Shadow Aspect

by orphan_account

Summary

Sting is struggling with the realities of being a guild master, while Rogue is desperately trying to keep himself from going astray, terrified of what he could become if he chooses the wrong path. When an exiled member of Sabertooth returns and begins causing chaos in the guild, the twin dragons will have to work together to save their friends, as well as each other.

Notes

Shadow Aspect, chronologically speaking, occurs before Frost Burned and Lightning Forged in the Dragonslayers series, taking place immediately after the Tartaros Arc.
Rogue was on his knees just inside the doorway of the house he shared with Sting and their Exceeds, waiting for the guild master to return. The shadow mage had messed up a mission, badly, and wanted to apologize to Sting as soon as he walked in. Any time he was put in charge of something he screwed it up without fail. When he went on jobs with Sting, the white Dragonslayer always took the lead, called the shots, and everything worked out fine. Let Rogue make the decisions and it ended in disaster, time and time again. More than anything in the world, Rogue just wanted to be by his friends side, obeying his orders, executing his wishes. Under the white dragon's command, life would be safe and sweet. Giving up his will, he would be free. The door swung open and Sting paused in the entryway, taking in Rogue before him, kneeling with his head down.

"Rogue?" The blonde mage shut the door behind him.

"I'm sorry, Master. I failed my mission. I even let Yukino get hurt. I'll accept any consequences you see fit to give." Rogue waited for his friend to tell him to get up, not to worry about it.

"You know I tell everyone not to call me Master, but when you say it it just sounds right." Rogue glanced up, hands still resting on his knees.

"Are you going to punish me, Master?" Sting smiled, and Rogue felt himself grow hot under his stare.

"Do you want to be punished?" The shadow mage let out a harsh breath.

"Yes. Please, Master. Punish me." Sting pulled off his vest, feather boa coming with it as he discarded them on the floor. The guild master tugged off his long gloves, revealing deep, vicious scars criss crossing his wrists. Rogue was not surprised, had seen them many times before, and every time he did he felt joy inside. Not at the scars themselves, but the symbolism of their exposure. Sting did not let anyone else see his arms uncovered, only Rogue and their Exceeds. A mark of the ultimate trust he had in his friend and fellow Dragonslayer. It told Rogue things without words. There is nothing we cannot share with each other. Nothing we need to handle alone. No secrets. No lies. Rogue liked to see them, and felt guilty for it, but it made him feel like he was important to Sting. Like he mattered. When Sting stood shirtless and barefoot before him, his voice rang out, commanding, brooking no argument.

"Take off your clothes." Rogue was confused. This is what he wanted, but he never expected Sting to give it to him. With shaking hands he pulled off his shirt and stood up, eyes still on the ground. His pants went next and when he was in just his boxers, he hesitated.

"All of it." Rogue trembled with anticipation as he tugged his boxers down and kicked them away, naked and helpless before his guild master. Sting suddenly grabbed a fistful of Rogue's hair, jerking him forward. He pulled his head up to stare in his eyes, and Rogue went hard and needy under those rough hands and those icy blue orbs. Sting licked his lips slowly.

"Now mine." The shadow mage shuddered at the words, at the very idea of reaching out and undressing his friend. His fingers grasped at the waist of Sting's pants, only to be slapped away.

"On your knees. Use your mouth." His cock throbbed, leaking and pulsing with every beat of his heart. Fuck. Rogue fell to his knees like a worshipper before his deity. Humbled in the face of his magnitude. Begging for his favor. Rogue leaned forward to grip the fabric of Sting's pants with his teeth, hands trying to reach out of their own accord. He put them behind his back, clasping them
together to resist the temptation.

"Oh, shiiit, yes, like that. Keep your hands there." Sting's voice was full of gravel when he spoke. It was awkward and slow, tugging with his mouth and repositioning, skin becoming exposed inch by tortuous inch. When they fell to the ground, Sting pulled his feet out of them and Rogue's throat was tight. Sting was hard, and huge, and imposing. Rogue wanted to take his length into his mouth, feel it pound against the back of his throat, but he did not. He looked up at Sting expectantly, arms behind him, eyes begging. Waiting for a command. Please, Master. Sting took those black locks in his fists again, guiding the shadow mage to his cock with harsh tugs.

"Suck it, Rogue." His name coming off those sweet lips had him squirming with heat as he leaned forward to wrap his lips around Sting's arousal. The white Dragonslayer did not release his grip on Rogue's hair, but held on as his friend took him deep into his throat. The shadow mage groaned around his shaft, ragged breaths sawing through his nose. Nothing had ever felt as good as Sting did in his mouth. Rogue bobbed up and down, gagging as Sting thrust himself deeper into that wet heat. Saliva dripped out of his mouth as he worked his guild master's cock, pulling back to run his tongue from base to tip before swirling it around the head and sucking it back inside.

"Fuck, this is so good. You were born to suck my cock." He tugged harder on Rogue hair, urging him faster, and the shadow mage moaned with need as Sting savaged his throat.

"Listen to those slutty sounds you make. You love this." He did. God, he did. On his knees before his Master, those strong hands pulling at his hair, thick arousal filling his mouth.... Rogue felt like he would come without even being touched. He quaked with the rightness of it.

"Mmm..... Rogue.... You're gonna make me come with that dirty mouth of yours. It's all your fault, so you swallow it down, every drop." Yes. I need to taste it. Please. Rogue's breathing came faster as he nodded fervently, desperately, moving Sting's shaft up and down with the slight motions. Sting began to slam into his throat, fast and merciless.

"Nnnn.... fuck, Rogue....." The white Dragonslayer buried himself to the hilt in Rogue's mouth as his whole body tensed with orgasm. He made unintelligible noises as he twitched and shook, shooting jets of seed down Rogue's throat. The shadow mage's eyes rolled back in his head with pleasure as he gulped it down, swallowing Sting's hot essence with a groan. Even as he shrank and stilled, Rogue did not release him, sucking and mouthing at his shaft until Sting popped it free from his lips, putting his hands on the shadow mage's cheeks and pulling his face up to look at him. A shining bead of cum dripped from the corner of Rogue's mouth, face flushed and sweating, hair tangled from Sting's rough touch. Sting ran his thumb through it and wiped it across Rogue's cheek.

"You missed some. You disobeyed me." Rogue's heart pounded, chest heaving, shivering under that slitted blue stare. Yes, I'm disobedient. Punish me. He fought the urge to nod eagerly.

"Now I really have to punish you." Sting's bare foot suddenly shifted, pressing Rogue rock hard arousal into the floor. His body lurched forward, mouth open, drooling. Rogue was pathetic, a wretched mess. He did not care. Make me wretched and filthy. Use me. Take me. Sting took his foot off of Rogue's cock and took a fistful of hair, jerking Rogue up and dragging him across the room. The guild master tossed him on the couch and when Rogue tried to turn over, Sting grabbed the back of his head and pressed the side of his face into the fabric. The blonde mage kneed open the shadow Dragonslayer's thighs roughly, before shoving his fingers into Rogue's mouth. The shadow mage tongues them, sucked on them, moaned around them before Sting pulled them free forced them inside his tight entrance.

"Nnnnnnggg... S-sting..." Sting twisted them savagely inside him, finding that perfect spot within. "Haaaahhh.."
"Master."

"M-master!" He pulled them out before thrusting them inside again, opening his friend wide in preparation. Sting released his grip on Rogue's head to reach around him, grabbing his shaft in a vicious hold before he began to stroke. He felt the white mage pressing the tip of his shaft against his ass, rubbing it up and down against the opening, and with that hand flying along his cock, it was too much. "Mmmmm..... Master. Gonna come..."

"Not without this inside, you aren't." His wrist flew faster along Rogue's shaft, and he felt Sting press forward, about to impale Rogue on his length. That was it. Rogue was fini-

The shadow mage woke up with a cry, looking around in confusion, panting. He was facedown on his bed, frotting against the sheets, swollen and aching with need. Rogue thrust against his mattress, desperate, before he screamed, shadow magic erupting around him in his fury. Papers flew off of the desk in the room, walls rattling with the force of the energy that shot out of him. He stilled himself, knowing full well anything else would do no good. Rogue would never come. His cock would fall off under his merciless stroking first. The shadow dragon flipped over on to his back, hands fisting in his hair, teeth gritted in frustration. Sting was not home, he had gone on a trip to Magnolia to see Makarov, and the dark haired mage was glad. Rogue was tired of avoiding his questioning stare, his intelligent gaze that saw both too much and too little.

Their bed used to be full, the twin dragons and their two little Exceeds all piled in together. Sting and Rogue had slept in the same bed since childhood and though they did not admit it to their guild, they did so even now. When they moved in to the house near Sabertooth, they had separate rooms, separate beds, but it had not felt right. Neither of them could sleep at night. After a few weeks of denial and pretending they did not mind, Sting began to show up in Rogue's bed in the morning, Lecter curled up by his face. Finally they gave in a just got one huge bed for the four of them, and fuck what everyone else would think if they found out. All their lives they had felt the warmth of another dragon nearby, comforting and familiar. Without each other, they were lost and lonely.

But lately, the Exceeds slept together in the guest bedroom, for their own safety. Sting and Rogue had been having dreams, nightmares, and shooting out light and shadow magic in their sleep. After sending the little cats flying more than once, they finally stopped crawling in to sleep with the Dragonslayers, curling up with each other and wondering if their friends would be okay. Now, with the cats across the house and Sting across the country, Rogue was well and truly alone.

Ever since the mages around him hit puberty, Rogue thought he would kill to be able to get hard. Now he realized he was wrong. He would kill to be able to finish, to come. Maybe he could resist these dark and needy thoughts that filled him, this unquenchable desire he felt for his friend. That he had felt for years now. Before, both he and Sting were impotent, did not even feel the same needs that others clearly felt. They found comfort in the fact that they were not alone with their issues. Now, they did not discuss it, because they both knew things had changed. Rogue woke up hard as stone, Sting as well. They had eyes, they could see their friends arousal, could smell it with their sensitive noses. Rogue did not know if Sting could finish, was terrified to ask. If he could, that meant he could finally have sex, could finally go find a beautiful girl that he sorely deserved and make her his.

Rogue's stomach churned at the thought. Sting would find a girl, and take Lecter and leave Rogue behind. Frosch would be desolate without his friend. Rogue wouldn't make him suffer, and he knew Frosch would want to stay with the red Exceed. He would be alone for good then, and it would not be long before darkness took him.
He could almost feel himself turning into the monster that he knew he had the potential to be. Had seen it with his own eyes, the havoc that he could cause if he took the wrong path. Rogue was capable of destroying everything, hurting people, taking lives. It would not come to that.

Before he could take someone else's life, Rogue would take his own.
Sting sat at the bar in Fairy Tail, still a little queasy from the train ride. The king of Fiore had sent the guild master to Magnolia to retrieve his crown from the rowdy Magic Games winners. He was grateful to Natsu for defeating their enemies and destroying the Eclipse gate, but he needed the crown back and was terrified of the fire Dragonslayer, so he'd hit up Sabertooth to go on a goodwill mission. Makarov had laughed at Sting before handing it over. It had been in the tiny masters office, like he was waiting for this visit. When Sting left for one reason or another he left Rogue in charge, and though the shadow mage was fully capable of handling things the white dragon felt bad for abandoning the guild, even if it was only for a couple of days. He should go, but with his stomach spinning inside him he just couldn't do it. Sting would wait at the guild hall until his nausea went away before he headed back to the station.

He'd greeted Mira and Levy, the only ones in the guild that he really knew at the moment, but after exchanging a few pleasantries they were back to work. It was early afternoon and Fairy Tail was pretty deserted. The Dragonslayer sighed, thinking of his own guild back in Crocus. He both wanted to go home and dreaded it. Sting missed Rogue, felt a little lost without him as he always did when he was separated from his partner, but being around him right now was torture. Ever since the Tartaros fiasco had ended, anytime he was near him, Sting fought a raging hard on that wouldn't quit.

He distinctly remembered the first time he'd gotten erect several months ago, after years and years of brutal impotence. They were in bed asleep, and Sting had been having the filthiest most wonderful dream of his entire life. Rogue was on his knees, Sting's cock buried in his mouth, moans vibrating along with shaft. With his hands tugging roughly on those dark strands, wet heat wrapped around him, Sting had never felt anything so good, in fantasy or reality. Just when things had gotten very interesting, the white dragon had woken up with his face buried in Rogue's hair, panting with a vicious erection. Sting had run from to room, shutting himself in the bathroom and staring at himself in shock, like the appendage had suddenly appeared on his body out of nowhere. With his head full of that familiar scent he'd known since childhood, he'd stroked and jerked and tugged, whines coming out of his throat like an animal in rut. The white dragon had stayed there for hours, until his cock was red and sore and aching for a release that never came. Even now, six months later, it still had not. It certainly wasn't for lack of trying, at least at first. A few days after that he'd awakened before Rogue had and seen that it was not just him who had changed. When he saw that thick, stiff arousal jutting out from Rogue's clothes, it took all of his willpower not to take it in his hands and squeeze. Then he began to fully realize that something was still wrong with him, and started to dread that feeling that crept up his spine whenever he was too close to his friend.

Rogue's dark scent was more comforting than anything on earth. Smelling it meant that he was close, meant that Sting was home, no matter where they were. Now, it made his heart race, thighs clenching, hips shifting. Rogue was acting strangely, avoiding him, not meeting his gaze, and he worried that he suspected Sting's feelings even now. He could not let the shadow mage know he felt this way. If Rogue learned how much Sting truly cared for him, in what way, there was no way he would let the white dragon curl up in their bed with him, nose inches away from his back. The Dragonslayer often found himself half asleep, reaching out blindly through the sheets to make sure Rogue was still there. Just as often he felt drowsing hands pawing loosely at his arms or his face through the haze of dreams, touching him and then stilling. The shadow dragon needed to know he was close, too, and Sting could not fuck this up. He was hanging on to their guild by a thread, folding under the weight of his responsibilities. Other than Makarov the other guild masters had no respect for him, watching and waiting for the young Dragonslayer to fuck up and give leadership over to Minerva or another wizard. All his nakama were depending on him to lead them, keep them
safe, make them prosper. His partner most of all. Rogue was terrified of what the future held, second
guessing every little thing he did, so worried he would turn into that dark version of himself that he
feared so much. They needed each other now more than ever, and if Sting let his selfish desires
control him, he would alienate his friend in the process. Even if they had both been functional,
Rogue would never choose him. Time and time again, they had called each other brother, and the
shadow mage would never see him any other way, no matter how fiercely Sting wished otherwise.

