Far More Radiant Than I
by astrocartographer

Summary

“I will look after you,” he murmurs, “my bird.”

- You and Saint-14 bed each other for the first time.
- [guardian's gender is up for your interpretation. pronouns used in the fic are neutral/non-existent.]

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

You are entangled in him. Your whole world is Saint-14. Your eyes, lidded, no longer trace the contours of his face, but remember them, clinging dearly to the image. The scent of him coils around you - gunmetal, silicone, and faint, faint lavender, strange and alluring. In your ears, you can hear the faint whirring of the ornate, beautiful mechanisms dwelling within him. Beneath your hands, his face. You learn its peaks and valleys under tender fingers. His own gloved palms run the length of your naked waist, your shirt long gone, thumbs sliding over the jut of your hipbones. And of course, your lips are on his, tasting the tang of ancient metal. Your tongue explores the inside of his mouth, searching for sensory nodes, and you relish the reward of soft moans when you find them.

You consume him, are consumed by him. You ravish each other, hands skittering across the
other’s frame, learning, caressing, loving.

“Guardian.”

It’s unnerving hearing him talk without impediment, considering how occupied your mouths are. You break the kiss reluctantly and look at him, searching violet eyes for a reason why he would want to stop. Had you gone too far? Oh, God, did you fuck this up?

“Yes?” Your whisper is soft, the vapour from your breath fanning a fine mist over Saint’s mouth plates. You brace one hand on his shoulder, the other resting on his cheek, to give him a little space. “Is something wrong?”

“No,” he says, the confidence of many victories behind his voice. “No, nothing about this could be more right. For me.” He breaks eye contact, one idle hand stroking your flank with a touch gentle enough to make you shiver. “I want to know if this is good for you.”

It isn’t intoned like a question, but you know one sits within his words. Saint waits for your answer. After a few beats, you sigh, trailing your fingertips along his jaw.

“I wouldn’t be sitting half-naked in your lap grinding on you if I didn’t want this, Saint.”

He chuckles, a rumble of thunder. “I am sure you wouldn’t. I trust your judgement.” His brow plates shift into a slight frown. The movement is minute, but you have much practice with exo micro-expressions, especially his. Traveler knows how long you’ve spent staring at his face. “I have thought about this for… years. Centuries. I have dreamed of being with you for so long. I worry I am too forceful.”

You sigh again and press a quick kiss to those downturned brows. “Saint,” you say, mostly to hear the sound of his name. “If you did anything I didn’t want, I would stop you.” You smile coyly. “I didn’t slay a god by being a pushover.”

“Ha, you are right. I apologize for misjudging you.”

“Don’t. I appreciate the concern. You’re a good man.” Your hand on his shoulder drifts to his clavicle. “It’s nice to be cared for.”

“Is that what you want?” Your silence prompts him to speak further. “To be cared for?”

You stop to think, thumbing the material of his bodysuit along his collarbone. Is it? Being a Guardian can be a lonely life. Being a Guardian that makes a habit of doing the impossible is even lonelier. You have felt before like you’re just a tool for the Vanguard, the Spider, the Drifter, Shaxx; just another wrench in the set to be used when convenient, and then set aside. Rarely does anyone aside from close friends - who are few and far between - ask how you are, how you’re coping. Ikora’s occasional concerned frowns hardly count as an expression of care or gratitude, as much as you value her occasional support. It’s lonely.

And devastating. You think of all the horrors you’ve seen, glossing over them in memory to avoid triggering yourself. The earth-shattering cries of a Worm God, the gore of six thralls tearing an eliksni apart, the sight of Cayde’s Light fading from his eyes, the smell of burning flesh. You have had to numb yourself to it, but it all haunts you. Waking and sleeping, you can’t avoid the past. And without anyone to help you through it, it is lonely and tumultuous.

