Lene stopped every one of his advances.

“Careful there,” she cooed, “This is still a dance, you know. No matter how hard it gets down here.” Her hand rubbed his crotch, feeling the warm cock beneath. “Mmm...maybe I’ll make you a deal. If you say I win, then I’ll give you something fun to remember.”

“You’re cheating!” Olivia said, in the middle of a grind that sent Robin’s heart soaring, “You’re...that’s not dancing, that’s...you...”

“Of course it’s dancing,” Lene laughed, twirling in Corrin’s lap before stepping off, facing him as she shook her hips, holding her arms above her head, “It’s simply a different form of it. And besides, like I said before, we never set any rules.” Olivia’s face reddened. If her head had gotten any hotter, steam would have come out of her ears, no question. Moving herself off of Robin, much to his sadness, she turned back, sitting on his lap fully.

“No rules, huh?” She muttered, looking down at Robin, “I want to win this, okay?” The tactician nodded, and Olivia huffed, before smashing her lips onto his. She pulled no punches, wrapping her tongue around his instantly, with her right hand sliding down his chest, then up his shirt. She continued to grind against his erect pants, even as his own thrusts up made her moan ever so softly. On the other chair, both Lene and Corrin had stopped moving, with Corrin significantly more aroused at the sight of Olivia and Robin furiously making out with each other, both of them not letting the clothes between them get in the way of their movements.

“Two can play at that game,” Lene choked, finally working up to say something. She straddled Corrin as well, kissing him on the lips once, then pulling away. “You’re going to say that I won this, okay?”

“A-absolutely,” Corrin whispered, breathing heavily. Lene didn’t waste time with pleasantries, kissing Corrin hard and very, very passionately. Even if she wanted to win this competition, she had to admit the boy knew what he was doing. His hands gravitated to her rear, pulling her in, and for once she didn’t pull them away, letting him play with her while she gave him possibly the best kiss she’d given anyone, ever. Her free hand casually slipped into his pants, taking hold of his cock and brushing her hand over and against it. Her stroking was fast already, marveling at how warm it was.

“Olivia,” Robin said, gently pushing the dancer’s face away, “H-how badly do you want to win this, anyway? What’s the prize?” Olivia, while Robin was talking, started to kiss his neck, sliding off her lower clothing and unzipping his pants.

“The prize doesn’t matter,” she gasped, unbuttoning his shirt and kissing his chest, loving the moans she received, “I just want to prove I’m good at this.”
“B-but you are!” Robin’s voice was equal parts encouragement and ecstasy, refusing to hear the dancer put herself down again, “Olivia, you don’t have to compare yourself to anyone else like that...you’re great on your own!” The girl stopped kissing his chest, going back to his face. She looked like she had tears brimming in her eyes, and her mouth was barely open, trying to speak. Robin put a finger on her lips, smiling.

“I’d vote for you any day, Olivia,” he whispered, “No matter what the competition.” He replaced his finger with his lips, softly pressing them to hers. Olivia took a few seconds to realize what he had said. Her eyes closed, and her lips glided against his again, feeling their tongues mix slowly. Olivia had removed his cock, stroking it, and eventually grinded her lower lips against Robin’s length, moaning at the final contact.

“Thank you Robin,” Olivia whispered, breaking the kiss, “But...I still want to do this. And you’re still going to vote for me over Lene.” She tapped his nose with a finger, making them both laugh.

“What’s going on over there?” Lene asked. She had Corrin’s head firmly against one of her breasts, having slipped her upper clothing just above them, “Still think you’re gonna win?” Lene’s boisterous attitude was failing, evidence by the warbling of her voice due to Corrin’s licking. His tongue was running circles around her nipple, and his hand was freely sliding into her entrance, pleasuring her with two fingers. Even so, she was certain she could win that prize, and she was ready to rub it in Olivia’s face.

“Lene,” Corrin moaned, “Why...why are you two doing this, again?” His mouth was still connected to her breast, making his words a little muffled. Lene wasn’t paying attention, now focusing on how Olivia and Robin were in a much more passionate and personal makeout. Judging by how Olivia was moving up and down on his lap, it was also safe to say that she had gone the full way.

“What was that?” Lene asked Corrin, looking down at him, “Nevermind. I want to win this, though, so...so what do you want me to do?” Corrin blushed. “W-well, um...maybe...could you...Gods, I don’t like saying it out loud…” The dragon moved off her breast, eyes flicking from side to side. Lene rolled her eyes, moving off Corrin’s lap to kneel in front of him. Her eyes gazed upon his bulge, and once she pulled down his pants to reveal his cock, she licked her lips slowly, letting him see.

“I hope you were talking about this,” she giggled, stroking his length and popping the tip into her mouth. With her eyes closed and her hands on his base, Lene’s head quickly bobbed up and down, suctioning the sides of Corrin’s cock with her lips. The amount of spit she was leaving on him was incredible, as she completely coated him with her saliva. Corrin gripped the chair arms, gritting his teeth as Lene’s tongue rolled its way around his tip, even pushing gently against the slit at the top.

“Olivia,” Robin said, grasping the dancer’s breasts as she bounced on him, “Olivia, I’m going to…” “Are you going to cum?” Olivia asked, blushing as she used the word Camilla tended to, “Go ahead, Robin...I want you to.” The tactician struggled to keep up with Olivia’s speed, kissing her neck as she rode him. Olivia wrapped his head in her arms, cradling him as he pleasured her. His cock felt wonderful inside of her, and soon she felt his climax hit, coating her inner walls with his seed. Olivia moaned, feeling the intrusion, and kissed Robin again, letting him ride down his orgasm.

“He’s already done,” Corrin commented, grunting as Lene continued to suck on his cock. The dancer’s brow furrowed, looking at the other pair, and she got faster, now also massaging Orrin’s balls with her free hand. The dragon couldn’t take it, and released his climax directly into her mouth, flooding her cheeks with his seed. Lene pulled her mouth off, coughing and sputtering, leaving Corrin to shoot a few more white beads against her face and breasts. The dancer’s green hair was still
up in its ponytail, saving it from the shots, and Lene was ever grateful for that.

“Was that good?” she asked Corrin, leaning forward and pressing her breasts together for him with her elbows, “Did you enjoy that? Do I get your vote?” She blinked her eyes rapidly, trying to get a response from the prince, who at this point was lulled back, basking in his own post-orgasm world. Lene huffed, standing up and cleaning herself off.

“Well?” Lene questioned Robin and Olivia, who were just now separating, “I think there’s a clear winner here, no? I’m already thinking about what I want to get…” The two Heroes from the World of Awakening looked at Lene, then each other, smirking. Lene looked away from the two, but soon cried out, as she felt a body turn her around and push her down. Landing on her back, Lene looked up into Olivia’s face, shocked and confused.

“I think we can call it a draw,” Olivia giggled, kissing Lene directly on the lips. Both dancers moaned, Lene more so, as their uncovered breasts pressed against each other while their lips smacked. The moaned louder, however, when they both felt something hard press between them, rubbing up their entrances and grinding against their clits. Robin, still mostly clothed with only his cock out in the open, pushed himself in between them, rubbing against both girls at the same time.

“You really do know what you’re doing,” Lene admitted, eliciting a smile from Olivia.

“So do you, Lene. I shouldn’t have gotten jealous.” Before Lene could respond, Olivia claimed her lips again, able to taste Corrin’s climax on her tongue. Both girls rocked against each other with each of Robin’s thrusts, as he pushed his hips up against their rears, slapping their bodies together each time. While the three of them were on the floor, Corrin was just arising from his stupor. He groggily stood, walking over and standing next to Robin.

“So,” Corrin asked, leaning over to put his head beside the Ylissean tactician’s, “Who wins?”

“I think she said it was a tie,” Robin grunted, turning to give Corrin a quick kiss on the cheek, which the dragon replied to with a harder kiss on the lips. They both chuckled, and Corrin, thinking quickly, moved to the other side of the girls, where their lips were still connected, and kneeled down, moving his dick in from the side. Once Olivia and Lene saw it, they stopped their kiss, letting Corrin move his dick in between their faces so that each of them, on either side of his cock, were able to kiss, lick, and suck on it, letting the prince get in on the action.

Robin maintained a hard, fast speed, rubbing against both Olivia and Lene’s clits at once. The girls swirled their tongues over Corrin’s cock, and soon the dragon climaxed again, spraying his seed against both of the dancers’ faces and breasts. While they were sucking his cock clean, as well as each other, both of them were unable to maintain their orgasm. Olivia came first, moaning against Lene’s neck and coating Robin’s cock with her juices. Lene, after a very short period of pride at having beaten Olivia in time length, also climaxed, rounding out the coating on Robin’s cock. The tactician didn’t stop, however, until he himself also came, coating both of their stomachs and waists with his own climax.

“I’m going to need a bath,” Olivia sighed, as Robin removed himself from between them. Lene nodded in agreement, licking off a white drop on Olivia’s chin.

“So,” Robin said, watching as the girls got off of each other, “I don’t suppose you two are planning any more competitions any time soon?” Olivia and Lene looked at each other, shrugging. Robin crossed his arms with a smirk.

“Perhaps Corrin and I can judge again, that time. Make it an actual contest.” The dragon prince was over on the chair he was in originally, zipping himself back up and not paying attention to what was
“Perhaps you can,” Lene agreed, stepping up to Robin and giving him a kiss on the cheek. “Or perhaps...you can meet me in my room tonight.” She looked back at Corrin and Olivia. “All of you. What do you say to a more...friendly event?”

Olivia nodded enthusiastically, and Corrin finally looked up. The smirk on Lene’s face told him everything he needed to know.

Chapter End Notes

This was the first chapter of my new format where I write what fancies my interest. Originally it was gonna be finished and posted before the one-year anniversary, but life got in the way a bit, whoops. I'll be sure to be more punctual with these from now on.

Thanks for reading, see you next chapter!
Kiran's Big Day (Lynfest)

Chapter Summary

Seven gorgeous Heroes. One confused Summoner. Several Locations. A lot of free time.

Chapter Notes

Bet you were surprised to see an update, huh~?

I swear that by the end of this I was amazed my writing mind even existed anymore, I felt like I was turning to mush. Will I do something like this again? Maybe, likely not. This was supposed to go out on May 24th, for the one-year anniversary of this fic. Clearly, that did not happen. I'm glad that all of you that stuck around are here to witness this....what do I even call this? This beauty.

Over a month, this took. This is officially the longest single chapter I've ever written for anything. I really hope you all enjoy this, it took, obviously, a LOT of time.

The moment Fjorm had walked through his door to discuss something, Kiran knew the morning was going to end with one of them on their back. Surprisingly, that ended up being him.

“Oh, Kiran!” Fjorm moaned, her hands pressed into his chest as her body bounced on him, savoring the feeling of his cock spreading her lower lips. The ice princess had not gone ten minutes without stealing a kiss from the Summoner, a kiss that turned passionate and moved them to the bed. From there, it was a simple series of events, with both of them losing clothes faster than they thought possible, ending with Fjorm underneath Kiran at first. Their kiss got hotter as their bodies were exposed to and pressed against each other, and before long Fjorm had flipped them over, into the current position where she was riding Kiran’s cock.

Fjorm moved her hands off of Kiran’s chest, now leaning down to kiss him. Their lips met forcefully, as his arms wrapped around her back, holding her against him during their liplock. Kiran’s cock started to shudder, indicating his upcoming climax, and Fjorm could tell. She started to shake her hips, moving Kiran’s cock around from side to side in her entrance.

“Yes, Kiran,” Fjorm gasped, licking Kiran’s lips, “Come on...do it harder…” Kiran nodded, kissing her again. In less than a minute, Kiran felt Fjorm tighten around his cock. She moaned into his mouth as she climaxed, and Kiran, unable to stop himself, climaxed as well, finishing inside of her and coating her inner walls white. Both of them stayed in their kiss, with Fjorm moving herself as much
as possible onto Kiran’s cock, trying to get as much out of it as possible. The two lovers maintained
their embrace, with Kiran adoring how her body felt cold and warm at the same time.

“I should mention now,” Fjorm panted, raising her head to look at the Summoner, “Thank you for
the Nifl model you gave me. It has a wonderful place on my nightstand now.”

“I’m glad you liked it,” Kiran replied, kissing Fjorm on the cheek, “Of course, you already told me
that when I gave it to you. That, and you...you know.”

“We’ve known each other long enough, Kiran,” the princess giggled, “I am sure you can say the
words ‘we had sex’ without feeling embarrassed.” Kiran sighed, laying back in bed with Fjorm on
his side, cuddling against him. He draped an arm around her shoulders, drawing her in more.

“So,” she whispered, “Are you excited for today?” The Summoner looked down, confused, and
Fjorm rolled her eyes, still smiling. “Didn’t Sharena tell you? She and Lyn had something special
planned today...I’m just the opening act.”

“Opening...act?” Kiran sounded very confused.

“Just remember this,” Fjorm whispered, shrugging out of his grasp and rolling to the edge of the bed,
“Howe have some stamina potions nearby, okay?”

“Everything you just said sounds extremely ominous.” Kiran sat up in bed, watching Fjorm as she
redressed. Her pale white skin seemed to supple, he wanted to pull her back into bed and make love
to her for the entire day. However, if Lyn and Sharena were really planning something, perhaps he
should keep himself ready.

“Just be sure you’re available often today, dear.” The Ice Princess, once her clothes were fully put
on, walked back over to the bed, leaning over and giving Kiran a long, drawn out kiss on the lips,
accompanied by one of Kiran’s hands gently grabbing her rear. With a light smack of her hand, she
made him let go, then waved goodbye behind her as she walked out the door. Kiran, sighing, got out
of bed, moving to get his clothes on. Along the way, he took a pause, reaching into his bedside table
and pulling out three small bottles. Thinking ahead, he reached further back, ending with a total of
six. He knew his limits, but with these he wouldn’t have to worry. He could feel the glass bottles
clink in the pocket of his cloak as he walked, closing his room’s door behind him as he headed to
breakfast. Today was going to be a long day.

It was just after breakfast when Kiran heard the unmistakable sound of giggling, a very obvious
sound that belonged to none other than the first Hero to ever confess their feelings to him. As he
rounded one of the Hall’s many corners, he came face to face with not one, but two Heroes, clearly
both waiting for him.

It was hard to mistake Sharena, of course. Her radiant smile and flowing blonde hair set her apart
from many other Heroes. Kiran always thought about the times his hands flowed through that hair as
their lips met passionately, or the times when the golden locks were gripped tightly between his
fingers, as the two lovers committed rough, but pleasurable acts sure to make many blush. However,
the person beside her at the moment was just as nice a sight, and not simply because of the outfit.

Kiran still couldn’t understand the ramifications of summoning another Alfonse and Sharena to this
version of Askrl, but he was forced to deal with the consequences upon the appearance of another
spring festival. This one brought forth not just other forms of Catria, the Whitewing, and Kagero, the
well-endowed ninja, but also another world’s version of Alfonse and Sharena, the last two Heroes he
ever expected to summon. It only took a few days for this new, bunny version of Sharena to develop
her own feelings for Kiran. Whether it was due to his Sharena’s influence, or feelings carried over from wherever she came from originally, soon Kiran had found himself invited to a more special type of hopping practice, in which only one of them was hopping, and not on her feet.

“Did I walk into something?” Kiran asked, as the identical girls turned around to look at him. Sharena’s normal form was holding something in her hands, clapping them together like a clam to keep it shut tight. Both of them seemed partially surprised to see him, but it was Bunny Sharena that broke into form first.

“Not really,” she told the Summoner, standing up straighter to look up at him, “We were just looking at something funny we found on one of Anna’s picture tomes. Wanna see?”

“I’m not so sure we should show it out here,” Sharena mentioned, “If Kiran turned the corner to find us, then who knows who else might. Besides, we were going to look for him later anyway, right?” Kiran, arms crossed, looked between the two girls with a curious glint in his eye, one that Bunny Sharena noticed.

“That’s true.” Bunny Sharena took Kiran’s hand in both of hers. “Well, Kiran? Follow us real quick, we have something for you.” The bunny girl may have said “follow”, but Kiran compared it more to being dragged by both hands. His feet moved quickly so as to not lose his balance, flying behind the two princesses at a breakneck pace. Twice he swore that his head was about to smash onto a wall as they rounded a corner, but fortunately he stayed safe, all the way until their destination: the armory.

“O...kay.” Kiran muttered, looking around the room. The armory had been redesigned since Kiran had been Summoned. With the larger influx of Heroes arriving, the armory had to be expanded. Thanks to having so many Heroes with unique weapons, such as Chrom’s Falchion or Camus’s Gradivus, more shelves needed to be constructed to house these weapons. Most of the Heroes said it was fine, but Kiran enjoyed having each weapon in its own case or stand. Something about it pricked his fancy, possibly due to how it felt like a collection.

“In here, Kiran,” Sharena muttered, helping to pull Kiran into one of the armory’s several changing cubbies. These were primarily meant for Heroes to use, in case they needed to swap out armor or change after a particularly harrowing sparring match. Kiran knew these were practically useless, of course, since pretty much everyone in the Hall wore the exact same outfit at all times, even the Summer Heroes. Still, again, something inside of him said they would be necessary one day. That day seems to have come.

“Get that robe off,” Sharena whispered, kissing Kiran’s neck as she struggled to remove his iconic garb. Bunny Sharena, meanwhile, was already working on his trousers, slipping a hand into them to caress his cock while undoing his belt with the other.

“Is this really necessary?” Kiran chuckled, holding Sharena’s head against him, “I mean, I absolutely love it, but right now?”

“I told you we had something for you,” Bunny Sharena giggled, revealing the Summoner’s hardening length and giving it a quick lick, “But don’t worry, we’ll have even more tonight.”