Rogue had always made him feel.... different, even before he understood what it meant. Sting would
light up inside when he saw that brooding face, those slitted red eyes that he could get lost in. As he
got older, the feeling intensified, changing, shifting, making Sting ache for something he could not
define. With Rogue's smell in his nose that night and his arousal throbbing painfully hard, Sting
finally had his definition. He'd thought these strong emotions he had for the shadow dragon had been
friendship, the bonds of brotherhood between two dragons. They were, but they were also more, and
the guild master felt like he had wasted years of time. Maybe they could not have had sex, but he
could've tasted that sulking mouth, buried his teeth in that strong chest, breathed in that heady
fragrance. If he had recognized it sooner, would he would have had a chance with the shadow
dragon before life decided to turn on them both, twisting into something dark and complicated? Now
the two danced on a razor's edge, Rogue clinging to the guild like a lifeline that would keep him
from darkness, Sting trembling under the pressure to keep Sabertooth above water. The guild master
knew what he should do, what the right thing was, but his instincts raged against him, fighting him at
every turn. Each morning was a battle to pull himself out of bed and away from his friend, every time
they passed each other too closely, when their eyes met for too long, when he caught too much of the
shadow dragon's scent.... Every day was a series of small, nagging fights for his sanity. Sting wanted
Rogue, wanted him like his lungs wanted air. Desperately. Like he would die without him. Wanted
to take his lips, bite him and lick him and suck him and fuck if Rogue knew all the things Sting
wanted to do to him he would run screaming in the other direction. Sting wanted to devour him
whole, make him whimper and quake under his touch. Needed to watch Rogue pant and writhe and
beg. Wanted the shadow mage's body to be so wrecked by him that he got hot and hard just thinking
of Sting. His hands started to shake at the filth in his mind and he gripped his mug tight, closing his
eyes and trying to will away his thoughts. His shaft was springing to awareness even now. Fuck.

"Hey there guild mistress." Gajeel's voice cut through his reverie, and Sting was grateful. He looked
up at Gajeel, giving him a tight smile.

"Hey, Gajeel-san." The iron dragon looked him over with a smirk.

"You look like shit."

"I bet you say that to all the girls."

"Just the ugly ones like you."

"What girls?" Levy was there, faking a scowl. Gajeel snatched her up, kissing her hard before
releasing her.

"No girls but you, little one." Levy laughed.

"Only because you can't." The script mage gave Gajeel a peck on the cheek wandered back off
towards the library she had come from. The iron mage flexed his right hand open and closed, smiling
down at it. That was when Sting saw the mark in his palm, gray and metallic. Words from his
childhood echoes through Sting's head, Weisslogia telling him about mates and marks and claiming. He had been so young, he did not remember it all, and right now he was yearning for answers. He had not thought to ask the iron Dragonslayer about these things, and if he had, he probably would not have had the courage before now. Desperation made him brave where he had not been. Gajeel saw Sting staring at it, open mouthed, and closed his fist instinctively.

"Gajeel-san, I need to ask you something." The iron dragon snorted.

"I fucking bet you do." The Sabertooth mage was not deterred in the slightest.

"Your hand, there's a mark on it."

"A Dragonslayer's mating mark. Levy has one too." Gajeel's eyes glinted dangerously. "She's mine."

Sting held up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"Ah, yeah, I'm sure she is. Weisslogia told me something about it, but I was so little. I don't remember it all. And I've been having dreams..." Dreams of a great white dragon, lost in a haze of light, whispering words to Sting that he could not understand. Urgent words, faster and faster until the beast was roaring in his face in fury, ready to devour him. They got worse and worse, and now when Sting went to sleep he feared the beast more than his fiercest enemies. He could feel the dragons icy blue eyes on him even now, looking at him in disgust.

"You and Levy... um... ah..." All his usual brazen confidence was gone. How the hell was he supposed to ask Gajeel, who he'd idolized since childhood, who could thoroughly beat his ass here and now, if he was capable of fucking his mate? Gajeel's face split into a knowing smile.

"You wanna know if my gear works, guild mother? Cause you can't get it up. Am I right?" Sting's eyes went wide and he looked around the guild hall. Natsu was not there, and nor were Laxus and Wendy. No keen eared Dragonslayers to overhear them. Sting just shook his head at the iron mage.

"I couldn't before, but I can now. I can't... finish, though." Gajeel looked towards Sting's gloved hands.

"How long ago did it happen? When you first woke up, so to speak."

"Six months or so." Gajeel's eyes lit up, full of dark amusement.

"Who were you with when it happened?" Sting felt his face flush bright and hot, and suddenly he could not meet the iron mage's stare.

"I was at home in bed." The Fairy Tail wizard just laughed at him.

"Okay. With who?" What was he supposed to tell him, that he and Rogue still slept together like frightened children? They were nineteen years old for fucks sake. Sting did not think Rogue would appreciate it, and his cheeks got redder at the thought.

"No one."

"Bullshit." The white dragon pulled at his hair, suddenly finding it hard to get words out of his throat. Gajeel took a long swig of his beer, waiting.

"J-just... just Rogue. W-we stay together. We always have." The dark haired mage spit out his drink, wiping his lips, laughter shaking his body.

"Oh my God, you're stupider than Salamander. I didn't think that was possible. Fucking hell." Sting
crossed his arms angrily.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" The older wizard just shook his head, still laughing. He glanced at Sting's hand again curiously.

"Let me see your palm. The right one."

Sting pulled off his glove, feeling the magic in it buzz and tingle. He wore them to cover up his scars but they were also imbued with a spell so that when he removed them the marks were hidden, at least for awhile. The only person who he did not hide them from was Rogue and their Exceeds. It was pointless to try and cover them in front of the shadow mage anyway. Rogue was the one who found Sting after he'd made them, bleeding and crying and begging for death. The guild master held his palm up for Gajeel, who looked at it in awe.

"Six months ago. That's when you got hard the first time," Sting pulled his glove back on, getting pissed off at this point. It seemed like Gajeel was screwing with him.

"YES, Goddamnit."

"It's kind of impressive, actually, that you've gone that long without marking each other. I didn't make it two weeks."

"Fuck, Gajeel, you are not helping me here, and this is embarrassing as hell. You know how hard it is to ask you about this? Is there something wrong with me? Were you like this? Am I gonna be this way forever?" Sting had the urge to cry, to weep like a baby in front of the wizard he admired so much.

"Depends on how long you're going to act like you don't wanna fuck Rogue stupid." The blonde's mouth fell open in disbelief.

"What are you.. I don't... I can't... Shit, Gajeel." The iron mage's face grew serious, and he sighed before answering.

"I got hard for the first time when we had just gotten back from the Grand Magic games. I was drunk, and Levy was helping get me to a bed so I could pass the fuck out. I was up close, breathing her sweet scent in deep, and boom. Instant erection, like magic. Technically, I guess it is magic. Then, a couple weeks later, I kissed her. Got this outline on my palm. Realized it was the mating mark Metalicana told me about and promptly shit myself, ran away like a little bitch. But not for long, because after you mark your mate your pheromones go crazy and you turn into an animal. You wanna know when you can finish? Only inside your mate, at least the first time. So, until you two dumb fuck dragons stop bullshitting around and realize your each others mates, you're not gonna get anywhere." He barked out a laugh before continuing. "I cannot believe that you two have been ready for six months, sleeping next to each other in the same bed night after night, and neither one of you has gotten the balls to even kiss the other. Shit, Sting. We've fought with each other and against each other, more than once. I've seen how much courage you have, when it comes to protecting your friends. Let me tell you right now, you are failing, because your mate is hurting without you, just like you are without him. Jesus, you're worse than Natsu, at least he has an excuse." Gajeel looked around incredulously. "What the fuck are you even doing here? Go home. I'm sick of looking at you." The iron Dragonslayer slammed down his empty beer, waving dismissively at Sting as he walked away.

Sting ran out of the guild, stopping just outside the door and leaning over, hands on his knees. His breath was coming in pants, and he felt like he had just gotten into a fight, somehow. Adrenaline coursed through him, sharp and volatile. ".you are failing, because your mate is hurting without
you, just like you are without him." Was he hurting Rogue? Could he really be his mate? His natural inclination was to deny it, but he felt the rightness of it singing in his veins. Rogue's... Rogue is mine? Something clicked into place in his mind, doubt falling away, and Gajeel was right. He was stupid. Rogue's mine. Getting hard under the assault of that dark scent, thoughts full of nothing but the shadow dragon. Hands that itched to touch him, lips that ached to kiss him, cock that was desperate to take him. Coming together would not make them weak, but strong. Sting had known it all his life, there was nothing they could not face together. They'd been trying to fight their demons on their own, and that would not work. The twin dragons were a team. Not just a team. Mates. My mate. Realization dawned on him. If he wanted Rogue this badly, and Rogue was his mate, that meant the shadow dragon wanted him just as fiercely. Didn't it?

Sting thought of Rogue next to him in bed, imagined that scarred nose buried in his own blonde locks, hand stroking his arousal, desperate to come, and that was all it took. Sting was running with everything he had to the station. He'd never been so eager to get on a train before, but right now he couldn't get there fast enough. That voice from his dreams sounded in his head, an angry dragon, and for the first time they were clear and loud and joyous. Mate. Mine. Claim.

Feet flying across the ground, eating up the distance, Sting did not need to be told twice.
Rogue sat at the guild master's desk with papers and ledgers strewn out before him. He needed to see how bad things were while his friend was out of town and not there to hover over him. Sting did not outright forbid him from looking at the guild's finances and files, but whenever Rogue looked through them Sting tensed up, got nervous, paced around in a way that irritated the hell out of the shadow mage. The white dragon wanted to take the blame for the state their guild was in, when it was not his fault. Jiemma had been a harsh guild master, keeping his mages on a tight leash and demanding nothing less than total obedience. His mages did not choose their jobs and instead were assigned them. Jiemma ran them ragged, taking a large percentage of the rewards they received for their completed missions and using it not for the guild but for himself. Now that Sting was the guild master, for the first time ever Rogue's guild mates were able to pick the jobs they wanted, refuse those they did not, or even just not take on a job for awhile if that's what they chose. After years and years of not having freedom, Sting being in charge was a breath of fresh air. It was good for the members of Sabertooth, but not so great for the guild itself.

Sabertooth had won the Grand Magic Games time and time again, and as a result of Jiemma's leadership and their expected victories, their finances had depended fairly heavily on the prize money. After losing the games to Fairy Tail in X791, and not participating the year after that due to the Tartaros situation, Sabertooth was in dire straits. They owned the guild hall outright, as well as the dormitory that most of their mages stayed in, but the overhead costs of operating on a day to day basis as well as taxes and fees associated with the guild were bleeding them dry. Sting refused to take even a small percentage of the members job rewards, which almost every wizard guild did. He was so afraid of mistreating his friends that he was killing Sabertooth with kindness, one Jewel at a time. Minerva had finally burst into the office one day and dragged out the accounting books. When she got through looking at them, she had scolded Sting for being 'a stupid fuckwit' before storming out. Now, Minerva was gone constantly, taking every dangerous and high paying job she could find and depositing the earnings directly into Sabertooth's accounts. When the twin dragon's tried to call her out on it, she had started crying. Honest to God crying, and they had not known how to react to that. Their Lady did not fucking cry. Minerva had done terrible things, had hurt people who cared about her, including her guild. She wanted to make amends, and in her mind helping the guild stay afloat was the best way to do it.

Sting and Rogue didn't argue with her about it anymore for fear of seeing her in tears. The shadow dragon felt like she might be manipulating them a bit, but what was he going to do? Without the influx of Jewels from her jobs, they would be forced to borrow money from another guild, which would be even worse. If it helped Sabertooth get back on it's feet as well as cleared her conscience a little, then he figured there was no harm in it. Plus it kept her out of the guild, which was good for her because Minerva went stir crazy when she was home and drove everyone crazy. Minerva had apparently dragged Dobengal into it as well, because anytime Minerva was gone, he was gone with her. Rogue was just grateful she had another strong mage with her on all these ridiculous missions she took.

All the numbers and forms and paperwork were starting to make Rogue's head spin when the door to the office was kicked open, flying off it's hinges into the wall. Three mages the shadow dragon had never seen before walked in like they owned the place. Two men and one woman. One of the male wizards was huge and hulking, and for one heart stopping moment Rogue thought it was Jiemma. The mage was not quite as big, though, with dark brown hair and a scar across his throat like it had been slit. The other two wore black cloaks with deep hoods, and Rogue could not see their faces. What shocked him the most was not their sudden violent entry, but the guild emblem on the bare chest of the giant wizard. It was Sabertooth's.
"Are you the pitiful little dragon who's playing guild master?"

Rogue stood up, and shadows curled around him in anticipation of violence. Some of them were his shadows, and some were darker, more vicious. The shadow mage took deep breaths, trying to will the darkness down inside.

"The guild master is away. I suggest you go away, as well, after you tell me who you are and why you have our guild mark when you are not one of us."

"Oh, it is you who are not one of us, though. Jiemma was always weak, though clever, and I'm not surprised he's gone. He held sway over us, chains we could not break. But for a pathetic little boy who could not even defeat the Salamander of Fairy Tail in a two on one fight to ascend to guild master is something I cannot abide. When we were exiled, we waited, knowing Jiemma would one day be gone. The day has come, and it is time to take back what is ours. This guild mark, this hall, they're ours. Sabertooth does not belong to you. We helped found this guild, dragged it up the ranks from nothing into what it is today. Or what it was before you twin dragons turned it into this sad imitation of it's former self. You don't deserve it."