You recall the many nights you’ve spent sobbing into pillows, your Ghost worrying at your hair in some attempt at comfort. How you wished to have had another body there with you.
“Yes,” you whisper, barely audible, but you know Saint’s keen audials can pick it up. You don’t realize you’re shaking a little until Saint steadies your shoulder with one massive hand. His other hand makes its way to your face to tilt your gaze towards him and brush a thumb along your cheekbone. You want to look away. Despite the desire to be cared for, it’s difficult to be vulnerable. You’re the hero of the Red War - you’re supposed to be strong and unmoving.

“You do not need to hide yourself from me.” Saint’s voice is tender. You try to look into your lap, but he holds you steady. “I know how it is to be alone through unspeakable horrors. We need others to help us cope. It is not something to be ashamed of.”

It’s as if he’s read your mind. You exhale a soft laugh. Of course he knows you that well. Of course he can see right through your armour, as if you haven’t spent years crafting it.

“I will look after you,” he murmurs, “my bird.”

The term of endearment sends you over the edge. You kiss him again just to feel him, to make sure this is real and not some fever dream. Someone cares for you - he cares for you. You feel like you may float away with joy.

“My bird,” he says again, seeming to be in as much disbelief as you. He wraps one arm around your waist, the other around your shoulders, and fits your bodies together. You wrap your own arms around his neck in a desperate attempt to get closer. You are mouth to mouth, chest to chest, hips to hips. The fine material of his bodysuit is like a warm blanket on your bare skin. You think you might melt into him.

Not nearly enough time passes before he breaks the kiss. You huff in frustration, but his eyes light up mischievously. He hooks his arms under your knees and stands, lifting you, a mountain of strength. You blink in shock; you’re not exactly small, and he’s lifted you with the ease that one might observe in someone lifting an empty duffel bag. You lock your legs around his hips to keep from falling and he laughs.

“I will not let you fall.” He shifts his arms, one moving to brace your torso and the other supporting your ass. The touch makes your stomach flutter.

“Yeah, you’d better not,” you say to distract him from the fact that you’ve just blushed hard enough to change the temperature of your entire upper body. “I don’t wanna have to call my Ghost in to fix my tailbone. It’s quite the drop.”

“We will not need Ghosts tonight. Unless…”


“Whatever you desire,” he says. His voice vibrates in your chest. “I am at your service.”

“Then let’s get to the fun stuff, yeah?” you say breathlessly. Saint’s eyes twinkle.

He turns and delicately sits you on the bed. He is massive before you, a masterpiece of synthetic muscle shaped into the body of a god. You take him in for a few long moments, raking your eyes up and down the length of his torso, admiring his arms and the way his biceps curve. He reaches up behind his head to grab the zipper of his bodysuit, but before he can get very far, you stop him with a hand near where his hip meets his thigh.

“Let me.”

Curious, he leans down so you can reach, and you kiss him again. You can’t get enough of that
mouth. You lean backward, coaxing him further onto the bed and toying with the zipper at the base of his neck. He plants a knee between your legs and his arms on either side of you. Surrounded by him, you are unable to stop a moan from slipping out.

It’s then that you feel it - a spectral pair of lips on yours. It takes a moment for you to realize that they feel real, like flesh, but impossibly cold. You nearly jump out of your skin. You knock your forehead against Saint’s and reel back, hissing and cursing. Saint flounders and shifts aside. He begins to apologize profusely. You cover his mouth.

“What was that?”

“I take it you haven’t slept with an exo before?” He seems flustered and breathless in a way you’ve never seen him before. Fuck, you really shook him by freaking out like that.

“No. I’m sorry, you really scared me.”

“The fault is mine,” he says, taking your hand. “I should have warned you.”

 Normally I’d disagree, but, yeah, that was really weird.” You look him in the eye. “What…”

“We exos do not have lips, or…” He gestures vaguely to his groin. “Genitals, unless we use modifications. Very expensive, aside from the unisex ones.” Your interest is piqued. You’ll have to ask him about that later. “We create a synthoneural link, a bit like how a Ghost might. It lets you feel us in a way that our physical bodies cannot achieve. Guardians can use the Light to help with this.”

