The ABOs of Azeroth

by RunMild

Summary

You are... knot prepared.

An omegaverse collection

Notes

To the thirsty readers outside of the fandom: Hi, hello, good to see you. Here's today's
conquest:
And if you're *super* interested, [here's a trailer](#).
No one mentioned anything about Illidan being an alpha. You’re pretty sure you would’ve remembered *that* being on the docket.

“I’d’ve thought that was implied,” Beren grunts, unloading a barrel of lead into a truly unfortunate demon.

“Why on this gods-forsaken floating *wasteland* would that have been implied?” If you’re short-tempered, your companions have only themselves to blame.

It’ll be fine, they said.

Just in and out and it’s over, they said.

*Just like my ex,* you think. But unlike your ex, the mismatched “heroes” around you are taking their *sweet fucking time.*

“Gah, I can smell him *everywhere.*” You don’t care that you’re whining. Your robe sleeve is doing nothing to stifle the heady alpha scent, and *someone* dropped your satchel of suppressants down a godsdamned mountain two days ago. You level a poisonous glare at a criminally young warrior, though he’s too busy gutting an enemy to take notice. When he takes a blow, you pretend not to see.

*Don’t piss off the healer, kid.*

You’re not the only person with healing capabilities in this party (and if this *is* a party, then you want a fucking drink), and one would think that with something like thirty people and a handful of healers, *someone* would have an extra suppressant potion in their pack.

That would be an incorrect assumption.

The only other omega in your group is a druid who, when asked for a hit of a suppressant, looked at you with a dreamy expression and told you to “channel your spirit.”

*Oh-kay,* moon-eyed bitch. Not helpful.

You’re more offensive than defensive today, blasting demons with the heat of your… well, *heat,* and the others better just suck it up and pick up the slack. Every ounce of your patience is going into not jumping the very attractive draenei paladin who smells almost as good as the guy you’re here to kill.

Speaking of.

“Hey, do you think someone could be sexed to death?” you shout over to Beren. It’s too loud to worry about being heard over the battle, and if anyone does hear you—well. It’s a valid question.

Beren, world-weary dwarf that he is, doesn’t pause in his reload.

“Depends. Is there magic involved?”
“I dunno. Maybe?” You don’t really specialize in life drains.

“Just keep ‘em occupied til dehydration takes ‘em, then.” He takes aim again and the subject drops.

Do demonic entities even get thirsty? A more pressing question would be why are you still thinking about this?

The courtyard isn’t even half empty yet, and the waves of demons just keep coming. The original idea was to keep it quiet and take the enemies in groups, but it’s an open space, and the fel energy makes creatures strong, not stupid. You’re not anything close to despairing yet, though, still irritated and horny and half-heartedly blasting demons into the nether from whence they came. May the light embrace you and all that shit.

“I need healing!” someone shouts.

“I need healing,” you mock, though you send a jet of light in their general direction.

The stones beneath your feet shudder as the biggest hunk of sentient rock you’ve ever seen (and you’d wager that you’ve seen more than the average person) descends on the lot of you.

“Oh, just fuck me up, Daddy.”

You don’t realize you’ve said it aloud until you see the disturbed and faintly disgusted expression of the warlock beside you.

“That’s Supremus,” she says. “Don’t be foul.”

You shoot her an unimpressed look.

“If half of the things I’ve heard about your order are true,” you say, widening your stance as the demon stomps closer, “then your holier-than-thou tone is hilariously unnecessary.”

She scowls, but both of your attentions are rather rudely diverted as the battle begins in earnest.

It only takes a few minutes for your attitude to shift from pissy to something akin to fearful as it starts to dawn on you that this is a fight that could actually be lost. A dwarf warrior is crushed by a mighty stone foot, and it’s evident that no amount of prayer is going to bring her back. A mage, standing too close to the melee, is knocked clear across the courtyard, landing at an unnatural angle. No one goes to him.

You have to beat the warlock woman’s succubus off of her when she takes a near-fatal hit and goes down. The she-demon seems bent on collecting on her contract and leaving, but you’re not about to watch someone’s soul get eaten—even if it is her damn fault for contracting a demon in the first place.

“Behave,” you growl, nearly braining the succubus with your staff. “She’s not dying today, and you have a fucking job to do.”

The lust demon snaps her teeth at you, but then pauses, inhaling. Her tongue, long and nearly serpentine, flicks over her lips. You swallow hard as it disappears behind too-sharp teeth and try not to think about the pulse between your thighs.

“Omega,” she says. The unholy light in her eyes flares.

“Well-spotted,” you snap. You give a none-too-gentle jolt of healing to the downed warlock and
straighten up. “Either tend to your master or go kill something.”

“I could tend you.” The demon slinks closer.

“After that little show of restraint?” You bark out a humorless laugh even as your hands shake. Today isn’t the day to test your own self-restraint, but as ever, the universe laughs at your discomfort.

Someone falls behind you, and you knock them with your staff, not bothering to turn around. A spark of light illuminates you from behind.

“Thanks,” says the person faintly.

You grunt.

“Hesriel.” The warlock is sitting up, coughing. “Help me up.”

You and the demon match stares, hers reptilian and hungry, yours likely frustrated and a bit stressed. People are dying, a demon is propositioning you, and parts of you—loud parts—really want you to consider the offer. You refuse to think too hard about the places that tongue could take you.

“Hesriel,” the warlock says, insistent.

The succubus relents. Her tail flicks against your leg as she passes.

Fuck demons.

You wipe a sweaty palm on your robe and get a fresh whiff of fel-and-alpha scent. Your abdomen cramps, empty and hot.

Fuck demons.

A shaman kicks up a gale of wind, and somewhere on the other side of the battle, you hear the screech of a druid-turned-moonkin as the wind becomes a cyclone. Your robes twist about your legs and the scent of enticing alpha is replaced by the pungent smell of everyone in your party—their fear, their blood, their sweat—as it’s all thrown into your face at once. It’s only one brief, uncomfortable moment before the winds shift everything—including the remaining minor demons—up and away in one great funnel. When it resettles, you are left blinking and disheveled. The giant demon—Daddy Supremus—is still pounding away at a small group of plate-wearers. Someone must’ve cast a barrier at some point, because otherwise they’d have been crushed like so much scrap metal.

“Does he ‘ave any weak spots, ye think?” Beren has circled back to you at some point, sweaty and red-faced, but steady.

“Everything has a weakness,” you say, which sounds empty and trite in the face of this glowing monstrosity. You’re starting to tire, your arms sore from channeling. Magic exhaustion goes farther than muscle pain, and farther than even bone; it’s linked to the very heart of you—your soul, you suppose—and when the tug of low mana starts, it feels as though it leeches at your very being.

You suppose warlocks have it worse, what with their ability to drain their own fucking life-force, but that’s their choice. You’re not very sympathetic towards their “plight” on your best days.

And today, you think as a concussive force knocks you onto your ass, is not my best day.

Beren issues cover fire while you peel yourself from the stone, one aching limb at a time. Having a lower center of gravity, he apparently missed the fun of being sent ass-over-teakettle. Dwarves are a
sturdy folk, a racial trait that you find yourself envious of as you wince and heal your protesting tailbone.

“Steady now, ‘e’s crackin’.”

You look up to see that, yes, the behemoth is beginning to break apart, and no sooner have you cast a blanket heal—superficial wounds only, because you’re scraping the bottom of the mana barrel here—than a paladin, barrier glowing bright, lands a lucky blow. You’re hit with a shockwave of energy as Supremus gives up the fel ghost, spraying everyone with a not-so-fine rain of gravel. From the deafening rumble of stone-on-stone, you hope that your surviving comrades have enough sense to dodge the larger pieces of the rock demon’s remains.

You are, once again, knocked on your ass.

“Ye alrigh’, lass?” Beren nudges your prone form with one heavy boot.

“’m fuckin’ done,” you say, one arm flung over your eyes. “Stick a fork in me.”

“Tha’s no way to be.” The dwarf sounds reproachful. “We ‘ave a ways to go yet. Best get on up.”

Your response—which, for the record, would have been a succinct “fuck no”—is lost as a sudden wave of terror overtakes you. You don’t know if it was the sounds of battle that did it, or the scents—that whirlwind of a cyclone may have been your company’s downfall—but it hardly matters now. It’s instinct to curl in on yourself, to try to tuck away the softest parts as he descends.

“Lass,” Beren whispers, though it’s hardly necessary.

*He’s here.*

You’re not the only one affected as all of the fel energy in the area coalesces and concentrates in one single being. Others are struck dumb, unable to scramble away—and where is away?—as if a great, oppressive hand holds them fast. There’s the beat of leathery wings, and a shadow that you feel like a caress. Your exhausted mana pools rally as your fight or flight responses kick in, the scent and sound and *taste* of predator overriding every other feeling.

Your thighs are wet with slick, the sensation only registering as you try to fold in tighter.

And there’s a third option that your body has laid out for you: *present*. Your need isn’t as pressing now, what with the jumble of other emergency claxons ringing out in your brain, but the animal part of you, the part that’s been edging forward for the last two days, urges you to turn over, to slide your knees up under the soft skin of your belly, to bare your neck and *submit*.

The very thought of it terrifies you nearly as much as the presence overhead.

There’s a great *whoomph* of banking wings. You can’t feel the fingers around your staff, but you think it’s still in your hands. A blanket of fel-laced alpha scent covers the courtyard until you are fairly choking on it, your heat spiking in response. You realize you will die here, drained of mana and your own sense of self, wet and weak and whimpering.

Hooves settle heavily onto the stone not three meters from your position. The solid thud seems very final.

“When I count to three—” Beren’s voice is barely a breath at your ear. He’s crouching over you now, utterly still, eyes on your foe. “—run.”
You squinch your eyes shut in disbelief.

“One.”

You don’t think you can stand, much less run. The courtyard is frozen, a herd of deer caught in the den of the wolf.

“Two.”

Beren shifts, and you can suddenly see him. Illidan. The lord of the Black Temple. He stands head and shoulders above even the tallest of the invading group, legs planted, webbed wings braced for action. His eyes are bound with a strip of cloth, but fel green light leaks through it, wavering in the air like smoke. Even as you watch, his head tilts, raptor-like, towards the only sound in the courtyard: Beren’s voice.