Rogue needed Sting here. He would have the right words, that cocky smile, utter confidence on the outside even if he was trembling within. Rogue needed his... static sounded in his head. Needed his what? His friend? His master? The roar in his ears grew louder, battling with darkness. Whispers twisted through Rogue's mind, those dark shadows that were not his own. *Kill them. Kill all of them. You need to. Bathe in their blood. Take their power.* Rogue had felt this many times before when he fought, fought this internal war time and time again, but never without Sting by his side. Even if he did nothing, said nothing, he drew strength from his mere presence. The shadow mage breathed in and out, focusing on little details of the room to ground himself in the here and now. The light shining through the windows, the wood of the desk in front of him, the other members of Sabertooth looking into the office warily, wondering if Rogue needed their help. Sweat broke out across his face, and his breathing came in shallow pants. *Peel off their flesh. Pull out their bones. Feast on their blood.* In and out. Rogue pictured Sting's face, Minerva's. He could not disappoint them. He had to handle this without bloodshed, had to hold onto his humanity, had to keep it together. Resist the darkness that wanted him to revel in madness.

"Jiemma was a tyrant. What may have happened in the past is ancient history. Sabertooth is ours, and Sting is our master. There's no place for you here." *Strike them. Destroy them. Devour them with shadows. Everyone. All of them.* Rogue fought to keep his eyes from wrenching shut against the onslaught of his mind, the insidious blackness that wanted to take over. It swelled within him, until Rogue could see it, could smell it, could taste it. He was losing himself in a haze of malice, and found himself walking around the desk without wanting to, on muscles that were not his own. *Punish them. All who bear the mark of Sabertooth. All who bear any mark. Destroy and wreck and break until there is only you, and all the world weeps at your feet. Take what is yours. Take everything.* Rogue saw a great black dragon in his minds eye, roaring at him, clawing at shadows that tried to swallow him whole. Desperate and angry. *Sting.* Where was Sting? He needed him here. Needed him now. The shadows swept over him, and instead of trying to force them inside, he was trying to tear his way out. They were everywhere, and Rogue could not see, could not move, could not breathe. Instead the darkness saw. The shadows moved his flesh, breathed air into his lungs. Rogue was lost beneath them, a thousand miles away.

"We'll see about that. Tell your guild master that Fukushu has come. He has a week to clear these weaklings from our hall, or we will tear it down around you, and build it back up with your bones. Starting with the bones of the white dragon."

Rogue struck out at the mage with shadow, and he flew back through the door, slamming into Rufus.
and crashing into the wall.

"Oi! Rogue, be careful!" Orga was there scolding him, falling into a battle stance in case the other two mages moved to strike. Instead dark magic erupted out of Rogue, picking up the Godslayer and tossing him into a group of their guild mates that stood by. His eyes were black and smoky, and his mouth was open in a vicious grin. Fukushu pulled himself up, taking a long look at the Dragonslayer before smiling.

"Let's get out of here. Looks like this one will do some of our work for us."

Before anyone could blink the three mages were gone, and darkness roiled around Rogue in waves.

"Rogue! What the fuck is wrong with you? We're your guild mates!" Yukino shouted at him, eyes flashing. Orga was spitting blood as he wobbled to his feet.

"He was right about one thing. You are weaklings." Rogue turned into shadow, and flashed across the guild where Rufus was up on his knees, clutching his bloody head. He took form next to mage and delivered a vicious knee to his gut. Rufus doubled over, clutching at the floor as he wheezed through the pain.

"Rogue! Stop it!" Yukino was walking towards him, keys in her hand, ready to open one of her gates. Darkness poured out of the Dragonslayer's hand, and snatched the keys from her like a whip and tossing them across the room. The other members of the guild were scattering, all who were actually strong enough to consider fighting him hesitating to use their magic on one of their own.

"Shut up." Rogue slashed out with his fist, cloaked in his magic, and Yukino went down. Suddenly, small voices cut through the din.

"Rogue! Why are you doing this! Sting-kun is gonna be mad at you!" The little Exceeds stood in the doorway that led to the dormitories.

"Fro thinks so too!"

Rogue blinked, dropping to his knees like a stone. His hands reached up, fisted in his dark hair as he bent over, breathing ragged. Shadows poured out of him, disappearing into the air, and his eyes flashed once before the smoke cleared from them, leaving them once again slitted and red. The Dragonslayer looked around at his guild mates, bleeding and holding their sides, their mouth, their face where he had struck them.

"Oh my God." What the fuck had he done? He saw Yukino, red splashes on her white dress where her lips had split open. Rufus was still on the ground, holding his head with one hand, the other wrapped around his stomach. He could have killed them all. Would have. Would have killed my entire guild if Frosch and Lector had not snapped me out of it. Rogue got to his feet, turning in circles as he took in the state of the guild, walls and mages both damaged and broken. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean... I..." There were not any words to say that could excuse this. Rogue was a monster. Plain and simple. "I'm sorry, Frosch."

Rogue turned and ran from the guild, shadows chasing after him as he went.

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When the Dragonslayer stopped running, he found himself underneath a treehouse in the woods outside of Crocus, where he and Sting used to come hide from Jiemma when the guild master was
being particularly violent. More than once they had sat in the tiny shelter, huddled together against
the cold as they slept. It was not a surprise that his feet had taken him here, to a place of refuge. He
climbed up the small steps and into the structure. Rogue could stand inside, just barely. There were
bloodstains on the floor, and even after so long, he could still smell Sting in them. Neither one had
been here since Rogue had found the white dragon, bloody and broken, knife still in his hand. The
shadow mage wondered if other children ever found this place, climbing up into the treehouse full of
curiosity, only to be greeted by a gory nightmare. He'd considered tearing it down, but could never
do it. It was like destroying a piece of himself, one that bound him to Sting, even if it bound them
with suffering. Rogue could still see it with astonishing clarity, his friend crying and shaking,
begging Rogue to leave him be. Let him die, because he thought he deserved nothing better. But
Sting was not the one who deserved death.

Rogue was.

He had failed to stop the shadows from overtaking him, had struck out at his own guild mates. His
own family. Without Sting there to give him strength, Rogue succumbed to darkness. Would do so
again, he knew it. This fear of his future self that crept up inside him, along with the desperate
emotion he felt for his friend piled up on top of each other and made him so fucking weak. He would
do anything to protect his friends, even if that meant protecting them from himself. Everyone would
be safer if Rogue was gone. He knew it like he knew the sun would rise.

He fingered the edge of the knife in his pocket, that he carried with him everywhere these days, and
it felt like salvation.

Maybe not for him. But salvation nonetheless.
Suffering and Salvation

Then.

Sting was in the treehouse, sitting on the floor with his head between his knees, hands clawing at his chest. Ever since they had implanted the Dragonslayers lacrima that Weisslogia had charged with magic before Sting killed him, the dreams had not stopped, nor had the feeling of emptiness where the magic crystal now rested. In those dreams he could feel his light tearing his father apart, feel the hot blood as it poured over his tiny form. Even though it had happened years ago, Sting could almost taste the blood in his mouth even then. He watched in horror as Weisslogia collapsed to the ground, a burst of white magic erupting from the dragon and pouring into Sting. The little dragon had fallen to his knees, tears already pouring down his face. Weisslogia had been preparing him for this for ages, but he would never have been ready. Never would there have been a time where he could kill his father and not feel this ache inside.

'Dad.... Why did you make me! I still need you! I'm all alone now!'

He'd lain next to Weisslogia's body for hours, and when it dissipated into the air, Sting felt a piece of himself dissolve along with it.

Sting had shoved the memory down inside, and though the guilt always plagued him, he'd tried to move on. A few weeks after his father's death, he'd met Rogue as they both wandered through the streets of Crocus, orphaned and hungry and desperate. Rogue had called himself Ryos then, but he was the same shadow dragon. Rogue too had known a dragon as his father. Had known the pain of ending that father's life. In the moment of his life when Sting had been the most alone, Rogue had been there beside him. They'd huddled together in alleyways under trash to escape the rain, ran together from merchants when they were caught stealing food. They had starved together, and hurt together, and in the midst of desolation they found solace in each other.

Then one day, Jiemma had appeared, huge and menacing but with a smile on his face. He told them they could join his guild, and they would never be hungry. Never be cold. Could use their magic to earn a living, become strong. And they could always be together. It had sounded too good to be true, and once the twin dragons bore the mark of Sabertooth, they found out that it was. Jiemma was merciless, and it did not matter that they were only children. He taught the things they would never forget. They learned to be strong under Jiemma's fist. Learned to be fast fleeing their master's fury. Learned to be smart to avoid his rage. With nowhere to run and no one to turn to but each other, Sting and Rogue learned that as long as they were together, they could face anything.

Then one day Jiemma had found out about the lacrima's each of the Dragonslayers had, mementos of their fathers who they had slain with their own hands, their own magic. It had not taken him long to realize that they were dragon lacrima, and that his wizards could be so much stronger. The guild master could not resist the call of having such strong mages under his thumb, and had brought a lacrima wizard to implant them inside the twin dragons without even telling the boys what was happening. Sting and Rogue had woken together in the room they shared, chests sliced open and aching, magic firing wildly into the air. After several days of their powers running rampant, when the two young wizards were starting to think they would die under the force of their own uncontrollable energy, the lacrima's finally stilled inside them.

Then, for Sting at least, the dreams had started. Watching his father die under his hands, over and over, night after night. Seeing the light fade from his eyes, and feeling it flow into him, taking his power. Taking his life. For months on end. Sting found himself unable to eat, unable to sleep for
more than an hour or so. He would then be awakened by his nightmare each time, after which rest was impossible. He started to lose weight, and his magic grew strange and unpredictable. Rogue had been worried, dragging him to doctors and mages to try and heal him, but they all said the same thing. Psychosomatic. All in Sting’s head. The potions and drugs they gave him did not work, and instead only made him grow weaker. Finally one day, Sting ran away from the guild, and Rogue had been frantic in his search. When he had found him, it was almost too late.

Now.

Sting was back in the treehouse again, wrists bleeding like fountains onto the old wooden floors, dripping through the cracks to the earth below. Weisslogia. Sting had killed him, and there was nothing he could do to take it back. He heard the dragon speaking in his head all the time now, a roar that seemed to come up from his chest and seep into Sting’s brain. Killed my father. Don’t deserve this life. The knife fell from his hand, nerves in his forearm too damaged to allow Sting to hold onto it anymore. A broken sound came out of his chest, and from his eyes fell hot, stinging tears. Sting hurt, and not just his wrists. His chest hurt, deep inside, a hole left by his father that he thought he had filled. It was not just emptiness but a vacuum, sucking him inside with his need to be whole. The white dragon was on his knees, and everything was drenched in red. His arms, his legs, the floor, his face. Sting’s hands shook violently, and the shakes seemed to crawl up his wrists to his arms, sliding through his whole body as he curled up on the ground, wracked by sobs. Fuck, why can’t I just die already. I'm cold. It hurts. Dead inside. Wanna be dead all over. He was thinking of Rogue, and how he should have gone somewhere else to do this. Even in death he was a failure. His friend would surely find him once he was gone, body still and cold and empty. Please, fuck, just stop breathing. Sting tried to pry the cuts on his flesh open wider with useless fingers, willed the blood from his veins.

Then the little door in the floor of the treehouse had opened, and Rogue climbed up, already panicked from the scent of his friends blood. Sting had not heard him, had not felt him, nothing.

"Sting, what the fuck did you do?"

Rogue kicked the knife away as he fell to his knees and pulled Sting into his arms. Not that it mattered. Sting’s hands were useless, a puppets arms with the strings cut. The shadow mage looked at his wrists, and grief washed over his face.

"Why?" Rogue’s hands were moving from slash to slash, trying to see where the most blood was coming out, trying to put pressure on all of them at once.

"I killed him. My dad. I fucking..." Sting sobbed, voice shredded with agony. "Please, just leave me here. Just let me die. I can't live with it. I can still feel his blood on me. Please, Rogue just... don't watch me die. You can't."

Light flashed out of Rogue’s eyes as shadows swam from him, shadows that Sting had never seen before, never seen since. They glowed with purple light, and Sting felt his palm burn as they melted into the cuts on his wrists, sealing them up tight. Instead of bleeding open wounds, they were scars that seemed to have been made years ago instead of minutes. Sting looked at his hand for a burn, wondering what it had been and saw nothing there, only then realizing his fingers were working again. His chest did not ache, and the voices of dragons in his head had gone silent. He looked up at Rogue, and felt the shadow dragon inside him, flowing in his veins, twisting through his chest. That empty place inside him was gone, and Sting’s scent was not quite the same. It smelled of Rogue, faintly, and he looked up at his friend.

"Sting, you can't do that to me. You can't leave me here alone. I need you." There were tears in his
eyes, and even as Sting felt himself going under, he reached up to try and wipe them away from that
deep red stare.

"I'm sorry. I won't go."

"Sting! Sting!... wake up! Wake up! Wa-"

"...ake up, sir, we've arrived. Sir?"

Sting sat up with a start, gloved hands flying to his wrists as he breathed in gasps.

"Are you okay, sir? We're back in Crocus. It's time to disembark."

Sting was on the train, not in a treehouse covered in blood. He couldn't believe he'd actually fallen
asleep in the train car. The guild master mumbled his apologies and thanks, before staggering
outside, stomach still roiling. It had been a long time since he'd had that dream, and something
about it made him feel anxious. Sting was headed towards the guild hall, which was not far from the
station, but it felt wrong. He was going in the wrong direction, somehow, and his feet wanted to lead
him out of town towards the woods.

The white dragon shook himself, increased his pace. He needed to see Rogue, had to get his hands
on him, needed him now. Sting's palms itched to feel that soft skin under them, nose aching for
Rogue's dark scent. His cock was springing to life even now, as though it knew it's prize was near.
As the last threads of his nightmare fell away, Sting wondered where Rogue would be, what he was
doing. Probably in your office, going through the stupid fucking ledgers with that sexy scowl on his
face that makes it damn near impossible not to take his mouth. If he was, Sting would kiss those
pouting lips breathless until Rogue could think of nothing but him. Not numbers or missions or
magic, only heat and want. When Sabertooth came into view, he had to force himself to walk, to take
it slow. Otherwise he would run into the building, snatch the shadow mage up and carry him off
over his shoulder while the rest of their guild mates watched in shock.

Sting opened the door with a smile on his face, only to have it melt slowly away to nothing. The guild
was in shambles, walls broken in places with jagged wood jutting out. The bar was also broken,
bottles and glass littered along the ground. Sting could smell blood, and magic, and fear. His guild
mates were afraid. The guild master then saw Yukino with a bloody rag pressed to her face.

"What happened? Where's Rogue?"