You nod. Lightplay is something you aren’t unfamiliar with, but you’ve never felt it like this before. You’ve never had the opportunity to bed an exo.

“I didn’t want to do it before I was sure you wanted to sleep with me. I am sorry.”

“Well, now I know.”

“You are not upset?”

“No, Saint. Just startled.” You rub your forehead, where a bruise will surely form later if your Ghost doesn’t get to you in time. “And a little sore.”

He chuckles. “I am sorry.” He tips your head towards him and kisses your forehead, your nose, your mouth. “Shall we continue?”

You smile, halfway between loving and devilish. A finger hooks into the collar of Saint’s undersuit and you tug him towards you. “Let’s see what that Light can do,” you murmur, and Saint’s fans roar.

His Light pours out in earnest now, mingling with your own. Phantom void lips run the length of your neck. Saint pools energy in the tips of his fingers and drags freezing lines down your back. You arch into him, pressing your bodies closer together. God, a few quick Light-infused touches and you’re already melting for him.

That undersuit needs to come off. You reach for the zipper again and pull it most of the way down. No patience to tease him anymore. He recognizes your urge and quickly shrugs out of the torso of the suit. Hands of void Light remain, tracing the rise and fall of your pectorals. Okay, yes, the merits of this kind of Lightplay were becoming very evident.
Saint resumes the same position as before - knee between your legs, hands on either side of you, and you begin to explore the expanse of his back. The musculature is fascinating. Cords of synthetic cable mingle with brief, irregular silicone padding and armoured plating. You can’t help but wonder what the supple texture of the silicone would feel like against your bare chest and stomach. You urge him closer, and he delights you, sliding properly onto his belly and gently meeting you.

He pulls his head back slightly. “It’ll pinch if we are not careful.”

“Mm, okay.”

“You do not care?”

You thrust your hips impatiently, and he laughs. Despite the cool void Light licking at your body, the sound makes you feel warm.

He kisses you briefly once more before pulling back. You pout at him, and he laughs again, but does not return for another kiss. Instead, he trails down the length of your torso, pausing to brush lips of void just below your navel before beginning to undo the buttons on your pants. You try to sit up and help, but he pushes you down, and you’re forced to lie in wait while his massive hands wrestle with the buttons.

Mischief crosses your mind as you wait for him to remove your clothes. You’ve tried Lightplay before. The sensation of giving it to another isn’t unfamiliar to you. Cautiously, you channel arc energy into your fingers, trying to remember how much to use. When the sparks start dancing between your fingertips, you feel it is enough. You reach down to touch Saint’s beautiful head. He does not notice at first, very busily trying to undo your fly. When the sparks scatter across his scalp, he freezes and looks up at you. You grin.

“Patience,” he says. You pour a little more Light into him, and he shudders, but does not gratify you with anything else. You cross your arms in frustration.

Once he’s done with the fly, Saint makes quick work of your pants, and then your briefs, tossing them in a heap with your armour somewhere on the other side of the room. He then strips himself of his bodysuit, disregarding it with similar intensity as he did your pants. And my God, he is gorgeous. A masterwork of amethyst and shimmering grey steel, lines and contours in the perfect ratios. Sculpted out of marble like a statue lost to the Collapse.

“You’re beautiful,” you say, only somewhat in control of your words. Saint’s expression brightens.

“As are you,” he replies, hungrily trailing his gaze along your body. Heat pools low in your stomach at the sight of his ravenous look. You note the lack of… anything significant between his legs as he returns to the bed to straddle you once again. Well, there’s definitely something there - a swelling mass of silicone, a slightly different colour and texture from the rest of Saint’s body. “It’s a generic mod,” he says, noticing your stares. “We call it a mons.”

“How does it work?” you ask as he props himself up on his elbows. The heat of his body is overwhelming.