“Three.”

The courtyard bursts into action as Beren fires, and the spell—magic or not—that held everyone in its thrall breaks. Illidan bears his teeth in a frightening rictus. His fangs, too long to be attributed to his elven heritage, glint in the light of the spell volley. The sound he makes—a growling laugh, low enough to be felt in the stones beneath you—has you panting, terrified and undone.

“You,” says the alpha, catching a plate-wearer by his throat and tossing him to the side, “have made a grave error.”

The party is in disarray, half making a final, futile stand, half fleeing towards any semblance of safety. The warlock and her demon dash past you, making toward the entry passage.

“Hesriel—” The woman gestures in your direction, and you hardly process the sight before cool arms are beneath you, lifting.

“Hold tight, little omega,” the succubus croons in your ear. “I shall take care of you.”

You can’t help the little moan that burbles up, too overwrought to stamp out the manifestations of your… condition. From your vantage point over Hesriel’s (and if the demon is going to be three knuckles deep in you by the end of the day, you might as well use her name) shoulder, you watch Illidan’s head snap in your direction, nostrils flaring.

Can he…?

Beren uses the distraction to his advantage, landing a solid shot to the alpha’s shoulder. Illidan grunts and makes a swipe for the dwarf, but the hunter is already sprinting away, running towards the only viable escape route.

“Keep goin’, I’m righ’ behind you,” he shouts.

You note with some detachment that your staff has been left behind. It sits near the heart of the melee, a token for the next hapless invaders. It’s a shame, really. You liked that staff.

Another body goes flying past, wailing, and you summon up an exhausted little paff of healing and send it wafting in their direction. It distracts you enough that when Beren yells, “Incoming!” you don’t even have time to brace yourself for the giant alpha hurtling in your direction.

It’s almost ridiculous, you think, that anyone should be this tall. The horns, too, are overkill.
“Allow me to extend my hospitality.”

Hesriel jerks as a clawed hand grabs one of her wings. Hissing, she drops you. You hit the stone with a bitten off cry, immediately attempting to roll away from the conflict. A cloven hoof narrowly misses crushing your arm as Illidan snatches the succubus, dangling her by her throat several feet from the ground. Hesriel twists in his grasp, legs kicking, before gnashing her teeth and disappearing altogether in a haze of sulfuric smoke. Illidan is left clutching at nothing as she dematerializes to her home plane.

He sneers. “Faithless.”

There’s a broken down war machine just to your left, and you make a desperate bid for cover, half crawling, half rolling beneath it. There are far fewer people in the courtyard now, most having either perished or fled in terror. You watch the warlock cast cover fire for Beren, both slipping out of the courtyard and—hopefully—away to safety. You wonder vaguely if Hesriel broke contract by leaving.

You also wonder if Beren saw you fall, and if he’d bother to come back for you if he did. He would be a fool if he tried.

(You hope he’s a fool.)

You huddle under the vehicle, praying—it seems a priestly thing to do, even if purity has never been your strong suit—and watching the battle (such as it is) die down. The remaining fighters fall like so much cannon fodder, Illidan ripping through them with unnatural ease. You almost crawl from your shelter and try another mad dash across the courtyard, but then one of the last warriors is thrown against the hull of your hiding place. The crunch of bone yielding to metal is sickening. You don’t know the man’s name—you came into this party mostly blind, with Beren as your only known companion—but you meet his eyes, and there’s recognition there.

“He—lp,” he whispers. Blood froths at his lips.

You reach a shaking hand to his helmeted face, completely lacking the mana to do any good, but he’s already slipping away, eyes locked on yours. You shutter them instead.

In the time it takes to pull the threads of yourself back together—never mind your fevered flesh—the courtyard has quieted. The stone is cold beneath you, and you lay your ear to it, staring out at the carnage. You see your adversary’s legs planted in the center of it, but he’s too tall—and the base of the war machine is too low—to see anything else. He’s utterly still.

You know what’s coming before it happens.

“I know you’re there, omega,” Illidan says. “I can smell you.”

He can probably hear you, too; your heart is a drum beat in your chest.

“You were so eager to see me before, you and your friends.” He’s moving now, turning in your direction. The uncharitable part of you thinks he sounds like a giant draft horse with those hooves. The way he moves, however, seems to belie the unwieldy appendages. Even with an unclear view, you can tell that he stalks forward with fluid grace.

You flinch back as a clawed hand reaches beneath the lip of the vehicle.

“It’s considered polite to greet your host.”
Without ceremony, the war machine is flipped over, leaving you huddled and exposed to the open air. You stare at the cleft in Illidan’s hooves, gasping out what are probably your last, desperate breaths.

Silence reigns for a moment.

“So much slick for such a small thing,” he says in an almost offhand manner. “I could taste you from the ramparts.”

A whimper catches in the back of your throat.

He’s shifting, and you realize with some horror that he’s crouching before you. His thighs are easily thicker than your torso, and bend in the same shape as a goat’s. You spare a brief thought to whether they’re furred like a satyr or smooth like a draenei.

“Tell me, did you think you would make it so far as to meet me in battle on your own merit?” His claws card through your hair in a mocking caress.

“Fuck you,” you say thinly. A shudder runs through you at his touch, your body a battleground of instincts.

“Oh, omega.” He draws out the sound, relishing it. “I would break you.”

Your eyes follow the curved lines of fel markings up his torso, to the barrel of his chest and over the broad expanse of his shoulders. He is truly massive, you think, and if he is at all proportionate…

You swallow. A fresh gush of slick is your traitor body’s response, and you don’t have to look up to see the smile on the alpha’s face. You do anyway, and watch his lips curl, wickedly self-satisfied, over too-sharp teeth.

“Oh, the thought appeals to you, doesn’t it?” His voice takes on the alpha cadence you recognize from other males in far-flung taverns and war camps. Their words, however, didn’t have the ability to make you pant in fear-heightened arousal. “It would. How far gone are you? One day? Two? Do you even care that your brethren lie dead at my feet, or is your need so great that I could rut into here, in their cooling blood, and have you beg for more?”

Your eyes prick with tears even as you clench tighter at his words, hot and empty and aching.

“Kill me or fuck me,” you spit, “but don’t be a dick.”

He makes a low rumble that could be a chuckle. “Spirited. Perhaps the gods have not abandoned me as I thought.”

You get the impression that he thinks he’s funny.

“Oh, they definitely have,” you pant. “I’m your punishment.”

The alpha throws his head back in a full-throated laugh, and something in you purrs, smug. You squash the sentiment.

“The Den may have use of you,” he muses, more to himself than to you. “Shahraz makes a business of pleasure.” His voice rounds out the word “pleasure,” dropping an octave. A single claw curves behind your ear and skims down your neck, trailing gooseflesh and spiking the fever under your skin.
“Are you going to—ah—pawn me off to a fu—hhh—king harem?” You squirm against his roving hands, and Illidan finds it easy enough to turn you onto your back and untuck your knees from your chest. You try to curl back up like a beetle, everything in you screaming to protect your vitals from this beast, but he lays a heavy hand over your legs and you’re thoroughly pinned beneath his gaze. You feel like a doll.

With the height and strength disparity, he could crush you in one hand, but instead, his fingers find the soft skin of your belly, petting down it with excruciating slowness. Every fingertip is a brand against your already overheated skin, and you can feel each one like a point of light even through your robes. The slow, circling slide of them is a reminder of the aching void inside of you. Your abdomen twitches and spasms, and your swollen breasts ache for the same attention. If you could look away from the dusky hand slipping down your body, you’re sure you would see the twin peaks of your nipples through enchanted cloth.

Illidan stops his ministrations at the dip between your hips, fingers spreading wide enough that his thumb rests above your navel, his smallest finger dipping into the fabric at the cleft of your legs. You realize you are making sounds—sounds you’re not sure you’ve made for any lover, as they are too whimperingly, embarrassingly omega—and you fling a hand over your mouth, stifling them.

“None of that,” Illidan growls, and presses down, over cloth and skin, where you cramp and twist and burn, your body wanting to be used and filled and left with something more. Something binding. You let out a high, thin keen, back arching, the hand over your mouth flying to grasp at his instead, covering it with your own.

“Please,” you whisper, uncaring of the dead eyes watching. “Please, please, please, please—”

“You know not what you ask.” He bites off the sentence with a groan that you echo. His thumb works slow circles around your navel almost unconsciously. You try to push his hand lower, but it is unyielding.

“And it is enough.

For the second time today, you find yourself being lifted by a demonic entity. You shiver, mewling in distress as he works a hand under you, careful to avoid raking you with his claws.

“Be still,” he growls, but you are too far gone to your instincts to take heed. You want a knot, but there is a predator above you, and you have to escape, you have to hide—

Illidan cuffs your neck with his free hand, pressing just so, and you go limp and pliable in his arms.

“Good,” he rumbles, and tucks you high against his chest so that your face presses against his neck. His scent is so strong here—alpha, alpha, alpha, your mind croons—that you can pick up the nuances behind the fel corruption. You stare hungrily at the corded tendons and pulsing vein, watching it tap in time with his heartbeat. You don’t bother to second-guess yourself when your instinct says “bite,” and Illidan stumbles in his take-off as your blunt teeth find purchase.

“Woman—” He reaches up with his free hand—to disengage you, you think—but instead, he leaves marks on the tender skin of your neck, sharp fingers flexing there as he pulls you in tighter. You hum in satisfaction.

A caustic voice at the back of your mind says that if your teeth were sharper, you could rip out his jugular. Your jaw clenches harder, the alpha’s pulse stuttering in response, before releasing your hold.
and laving at the skin. It’s not an apology—you aren’t sorry—but it’s... something. There is a half-realized idea between the two of you, and it goes farther than a heat and a rut. (And you can smell that now, too—his own need, and the reason for stooping to consider a tiny enemy omega.) You feel like you’re teetering on the edge of this realization, the softer ministrations coaxing you towards understanding. You purse your lips and blow on the mark you left, wondering.