"Sting! Oh my god, I'm glad you're back!" Sting felt stones in his gut at her words, and his voice
didn't want to come out.

"What... what happened? What about Rogue? Is he hurt too? Who did this to the guild?"

"He did it. Some mages I've never seen before came in, and they were arguing with Rogue in your
office. Rogue tossed one of them across the guild but then he started attacking everyone. He threw
Rufus and Orga, took my keys and punched me. Then he just ran out of here, and no one can find
him. Something's wrong with him, Sting. His eyes were glowing, and his magic looked wrong. You
have to go find him."

Sting just stood there in disbelief. Rogue had done this? Attacked his friends, torn up the guild? He
had a thousand questions about what had occurred, especially about the mages that had harassed
his mate, but that wasn't what was important at the moment. Locating Rogue was all that mattered.
They said they couldn't find him, but they wouldn't know where to look. This was Rogue. Anytime
they had run from the guild in panic or fear, there was only one place that the twin dragons went. It had been a long time since Sting and Rogue had run from something. Right now, Rogue was running from himself. Before he even realized he was moving, Sting's feet were carrying him there, out of town and into the forest. Faster. The Dragonslayer could not go fast enough, even as he was tripping over branches and slamming into trees. When the white dragon finally started catching traces of Rogue's scent, he started to feel desperate. He lost one of his boots, and his feather boa tangled in the branches as he ran. Sting jerked it off along with his vest, tossing it down as he forced his knees high. Faster. The last time they had been in these woods, Sting had almost died under a blade he himself had wielded. Now it was Rogue, desperate and afraid and alone in the trees. The white dragon was not sure why he felt panic rising in his throat, acidic and sharp. Something was wrong, and without knowing what it was he felt the gravity of it. Sting needed to hurry. He had told Rogue he would not leave him, and he had broken his promise.

All these months, they could have been together, been stronger, been whole. Instead he had left his mate to suffer in silence, all because of his own stupidity. Sting did not know what had happened to make Rogue attack his guild mates, but he knew it was something they could fix. He just needed to get there. Faster. The air in his lungs was smoke and needles as he pushed himself harder. When the little wooden structure tucked high in the branches of the enormous tree came into view, he felt relief sail through him. Sting could smell his mate, but there was no coppery scent of blood. The Dragonslayer was scrambling up those rickety wooden steps faster than ever, accidentally kicking a few of them loose from the bark in his rush. When he moved to push open the small door above him, it flew off the hinges under the force of his hand. He barely noticed, flying through the opening to rest on his knees inside.

Rogue was sitting in the corner, face buried in his arms, knife shining in his hand. He would've known Sting was coming, would have heard him running through the woods, smelled him as he ascended the tree. The shadow mage did not look up, though, keeping his face hidden.

"I'm sorry, Sting. I lost it." Sting leapt across the treehouse floor and snatched that glittering steel away. Rogue did not try and stop him, just let it be taken and tossed from the window. He sat down next to the shadow dragon, trying to pull him into his lap. Rogue resisted, leaning away from him. Sting wrapped his arms around Rogue's shoulders, reaching out to try and turn the shadow mage's face towards him. "Some mages that Jiemma exiled showed up, said we had a week to get out, said Sabertooth was theirs. One of them threatened you, and I lost it. Attacked them. Attacked us, too. Orga, and Rufus, and even Yukino." He finally turned his head towards his guild master, face full of tears, slitted red eyes glinting. "I could've killed them, Sting. I would have. Lector and Frosch coming in is all that stopped me."

"It's my fault, not yours. My fault for being stupid. My fault for not realizing." Rogue's face was wretched.

"Not realizing what?"

"That you are mine. That I am yours. That we were not meant to be alone. We're supposed to be together."

Sting leaned in, eyes closed, time slowing down as he pressed his lips to Rogue's. Their hands lit up, sharp and electric as they kissed. It was all heat and need and so fucking perfect. Their mouths were made to fit against each other. The shadow mage moaned, body turning of it's own volition to press against his friends. Rogue's mouth opened, tongue easing between Sting's lips, hot and needy. His breath was coming in pants. Then suddenly he froze, shoving Sting away so hard that the light mage impacted into the wall and for a moment he thought he might bust through and fall the the ground underneath. His face was full of fury, voice rough with anger as he spoke.
"Don't you fucking touch me! I want you, but I don't want your pity, Sting." Sting crawled back to Rogue, brushing the hair out of his eyes as Rogue tried to pull away, slapping at his hands. The shadow mage wanted to be furious, but he was too busy spinning inside. Those foreign shadows that had been trying to claw out of his chest were suddenly silent, and his breathing was steady and calm.

"Rogue, it's not pity. I love you. Not just as your friend, or as your guild master, or as a brother. I really love you. I want you to be mine. Look." Sting looked at his right palm, a smile splitting open his face as he picked Rogue's up and held both out between them. A thin black outline spread over Sting's palm, a filligree of dragon scales and shadows. Rogue's was white, but still clearly visible against his pale skin. They both stared at the marks for a second before the shadow mage met Sting's gaze, confused.

"What is this?" Sting felt his chest go tight, eyes filling with unshed tears.

"We're mates. You and I." The white Dragonslayer waited for Rogue to deny it, to tell him it wasn't true, to say he didn't want Sting. He was ready for the pain, prepared to chase after this shadow dragon to the ends of the earth and back again. There was nothing and no one that could make him give up Rogue, not even Rogue himself. Instead, Rogue looked at him, and it was like the dawn, darkness falling away to let light shine in. When he spoke it was a whisper.

"Is it true?" Sting nodded desperately, kneeling in front of his friend and grabbing his face in his hands.

"Yes, it's true. You're mine, I'm yours. I love you, Rogue." The shadow mage's chest heaved, once, twice, before his hands covered Sting's on his face. Fresh tears fell from his eyes, and his master's heart was breaking.

"I- me too. I love you too, Sting."

Sting took his mouth fiercely now, teeth biting at those soft lips, tongues twining together, battling for dominance. He pressed Rogue against the wall, grinding his length against him. The sounds that came out of the shadow mage were obscene, and Sting swallowed them down with a groan. When the wood shuddered behind the onslaught, Sting pulled back, breathing ragged. His hands were clutching at his mate desperately, as Rogue's fisted in his pants.

"We need to go home. We can't do this here." An animal whine escaped Rogue's throat as he thrust his hips upwards against Sting.

"I don't want to wait. I want this now. Please, Sting." Sting bit his lip, quaking with need at the desperate look on his mate's face.

"Rogue, I don't want to wait either, but if we do this here I'm going to fuck this tree house out of these goddamned branches and we're going to fall and break our legs. It's not strong enough to survive the things I'm going to do to you."

They were out of the tree and running through the woods, moving faster than they ever had in their lives. Their hands were clasped together, and even when they reached home, they were never letting go.
They had made it all the way out of the woods and were running through the dark streets of Crocus when Rogue jerked Sting back by the arm to slam him into the wall. The shadow mage's hands were running up and down Sting's bare chest hungrily, and he pressed his body tight against his mates. Even if they had not been running, they would have still been gasping. Heat rolled through them both in waves, and when Rogue rolled his hips against Sting, they both groaned in ecstasy before Sting flipped them around, slamming Rogue into the wall and taking his mouth. The shadow mage's leg snaked up around Sting's hip, tugging him in closer, seeking friction. He'd barely gotten his tongue into his mate before they were distracted by voices, a couple walking by on the other side of the street. The guild master pulled back to separate them only to have Rogue chase after his lips, biting at them with the sharp teeth of a dragon. When he could no longer reach Sting's mouth, he bit down into the white dragon's neck with a needy whimper, tasting blood. The light mage jerked in pleasure, biting back a moan. Sting rook a ragged breath before speaking, voice full of gravel, while Rogue's tongue laved at his throat.

"Rouge. We can't do this here. I can't let... mmmmm... let anyone s-see you." Rogue mouthed along his collarbones, teeth sliding sideways across his skin. Sting really didn't want anyone to see his mate this way, and their house was so close. He fought down the lust that was rising in him like the tides. Sting reached down inside himself, trying to find air to speak.

"Rogue. Stop." Rogue pulled back suddenly with a sharp intake of breath. That commanding tone shot straight to the dark haired mage's groin, made him ache inside. A thousand lust filled dreams of Sting filled his mind, dreams of submission and punishment. Yes, fuck, tell me what to do. Make me obey. He felt his jaw quivering before he clenched it shut, body going hot and needy. There's no way Sting would ever think that Rogue had these feelings, these desires. The words tumbled out of his mouth before he could stop them.

"Yes, Master." What? Sting told everyone not to call him master, and pretty much all of Sabertooth had broken themselves of the habit now, but Rogue had never called him master. And no one had ever said it like that. Sting felt his shaft throb, and he grabbed Rogue by the hand, tugging him towards their house. Sting vaguely remembered Gajeel saying something about marking your mate and pheromones, and right now it was abundantly clear what he was talking about. Sting had never been this horny in his entire life, and as they ran towards home Rogue was whimpering, his hand tightening around the light mages. Out of the corner of Sting's eye, he could see his mate's other hand running up and down his own chest, fisting in his dark hair, palming his cock through his pants. Rogue was sweating, and flushed, teeth gnawing at his lip until Sting had to reach over and rub his thumb across it to get him to let go. The shadow mage was worse off than he was. When they got to their place, about to go inside, something occurred to Sting.

"We need to stop by the guild first." Rogue was shaking his head, panting, moaning. He grabbed the guild master and pulled him close, rubbing shamelessly against him.

"Nnnnnnn... no... w-we can't, we... Sting, there's- haaahhh... s-something wrong with me, p-please, let's go h-home."

"We need-" Sting trailed off as Rogue's hands started grasping at his chest, his stomach, his back. The shadow mage thrust himself against Sting like he was in heat. "Need to t-tell them you're alright. Need- fuck!" Rogue sank his teeth into Sting's throat again, those strong hands fisting in his blonde hair. "Need to tell Yukino to keep Lecter and Fro tonight." Suddenly a voice cut through their reverie like a knife.
"Just go. I'll take care of it." Yukino stood outside the guild across the quiet street, blushing like mad, eyes on the ground. "I was out here waiting to see if you would return. I was worried. I'm sorry."

Rogue did not even hear her, did not see her. Did not stop what he was doing, was lost to desire. Sting blinked at the celestial wizard, and knew that tomorrow, he would be embarrassed at being caught this way. Right now, all he could feel was gratitude. The guild master did not even reply to her, just scooped Rogue up in his arms and ran into their house, carrying him over the threshold like a new bride. Sting kissed the door shut behind him and ran to their bedroom, with Rogue shifting and twisting in his arms. He threw him on the bed, and those clothes didn't stand a chance. Rogue's shoes went flying before Sting ripped his pants and boxers down together. The shadow mage tore his own shirt off and when he was naked beneath Sting, he moaned out loud, making little breathy noises, pinned under that bright blue stare. Sting was frozen, awestruck by the sight before him. Rogue was naked, panting, skin flushed bright and hot. His inky black hair had fallen out of it's tie and spread out around his thrashing head like a halo. And his cock was swollen and throbbing, pink crown wet and begging to be tasted.

"T-touch me, kiss me, fffff... fuck, Sting, please."

"Look at you. Rogue, you're amazing."

Sting couldn't fight it anymore. He leaned down to take Rogue's mouth with a violence that surprised him, closing a hand around his arousal. The shadow mage shuddered, was all over him as Sting savaged that soft, wet heat, tongues twining together. His legs were around Sting's waist, arms snaking around his back, hips grinding up towards his mate. There was no space between them, and they still weren't close enough. Would never be. Rogue wanted more. Wanted everything. Sting's hand began to move, stroking the shadow mage's engorged shaft agonizingly slowly. Desperation rose up in Rogue, so thick and heavy he could taste it through their kiss. He spoke into Sting's mouth, voice shaking with need.

"Please, Sting. I need you."

Sting buried his free hand in raven locks, mouth trailing down to find Rogue's throat and bite into it savagely. Rogue's cock pulsed hard, and he knew if he could finish, it would have been over right then. That sweet, sharp feeling in his skin, those hands tugging at his hair... it was perfection. It hurt, and it was so good. Sting released his bite, pulling off of Rogue altogether and leaning over him to paw at the bedside table. Rogue whined, grabbing at his arms, pulling him back. Sting had lotion in his hand, and as he poured some over his fingers, Rogue ached with longing. Sting wanted to taste that sweet shaft, take it deep in his throat and swallow down all his mate had to give, but he couldn't, not until he took him. After their marks were filled in, their seed released, he would worship that length on his hands and knees. But first he needed inside his Rogue, and he needed inside now. His hand slid down to Rogue's hole, slicking all around it with the lotion before easing a finger inside. Rogue mewled, biting down on his lip as Sting pressed in a second.

"I'll try t-to be easy." He spread his fingers open, twisting and thrusting them as Rogue tried to take them even deeper.

"Don't be." His voice was high, whining and full of want. Sting's fingers worked in and out, and he withdrew them, pushing a third into his mate when they glided back in. He licked at the shadow mage's nipple as he fingered him slow.

"I don't w-want to hurt you." A sound escape Rogue's throat, somewhere between a growl and a cry.

"Please, Sting. Hurt me. Be rough. I need you to."

Sting was climbing up his mate's body, jerking his pants down and discarding them. His mouth found Rogue's again, licking and sucking and delving into it. The guild master rubbed the tip of
himself against his mate, up and down, as he spread his thighs open wide. Sting held his cock steady with his hand as he slid inside slowly, just the tip, with his free hand running up and down Rogue's legs, over his hips, across his stomach. He didn't want to hurt his shadow mage, no matter what he said. Rogue was just trying to please him, tell him it was okay to give in to his instincts, but Sting needed to be gentle. Then Rogue rocked down, impaling himself to the hilt on the light mage's shaft with a hiss.

"Gaaah.... So good." Heat shot through their palms, and neither one needed to look to know it was filled in. They could feel it. Sting wrenched his eyes closed, teeth bared.

"R-rogue, don't d-do that. L-let me go s-slow." Rogue's twisted around, seeking friction, needing his mate to pound into him.