Saint lifts a shoulder. “The same as anything else. Pressure, stroking…” He seems loath to give you ideas, as though he can see the gears turning in your brain. You hook your legs around his waist and grind into him impatiently. The silicone is slick against you, and Saint moans. “Aha, alright, my bird.”
“Call me that more,” you say as he kisses your neck again.

“As you wish,” he replies, pointedly denying your request.

“You’re such a tease.”

You gasp as a phantom tongue toys with your nipple. Okay, message received.

“I could listen to you talk until the sun burns out, but not right now.” The plates of his mouth nip at your neck. “Now I just want to hear you moan.”

And at the sound of his demand, you do. You can’t help it. The sound of his voice and the way he’s touching you are driving you wild. There’s a swarm of butterflies in your guts and the voice of a songbird threatening to escape your throat. Saint laughs in delight and awe at the sound and begins touching you in earnest. His spectral hands appraise your body like it’s something precious, caressing your chest, your hips, your thighs, between your legs as he kisses you sweetly and gently rocks his hips against yours.

Saint’s phantom touches grow cooler as the both of you become more aroused. His body puts off heat in waves, venting like a forge bellows. Somewhere in your addled mind, you register that he’s enjoying this, and that’s a good thing. You want Saint to be happy, and you especially want him to be happy when he’s with you.

He breaks off from kissing your mouth again and slowly works his way down to the space between your legs, his void Light lips trailing slightly behind his real ones. He arrives and kisses you with a tenderness that seems impossible for such a hulking man. You moan uncontrollably, desperately canting your hips against his mouth, toes curling in the sheets. He encourages you with soft murmurs that you barely hear over your own crying out. You barely keep it together as he draws one long, icy lick up between your legs with a tongue of void.

Saint, kneeling on the floor now, produces a small bottle of lubricant seemingly from nowhere and slicks up his fingers. You clutch at the sheets in anticipation. He presses a finger against your entrance and you rock forward eagerly. You nearly come just from that single finger, but you hold it together. Not yet. You want to savour this. He keeps going until he’s three fingers and two knuckles deep, stretching you pleasantly. You encourage him with more moaning and he curls his fingers inside you. You slam your palms against the bed, gasping desperately, but still hold back your orgasm. You hear him chuckle lowly and it sets your insides on fire.

Saint resumes fucking you with fingers of steel and a tongue of Light. You think of how wild this is - Saint-14, hero of Six Fronts, the most famous Titan to ever live, eating you out in his own ship, calling you pet names, undoing you with just his hands and his mouth. It’s wild, so wild - and it’s delightful.

Your thighs squeeze his head. You worry for a second that you’re hurting him, but that quickly dissolves as he starts fucking you faster, harder. His free hand splays across your belly, pinning you to the bed with strong digits. Probably for the better; you’re bucking wildly at this point, and you don’t want him to slip off you for a second. Void hands caress the musculature of your thighs, the tender insides of your legs, the sensitive strip of flesh on your lower belly. You’re out of breath from the moans coming from your mouth and the restraint you’re trying to show.

“My bird,” he rumbles, and all your muscles clench. You cry his name. “Let go. Come for me.”

And you do, unravelling before him in a string of moans and shudders. He fucks you all the way, leading you through the orgasm with strong hands. As you come down he slows, sliding his fingers
out and kissing your inner thighs. He murmurs praise against the soft flesh there. Your chest heaves and you shake from the aftershocks.

“My bird,” he says again, awestruck, running his hand along your stomach.

“Saint,” you manage, barely. He laughs. The sound makes you quiver even more. “C’mere. Your turn.”

“You owe me nothing.” Humble, chivalrous. Charming and infuriating all at once.

“I do, and I want this. C’mon. Lie next to me.”

“I can’t say no to that,” he admits. He gets up off the floor and slides up next to you, propping himself up on one elbow. You gaze tenderly at him for a long time. His presence is so warm - literally, physically, because he’s running so hot, but also in a way that warms you down to your soul. He seems content to let you stare for as long as you want.