Illidan shakes his wings out, tensing around you, and launches skyward. You clutch at fel-marked shoulders in alarm, but unlike Hesriel, Illidan has no intentions of dropping you. Sensing your discomfort—or perhaps wishing you to be still—the lord of the Black Temple rumbles deep in his chest. It’s a sound meant to make you go slack, and you do, molding yourself to his front and watching the heavy beat of his wings as you ascend ever higher above the fortress.

“How goin’ to the Den, righ’?” Your voice is muffled against his neck, but this close to his ear, he has no choice but to hear you. You sound—and feel—drunk, the pulse between your legs slowing and muddling your thoughts. Heats are often such hazy things, with only the harsh snap of hips to bring you back to yourself.

“No, little one,” Illidan says. “I am taking you to my own quarters.”

“Good.” Your voice sounds far away. The hand under your ass squeezes, and you groan. “Good,” you repeat.

You have no expectations for the alpha’s quarters—you have no imagination to spare on it now—but when he alights on the stone floor of his rooms, it feels... right. Dark, heavy fabrics swath the walls, and scattered rugs prevent his hooves from echoing through the space. In one corner, you see a mass of hangings and an arrangement of pillows and blankets. Your brain says bed, but your instincts say nest. You want him to take you there, thrust deep into your body and knot you, so that both of your scents sink into the fabric and drown you in the hedonistic nature of it all. Your priest staff is gone, your holy raiment is being pulled from your shoulders, and you are more than prepared to spread your legs for a being so corrupted that two worlds have banded together to see him vanquished.

If you’re going to the Void, no one can say that you didn’t do it in style.

Illidan disrobes you so quickly that you are surprised the fabric doesn’t tear. The enchantments were meant to deflect spells, after all, not the desperate claws of an alpha. He has you against a wall, now, robes gone, drenched undergarments torn and tossed away. You wrap your legs around his tapered waist and dig your heels into his back, grinding your slickness into his stomach. It isn’t the friction you need, though, and you whine.

“You are—so tiny—” He says between open-mouthed kisses to your neck. He seems to be fixated on your relative size to him, and you realize why when he angles himself so that every inch of your fronts are pressed together, your hips finally, finally surging against his own.

Proportionate indeed.

“Gods,” you gasp, near mindless from want.

He strains against his trousers, the length of him curving up to twitch against your belly. He’s hot—so, so hot, and you clench down so hard on the emptiness between your legs that you choke on a sob.

“Please, please, please—” You take up the litany again, beyond desperation.
“Hush, I must—”

You don’t know what he “must,” but one of his hands works between you, fisted so that his claws are well away from your skin. At the first touch to your folds, you cry out, head grinding into the wall at your back. He wastes no time in finding the bundle of nerves that sends you spiraling out into the Nether, and he circles it, knuckle rocking over it with intent. His free hand finds your breasts, weighing and kneading them, pinching your nipples to aching points.

“Ah—ah—ah—” You’re trembling, your whole body shaking apart.

Illidan’s wings curve around to lock you both in shadow, and the heat from your bodies and your panting breaths makes the air near-stifling. His head tips over you, his great, arcing horns cock-ing into the stone above your head. He shifts his knuckle down from your clit to your slick, desperate entrance. You bite down on your lip until it bleeds, trying to thrust yourself further onto his curved fingers.

“So greedy,” he says, and you feel it in his chest and in the air around you. You feel everything.

It’s not enough.

“Knot me,” you pant. “I want—I need—” You need him to fill all of the empty places inside of you before you are driven mad with it.

Illidan grunts, the knuckle inside of you twisting, pressing, but not enough.

“You are not pre—”

“Fucking knot me,” you say in a near whine.

You’re flipped and facing the wall before you finish your plea. The cold stone is a relief to your steaming skin, but the weight pressed against your back is even better. You arch your back and tilt your neck in submission.

Mate me, mate me, mate me, your body says. I’m soft and yielding and fertile.

His hands slide down your body, and this time there’s a bite to his claws. You don’t care. Let him mark you; let him claim what flesh he can.

The first touch of Illidan’s cock is unreal. He thrusts between your folds, collecting slick, and as you slide along the girth of him, you’re struck with the sudden, clear thought that you might die today anyway.

He is far, far too big.

“Ngh—wai—” The words in your mouth turn to dust as he lines up with you, the wide head of him pressing forward, past the tight clench of your entrance. Your palms smack the stone by your head, your knees draw up and out, and still, still he is too big, too much—

Illidan mutters an oath—whether in his native language or in the tongue of demons, you don’t know—and slides in another inch.

“I have never—you are so tight—” One of his palms slides low on your belly, and you spare a thought to whether he can feel the solid press of himself through you.

You are sure you will tear, that not a single millimeter more of flesh could possibly fit inside of you,
but still, Illidan rocks himself further. Your eyes are frozen wide, your lungs unable to breathe as you experience what has to be the most transcendental pain of your life. There is a brief moment of absolute terror when you are sure you are breaking, and you are both still, shaking out of either pain or restraint. It’s the tipping point, because when Illidan jerks again, he slides completely home, and you are full—more full than you have ever hoped to be—and quaking in relief.

“You were made for this,” Illidan whispers into your hair. “Feel yourself stretched over me, feel how perfect you are.” He takes one of your hands and guides it down to where you are joined, and you feel how tightly you grip him, how you fit him like a silk sheath. A keening sound breaks from the back of your throat.

“Yes, you are perfect, little one, and so soft.” He moves, now, drawing out in increments before pushing back in. You nearly sob with the pleasure-pain of it.

The thrusting gradually picks up speed, Illidan drawing one of your knees further up to gain better access, and he finds a rhythm that has you panting anew as the pleasure-pain fades into just pleasure. Your body adjusts, accepting of its new role, and you rapidly crest towards completion.

The protrusion of the alpha’s growing knot grinds against your entrance, and you bear down on it even as its size pricks tears into your eyes. Illidan growls a litany of foreign words, his thrusts turning jagged as he convinces your body to yield. He drives home with a hoarse sound, the fisted size of him catching and swelling inside of you. Your completion punches through you, your limbs shaking, your vision becoming a star shower of greys and greens as Illidan continues to make little thrusts, edging his knot further into the grasping heat of you. At last, he stutters to a halt, and the warm rush of seed combined with his fractured promises of having you until your belly swells has you spilling over again, turning your face into his shoulder with a cry.

When the aftershocks die down enough to move, Illidan shifts you so that he can walk the few steps to the nest. He’s careful, but even so, the littlest movements has him twitching inside of you, still joined as you are. He lays you both down and settles a hand over your mound, rumbling in satisfaction when you whine.

The afterglow gives you a few blessed moments of lucidity, and you don’t waste them on shame or panic.

“I guess you’re not going to kill me, then.” It’s not a question. More of an offhand statement.

Illidan strokes his hand over your mound and hip, nearly purring when you press back into him. “Many deaths you’ll die today, little one, and none of them in spirit.”

You sink back against him, humming.

You can live with that.

Chapter End Notes

Welp. I'm never looking anyone in the eye ever again.

But, as ever, I'm going to roll around in my pile of trash and make this a... collection of sorts. Like a rock collection, but with less rocks and more... cocks. A cock collection, if you will.
I'm not doing "requests," per se, but I'm always open to suggestions, and if you have a punny title relating to a ship, a sex thing, or a smutty trope (i.e. A/B/O), LAY 'EM ON ME.
Male Blood Elf (Death Knight)/Reader

Chapter Summary

The dead aren't the only things getting raised tonight.

Male Blood Elf (Death Knight)/Reader

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caedron returns the second week of spring.

You are asleep—and then suddenly you are not, hands summoning fire before your eyes have completely opened. It’s a battle-honed response; the enemy won’t wait for you to blink the sand from your eyes.

When you do gain your bearings, you see a ghost.

“Cae?” Your voice breaks across the word.

The ghost doesn’t speak—he never speaks, no matter how many times you cry his name into the dark. He stands in the doorway of your bedroom—your shared bedroom—and stares. His eyes glow blue in the dark.

It’s the blue that jolts you into full wakefulness. Caedron’s eyes haven’t been blue for years—not since your courtship, not since your people fell from grace—and they are never blue in your dreams. This is a different shade, too—icier, more remote—and even in the dim glow of your waning mage fire, you can see that his hair is not blond, but white.

“Who are you?” you demand of the wraith taking your husband’s shape.

He speaks then, and it is bitter. “You’ve forgotten your own mate?”

The voice is familiar, but it’s not—it’s not the same. It reverberates through his chest, strangely hollow. You curl your knees to your chest. It isn’t a fighting position, but you don’t think you could kill this… being, husband or not. The similarities are too strong.

Your neck throbs with the memory of a bite.

“My mate is dead,” you snarl. “Do not tempt me, demon.”

He laughs, and it is as hollow as his voice.

“I see.”

And with that, he turns and walks away.

You do not hear him leave. Ghost footsteps make no sound.
When news arrives from Orgrimmar, you don’t know whether to laugh or cry.

*Death knights*, they say. *Agents freed from the Lich King’s spell.*

Mistrust runs rampant—are these undead soldiers of the enemy *truly* free of his influence? The war chief may have pardoned the warriors, but the Horde at large is still wary and quick to cast judgment. In Silvermoon, your people are not so quick to forgive agents of the Scourge—even unwitting agents. Even agents that wear the face of a loved one.

You see a frost-eyed elf in the shadow of the bazaar on the third day after Caedron’s return. You know her by her coloration—too pale, too grey—and by her scars. They are ghastly, life-ending. She sees you staring and turns away, melting into the shadows like the wraith she has become. You go back to buying apples, hands trembling.

Caedron doesn’t return.

You spend days pacing, roaming the empty halls of your estate, hoping you will turn around to find him in a doorway, and hoping he will stay away. There was no trace of his scent in the hallway when you rose late the next morning after his visit, and that frightens you more than his eyes and frigid countenance.

*Still mate?* your body asks.

You don’t know.

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You find him in a tavern, of all places. You aren’t looking for him—or, you won’t *admit* to looking for him—but you are always frighteningly aware of pale haired elves in the streets, half hoping, half dreading. The tavern is crowded, night having fallen, and you snag an empty bar stool when its occupant staggers off.

“How can I get for you?” the barmaid asks.


She appraises you, as if wondering which bottle you can afford. You raise your brows and give your coin purse a little shake.