"S'okay. Mmm.. Fast. Hard. Please." Rogue grabbed Sting's hand and pressed it into his black strands, forcing him to make a fist around it before he pulled it, hard. Sting's eyes went wide. "Rough." The white Dragonslayer's brows, drew together as Rogue dropped his hand. Sting kept his buried in those locks, gave it a tug, questioning, testing. His mate moaned, loud. He pulled harder, jerking Rogue's head to the side with the force of it as he withdrew himself and slammed back into his mate. Rogue quaked with pleasure beneath him, and Sting's head spun with realization. It was too much, and his hips moved on their own, pounding viciously into Rogue. He tightened his grip on that dark hair, pulling his mate's head to the side as he leaned down and bit into Rogue's neck. He tasted blood, and he felt Rogue go tight, muscles twitching, a wanton sound pouring out of his throat. The shadow mage's nails dug into Sting's back as he gasped and writhed.

"Sting!"

The shadow dragon's back arched, face frozen in a mask of ecstasy as he climaxed, hot seed shooting out over his chest. Rogue's face as he came was too much, and Sting moved faster, thrusting savagely into his mate as he felt heat creep up his shaft.

"R-rogue... Nnggh... S-so fucking tight...."

Rogue grabbed Sting's face with both hands, pulling his down and kissing him deep. The tight heat wrapped around his cock, the smell of his mate's seed on his flesh, Rogue's mouth on his, tongues twisting together... Sting could not breathe, could not think, could only want. It was perfect, and soon Sting was shaking and twitching as he finished, pumping his essence deep inside Rogue with a bestial growl. An eternity passed before he shrank and stillled, pulling out of the shadow mage and taking him in his arms. Rogue curled up against him as Sting pressed kisses on his cheeks, his nose, his hair. He took his lips slow, and deep, burying himself in that mouth like he was never coming out. When he retreated his hands came up, brushing Rogue's long hair out of his face, fingertips tracing over those serious eyes, that brooding mouth, reaching inside to press the tip of his sharp teeth.

"I love you Rogue." Rogue hid his face in Sting's chest before he answered.

"I love you. I'm sorry." Sting's arms were curling around his mate's back, hugging him close.

"Sorry for what?"

"I... I made you hurt me. I'm... I'm fucked up. I'm sorry."

"You... ah, you liked it? When I pulled your hair? When I hurt you?" Rogue's head tilted even further down, chin resting against his own chest. He curled his arms in to himself.
"I... I have dreams about you. All the time." Well fuck, so do I.

"What kind of dreams?"

"Sexual dreams. And you..." Sting could feel the heat coming off of Rogue's face as he blushed down to his chest, silent.

"I what?"

"You do stuff to me." The guild master felt hot inside, chest tight, stomach twisting.

"Like what?" Rogue tensed up, and he was silent for so long that Sting was sure he wouldn't answer.

"You.. p-pull my hair, and you... you hurt me. Spank me. You tell me what to do. M-make me call you M-master. Humiliate me. T-tell me I'm dirty, and call me names." The white dragon was, for the first time in his life, totally speechless.

"And... uh... these dreams, they're... good dreams?" His mate nodded fiercely, skin burning with embarrassment, face hidden in Sting's flesh. "You're... You're a masochist, Rogue?"

"I guess. I think so." Sting could not even imagine to courage it took for Rogue to tell him this, when he was obviously ready to disappear into the blankets. "I'm sorry." The guild master hugged his mate even tighter, laid a kiss on his hair as he rubbed his back.

"Don't be sorry. There's nothing wrong with it, as long as it's consensual."

"But you said you didn't want to. Didn't want to hurt me."

"I don't. I mean, I didn't. But if that's something you want, something you like.... I'll do anything for you, Rogue. I just don't want to do anything you don't want to do." The shadow mage took a shuddering breath.

"You don't think I'm gross? That I'm weird?"

"No. You're definitely not gross. You're sexy as fuck. Maybe it is a little different, but if it makes you feel good? I want to see you feel good, Rogue. Every way I can." He tried to pull his mate's face up, but Rogue wouldn't budge. "Look at me." He shook his head. "Hey. Look at me." Those slitted red eyes finally looked up at him, glittering with emotion. "You are not gross, and you are not weird, and if you like pain and humiliation, then I will pull your fucking hair, and spank your ass, and tell you what a dirty goddamned slut you are while I fuck you inside out." Now Rogue's eyes glazed over with heat, mouth opening on a gasp. "Just so I can see that face, right there. Look at you. You're amazing, Rogue."

Rogue tried to fight it, but he couldn't help it. Sharp tears of relief swelled in his eyes, and he buried his face in Sting's chest again.

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me. I love you. We're mates."

Mates. They were mates. And it was perfect.
Sting woke up long before Rogue did the next morning and just stared at his face, disbelieving that all this was real, that Rogue was really his mate after all this time. He wanted to run his hands through his silky dark hair, kiss his soft skin, bury his teeth in that exposed throat, but he did not want to wake him up. Sleeping in his arms like this, he looked so peaceful. It seemed blasphemous to shatter it. The previous night all he had felt was love, and joy, and relief and gratitude. Now, curiosity ate at him as Rogue's words played in his mind, over and over, telling Sting about his dreams in that uncertain, stuttering voice. *You hurt me. Spank me. Tell me what to do. M-make me call you M-master.* Rogue had been blushing so hard, all the way up to his ears, and when Sting had asked if they were good dreams, the shadow mage couldn't nod fast enough. His little dragon mate was more complicated than he had imagined, and instead of feeling overwhelmed, the guild master felt excited. He wanted to make all of Rogue's filthiest dreams come true, and though he didn't know exactly what he was doing, they could figure it out together. Even someone like Sting with no sexual experience had heard a thing or two about bondage, S & M, safe words. Not enough to be an expert by any means, but enough to have a starting point without going to a library or some creepy club. Sting was worried that the Dragonslayer in his arms was embarrassed about his desires, his... needs, that he thought Sting was uncomfortable with it, or even disgusted. He had reassured him over and over that it was not the case, that he wasn't bothered by it, but the shadow dragon didn't seem to quite believe him. He didn't want Rogue to hold back, to suppress those dark urges he had inside him. Sting wanted to show him just how much he would enjoy being his Master, and he felt giddy with anticipation as he waited for Rogue to wake up. They had showered together last night, weary and staggering into each other, but both of them had wanted to wash the other. It was a dragon's instinct to care for their mate, and with two dragons, they were falling all over themselves trying to do everything for one another. Now, they were both clean, and rested, and whole, and Sting couldn't wait to make Rogue filthy and exhausted, to break him apart with desire and piece him back together again.

All before breakfast.

He couldn't tear his eyes from Rogue's beautiful face, so when those long eyelashes started to flutter open, Sting knew the first thing his mate saw was his smiling face. Rogue blinked a few times before he blushed, a shy grin creeping over his lips. Sting leaned down and kissed him, tongue slipping into Rogue's mouth enthusiastically, taking his breath. His mouth trailed down to Rogue's neck, careful to only lick and suck at the sensitive skin there. The biting would come later, Sting thought with a smirk. They were both hard and throbbing by the time Sting pulled back to gaze into those heated red eyes. Rogue was open mouthed and panting.

"Hello, beautiful." The guild master waited, wondering if Rogue would complain about the compliment.

"H-hi." Sting grinned like a kid on Christmas morning.

"Are you sore? Do you hurt anywhere?" Rogue shook his head.

"My hips hurt a little. Nothing bad." The white dragon looked happier than Rogue had ever seen him.

"If it's too much for you, say 'Dragon', okay?" Rogue's brows drew together, confused.

"'Dragon'"
"'Dragon.'" Sting extricated himself from the shadow mage and stood by the bed. Rogue was about to whine, ask him what the hell he was talking about, when Sting reached over and fisted his raven locks tight, pulling him towards the edge of the mattress. Suddenly all Rogue could see was the white dragon's cock in his face, leaking and swollen. He looked up at his mate, mouth watering, still not quite getting it.

"Sting?" Sting shook his head.

"It's 'Master.' Get on your hands and knees." Rogue let out a shaky breath as heat rolled through him. The shadow mage folded his knees under him, hands on the blankets beside them. Sting tugged a little harder on his hair and Rogue moaned out loud. "Not like that. Ass in the air." Everything inside Rogue spun with want as his dreams were quite literally coming true. He moved his knees back, blushing as raised his hips high into air for Sting. For Master. Just the thought made his cock twitch. Sting kept his hair held tight as he ran his other hand down Rogue's spine slowly, grabbing his ass cheek tight and massaging it as he made a sound of appreciation.

"Yes, just like that. Such a good little slut." A whine came out of Rogue, and for a moment he was worried he would come, before he even touched Sting, before the white dragon touched him. Sting pulled on his hair and called him a slut and he was quivering, ready to shoot. He took some deep breaths, trying to calm himself. Sting's hand came down on Rogue's ass hard, a loud smack reverberating through the room.

"Nnnn...."

"You like that, little pet?" Rogue tried to speak, and it came out as a gasp. He swallowed, gritted his teeth, tried again.

"Y-yes. Fuck, yes." Sting's hand came down again, harder, and Rogue bucked forward with a moan.

"Yes what?" Yes what? Rogue didn't know. His mind was spinning, trying to figure out what he could say to make Sting keep going. He would say anything. Then realization sang through him and he shivered. The words came out high and breathy, music to Sting's ears.

"Yes, M-m-master. Haahhh..." Another pull on his hair as the guild master readjusted his grip. Sting rubbed his fingers gently over the red marks on Rogue's skin, soothing away the ache before pulling back and letting his hand descend on his mate again. Rogue was drooling as he barked out a desperate sound, reaching up to palm his own cock without thinking. Sting snatchéd his hand away before he could make contact, putting his back down on the mattress and lifting one foot up from the floor to step on it.

"I have a naughty little pet. I guess I need to train you." Rogue nodded fast. Yes, fuck, please... Sting was a little disturbed at just how much this was turning him on. For a moment after he'd spanked Rogue, listening to those reedy sounds he was making... Sting had almost come all over his face, without so much as a stroke of his dick, which was bobbing up and down in front of his mate's nose. Rogue could see it, could smell the shining pearl of seed on it's tip. He wanted to take it into his mouth, down into his throat, wanted Sting to thrust it into his mouth until he choked on it. Somehow he resisted. Master will tell me what to do. Rogue shook, and could not bite back the curse that came out.

"Ffffuck...."

"You're staring at my cock, pet." He jerked Rogue's head back until those slitted red eyes met his. Rogue bit his lip and nodded, gaze darting down to Sting's length and back again. "You want to taste it?" The shadow mage nodded again, harder, faster. "What do you say?" His answer was fast and
"P-please."

"Please, what?"

"P-please, Master."

"Beg for it." Rogue's shaft throbbed again, and it felt like all the blood in his entire body was in his groin. His brain certainly didn't have any. The words tumbled out in a rush, pleading and full of want.

"P-please, please, fuck..... Master, p-please let me s-suck you..." For a moment, Sting couldn't take it. It was too good, hearing Rogue beg for his cock. Shiiiiiiiiit. He never would have thought of doing this kind of thing to his mate if Rogue had never asked for it, and he would really have to tell him later just how grateful he was. Take him out to dinner. Buy him a present. Maybe a collar. Fuck. Sting breathed deep, trying to get his shit together.

"Okay, little pet. You asked so nicely."

Sting released Rogue's hair, and the shadow mage's mouth descended on his cock with a debauched sound. His mouth worked Sting's cock desperately, tongue licking up from base to tip, swirling around the crown before sucking it deep into his throat. As Rogue mouthed and sucked and fucking worshipped Sting's arousal, the white dragon's hands were sifting through his hair gently, running down his neck, tracing over his shoulders, down his back. He delivered another brutal smack to Rogue's ass without warning, and the shadow mage moaned around his length. Sting lifted his foot off of Rogue's hand before leaning forward, wetting two of his fingers in his mouth. He slid the fingers down Rogue's spine, over the base to tease at his entrance. Rogue grunted, thrusting his ass up further into the air.

"My wanton little slut. Shoving that ass out like you're in heat. Are you in heat, pet?"

"Nnnngggghh..."

Sting slipped both of his fingers inside at once as he felt Rogue nod eagerly, cock bobbing up and down in his mouth. He was in heat. As Sting's mate's tongue laved at his shaft, he thrust his digits mercilessly in and out of his hole, smiling as the shadow mage rocked his hips to thrust them deeper inside. Rogue was mindless, wretched with desire, trembling and quaking. When he felt Sting's fingers hit that sweet spot inside, he jerked hard, pulling his mouth off to speak.

"St- Master, I'm about to c-come." Sting smiled, fingers working themselves faster in his mate's ass.

"Next time, I won't let you. I'll keep you from coming for ages, until you're shaking and sweaty, with tears in your eyes as you beg me to finish you. But for now, you can come. Sit up and come for me, little pet. Jerk yourself off." Sting crawled on the bed so he could keep fingering Rogue's tight flesh as his mate sat up into a kneeling position. His chest was heaving as he took his cock in hand, wrist flying in vicious jerks. It looked almost painful, how hard he was stroking himself. Rogue's whole body was hot and tight, mouth gaping open around a silent groan. He was drooling and twitching, face flushed and drawn. It was so fucking beautiful, so goddamned sexy Sting wanted to stroke off too, but he needed inside his mate again and didn't want to wait. Rogue clenched his teeth, baring them with a hiss as an animal whine came out of his throat.

"M-ma.... nnn... M-master!"

Rogue's body curled into itself as hot jets of come erupted from him, landing on the bed, on himself,
on Sting. pleasure rolling through him in waves. When his climax finally eased, Sting pulled his fingers free and shoved Rogue down on his back. The white dragon ran his fingers through Rogue's seed and coated his cock in it. Rogue shivered as he watched his essence dripping down over his mate's arousal. Sting lifted the shadow mage's legs up over his shoulders, lining himself up with Rogue's entrance but not pressing in yet. He leaned in and took his mate's mouth viciously, teeth clacking together, tongue down his throat. His free hand reached up and rolled the shadow dragon's nipple between his thumb and forefinger before pinching it hard. After what felt like an eternity of that hot mouth on his, hand tracing over his skin, cock teasing up and down over his opening, Rogue started to mewl and whimper. He spoke into Sting's lips, not ashamed to beg.

"Please, Master." Sting just pulled back and nodded, could not get out any words. Rogue waited for his Master to ease into him, relieve that ache he had inside. Then Sting slammed into his mate, burying himself to the hilt in one thrust. "Gahhh.... S-sting... Fuck... it's good...