You scoot a little closer to him and nudge him onto his back. He obliges and you splay half across his chest, kissing him. You’ve thought this a million times tonight already, but you think you could kiss him forever. The taste of him, the feel of him, just so alluring you could lose hours in this.

Saint’s waited long enough, though, and you’re far too curious about his mons to just kiss him all night. You run a hand down his side, telegraphing your movements to give him a heads up. He does not protest and you continue down to the swelling bump between his thighs. It’s an odd texture. Skinlike, almost, but not quite. Saint’s hands trace the curve of your spine as you map the edges of his mons. He seems to be enjoying the softness of your touch. Good, you can work with that, but you want to test how much this thing can take. You press against it with your fingertips and feel ridges beneath a couple layers of synthetic skin. Judging by the slight buck of his hips, Saint enjoyed this much more.

“The pressure is good?” you ask.

“As much as you like,” he replies. His vocalizer is a little on the fritz. It’s charming to see him somewhat decomposed. “As rough as you want”

Well, Saint had never been subtle. You recall how good his Light felt on you, kneading your thighs and gripping your shoulders, so you well it into your fingers and trace a line from the start of the mons, below his where his navel would be, all the way to his perineum, where it ends. Saint shudders, his colossal form shaking your body along with his. You giggle a little.

“That’s beautiful,” he murmurs. You don’t quite know if he’s talking about your laughter or the pleasure you just gave him. Either way, there’s plenty more where that came from.

You experiment further, rubbing him with just your fingers, then a flat palm, sometimes with Light, sometimes without. He responds positively to all of it, moaning, rumbling, resetting his vocalizer. His fans are working even harder now, filling the room with a high-pitched whine. You think you’re starting to figure out how this thing works, but you continue toying with him for a while, enjoying the sounds of pleasure coming from him.

“How do you want me, Saint?”

“However you want,” he replies.

“Saint.”
“Ride me,” he says, all too eagerly, and you hear centuries of longing in those two words. God, how long has he wanted this? How long has he been thinking about you like this?

You swing a leg over his hips and straddle him. The silicone of his mons feels strange between your legs, and after a couple of test thrusts, you twist awkwardly to grab the bottle of lubricant Saint discarded on the bed. Saint reaches up to feel the muscles of your torso as you move, fascinated.

“You keep doing that and you’re gonna make me blush,” you say, fumbling with the bottle cap.

“I fail to see the problem with that.” You snort at him, popping the cap. “I want to see all of you. Even the flustered parts.”

“Yeah, well,” you mutter, actually blushing now.

“Well, what?” He holds you at the waist, thumb drawing slow circles into your flesh. You smear lube onto your palm and grind it hard against his mons, and he gasps, bucking into you.

“Stop running that sweet mouth, or I’ll have to make you.”

“Then make me,” he says, his tone earnest, mischievous. You toss the lube away and grab his waist.

*Get ready, big guy. I wanna make you scream.*

You ride him slow at first, teasing little moans out of him. Your arousal begins to rebuild alongside his, a fire warming in your gut. His grip on you isn’t helping. It grows imperceptibly tighter with each thrust as he tries to hold on. If he keeps this up, by the end of the night, you’re going to be bruised there. You like that thought.

Eventually, Saint loses all pretense of trying to maintain composure, tilting his head back and offlineing his optics. The lights in his throat glow for you as his moans grow louder and you fuck him a little faster. He’s beautiful, exquisite. Yours.

You throw your own head back too, eyes closed, mouth open, and let your body take over the rhythm of riding Saint-14. His mons is firm beneath you, the perfect shape, hitting you just right. You hear him say your name and it drives you to thrust faster. It sounds like a prayer, something only the Traveler should hear, but you catch it with your ears, honoured that he’s willing to say it like that in front of you.