“I’m not surprised you forgot, you silly goose.” She put a hand up his shirt, feeling his stomach and chest, “You’ll remember, I’m sure of it. For now, though…” Her tongue pushed its way into his mouth, and her eyes closed as she moaned softly. Their mouths slid together, causing soft smacking sounds to echo throughout the little cubby, complementing the sucking noises coming from down
Kiran didn’t want to be the only one feeling pleasure, of course, and his hand soon found itself straying past Sharena’s shirt, feeling the rough leather of her armor against the back of his hand. The princess gasped as Kiran’s hand found one of her breasts, pressed up against the armor, an act that caused them to feel that much more sensitive. Kiran used this to his advantage, squeezing them to make Sharena yelp, and pushing her tongue back into her mouth with his own.

“And fun up there?” Bunny Sharena asked, taking her mouth off of Kiran’s length while still stroking it. She stood, continuing her hand movements, and moved to kiss his neck much like her counterpart had recently done. Both Sharenas pressed Kiran against the back of the cubby, with the original adding her hand onto his dick, leaving both her and her spring form stroking his cock. Not to be outdone, Kiran’s other hand slipped into the prevalent cut in Bunny Sharena’s clothing, easily able to grasp one of her breasts and squeezing it.

“Oh, you naughty bunny,” the springtime princess chuckled, sucking on Kiran’s neck harder. The Summoner and the princess, meanwhile, maintained their passionate liplock, and his hand inside the spear-handler’s armor slid down, leaving her top half and slipping inside of her pants. With very little resistance, her underwear was moved aside, soon replaced by Kiran’s fingers. Sharena was helpless against the digits rubbing at her clit, which soon became digits pushing inside of her, rubbing at her inner walls.

“Ah!” Sharena moaned, breaking off the kiss. As soon as she did so, Bunny Sharena took her chance, swooping in to claim his lips without giving him time to recover. Their tongues meshed together soon, with Kiran swearing that her mouth always tastes like carrot. With his arms starting to feel somewhat uncomfortable, Kiran took his hand away from Bunny Sharena’s breasts, causing her to sigh sadly. The sigh turned into a moan, as the same hand went down into her pants, pushing past her panties and sliding into her sopping wet entrance, much like Kiran’s moves on her normal form.

“That feels amazing, Kiran,” Sharena giggled, kissing his neck and watching the other two locked at the lip. Kiran’s hands were adept inside of their pants, an easy feat due to Kiran’s ambidexterity. Both girls were moaning now, with Bunny Sharena’s sounds muted because of the kiss. Said kiss broke soon after, and Kiran turned his head to capture Sharena’s lips once more, feeling a small pain on his mouth as Sharena kissed so hard, her teeth were starting to press against his skin.

“And Kiran,” Bunny Sharena moaned against his lips, “I hope you have a way of getting ready for tonight.” Her sultry tone gave Kiran pause, enough for Sharena to slip her tongue into the kiss. The three-person kiss became a mess of saliva and moaning, with Kiran’s hands working overtime inside the two princesses, as they stroked him faster than before. Neither group seemed willing to climax first, and the cooperative effort of their triple kiss soon became a competitive struggle for pleasure. Kiran moved his fingers as much as possible, trying to get both Sharenas to climax first, as they focused on his cock. Bunny Sharena moved her hand over his tip, smearing his precum on her fingers, as Sharena pumped his shaft.

The kiss separated, leaving all three of them with their tongues hanging out, looking into each other’s eyes while their hands rubbed, stroked, or pumped. A few kisses and licks happened, mostly on bare cheeks but occasionally on the lips. Kiran was just about to kiss Sharena’s forehead when it happened.

“Ahh!” Both Sharenas cried out, pressing their faces to Kiran’s shirt as they came together. Kiran felt their orgasm wash over his fingers, definitely also staining the inside of their clothes. Still, he let his head go back as they continued to stroke him, soon leaving him panting as they slowed down due to their fatigue. The stop was temporary, however, as both girls slumped to their knees to eagerly kiss
his tip, pressing their cheeks together as they sucked on the very tip of his cock. With this stimulation, Kiran was done for. His seed shot out, launching into both of their mouths and coating their tongues. While both Sharenas pulled off his cock, kissing each other to enjoy his seed, Kiran reached into his cloak pocket, pulling out one of the stamina potions.

“Thank you, dear,” Kiran whispered, thinking of Fjorm as he uncorked the potion, drinking the tasteless liquid. Immediately, he felt the strength return to his body, and the warmth in his chest resurged.

“Looks like you planned ahead,” Sharena said, standing up and wiping her face, pulling her pants up.

“That’s our Kiran,” Bunny Sharena noted, adjusting her floppy ears and loose shirt, “Always with the right idea.” Both girls gave the Summoner a kiss on the cheek at the same time.

“We’ll be seeing you later tonight, Kiran,” Sharena whispered in his ear, helping him tuck his cock away in his pants, “Your room, of course. Have fun today.” As both princesses left the cubby, Kiran was left still reeling from the suddenness of this dual attack. Grunting, he waddled out a few minutes later, the effects of the stamina potion coursing through his body.

Kiran knew that he didn’t have time to visit one of the many beach worlds that he had discovered during his tenure of summoning Heroes, but that didn’t mean that he couldn’t enjoy some time in the water. Thanks to a recent discovery of yet another one of those musical caves, the Order of Heroes had access to a crystal clear blue ocean grotto at the end of the cavern, once more after passing through hordes of phantom-like enemies with some sort of music in the air.

Kiran had quickly changed into his swimming gear after his little experience in the cubby. Now wearing his usual swimming trunks with his cloak, and carrying his towel on his arm, he was about to walk through the portal leading to the small ocean when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Mind if I join you?”

The silky smooth voice, one that exuded allure and confidence, belonged to none other than Lyn. Curious, Kiran turned around, only to be met by the plainswoman in a highly revealing blue two-piece swimsuit. His eyes marvelled at her figure, but also at the strange addition to the outfit: a watermelon under her arm.

“Lyn?” Kiran said, stating the obvious, “I don’t recall ever summoning you from a beach world…” Lyn smiled, leaning on one leg and tilting her head. Gods, he could never not be astounded by her looks.

“You didn’t. I’m the original, Kiran dear. I just picked this up in town the other day.” She twirled around, letting her hair fly about her shoulders. “Do you like it?”

“Definitely,” Kiran told her, nodding his head. He wanted to tell her how the very fact that she was wearing that outfit made him want to pin her to the wall and passionately make love to her while caressing her beautifully built body, but even he knew that some degree of courtesy was required.

“Are you heading to the cave too?”

“I think that’s pretty obvious, no?” Lyn smiled, walking past Kiran into the portal, into which the Summoner quickly followed. The smell of the sea hit them like a wyvern at full speed, with the salty aroma permeating throughout the entire cave and bouncing off the walls. The sound of the softly crashing waves was prevalent as well. Thanks to the cave’s natural formation, the water was mostly calm, with some occasional wave crashes against the walls of the small pool embedded into the
rock. The ground surrounding the area, as well as the ceiling, was worn away and smooth, likely due to centuries upon centuries of natural erosion and weathering, leaving the location perfect for a quick getaway to relax in the soothing ocean waters.

And right now, the Summoner and the Heroine were alone.

“I’m still surprised at this place every time I come.” Lyn set her watermelon down on a smooth stalagmite that looked almost like a tree stump, standing up straight and stretching by holding an arm over her head, leaning to the side. “You expected it to be a hot spring again, didn’t you?”

“Definitely,” Kiran said, taking off his robe and placing it on another rock, taking care not to hit the pocket containing the potions too hard against the hard surface. “It would have made sense, considering all the other times. Although, I’ll admit that this is a much breezier feel...I like it. Colder than a hot spring.” He went to step into the water, dashing his foot against the surface to test it. It felt chilly, but not too cold. He stepped into the small pool, hopping in and feeling the water rise up to his knees almost immediately.

Lyn walked around the ocean pool, moving closer to the area where the small cave opened to the larger sea. With a deep breath, she dove in, raising her hands above her head in a small triangle and she pierced the blue water, disappearing into it. Kiran waded out further, ducking his head under the water once to get his hair wet before coming back out, throwing his head back and chuckling at how his hair got suddenly spiked up down the middle, due to the movement.

“You look ridiculous, Kiran,” Lyn laughed, having already risen up from the depths and now treading water. Kiran jokingly waved off her comment, now swimming in a slow breaststroke out to her. He couldn’t touch the ground anymore, and neither could she. Once he swam out to her, she moved closer, wrapping her arms around his neck and looking into his eyes. Kiran’s hands went naturally to her waist, feeling the naked skin as well as the string of her bikini bottoms.

“This is a nice sight,” Kiran whispered, taking in Lyn’s deep green eyes. Her hair, just as green, was still in its ponytail, albeit a much soggier one that was spreading out behind her in the water.

“I concur,” Lyn replied, pulling Kiran in and resting her head on his shoulder, “So, how has your day been so far? Any...excitement?”

“I’m sure you already know all about it.” He may sometimes lose his mind when near a beautiful girl, but Kiran wasn’t a fool. There was no way that Lyn’s appearance was a coincidence. “It’s been very exciting, yes. Fjorm, Sharena and her other version...and now you.” Lyn’s took a deep breath, letting Kiran feel her chest rise and fall against his.

“Don’t think it’ll be stopping soon.” The plainswoman pulled her head back, looking at Kiran’s face again. “Just because we’re floating, doesn’t mean you get a break.” Both of them smiled at each other, but Lyn made the first move, gently pressing her lips against Kiran’s. They stayed there, floating in each other’s embrace for a few minutes, getting handsy throughout. Lyn gasped when Kiran’s hand squeezed her sizable right breast over her bikini top, and Kiran stifled a moan when Lyn’s fingers traced the outline of his cock against his swimsuit. When Kiran’s other hand took hold of Lyn’s rounded rear, she put hers on his hip, pulling him in closer to stroke just a little faster.

As their hands explored more, so too did their kiss intensify. Kiran poked his tongue into Lyn’s mouth first, but she was the stronger one, swiftly pushing him back and invading his mouth with her own tongue. Kiran’s right hand slid under the right cup of her bikini, staying in between it and her skin as he massaged her breast. Likewise, Lyn undid the knot on Kiran’s swimsuit, moving her hand in and taking hold of his hardening cock, stroking it to increase the pleasure.
“As much as I love swimming here,” Lyn whispers, “I want to do something else...would you float us to the edge, please?” Excited to oblige, Kiran floats himself onto his back, pulling Lyn on top of himself. He kicked his feet slowly backwards towards the edge, keeping his hands on Lyn’s hips and continuing to kiss her, as they both moved over the water. Their tongues were just beginning to meet when Kiran, not looking where he was going, felt a strong strike against the top of his head.

“Oh!” he yelled out, causing Lyn to pull back. He brought a hand up to his head to hold the affected spot. Lyn laughed, yelping as she rolled off of Kiran’s body, splashing into the shallow water. The two were left sputtering, trying to stand up in the water. Lyn slipped, her feet sliding along the smooth rock under the ocean water, forcing Kiran to catch her in his arms, one hand on her back and one on her side.

“Oh my,” Lyn said, intentionally draping herself over Kiran, “It seems the Summoner has good reflexes, no?” Not letting him respond, Lyn reached up to give him another kiss, then gently pushed him onto the edge of the ocean pool, forcing him to sit. The swordswoman’s hands easily slipped his trunks down to his thighs, revealing his erection to her.

“At least I don’t have to get it too wet,” she mused, stroking the shaft slowly already. “I bet it’s going to taste saltier than usual, no?” She tested her hypothesis with her tongue, dragging it up the underside of his cock slowly, staring up at him the entire time. Kiran gripped the smooth rock on either side of him tight, gritting his teeth while smiling. Lyn’s other hand stayed under the water, sliding to her own crotch and teasing her own entrance, causing her to moan as her mouth closed around his tip, soon starting to suck on the entirety of his length.

“You seem to get better every time we do this, Lyn,” Kiran suggested, rubbing his right hand through her green hair, already starting to cake itself with the salt from the water. He undid the little tie around her ponytail, watching in awe as her emerald hair cascaded onto the surface of the water and around her shoulders, spreading like a fan in all directions. Lyn couldn’t answer his earlier comment, as her mouth was full. Still, she gave him a wink, popping his cock out of her mouth and letting go of it.

“Say, I noticed you were admiring my swimsuit earlier.” Lyn pushed herself up a little bit more using Kiran’s legs, bringing her chest to the same height as his dick. “Something tells me you want to get a closer feel for it, hm?”

“You’d be right,” Kiran agreed, watching as Lyn raised her breasts over his cock, lowering them so that his erection pushed up in between them. Kiran moaned softly, feeling the much tighter sensation due to her swimwear.

“Seems it’s pretty good.” Lyn pushed her breasts up and down on his cock, squeezing them together even more with her hands. Thanks to her sucking, as well as the water already on them because of the ocean pool, Kiran was able to feel a sliding sensation brand new to him. He put his hands on Lyn’s head, gently coursing his fingers through her hair as she bent down, licking his tip whenever his cock rose up above her breasts. He unconsciously started to thrust up as Lyn’s movements continued, making her giggle.

“Someone seems restless,” she muttered over the sound of her skin slapping against his. She wrapped her left arm around the front of her breasts, pressing them against his cock. Her right hand slid down into the water again, pushing two fingers into her own body in just the right way to make her twitch and moan.

“Gods, Lyn,” Kiran gasped, “You’re going to make me-”

“Do it,” she snapped, “That’s what we’re here for, after all.” She clamped her lips around his tip
again, sucking on it while her breasts pressed against it. Like two large pillows, Kiran thought, feeling his climax rushing as fast as the waves from the ocean. It only took about a minute longer for that feeling to translate into reality, as he couldn’t stop himself from climaxing. However, he was able to warn Lyn with a very obvious moan, so that the plainswoman was able to pull her mouth off and away just as Kiran’s seed filled the space between her breasts, coating them in the familiar white substance and sticking to her swimsuit.

“I’m impressed,” she said, rubbing her breasts along with his seed a little more, “How do you still have so much after this morning?”

“Of course they told you about it,” Kiran muttered, shaking his head to wake up more, “I...took a stamina potion. Seems it restores more than just my energy.”

“Seems so.” Lyn smiled, then moaned. She hadn’t stopped fingering herself, and from what Kiran could see from his angle, she was now done, as the water around her clouded up somewhat after her own orgasm. With a loud squelch, she removed his cock from between her breasts, moving up to give him another kiss on the lips as she left the water, sitting on his lap with her entrance just in front of his cock. His hands went around her hips, while hers snaked their way around his neck.

“So what was the watermelon for?” Kiran whispered, as he and Lyn traded short kisses.

“I was going to split myself a slice after this,” she explained, “Want one?” He nodded. “Well...in a bit.” With a grunt, and a satisfied giggle at Kiran’s yelling reaction, Lyn pulled him into the water once more.

Kirian always thought that he should do some sort of exercise. It was just his luck, then, that so many Heroes were willing to help him learn a training regimen. Of course, not all of them were effective. Some Heroes were rather indignant, holding themselves as superior to him while attempting to teach. Others were just as bad as he was, and left Kiran wondering how in the world they got to where they were. One particular experience involved both Virion and Arthur trying to tell him the best ways to exercise, using so much prose, boisterous language, and bombastic yelling that Kiran ended up more confused than when he began.

Still, after some time and a fair few trial runs, he was left with a training regimen of easy exercises for his body. Pushups, situps, and stretches were familiar ones, but soon he found himself getting to the point of long-distance running, unarmed combat training, and even weightlifting, using buckets of sand attached to a long stick. He wasn’t anywhere close to being muscular, but he felt like he was making some sort of progress.

On this particular afternoon, about an hour after his meetup with Lyn, he was going at his exercises much harder than usual, due entirely to the stamina potion he had chugged right after Lyn had, effectively, drained him dry. The potion worked wonders. Before, Kiran ould barely do two pullups, but today he had passed ten. His pushups had fared in a similar manner, and now he was laying on his back in one of the Hall’s training rooms, feeling the mat beneath him as he put his hands crossed together on his chest. His cloak was hung on a hook by the door, and he wore a simple white shirt with short blue pants, his typical exercise attire. With his knees bent and his feet flat on the floor, he was slowly moving his chest up and down, breathing out hard every time he moved up.

Footsteps entering the room weren’t enough for him to stop, as he managed to hit 60 situps in a row. What did stop him, however, was the swishing of clothing against the floor, followed by the feeling of cloth against his skin. Looking to his right, Kiran was met with a face full of white. His gaze traveled upwards, already guessing as to who this was.

“You seem to be working hard,” Lyn’s bride form said, slightly bending over to look at the
Summoner on the floor, “I love seeing you like this, so driven.”

“How Lyn,” Kiran coughed, starting to sit up. He was stopped, however, by Lyn’s foot pressing into his chest and pushing him back down gently, giving him ample view of what lay under the robe: white panties, white thigh-high tights, and not much else. His eyes went wide, and his pants got tight, while his mind thanked the Gods that she had taken her shoes off first.

“How, Kiran.” Bride Lyn said, taking her foot off of him, “Don’t get up. Seeing you like this is so...appealing.” Her hands took hold of her dress, raising it up for Kiran to see more. “And I’m sure you enjoy looking like this.”

“Can’t say I don’t,” Kiran coughed, reaching a hand up to feel Lyn’s thigh. It was stopped, however, by a very quick, sudden slap from the bride above him.

“Not so fast, dear,” she snapped with a smirk, “I’m still rather annoyed at having to wear this outfit, especially when my other forms got to keep their weapons.”

“That wasn’t exactly my fault,” the Summoner grunted, rubbing his slapped hand, “And besides, I think you look amazing in it.”

“Of course you do.” Her foot slid down his shirt, tracing his stomach with her big toe. “You just adore the way my chest gets pressed up, don’t you? And you especially love seeing underneath my dress. You’re already so hard because of it.” The foot was now reaching the edge of his pants. Lyn hooked her toes to them, pulling them down to expose his undergarments, as well as the object underneath. She snickered, forcing his legs to flatten out with her movements, and noticed the small wet spot caused by his pre-cum leaking out.

