It's All Perfectly Clear Now

by Lhugy_for_short

Summary

Noct's latest teenage crush is one too many for Ignis. If he has to suffer one more minute of watching another man flirt with his prince, he might just lose his mind....

Notes

For a prompt fill for an Anon on Tumblr: I need jealous ignis in ignoct in my life. So around BH times, Noctis has an obvious teenage crush on a boy (could be anyone, the guy from the cafe or the new recruit for the crownguard.) Ignis is not happy, bonus pts if it ends with smut.

Also, another submission for Kinktober! (not following any specific prompts, just trying to put as much smut out there as I can)

See the end of the work for more notes.

The man was…not without his charms, Ignis had to give him that much. Tall, dark, mysterious in a way that showed when he flashed his teeth. His long hair was braided in parts, tucked back behind ears filled with exorbitant amounts of metal and chains. And that was almost certainly a tattoo inked above the man’s right eyebrow.

Not Lucian, then. Probably why Noctis found him so attractive in the first place, though Ignis was disturbed to see the prince’s tastes run so…what was the term again? Fuckboy.
"Hey, hey, I think he just winked at me," Noct whispered excitedly from his side. Face pressed practically to the glass of the window, Ignis could only guess at the type of completely unbecoming expressions he was making. "Did you see it, Specs?"

"No, but I'm certain whoever he was winking at was at least inside the shop." A scoff, lost on the distracted prince, before Iggy continued. "Did you drag me all the way here simply to stand outside? Are we going in or not?"

The look Noct shot him could have peeled the cheap stucco off the walls. “I can’t go in there. What if he recognizes me?” Then, a pause as several emotions flashed in succession across his face. “What if he doesn’t recognize me?”

“Well, I came here for coffee, so I’m going inside. His Highness may do as he pleases.”

He knew he was being rude. Friends or not, Noctis was still his prince, and turning his back to royalty was likely some form of high treason. Storming into the KingsRoast and right up to Noct’s steely-eyed crush was probably another. But Ignis didn’t care for petty teenage drama anymore than he cared for the way the Galahdian man eyed him at the end of the counter, or the too-white smile he offered to start.

“Welcome to KingsRoast, gorgeous. Can I interest you in today’s extra special blend?”

Patience, patience. The corners of Ignis’ mouth twitched as he pointedly acknowledged the man’s name tag. “No, thank you. Ah, Nyx, is it?”

“At your service.” Another smile, and gods, was this guy really Noctis’ type?

“. . . I’ll just have a double shot. No cream, no sugar -- “ Something tugged at the back of his shirt, and Ignis added without missing a beat, “And a hot cocoa for my friend. Large, please.”

“Your friend?” The man at the counter - Nyx - leaned forward until he could see around Ignis’ shoulder to the mass of black hair hiding behind him. Slowly, embarrassed at the sudden attention, Noct lifted his face just enough to show off the dusting of red on his otherwise pale cheeks, and Nyx nearly gawked. “Well, hey! If it isn’t the Crown Prince himself! Glad to see you came down from your castle, Your Highness.”

“Uh, yeah. Thanks,” Noct smiled.

“If I’d known I was going to meet Prince Charming today, I would’ve worn my other apron.” He laughed, and Noctis along with him, leaving Iggy alone to roll his eyes in earnest.

“Um, actually I’ve been by here a couple times. My friend said I should check it out.”

Was it just Ignis’ imagination, or was Nyx leaning unnecessarily close against the counter? “Yeah? Your friend got a name?”

“Prompto. He comes in a lot.”

“Oh, yeah, the blond kid, right? Real sweet, real cute. Almost as cute as you, Your Highness, if you don’t mind me saying so.”

Noctis very obviously did not mind. In fact, he brightened considerably at the smooth compliment, going so far as to step out from behind Ignis to stand at his side instead. On instinct, he reached for Iggy’s hand, grasping it tight as he fought back his shyness. “Yeah. I-I mean, no, no I don’t. I mean…. Um. Cool.”
Torture. There was no other way to describe it as Ignis watched, defeated, the way Nyx so expertly played along with the game. Laughing, grinning, *winking even!* He flirted the entire time he fixed their drinks, right up to the register where he made certain to draw hearts on both of their cups when he handed them over. Noct smiled wide. Ignis shoved his credit card into Nyx’s hands and regretted ever stepping foot inside the shop.

“Thanks for the patronage. Hope to see you back soon, Prince.”

“Yeah, you bet.” Still smiling, Noct brought his cup up to his lips and blew against the lid. Steam curled up around his face, his rosy cheeks, the tips of dark bangs tumbling into his eyes. “Can’t wait.”

