I Didn't Say I Could Forgive

by orphan_account

Summary

Fedya Dolokhov is different than he may seem. Anatole Kuragin is not.

Notes

Hey! The idea for this first scene was influenced by a line or two from Mephistophilia's fic, 'Til Death or Something Better'. Please read theirs! It's utterly lovely.

* Inspired by Til Death or Someone Better by Mephistophilia
The night was cold and still, and it would have been silent if it weren’t for the low, heavy breaths and rustling of clothes from the two men occupying the small room. The bed suddenly let out a creak in time with a gasp made my Prince Anatole Kuragin collapsing atop it, laughing into the quiet night as he fell upon the other man’s bed. The only thing between him and the cold Moscow air was a pale undergarment with two brass buttons, the top already undone.

Above him stood Fedya Dolokhov, the assassin. In contrast to his pale, clean shaven, mostly naked partner, he seemed out of place. His black hair, beard, and warm yet dark skin played against the man on the bed. He also stood fully clothed; with the exception of a button or two undone by the prince’s wandering fingers, his grey coat was just as pristine as it was on the streets of Moscow. His eyes were much softer now, though. He began to plant kisses on the younger man’s knees, and moved up his thigh until he met the fabric of his underclothes. As his cold lips kissed it, he smiled wickedly.

“Anatole, my dear?” Fedya hummed into the other’s thigh, working his tongue and lips expertly on the toned, soft part of leg he was currently fixated on. He tried to hide his joy, because if Anatole knew of his discovery, he wouldn’t see the reaction he so craved. Anatole murmured something, whether it was a response or just an acknowledgement to Fedya’s words was unknown, but he continued on. “Is this lace?”

Anatole tensed, sitting up quickly to look at the man still leaving bruises with his lips on his leg. He looked down abashedly, staring at the grey lace sewn onto the end of his remaining garment. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but Fedya cut him off by gently biting his thigh, indicating that he wanted to speak.

“You must have stitched this yourself,” Fedya purred, rubbing his thumb over the messy, uneven stitches attaching the lace. He grabbed Anatole’s hand, kissing the top of each finger gently, smiling lightly at the callouses caused by the violin. “I know you are talented with your hands, my love.” As if to show example, Fedya slipped the prince’s first two fingers into his mouth, sliding his mouth on and off in a ‘familiar’ motion. “So why is the stitching so?”

“I, I haven’t learned. Helene told me how,” Anatole hadn’t brought himself to look at the other man in the room; his pale face switching degrees of scarlet. Dolokhov openly scoffed.

“Dear, you are still talented with your dexterity,” Fedya smiled into the blonde’s hand, shifting his scarlet complexion yet again. “You must’ve been drunk, yes?” Anatole’s shift spoke for itself. He seemed to want to tense and shrink, but Fedya knew how to relax him. “Don’t worry, mon cher,” The French sounded rough in the Russian’s mouth, but it smoothed out as he worked the skin below the fabric, watching as it bloomed purple from a growing bruise.

He pushed up the cloth, kissing the smooth skin and muscle closer to where Anatole clearly wanted Fedya’s attention, at least judging by the occasional movement or jerk from his pelvis. So, just to mess with the obnoxious, stuck up blonde, he played along. He properly knelt down by the bed, pulling Anatole’s hips flush against his tanned, scarred chest. He allowed the prince to put his legs over his shoulders, and Fedya leaned in to Kuragin, nearly laughing at his smug, expectant face. “Anatole, mon amour?”

“Yes?” Anatole bend his knees against the other’s back, drawing him closer still to Anatole. After barely a beat of silence, the prince whined. “Merde, Fedya, what do you want from me? I’m just one man”

“Could you get me a glass of vodka?”

Anatole looked like he might just scream, but that man knew how to get what he wanted. He quickly replaced his anger with a loud, beguiling smile, detaching himself from the other man and sitting face to face with him, and quickly whisked the shorter man to his feet. “It’s hot in here with the hearth, shouldn’t you remove a layer or two? I would hate to see you uncomfortable.”

Again, Fedya amused himself with giving the man some semblance of control. “You’re right.
Clothes intended for the streets of Moscow are not to be worn inside.” The eager young man took the bait, undoing the buttons of his oversized grey coat. He drew Fedya in, kissing him while slipping his own arms into the brunette’s coat, sliding it off slyly. However, once he removed the coat, Fedya prevented the blonde for removing his vest. He simply smiled, “I’m much more comfortable now, thank you Kuragin.”

Anatole literally hissed, angrily running his hands through his hair. For a moment, Fedya seemed so removed. The night was quiet and the moon seemed to reflect silver against his lover’s naked body. He wondered what the neighbors thought. The disgraced prince and the murderer living together. He had heard talk of the town’s suspicions, but Dolokhov with a gun in his holster could quiet the whole city. He wondered who suspected the savage sharp-shooter to fall in love with the married, gorgeous, whorish thing that was Anatole Kuragin.