“Naughty, naughty boy,” Lyn said, rubbing his dick with her foot through his underwear, “You like it when I talk to you like that, don’t you?” He did. Kiran had realized that every version of Lyn seemed to have some sort of different kink. Her normal form was tame, or at least as tame as any version of Lyn could possibly be. Her bride form, however, liked to be very dominant, to the point of humiliation. Kiran wasn’t afraid to admit that he highly enjoyed it, even if she wasn’t particularly committed to the bit. More often than not, she ended up really soft and caring by the end of her attempted roleplay. His theory was that her anger at her outfit poked through until her regular form’s demeanor returned. It seemed to fit.

“What a good feeling,” she continued, rubbing his length with her foot, “It’s so nice and hard...did this do it?” She raised her dress up more, smiling down at Kiran and watching him stare at her crotch. “Don’t you want to get into it already? You seem to do that with everyone else, after all.” Somehow, she moved her sock-covered toenail in such a way that she gently, yet expertly, teased the more sensitive part of Kiran’s cock.

The pre-cum leaking from Kiran’s cock was leaving a very obvious mark on his underwear, annoying him somewhat. He couldn’t complain, however, due to the wonderful sight above him. Wondering if she was past her dominant phase, he let his hand move up to try and touch her again. His fingers managed to graze the skin on her outer right thigh, earning him a moan from from the bride. The moment was fleeting, however, as he felt the familiar sting of Lyn’s hand striking his.

“No need to be so eager,” she snapped again, pressing the sole of her foot against his underwear, “You’ll get your just desserts.” Her foot continued to stroke, but soon slipped into his underwear, now coming into contact directly with his cock. Kiran moaned, pressing his hands against the mat underneath him on either side. The feeling of Lyn’s feet was new to him. Even her bride form tended to stick to the basics when touching. Perhaps she had gotten this from somewhere else, or did it on the fly. It was hard to tell with her.
And right now, Kiran wanted more.

Using the burst of strength his stamina gave him, Kiran reached up to grab Lyn’s waist. Her confident and proud smile disappeared immediately, turning into a look of shock as Kiran dragged her down above him. Her billowy white dress flew all over the place, flying up and ending in an upside down position, as if Lyn was in some sort of up. Of course, in her current state, she was laying directly on top of Kiran’s body, revealing her underwear to the world, or at least to the empty room. Her hands landed on his chest, and she looked into his eyes, still shocked. Kiran smiled, and she frowned.

“Jerk,” she whispered, only half meaning it, before kissing him on the lips. Her feet didn’t stop moving, however. Thanks to their height difference, Lyn was able to maneuver her feet, rubbing the sides of Kiran’s cock after pushing his underwear down just a little bit more. Their kiss was hard, not at all slow or gentle, both of them furiously making out with the other. As Lyn moved to shrug out of the dress, Kiran stopped her, putting his hands on her arms.

“Keep it on,” he whispered, “Please?” Her angry look spoke volumes, but Kiran’s puppy dog eyes seemed to win her over. She stopped trying to take it off, but blushed once she felt Kiran’s hand on her thigh, fingering his way up.

“Well, I suppose there’s one thing you should take off, at least.” He kissed her lips again, using his free hand to grab her ponytail and pull backwards, exposing her neck to his mouth. Her moans petered out, replaced by barely audible gasping that was typical of Bride Lyn’s sexual character. He could feel her feet press on his dick a little more, just enough to give him pleasure rather than pain. He was also glad that her wedding dress was soft, considering how much it was currently rubbing against his body.

“Why don’t you ever let me continue like that?” Lyn asked Kiran, referring to her attempts at roleplay, “Am I doing it wrong?”

“I prefer you like you are.” He pulled harder on her hair, leaving hickeys on her neck where he kissed her, “It’s so much hotter like that.” His free hand slid off her panties, moving them down her legs and letting his fingers slide around her entrance, teasing it gently. Lyn’s gasps became hitched breaths, as she bit her lower lip and pressed her hands against Kiran’s chest more.

“Jerk,” she gasped, “Next time we’re keeping it my way, okay?”

“What ever you say, Lyn,” Kiran half-agreed, driving his index finger inside of her. Lyn curled her back in pleasure, unintentionally pressing her chest more against Kiran’s body, which caused Kiran to shiver.

“Is that all?” she asked, trying to sound much more in charge than she really was, “Come on, Kiran...I need more already…”

“No need to be so greedy, Lyn.” He kissed her cheek, then pulled his finger out of her slowly, rubbing against her clit as he did. Her body trembled with every touch, begging for more constantly.

“Turn around,” Kiran whispered into her ear, “I’m ready to give you more.” Lyn nodded, getting off of him and turning herself on all fours, facing away from Kiran as he kneeled up, stroking himself to stay hard. Raising her dress, Kiran moved himself into position, rubbing the tip of his cock against Lyn’s entrance.

“You’re not going to keep me waiting, are you?” She looked back at him, tossing her hair back, “Don’t just tease me, Kiran, or else you won’t get anything else tonight.”
“Tonight?” he asked, gently pushing inside of her, “Oh, I’m excited.” He grabbed her hips, pushing all the way inside of her. Lyn pressed her hands flat against the ground, moaning loudly. Her dress was once again moved up, flipped inside out so that Kiran had a full view of her rear. Of course, this gave him ample view of how it shook whenever he thrusted into her, as he started to do quite hard.

“Gods, Kiran!” Lyn cried out, laying her forehead on the floor. The Summoner was moving as hard as he could, the added energy from the potion giving him more strength and stamina to go at an increasing pace. The bride beneath him was practically left in a moaning fit, amplified once Kiran’s right hand snaked underneath her to rub at her clit, and he leaned forward, causing his pelvis to come into contact with her every time he pushed inside of her.

“Still want to feel dominant?” Kiran asked, leaning forward more and kissing the bride’s back.

“Most definitely,” she responded through gritted teeth, “Trust me when I tell you that I’ll get my chance.” Her words came out staggered, as every syllable was accented by her body shaking, roughed around by the feeling of Kiran’s cock rubbing inside of her. She threw her head back, shifting into an arch and yelling out, as Kiran’s hand on her clit began to pinch it as well. Kiran had figured that what Lyn’s normal form liked, every one of her forms did as well. At least, he knew how to touch her so that she would be in heaven whenever they had sex.

Which, at this point, was often.

“Harder, Kiran,” she begged, laying her cheek against the floor, “And next time, I’m getting out of this stupid dress, okay?”

“I have to agree there,” Kiran muttered, sticking his tongue out a little against his upper lip as he felt the dress start to get in the way somewhat, even as he continued to move into and out of Lyn. The friction caused by the dress was nothing compared to hearing her moans, especially as her pitch tended to fluctuate whenever he rubbed her clit in between thrusts. Judging by her latest high-pitched wail, Kiran knew she was almost there, and so he moved even harder to get her to climax faster.

“Kiran!” Lyn cried out, hitting her climax in force. Her fluids coated his crotch, and the slapping noise of their skin coming together became a more squelching sound thanks to the sweat and juices in between them. Within a minute, Kiran reached his own finish, pulling out of Lyn and releasing his climax on her back, splattering on her rear and along her spine. He came so much and so hard, he hit the back of her head and coated her hair..

“Really?” Lyn gasped back to Kiran, breathing heavily as she looked over her shoulder, “After all this time, even knowing that I can’t get-”

“I just get worried sometimes,” Kiran interjected, falling back and sitting down, “Sue me.” Lyn smiled, grunting as she turned over and stood up, dressing herself again.

“I’ll have to stop by the baths now. But I do hope you’ll be good to go by tonight.” Kiran, nodded, catching his breath, and barely registered Lyn shuffling past him in her wedding dress, kissing him on the forehead, and heading out of the room. After she left, Kiran stumbled to the clothes rack beside the door, rummaging through the pockets of the cloak until he was able to find another bottle of stamina potion. He opened it, chugging it as he fell against the wall, sighing as he felt the energy and strength once more return to him.

“I’m gonna be addicted to this,” he muttered, coughing as he stood up, getting ready to get on with his day. He stumbled a little getting out of the door however, and he had to catch himself on the doorframe before he continued. Shaking his head, he continued, slightly worried but also still riding his high as hard as he was riding Lyn’s bride form.
Kiran remembered when he first heard about the so-called Brave Heroes. From what he understood, his world had some strange connection to Askhr, and not just because of his ability to be summoned here. Perhaps it was some cosmic anomaly that caused four Heroes to be brought to greater power than before, and of these four, Lyn was affected the most.

Her Brave form, for all intents and purposes, was still the same old Lyn, with the same likes, dislikes, and...desires. It only took a few days for this new form to become acclimated to Kiran and his relationship with the other Lyns, and he was all the better for it, as this Lyn was much, much wilder than the others. Kiran attributed it to the adrenaline brought about by constantly riding on horseback, as well as the ranged capabilities of her bow giving her more of a carefree and powerful demeanor.

Suffice it to say, Kiran shouldn’t have been surprised when he was pulled into the stables during his daily patrol around the outside of the Hall, near the training grounds. He also should have expected to be thrown onto a pile of hay and have a body land on top of him, furiously kissing and grinding against him.

“It’s about time you showed up,” Brave Lyn said to him, in between the furious liplocks that she kept him in, “You were slow on today’s patrol, you know. I had to pleasure myself a little bit already.” A quick glance downward, past Kiran’s growing erection, proved it: she wasn’t wearing her usual shorts underneath her clothing, and her thighs were sopping wet to the point that they glistened in the faint light inside of the stables. The building was empty, thankfully, as most horses were currently out grazing. Lyn had pulled them both into a dry section of the Stables, one used for the express purpose of storing hay to feed to the beasts.

“No need to worry about that now,” Kiran responded, roughly grabbing her rear with both hands and squeezing, earning him a long moan into his mouth, “Let’s get this done.” The doses of stamina potion were giving him an adverse effect as well, he could see, as he wanted nothing more than to pound Lyn’s Brave form against the wall. He suppressed these urges for now, half because of courtesy, half because he was afraid his heart would give out from the sudden strain.

“Are you...more turned on than usual?” Kiran asked her, pushing her slightly off, “You’ve never jumped me like this before.”

“You’ve already gotten to fuck two versions of me today,” Lyn replied, starting to remove his shirt, “Hurry up and fuck me too.” She was very, very turned on, definitely. He let her strip off his cloak and shirt, working on taking off her robe by pulling it up, revealing her toned stomach. He put a hand on it and rubbed it gently, while the other one continued to raise her clothing. Remembering the armor on her, Kiran quickly reached his hand around Lyn, pulling her in closer as he unclasped the small bit of armor protecting half of her chest.

“Heh,” he muttered, kissing Lyn’s neck and hearing her moan while he returned to removing her clothes, “I set it free.” He could feel Lyn chuckle against him, then quickly moan again. Kiran could feel a wet spot on his leg, where Lyn was currently grinding against it. He finished taking off her robe, leaving the plainswoman in nothing but her upper underwear covering her chest, looking not unlike a sports bra with less constriction. Once that was off, his pants were next, practically flying off his body and presenting his tentpoled underwear. Lyn’s juices were much more evident on his leg now, though they would no longer stain his pants, something that he feared would draw too much attention.

“Pull it out already,” Lyn begged, holding his head to her neck, “I’m going crazy!” She pulled his head up to kiss him again, pressing her tongue into his mouth and driving his back. Kiran lowered his underwear, obliging her request, and Lyn slid herself up his leg, grinding her clit against his cock.
lengthwise. Her moans got incredibly loud, and she wasn’t able to continue the kiss, instead grinding herself against Kiran and letting the edges of their lips slightly touch, unintentionally teasing each other in the process. Kiran’s hands didn’t stay idle, giving both of her breasts a solid squeeze over her undergarments before slipping that off too, leaving the two of them in their birthday suits.

“We’re gonna get hay all over ourselves,” Kiran griped.

“Not if you fuck me against the wall,” Lyn responded, much to Kiran’s delight.

“Let’s go, then.” He lifted her up, feeling her legs grab around his waist, cock painfully close to her entrance, yet still outside of it. Moving over to the stables’ wooden wall, he set her back down, kissing her once on the forehead before turning her around. Already knowing what was coming, Lyn put her hands on the wall, looking back to Kiran and raising her right leg sideways. Kiran always marvelled at her flexibility, and was entranced by her lovely smile, as Lyn raised her leg for Kiran to grab, and grab he did. Squeezing her thigh, he held up her leg, giving him a more accessible path to her most pleasureable spot.

Without another word, Kiran went in. His cock entered her folds effortlessly, sliding inside her wet crotch. Lyn yelled in pleasure, a yell that was silenced by Kiran leaning forward more, kissing her on the lips to silence her. The two of them were caught in a tangle of limbs, as Kiran’s thrusts began. Lyn’s body was curved because of her position, and Kiran was able to feel her soft rear whenever he thrusted inside of her, as it smacked against his stomach. While his right hand clutched her airborne thigh, his left hand reached under her body, grabbing one of her hanging breasts and squeezing it hard, pumping it up and down with the flat of his palm.

“You don’t disappoint, Kiran,” Lyn moaned, breaking the kiss and looking into the Summoner’s eyes as he rammed inside of her, “You ride me better than I ride my horse.”

“That is...such a weird thing to say right now,” Kiran chuckled.

“I know,” Lyn laughed, still feeling her body wracked with pleasure, “I wanted to see your reaction. Now fuck me harder than you ever have before, Summoner.”

He wasn’t about to disappoint her.

Brave Lyn kissed him again, playing with his tongue as his cock pumped in and out of her. Kiran, whether from his sexual high or the stamina potion’s afferents, felt as if there was practically no friction, no sort of barrier stopping his prowess at this moment. He had Lyn wrapped around his finger and his tongue, loving it just as much as he ever has before. The wet slapping noises got louder, and Kiran was starting to worry that some curious soul would enter, or that the cavaliers would finish their training earlier than normal. He knew that they would have to be done before then, but he didn’t want this to end…

No matter. He knew what he had to do. Disconnecting the kiss with a resounding pop, he kept Lyn’s leg in the air, now keeping all of his energy on his thrusts. Even his hand on her breast simply kept it pressed against her body, adding as much as he could to the sensation that she was feeling.

“Kiran!” she yelled, throwing her head back into a loud, throaty moan, one that accompanied her flowing climax. Kiran kept thrusting throughout her orgasm, watching as her juices splattered everywhere. This version of Lyn seemed to cum harder than the others, and he supposed it was because of her higher skill and nature. Still, he focused, working on his own finish now.

“Cum in me now, Kiran,” Lyn begged, looking back at him again, “You made me cum, now it’s your turn!” Disregarding just how blunt Brave Lyn was, Kiran thrusted slow and hard into her now,
each move causing the wall to tremble and shake, and forcing Lyn to look down at the ground in order to not slam her nose into the paneling. She was crying his name over and over, lost in the bliss of her release.

With one final thrust, Kiran came. His seed shot into her, coating her inner walls white, and he pressed his body against her back. Lyn’s head was facing up again, her tongue out of her mouth from the pleasure. By the time Kiran was done, she was breathing harder, her breasts jiggling slightly every time she did so. Kiran pulled out of her, watching how his seed seemed to trickle out of her entrance.

“Seems like that was a lot,” he wheezed, suddenly finding himself short of breath as he fell back, arms spread out as he landed on the hay again. Lyn, meanwhile, lowered her hand down to her crotch, whimpering as she gently fingered herself in front of him. She turned around, resting her back against the wall, and moved her fingers up to her mouth, tasting their combined juices.

“It’s about time you did that,” she panted, “Which is why I’m glad we can’t get-

“Pregnant while you’re summoned,” Kiran finished her sentence, “I know. No need to constantly...tell me.” He groaned, rolling onto his side and reaching for the robe’s pocket, grabbing another stamina potion and drinking it. He was probably down to just two by now.

“That stuff doesn’t seem too good for you,” Lyn tutted, walking over and laying beside him on the hay, “But it seems to do the trick. You were like an animal today. I loved it.”

“Just wait ‘till next time,” he said, sitting up, “Let me guess, are you also gonna tell me that I should get ready for tonight?” Brave Lyn smiled, kissing Kiran on the cheek as she started to get dressed.

“I didn’t think I’d have to,” she admitted, “But I will see you then.” Once she finished up, as Kiran was still halfway through, she gave him one last kiss on the lips, before leaving the stables, waving a small goodbye before she walked out the door.

“Next time,” Kiran muttered, finishing getting dressed and leaving out the same door, “I’m keeping my clothes on.”

Kiran hoped that not too many Heroes noticed how weird he was walking. Every part of his body felt tender as he walked through the halls, patrolling the building and checking in on different Heroes. Several did comment that he was acting strange, but they didn’t seem to notice much more than that. He was thankful for that, since he didn’t want to explain just what he’d been doing all day. Even if some of the Heroes he had talked to knew what he usually did, and some had even done it with him, he felt it would be uncouth to discuss it openly.

Now, he was in the Hall’s kitchens, getting himself a nice afternoon snack. He was rifing through the cabinets, looking for anything that would befit teatime. If he was lucky, he could find one of Gaius’s secret candy stashes, but it seems that the thief was extremely adept at keeping those hidden, and Kiran soon gave up the search. However, he managed to find himself in front of the bread pantry. Opening it up, he smiled and closed his eyes, breathing in the fresh aroma that bread usually gives. Reaching in, his hands closed around a small piece, about as big as his closed fist. Giving it a gentle squeeze, he was delighted to find that it wasn’t hard, and instead slightly crunchy. He took it out, looking it over before taking a large bite, chewing it as he closed the pantry.

And was met with a direct stare from another Lyn.

“Gyah!” he yelled, stumbling backwards and nearly dropping his bread. The food inside of his
mouth almost went down his throat, choking him, but he managed to keep it against his tongue.

“Oh, did I scare you?” Lyn asked, “I’m sorry, Kiran, I guess I was a bit quiet.” Kiran managed to recover from the shock to witness the woman before him. This was the version of Lyn that had been summoned during the time of the Festival of Love, and the same one that he and Eirika’s other form had practiced with the other day, with the same practice leading to a few rounds of more personal, intimate relations.