Sting was not even hearing him as he started to move, fucking his mate savagely into the sheets, bed shaking under his assault. Rogue was spent, cock lifeless between them, but it still felt so damn good he saw stars. It had been rough on Sting, watching his mate get so hot as he spanked him and teased him. This wouldn't last long. He thrust harder, making the shadow mage thrash his head back and forth, whining and whimpering and groaning.

"L-listen... hah... to those s-slutty sounds.... nnnn.... such a g-good little pet Master has... M-moan louder for me, p-pet. Nnnnggghh.. S-say my name."

"Sting!" Those hips piston violently against him, legs folded up to his chest. He felt the guild master take his hands, interlocking their fingers as he pinned Rogue's arms above his head, hips flying.

"Rogue.... Fuck... Rogue!"

Sting bit into Rogue's neck with a growl, his whole body going tight as he came, shooting his seed deep inside his mate as he tasted blood. He felt Rogue's fingers tighten around his as he kept thrusting, movements finally slowing as his orgasm faded away. Sting did not pull out of the shadow mage, did not release his hands, did not roll off of his chest. Just collapsed on top of him, breathing ragged, exhausted and sated. After a few minutes he eased out, rolling to his side and letting go of one of his hands. When he looked over at Rogue, the shadow mage was glowing with satisfaction.

"Rogue? Was that okay?" Rogue looked at him, unshed tears in his eyes, and Sting felt panic shoot through him. "Did I hurt you?" He shook his head, and a crazed laugh came out of him.

"No. Yes, but no. It was fucking perfect, Sting. Thank you. I feel like crying. I'm such an idiot." Sting put his arms around his mate and hugged him close, not caring that they were sweaty and sticky and in desperate need of a shower.

"Don't cry, Rogue."

"I just... I wanted you for so long, and I'm so fucked up inside... and then you... I have you now, and you...." The tears fell from Rogue's eyes now, hot and cleansing as they dripped down his face. Sting kissed them away, feeling panicky, worried he had done something wrong.

"Did I break you, pet?" The shadow dragon just laughed again.

"No. You fixed me. This is more than I even thought to ask for. That you would... do that, for me. You didn't have to. You... you don't have to." Sting ran his thumbs over Rogue's cheeks, over his bottom lips, kissed him gently, close mouthed.
"Rogue. I liked it. I mean I... shit, I really fucking liked it. I need to take you out on a date, buy you a fucking present or something, because... Fuck, I never would've figured it out on my own."

"Did you really?"

"Fuck, yes. Really."

"I don't need a present. Having you is enough." Sting thought about his thoughts earlier, smiling.

"What if it's a collar?" Rogue's eyes went wide and he let out a harsh breath.

"I love you, Sting."

"I love you too, Rogue. Let's go clean up, and make each other food."

Rogue nodded, and they both got up to head towards the shower. Sting did not remember ever feeling such bliss. Later on they would have to face Yukino, talk to the guild, check on their Exceeds. Try to figure out just who it was who busted in the guild the night before, threatened his mate, made him lose it and hurt their friends. Rogue needed to apologize, try to explain, but that would all come later. Right now there was only his Master's hands washing him clean, rinsing the filth away from his body as well as his soul. Sting fixed him, and cleaned him, and made him whole inside.

There was nothing they could not do. So long as they were together.
Rogue and Sting managed to sneak into the guild office unnoticed using the dark haired mage's shadow magic. He felt guilty creeping around that way, but Rogue wanted to talk to Lecter and Frosch before anyone else. They would surely be worried, and they were the most important thing there was to Rogue besides his mate. Sting walked out to go find them and Yukino, as well as Orga and Rufus if they were around somewhere. The shadow mage felt like there was a bird fluttering in his guts when he thought of what they were about to do, what they were about to tell their guild mates. Sting seemed excited, taking off to find their friends eagerly to bring them back in the office, and Rogue felt guilty that instead of excitement, he felt fear. Would they think any less of them? He thought not, but he couldn't be sure. Rogue knew Yukino would accept them without fail. The three had been together in Sabertooth as children, grown up here with one another, and there was nothing they could do or say or feel that would make Yukino reject them. He was also pretty sure that Rufus was... like-minded, so to speak. But Orga, he was not so confident about, as well as Minerva and Dobengal when they returned. How would their Lady react when she found out the twin dragons were together, were mates? There was nothing in life that Minerva did not have an opinion on, and this would be no different. Rogue loved Sting no matter what anyone thought, but when he imagined looks of disgust coming from their closest friends, his chest felt achy inside. When the office door flew open, Rogue held his breath.

"ROGUE! We were worried about you! I thought you were sick!"

"Fro thought so too!" The little Exceeds shot into his arms, and he hugged them close with a sigh. He felt his eyes start to sting, blinking back tears, refusing to cry. If the white dragon had not found him in time, Lecter and Frosch would never have seen him again, and Sting would have had to look into their faces and tell them he was dead. Rogue had never done anything so selfish in his entire life as what he had planned to do the night before, and the reality of it settled over him like a fog, thick and hard to breathe through. The shadow mage would've left Sting and their Exceeds alone, going through the rest of life without him, a piece of who they were forever missing. Rogue could not imagine how he would go on without Sting, and with his mark on his hand and the bites on his neck, he knew it would be the same for the blonde mage. Rogue stroked the two cats, reassuring them that everything was okay, he was fine, they would take care of the mages that had come to threaten everyone. Sting stood nearby, scratching them behind the ears, watching Rogue with a painfully fond expression. When they finally ran out of questions, Sting told them they should go eat some lunch while the guild master talked to Yukino, Rufus, and Orga. They took off without complaint, the lure of fish stronger than their curiosity. As they ran from the office, the three mages he had attacked yesterday filed in, and Rogue wanted to scream. They looked so damn worried about him, not a trace of anger anywhere to be seen on their faces, and it made the shadow mage feel like dirt. He dropped to his knees in front of them, bowing forward and keeping his eyes on the ground.

"I am so sorry. What I did was unforgivable. I was not myself, but that is no excuse." A hand was grabbing his arm, pulling him up, and when he looked up he saw it was Yukino. Her arms went tight around him, and before he knew what was happening so did Rufus's and Orga's, the three of them crushing him between them.

"It's okay, Rogue. What did those mages do to you? Was it a spell, or something?" Rogue shook his head.

"They threatened Sabertooth, threatened Sting, and... I lost control of my shadows. They took over." Fierce hands were prying Rogue away from the trio of mages, and they released him, watching Sting pull him back against him. There were too many hands on his mate, and even if they were his friends...
he did not like it. Rogue had gone to his knees in front of them, and a dark voice inside his head was
telling Sting that his mate could do that only for his Master. *What the fuck, Sting?* The white dragon
had a venomous look on his face as he pushed Rogue behind him, before he blinked a few times and
realized what he had done. Yukino just smiled, voice full of amusement when she spoke.

"Are you okay there, Sting?" He shook himself, pulling off his right glove and throwing his other
arm around his mate.

"I'm better than okay. There's something we need to tell you guys. Rogue and me, we're mates." Rufus did not even blink, smirking like he had been waiting for this for awhile. Orga looked a little
confused, brows drawing together in puzzlement.

"Mates?" Sting held out his palm, and his blushing mate did the same, eyes eating up the floor.

"It's a Dragonslayer thing. Dragons mate for life, only one mate. Rogue is mine." The last part came
out a little more possessively than he'd intended. Sting did not really see anyone here as a threat to his
shadow mage, but instincts were instincts, and his wanted to lay claim. Yukino blushed as bright as
Rogue, and Sting knew she was remembered the scene she had witnessed the night before. Orga
spoke, loud and congratulatory.

"Man, that's great. It's a good thing, right? Not something you guys had forced on you? I mean, it's
pretty obvious that you love each other." Rogue looked up, wanting to crawl into a hole, but he
spoke without thinking.

"It was obvious?" Rufus laughed, throwing his head back.

"Yes, Rogue. It was painfully obvious. I didn't think you two were ever going to get your heads out
of your asses."

"It certainly took you long enough, guys." Their celestial wizards voice was soft but serious. Sting
ruffled his hand through his own hair, looking sheepish.

"Well, it's in the past now. We're going to wait until Minerva and Dobengal get back to tell the rest
of the guild. If everyone knows before our Lady she will skin us alive. It'll be bad enough that you
three know." Everyone laughed at that, knowing all too well how right he was. They could almost
hear her angry voice even now.

"What about Frosh and Lecter? They're gonna know things are different. I doubt you two will be
able to keep it to yourselves."

"We're going to tell them, but it'll be in private. They're like our kids. But ah, they might be having a
few more sleepovers at Yukino's house than usual, right Rogue?" Rogue punched the guild master
hard enough to send him staggering to the side, and he stumbled before regaining his footing.

"I love having them, it's no trouble. I'll tell them that Rogue is still a little sick, give you guys a few
days." The white haired mage had seen them the night before. They needed some time, she thought
with a grin. "Ah, I overheard what that wizard said yesterday, about being exiled from Sabertooth.
Jiemma kept records of the members here just like we do, but there is no trace of anyone named
Fukushu, or any mention of exiling mages at all. I asked the older wizards, who were here before us,
and no one remembers anyone like that."

Rogue recounted what they had said, and after mulling it over they still had no more answers than
they did to start with. Minerva was supposed to be back in the next day or so with Dobengal, and for
that they were grateful. They would instruct the mages who were not out working not to take any
jobs right now, apprise them of the situation so Sabertooth would be at full force. After discussing plans and strategy until they were all exhausted, they finally filed out of the office and into the guild hall. Rogue took in the damage he had done with a grimace. He had torn up his guild, assaulted his friends, tried to take his own life. Without his mate he had been a wreck of a human being. Sting came up behind him, laying a hand on his shoulder and squeezing tight.

"It's okay. You know it won't happen anymore. You can feel it inside right? That we're.... whole. Fixed. Balanced." Rogue nodded. He did feel it, an internal calm that he'd never had in his entire life. He had thought the turmoil inside him was just part of being a shadow mage, trying to reign in darkness and bend it to his will. Now he realized it was because he needed his mate beside him.

"Let's go home, Sting. I'm still fucking exhausted." Sting smiled, and had to fight the urge to take Rogue's mouth in the middle of the guild hall. Minerva needed to get back soon. He would not be able to keep them a secret from the rest of the guild for long.

"I need to go grab something real quick. Go ahead and head home, and I'll be there in a sec, okay?" The shadow mage's brow furrowed.

"Grab what? I'll go with you." Sting shook his head, blushing slightly and looking shy. Shit, he's up to something. "You're a shady bastard, you know that?" The guild master laughed.

"Damn it, just go home. I'll be right there. Don't go to sleep yet." Rogue grumbled his way out the door.

The shadow mage sat on their couch and was growing fairly impatient when Sting finally came through the door, almost an hour later. He had two bags, one fairly small and the other one huge. He was smiling wide, but he looked embarrassed, and Rogue was not entirely sure he wanted to know what was in the bags. The white dragon dropped the small sack on a table nearby and brought the other one to Rogue, holding it out to him like an offering.

"Do I want to touch that?" Sting blushed, eyes on the ground, and shook the bag at him.

"Take it. I saw this awhile back and I wanted to give it to you, but I didn't know how to, what you would say. I was afraid to frighten you off. Didn't want to do anything to make you kick me out of bed or something. Freak you out." Sting was rambling, and he knew it, so he shut up. Rogue was still looking at him suspiciously when he took the bag, reaching into it like he thought it was full of snakes. When he pulled out what was inside, his breath caught. It was a shadow lamp, a light lacrima inside a cylinder of fabric that spun in slow circles when you turned it on. There were cut-outs of dragons along the sides, so that when it was activated dragons of light would dance along the walls around them. Rogue could not find words to speak, but Sting broke the silence, though he did not lift his eyes. "It made me think of us. You can't have light without shadow, or shadow without light. Where you find one, you find both. They're inseparable. One can't exist without the other. Just like me and you." The shadow mage stayed silent, hands tracing over the shapes of the dragons. "Fuck, Rogue, say something. Is it stupid? Am I stupid?"

Rogue gently set the lamp down on the table next to them and threw his arms around Sting, clinging to him like a man drowning.

"It's not stupid. It's perfect. Thank you." The shadow mage felt tension drain out of his mate's body at his words. "It is stupidly romantic though. I didn't think you had it in you, Sting."
"Shut up. I can't help it. I-I love you so much Rogue. I feel like I'll break." Rogue nodded. He knew exactly what he meant.

"So much it hurts, right? I didn't think anything could feel this way."

It was a long time before Sting pulled back, and when he did he pressed his lips to Rogue's, feather light, teasing. The shadow mage licked at Sting's mouth, and when the white dragon did not deepen the kiss he fisted his hands in those blonde locks and crushed their faces together. The guild master pushed Rogue back away from him, easing his fingers under the shadow mage's shirt and tugging it off over his head. Sting had to have his mate again, had to touch him, had to taste him. There was no other choice. He followed suit with his own before leaning back in, and when he took Rogue's mouth this time he did not tease. There hands were all over each other, seeking out flesh, moving against hot needy skin as their mouths slanted together. Rogue moaned into Sting's mouth and the guild master swallowed it hungrily, hands fumbling with Rogue's pants. His clothes could not be off fast enough. If Sting could just keep him naked in his bed for the rest of their lives, it would be wonderful beyond words. The white dragon trailed his mouth down to his mate's neck, licking at the skin there, needy and wanting. He felt the dark haired wizard's nails digging into his back, and it felt delicious. When he finally had the buttons undone, he shoved Rogue's pants off impatiently and went to his knees in front of the couch.

"Sting, you- nnnnnnn...." Even Rogue did not know what he had been planning to say as the guild master licked up the length of his shaft, laving at the tip, holding the base in his fist to steady it.

"God, you taste even better than I thought you would."

"Sh-shut up."

"You're right. I have better things to do with my mouth right now."