And what a whore Kuragin was. His young wife, abandoned miles away, whom he married at gunpoint after her father saw him lying on top of her, her screams drowning out his. His bed that was basically reserved for him at the brothel. The women and men whom he said he loved, the women and men whom he had forgotten the names of but had yet to forget the curve of their lips around him. But he took some pride of having him in his bed at the end of the week.

Anatole snapped him back to reality with the distinct wail of his violin. At some point, he had stripped himself of his last piece of clothing, and he draped his legs on the window sill, leaning casually with his violin tucked under his chin. He played a moment from Ungdom de Galskab, by Édouard du Puy. It was slow and somber, his light skin against the red mahogany of the violin. It sang gorgeously, and with Kuragin’s voice, the cocktail of irresistible intoxication was far too much. He walked up to Anatole, raising his eyebrow, asking a hundred questions in a moment. Anatole nodded as best he could with the instrument beneath his chin. Fedya dropped to the floor, and took his lover in his mouth.

The shriek of the violin nearly made him laugh. Anatole tightened his legs around Fedya’s head, and he smiled as broken notes began to spill into the room. He wondered who may be looking up from the streets of Moscow, and what a show they must be getting.

Whenever the notes evened out, Fedya would change his pace and rhythm, as Fedya Dolokhov was many things, but boring was not one of them. He felt the imprints of the lace around his thighs when his cheek would move past it. The song was more of a musical ramble at this point, but the night was just beginning for Fedya. If he let Anatole get what he wanted so quickly, he’d have a sleeping lover and an itch he needed quite badly to scratch. He slowly pulled off when he thought Anatole was too close, letting a trail of saliva trail from his mouth. Fuck, was Anatole hot.

“C’est quoi ce bordel!” Anatole swore, placing his violin at his side and glaring at Fedya with his crystal blue eyes. He didn’t bother to show any sense of hiding himself as he strode across the room to the bed, dramatically flopping himself down with a heaving, drawn out sigh. His hair looked gold against the white bedsheets, his skin shining silver. He had the ghost of abs along his thin stomach. One knee was curled, and he was lazily stroking himself behind it, as if Fedya hadn’t yet developed object permanence. He breathed heavily into the cold Russian air, his light chest rising and falling in an impossibly fluid motion. He looked like a runaway Apollo, with his violin and light blonde hair and lazy, overzealous smile.

Fuck, was Anatole hot.
Cold Mornings

Chapter Summary

Why must Fedya feel this way about Anatole?

Dolokhov woke early, the cold air from the open window grazing his exposed body. Anatole’s screams were still etched into his brain from just hours earlier. The sky was barely cracking with dawn, making it only about 5. Despite it being mid May, it was just about 4 degrees Celsius out. Fedya’s body was tired, but he knew Anatole would be in more pain. But that man was a masochist, so he’d probably press his bruises and rub his scratches. Fedya knew that man so well, he could basically predict his actions like clockwork. Inside and out, Anatole Kuragin was his. He gently shifted, looking at the man next to him. He remembered how it all came to be like this. Anatole was a flirt, but he was always confident. That is, until decorated Dolokhov walked into the room. Even if it were just for a moment, Anatole dropped his smirk and stared. It was like magic, the orchestra swelled as they met eyes. Anatole strode up to Fedya, introducing himself as a Russian prince, a son of a nobleman, and a lover of all. He remembered how Anatole melted around his lips that night, unable to form a coherent thought. How he swore and said his name, holding him as if for support. How he slept curled against his back like a young cat. He thought often how things had changed.

They are in all ways friends. They treat each other thusly, at least when they are both clear minded. There is no casual flirting, there is no quiet ‘I love you’ that mingle in the heavy breathing. The romance they had was purely to get into some character, to have a familiar warm body next to them when they woke up. There was no emotions tacked on to two bodies mingling with each other early in the morning. The french affectionates were to push the other’s buttons, outside the bedroom (or wherever they were when one felt the need), they meant nothing; the words were hollow. It felt good physically, but that was it. At least, in theory it was that simple.

However, having a man like Anatole got to your head. In fact, he had both Kuragins tucked neatly under his thick cloak. They were both stunning, Helene and Anatole. But he had his favorite, and he hated how he was so wrapped around Anatole’s finger, even if it was literally the other way around. It was so simple to Anatole to not fall for Dolokhov, but that made sense. Fedya had two people pining for him, Anatole had half of Russia. And despite the fact he was one of many, he felt special to Anatole. He fled before they woke when he was with any other of his lovers, but he never left Fedya with an empty bed in the morning. He loved the man so much, and he quietly hoped one day he would have that sentiment expressed back.