“Yewe nwearly gave mwe a heart-” Kiran started, then stopped, holding up a finger in pause as he finished chewing and swallowing his piece of bread. “You nearly gave me a heart attack, Lyn!”

“Oh, no,” Lyn gasped, feigning surprise. She moved closer to him, her long blue dress flowing as she put her hand on his chest, looking up at his eyes. “Is it serious? Whatever will I do?” She was a great actress, Kiran thought. Not a tremble of a smile or laugh in her clearly sarcastic question. He put his hand over hers, holding his bread in the other hand, and kissed her on the forehead, turning her fictional concern into a soft, mischievous smile.

“Thank you for your concern,” he said, “But I'll be fine. Here to grab a bite to eat?”

“Why would I do that,” Lyn whispered, moving up to speak into his ear, “When you have a perfectly good snack right in front of you?”

“Because I’d still be hungry,” Kiran replied, still sneakily grabbing a handful of Lyn’s dress-covered rear, “Satisfied, but still hungry.” The noblewoman giggled, pushing herself away from the Summoner.

“I was baking a cake earlier, for tomorrow,” she explained, “And I used too much batter, so I accidentally made too much. I have a bowl of cake and frosting leftovers, if you want a taste.” Kiran didn’t think to ask about what was happening tomorrow, but he was very excited about the prospect of free cake. His rapid nods made Lyn laugh, beckoning him to follow her to another pantry. Inside this pantry, the air was much colder, as it was meant to preserve food. There was an ice block placed behind the wall to maintain the temperature. She reached inside, pulling out a large blue bowl with several bits of cake, some with white and yellow frosting, strewn about.

“Here you go,” Lyn said, placing the bowl on the counter, “Don’t worry, it’s all edible, and it’s vanilla flavored. Have a taste.” Kiran took a strip from the bowl with two fingers, pushing it into his mouth. He licked his lips afterwards. The cake was absolutely delicious, tasting like heaven on his tongue. She was right, it did taste like vanilla, but it was sweeter than any other vanilla he’d tasted.

“Want some?” he asked her, as he put another piece into his mouth.

“Certainly,” Lyn snickered. Before he knew it, Kiran’s head was being held by Lyn’s hands, as she pulled him into a sudden kiss. He could feel her tongue enter his mouth, taking some of the cake pieces from him and into her own. Kiran’s frosting-covered fingers took hold of her waist, with his other hand steadying him against the countertop. Her expert tongue maneuvering allowed her to take all the cake out of his mouth and into hers, pulling away and swallowing the baked treat.

“Mmm, somehow it’s even yummier now.” She held on to his shoulder with his right hand, using her left hand to grab a bit of frosting. While looking directly into his eyes, she smeared the frosting directly over her breasts, right over the small square afforded by her dress.

“Oops,” Lyn teased, as she traced her finger around the sweet decoration, “I think I need someone to help clean this up….” Taking the hint, Kiran leaned forward, giving Lyn a kiss on the neck before moving downward. The soft feel of her flesh on his tongue was soon joined by the flavor of the
frosting, gently piling up on the tip of his tongue. His tongue rolled up into his mouth, letting him 
taste the rest of the sugary confection.

“You’re right,” he mumbled, kissing the space where the frosting was, “It tastes much better like 
this.” While he kissed her skin, Lyn grabbed a strip of cake, pushing his face away and, with a very 
obvious smirk on her face, pushed the cake in between her breasts, directly into her cleavage. Kiran 
looked up at her, and she winked.

“Go get it,” she mouthed, without speaking. The Summoner did so, pressing his face into her now 
clean chest, pushing his tongue in between her large, soft pillows as he tried to reach for the cake. 
His hands grabbed her breasts from the front, meanwhile, squeezing her nipples through the fabric 
along with the rest of her breast. She whimpered slightly, standing straight so that Kiran was bending 
over to scarf around inside her cleavage.

“You’re a dog, Kiran,” Lyn laughed, holding his head against her body. Kiran shrugged, finally 
reaching the piece of cake in the soft canyon with his tongue, pulling it out and eating it in front of 
her. She covered her mouth to giggle, then pulled at the sides of the open area on her chest, exposing 
more and more of her skin, until her breasts slowly pushed out, spilling out over her clothes for Kiran 
to witness.

“Cover them,” she whispered, leaning forward and gesturing with her head to the bowl beside them. 
Kiran humphed, grabbing a small handful of frosted cake and pressing it against her breasts from the 
front. He started to move it around, both massaging her breasts and covering them in delicious vanilla 
cake and blue frosting, leaving them a strange shade of light blue. The way her breasts moved and 
squished made covering them entirely hard, but the action and the thought of what was coming next 
made him harder. He focused particularly on her nipples, rubbing and gently twisting them as he 
coated the frosting all over, making sure that it had enough layering on it.

“Good enough?” Kiran asked Lyn, receiving a nod and a smile. He looked back down to her bosom, 
closing his eyes and pressing the flat of his tongue against the top of her right breast, feeling the 
frosting be displaced by him. Moving his head and holding her hips with both hands, Kiran covered 
a wide area of skin as he licked off the confection, tasting as much as he could, as slow as possible. 
Lyn hummed a small tune as he trailed his tongue over her breast, cleaning up all of the frosting on 
top before moving to the front. There were some bits of cake in between the frosting as well, letting 
Kiran savor some more vanilla in between the sugar.

“Here, let me.” As Kiran kept his eyes closed, joyfully sucking on Lyn’s right nipple and leaning off 
the frosting, Lyn reached over again and snatched up some more cake and frosting, pressing it 
against Kiran’s neck. Letting him continue to suck on her breast, she leaned forward, kissing his 
neck and sucking on it, removing the cake she had just left there as well as leaving a fairly large and 
obvious mark in the shape of her lips.

“People are going to see that,” he mumbled against her skin, flicking his tongue over her nipple, “My 
shirt doesn’t have a high collar, you know.”

“It’ll be fine,” she whispered, moaning softly while her tongue slid against his neck, “It’ll just leave 
everyone guessing who gave it to you. I love mysteries.” She rolled her head, tossing her hair back to 
kiss his neck more.

“You already cleaned that part.” Kiran switched to her other nipple, leaving a suction sound as he 
left the current one, and remaking the noise when he attached himself to the other one. Lyn moaned 
against his neck, both ignoring his comment and leaving another hickey on his skin for good 
measure.
“This is taking too long,” she whined, “Hurry up, or we’ll be here all night, and I know there’s somewhere else you have to be.”

“Funny thing is,” Kiran commented, licking up one last time to finish up the food on her breast, “Nobody’s told me what this is supposed to be, yet.”

“You haven’t figured it out? I’d imagine someone with your intellect would have figured it out by now...or at least remembered.”

“A bunch of stamina potions and a lot of sex in one day will do that to you.” He moved his head up, forcing Lyn’s head to move as well as he kissed her neck, making her gasp and grab his shoulder.

“Hurry up and get down there,” she begged, raising up her dress with one hand, “Your tongue was great last time, let me feel it again.” Kiran moaned something in a sad tone, but let go of her breast, kissing the other one a few more times before kneeling down. He reached up to grab the bowl of cake, but felt a hand grip his to stop him. He looked up into Lyn’s eyes, only to see her shake her head.

“Takes too long,” she sighed, smiling, “Just do it normally.” He shrugged, then held her dress, pulling it over his head. Kiran was greeted by the familiar sight of her thighs, as well as her blue panties, which already had a small soaked spot in the middle. He rubbed that spot with two fingers, feeling Lyn shudder and hearing a muffled moan, barely audible through the dress. From an outside view, it would look like Lyn was simply standing in the kitchen, her face red and her breasts popped out of her blouse.

Kiran hooked his fingers on her panties, slipping them down to gaze upon her entrance underneath. He couldn’t help but lick his lips at the sight of her slit, already somewhat soaked from their earlier actions. Leaning in, his tongue slipped out of his mouth, slowly touching and rubbing her clit, while two of his right fingers slid into her, barely entering and teasing her entrance. Lyn’s moans got louder, but suddenly stopped with a slap. Kiran assumed she had quickly covered her mouth, a fact verified by her loud, yet muffled, moaning.

He reached his left hand around her thighs, pressing his fingers and feeling the smoothness of her legs. His fingers moved her body ever so slightly around, until his hand fiercely gripped her soft, round rear, allowing him to push his face in even further. His tongue viciously rubbed and licked at her clit, all the while letting his fingers curl inside of her, rubbing her inner walls with his knuckles. The clasped moans coming from above his head only enticed him to go further, and soon his fingers left her entrance, drawing a saddened whine before it was replaced by a muted howl of pleasure, brought upon by his tongue entering her folds.

Perhaps it was the taste of the cake still on his tongue, but Kiran felt like Lyn’s fluids right now tasted wonderful. In fact, he could detect a hint of frosting left over in his mouth that likely accentuated the flavor, turning it from a slightly sweet taste to a much more pleasant one. Behind his head, Kiran could feel Lyn’s dress press against him, as her hand pushed it inwards to try and grip his head through the clothing. Her attempt was somewhat successful, and he was able to feel five distinct objects grabbing onto his skull, even if they were surrounded by the cloth of her dress.

“Kiran!” Lyn hissed, uncovering her mouth, “Get r-ready...I’m...I’m...!” The Summoner braced himself, wincing slightly as the grip on his head tightened, catching some follicles of his hair in between the dress and his scalp. The tightening of her inner walls prepared him for the increased taste of her fluids, feeling her climax upon his tongue and face. Kiran pulled his tongue out of her, licking around his lips to clean them off and moving back from underneath the skirt. He looked up, seeing Lyn’s face looking back down at him. She was smiling, her face red as a tomato and eyes squinting, as if she could barely stay awake.
“We’re not done, you know.” She reached down with a hand to cup his cheek, using the other to massage her left breast. “Get up and lean against the counter.” Liking this sudden burst of authority, he put his hands on the counter to pull himself up, keeping them there to stabilize himself. The billowing skirt of Lyn’s dress seemed to melt as she slumped down, sitting with her legs to the side and undoing Kiran’s pants. Already knowing how his clothing worked, she undid them, pulling them down along with his underwear to witness his erection, readily coated with precum that left a small string from his underwear to the tip of his cock.

“You’re not going to last much longer,” Lyn emphasized, taking hold of his cock and giving it a few slow strokes, “But I’m going to make sure what little time is left feels great. Okay?” Kiran nodded, letting Lyn go to town. A few drops of spit trickled from her lips, landing on his length so that she could use it to stroke the rest of him. When he was fully lubricated, she shifted her legs, moving up so that she was kneeling with her breasts before him. She easily slipped her pillows around his cock, chuckling at the quick moan she got from him.

“Seems those stamina pots are making you sensitive,” she deduced, holding her breasts from below and moving them up and down, causing an almost distant slipping noise as his tip moved in and out of her cleavage. “Something tells me this isn’t going to last long.”

“Doesn’t make it any less amazing,” Kiran managed to whimper out, head raised towards the ceiling, “Gods, Lyn…”

“Oh, no need to flatter me. I’m sure all of my forms have been just as good at this. I just happen to have a secret ingredient, quite literally. Could you hand me the bowl?” Kiran barely registered her words, but he still grabbed the cake scraps, passing the bowl down to Lyn. She stopped rubbing for a few seconds, grabbing some frosting. Kiran knew what she was going to do even before she started to slather it all over the head of his cock. Since it was still somewhat wet, it didn’t hurt as much, but he still felt some discomfort, a feeling that Lyn was privy to just by looking at his expression.

“Do you need me to help you?” she asked, looking up at him with soft eyes, “Do you want me to clean this up for you, Kiran?” Her talking made him stay silent, simply nodding as he clamped his lips shut. Lyn’s hands returned underneath her breasts, squeezing them and pressing them harder against his cock, while her tongue began the cleanup. It twirled around the tip of his cock twice, licking up some of the frosting, before she licked underneath the tip, moving her head down to take the head into her mouth, pressing her breasts together more with his erection in between. Kiran could do nothing but moan in pleasure as she sucked on his tip, using her tongue to finish cleaning it while making very loud and obvious slurping noises. It was too much to bear.

“Lyn!” Kiran moaned, hitting his climax. The woman in question received a heaping load of the Summoner’s seed, filling her mouth and causing her to expand her cheeks. Kiran’s cock twitched, shooting off four heavy shots of cum into her mouth, which she easily swallowed without a second thought, still rubbing her breasts up and down on him. The force of the stamina potion-enhanced load practically blew him backwards. He still wore his robe, and he frantically searched for a potion, finding it with a clink against his knuckles. Tearing it out of his pocket, he uncorked the small flask, downing it quickly by throwing his head back. This time, however, the effects weren’t instantaneous, but rather more gradual, with a warm sensation starting from his chest and spreading to his extremities.

Lyn removed herself from his cock, standing up to look into Kiran’s eyes, putting one hand on either side of his face. “I suggest you take a quick trip to the archery range,” she told him, kissing him gently on the cheek, “It’ll be very...enlightening.” Another kiss, this time on the opposite cheek, and Lyn was gone, having adjusted her dress to cover up her breasts again. Kiran was left panting in the kitchen, bringing his pants back up and wiping the sweat from his head with his hood. The fact that
Kiran had no idea how or when he had made it to the archery range. His mind was getting very blurry at this point, and just shaking his head to dispel it wasn’t helping whatsoever. It was becoming more and more likely that he’d be spending tomorrow in the medical bay, possibly needing to have his system constantly flushed out by a Recover staff.

“At this rate it’ll have to be a Rehabilitate,” Kiran muttered to himself, walking on the grass outside. The archery ranges were looking bare this afternoon, as he could see the Zenith sun lowering over the horizon. The light was stretching into beautiful orange, red, and purple hues, basking the Hall of Heroes in a multicolored twilight display. Kiran looked up at the bricks, smiling at the view, and then stumbling a little. His vision went a little black from the sudden look up at the rafters.

“That’s probably not good,” he said louder this time, leaning against a fencepost. Standing up, his feet guided him towards his destination: an archery spot around the corner from the armory that a certain someone used often.

Lyn, or rather her Legendary form, was standing next to the fence separating the normal path from the range itself. A target at the far end, at least 100 feet away, was littered with arrows, all of which were localized in the center ring or in the bulls-eye. She was facing away from Kiran, letting him see her back, watching as her muscles tensed when she drew her bow, then relaxed as the arrow was sent flying. As the arrow flew in its arc, Kiran sneaked up behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist and putting his hands on her right shoulder the moment the arrow struck.

“Hello, Kiran,” Lyn said, smiling and putting a hand on his cheek, turning her head to nuzzle his face, “You suck at sneaking up on people.”

“Wasn’t trying to,” he lied, kissing her gently on the lips. His hands on her hips rose up, caressing her clothed stomach. Lyn’s hand pulled Kiran in more, the other one still holding the Legendary version of her bow, Mulagir. The archery range was entirely silent; there were no bird or insect noises anywhere nearby. The only sound audible in that area was the noise from their kissing, a soft smacking of lips moving together in tandem.

“You don’t waste any time, Kiran dear,” Lyn whispered, pulling away from him. She lay her bow against the fence, removing her quiver as well and placing it against the fencepost. She intentionally bent over as she did this, with Kiran unable to take his eyes off of her shapely rear.

“I think by now, I just want to get right into it.”

“Don’t you mean get right into me?” Lyn, still bent over, looked back at him with a smirk. Kiran looked away, face red, and Lyn laughed, standing back up. “I can’t believe you sometimes, Kiran. I figured you would be the one to make these comments, not I.”

“Normally, I would.” He coughed, putting a hand on the fence to keep him standing.

Lyn raised an eyebrow. “I hear you’ve been taking stamina pots to keep yourself going. Are they taking a toll?” When Kiran nodded, she reciprocated, moving over to him and giving him a gentle hug, laying her head on his chest.

“Don’t worry.” Her hand lay on his stomach, sliding down into his pants. “Just relax...I have an idea for us right now. Something you’ll enjoy, and you can just lay down.” Her fingers touched the tip of his dick, palming it underneath and stroking slowly. Kiran, trying to return the favor, slipped his hand around Lyn’s robe, grabbing hold of as much of her shorts-covered rear as he could.
“Try to stay standing,” Lyn told him, already starting to kneel down, “Grab on to the fence if you have to.” Her voice sounded less like a woman about to perform a sex act, and more of a nurturing caretaker trying to help a patient. Considering how this version of Lyn and her so-called “Brave” form dressed similarly and used nearly the same weapon, Kiran was astounded by the extreme difference between this version and the Brave form. While the other was much more energetic and hyper, her Legendary form was more caring, though not as much as her form from the Festival of Love. It baffled him how different forms of the same Hero could have such drastically different outcomes. Even if they were all the same person, they each had some sort of unique characteristic that-

“Kiran!”

“Huh?” The Summoner snapped back to attention, looking down at Lyn. The plainswoman had opened his pants, revealing just enough to bring his cock out. She had evidently lubed it up, having already stroked it a few times and even sucked on the tip. She looked concerned.

“I was talking for the past minute,” Lyn moped, pursing her lips, “You missed all of my dirty talk. It was like you were in a trance.”

“Dirty talk?” Kiran blinked a few times, mouth somewhat agape, then scoffed, partially in a laugh. “I...would have liked to hear that. What did you say?”

“I said,” she repeated, with a somewhat annoyed tone, “I can’t wait to have this inside of me, I want to feel all of it now.” She pronounced each syllable with a monotone voice, not even bothering to sound in any way sultry or aroused. “How about you lay down for me, okay? Nice and gentle, now.” Nodding desperately, Kiran inched his way down the fence post, using the second fence level to lower himself onto the grass, his body kept from touching the green ground directly thanks to his cloak. Lyn lowered herself above him, pressing herself flat against his body. Her hand went down between his legs, jerking him off quickly while their faces were eye-to-eye.

“You can feel that, right?” Lyn asked, curling her hand around his cock to gently twist as she stroked. Kiran nodded.