“Don’t skimp.”

She nods, disappearing.

You feel the eyes, then. The fine hairs on your neck prick, and then your ears twitch, the sounds in the bar sharpening to a near-uncomfortable decibel. Your palms begin to sweat. *Danger*, your hindbrain says. You begin to turn around.

“Bottle of red for the lady.” The barmaid’s voice has you nearly plastered to the ceiling, and you shakily decline her offer of a tab, paying her directly.

“Much obliged,” she says, and wanders off.

You grip the bottle by the neck and chug, ignoring the glass set in front of you.

You feel him before you hear him.
“Is this what you’ve become in my absence?” your dead husband asks. “A tavern-hopping lush?”

You take several more pulls—you’ll need them, you think—before setting the half-empty bottle down with a clink. Someone two seats away claps. You ignore them.

“I’m not sure you’re in a place to judge, dearest.” You tack the endearment on with some irony. “At least I’m alive to do it.”

You look at him, then, and give a poisonous smile.

He swallows, and you see his face go blank with what you would call pain, if he was still alive and still your husband. It’s gone a second later and his lip raises in a snarl.

“You won’t be alive much longer at the rate you’re drinking, love.” You flinch at the name. “I think you’re finished here.” He puts his hand on your arm as if to pull you away.

Your hackles raise. “And I think you have no right to tell me what to do!”

You can see the words hit as you say them. They don’t have the intended effect—quite the opposite. His grip on you tightens.

“No ri—no right?” He laughs, and it’s a terrible thing. “Darling, I have every right. I married you, I mated you—who else has the right to put you in your place?”

He leans in, his grin mocking.

“Unless you’ve taken another? Tell me, wife, have you taken someone to our marriage bed? Have you spread your legs for another rutting alpha? Let him fill you with his knot while you cried a different name?”

You’re shaking, now, with fear and anger and grief so potent you can taste it with the wine on your tongue.

“How dare you,” you spit. “You are not my husband.”

You wrench your arm from his grasp and stumble off of your chair. You hear him growl behind you, but duck behind a passing group and slip out of the door before he can reel you back in.

The wine hits in earnest when you turn the corner of the tavern. You’re sure he’s following, sure he won’t let you get away (he’s always been a stubborn knothead), and your elevated heart rate sends the alcohol straight to your brain. You duck into an alley, breathing hard.

Hands catch you around your waist, spinning you against the nearest building.

“I will not let you go again,” Caedron snarls.

“My husband is dead,” you cry, as if saying it enough will make you believe it. But you can smell him under the cold magic that you suppose is part of him now. His scent is not unchanged, pieces of frost having drifted and clung, but beneath it all is Caedron.

Mate.

You let out a wretched sob and fall against his shoulder.

“I married you beneath the trees of Eversong,” he says hoarsely. “You had golden blossoms in your hair, and later, when I took you behind the curtains of our marriage bed, everything smelled of
honeyed flowers and *us.*” He presses a kiss to your temple. “You are the most beautiful thing I’ve seen before or since, and when I began to dream again in those accursed frozen halls, I dreamt of you.”

You keep up a whispered chant of *Caedron, Caedron, Caedron,* unable to turn your nose away from his neck.

“Do you still deny me, wife?” He pulls you away, then, holding your face in both hands and swiping your tears away with the rough pads of his thumbs.

“You—” you hiccup, “—are an ass.”

“That much hasn’t changed,” he agrees.

You give him a watery glare. “You implied—you think—” You huff, drawing yourself up. “I haven’t *been* with anyone else.”

The thought of it is unconscionable. Caedron was—*is*—your mate.

“Oh, love, I didn’t actually—I am *so* sorry.” He looks anguished.

*Good,* you think.

His hands waver on your cheeks for a moment before travelling to your ears, rubbing them lightly. No one’s touched your ears since… well, since *he* last did, and your knees go weak. He knows all of your sensitive spots, and his fingers draw up and down the lengths of them almost unconsciously.

You shiver, frowning. “And I’m not a lush.”

You’re *barely* slurring.

His mouth quirks up. “That I *do* question. I am impressed by your quaffing abilities, however.”

He pinches your ear tips, and you squeak. The feeling shoots right between your legs, and though you weren’t aroused before, your body is perking up under his attentions.

*Mate?* your hindbrain queries. You shush it.

“Are you…” You don’t know how to phrase the question. “The rumors say your kind is undead.”

Your words end the fragile moment.

He removes his hands, his face haunted. “I died, yes.”

“But you are… alive?”

“I am no longer dead.”

You tilt your head, eyes narrowing. “So you *are* undead?”

He scrubs a hand over his face. “I am… yes. We are not of the forsaken, but our state of being is… not dissimilar.”

It feels like the ice in his blood has jumped to you. You are numb with it.

“Oh.”
What you don’t say—what you want to say—is, “What does that mean for us?” but that is a horrible, selfish thing, and you swallow the question.

“Let’s go home,” you say instead and hold out your hand.

He takes it with a stiff nod. His fingers are cool to the touch.

Caedron doesn’t touch you much in the subsequent days, following your own careful lead. It makes you almost sick how you dance around each other, smiles tight and a bit wistful. You have your husband back, but also… not. The first night you draw him into bed, and you lay beside each other, not touching. You’re sure he can smell your tears as you turn your back and shake.

You learn that he eats, that he sleeps, and that he still functions in much the same way as he did before his… death.

You have questions about that, but they can wait.

(You’re bad at waiting.)

The vendors and shoppers at the bazaar stare in open shock at you both as you walk arm in arm. You initiated the contact several streets back, and he seems happy to maintain it. You’ve been looking for reasons to touch him lately, and you hate how needy you’re becoming with almost the same strength that you hate the distance between you.

“You should get that cinnamon bread you like,” Caedron says when you stop at a stall.

“Hm?” You are busy glaring at the vendor. She is staring at your husband and fingering what you’re sure is a hidden blade.

“The cinnamon bread—do they still sell it here?” He looks around.

“I only buy that for my heats,” you say, a bit distant. There’s so much going on here today—is it always this busy? You want to go home, where it’s safe. You press a little harder into your mate.

“…Yeees,” he says slowly. “Which is why I suggested it.”

You look up, annoyed. “I just said—” And then a cramp hits. “Oh.”

Caedron narrows his eyes. “You didn’t—?” He wraps his arm around you fully and pulls you off to the side. “I wondered why you wanted to go out today of all days—you usually like to hole up before.”

He’s right; you like to nest. You stare at him as the reality of the situation sinks in.

“I—oh stars,” you say with a breathless laugh. “This is amazing.”

Caedron clearly thinks you’re unwell. He presses a hand to your forehead.

“You’re already heating up—we have to go. Now.”

You’re not in such a rush, looking around with renewed interest. Everything is so sharp. It’s as though a film has been pulled away from your vision. Is this happiness? You’ve long been estranged from the feeling.
“I haven’t felt like this since before you—” You realize what you’re saying too late, and you both stare at each other in shock.

Caedron’s eyes darken. “You haven’t had a heat in all that time?” He can’t seem to keep his hands off of you now, one stroking the side of your face, the other holding you by your waist as if you will disappear.

You shake your head, wordless.


Oh, you love it when he thinks he can command you. You grin up at him, and he presses his lips to your forehead, muttering something about “*omegas*” and “*heats*.” You’re not entirely sure he’s being complimentary, but you’ve seen him during his ruts; he has no room to talk.

Your mate strides away, purposeful, and you wait a moment before heading off in your own direction. You’re not such an easy catch.

*Oh, is this what we’re doing?* You wonder vaguely.

*Chase,* your hindbrain agrees.

You suppose you never truly did lead Caedron on a mating chase. Some still do it, but your people tend to favor a traditional marriage ceremony and leave the mating for the bedroom.

A shiver runs up your spine when you hear an ungodly sound somewhere behind you. Caedron has noticed your absence.

*Run,* your hindbrain says helpfully.

You run.

There are few corners in Silvermoon, the buildings mostly curved and domed. You weave between some of them, keeping to the sides, and you steer clear of the main roads.

Caedron catches you in what functions as an alley, pinning you in the shade of a stairwell.

“What in the gods’ names—” he growls, “—do you think you’re doing?”

You wriggle in his hold. “Leading you on a chase.”

“A chase—?” Realization dawns. He presses in. “Why do you test me, omega?”

He slides you up the wall, and you helpfully wrap your legs around his waist. Your dress bunches around your thighs.

“Mm, but you passed.”

The sound he makes has you panting.

“If you run,” he snarls, “I will catch you. If you fly, I will snatch you from the air. If you otherwise disappear, know that I will track you, I will *find* you, and I will pin you down and knot you so hard that when you think of leaving me, you think of how I feel inside of you, stretching you to your limit, and know that I will *never let you go.*” His voice is so low by the end of his rant that it is hard to discern word from growl. “Do I make myself clear?”
Your chest is heaving. “Could I get that last part again?”

His mouth descends in a fevered haze, his tongue finding yours in slick desperation. You make sounds into his mouth, sounds he chases and swallows, and you realize with some alarm that you are crying.

*Mate,* you hindbrain keens. *Mate.*

*Husband,* you agree.

He explores your mouth with the fervor of a man long denied.

“I have—” he says between breaths, “—dreamt of this.”

You agree wordlessly, eyes closed in the onslaught. You find one of his ears with your hand and draw your fingers up it, tweaking the tip. When Caedron groans into your mouth, you pinch harder, and his hips jerk into yours.

“Oh,” you say.

“Oh?” he parrots, moving to bite your earlobe. His tongue on the outer rim of your ear has your legs tightening around him. Your breasts strain against your dress.

“Nothing. Just a—*ah*—just a question answered,” you pant.

His hands fall to your thighs, slipping under the fabric of your skirts. “What question?”

*Nghh*—about your anatomy,” you grit out. His fingers slide over your very slick underwear, drawing a stripe down the center.

“I thought those were answered years ago,” he says in between working deep marks into the skin of your neck and shoulder.

You tilt your head for better access. “Well, you—oh, *Cae*—yes, *please*—”

He works a finger under the lace edge of your underthings, skimming the blushing folds beneath. You haven’t been this slick in an age, and your stomach cramps with the need for his touch. Your hips jerk as he draws the finger through your folds and down,

“You were saying, dearest?”