Sting swallowed his mate's cock down into his throat, and Rogue fisted one of his hands in the guild master's hair with a groan. The other sought out Sting's face, heel of palm against his cheek as his thumb rubbed over the bridge of his nose, fingers wrapped around his jaw. He held it there as Sting bobbed up and down on his length, feeling the motion around his cock and in his hand, all that he was trembling under his mate. There was Sting, and him, and nothing else. The white dragon took his free hand and palmed Rogue's sack, squeezing and rubbing, causing the dark haired mage to writhe and rock down into his touch. Sting fumbled blindly next to him for the other bag he had brought, dumping it onto the floor and snatching up the bottle inside before it rolled away. There were a few moments of awkwardness, Rogue's dick held in his mouth as he struggled with the seal on the cap before he opened it, pouring silky clear fluid over his fingers. His mate glanced down, saw what Sting was occupied with a groaned out loud, his whole body quivering with anticipation. Then strong hands were spreading his thighs wide before he felt himself invaded, digits delving inside him, deep and slick and perfect.

"Nnnggg... fuck..."

Sting shoved Rogue's arousal deep into his mouth, tongue swirling around it inside as he curled his fingers inside. When he found what he sought, the shadow mage's leg shot up, feet scrambling for purchase on the couch so he could impale himself deeper on those sweet hands. The room was spinning, somehow, even though Rogue's eyes were closed. When he felt Sting's teeth scrape sharp against the flesh of his shaft, he came without warning, listened to the guild master gag on his come, sputtering as he struggled to swallow it down. He pulled back with a cough, wiping at his face, and Rogue could not manage to feel guilty. He apologized anyway.

"S-sorry. Didn't kn-know it was gonna happen."
Sting did not answer, but the shadow mage felt the guild master's hands on him, turning him around to face the couch and kneeling his thighs open roughly. Their positions were less than ideal, but when he felt Sting easing his length inside, none of that mattered. It seemed to take ages, and when he was finally buried inside his mate, he moaned out loud.

"Shit, Rogue. I never want to do anything but this." Rogue nodded, reaching around to pull his mate flush against his back. The white dragon put his arms around the shadow mage, one hugging his stomach tight, the other wrapping around his neck to cling to Rogue's chest as he started to move. It was not hard and fast like last time. Sting went agonizingly slowly, pulling out inch by inch leaving only his tip inside. He lingered that way for a moment before sliding back in, easy, slow, tortuous. It went on forever, both of them sweating and panting, not with exertion but with need. On and on until Rogue realized he was hard again, cock throbbing and leaking. When Sting reached around and took him in hand, stroking tight as he increased his pace, he knew that's what his mate had been waiting for. Wanting to wring more seed from Rogue as he took him. Sting's mouth began to slide back and forth along the shadow mage's neck, tongue licking, teeth nipping, mouth sucking bruise after bruise up on his pale flesh. Rogue was mindless with desire, hips thrusting back to meet Sting's, forcing him deeper inside. He whimpered as the white dragon's thumb traced over his leaking crown, the guild master's other hand finding his nipple and pinching it hard.

"Haaaahhh...."

Sting began to pound harder into his mate, hips vicious and unmerciful. Rogue threw his head back, felt Sting's cheek against his, and the blonde released his nipple to turn the shadow mage's face into his and savage his mouth. Everything started to go hazy, muscled tensing up, breath ragged against each others lips. The earth spun, not around the sun but around the dragons as they melted together. Moisture leaked between their mouths, and when Sting's hand tightened almost painfully around Rogue's cock he felt heat shoot up his length. Fuck. His head slammed backwards, mouth falling open around a gasp.

"S-sting!"

Sting moved his other hand down, catching Rogue's essence in his palm as the shadow mage jerked and twitched out the last of his climax. When Rogue stilled Sting gripped his hips tight, fluid slick on his skin as he ravaged him. The dark haired wizard was still panting as he buried his face in the side of Sting's neck.

"I love you, Sting." Those words murmured into his skin were all it took, and Sting was growling, body on fire, filling his mate up with hot jets of come. He started listing to the side as his orgasm faded, and tugged Rogue off the couch and on top of him on the floor. The shadow mage pulled himself off, turning to face Sting with a confused look. Why had he just dragged them both into the fucking floor?

"Fro... and Lecter, they sit there. We c-can't get it dirty."

Rogue realized they were filthy with each other's seed and nodded. There was nothing on earth that could make that couch feel clean enough for the Exceeds if they got semen all over it. Neither wanted to move, but the dragon instincts rose in them, sharp and undeniable. They got up without a word and went to the shower, each cleaning the other with gentle hands. Sting picked up the bottle of lube and put it in the drawer by their bed, setting the dragon lamp on the bedside table. The bed felt criminally good when the twin dragons crawled into it and wrapped themselves in each others arms.

The room was dark and cool, and the dragons were hot against each other. They were soon lost in sleep, and if they stayed that way forever, it was fine. They were together.
Our Lady

Sabertooth's main room was dark and empty, all the members having gone home or to the dorms long ago. On weekends there would be someone manning the bar, but it was a weeknight and with all that had been going on lately no one was too eager to stay up late when it would be deserted anyway. So when Fukushu used magic to unlock the doors and walk into the guild he once knew so well, there were no eyes on him. Just an empty room, a bitter taste in his mouth, and memories made of fire and acid. The town where his mother had birthed him was hundreds of miles away, but Fukushu had not truly been born until these walls had risen up around him. From dust and nothingness, they had pulled this guild from the ether and made it strong. They had shunned the morals and empathy that made other guilds weak, and with hearts of stone, they flourished with lesser mages under their fists. And then Jiemma had lost his mind. These mages of Sabertooth thought that their previous guild master was a monster, but they didn't know what the word really meant. Jiemma may have been a tyrant, but it was he who decided to take Sabertooth from a dark guild and make it legitimate. Fukushu and the others had railed against him, fought him tooth and nail. All they knew was violence and darkness, and they did not want to know anything else. It was far easier to be a blade in the night than a shield in light of day. Jiemma listened to their complaints for a long time before he finally grew weary of it, and he gave no warning before he acted.

Fukushu and his two team mates had entered the guild one day only to feel magic setting upon them, and all they wanted to do was run. They did not know why, or where, or how, but they had to get away. Away from Sabertooth, and all its members. Jiemma told them that since they had helped him found the guild, he would not revoke their guild marks. But even the magic itself was called 'Exile', and as long as the guild master lived, it ran through their veins like poison. Anytime a member of Sabertooth drew near, Fukushu and his kindred knew, and for the last two decades they often woke in the night, driven to flee as fast as their feet would carry them. At first it did not happen often, but then as the guild grew larger and stronger, they were forced away from Crocus, and into the empty, desolate corners of Fiore. Tomoe, one of the mages Exiled along with him, researched the spell, learned how to work it, but could not erase it from them even once he had mastered the magic. Only with the death of the caster could it be reversed, and they could not get close enough to Jiemma. Fukushu longed to embrace him, look upon his face, gaze into his eyes.... and watch them close forever.

When Jiemma had finally gone from this world, the trio had felt it in their blood, in their bones. A weight lifted off of them, chains you had forgotten were so heavy shucked aside at last. At first, they were simply glad to be free to come and go as they pleased, not forced to move about at the whims of fickle magic. As time went on, their anger at the former guild master grew, as well as their curiosity about Sabertooth. Was anyone there who still knew them? Then they found out that the guild master was some young Dragonslayer, a child seated on Jiemma's throne, corrupting with light all they had forged from darkness, and Fukushu could not be silent. They made their way back to Crocus for the first time in over twenty years, and when they laid eyes on Sting, it was more than they could bear. Their work was done for them, or so they had thought, but evidently Rogue was stronger than they had anticipated because the guild still stood, not torn apart by shadows and blood.

Black nostalgia crept into the mage, whose magic was made not for battle but for stealth, and once the memories ebbed back from his mind he began to lay the spells down. There was no throne here anymore, but if there had been the first trap would have been laid in its seat. It would take some time before they activated, but once they did....
Revenge would be sweet, and fast, and watching these weak little mages break apart at the seams would be worth all those years of suffering.

He could not wait.

A few days had passed since the incident in the guild with the unknown mages, and Minerva had still not returned with Dobengal. Sting had gone back to the guild every day to play guild master. It felt like he was pretending, a child sitting at his father's desk looking at a newspaper when they couldn't even read, though Jiemia had been no father to him. Feeling like a fraud, Sting was looking over job requests to verify their legitimacy, going through reports that his mages had made after returning from missions, looking at requisition forms for various supplies they needed, verifying payments. Bills and taxes and permits. Letters of apology when the Sabertooth wizards got a little carried away in their work. Requests for reimbursement for property damage when they pulled a Fairy Tail and destroyed something of value. Like buildings. Or towns. Shit. The reward for one of Orga's jobs wasn't even enough to cover the repair costs of the tavern he had demolished, and the rest would have to come out of the guild's funds. So Sting would have to pay, and then tell Orga that he'd ended up doing that particular mission for free. Double shit. Rogue was on a job right now, a local mission that wouldn't take more than a few more hours to take care of if he played his cards right. It was the first job he had taken since their mating, and Sting was twitchy at his desk without the shadow mage around. Rogue said he needed to bring in some cash, but the mages needed to be nearby in case things went south at the hall. Even if that were not the case, Sting was not entirely sure he would be capable of letting the shadow mage go on a mission without him. Especially if it was very far away, or dangerous, or would take a significant amount of time or- Fuck. The white dragon was barely able to let him walk out of Sabertooth this morning to head a dozen blocks away on a mission to spy on someone's nanny to see if she was mistreating their child when they weren't around. They did not even have any suspicions that she was, but this client liked to have him check it out any time they changed employees. Rogue was literally just covering himself in shadows and watching a woman babysit a five year old, and Sting was ready to run screaming down the street and drag him back to the guild. I am an idiot.

The day dragged on endlessly without the shadow mage around, minutes ticking by like hours as he drowned in forms and files. Rogue had not spent the day with him in the guild office like he used to, not since they had been mated, and Sting felt like he was being robbed somehow. For months now, the guild master had been following Rogue around the room with his eyes, thoughts not on the work in front of him but the mage in front of him. Fighting the urge to strip him naked and just take him, sweep all the papers to the ground in a frenzy and pound him into the wood. Day after day, week after week, the white dragon had sat at his stupid fucking desk, rearranging his cock in his pants and hoping that the shadow dragon didn't notice. It was wishful thinking on Sting's part, he knew better. Rogue could scent his arousal just as clearly as Sting could, but they both had studiously ignored it. Like idiots. Now, Rogue was Sting's, and instead of being able to snatch that cloak of his and pull him down into a kiss between his letters to the Magic Council, his mate was off on a job and he was here alone. The Dragonslayer was sinking into a foul mood, looking at the clock and willing it to go faster. He could leave any time he wanted of course, he was the damn guild master, but he was determined to do his duty. Usually he did not mind staying late, especially when he was as behind on his work as he was at the moment. When that clock struck five today, however, he would be out of here so fast he would make everyone's head spin. Sting buried his face in his hands and growled, throwing a pen across the room in frustration as he lifted his head.
"I just get back and you're throwing things at me. That's not very nice, you ass." Sting's eyes shot up, and it was a testament to how distracted he had been that the Dragonslayer had neither heard nor smelled Minerva and Dobengal when they'd entered the office. It hadn't been all that long since they'd been gone, though much had happened, so he did not jump to his feet and hug her like he wanted to. Minerva was not really a hugger, after all. But he could not help the wide smile that crept over his face, despite the trouble they were having. Three strange mages threatening the guild, Dragonslayers going crazy and bashing members into walls, and all Sting could think was, 'Rogue is my mate! See! Look!' He felt like a little kid, and he tried to reign in his obvious glee in front of the two, but it was useless.

"Glad you're back, Minerva. Dobengal. Ah, shut the door." They looked at him skeptically as they obeyed, wary of that joyous expression on his face. Dobengal was silent, as always, but Minerva put her hands on her hips and gave Sting that look of hers that said she thought you were an idiot.

"What the hell happened? The guild is trashed all to hell and you look too pleased with yourself."

"Ah, a lot happened actually. Rogue is the one who fucked up the guild, but it wasn't on purpose."

"You're going to have to elaborate on that, Guild Master. What did that dumbass do?" Sting started at the beginning, recounting the whole story about the mages and the shadow dragon until he got to the part where he found Rogue. Minerva was asking questions here and there, some that he could answer and others that he couldn't. She looked thoroughly pissed by the time he was through, those eyes ready to set something on fire from sheer ferocity.

"That doesn't explain why you're grinning like a moron. The guild's all messed up, some mages from Jiemma's time are threatening us, and you look like you're going to die of happiness." Sting felt himself blush, and he was glad Rogue was not here to see it. The shadow mage would be ten shades darker, but he would still find a way to make fun of the white dragon for it.

"Something else happened too. Rogue is my mate." Minerva's brow furrowed, arms moving from her hips to cross in front of her chest.

"Your mate?" The blonde smiled impossibly wider, nodding vigorously up and down as he pulled off his right glove to show off the black mating mark there.

"Dragonslayers have mates. Or, one mate, anyway. And Rogue is mine. We're mated." His face was about to split open, eyes dancing with delight as the territory mage's face softened, and she actually broke into a smile. It was small, and subdued, but it was there. *Fuck it.* Sting jumped up and ran over to her, pulling her into a hug in his fresh excitement.

"You're both so dumb that it took this long, but I'm happy for you two. Where is he?" Sting released her, shaking the hand that Dobengal offered in congratulations. That was more interaction than he'd had with the guy in weeks, other than a nod here and there. It was probably the only reason he could work with Minerva for extended periods of time. He never spoke.

"He's on a job. Locally, of course. He should be back in a couple hours."

"I'm surprised you let him go. This only happened a couple of days ago, right?"

"I had to. I don't want to be that guy, you know? All clingy and overbearing and irritating. Plus we need cash like everyone else, and there's only so many local jobs. With all our guys staying in town, it's a little tricky." Sting sighed. After the Tartaros incident, the twin dragons were much closer with
Minerva than they had been previously, and the words came out without thought. "It's taking everything in me not to run down there where he is, throw him over my shoulder and carry him home against his will." She smiled at him, smacking him on the shoulder as she added some papers pertaining to her complete mission to his stack. He groaned. "Come on, Minerva. Shit, it never ends." Minerva laughed.

"Just get out of here. It's almost five anyway. Go home and wait for your grouchy mate."

"He's not grouchy. He's just serious. You guys don't know him like I do."

"Go home. Everyone up here is tense with you in here seething. Make that sour faced bastard come to work with you tomorrow so everyone isn't totally miserable."