“Definitely,” was his reply, his lips coming up to kiss hers hard, his arms grabbing her rear and squeezing it tight, reveling in the feel of its softness. It seemed that the way she was arousing him was bringing him back to his senses, which would not be out of place considering how he felt overflowing with emotion every time he did something like this. His mind overclocked, constantly thinking of whatever was in front of him, in this case Lyn’s face smushed up against his, her tongue invading his mouth before he could give himself time to react. His revenge for that was reaching lower, grabbing the lower part of her rear and pulling it against him, causing the rest of her body to press into him. Particularly, her breasts, which started to hurt once he realized that she hadn’t taken off her singular breastplate.

“L-lyn,” Kiran choked out, “Your...your plate…”

“Huh? Oh!” Lyn sat up, letting go of Kiran’s erection. She was straddling him just in front of his cock, and Kiran could barely feel the softness of her clothing brushing up against his tip. Lyn reached her arms behind her, unclasping the strap that held up her armor much like her Brave version’s.

“Why do you only cover that part?” Kiran mumbled into an ask, rubbing the sides of her hips with his hands. With the lack of contact, his mind was starting to haze over again, and he was trying to
give himself any sort of influence to keep his mind working. Feeling up Lyn’s wonderful curves certainly helped, but not as much as usual since she was still fully dressed. He wanted so badly to tear off her clothes and take her on the grass, but between his potion fatigue and what seemed like a promise of amazing sex this evening, he kept himself restrained, content with simply having his hands on her.

“Well, two reasons.” Lyn unclasped the straps, two in front and one in the back, letting the armor plate come loose before tossing it to the side. It made a soft sound as it hit the grass and rolled once. “Too much armor can be detrimental to mobility, and this plate covers my heart.”

“It also holds your tit,” Kiran said, giggling like a child while he brought his hands up, grabbing her breasts and massaging them.

“Very mature, Kiran,” Lyn chided, reaching underneath her clothes to slip down her shorts. As she did, her skin barely made contact with Kiran’s cock, letting her rear cheeks rub up against his length. Already, her rear was coated with his precum, just from a small rub up against him.

“Good, you’re still lubricated.” She shifted a little, biting her lip as she looked back at his cock between her cheeks, her hands pressed against his chest while he was caressing her breasts. Her wiggling hips allowed her to grind him against her body some more, loving the groaning sounds that he was giving her.

“Are you ready?” Lyn asked, now once more looking down at Kiran’s face. A single nod was all the Summoner could let out, and soon Kiran was shocked into almost sitting up, as he felt a much, much tighter feeling on his cock than what he was used to. He didn’t even have to ask, just look at Lyn and watch her starting to sweat from her brow, weakly smiling at him. She had taken him inside of her, but not in the place Kiran had expected.

“Ever done this before?” she teased, “I know I h-haven’t.” She was trying to brush off the awkward feeling and focus on the pleasure, and Kiran thanked the Gods that she had lubricated his cock first. He’d read enough about proper care when doing this sort of sexual acts, and he knew that not enough lubrication would cause serious pain and discomfort. However, judging by the minimum effort Lyn was providing...

“Have you done this before?” he asked, brain back up to capacity somewhat.

“Never,” Lyn gasped out, holding his hands to her breasts and helping him squeeze, while bouncing her rear on his cock, “But I’ve trained myself with some things...I’m sure you’ve seen them in my room before.” Kiran’s mind flashed back to the other day, when the two of them had a quick session in her room, and he did vividly remember a certain rubbery purple appendage she had “accidentally” left out.

“Doesn’t it feel good?” Lyn asked, pulling Kiran up more to the point where he had to replace his hands on her breast with his mouth, sucking on one of her nipples and being unable to respond in anything other than a loud, muffled mumble, letting his tongue flick against the nub in his mouth.

“I know it does,” she continued, “That’s why I’m about to go faster...and imagine, it’s going to be even better tonight.” He couldn’t imagine what could be better than this amazing feeling he had right now, but there was no way he would be disappointed. He rapidly started to finger Lyn, squeezing her rear with one hand and using the other to pump three fingers into her, while his thumb was rubbing her clit. It was strange to do so while he was inside of her elsewhere, but he couldn’t care less at the moment, as the feeling on his cock was blissful.

“Are you sure this doesn’t hurt?”
“I’m-mph! I’m sure.” She wasn’t going down all the way regardless of her assurance.

“Don’t tell me you’re done already?”

“With something like this?” She bent over, putting her forehead against his, “How could I not be?” She bit her lip again, shutting her eyes tight and sitting back up on his cock. “Just start thrusting already, I’m too excited for tonight.” Kiran shrugged, obliging her. Even so, he didn’t want to push his limits, not going too far into her just in case.

He didn’t know if his hand or his thrusts were the main culprit, but soon Lyn climaxed. Her moans shot out across the archery rang harder than her arrows from Mulagir, and Kiran’s fingers were quickly coated in an all-too-familiar sticky syrup. Lyn slowed down definitively, pulling herself off of Kiran with a whimper.

“That was a bit more intense than I expected,” she admitted, holding herself above him and looking down at the cock that was just inside of her. “Alright, Kiran dear...where do you want to cum?”

“W-well, um…” Kiran’s eyes rapid-fired, looking all over Lyn’s body, before the decision came to him. Almost quite literally, as his cock twitched. “Face. I-I mean your face.” Lyn tossed her hair back behind her head, moving back off of him and kneeling on the grass, motioning for him to stand up. With great effort and greater groaning, he managed to do so, wobbling on his feet and stroking himself. Lyn placed her hands on her lap, looking up at Kiran with an expecting smile.

“Are you ready for it?” Kiran asked Lyn, caressing her hair with one hand while the other stroked his own cock.

“I am,” she whispered back, raising her hands and resting them on his pelvis, “Let me take it all, dear.” The way she twisted her tone to sound even more desirable than she already was made Kiran black out. Entirely. He felt a wonderful sensation coursing through his lower regions, and suddenly his vision went black.

When he awoke, he was lying on the ground next to his jacket, cock still out of his pants and Lyn’s white-stained face over him, looking with a very concerned expression.

“Are you okay, Kiran?” she asked, patting his cheek as he woke up, “You started to fall as soon as you came...half of it landed on me, the other half shot off past me. You’ve been out for half a minute, now.” Kiran groggily tried to say something, but the words wouldn’t come out. The plainswoman reached into his discarded robe, fishing about in his pockets until she grabbed the final stamina potion, which looked bigger in her smaller hands. Tilting back Kiran’s head with one hand, she used the other to uncork the flask, pouring the liquid into the Summoner’s mouth and waiting for him to swallow it. In a few seconds, his eyes shot open, and he sat up immediately, with Lyn giving a small cry of surprise and leaning back to avoid getting her nose smashed by Kiran’s head.

“Better?” she asked, standing up and slipping her shorts back on. Kiran, already putting away his cock, looked at her. His pupils seemed to be dilated.

“I can smell colors,” he gasped, stumbling his way to his feet.

“You’re going to need a nap,” Lyn concluded, waiting until Kiran was fully dressed again before putting herself under his arm to steady him, “I’m taking you back to your room. We’ll push tonight back a little bit.”

“What exactly is tonight?” Kiran mumbled out again, even as Lyn shuffled him in the direction of the Hall. The cooler air of the building had hit his face before she responded.
“You’ll see, Kiran. You’ll enjoy it.”

Kiran’s head hurt. A lot. It felt like something was pounding ferociously in his skull, slamming against the bony walls of his cranium with a Slaying Hammer in a futile, yet continuous, attempt to escape. He groaned, pressing his hands against his eyes to try and dissolve the thumping inside his head. His memory was hazy, but he could tell that someone had put him in his sleeping clothes and left him in bed. It took him about a minute to realize that there was something very soft and slightly wet rubbing up around his cock. It took him even longer to realize that he was fully aroused, and he opened his eyes finally, pulling the sheets up to see exactly what was happening.

“Finally woke up, sleepyhead.” Kiran’s blurry vision allowed him to witness the whispering figure between his legs. Lyn, seemingly her normal form, was down there, having placed herself in a position where Kiran’s cock was between her breasts, and she had a finger on her lips to silence him. He looked up, seeing that the door to his bedroom from the rest of his room was closed, and could hear several voices outside.

“What time is it?” he groaned, looking back to Lyn. More specifically, he looked back to her breasts, where she was pressing them together against his cock and rubbing them up and down. He felt so sensitive that it was likely he would be finishing soon.

“It’s pretty late,” Lyn said, “I told the others I’d stay in here to wait until you woke up. And, well, you started to rouse, so I gave you a little something. Why don’t you cum for me real quick, then we can head out there?” Her robe was off to the side, discarded on Kiran’s chair beside his bed, and her top was pulled up over her breasts, leaving her mostly, but not entirely, naked. Kiran couldn’t tell how long she’d been doing this before he woke up, but he came immediately after she said that. Lyn was expecting this, and she pressed her breasts against him much more, covering his cock with her lips and taking all of his load inside her mouth, swallowing every spurt of seed that he shot into her. When he was finally done, she pulled off, licking her lips and sitting up. The sheets came up with her, falling off around her shoulders as she sat on her legs, looking at the Summoner.

“Come on,” she told him, shifting off the bed and standing up, “We have a surprise for you.” She put her robe back on and left the room, telling the others outside that Kiran was awake. Kiran, meanwhile, managed to get out of bed, noting that, miraculously, his headache was gone, and the fatigue the potions were placing on him had vanished. Curious, he looked around his room for the answer, and noticed a staff leaning against his dresser, one that he recognized as the one used by Lyn’s bride form. Thanking the Gods for the rehabilitation, he headed to the door, walking out into his main room while still wearing just his sleeping clothes.

Immediately, he was met with a wave of “Surprise!”, and he physically recoiled at the sudden noise. The sight before him was astounding. His round table that he had in his entry room had a delicious looking cake on it, a two-tiered beauty covered in blue, white, and yellow frosting. Standing on either side of the table, looking at him as he entered, were the same women he had seen today: Fjorm and both of Sharena’s forms were standing right beside the table, and alongside them stood all five forms of Lyn, the swordswoman from the plains. They all wore their usual outfits, having themselves apparently cleaned up after the events of today. Sharena in particular moved up, taking Kiran’s hands and smiling.

“What is this?” Kiran asked, looking around before bringing his gaze back to his girlfriend’s face, “Did I...Gods, I forgot something again, didn’t I?” Sharena laughed, pulling Kiran into a tight hug.

“You’ve got plenty to worry about already, you silly goose.” She nuzzled into his chest, then looked back up at him. “Happy one year anniversary, Kiran.”
The shock of the sudden revelation stunned him. “That was today?!” he yelled, grabbing Sharena by the shoulders, “Sharena, I’m so sorry, I completely forgot, and then this...and you all...and...”

“She said to stop worrying about it, silly,” Sharena’s bunny form chided, walking up to Kiran and also giving him a hug, “With everything happening in the past few weeks, it’s understandable. Now come eat some cake!” Both princesses let him go, then grabbed one hand each, dragging him to the table. Fjorm was already cutting out slices, which Kiran noticed were made of exactly the same material that Lyn’s Festival of Love form had made, a fact confirmed by the sly wink she gave him. In a few minutes, everyone had their own slice of cake, and they were gleefully chatting while eating. Kiran sat on a chair with Sharena on his lap, with the princess sometimes feeding Kiran and the Summoner doing the same in return.

“I’m curious,” Kiran suddenly said, after he had finished his second slice of cake, “How exactly was all of today supposed to prepare me for tonight?” The room seemed to go still, and Kiran felt all eyes on him, with seven almost devilish smiles directed right at him. Sharena sighed, patting his head lovingly.

“Well, dear,” she whispered against him, “After everyone’s done with their cake...we’re going to go to bed. All of us.” Kiran’s face beamed, and he stood, picking Sharena up bridal-style. Thankfully she had also finished her cake, allowing her to grab on around his neck to not fall off. The pair went into the bedroom excitedly, leaving behind them a shuffling of clothes and feet while the rest of them got ready.

Kiran had never had such an amazing night before in his life. Eight gorgeous women and himself, one at a time once again. The lasting effects of the stamina potions, along with the constant use of the Rehabilitate staff after every session, brought about a series of sex that lasted far into the night.

Of course Sharena was first, since Kiran had carried her into the room himself. They took their clothes off while in a searing kiss, reminiscent of their first all those months ago, on the top balcony of the Hall of Heroes. Every glide of their lips, every touch of their tongues, and every soft moan that emanated from them was an echo to the first time they confessed their love to each other, and the first time that they acted on that love, so much so that by the time Kiran had sheathed himself inside of Sharena, holding her hands and pinning her to the bed, they experienced a dual sense of bliss and nostalgia.

Sharena’s bunny form came next, literally on two accounts. While her normal form was calming herself down, Kiran discovered that his stamina, even after cumming into Sharena’s entrance, was practically untouched. He had very little time to see what this could mean, as Bunyn Sharena came into the room, flying onto the bed with a leap that knocked Kiran onto the bed hard. Their kiss felt like it would bruise, and she ended it early by kissing down his body, slipping off her v-neck shirt to rub her breasts against his cock, pressing his tip against her nipples. She turned around, letting Kiran remove her shorts and tights to witness her dripping entrance, which he gladly helped to relieve with his tongue, as Sharena returned the favor on his cock, both of them tasting each other’s juices and adoring the sensation.

Not expecting another lunge, Kiran was thrown entirely off center by Brave Lyn rushing into the room, having tossed her clothing aside once she entered. As he was captivated by both Sharenas gently kissing while massaging each others’ entrances, he failed to realize that Lyn was behind him until she grabbed his cock from behind, pressing her breasts against his back. After stroking it for a minute, sucking on the side of his neck, she pulled him backwards, laying him on the bed and sitting on his cock, letting it slip inside of her with ease. She faced away from him, something that Kiran was a little sad about, but it was all remedied by the ferocity with which she rode him, twisting herself upon him and even gyrating her hips, letting his cock brush the front and back of her inner
walls. This wasn’t making love so much as it was fucking like animals, a fact not lost upon Kiran, who willingly let Lyn act this out until they were both in the throes of climax.

Lyn’s regular form walked calmly into the room alongside her Festival form, whom sat in a chair to watch. The voyeurism felt strange to Kiran, even as Lyn undressed and gave him a small and impromptu lap dance while wearing nothing but her shorts. Those came off soon, however, as the sway of her hips and jiggle of her breasts was too much for him to bear. Festival Lyn watched excitedly as Kiran pulled her regular form onto his lap, thrusting wildly up into her while their tongues massaged each other constantly. Lyn didn’t have to do anything but sit there, as the Summoner pushed as far as he could inside of her over and over, both of them clawing at each others’ backs to beg for more.

Festival Lyn was slower than the rest, in a physical sense. She took her time to undress, as Kiran was catching his breath from the sudden burst of speed he had employed with Lyn’s base form. Festival Lyn let her dress drop to the floor at her feet almost in a perfect circle, swaying her hips much more intensely as she moved toward the bed. Her soft talking as she caressed Kiran’s cheek reminded him of a doting mother figure, even as she wrapped her gentle fingers around his cock, stroking it casually. Kiran didn’t even seem to notice when she turned around, displaying her shapely rear to him, and letting him hug her from behind, kissing the back of her neck and grabbing her breasts as he pushed his cock inside of her, ocassionally rocking the bed as their sensual lovemaking left them both impressed.

His stamina seemed to be running out now, by the time Lyn’s Legendary form arrived. This form refused to go alone, however, and Brave Lyn was more than up for a second round. The two archer versions of the plainswoman pressed their lips together while they both simultaneously rode Kiran, Brave Lyn on his mouth and Legendary Lyn with his cock up her rear entrance. Their tongues swirled together and over each other with ever lick of Kiran’s tongue and every thrust of his hips, and their hands grasped at each other, pulling each other closer until their breasts rubbed together and soon squished against one another. Brave Lyn got herself a second climax, and Legendary Lyn soon followed, leaving Kiran to carefully slide out from under their piled up bodies once they both slumped over onto him, and each other.

Fjorm was the last to arrive, and Kiran was definitely out of it by then. She elected to simply slide into bed, laying down beside him and bringing him into a cold and warm embrace, their bodies resting against each other as their lips kissed. Soon the other girls came up as well, and Kiran found himself caught under the sheets with a massive pileup. Eight gorgeous girls surrounded him, all of whom were either sleeping or kissing some part of someone else. He finally fell into unconsciousness with his lips still against Fjorm’s, embracing her as they all descended into dreamland.

Kiran would find himself in the medical bay the very next day. Thanks to “unexplained reasons”, his stamina was all but nonexistent, leaving him to require bedrest and observation for at least half a week. The most passionate and blissful night he’d ever experienced was followed by the most dull existence he could ever imagine. Anna, Sharena, and Alfonse took up the tasks usually relegated to Kiran, allowing him to rest in the medical ward until he was fully recuperated.

At least the healers in the medical ward were there to keep him company. Unsurprisingly, after just one day, their company was much, much more intimate. Kiran got to learn just how good the healers like Maribelle, Priscilla, and Serra were with their hands.

Perhaps bedrest would do him some good.

Chapter End Notes
Please don't be disappointed if the chapters to come are much shorter than this, aka the normal length of the other chapters. I'll be trying to get back into the swing of things once I can afford a new laptop (this current one is old no longer works with wifi, a major problem).

Couple of things. I'm excited to be working on a separate, other smut fic. It'll be a nice one-shot with characters from Sacred Stones, so be on the lookout. Also, the next chapter will be a commission that I am doing, so I hope you enjoy it when it arrives!

I do hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I adored writing it. I will see you all in chapter 25!
Money Talks: Anna x Alfonse

Chapter Summary

It's that time of year again, when the Commander of the Order of Heroes is once more trying to find out how to keep everyone financially afloat. Perhaps she just needs a little help, and Alfonse seems like a good fit.

Chapter Notes

How long's it been, over a month? Am I ever gonna stop asking that at the beginning of these?