“I wasn’t sure—blood flow—*mmm,* right *there*—”

He stops just as he reaches your clit, the pad of his finger just *there,* but unmoving.

“You thought I couldn’t get it up.” His voice is flat.

You whine, hips trying uselessly to roll against him. His free hand digs into your hip, keeping you still.

“Well I don’t think that *now,*” you say helplessly.

He doesn’t move. His finger, maddeningly, also *doesn’t move.*

“*Cae*?”
He finally shifts, removing his hand from between your legs. Your rational and hindbrain cry out as one.

He reaches up and cups your chin, finger still slick.

“Wife?” he says gently. “Mate?”

You look at him tearfully, not quite in your right mind and slipping further. “Yes?”

“I am going to let you down now, and we are going to walk home. Nod that you’re listening.”

You nod.

“Good girl,” he says, and you blink, confused at his tone. “You are going to walk in front of me, and we are not making any more stops. If you stop—if I have to touch you for any reason—I am going to take you on the street, and you and everyone in this part of the city is going to find out that I can absolutely still knot my mate until she’s hoarse and shaking.” His thumb grazes your lip. “Nod that you understand.”

You nod. Twice.

“Look at how good you’re being,” he croons. “I’m going to set you down, now. Remember what I said.”

Your knees lock up when he releases you, but you remain standing, leaning against the wall. Caedron retrieves a bag—he must’ve dropped it to catch you—and gestures for you to proceed.

“I even bought your cinnamon bread before you went running off,” he says behind you. His voice is still deadly soft, and you wobble for a step. “So when you’re tied to me, flesh to flesh, and wrapped in the coverlet that smells of us both, I can feed you little pieces and watch your pretty lips take my fingers. Does that sound good?”

You don’t deign to answer, back ramrod straight, trying in vain to keep your steps even.

The trip passes in much the same vein: Caedron whispering horrible, wonderful things just behind you, and you trying to preserve your modesty. You are tempted, once, to trip and let him catch you up and rut into you there against the apothecary, but your better sense hasn’t left you—yet—and you trudge on regretfully.

Finally—finally—you reach the estate, and you nearly sob with the relief of it. You reach for the door, but Caedron is already there, and the door is swinging open, and you are being grabbed, being hauled inside, and then—

“Caught you again,” Cae says in your ear, pressing you against the door and stealing your breath with a hard, searing kiss. His teeth rake over your lips and you chase him as he pulls back. “Ah-ah, sweetheart.”

He sweeps you over his shoulder, hand kneading your backside, and takes the stairs two at a time. The bedroom door is wide open, and he strides in, more confident between these walls than he has been since his return. Your bed has never looked so inviting.

Cae tosses you down and you bounce, once, before he covers you. You arch up, writhing against him as much as you’re able.

“What am I to do with you?” he asks, hands running over you as if remapping your shape.
You fist a hand in his hair and tug.

“Mate me,” you plead.

“I’ve already mated you, omega,” he says, one hand rucking up your skirts, the other finding your neck and rubbing over the mostly invisible mating bite there. “But it seems you need a reminder.”

“Yesss,” you hiss.

He wastes no time in sliding under your skirts again, yanking your underthings aside and dragging two calloused fingers over your clit. You whine, biting his lip in response. He licks further into your mouth and you taste copper and Cae. His fingers make rapid circles, and it’s nearly too hard, too much. Your legs fall open, wanton. He grasps one and pulls it to his chest, breaking your kiss to nip at the inside of your knee. His teeth are sharp enough to make you jerk, and he responds by pulling your legs open wider and giving your swollen bud a little pinch.

“Cae—Caedron—”

“Say it again,” he growls. His fingers slip from your clit and circle your opening. When you open your mouth in silent plea, he drives both digits home, thrusting and curling against your sweet spot. “Say—it—again.”

“CAEDRON!” you howl, and if it is his wish for the whole street to hear, you fear he is accomplishing it.

He works you into a writhing frenzy, his forearm never seeming to tire from the rapid push-pull, his fingers twisting and always, unerringly finding the place that makes you moan a broken litany of his name. His free hand slides down your body and finds your abandoned clit.

“You are so tight,” he grits out. “So desperate to hold my fingers in you. Tell me, omega, do you want my knot?”

“Ye—yes.” You are desperate, every part of you wanting to remember what it feels like to be whole.

You begin to break apart, eyes shuttering, Caedron’s name on your lips, when he snarls, “Look at me.”

You meet his eyes, blue and strange and achingly familiar, and the intensity of his stare—the desperation in it—has you falling apart. He strokes you through your climax, drinking you in, until you are pulled taught and shaking with it.

“Cae—Cae—Cae—oh, Cae.” You don’t know when you started crying again, but you can hardly see through the tears.

“Shh, dear one,” he whispers, sliding out of you with a slick sound. He lays the softest kiss on your lips, wet fingers sliding over your thighs to finally divest you of your underthings.

“You died, Cae. You died, and you promised—you promised—”

“I came back to you, even from death,” he says. He begins to remove your layers, and it is with movements so gentle that you are sobbing anew. He strips you to your skin with an ease born of familiarity, and it has been so long since you have felt this way. Your body remembers his hands as your ears know his voice and your mouth his lips.

Caedron may have been the one to return, but you are certain that you, too, are finally home.
When you are both bare, there is a moment of stillness where you map each other’s body with your eyes. You don’t know what changes he sees in you, but you cannot look away from the scar at his heart, the one that took his life and his freedom in one fell swoop. You break the spell by tracing the puckered edge with your fingertips, and Cae places his hand over yours. He draws you up to kiss him, and it’s a quiet press of mouths—a warm, reaffirming touch.

“Am I still your husband, then?” he asks when you part.

You release a shuddering sigh, your tears still drying. “Always.”

He lays you back down and wipes the last of your tears. You think for a moment that he will ask you to turn to your knees, but when you make to roll over, he shakes his head.

“I want to see you,” he says. “I want to watch as your body remembers my claim.”

You lace a hand with his as he settles between your hips. He takes himself in his other hand and you see that the base of his cock is already swelling. You tuck an ankle over his back as he lines himself up, and then—

“Ooohh,” you breathe. You lock eyes with Caedron—your husband, your mate—as he slides first the head and then the full, thick length of himself into you. It’s a stretch after so long, but you welcome it, bottom lip between your teeth.

Caedron breaks eye contact first, tipping his head back as he sheaths himself fully, his hips meeting yours.

“Finally,” he rasps.

After a moment of savoring the feeling, you move, driven by the heat simmering under your skin. You roll your hips, and Cae exhales through his nose, staring down at you as you work yourself on his cock.

“I will never tire of this,” he says, thrusting to meet you. “Never tire of the way you feel when I first press into you, fluttering like a second heart.” The pace has him dragging over your inner walls with excruciating slowness.

“Never tire of the sounds you make when I do this—” He gives a sharps thrust, angling up, and you keen. “I will never tire of watching the most beautiful being in creation come apart beneath me, knowing that I am the only one who gets to watch her lips part and her eyelids flutter.”

Your lips are parting now, shaping his name in little gasps.

“Cae—faster,” you say, a plea in your voice.

He can’t deny you anything now.

Caedron brings one of your legs over his shoulder and drives into you with such force that you slip over the coverlet. A sound breaks free of you, and you dig your other heel into the bed, matching him as best you can. You can feel his knot as it catches with each thrust. The slick sound of it slipping in and out of you makes your stomach tighten in anticipation.

Caedron licks into your mouth as his knot swells in you, the pulse of it coaxing one long whine from the back of your throat. His knot presses against the very spot that makes you quake, swelling until it is all you feel. Cae lifts your hips and works himself in impossibly further, cursing in orcish and making promises in broken Thalassian.
You clench around him and he comes with a jagged cry, sending you over with him as he fills you in a wash of heat. His mouth finds your neck and he bites down over the silvered mark of your first mating.

“Caedron.” Your hand flies to cup his head, trembling around him. You can’t move without sending shocks of pleasure from toe to ear tip.

“I am here,” he says, pulling back and laving at the new mark. “Feel me, mate.” His hips cant forward and you cry out.

“I am home.”

Chapter End Notes

Interested parties will be glad to know that while this isn’t the Lor'themar/Reader chapter, it IS in the works. It’s over 5k words and counting because I have no chill.
Chapter Summary

By all means, take a seat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wildhammer Inn – Shadowmoon Valley, Outland

Present Day (Year 635 by the King's Calendar)

If there is one solitary thing you can trust in this world—in any world—it is that there is always a way for things to descend into further madness. Chaos is the order of the day. You’ve resigned yourself to war, you’ve resigned yourself to a life of one adrenaline, magic, and skin-of-your-teeth fueled “victory” after another. Every time you think you see the Light at the end of the proverbial tunnel, it turns out to be a massive explosion and then you have to go kill the son of a bitch who’s responsible.

You’re a certified expert at killing sons of bitches.

“Has anyone told you that you’re a maudlin drunk?”

You squint up from the dregs of your mug. “No one but you would dare, Beren.”

“Aye, well.” Beren takes a long pull of his own ale. “Your expression is makin’ the wee ones cry.”

You glance around the tavern to witness the aforementioned crying children, but see only assorted (adult) bar patrons.

“If you mean the gnomes over there, I think they’re just piss drunk.”

You turn around in time to catch your friend rolling his eyes.

“What has you lookin’ like the world’s ended, then? If it’s the quality of the ale, I cannae say I blame ye.” His disdain for the drink doesn’t stop him from downing the rest and setting it down with enough force to summon the barmaid.

“Another?” the woman asks. She looks between you two, visibly awed, which is hilarious because you’ve been traveling hither and yon for days, with not a spare set of clothes between you. The closest thing to a bath you’ve had in a week is the torrential downpour you rode through in Terrokar yesterday, and that just made you muddy. And incredibly irritable.

Beren looks put-upon. “What’ve you got other than… that?” He prods at the empty tankard.

“We have some very nice imported moonberry wine that—”

“I’ll stick with the ale,” Beren says, resigned.
“I’ll take some wine, actually,” you say before she can scurry off.