However, he was also fearful that Anatole listened to him for the same reason others in the town did, out of fear. Dolokhov was, plain and simple, an assassin. Did the prince simply fear for his life? Was he being played as a fool in Anatole’s eyes? He tried to push those thoughts away. Fedya looked over at the sleeping man lying next to him. He had the thick cotton sheet draped only over his knees, his thin arms tucked neatly behind his head. He looked like a statue or painting, his dark lashes curling, his eyes slightly red, his leg gently propped up at the end of the bed. Anatole was tall, roughly 1.8 meters. The bed seemed to shrink beneath his body, as he took up most of the space. As per usual, Fedya had curved around him, not wanting to disturb him. During their time together, Fedya was the one ordering Anatole around, at least it seemed that way. But he was certain that at the mere drop of a hat, Fedya would do anything for the prince.

He pulled his brain back to reality as Anatole moved slightly, sighing into the bed quietly. Fedya placed his hand in the blonde’s hair, hoping to elicit a response from him. Anatole let out a light hum,
but otherwise showed no sign of being either aware or awake. Fedya sighed.

“Fedya?” Anatole murmured after a moment of peaceful serenity, curling his hand around Fedya’s exposed thigh. Dolokhov had to resist melting into his voice and hand as it trailed up his leg to his hips. He loved Anatole, but he couldn’t show it.

“My dear, we have church this morning,” Fedya pushed off Anatole, shivering slightly as his hand dropped from Fedya’s waist to the bed, lightly making a noise upon impact. He began to dress himself, taking his eyes but not mind off the other man in the room. He yawned and stretched like a cat, grunts and moans that were made just to distract Fedya escaped his lips, but Fedya didn’t turn. He was dressed in mere moments, and he turned around, expecting that Anatole had followed suit. However, that was not what his eyes met when he turned.

Anatole was standing by the window, stark naked. He had his hips pushed back, leaning to look out at the city below. It was a cold, beautiful morning, the sky painted red and purple in long, thin brush strokes. The day was quiet, as people hadn’t yet begun to leave for church. The tall, spiraling buildings littered the skyline with blue, gold, and grey. Anatole’s hair flopped gently across his face, sticking up in random places. Dolokhov ran his fingers through his own hair, smoothing out and stray imperfections. Anatole’s back was arched, light spilling down the divots on the small of his back, casting ghostly shadows on his pale, perfect skin. “Anatole, we don’t want people thinking.” Anatole sighed lightly, gathering his clothes off the floor. He dressed still facing the city, letting Fedya’s eyes observe his movements. They were so smooth and natural, as if he was born to do this. He gracefully put on every article without looking away from the window. Fedya wished he could be down on the streets, observing this God-like man from the front. He wanted to see his face, his smile, his sleepy yawns. It took him longer to get ready, but they still had time. After a few minutes, they were ready to walk out into the cold morning, but not before Anatole stole a kiss. He pulled Fedya in close, smiling before letting their lips move upon each other. It was different from his normal kiss; it wasn’t hungry or angry or needy, it was soft and smooth and gentle. He wrapped his arm around the brunette’s waist, looking him in the eyes with a tired, caring smile.

This was different, Fedya thought. He began to turn pink out of sheer embarrassment. That was not how Anatole Kuragin kissed Fedya Dolokhov. There was no expectancy for more, there was no removal of cloth or hand tugging at hair; it was loving. Anatole smiled, opening the door for Fedya, but his brain was moving a mile a minute. Was there some shift happening in what they had? What did Anatole mean by that? Was he overanalyzing everything?

He didn’t have time to think, though. Anatole took Fedya’s hand as they walked out into the cool morning air.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Anatole doesn't understand emotions, and doesn't want to.

Anatole had placed himself near the back of the church, with Dolokhov a meter or two away from him on the same pew. The morning light hit the gilded chandelier, casting an ethereal glow on the man. The stained glass reflected a red streak down his body, causing his hair to seem to burn in the church, as if the mere air in the building set him aflame. He smiled quietly to himself at that thought. The organ and bells filled the room, and Fedya was bent over in prayer, his head swaying gently to the tones of the song.

Anatole was not very religious, and when he was, he used it as a justification for some of his actions. But he knew his behaviors were reprehensible in the eyes of the church, thus he felt no need to try to put himself in it. Even if he did devote himself, his actions, which he does not and will not regret, would not get him anywhere holy at the end of his life. So if he was doomed to live happily, why should he worry about his death. Anyhow, spending time with like minded people didn’t seem that abhorrent after all.