No sir, I am not.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Anna needed some relief.

She was poring over the finances for the Order of Heroes yet again, racking her brain over what they could possibly do to dig themselves out of the hole that they were in. It didn’t matter that Anna was partially to blame for this hole, due to her rather reckless spending habits compared to her sisters from other worlds. The Order found itself in a position where it couldn’t sustain itself for much longer, and she needed to think up another one of her get-rich-quick schemes. The picture tomes didn’t work, and neither did the audio tomes, or even the moving picture tomes. Every time she tried to make money using the Heroes from different summers, she was doomed to fail.

Perhaps, she thought, looking over her original written idea for the moving picture tome, she didn’t have to come up with anything else. Yes, the recordings on the tomes themselves had been, for all intents and purposes, claimed by the Anna from the world the Nohrian Heroes had come from, and her attempts to use herself, Kiran, Alfonse, and Sharena had failed miserably, but she had high hopes. Especially because she had a much better idea for this next one.

“But who should it be?” She asked herself, tapping three of her fingers repeatedly on the wooden desk, doing so in a rhythmic fashion that called to mind a drum rolling down a cliff. There was no set pattern to her taps, and that seemed to annoy even her, mostly because there was nobody else in the room. The echo of the unpatterned wood knocks, made by the tips of her fingers rather than her nails, made her seethe. Her head was resting on her other hand, her eyes shut as she tried to think harder. Eventually, with a groan, she lay her arms on the desk, dropping her face into them.

It was less than a few seconds before she brought her head back up.

“...could it work?” She asked herself, biting her lip, “Oh, not if he knows...well, he’s overdue for a meeting anyway.” Anna smirked, pushing her chair back and standing up. Grabbing one of her recording tomes off of her desk, she took it to her bedroom, passing through the sitting room. Taking a good, long look around the area, she set the tome to an open position in view of the bed, making sure that it was relatively hidden. She had the perfect idea, and as she looked at the bed, she was
faced with the memory of where this idea had come to pass.

It was no secret that Anna and Kiran had almost regular “meetings” to discuss tactics and planning, meetings that would often, or almost always, end with Anna face-first in the mattress as the Summoner took her from behind. But not as many knew of the relationship she shared with Alfonse, prince of Askr. It had started to blossom long before Kiran was summoned, but after these new events started to occur...it was as if a switch had been pulled. Soon nods in the hallway became winks, simple handshakes became intimate gestures, and, despite Alfonse seemingly being unacquainted with the system, her training sessions with him almost always took a turn for the sexy, especially when she mentions so-called “cardio training”, where the two of them tend to go at it for several hours, seeing who gets tired first. Anna hasn’t lost a single match.

Anna knew that their relationship extended beyond purely a physical, animalistic lust. She genuinely cared for Alfonse, wanting to see him succeed and develop further as prince and, someday, as King. Even if she was his commanding officer, she saw him as an equal, both in battle...and especially in bed.

“And if we’re going to make some money,” she muttered, heading for the door and throwing it open, “We’re gonna do this quick.” She looked up and down the hall, before picking a direction and sticking to it. Thankfully she hadn’t activated the tome before she left, otherwise there would be absolutely nothing worthwhile among its moving pictures. She walked through the corridors of the Hall of Heroes, asking around to see where the Prince was. While most Heroes she encountered shrugged, several pointed her in the right direction, mentioning that Alfonse and Kiran had last been seen roaming around the training rooms, apparently checking up on sparring Heroes. Wishing she had Noatun to transport her around, Anna speed-walked towards that section of the Hall, earning some rather curious looks.

“Alfonse!” She called out, once she arrived in the hallways leading to the training rooms. Passing by some entryways with their doors open, she noticed several different pairs. There were the usuals, like Hector and Eliwood duking it out, or Innes and Ephraim once more arguing and throwing fists over something petty. However, she noticed some rather curious sparring matches taking place as well. She took a quick look at Cordelia and Catria in a lance sparring match, and swore that she witnessed Alm and Marth chatting in between sword matches. She ignored them all for the most part, seeing her quarry just up ahead.

“Hello-o, you two!” Anna called, seeing the Summoner in his usual robe walking alongside the blue-haired prince. Both men turned around, smiling at the sight of the Commander. Anna walked up in front of them, her hands behind her back.

“Hello, Anna,” Alfonse said, crossing his arms, “Didn’t expect to see you down here.”

“How are the Order’s finances?” Kiran asked, scratching his chin, “Let me guess, you’re hatching up another one of your schemes using Heroes?”

“Perhaps...” Anna looked between them, smiling. “I do have something in mind...but I need Alfonse’s help.” She grabbed his arm. “Let’s go.”

“H-hey, wait-!” Alfonse barely got to protest, as Anna immediately started to drag him through the corridors again, leaving Kiran awkwardly waving goodbye. The Commander pulled him all the way back through the Hall, retracing her steps until they arrived back at her room. She opened the door, pulled him in, pushing him against the door, and kissed him square on the lips, all in the span of a few seconds, which left Alfonse dazed and confused, unable to properly reciprocate the kiss before Anna ended it.
“Okay,” he finally got out, “While I certainly enjoy when you do that...what’s so important that you needed to bring me here so quickly? I was just trying to help the Summoner with his patrol rounds.”

“Oh, you silly boy,” Anna giggled, wrapping her arms around his waist and resting her head on his chest, “I would have thought you’d guess it by now. I’ve been working real hard trying to get our money issues resolved...and I thought you’d like to come by and help me relieve all this stress I’m having. What do you say?”

“...Well,” Alfonse started, pushing himself away from the door, “I’m simply surprised that out of the two guys you had a choice from-”

“I had already chosen you before I knew you were patrolling with Kiran, Alfonse.” She sighed, letting go of his waist and instead taking his hand, wrapping her fingers around his. “Kiran is nice, sure, but you’re...well, you’re you.” She put a hand on his chest, looking up at him with a tender smile. “I like you a lot, Alfonse. I’ve already told you.”

“You certainly have.” The prince smiled back, leaning down to initiate the kiss this time. Anna softly whimpered, drawing him in with both hands pulling on the collar of his armor.

“How about we take this to the bedroom,” He whispered, breaking the kiss but keeping their lips close to each other, “So that we can get things started?”

“Mmm...just one second, okay?” Anna pecked him on the lips, turning and quickly going into the bedroom. Making sure he wasn’t overhearing, she went to the tome, whispering the magical words and watching as the pages seemed to flip silently, recording her movements as if they were being played out before her. She quickly went back to the bed, checking the angle to make sure it was good. Thankfully, her bed didn’t include large bedposts, so everything on top of the bed would be visible from the position she had left the tome in. She started to undress, unclasping her armor, but stopped. She smirked, looking at the camera and, much more sensually, once again started to remove her armor, sultrily sliding her hands around her body as she did. When it came time to take off her undershirt, with most of the rest of her clothing on the floor, she made sure to pass her hands over her breasts, giving them both a short squeeze before her shirt finally came off, revealing her red and black underwear, including fitting panties and a bra that, as it exposed a rather large area below her breasts, felt more like a swimsuit to her. She sat on the edge of the bed, one hand on either side, and crossed her legs.

“Come on in!” she called out, waiting until the prince’s frame was crossing through the entryway. Alfonse let out a low whistle, his eyes taking in all of Anna’s new outfit.

“That is...a very good look on you.” Alfonse stepped further into the room, with Anna silently glad that he hadn’t at all noticed the recording tome in the corner. The prince shrugged off his top armor, unclasping the scaled plate and letting it clank on the ground. Anna bit her lip, watching as Alfonse revealed his muscular body once more. Of course, he wasn’t as big and beefy as some other Heroes in the Order, but she loved the way his physique looked, so lean, yet so strong. It was lovely to have pressed against her, in times like this.

“Thank you, Alfonse,” she replied, “But I’m sure it would look even better if it was off, don’t you?” Alfonse chuckled, walking up to the bed and leaning down, kissing Anna on the lips. The kiss was soft and loving, and Alfonse started to crawl onto the bed, forcing the redhead to crawl backwards, their kiss never stopping. Alfonse started to explore, letting his hands slide up the side of her stomach, to her chest. At first, once the two of them were higher up on the bed, Alfonse was massaging her breasts over her bra, their kiss intensifying to include literal tongue twisting. It wasn’t long before the blue-haired prince slipped his hands under her bra, giving her reason to moan when his hands caressed her mounds without any clothing in between, keeping his hand trapped between
her breasts and her bra. He inadvertently squeezed her nipples between his knuckles as he handled her breasts, with Anna moaning and putting her arms around him.

The Commander whined softly when his hands left her breasts, but soon she heard something better: the sound of him removing his lower clothing. Even as their kiss got so hard it started to dribble saliva all over their mouths, Alfonse focused elsewhere, and in short time Anna was treated to the feeling of something hard, still covered by a thin layer of clothing, rubbing and pressing against her thigh, then her crotch. The two underwear covered areas were starting to grow a wet spot, with Anna moaning at every touch of Alfonse’s underwear covered cock.

“Wait,” Alfonse said, stopping their kiss just as his hand was about to take off his underwear, “I...I didn’t bring the potion with me.” Anna groaned. She had guessed this would happen sometime, but she never considered getting herself a bottle of the potion made in Askr, specifically created to help prevent unwanted pregnancies. With Kiran, she didn’t have to worry, as any Hero summoned from another world was prevented from causing any sort of reproduction to occur. Unfortunately, the two lovers currently just shy of the main course were not Heroes summoned from elsewhere, but rather original citizens of this very realm, and they had to take several precautions. Alfonse, knowing all of this, sighed in disappointment, rolling off of Anna and laying beside her.

“You don’t have any here?” he asked, looking sideways at her, his cock still tentpoling the center of his underwear.

“You’re the only person I’d have to use it with,” she confessed, “It’s not a big part of the Order’s budget, and we’re the only two that use it...so I don’t see a need to have it here.”

“Then...then we just won’t do that.”

“Are you sure?” Anna asked, rolling back over on top of Alfonse. Her thighs were pressed to his underwear, and his cock was clearly poking up between her legs, making her shiver as she felt it against her crotch. “You do enjoy it when I’m on there...”

“I’m sure,” Alfonse sighed, kissing her on the cheek, “I’d rather not take the risk. It’s not worth it.”

“Well...” Anna was wracking her brain. She desperately needed something to go with. The recording tome was picking up a fat load of nothing right now, but she’d prefer it to picking up a fat load of....

“Sit on the edge,” Anna said suddenly, rolling off of the bed. Alfonse, confused, did as she asked, shifting his weight until his legs were hanging off of the side of the bed. Anna kneeled in front of him, licking her lips and putting her hand around the bulge in his pants. It was warm, like the last few times, and she leaned in, giving it a nice wet kiss right over the area where the tip would be. She could feel the prince shivering in anticipation, and she wasted little time in removing his underwear, taking the tip of his cock between her lips the moment it popped out, threatening to smack her in the face. Alfonse was left sucking air rapidly through his teeth, feeling Anna’s mouth tenderly move around his cock. She slid her lips all the way down onto him, trying not to choke as she felt his length inside of her mouth, her lips almost at his base. Though this wasn’t new for Alfonse, the suddenness of it certainly played a part in what he was feeling.

Anna, when Alfonse wasn’t looking, snuck a glance back to the tome. It was still open, hopefully still marking down everything it saw. She turned back to the prince, keeping her eyes locked on every expression he made. When she rubbed his tip against the inside of her cheek, she noticed that his hands gripped the sheets tighter. As her tongue looped around his length, he seemed to grit his teeth. When she took his jewels in her free hand, gently massaging them, his head tilted back, and he let out a guttural moan.
“A-Anna,” Alfonse managed to stammer out, putting a hand on her head, “Y-you don’t have to do this, you know…” She rolled her eyes, making sure he could notice, and slammed herself down faster and harder, her lips now fully reaching his pelvis. Alfonse groaned, feeling the Commander before him take his entire length and suck on it, saliva collecting around her lips to help her slide it in and out more. The Askrian prince seemed to have his face contorted in a mixture of pain and pleasure, but that was normal for him. Anna had learned a while ago that this was normal for him. What wasn’t normal for others, was normal for Alfonse. It was a strange dynamic.

When she felt him start to tremble, and practically thrust in short spurts up into her mouth, Anna knew that his climax was nearly there. Checking one more time to see if the tome would catch this, and making sure that he hadn’t seen her checking that, Anna continued. It wouldn’t be long before-

“Anna!”

That did it. Anna barely had any time to react, her eyes shutting tight as she felt and tasted the sticky white seed shoot into her mouth. As he was halfway out of her mouth, she felt the strings of cum hit her palate and tongue, coating her mouth with a solid stream, followed by a few more spurts. She swished it around her mouth, still licking off some remaining seed off of his tip before she swallowed, lavishing in the feeling of the cum sliding down her throat into her esophagus. Alfonse had fallen back in bed, his arms spread out to his sides as Anna stood, wiping her mouth. His legs were still hanging off of the bed, and Anna crawled over him, making sure that her rear was on ample display for the tome.

“Alfonse, dear,” she whispered, twisting her finger in his hair, “Did you like that?”

“Of course I did, Anna,” he chuckled, bringing his head up to look at her, and planting a kiss on her lips. “You know I-”

“Love you?” she said, finishing his sentence for him, “Of course I know..and I love you too, Alfonse. Even if you’re still technically my subordinate.”

“And here I thought you liked to be submissive in bed…”

“Not with you, dear.” She rolled off of him, laying beside him and placing an arm on him, resting her hand on his chest and snuggling up. “You’re too nice for that.”

“Well…” He pushed away from her, leaving her confused. When she saw how he was moving, aiming for her lower half, her mind did a backflip of joy, and she sneakily shifted herself so that she was in view of the tome. To maximize the angle, of course.

“Taking the initiative?” Anna asked, whimpering once she felt Alfonse’s hands and lips on her thighs, “I always knew you were better as an attacker rather than a defender.”

“As much as I love to talk tactics,” the prince muttered, his tongue tracing a line up her inner thigh, “I think you’ll want me talking less for this part…it’s the least I could do.” Not waiting for a reply, Alfonse touched his tongue flat against Anna’s folds, and the Commander was history.

“Alfonse!” Anna squealed, squeezing her thighs against the sides of his head. She knew he loved that feeling, and Anna was well aware of how nice her thighs were, so she figured she’d let him enjoy it while she enjoyed him. She was already familiar with his tongue work, and expected the same as before, which would be just as pleasurable anyway.

It surprised her when his tongue dove into her entrance, twisting rapidly.

“A-ah!” she screamed, her entire body curling up and pulling Alfonse in more with her thighs.
Where did he learn that, she thought to herself, as his tongue was feeling her inner walls much faster
than ever before. That, and the seemingly intentional rubbing of his nose on her clit was making her
eyes roll back into her head.

“Did you like that?” Alfonse asked, pulling away for just a second, “I was propositioned the other
day by Sonya, and she gave me some pointers. It was really interesting, really, the things that she—”

“Less talking,” Anna grunted, “More tongue. Now!” Alfonse flinched, but went back to what he
was doing. Anna was in bliss, not even noticing how suddenly aggressive she’d gotten just from a
few movements of Alfonse’s tongue. He was hitting her in the spots he knew she liked, and now
even in some spots that she didn’t even know she enjoyed. Amazing that of all the days to realize just
how far Alfonse could go, it would be today. Her thighs were squished against his ears, pressing
them flat against his head in the vain hopes that his tongue would get longer and reach further.

Anna surmised that this was all because of her previous actions leaving her riled up with nowhere to
go, but now the flood of her juices and her arousal was threatening to come crashing down harder
than a felled wyvern. Alfonse was licking both in and around her entrance, sucking on her clit and
even massaging her rear, all while laying on his stomach. Anna had never experienced something
like this before with him, and the fact that it was with the Askrian Prince seemed to make it that
much more enticing.

“Gods, Alfonse!” Anna cried out, tossing her head back and feeling her red hair flow all over, “Your
tongue feels...amazing!” She had so many more words that she could have used there, but the
thesaurus of her mind was currently being thrown out in exchange for her book of pleasure, as every
possible sound of sexual desire was expelling itself from her mouth. Every moan, groan, whimper,
sigh, and yell was all due to the prince between her legs at the moment, the prince and his uncanny
knack for picking up techniques.

Not long after, Anna was done. With her legs threatening to pop Alfonse’s head clean open, she
drew him in, gripping the bedsheets on either side of her and letting out a loud, echoing moan that
bounced around the walls of her room, thankfully being contained to her quarters rather than
broadcast for the world to hear. Alfonse, like a dog almost, lapped up the juices that seemed to flow
from Anna. Gods, she definitely needed that relief, she thought, feeling her spine start to relax after
being tensed so hard thanks to her throes of climax.

“How was it?” The voice seemed far off to the Commander, and it took her a few seconds to realize
that the blurry mass above her was Alfonse, the warmth on her face coming from his hand on her
cheek. Anna smiled, wrapping her arms around the prince’s neck.

“It was wonderful,” she whispered, pulling him down into a heart-stopping kiss, one that she refused
to let go of. They rolled around, gently kissing each other, until Alfonse drew the sheets up, leaving
them both sleepily nestled in each others’ arms.

The following day was tiring. Anna had been left to work in her quarters, once again looking over
the finances for the Order. Alfonse had left midmorning, after a farewell kiss, to go and train with
Seliph and his father, Sigurd. As she pored over the papers before her, Anna was certain she had
forgotten something. She was tapping her finger against her chin, as she was wont to do, and trying
to think about what was on the very tip of her tongue. A snap of the fingers reminded her.

“The tome!” she yelled out loud, with nobody in the room to hear. Pushing her chair back, Anna
nearly slipped and fell twice, running out of her study, through the living room, and into the
bedroom. Heading up to the book hidden on the shelf, she licked her lips, looking through it. The
pages were full of the magical recording, mostly of the two of them sleeping. Clearly she shouldn’t
have left it out without turning it off.