Enough was enough. Ignis clutched his own coffee tight and turned from the counter before he had to witness another second of inane drivel. He made it out of the front doors and several strides down the sidewalk before Noctis finally caught up with him, immediately latching onto his sleeve.

“Specs, hey, where are you going?”

“Back to the Citadel.”

“Why’d you take off like that? You forgot your receipt--”

“Keep it.”

Why was he doing this? Why was his jaw clenched, his pulse pounding angrily in his temples as he tried to pull away? This was *Noctis* - his friend, and his ward - and he’d never wanted this badly to be anywhere but by his side. Had the man at the coffee shop really left such a bad taste in his mouth, or…?

“Hey, stop for a second.” Fingers twisted in the fabric of his shirt, tugging hard as Noctis planted his sneakers on the concrete. “Are you mad at me?”

Though Ignis halted, he kept his gaze locked on the street ahead. “No,” he half-lied. “I just don’t particularly approve of your taste in... *coffee*.”

“Iggy, what…? You mean Nyx?” Wrinkling up his nose, Noctis rounded on him until he was able to look up into those harsh green eyes. “Why do you even care?”

“I…. He isn’t good enough for you.” No. That felt strange. Close, but not exactly what Ignis meant, not exactly how he felt. His stomach tightened and he forced his gaze further away from the prince.

“Not good…? Then who is good enough for me? Luna? Prompto?” Noct was getting angry now, his fingers curling into a fist at his side. “You?”

“Noct….”

“How is it even any of your business, anyway?” Blue eyes grew dark. The prince took a step back, started to turn, thought better of it. “Or do you just not want me to be happy?”

“That isn’t… Noctis, of course that’s--”

“Then what? Are you jealous?”

It was as if he’d been slapped. Might as well have been Noct’s palm across his face, the way Ignis suddenly staggered back a step. *Jealous?* Him?
He thought about the way Noctis had looked pressed against the window of the cafe. The excitement and adoration on his face. The way he smiled at Nyx - *practically a total stranger* - and how he wished Noctis would smile that way for him….

*Oh.*

*Oh, gods.*

“No. Noctis, of course not. I….” He swallowed, but his throat still felt bone dry. “I just worry about you. It’s my job.”

The prince frowned. For a long moment, he said nothing, simply stared up into Ignis’ eyes as if trying to see something deeper there. Searching, *prying*. But whatever he found, it only left him looking more hurt. His face fell as his shoulders sagged beneath his jacket. “Yeah… Your job.”

“…Come on. I’ll see you back to the Citadel.”

Silence dogged them the entire way. Noct, falling a few steps behind, sipped his cocoa and sulked. Ignis did his best to ignore him, as well as the fear that clung like ice to his spine. Fear of the truth, fear of what it meant for his relationship with the prince.

*Jealousy.*

It couldn’t be, and yet….

They reached the Citadel gates and Ignis hastily took his leave. Left Noctis standing there, face drawn and shoulders trembling, in favor of making a calculated retreat back to his own apartment a few blocks away. He hadn’t even bothered with an excuse - what would be the point?

*Noctis. I’m so sorry*….

He tossed his cold, untouched coffee into the kitchen sink.

*Noctis*….

Slammed the door of his bedroom shut behind him, left the lights off.

*My Noctis.*

Shoved his pants down to his knees and crawled into bed, under the covers with his head tucked against the pillow. Clamped his eyes shut as his fingers curled around his half-hard cock, their touch cruel, biting.

*I wish I were good enough for you.*

Ignis ground his teeth together, fighting back the familiar groans that were building up in his throat. He pictured the face of his prince - flushed and fevered, his lips parted in a perfect cry - and squeezed his fist tighter around himself. The Noctis in his fantasy shuddered.

He pictured Nyx, too, that smug grin stretching across his face as he touched pale skin. *No*. Ignis gripped the pillow with his free hand, digging his nails into the fabric hard enough to tear. *You aren’t worthy.*

*Nyx again, changed now. His eyes had lost their cocky gleam. His mouth hung open - a scream, or a plea - just before the last light went out.*
Noctis, warm and smiling. This time, his adoration was for Ignis, and Ignis alone.

There was no one else left to adore.

No one... else....

He pulled his hand out into the cool air of the bedroom. It was sticky, covered in the evidence of his indulgence. In the wake of his orgasm, guilt flooded him, twisted his stomach into knots - and yet now, more than ever, he truly understood.

Yes, he loved Noctis.

He wanted Noctis.

And if he couldn’t have him... he’d make sure no one else would, either.

End Notes

To be continued...?

Probably ;) Send in some suggestions over at Tumblr

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!