Fedya was a different man, however. He refused to go to bed without kneeling beside the bed, under his painting of the current archbishop of Moscow and Kolomna, Avgustin, and asking for forgiveness. Anatole used to tease, mocking him for his prayer and devotion, but he slowly understood the importance of the church to Dolokhov. Unlike Anatole, he lacked the comfort he had with being himself. He couldn’t swagger around, indifferent of how the world saw him. Fedya would sink into his prayer and religion to help himself cope with how he viewed his own actions. Anatole remembered clearly Fedya’s tear-splattered letters when he was demoted. The first time, he asked Anatole how he would explain his ‘affairs of honor’ to his family, although admittedly you could still put Anatole in stitches if you brought up drunken Fyodor Ivanovich Dolokhov tying a policeman to a bear. The second demotion, however, was different. He asked Anatole how the church and God would see his failure. He asked who would forgive him for making a mockery of their family. He knew Fedya thought he was a dark, brooding, mysterious man, but Anatole knew all of their secrets. At least, he thought. He thought Fedya was a disconnected, disjointed man. Nothing he did made sense to Anatole. He stayed with the same two people, devoted himself to the church, drank, sang, cried, and laughed. It constantly baffled him why they were so different. Fedya could be just like Anatole; a hot, promiscuous, carefree man. But he wasn’t, he was sad, vindictive, angry man who was nervous and antsy. In an odd way, it almost annoyed Anatole. Why couldn’t he see that they could be the same person, that he could love and laugh the way Anatole did?

And Anatole did love. He never heard Dolokhov say he loved anyone, especially him. Anatole loved most any person who gave him the positive attention he so craved. Why was loving so hard for Fedya? Was he too good for the prince? He subconsciously crossed his arms and stuck out his lower lip in a pout, angry at the man next to him.

He turned his head to the man next to him, as if to see his reaction to Anatole’s show. The man’s eyes were lowered, staring at his interlocked hands. His dark beard displayed the worry in the young man, with smoke-like wisps of grey peppering it. His hands we dark and calloused, rubbing each other in the anxious way he had about him. His eyes were ringed with red, and the ghost of tears lay in his waterline. A green cast from the window made him look almost sickly, but despite all of this he was still handsome. Arguably, Fedya was the most beautiful person he had ever met. Something about his cool, grey eyes and his dark hair made him look rather impossible.
The priest began to speak, and Fedya looked up at the man at the front of the church. They were seated in the front row of the otherwise empty balcony, so his words were somewhat muffled. Anatole looked down at the man, observing his loose, dark exorasson and askew kalimavkion as he began to read from the dark book in his hands. Anatole wondered how heavy his silver cross must feel around his neck as he preached celibacy with his pregnant wife sitting mere meters in front of him. Again, Anatole smiled, but it didn’t meet his eyes.

The priest closed his book with a resounding snap, and the music began, signalling that it was time to go. Anatole walked out to the cold stone steps of the church, shortly followed by the man he took there. Fedya sat down on the top step, revealing with his eyes that something was terribly wrong. “How was the sermon, mon petit canard?”

Fedya seemed to harden more at the affectionate name, brustling like an angry animal. However, he didn’t seem angry at Anatole, as he sighed, squeezing his hands. “It was okay,” He sighed, rubbing his face before standing up on the stairs, walking down with what almost seemed to be a limp. “mais s’il te plaît tais-toi, mon cher.”

Anatole smiled, ignoring the Russian pronunciation. Fedya wouldn’t admit it, but he was learning french to speak to Anatole in public without being fully understood. However, the bite in the way he said it implied some of the malice. He wondered how much he picked up from being on the front lines. “Ce serait dur, parce que je suis follement amoureux de toi.”

The other man laughed gruffly, buttoning his coat and walking down the cobblestone street. As he began to speak, he assumed an offhand, annoyed air. “Tu ne peux pas aimer,tu pute.”

The word caused Anatole to raise an eyebrow. He didn’t often swear like that outside, and certainly not mere moments after exiting the church. “Are you feeling okay?”

Again, Dolokhov simply laughed, speeding his pace slightly. Anatole was now frustrated, wondering what he had possibly done to be called such a thing. Well, he knew what he had done to deserve it, but why now of all times. “Did I do something, mon biche?”

Fedya stopped, turning to Anatole. It was the first time since they left that Fedya looked directly at Anatole. A small, sad smile played on his lips, his eyes and nose ringed red from crying. Anatole nearly jumped, as Fedya was not one to openly cry. Something must be terribly wrong. “No, you haven’t. I’m just sick, is all.”

Anatole raised an eyebrow but said nothing, not wanting to cause him any more distress. They walked aimlessly for nearly an hour. The wind was loud and the lack of humidity dried Fedya’s cheeks within that time. Anatole was tired, and the dry air was lashing at his throat, but he didn’t dare interrupt their walk. Something was wrong, and he wasn’t being told about it. He needed to know what was happening before making an informed decision, so he walked behind his friend. He tried to limit his strides, not wanting to pass his shorter friend as they walked. After much too long, Fedya stopped, swinging open the door to the nearest bar.

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