“My gloomy friend is partial to elven goods.” He says it so dryly that the innuendo goes unnoticed by the barmaid, but you shoot the dwarf a thunderous look.

“Do not test me, dwarf.”

“Rather you were angry than… weepy.” He gives a mock shudder. “It’s unnatural.”

You open your mouth to argue, but he cuts you off.

“I know this place has brought up some memories best laid to rest, but tha’s just what you have to do. We’ll go see what tha’ blasted wind chime wants at the temple tomorrow, and then this chapter will be over. No more demons in th’ shadows.” He leans over and pats the hand that has unconsciously traveled to cover the scar on your shoulder.

“It’s just…” You huff. “I have conflicting emotions. It’s complicated.”

Beren, Void take him, laughs.

“Oh, lass,” he says. “Being mated to a demonic tyrant was never going t’be anything but complicated.”

Black Temple – Shadowmoon Valley, Outland

*Year 624 by the King's Calendar*

The mating, as it happens, takes both of you by surprise.

It has to be sometime during the second or third day of your stay in the Black Temple, and your heat has begun to wane just enough that you can hear yourself think. Of course, most of what you’re thinking is along the lines of “yes” and “please” and “harder,” but you’ve also begun to wonder, in quiet moments, what will happen when you come down from your pheromone high. It’s not as though your… lover will allow you to leave once your blood cools. Even if he retains a certain fondness for you—and you’d only be lying to yourself if you think emotions come into play at all—it’s simply unwise to let an enemy go free from a fortress she’s already half-invaded once. Keep your friends close and fuck your enemies until they lose coherent speech, right?

You’re sure it’s something like that.

“You look troubled.”

And there’s another thing: you and your enemy/captor/lover actually have conversations. It started as a question about your food preferences—for a fel-tainted alpha overlord, Illidan is surprisingly attentive—and has evolved into something… more. You have to wonder how many chances Illidan has to be unguarded. It’s not as if he’s laying the plans to his temple and its inhabitants at your feet, but he’s being casual and charming and smug and it’s hard to feel anything but languid and warm when you’re tied intimately to someone and they’re rumbling something about drawing up a bath for you. (And no alpha you know has ever been so thorough about the minutia, but damn if you don’t swoon a little when he asks if any scents will upset your heat-delicate senses.)

It’s damnable hard to stay focused on things like *escape* and *morals* when you’re warm and sated and well-fed.
And then you have to go and ask about his fight against the Legion in a moment of lucid curiosity, and now you’re all twisted up over how very not black-and-white the whole situation is. You came here to kill this guy and now you’re not only fucking him, but you’re sympathizing with his cause. (Which is, arguably, worse.) You’re questioning parts of your ideology that you’re not equipped to answer right now. Can anything in this world be certain? Except, maybe, death. But even that seems more like a revolving door some days. You suppose that’s the whole point of faith—standing on shifting sands with the belief that you’ll stay on your feet—but lately you’ve been thinking that maybe that’s for the dogs.

You are truly a very shitty priestess and probably should’ve just taken that tailoring apprenticeship in Redridge.

“I’m reflecting on my life choices,” you finally respond, voice wry.

In the dim of the tower room, Illidan’s fel eyes glow even brighter. He’s just returning from some very important, not-really-evil-because-what-does-that-word-even-mean-in-the-face-of-grey-morality overlord duties, and he’s holding something that smells delicious, and he smells delicious, and oh, look, you’re already aroused.

“You are insatiable,” he says, though he sounds amused.

You stretch from your position in the nest—bed—back arching in blatant invitation. “If you’re not up for it, I understand. I hear there’s a whole temple of virile demon hunters somewhere below—”

The clink of Illidan setting the covered platter down on an end table echoes throughout the chamber. You squeeze your thighs together and shiver.

You might, possibly, get off on the thrill of danger.

The heavy beat of hooves stops at the edge of your nest. “Up.”

You consider the demand.

“I rather like it here.” Also, you’re more than a bit sore, rarely used muscles protesting your recent activities.

“Up,” Illidan commands, and this time there is the underlying edge of alpha.

You shift around, a small, involuntary sound escaping when tender skin is pulled taut. Large hands cup your elbows and pull you steadily upright.

“Ah, careful.” Your voice is a touch higher than normal, the shift in gravity making several discomforts known in short order.

Oh, but you ache.

“You are in pain?” Whatever reproach was in his voice before, it is gone now. One hand shifts to hold the back of your neck, clawed fingers threading through your hair in a move that is almost… intimate. He tilts your face up to meet his gaze. “Why have you not healed yourself?”

“I thought using Light energy here might be a faux pas.” You might be willing to use sass, but you figure you’re only gliding along in his good graces by being an unthreatening omega. Best not to remind anyone that you came here as a skilled mercenary (of sorts.)

“Priestess.” Illidan’s voice brooks no argument. “Heal yourself.”
With a relieved sigh, you do the magical equivalent of uncorking your stifled connection to the Light, letting it fizz up through you, warmth bathing every point of pain. Your eyes close involuntarily, but you can still see the glow of healing magic through your lids. You wonder what Illidan can see with his fel sight. The hands bracing you flex tighter, and you know he must be able to feel it, too. Does it soothe him or sting, you wonder?

Your eyes flutter open as the magic slips away, and you are met with a burning green gaze and an expression of open hunger.

You flush for reasons that have little to do with embarrassment.

“I don’t suppose I’ll be needing those hunters, then?”

The words have hardly escaped your mouth before the alpha above you is swooping in, gathering you up so that he need not stoop, mouth descending on yours like a man half mad.

*Who’s insatiable now?*

It’s your last coherent thought before the heat between you reawakens the heat in your blood, and you are panted into the brutal kiss, your mouths a clash of teeth and tongue and slick, wet heat. You bite Illidan’s lip hard enough that he jerks, a feral growl rumbling up for the base of his sternum. The emptiness between your legs pulses in response, and your hips make an aborted thrust against him. You soothe the bite with your tongue.

If the kiss is a battle, then it is one you are destined to lose, Illidan plundering your mouth with literal ages of experience. His hand, still in your hair, yanks your head back to bare your throat, and his lips break from yours to deal damage to the tender skin of your neck, teeth and tongue grazing with very little restraint. Your hands fly for something to grip, to stroke, and you find an ear, the long shell of it more delicate than you would have expected. You circle the base with your thumb, then trace along the outer edge with careful fingers. You’re rewarded with a broken sound as Illidan buries his nose against your neck, one heavy horn pressing against your cheek. You have the fleeting thought that Illidan is a stranger to tenderness.

“Your heat is waning,” he says against the column of your throat. He’s scenting you, you realize.

“Mm.” Your free hand reaches to trace where his horns meet his skull. “ Doesn’t feel like it.”

But hadn’t you just thought the same prior to his return? What does this mean for you, for your arra—

There’s a sharp nip to the juncture of your neck and shoulder, and your thoughts scatter, light shot through a prism.

“Oh,” you say, voice faint. You tilt your head further, and Illidan rumbles something not-quite word and not-quite growl. The desire to feel those too-sharp teeth break the skin above your hummingbird pulse is so keen that you have trouble remembering why it is such a horrible idea.

*Demon.*

*Enemy.*

…Right.

“Illidan—” Your voice is too soft to really be considered a warning, but the hot breath on your neck is gone in an instant, and you shiver.
Illidan pulls back so that you are face to face, one breath exchanged between you. The alpha regards you, gaze no less cutting for all that it is hidden behind a strip of cloth. You have never seen him without the veil, and you doubt, your situation being what it is, that you ever will. A claw traces the flex of your throat as you swallow.

"You are very small," he says, musingly. "I forget, sometimes…"

He doesn’t clarify whether he forgets your size, something pertaining to it, or another matter entirely. You don’t ask. His thoughts can be as mercurial as his moods.

“So you’ve said.” You clench your knees around him, very aware of your own nudity. “It’s enough to give a girl a complex.”

Illidan shakes his head as if to dispel your anxiety. “If your heat is waning, we may have to take… precautions.”

“Precaut—oh, STARS.”

Sometimes you forget how fast he can move, when motivated. You find yourself astride the alpha in a very different manner as Illidan settles down into the cushions of the nest. For lack of any other handholds, you brace yourself on his horns, and when you chance a look down, chest heaving, eyes wide, the bastard is grinning. His hand pets down your back as your mind catches up to just what, exactly, he has in mind.

“You’re serious.” It’s not a question. Your life is that much of a cosmic comedy.

Amazing.

“You object?” The smug expression is still there, confident that you will have no qualms with riding his pretty face.

And oh, gods, how could you?

If you ever make it back to civilization, there is literally nothing that can top this. Can top you, topping him. Illidan. Lord of the Black Temple. Master of the arcane. Leader of the Illidari—blah, blah, blah.

You’re going to live off of the proceeds of your tell-all memoir.

Illidan’s hands stroke down your back, your ass, your thighs, and hold you steady even as you start to tremble.

“If I say “up,” will you still deny me?” he asks, nearly coy.

“Fuck,” you say.

“Gladly.” And then you are levered up, settled over his flashing grin and oh, fuck, fuck, FUCK—

Illidan does not do things by halves—not magic, not war, and certainly not sex. You can do little more than hold tight to his arching horns and try to keep your trembling thighs from collapsing entirely as he drives the last bit of coherence from you with the sheer force of his tongue.

Mother always said to be wary of demons’ tongues.

(To be fair, Ma probably wasn’t aware that demons’ tongues were quite this… agile.)
There’s the sharp reminder that Illidan’s teeth are by far the most formidable thing behind his lips, but you can only bite back a strangled scream as he draws them across your clit. His fingers dig into your thighs as you buck uselessly. You feel his laugh intimately, shaking through you much like your impending orgasm. You are going to die.

You have seen archmages draw runes with less power than the unholy shapes Illidan’s mouth traces into your heated flesh. You have witnessed the death of an old god, wrought death in the heart of a volcano, and still no power or cessation of life has come close to the feeling that sitting astride Illidan’s face is building in you.