“Oh yes,” she whispered to herself, looking over the images from the previous night, “Yes this’ll...this’ll...” The thought of what she was doing materialized more clearly in her mind now, and she lowered the book, staring at the empty wall before turning to look at the bed, the very same as the one she and Alfonse shared passionately the previous night.

“Well...” Her eyes darted between the bed and the book, and she bit her lip. A bead of sweat trailed down her brow, and she wiped it off.

“...nah.” She shut the book, walking over to one of her bookshelves and placing it in, just another inconsequential cover among dozens. She walked out of the room, heading back to the study. She’d find another way to raise funds. She was a master merchant, after all. It was in her blood.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't expect too many chapters to be as long as chapter 24. That one was a very dear and personal idea that I just had to get as good as I could, but it's definitely not gonna be a common thing.

I'll see you all whenever the next one is out!
Chapter Summary

Why was it that Alfonse's spring form was so attached to Chrom's? Perhaps one fateful day would reveal his true feelings...well, truer than before, at least.

Chapter Notes

This work was a commission by a friend of mine, I do hope you all enjoy!

Yes, it's been more than a month since last chapter went up. No matter how many times I say it'll be different next time....well, just keep an open mind.

It was common knowledge that several Heroes in the Order had been introduced to different versions of themselves, some of them introduced a bit more than others. Camilla was often seen chatting with her other forms, Lucina seemed to have rather “special” relationships with her alternates, and Xander’s many forms always tried to vie for either attention or dominance, to name a few. Of everyone, however, the biggest disparity was for none other than Prince Alfonse. When there was another spring festival that the Order was treated to, the Heroes that came of it came as a shock to some, and an expectation to others.

Kagero and Catria were rather surprised at their other forms, but were able to very quickly attune themselves to the idea that they shared an existence with them. Sharena was ecstatic, not just about her other form’s existence, but also her love of the outfit (which Kiran was also very intrigued about).

Alfonse...was more apprehensive, and it took some time for him to warm up to this spring form. This very form, in fact, was shocked himself that he had agreed to go along with this. He just couldn’t say no to his sister, after all. Spring Alfonse had a somewhat less dour tone than the form he met in this version of Askr, but he still tended to shy away from many social situations. He usually conversed with his newfound horse and axe, which he admitted was less of an axe and more of a really hard spring egg stuck to an oversized spoon. He couldn’t remember where he got that spoon. Nobody could.

Alfonse found himself in the stables this morning, feeding the horse he had arrived with in this world. He had never expected to be a mounted fighter, but it seemed circumstances can change for anybody. The horse was kind and calm, but Alfonse had neglected to give it a name. It wasn’t that he didn’t like the horse, but rather that he couldn’t really think of an appropriate name for it. He toyed with the idea of naming it Folkvangr, much like his regular weapon, but this felt almost insulting to the original weapon. The horse would remain without a name, at least for now.

“Easy, boy,” Alfonse muttered, patting the animal on the nose, “I’ll be back later to give you more food. Just wait.” The horse sniffed his fingers, giving his hand a small lick. Alfonse rolled his eyes,
moving his hand away from the face and patting the side of the horse’s neck. As he did, he very clearly felt the bunny ears on his head flop around, and grabbed them with his other hand before the horse saw them as food. The ears may feel ridiculous, but Sharena enjoyed them, so Alfonse toughed it out for his sister. It was the least he could do.

The spring prince walked back through the corridors of the Hall of Heroes, occasionally exchanging glances and quick greetings with other Heroes he passed. Wandering aimlessly throughout, Alfonse preferred to look at the paintings and tapestries that adorned the walls. Back in his world, the Hall of Heroes, as well as the castle of Askr, was similarly covered in works of art that depicted calm scenes of the Askrian countryside and bombastic displays of battles fought, primarily in Zenith. This hall was different. The tapestries depicted only peaceful scenes, despite the battles that raged due to this Zenith’s Embla. It was as if they didn’t want to come to terms with what was going on just outside of these large stone walls, preferring to keep a sense of peace in a struggle of a lifetime.

“A noble effort,” Alfonse sighed, continuing his walk. Climbing one of the castle’s many staircases, he came to one of the many hallways where the rooms of Heroes were. As he paced past them, he came to a stop in front of one in particular, one that belonged to a Hero who, from the moment Alfonse had arrived, had made him feel comfortable and safe...and much more. Blushing, the bunny Askrian knocked on the door, hearing footsteps on the other side. He bit his lip, remembering some of the moments he’d shared with the person on the other side of the door, and exhaled once the wood creaked, and the door opened.

“Hello, Alfonse.” The voice belonged to the man before him. Chrom, prince of Ylisse, stood before Alfonse. This version of the Ylissean was also in spring garb, though perhaps with a more conservative wear than the other. Alfonse smiled upon seeing him, bringing a flood of memories. The first time they met, training with their newly acquired axes. The time when Chrom invited Alfonse to a stroll around the gardens. The time when the two had accidentally bumped into each other at the hot springs.

And the time that Alfonse realized, as his lips were meeting Chrom’s under the light of the stars, he didn’t only have attraction to women.

“Chrom,” Alfonse said, smiling and nodding in greeting, “I...was passing by. May I come in?”

Chrom opened the door more, gesturing for Alfonse to enter. The room past the prince was rather large, befitting all Lords summoned. There was a living room, a door leading to the bedroom, and a door leading to a small armory. Everything was decorated in a much more flowery version of Ylisse’s regular banners, giving the quarters a psychedelic vibe. Alfonse looked over specifically at the couch, which was an interesting shade mix of green and yellow. It was this same couch that he went to sit on, sighing, and waited for Chrom to sit beside him, putting an arm around his shoulders. Alfonse leaned over, laying his head on the other prince’s shoulders.

“Something on your mind?” Chrom asked, rubbing Alfonse’s shoulder. The Askrian sighed again, looking up at the exalt.

“Just...a general sense of embarrassment.”

“Is it because of the ears again?” Chrom asked, flicking the accessory and smirking. “I have them too, I told you not to be ashamed of them.”

“No, it’s not that. I’m just...getting those feelings. You know, the ones that make me wonder if everything is truly right back in my Askr.” Chrom nodded, pulling Alfonse closer.

“I understand,” the spring exalt said, “When I was summoned, I was afraid that all the good fortune of the spring festival would disappear, and Ylisse would be left leaderless...but Kiran’s reassured me
that time works differently here. There’s no need for you to worry about returning, because it will be like you’ve never left.”

“He’s given me that speech as well,” Alfonse muttered, looking up at Chrom, “I just...I feel like I need to destress.” He hoped that Chrom was getting it. By the look on his face, between his raised eyebrow and his smile, the message had gone through.

Alfonse and Chrom, at least their spring versions, had both been surprised by the moment they discovered their attraction to each other. Sure, this current Order shared no secrets, and it was well-known how some Heroes “interacted” with others, but the revelation came as a shock to the two, and they never shared it with anyone. Their passing kisses and occasional wandering hands had always been in private. Alfonse could even remember a time on this very couch he was sitting on, when Chrom’s hand had gone a little lower than expected during a playful cuddle, and they both felt awkward about it for a week. Now, though, he felt the time was right.

Echoing the awkward event, Alfonse took Chrom’s hand, pressing it to his own chest and sliding it down. Soon Chrom didn’t even need to worry about Alfonse’s influence, letting his hand move down on its own, until his fingers were tracing the outline of a hardening bulge between Alfonse’s legs.

“How do you want to do this, Alfonse?” Chrom asked, earning a nod from the other man. The spring exalt leaned his head down, and Alfonse leaned up, letting their lips meet in a kiss. Alfonse leaned back against Chrom’s body, which allowed him to feel a hardening in his pants, around the area of his hip from where he was positioned. Their lips smacked softly, breaking and re-entering the kiss while Chrom’s hand rubbed up and down, tracing the length and girth of the cock beneath Alfonse’s clothing.

“I’ve actually wanted this for a while,” Alfonse confessed, rolling himself over to the point where his hands were on Chrom’s chest, and they were both lying lengthwise on the couch, “But I’ve lacked...drive.”

“Forget about drive,” Chrom whispered, wrapping his arms around Alfonse and letting his hands grip his rear, forcing their covered bulges to meet, “If you want this, we’ll do it. Just tell me if you do.” Alfonse bit his lip.

“I don’t just want this...I want you.”

“Then you can have me.” Chrom’s hand grabbed the back of Alfonse’s head, pulling him back into their kiss. The Askrian prince physically begged for the Ylissean, rubbing himself even more against the other man. He could barely take the friction of their cocks rubbing together through the fabric, what would it possibly feel like undressed? His mind went into spirals as Chrom’s tongue pierced between his lips and entered his mouth, and Alfonse practically melted over the other man, feeling his bunny ears droop over.

Chrom’s other hand went back between the two, rubbing at Alfonse’s pants. However, this time it didn’t stop there, and soon Alfonse’s eyes shot open, feeling a very warm sensation caressing his cock. He pulled his mouth off, leading to a sudden moan and laughter from Chrom.

“Have you never had this before?” the Exalt asked, patting Alfonse’s cheek. Alfonse sighed, leaning into the man’s hand.

“No,” he admitted, looking down at the other man, “It feels strange...but good. I like it.”

“Well, let’s try this. Lean back.” Alfonse, nodding, moved off of Chrom reluctantly, laying himself
back on the couch. Chrom sat up, cracking his neck and fingers. He trailed a hand up Alfonse’s thigh, feeling the shivers beneath his fingers as the Askrian felt this touch for the first time in his life. Alfonse was biting his lip, shutting his eyes and holding his arms above his head, draped over the couch’s arm. Chrom briefly rubbed Alfonse’s bulge, licking his lips, and lowered his head. His lips touched right in the small V where Alfonse’s chest was exposed, laying soft lip touches on the skin. Not long enough to leave a mark, but long enough to make Alfonse groan in ecstasy.

“You are such a bottom,” Chrom chuckled, his hands working to undo the clothes of the man below him. Alfonse shrugged, not caring much and simply wanting to feel more of Chrom on him. The Exalt helped Alfonse out of his shirt, leaving him in his mostly white pants. He took a second to admire the other man’s chest, the scars and muscles that reminded him so much of himself. Thinking for a second, then smirking, Chrom grabbed Alfonse by the rear with both hands, lifting him up and making the other man instinctively wrap his arms around Chrom’s neck, looking into his eyes with an equal mix of confusion and excitement.

“The couch is too cumbersome,” Chrom explained, walking through the room, “We have a bed.” Chrom, as a Lord, was entitled to a two-room domicile: A living room and a bedroom. It was in this very bedroom that Chrom was now tossing the shorter prince, barely letting him bounce before he was already on him, moaning as their kiss returned. Chrom kept his lips attached to Alfonse’s as he reached behind himself, feeling their tongues mix while his shirt was undone and removed. Only a few seconds of a break occurred, enough time for Chrom to toss his shirt away, before their lips came crashing back down, rocking the bed and making both of them grab every part of the other’s body that they could. Wandering hands found soft and hard spots, and soon they were both reaching into each other’s underwear, feeling the hard shafts that awaited both of them.

“Take my pants off,” Alfonse asked, “Please, I want to feel you more.”

“No need to be impatient,” Chrom chastised, slipping off Alfonse’s garments regardless, “This is your first time...I think we can take it slow.” The Askrian’s length was soon exposed to the air, making him shiver, doubly so once Chrom’s hand touched it again. Slowly and gently he caressed it, letting the tips of his fingers slide up and down the bottom of Alfonse’s cock, on a small ridge right below it.

“Is this part sensitive?” Chrom asked, earning a nod from the red-faced prince, “I thought so.” His fingers closed around the length, making a pumping motion all the way down to Alfonse’s base, then back up, keeping his hand around the tip and rubbing it with his thumb. Alfonse had his eyes shut tight, not allowing him to see Chrom’s face as the Exalt leaned over him, kissing him on the lips again, but much calmer this time. Instead of the face-mashing that they had performed earlier, this kiss was passive, their lips gliding over each other while Chrom’s hand never stopped pumping.

Alfonse licked at Chrom’s lips, begging him to kiss harder, but Chrom simply smiled and pulled away. “Didn’t I say we’d take it slow?”

“Y-yeah,” Alfonse muttered, “But I like kissing you…”

“I like kissing you too, but right now I’m letting you feel this yourself.” Chrom’s hand moved faster now, letting him feel the warmth of Alfonse’s cock. Both men’s bunny ears bounced around, hitting each other and their faces with soft pats. Chrom’s pants were still on, but Alfonse could see that they were straining against his very clearly outlined erection just waiting for him. Even as he felt the pleasure welling up in his core, ready to shoot out his climax, he reached down to push his hand into Chrom’s pants, enthusiastically rubbing at the Exalt’s cock and elated to hear his grunts of pleasure.

“Sorry about that,” Alfonse chuckled, “I know we’re going slow but I...I…” The Spring Askrian’s voice was lost among a moan, his hips bucking wildly as he came. Ropes of white shot out of his
cock, shooting up into the air and landing all over his chest. He was left panting on the bed, recovering from the first ever orgasm he’d had with someone else, when Chrom leaned down, sticking out his tongue and slowly licking up everything that had landed on his chest. Alfonse’s breath hitched, and he moaned softly, eyes closed, while Chrom’s tongue scooped up the cum on his skin, tracing the lines of his muscles.

“Is it true that it tastes salty?” Alfonse asked, once Chrom had finished. The exalt smirked, moving up next to Alfonse and laying his back against the bed’s backboard. He shifted out of his pants, struggling somewhat with the bunny tail behind him, and tossed them aside, chuckling as he saw Alfonse marvel at his erect cock. The Askrian put out a hand, touching Chrom’s erection and slowly rubbing his length, similar to how Chrom had done it. His bunny ears drooped over his face, and he blew them out of the way.

“I’ll teach you how to do it,” Chrom said, flicking one of Alfonse’s bunny ears playfully, “Start with a slow stroke, and kiss the tip a little, enough that it sort of goes into your mouth.” Alfonse nodded, scooting up more until the cock was in his face. He gulped, stroking the length, and leaned forward extremely slowly. Chrom didn’t mind, knowing his inexperience, but he still felt like even this was a little slow for him. His mild annoyance was sated when he finally felt Alfonse’s lips on his cock, and soon they parted to allow a small part of his tip to enter his mouth.

“Easy does it,” Chrom gasped, “Now go up and down...slowly, then a little bit faster.” Alfonse eagerly did as he was told, putting both of his hands against Chrom’s pelvis while his head raised and lowered. Up and down he went, gulping in his own saliva occasionally. Chrom’s moans weren’t as loud as Alfonse expected, but they were audible enough to be very welcome. Doing as he was instructed, Alfonse sped up, sucking on Chrom’s cock with an audible slurp, something he did unintentionally. The Exalt groaned, grabbing on to Alfonse’s head with one hand and keeping his bunny ears between his fingers.

“Did you swallow it?” Chrom asked, tilting his head, and Alfonse nodded. He chuckled, leaning forward and grabbing Alfonse around the shoulders, pulling him down next to him in bed.

“I feel tired after that,” Alfonse muttered, cuddling up to Chrom and placing his head on his chest.

“That’s normal,” Chrom replied, patting the Askrian’s head, “We can just rest for now. Later, however…” He looked down at Alfonse, and winked. Alfonse swore he felt his bunny ears perk up.

Chapter End Notes
I dunno if you've all heard of a little game called Dragalia Lost... I started playing it. Let's just say, expect some new things in the future~

I'll see you all next time!
Fire, Ice, and Everything Nice: Fjorm x Laegjarn

Chapter Summary

What do you do when you encounter someone you swore was your sworn enemy? For princess Fjorm, upon seeing the summon of Laegjarn, the answer is quite a surprise.

Chapter Notes

Merry New Year, it's been two months, and I'm about to throw this chapter to the wolves. Welcome back!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She had no idea how she survived that summon without suffering a heart attack.

Fjorm’s mind was racing the moment that the bright beam of light shooting into the sky dissipated. It took Sharena’s kind hand on her arm stopping her from blasting past Kiran and wiping out the three summoned Muspell soldiers with her bare hands. The rage evident on her face was directed at the three figures before her. Laegjarn, Laevateinn, and Helbindi. Three of the people that were commanding figures in the army of Muspell, the very same one that marched on her homeland, murdered her older sister and mother, and led her to the Order of Heroes. The same army that they had surely defeated with the death of Surtr, king of flames, and even Laegjarn who stood before them. Fjorm had seen with her own eyes as the general gave herself to the fires of Muspell, giving her life to increase her strength, and begging with her dying breath that her sister be spared the same fate.

It barely helped when Kiran explained to her the situation. These were from an alternate version of the World of Zenith, one where Muspell never brought about war with Nifl. Her near-bloodlust prevented her from seeing clearly, leading to Kiran and Alfonse having to reason with her away from the rest of the Order, as these new fighters were welcomed by the rest. Only after a short explanation, and a lengthy discussion, was she able to come to terms with the summon. Kiran had to remind her of the Laegjarn of this world, the one that had died practically in their arms, for Fjorm to calm herself to the point where she could even look at the new summons. The memories of witnessing the eldest princess of their most hated enemy beg them to save her younger sister was heart wrenching.

It took only a day for Fjorm, with the help of her recently summoned siblings, to be open to the idea of having these new summons on their side. Between their appearance from another world and Breidablik’s “pacifying” effect, Fjorm came to trust these newcomers like she would any other Hero on her side. She found herself having genuine conversations with them, glossing over the fact that doppelgangers of these Muspellians attempted to strike her and her family down, succeeding in some places. Of course, once she discovered her family had been summoned as well, albeit not her family from this world, her demeanor was softened. She was particularly curious about how Ylgr and Helbindi seemed to get along the best out of the group, with the Muspell General taking on a much more caring, almost older brother persona, one that Hrid seemed to coyly resent.
Fjorm found herself very enticed by the eldest princess of Muspell, however. Sure, Laevatein was a younger sister just like herself, but being able to converse with a version of Laegjarn separate from the tragedies of the Muspell flame that took her life was surreal. Fjorm’s talks with the dark-skinned beauty grew so long and so varied, that one day she suddenly realized that she’d been thinking of Laegjarn as a beauty, and not an ally. Curious about this, she had spoken to Sharena and Kiran about her feelings.