Saint’s climax grows closer, and so does yours. You can feel it in him when he rises to meet you. His Light reaches out for you, grasping for the you that isn’t physical. You coax your own Light forward to him, mingling arc with void, and he wraps around you like the warmest hug. He says your name again, and you reward him with a long, deep gyration of your hips that nearly undoes him.

You recall his words from minutes - ages - ago: “As rough as you want.” You bow forward, bracing your hands on his shoulders. It startles him out of his bliss, and his eyes come online. He looks at you, panting and sweating above him, awestruck. Before he can say anything, before he can utter the praise you know will make you flush more, you begin fucking him in earnest. His grip on your hips is nearly bone-shattering now; it hurts, but the pain sings through your body like solar fire and only helps build the pleasure mounting between your legs.

You come before he does, but you don’t stop, running your trembling, tired body into the ground to ensure he gets his. And he does. He shouts your name into the night, bucking up so hard he nearly
throws you off the bed, but holds you down with those strong hands. It’s beautiful. He says
gibberish as he comes down, speaking only fragments of sentences that seek to praise you. You
stop your grinding and lie down on top of him, tucking your face into his warm neck and placing
soft, irregular kisses there when you can find the energy to do so. He holds you with much less
strength now. His touch is tender, no longer sexual - just holding you because you are there with
him.

“You are so wonderful, my bird.” The thrum of his vocalizer vibrates against your lips.

“You are, too.”

“You outshine me in every way,” he retorts, but there’s little bite behind his words.

“Saint,” you say, to get his attention fully. You sit up a little and touch your forehead to his. “No
one has made me feel this way before. You’re important - you’re everything to me. You don’t have
to put yourself down for me.”

“It is hard not to when you radiate Light like a star,” he murmurs.

“You do, too, Saint. You just don’t see it.” You caress his face. “If you could see yourself as I do,
you’d understand.” He hums thoughtfully, but says nothing more. “Do you want to keep going?”

“It is up to you.”

“Sure, so I’m asking you what you want.”

“Truly, my love, it does not matter to me. I could go all night, if that is what you desire.”

You’re caught between the way “my love” sounds coming from between his metal lips and the
thought of Saint-14 fucking you until the sun rises. It’s tempting to keep going, but you’re tired and
have Vanguard work in the morning. And you’re an unkillable Guardian, and so is he. There will
be plenty of opportunities to sleep with Saint in the future.

“I think I’m done for the night. I should get going.” You kiss him once more before sitting up and
sliding off him, kneeling next to him on the bed.

“You will not stay?” he asks, bewildered.

“You will not stay?” you respond, equally confused.

“I can stay?” you respond, equally confused.

First, a chuckle blurs out, and then a full laugh. “Yes, of course. You are always welcome here.
Will you do me the honour?”

“Yes,” you reply, way too fast, and he laughs again. “We should, um, maybe clean up, though.”

“I will get us some towels.”

You spend the rest of the evening in quiet conversation, wiping each other clean before you
clamber under the covers. Not that you really need them. Saint is still running very hot, and you
could probably stand to sleep in a snowbank on Mars if he was next to you. He holds you from
behind, looping one arm around your waist as though you are going to drift away.

“Good night, my bird,” he murmurs, kissing the top of your shoulder.

“Good night, my saint.”
The pet name shocks him, and you giggle, turning your head into the pillow and slowly falling into the warmth of sleep.

End Notes

hahah oh no this is my first ever attempt at writing porn for real and i'm putting myself on blast for the whole internet to see!!! whoops. this was extremely fun and weird to write. exo sex and robot genital headcanons lifted directly from Backwards Compatibility by MonkeysInPants, Two Kinds of Steel by occasional_boy_reporter, and Infinite Recursion Error by LEAUX, all of which you should read if you enjoy zavala/cayde and just straight up good fic depending on how well this fic does + if I feel like writing more, yall might see some more saint/guardian fic from me because I'm a tender lil bitch if you want to scream at me, feel free to give me a yell on twitter. thanks for reading!

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