_Fel magic_, you think as Illidan rolls his tongue over your clit and sucks, stars above, _is not the only corrupting force in the universe._

With any other lover, you might fear suffocation, but Illidan supports you as you come apart above him, shaking and nearly sobbing your completion. His mouth works you through it, and the position and sheer sensation has you breaking into little pieces of incoherence even as the aftershocks stretch and pull your muscles into taffy. The hands under you loosen enough to knead the skin of your thighs, and then you are shifting, being lifted bonelessly to the side.

You want to regain motor function and punch the Look off Illidan’s face, but you also want to never lift another finger in your life. Gelatinous ooze has nothing on your post-coital form.

Illidan’s face shines wetly as he says, “Are you still—what was it—‘reflecting on your life choices?’”

_Fucking—_

“Don’t make me hate your mouth after what it just achieved,” you manage.

A hand works between your legs—you prop a knee on his bare chest for ease of access, because fuck if you have any shame left—and slides through the slickness there.

“Satisfied?” you ask thickly. You’re a little tired, actually. This was supposed to be a precursor, but your heat must really be winding down, because you could really go for a nap in the shadowed warmth of your lover. All sex and no sleep makes this priestess a dull girl.

Illidan rumbles something that—oh gods, was that a _purr_? Your eyes go from half-mast to fully alert as a sound that is not dissimilar to a large cat’s contentment thrums through the alpha’s chest. You forget to breathe for a handful of seconds while dangerous fingers stroke up your leg and through your folds in a manner not meant to be especially arousing, and yet—

And yet.

“Illidan.” Your voice is barely a breath. It’s stolen away in the next moment, slick lips covering your own, a tongue that tastes of you stroking over yours with a gentleness you have yet to know in your coupling. This kiss is less a battle to be won than a victory to be shared. Weapons and teeth have no place here, and you close your eyes for reasons other than exhaustion. The spots behind your lids shine green.

When Illidan adjusts your positions, you go willingly, he half-bent over you, you curled up into him, knees high and ankles caught behind his back. He presses into you and it is with a joint sigh that you accept the warm weight of him. When he rolls his hips, you catch a swollen lip between your teeth and realize you can’t remember what it felt like to be with other lovers. Haven’t you always been this full? Surely your heats have always been met with such diligence and care?
The hand not bracing his weight roams freely over your sweat-slicked skin, over the knobs of your spine, the swell of a breast, the shape of your ribs beneath the skin. You trail your own hand between your bodies to circle your clit, your knuckles grazing the swelling knot at the base of your lover’s cock. You hear his breath catch and you brush it again deliberately, even as it steadily rocks into you. The low oath Illidan grits out in your ear is not uttered in the common tongue. You bury your face in his neck and continue your slow movements until he pulls your bodies too close to manage. His hips move slower now as he swells. Your heels dig into him as you move to meet his deepening thrusts.

Illidan’s nose is in your hair, behind your ear, his lips working down the shell of it. He is not silent, but the words that break from him are not in any language you understand, and you are not sure you are meant to hear them at all. His teeth catch at your lobe, then lower, then—

“Illidan—” It’s half plea half cry, and he’s almost, almost—

You bear down as his knot catches, and there’s a leather-like crack of Illidan’s wings as they flare, his thrusts softening into a rocking motion as you both start to unravel. The feeling in your fingers and toes fades and you shudder again, again, again.

Illidan gives a hoarse cry, his face is at your shoulder, and you shift, allowing him room, allowing him space to—

_Bite._

Your shoulders rise clear off of the nest with the force of feeling that sparks from the points of his teeth to the tips of your extremities. It burns through you like lightning, like holy fire, and you have a whole new understanding of the cleansing power of flame. You are unmade in that moment, only to be reborn in a blaze of Light, unchecked power pulsing through you like a heartbeat. It fades before your orgasm does, the combined sensations sending you nearly insensate. You are—overfull. Full of magic, of emotion, of _Illidan_. His teeth leave your shoulder and you feel the mark heal even as his tongue removes any trace of blood.

You don’t need a mirror to know that it scarred.

 Fuck.

**Black Temple – Shadowmoon Valley, Outland**

**Present Day**

“Well. That was…” Beren looks like he doesn’t know how to take the information X’era imparted through memory. Or maybe he just doesn’t know how to approach the subject of Illidan’s death with his… mate.

“Yeah,” you agree. It sure was.

“Sorry you had t’see that, lass.” Beren knocks against your side, solid. Alive.

“Yeah,” you say again. Your throat is too clogged for anything else.

You had a vague fear, last night, that Xe’ra would put on a racier show today, give Beren something to _really_ chew on. There’s a tower in this temple that you helped christen with something _other_ than blood, after all. Who knows what the naaru with a… _fixation_ on Illidan would choose to show?
But that was a silly worry, and it pales in the light of this new day and the true memory these walls have to offer. Somewhere below the stones where Illidan kneeled, gasping his last, wretched breaths, you lay on a nest, asleep, or fingering your mating mark and wondering about your future.

You do remembering the magic of the bond breaking—splintering, first, then dissipating like ash in a breeze—and the numbness that crept up in its wake.

You remember Beren breaking down the door to your—his—den and nearly carrying you out, past the bodies and the fires still to burn out.

There’s not much for a while other than that. Just an emptiness like death and a scar beneath your fingertips.

Beren, bless him, doesn’t question you beyond finding out what hurts.

“I’m a healer, Beren,” you say hollowly.

“Aye, that you are,” he says, patting your knee. “That you are.”

The walls of the temple look mostly unchanged beneath the broken sky. You want to hate them for that, but then you are (outwardly) mostly unchanged, too. The side effects of too much healing magic, you’re told. You and Beren and the unlucky sods who follow the same bleak “hero” path are all cursed to live behind unchanging stone. Golems, the lot of you.

Beren thumps against you again. “Wanna drink until we cannae remember our names?”

“Gods, yes,” you say, and start the trek back toward the stronghold.

You don’t glance back to look for a tower rising above the temple. If there is a future to be had with Illidan in it—and Xe’ra seems to think that there is—then it is before you, not behind. You need only to keep moving.

Chapter End Notes

Hey kids, want some MELANCHOLY with your smut?

Anyway, sorry for taking an unintentional hiatus. It was The Depression™. All of my WIPs for all of my stories are languishing on my dying laptop, so have this instead.

Also, ALSO, special thanks to Porcelainandgold over on tumblr - bringmetea on here - for (enthusiastically) suggesting Illidan face-sitting. Sorry for infecting you with the Illidan thirst bug. My bad.
Chapter Summary

Established relationship - Khadgar's gonna take care of you, and you're gonna like it.

No, really. You're definitely gonna like it.

Chapter Notes

For lehkelogah~

In the hero-ing profession, biological necessities are put on hold. You exchange regular meals for trail rations, baths for quick wipe-downs, and heats for unwise quantities of suppressants. The only one of these that truly gets to you is the infrequent bathing, because you can only stand the smell of your own sweat and grime for so many days before you have to beg a freshening spell from an arcane traveling companion. The lack of heat doesn’t bother you—in fact, you’re happy to forget that you even have a uterus—but depending on your current location, the quality of said potions can be… dodgy at best.

Khadgar does not look amused at your explanation.

“You bought suppressants from a traveling goblin merchant?” His eyebrows are drawn in a way that suggests a storm is brewing. If he didn’t have such an ironclad control on his powers, you’d look out the window to check for lightning.

You give a shaky shrug. “I was in a hurry. He drove a good bargain.”

“A—bargain?” He runs a hand through his hair, shaking his head in disbelief. “You could have died!”

You still feel like that’s an option, honestly, but you’re not about to open your mouth and tell him that.

“I’ve lived through worse.” As soon as they leave your mouth, you want to retract the words.

Khadgar’s eyes fairly flash. It’s close enough to the aforementioned lightning that your shoulders start to migrate toward your ears. Khadgar has spent enough of his life mentoring young mages that you know he’s gearing up for a felfire and brimstone lecture.

“I know you galivant around saving all of the known worlds, facing innumerable dangers and slaying countless enemies—that is your choice to make, and I commend you for it. But when you are brought to me, half dead and smelling of poison—” He stops, seeming to reign himself in. “Stars, do you know how frightened I was? I am a mage, not a healer!”

“You did heal me, though,” you point out.
“I provided the antidote, nothing more.” He rubs his mouth. “Actually, you should be checked over by a professional. I’ll send for someone.” He conjures an orb, relaying his message into it and sending it out with a muffled pop.

You sink further into the fainting couch—a piece of furniture that has never been so aptly named as after your episode today. You feel like you’ve been scrubbed with steel wool from the inside, your skin and joints achingly tender. Your eyes burn with the desire for rest, but to close them now would be admitting weakness, and you are strong, dammit.

Your jaw pops with the force of your yawn.

Khadgar’s eyes soften. “I’m sorry for what you’ve been put through. How do you feel?”

“A bit thirsty, actually.” You opt for the easiest route—distract the worried alpha with a tangible need.

Khadgar conjures an ornate glass in his hand. You look past him pointedly to the pitcher and glass set on his desk, but he ignores you and presses the sweating cup into your trembling fingers, curling his around your own until you get a firm grip. The first sip is hard to get past your throat, swollen and clicking-dry as it is, but the next few pulls are a balm. Khadgar sits beside you, brushing his hand over your forehead, first checking for elevated temperature, and then stroking back into your hair.

“I have half a mind to keep you here and bar the doors, but even I see the hypocrisy in that.”

You roll your eyes. “Noble.”

“Do you have any idea what it’s like to see you walk away and know that you are knowingly going into the heart of the melee? Usually, I calm myself with the knowledge that you are incredibly skilled and surround yourself with equally capable people, but on days like today, I am reminded of how little it takes to snuff out the flame of a life—even one as bright as yours.” His other hand comes up to frame your face. “I do not relish feeling helpless.”

You bring the hand not holding your (now empty) cup to one of his. “Neither of us are helpless. We’re the masters of our own fate.”

He quirks a tiny smile, his expression shifting from stern to wry. “The latter is a sentiment I question, but regardless—today, we have averted crisis. Put a stopper on the inevitable, if you will.” He leans in to kiss you, gentle as if it is your first.

You finally allow your eyes to slip shut—only for a moment, you tell yourself firmly—and enjoy the casual intimacy. You’ve missed this, missed him and his parchment-and-magic smell, the scent of spent arcane energies lingering on him like electric dust. It almost makes you sneeze, but long exposure makes it easier to be near him without wrinkling your nose. You’re sure that you still smell a fright.