Sharena, ever the friendly optimist, was overjoyed that Fjorm was making more friends, and got a bit flustered when Fjorm started to mention her more intimate thoughts about the Muspellian. Kiran nodded along to all of Fjorm’s statements (“I mean, she is very attractive, isn’t she?” Fjorm recalled him saying), and casually suggested that, perhaps, Fjorm should try and get more “attached”. Aside from Kiran admitting that it sounded very “hot”, he acknowledged that doing so would allow the two princesses to bond further and increase their combat effectiveness on the battlefield. The Summoner claimed to have read that in a book, but Fjorm didn’t care, liking the idea so much that she planted her lips on Kiran’s and prevented the threesome from leaving the bed that night.

The following day, Fjorm had chosen to puff out her chest in anticipation and go speak with Laegjarn more. Deciding to ease herself into it, Fjorm had accompanied the general on a mid-morning walk around the Hall of Heroes, waving hello to the allies they passed and basking in the morning sun’s glow. Once they had rounded the Hall once, Fjorm thought it pertinent to voice her feelings to Laegjarn. After only a few weeks of knowing each other, or meeting again in Fjorm’s case, the ice princess told the princess of flame that she harbored some feelings in her heart, among other regions, for the taller woman. Laegjarn’s initial expression was one of surprise, but Fjorm could see the upturned corners of Laegjarn’s mouth, and suspected that the Muspellian was waiting for this confession for some time. The kiss that followed was soft, and Fjorm had to almost stand on her toes as Laegjarn leaned over to kiss her, but the warmth of the Muspell princess’s arms and mouth was intoxicating, bringing Fjorm into an aura of passionate peace with the woman she once believed to be her greatest enemy.

She should have guessed where that one kiss would lead, but Fjorm certainly didn’t expect to be sitting on a stone bench in the gardens of the Hall of Heroes a week later, gripping the limestone seat with white-knuckled hands and raising her face to the heavens, as the green-haired princess between her legs did wonders with her tongue.

“Oh, Gods!” Fjorm cried out, her thighs tightening around Laegjarn’s head. The Muspell general had her tongue buried deep inside of the ice princess, her hands gripping her thighs. Laegjarn massaged the pale white skin of Fjorm’s legs, her brown fingers digging deep into the soft area. Her eyes were closed, lips sealed around Fjorm’s slit, her top row of teeth gently nibbling at the Nifl princess’s clit. A sharp gasp left Fjorm’s mouth, blasting upwards in the garden and barely escaping her lips before it was followed with a drawn out moan.

“How are you so good at this, Laegjarn?” she was able to ask, staring down her body at the face between her legs. Neither of them were entirely naked. In fact, only Fjorm was even partially nude, as Laegjarn was forced to lower her clothing somewhat to reach her crotch. Fjorm had been taken by surprise, having been walking around the safe confines of the garden when Laegjarn had appeared. Almost like a shadow, she had come up behind the ice princess, wrapping her arms around the smaller woman’s waist and leaning her head down to kiss her neck. Fjorm could almost immediately tell it was Laegjarn, since she had used a similar tactic just a few days prior near the training grounds. Now, however, it had been followed by a very handsy Muspell princess, leaving Fjorm a quivering mess long before she was able to sit on the cold stone bench.

Laegjarn gave no answer, but instead opened her eyes, staring up to Fjorm’s face as her tongue twisted and turned. Fjorm couldn’t shut her mouth due to her continual gasping for breath, and her
back was curved as if she were stretching, further preventing her from looking straight at Laegjarn. The pressure was welling up in her core, begging to be released, but she swore that she would hold out just a little longer. She certainly didn’t want to appear weak or of low stamina before her...well, her new lover, she assumed. And hoped.

Laegjarn returned her attention to Fjorm, pulling her face away for a second. Fjorm had no time to react, as Laegjarn was now sticking her tongue out, using the tip to trace a fine line up Fjorm’s slit, flicking her clit and feeling the blonde shiver. Moving her tongue back down, Laegjarn once more shoved her face more into Fjorm’s entrance, now tickling her clit with her nose.

“Laegjarn!” Fjorm squealed, “By Nifl, I...I’m going to...” The pleasurable sensation was overwhelming, to the point where the feeling in her chest prevented her from speaking. Instead, Fjorm was forced to let her body declare her desire. Her thighs clamped Laegjarn’s ears between them, embracing her head as her orgasm rushed through her body. Laegjarn was able to have a taste of Fjorm’s climax, with her tongue still inside of her, and did so willingly. Even the princess’s climax felt cold on her lips, and the flame princess had to cough, pulling her head away once Fjorm’s legs loosened around her. She stood up between her legs, cradling Fjorm’s cheek in one hand.

“Did you enjoy that?” Laegjarn asked, a soft smile on her face, “I figured I would give you a surprise for today.”

“Wh-what’s the occasion?” Fjorm gasped, leaning her head into Laegjarn’s palm, “Not that I would have said no to this...”

“I simply wanted to show you my appreciation,” Laegjarn admitted, giving Fjorm a light kiss on the forehead, “I’ve heard about the exploits that have been made around this Hall. I do not disapprove of them, and I wanted to partake in them, so I may see what they were like. I am not disappointed.” She leaned in more, touching her forehead to Fjorm’s. “And I know that you do this regularly with princess Sharena and the Summoner himself...what is that like, I wonder?”

“If you take me to your room,” Fjorm replied, her climax high coming down, “I can show you...but I’ll need a few minutes. Gods, that was so sudden but so incredible...”

“I aim to please.” Laegjarn stood, staying before Fjorm. “My room has my name on it, much like the others here. I will wait you there, is that alright?” Her tender smile warmed Fjorm’s heart as much as it did her loins. The ice princess nodded, and received a nod back from Laegjarn, before she exited the gardens. Fjorm lay down on the stone bench, slowly pulling her clothes back on to cover herself. Her head was spinning both from the revelations and the thought of doing more, and she had to resign herself to waiting patiently in the garden for her strength to return to her legs.

Once that finally happened, almost ten minutes later, Fjorm booked it to Laegjarn’s room, not paying much attention to those that she passed. Thankfully, the halls were relatively empty, since there was supposed to be training going on for several groups of Heroes. Fjorm was able to get through mostly unnoticed, once stopping to wave hello at the group of child dragons playing tag near the kitchens. Reaching Laegjarn’s room, she was gladdened to see the door was unlocked, turning the knob and entering.

The first aspect of this room that Fjorm had noticed was the relative darkness of it. Much like the fearful landscapes of the land of fire itself, Muspell, this room had an orange tint to it, as if a river of fire was flowing right beside it. The walls, floor, and ceiling had a design of rock and fire, but felt like regular wood once they were passed over. A banner showing the sigil of Muspell hung from the easternmost wall, proudly displayed for onlookers to witness, and somewhat triggering terrible memories of the Kingdom in Fjorm’s mind. The furniture in the room was sparse, almost a spartan style of living. No desk or bookshelf was in sight, simply a dresser and a table with two chairs, all of
which looked to be made of black volcanic rock. Fjorm knew that the Hall was imbued with strange magic that allowed these rooms to form, but it seemed like said magic had done wonders to the living space she was currently in. Once her eyes migrated to the centerpiece at the back of the room, a large four-poster bed of dark wood and red sheets, she saw what she had come here for.

“I see apprehension in you all the way from here,” Laegjarn, princess of fire, called from her bed. Fjorm felt her face redden, and not from the inherent heat in this room. Laegjarn was sitting on the front edge of her bed, one leg over another. She wore nothing but her green underwear, consisting of a bra and a pair of panties that, due to her position, Fjorm was unable to see. Laegjarn’s thighs were resting one on top of the other, with her hands at her sides on the bed. Everything about her seemed perfect to Fjorm’s eyes, and she had to gulp to clear the growing pool of uncertainty in her mind.

“Come here,” Laegjarn said, curling her finger in the air, beckoning Fjorm forward. The ice princess felt almost drawn by an invisible force, walking towards Laegjarn with a slight hump, too distracted by the beauty before her to straighten her back. Once she reached the Muspell princess, Fjorm immediately leaned in to kiss her, only to be stopped by Laegjarn’s hand.

“You’re troubled by me,” Laegjarn whispered, stroking Fjorm’s hair out of the way with the back of her hand, “Were your dealings with me in this world truly so bad?”

“There’s no need to speak of that,” Fjorm huffed, pushing her lips against Laegjarn’s harder than she intended. The two fell back onto the bed, Fjorm furiously smashing her lips against the dark-skinned woman’s, all the while undressing herself with ease. However, once she had removed her upper armor and was just about to slide off her clothing, she was pushed up by Laegjarn, who kept the ice woman above her.

“I’m not naive, you know,” the Muspellian tutted, “You do not become the general of a Kingdom like Muspell by being tricked and deceived. I know you’re trying to find pleasure, but all I feel is anguish.” Her warm hand palmed Fjorm’s cheek, and the Nifl princess could feel all of the muscular strength behind it, even as the gentle caress calmed her nerves. She took a deep breath, then rolled off of Laegjarn, looking at the ceiling.

“I...watched you die, in this world.” The slight brim of tears in Fjorm’s eyes welled up more, as Laegjarn leaned on her side towards her. “You gave your life to the flames of Muspell to stop us...from killing your father. Your father, who killed my sister and brought my kingdom to ruin.” Fjorm sniffled, and Laegjarn leaned over, wiping her tears away.

“I blamed you for everything that happened,” Fjorm continued, now turning her body to face Laegjarn, their legs unwittingly touching, “But the way you wished to protect your sister...the lengths you went to simply so that she could have a happier life...it caused me to hate myself for wishing you dead. My quarrels were with Surtr, not you...but you fought anyway. And you died.”

“And now?” Laegjarn whispered, touching her forehead to Fjorm’s and looking her in the Eyes.

“Now...” Fjorm sighed, shutting her eyes for a second. Her lips curled into a soft smile, and she leaned into Laegjarn’s body some more as she opened her eyes. “Now I’ve been able to know you. To understand you. Dare I say to...to...”

“Love?” Laegjarn finished the sentence for her, and Fjorm realized the other woman’s hands were now on the ice princess’s hips, sliding ever closer to her rear.

“...yes.”
No more words needed to be spoken. Fjorm’s sadness was replaced with pleasurable relief, and
Laegjarn’s hands gripped their target. Their lips clashed together, with Fjorm rolling them over again
so that she could be on top of the duo. Laegjarn’s adept hands removed Fjorm’s clothes, tossing them
aside without a care as to whether they landed on the bed or the floor. In no time at all, Fjorm was
left in just her underwear as well, having moved off to remove her upper clothing only to come
straight back down to Laegjarn’s lips. Each of their hands was scrambling to claim some part of their
bodies. Fjorm found delight in feeling Laegjarn’s wonderfully toned thighs and large, soft breasts,
while Laegjarn indulged herself in the Nifl princess’s smooth rear and silky hair.

“Let me show you the fire of Muspell in another way,” Laegjarn hissed, breaking the kiss for a
second. Fjorm looked confused, her hair now falling in front of her face, but soon found out what was
meant when she felt her body start to warm up. Laegjarn pressed her face against the crook of
Fjorm’s neck, licking up her skin before stopping to suck on one spot right beside her neck, giving
the spot a few nibbles for added pleasure. Fjorm’s eyes shot open as wide as dinner plates, and she
felt a jab of pleasure rock her body, causing her body to jolt in Laegjarn’s arms. She felt the dark-
skinned woman vibrate, the tell-tale sign of a muffled laugh, and her hold around Fjorm’s back
strengthened, burying her lips more against her neck. Fjorm let out her first moan since arriving in the
room, shutting her eyes and arching her back as much as possible.

“Your tongue is wonderful!” she cried out instinctively, her fingers coursing through and gripping
Laegjarn’s lovely green hair. The other woman didn’t respond, and Fjorm was soon able to feel why,
as one of the hands holding her was now caressing between her legs, giving her another jolt of
pleasure as two fingers rubbed circles over her clit. Letting go of Laegjarn’s hair, Fjorm reached
around herself, unclasping her bra and tossing it aside, then bringing her arms around Laegjarn and
doing the same with her. Now with their chests bare, Fjorm revelled in the feeling of their breasts
rubbing together, their nipples pushed against one another while the dark-skinned woman continued
her tonguework on Fjorm’s neck.’

This soon ended when Fjorm once more grabbed Laegjarn’s head in both hands. As if she knew
what was coming, Laegjarn moved her head, looking up just as Fjorm brought their lips together
once more. Their passionate makeout was both loud and active, as Laegjarn’s hand was now
penetrating between Fjorm’s folds with her thumb caressing her clit. Even though this was their first
time together like this, Fjorm felt as if Laegjarn had immediately known how to truly pleasure her,
and she felt that she had to return the favor. As such, while their lips continued to slide against each
other so much that saliva started to coat around them, Fjorm slid her panties off, giving Laegjarn
unrestricted access to her lower body.

The Muspell princess immediately used this to her advantage. Fjorm’s body felt even warmer now, a
strange but blissful departure from her usual freezing internal temperature. Laegjarn pushed Fjorm
up, sitting them up with the smaller woman on her lap. Each of them had their legs behind the other,
and once Laegjarn removed her green underwear with a ripping sound so loud it forced Fjorm to
open her eyes in shock, she positioned them so that their legs were interlocking.

“How does the heat of Muspell feel?” Laegjarn asked, pausing the kiss. Fjorm could now feel both
of their slick entrances just barely touching each other, their clits separated only by a centimeter of
air. Her chest heaving, Fjorm breathed heavily to catch her breath, her cheeks reddened from the
exertion. After her recovery, she once more smiled, mouth still somewhat open while she breathed.
Her hand came up Laegjarn’s waist, feeling her muscular form beneath her dainty fingers, and
cupped the woman’s left breast, giving it a soft squeeze with the nipple between her index and
middle fingers. She tilted her head down, looking upwards into Laegjarn’s gaze, which was slightly
tilted down.

“Just as wonderful as the cold of Nifl.” Fjorm’s hips moved almost of their own accord, and it was
now Laegjarn’s turn to gasp and moan, as their clits gently rubbed against each other. Their foreheads came together once more, with both women closing their eyes as their grinding continued. Fjorm continued to squeeze Laegjarn’s breast, reveling in the squish that she felt among the hardened muscle of the rest of the princess’s body, and her other arm wrapped around Laegjarn’s shoulders, grabbing on to the back of her left shoulder. Laegjarn’s hands did not stay idle either, with her right hand moving around to hold Fjorm’s lower back just above her rear, her left hand laying itself on the side of Fjorm’s thigh, just under her hip, to feel the curve of her body right before her rear.

“Your body is cooling me down,” Laegjarn moaned, hearing the bed creak beneath them as their grinding got faster.

“And you’re warming me up,” Fjorm chuckled, giving Laegjarn a volley of short kisses that were easily met by the Muspell princess, leaving the two smacking their upper lips together as much as their lower ones. The heat in the room now felt negligible to Fjorm, as the fire in her core, brought about by the woman she was up against, was overwhelming. Their rapid-fire pecks easily became a single, solid liplock, their tongues slipping into each other’s mouths to lick all over whatever they could reach. A large wet circle in the sheets began to form between them, where their combined lovemaking juices began to pool.

“Laegjarn...gods, this is amazing...” Fjorm broke the kiss just long enough to praise the other princess, holding the dark-skinned woman’s breast in a much tighter grip.

“No, Fjorm...” Laegjarn smiled. “You are the one that is amazing.” Laegjarn’s words made Fjorm blink twice in surprise, giving the Muspellian the perfect opportunity to wrap her arms around Fjorm, kissing her harder than before and letting their hips grind together at their maximum speed. Fjorm melted into this kiss, sliding her hands all over Laegjarn’s back after letting go of her breast. The couple’s moans reached an almost perfect harmony, and before long they both felt the end was near.

Fjorm had her tongue pushing against Laegjarn’s inside her mouth when her climax hit. Her back arched, pressing her breasts more against the other woman’s while her entrance tightened, feeling the powerful wave of pleasure rock her nerves. Once she felt Laegjarn’s body go through similar motions, it was easy to tell that they had both hit their orgasm simultaneously. Even as their climax continued, they still grinded against each other, partaking in a ravenous dance between the two.

Eventually, however, they were both forced to stop, with Fjorm still sitting on Laegjarn’s lap, their clits gently touching. Both of them had cherry-red cheeks, and both were trying to get their breath back under control. Their breasts were pressed against each other, as were their foreheads, and neither opened their eyes for a few minutes, simply content with sitting in this position together.

“Princess Fjorm,” Laegjarn finally breathed out, opening her eyes and looking up at the ice princess, “Is this the sort of thing you do often around here, then?”

Fjorm grinned, giving Laegjarn a kiss. “This, and more. It is quite impossible to be bored here.”

Laegjarn nodded, and smiled softly, caressing Fjorm’s hair and kissing her on the lips as well. “Then I shall be proud to lend my strength to this Order...and to you.”

The ice princess beamed, and their lips locked quickly, two bodies falling sideways onto the bed. Once their kisses subsided, and the two women cuddled into an embrace, Laegjarn cradled Fjorm’s head into her breasts, kissing the top of her head.

“And as for that voting gauntlet,” she chuckled, making Fjorm open her eyes in remembrance, “I think this counted as payback and a reward, no?”
Before Fjorm could answer, Laegjarn pulled her face back up. Their following kiss would last much longer than before, and the two princesses would not leave each others’ arms for the rest of the night.

Chapter End Notes

I should mention that this chapter is inspired by SIREN's LaegFjorm art over on Twitter.

Remember that Dragalia Lost thing I mentioned?

Let's just say that Christmas will be coming a bit late in that case ;)

I'll see you all in the next chapter!

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