Behind you, a door opens.

“Ah, I believe the healer has arrived.” Khadgar straightens, and you see the Archmage mantle fall heavily onto his shoulders. It must be exhausting to have such a high-profile public persona. As a traveling “hero,” not much is expected of you beyond the reach of your blade. There is no requirement to be mannerly when you are willing to sell your sword to the crown, and you are free to be rough and travel-worn. It’s an anti-expectation you do well to live up to.

The healer, a priest, manages to soothe most of your lingering pains, burning away any remaining
impurities in your blood. It leaves you, if possible, even more tired than before. It is just as well that both healer and alpha demand that you rest. You put up a token complaint—your companions are still out in the field, after all—but Khadgar quells you with a Look.

“Your friends have been put up at the Legerdemain. They will remain until you are fully healed.”

You slump into the cushions, entirely relieved. You truly don’t want to leave, and you are glad to know that your friends are safe in a neutral city.

“I suppose I’ll stay here, then.”

“Yes, I suppose you will,” Khadgar says, and to his credit, his tone isn’t mocking. Just his words. And his eyebrows.

The healer leaves, and Khadgar bundles you off to a bathtub—sweet, sweet scented bath salts—and then to bed. He curls around you, warm and safe, and you sleep soundly for the first time in weeks.

It is to your displeasure, then, that a hot cramp wakes you at third bell.

You are confused at first, sleep-dumb and slow, but when another cramp twists low in your belly, and you feel a tell-tale ache between your legs, you realize what must be happening. You’re a bit surprised, actually, that no one mentioned this as a possibility. Or, in fact, as an inevitability. Your last hit of suppressant turned out to be poison, after all, and then two bouts of healing cleansed any trace of potion or impurity in your blood. You are as clean as you’ve ever been, suppressant-wise.

Your body is hungry.

Khadgar has drifted away from you in the night, which is just as well, as you can feel the heat radiating out from your body. The sheets under you are twisted and damp. You consider waking him, but he looks peaceful, relaxed, and you would hate to spring this on him in the middle of the night. You’ll keep until morning, and then you can both see about breakfast—your sexual appetite isn’t the only thing curling in your belly—and maybe some athletic rutting around his quarters. You’re sure the couch in his office is good for more than just fainting.

You settle back in, kick off the remainder of your covers, and tell yourself firmly to go back to sleep.

The minutes tick by. You are acutely aware of every single one of them. You count sheep, then dragons, then wolpertingers. Unfortunately, the last reminds you of bunnies, which reminds you of how you would like to make like it’s Noblegarden and celebrate life. And the making of life.

You look at Khadgar again. He puffs quietly in the still darkness.

You roll to the side, facing away from your sleeping mage, and resolve to take the edge off yourself. Sleep will come easier after an orgasm, and your lover can get a full night’s rest. One of you ought to.

Your bedclothes are scant—you keep spares here, but there’s hardly a point in covering up; Khadgar has seen all you have to offer, and the room is always mage-fire warm. You toss your shirt and underthings on the floor, happy to be rid of them. You are heating up in earnest now, and the cloth was starting to feel like a hinderance. You consider starting slow, teasing your way down to where your heart beats an insistent rhythm between your thighs, but there hardly seems to be a point; you are as slick and wanting as you could hope to be. Indeed, you are more slick and wanting than you hoped to be. That’s the crux of the issue here.

The first touch to your folds is a relief. You sigh, quiet and soft, before slipping down to your clit.
You feel your nipples tighten as you trace your thumb down and press. It’s not what you truly crave, but it *does* make your toes curl. You are already wet enough to hook two fingers inside, curling up against the soft spot that wants nothing more than to feel the press of a knot. You can’t give yourself *that*, but you can rock into your hand, fingers thrusting until you are panting into the bend of your elbow, teeth making divots in your lip.

You can feel yourself nearing completion, muscles tightening, but it’s not… it’s not enough. You’re a cart with a gimp wheel, stuck halfway up the hill and slipping. Your breaths are ragged and unquiet, and the wet sounds you’re making are no less subtle. *It’s just—you have to—*

“Allow me.”

The sound you make then is one of sheer relief.

*Yes, Khadgar*—steady, capable Khadgar, with the literal magic fingers. You make to pull your hand away, but then his own hand is there, his front pressed to your back—you don’t mind the heat so much when it means imminent relief—and his palm is covering you, fingers tracing down yours, where they disappear into your heated flesh.

You sob when the first finger presses in, sliding against your own.

“*Ohh.*” Your hips twitch, two hands following, intimately joined.

“Were you going to suffer over here until daylight?” Khadgar breathes behind your ear. “Silly girl. I would have helped you sooner.”

“Helping… *now*,” you stutter.

His thumb brushes yours aside and starts rolling circles over and around your clit. “Nice and easy, shhh.”

You want to say that you’ve been *trying* to take it easy, but that hasn’t been working for you. Khadgar can be damn stubborn when he wants to be, though (so… always), and when he sets a pace, there is no deviating from it. He lets you move your hips, but any movement of your hand is stymied by his, and you are confined to the slowly building tempo that he’s laid out for you. Another finger works its way into you, and with your own it is a stretch. You breathe between thrusts, and Khadgar presses his nose to your hair, keeping pace.

Khadgar gradually picks up speed, and like a pot set to slow boil, you finally feel close—so close—

He grazes a blunt nail down your clit, fingers curling against your sweet spot, and you’re gone, vision spotting, body seizing around both of your digits. You clench tight, instinctively seeking something to hold onto, something binding. Khadgar curls his knuckles, and it is *almost*, but—not quite.

You shudder through the last of your orgasm before Khadgar pulls away.

He kisses behind your ear. “Better?”

You nod against your pillow.

“Do you want to sleep now?”

It’s sweet of him to ask, as you can feel him pressing against you through his sleep clothes, but you
haven’t quite gotten what you want, and it’s within reach, so…

You rock your hips back, pressing against the length of him. “In a bit,” you say.

Khadgar divests himself of his trousers while you watch, languid and comfortable. He crawls back over you and dips down, kissing as slow as his earlier pace. You’re unhurried now, the edge of your heat having abated with one orgasm and the promise of more. You curl your tongue around his, humming contentment.

Khadgar laughs lightly against your mouth.

“Hm?” you ask. Words feel like too much.

“Oh, nothing. Just… this must be what you’re like during heat.”

“I am in heat,” you say. That seems fairly obvious.

“No, I meant—” Khadgar huffs again, gently amused. “This. You. You have less edges like this.”

You blink. “…For such a smart man, you are occasionally very dumb.”

“I have heard that accusation before,” Khadgar says. He seems to take no offense though, kissing you again, drawing the breath from your lungs with practiced finesse.

Academics. They’ll make a study of anything.

His hand is between you again, seeking, teasing, and you curl a leg over his waist in invitation.

He takes the hint.

The first touch of him against you is slight, a stroke up and over your clit, but then he guides himself to your entrance. The initial press feels so good that your legs clench, muscles tensing in anticipation. He stops, the head of his cock pressing right where his knot will swell inside of you, and gives a shallow thrust.

“Kha—oh gods, Khadgar, please—”

“Whatever you need,” he says, finally thrusting home.

The stretch is more than your fingers and his, and it is exactly what you have wanted since waking. There’s no pinch, no sting of pain, and you tuck both legs over him and meet his second thrust, tilting your head back into the pillow at the liquid glide. Yes.

Khadgar rarely feels any rush in bedroom matters, taking time to taste every stretch of skin, to trace every scar and mark. Even in the face of your first heat together, he takes his time to mouth your nipples into firm peaks, to knead your aching breasts with careful fingers, listening for the change in your breaths and moans. He plays you like a quiet symphony, the sounds of your joining an accompaniment.

It is good—amazing, even, but you are edging forward too slowly, and you want to feel alive.

You claw your hands into his shoulders and tug.

“Please, Khadgar—please go faster—”

You don’t expect him to comply. He is methodical to a fault, and enjoys the build-up like no man
you have ever known.

So when he draws your legs up further and drives into you without a word, you are left breathless. He bottoms out with each jerk of his hips, a sound wrenching free from low in his throat. His hands find your hips, gripping them to better guide his thrusts, and you have to scramble to find a new rhythm. There doesn’t seem to be one, though, and you rush to meet his hard thrusts, your body singing with use.

Khadgar is close now, you can feel it in the swelling knot at the end of his thrusts. You want it inside of you more than you have ever wanted anything, want to bear down and hold him close. There’s a certain sense of urgency that comes with heat and rut, a need for intimacy and comfort as well as sex, and you want it all.

Khadgar has never left you wanting in anything.

His knot presses in, not quite swollen enough to lock, and you keen.

“Khadgar—Kha—yes—” Nothing feels as sweet as an orgasm in heat. You tip over the edge at the promise of his own completion, the feel of it like a flash of magic shivering from stem to stern.

His knot catches while you flutter around him, the hot, throbbing press of it sending you back over in electric aftershocks. He fills you, a spill of molten heat than has your knees locking around him, your hands clenching uselessly at his arms.

He continues to rock into you, little movements, while you both come down, his knot riding against your sweet spot.

“Oh my—Khadgar, have—have mercy,” you gasp. You’re not sure if you can come again without more stimulation, and you’re certainly not up for the effort.

He stills, gently shifting you both so that you are side by side.

“Too much?”

“Or not enough,” you huff out on a laugh. “That was…” You blow a breath out through your mouth.

“I quite agree,” he says. He smooths your hair back and leaves his hand at your neck, thumb stroking. “I would enjoy seeing you through future heats, if you will permit it.”

You wrinkle your nose. “You haven’t even seen me through this one yet! One round does not a heat make.”

“I suppose we’ll just have to take it one day at a time, then,” he says, and you’re not sure if the slight rock of his hips is intentional or not, but it zings up your spine nonetheless.

“Sleep first. Then breakfast. Then… trial heat?” you burrow into him, regretting the lack of blanket now that your sweat is cooling.

“A trial—as in a test?” He laughs, and there is promise in it. “Oh, I’ll have you know that I am an excellent study.”

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