"Ugh. I'm not gonna argue today. I'm ready to gouge my eyes out right now. I didn't tell the rest of the guild about me and Rogue, I figured you'd flay us if you were the last to hear, but I don't care if they know now. We'll probably tell them tomorrow, I guess. Yukino and Rufus know. Orga too. Anyway, I'm out. I'm glad you're back, you two. We're gonna need you here if things get heavy."

Sting headed out of the guild, but he knew his mate was not home yet, and the thought of waiting inside their house for him made him want to scratch his skin off. He really needed to work on his patience, but then inspiration struck him, and his feet were carrying him down the street to the shopping district. Now he was hurrying, eager to be waiting on the shadow mage when he got home. He would have a surprise for him.

Rogue sighed as he left Sabertooth after filling out his job report and greeting to the few mages who were around along with Frosch and Lecter, who were still with Yukino. Sting had left for the day, which was a little surprising, but the shadow mage was glad he would be at home waiting for him. The day had taken forever, parents getting home late from work despite knowing that Rogue was doing his job that day. He was restless after being still and quiet for so long, and it would be nice to see Sting again after almost the whole day apart. They had not spent more than a few minutes away from each other since they had been mated, and the hours away from the white dragon had been excruciating. Rogue opened the door to their place with a sigh, closing it behind him as he hung up his cloak by the door. When he turned around he jumped, surprised to see Sting standing a few feet in front of him with a devious expression lighting his eyes.

"Shit, you scared me." Rogue took in the white dragon, throat going tight, heartbeat pounding in his ears at the sight. Sting was shirtless, barefoot, arms crossed over his chest. He was smiling, the grin of of a predator. A dragon's smile. In one hand he held a red leather collar, lined with black fur, metal tag dangling from a silver ring on the buckle. Rogue's sharp eyes could pick out words on the shiny black dog tag. 'Little Pet.' In his other hand, there was a piece of black and red silk, and it took a few moments before his lust addled brain made the connection. Blindfold. It was a blindfold. A box sat on the floor nearby, and Rogue did not know what was in it, but God, he wanted to find out.

"You're late, little pet." Rogue was nodding, dropping down to his knees in front of his master, hands flat on his thighs. The dragon in him had him tilting his head, exposing his throat in submission to his mate.

"Yes. I'm late." Sting smiled wider, teeth sharp and itching to bury themselves in Rogue's flesh, eyes on fire as they sought out every inch of his shadow dragon.
"Master needs to punish you." The dark haired wizard felt his cock jerk in anticipation, breathing ragged, chest heaving.

"Yes. Please, Master."
"Yes. Please, Master."

Rogue was on his knees before Sting, and it felt like the place he belonged most in the entire world, looking up into those ice blue eyes and putting himself at their mercy. His Master took both the items he was holding in one of his hands, grasping at Rogue's cheek roughly with the other to hold his gaze. It wasn't necessary, those slitted red eyes were locked on him, wide and unblinking.

"What do you say if Master is too rough?" No such thing. The shadow dragon bit back the words, knowing that Sting would not continue unless he answered his question in the right way.

" 'Dragon.'"

"Good pet. Now, stay." Sting smirked, shoving his face back and walking over to the couch, leaning back into it with his legs spread wide in front of him, one arm tossed across the back. He looked at Rogue with a calculating expression, so much different from the face full of adoration that usually gazed at the dark haired mage, and it set him alight inside. Taking in Sting's form, oozing confidence and control, Rogue did not wonder anymore if his mate enjoyed this. "Take off your shirt." His hands were already trembling in anticipation, grabbing the hem of his top and pulling it over his head without hesitation. A blush crept over his cheeks at the simple act, made so much more intimate from his position on the floor, bent to his Master's will. "Come over here." He moved to get up, only to have Sting make a sound of disapproval through his teeth. "Crawl. On your knees." There was nothing overtly sexual about the order, and yet Rogue shook inside from it. Yes, tell me what to do, anything. Everything. Rogue crawled on his hands and knees across the floor, feeling exposed as he did so, the very air in the room running over him in a caress. When he got close enough to the white dragon, Sting lifted up his foot, still leaning back into the couch like a king seated lazily on his throne. He pressed his toes into Rogue's shoulder, stilling him and forcing him into a kneel again before he sat forward, holding the red and black collar out in front of the shadow dragon's face. "You were such a good pet before that Master bought you a present. Do you like it?" Sting had called him a good pet, and irrational joy sang through him at the praise. Rogue nodded, but it did not feel like enough affirmation. He loved it.

"Yes, Master. It's perfect. Thank you." Something flashed through the guild master's eyes, warm and affectionate, before that sardonic grin crept back over his lips.

"Lean forward so Master can put it on you." Rogue leaned towards him, and Sting wrapped the collar around his neck with gentle hands. When he had brought it close to Rogue's face, the tag had shifted and turned, revealing letters on the other side as well. Little Pet on one side. Rogue on the other. The soft black fur brushed decadently against the shadow mage's skin as he felt his Master work the buckle, leather tightening around his throat. Sting eased his fingers under it, moving it side to side before positioning the center ring that held his dog tag at the front of Rogue's throat. "Is it too tight? Swallow. Move your head around. Do I need to loosen it?" Rogue obeyed, feeling the foreign pressure of it as he did so. He could feel it there, but it was not uncomfortable, instead making his blood run hot at the thought of being owned by Sting. His possession.

"No, Master. It's fine." The dark haired mage sat back on his heels, Sting's fingers still holding the leather tight as he ate up his mate with a hungry stare.

"Look at you, little pet. So pretty in your new collar." In any other situation, Rogue would have been furious to be called such a thing, even by his mate. Sting would have eaten a face full of shadow magic. But right now he was not a shadow dragon, or a member of Sabertooth, or anything else. He
was his Master's pet, and he felt his cheeks flush brighter. *Master says I'm pretty.* Fuck, Rogue could feel his arousal leaking already, slitted gaze the color of the sky looking into him, through him, consuming him. The guild master released the leather, standing in front of his mate and snatching up the box that was on the floor, putting it under one arm. "Stand up. Take off the rest of your clothes." The shadow mage rose to his feet, hearing the tag chiming faintly against the ring in his collar as he did so. He could smell the leather, feel the softness on his throat, hear the ringing it made when he moved. It was tangible, physical symbol of ownership, and it struck a chord deep within him. His hands were unsteady as he toed off his shoes, shucking his pants and boxers at once to stand naked in front of the white dragon. Sting licked his lips as he took in Rogue's form, head to toe and back again, before he wrapped a hand around the shadow mage's length, holding his mate's gaze as he did so. "So hard already and I hadn't even touched you. Such an eager little slut Master has."

The dark haired Dragonslayer moaned, nodding and biting his lip, fighting the urge to thrust into that warm hand holding his cock tight. Rogue couldn't hold his stare, eyes dancing away before wrenching shut. Sting released his shaft and curled his forefinger around the ring in the shadow wizard's collar before he started walking towards their bedroom, pulling his pet along behind him. Rogue trailed after him, that tugging on his neck as sensual as the hand that had held him moments ago. He would follow his Master anywhere. When they reached the room, Sting released his mate and sat the box he held down on the table by their bed.

"Lie on the bed, face down. Put your head at the bottom, close to edge." Rogue fell all over himself in his rush to comply, and if he had any clear thoughts in his head he would've been embarrassed, but there was not room for that amid all the raw need rolling through him. Sting chuckled darkly, and his veins sang with victory and domination, satisfying some primitive urge the white mage had only recently found within himself. Rogue was his, and all he had to do was say the words and his dragon would obey. Eagerly, with a heart full of affection and a body aching with desire. When he had situated himself according to Sting's demands, the guild master crouched down at the foot of the bed, eye level with his mate. He leaned forward and took Rogue's mouth, burying his hand in that dark hair as their tongues writhed together. Sting kissed him breathless, lingering between his lips for so long that Rogue lost himself in the kiss, forgetting everything else in the face of his mate, and the love that came through it as clearly as if Sting had spoken. When the white dragon pulled back, they were both panting, pupils blown wide with lust.

"I love you, little pet." Rogue smiled, unable to stop himself.

"I love you too, Master." Then Sting brought up that length of red and black silk, wrapping it around Rogue's eyes and tying it at the back of his head, careful to fasten the fabric under his hair without pulling the strands in the knot. The shadow mage's world went black, tiny bits of light shining up from the bottom of the blindfold where his nose pushed out against the silk, but not enough to really see anything.

"Is that okay?" Sting's words were hot in Rogue's ear, mouth right up against him, and he suddenly couldn't find his voice to answer. The mage just nodded, and that must have been good enough for the guild master, because he pressed a quick kiss against his mate's neck before moving away. Rogue heard him walking around, rummaging through something, sounds that were mundane but made his mind whirl, deprived of sight as he was. Not knowing where his Master was in the room, what he was doing, where he would touch him made the shadow mage tremble, hips grinding instinctively against the blankets. When he felt Sting take one of his wrists, he started slightly before extending it out to him, curious to an almost painful degree. Then he felt something soft wrapping around his wrist, the same smooth fabric that was covering his eyes, loose at first before it was tied tight. Sting took his other wrist, pulling it flush against the one that was already tied and coiling the silk around it. Once he was finished they were fastened firmly together, not tight enough to be uncomfortable but when Rogue pulled against the restraints, they were surprisingly strong. He could smell magic on the
cloth, imbued in it in some way, and he wondered exactly what it was for but he could ask later. Sting put his hand on Rogue's shoulder, trailing it down his arm to tug on the fabric that held his wrists. The shadow mage was panting now, legs shifting around to get more pressure on his shaft. The white dragon tugged on the restraint again, harder, questioning.

"Okay? Too tight?" Rogue tried to speak and it came out as a whine. He shook his head before making another attempt to pull words from his mouth.

"It's f-fine, M-master." Sting released the silk again, leaving Rogue floating in a void, absent sight and touch.

"Good. I want you to be able to fight them without hurting yourself." Another needy sound poured out of Rogue's throat, hands opening and closing uselessly in their bonds.

"P-please." He was not sure what he was asking for, exactly. Something. Anything.

"Patience." The shadow mage wanted to shake his head, no, but he fought it down. He wanted to please his Master, and if he wanted him to wait, he would wait. Rogue smelled magic, then fire, and before long his nose told him that Sting had lit a candle. The white dragon looked at his mate, collared and blindfolded, wrists bound together. Rogue was rutting against the sheets and Sting did not think he was even aware of it. He could smell the shadow mage's arousal in the air, sharp and potent, spurring him on. Part of him wanted to just lift that ass up in the air and descend on it with his mouth, spread it wide with his fingers and then ravage it without mercy. Right now, Rogue was ravenous. The sense of power that ran through him was heady, and he realized all over again how lucky he was to have this perfect creature spread out before him. Dark hair messy around the blindfold, skin coated in a sheen of sweat, cheeks flushed, lips parted, panting. His submissive little mate was getting more desperate by the second, and Sting was sure that Rogue could feel his gaze on him even without eyes to see it. He let the fat white candle burn for awhile, allowing it to build up some wax and shucking his pants and boxers before he climbed on the bed.

Rogue's breath caught as Sting straddled his hips, and he could feel his erection pressing against his cheeks as he settled atop him, knees on either side of the shadow mage's hips. The white dragon leaned down, placing soft kisses on Rogue's neck before he began to suck, chest pressed against the dark haired wizard's back as he writhed under Sting's mouth. He teased up beautiful bruises all along that pale flesh, painting his mate with his desire for all the world to see. Rogue was moaning, pushing into his kisses, fingers clutching at empty air. Sting could smell his scent grow stronger, and with great satisfaction he realized that he could probably make him come just like this if he sank those sharp Dragonslayer canines into his throat. It was too soon for that, his mate would have to wait. The white dragon pulled back, eliciting a whimper of complaint from Rogue as he did so. He ignored it, grabbing a bottle off the table and drizzling lube over the fingers of one hand before setting it back down. With his other hand he grabbed the candle, holding it with care so none of the wax spilled out yet. Sting's lube slick fingers eased down to rub at Rogue's entrance, causing him to arch his hips up into the touch.

"Does my pet want these fingers inside?" The shadow mage nodded fiercely, exhaling sharply as worked his ass against Sting's fingers, trying to coax them inside. "Say it."

"P-please, Master." More teasing touches, more light rubbing.

"Please, what?" Rogue's face went bright, but he had no shame left in the face of such strong desire.

"Please, Master. Put your fingers in me. Touch me." Sting had used some of this wax on himself before his mate had returned home, and while it was not excruciating, it still hurt. The white dragon was not exactly sure how far to push him, how much pain would be enjoyable, what would be too
much. Sting had been reading a book he'd bought at the store he got the collar and other goods from. He and his mate would have to sit down, go over what he did and did not want, but Sting was taking a gamble tonight. He had to ask him, one last time, before continuing.

"What do you say if Master is too rough?" Not a moment of hesitation in that voice, full of want and anticipation.

"'Dragon.'"

"Good pet." Sting thrust two of his fingers deep inside of Rogue, pouring drops of hot wax over that perfect, smooth back at the same time.

"Nnnnnggg!" Rogue jerked, hard, and it was only through careful maneuvering that Sting kept more wax from pouring over him as he worked his digits inside the shadow mage's tight entrance. He watched as the wax dried, and it was beautiful against the blank canvas of Rogue's skin. Next time, Sting would get a red candle, or a black one, paint a picture only he would see with his mate's pleasure. His collar, his blindfold, his restraints. His hair, his eyes. His mate was a breathtaking portrait in black and red for only his Master's eyes.

"Does it feel good?" The white dragon punctuated his words by pulling his fingers almost all the way out before driving them back inside savagely as he dripped more wax onto Rogue's flesh.

"Haaahh! Ffffuck... Y-yes, Master. S-so good." The dark haired mage was writhing, back arching with a groan. He was impaling himself deeper on his mate's touch, moisture leaking from his mouth now. Sting leaned down to lick a hot stripe up the shadow mage's spine before pouring a wide stream of hot fluid across it. "S-st... Shit, Master!" It landed across Rogue's skin, little droplets splashing across the surface as he rocked his hips, trying to get Sting's fingers in deeper and grind on the mattress at the same time. The white dragon had exhausted the wax in the candle, so he blew it out and set it aside, withdrawing his touch and backing up to settle between Rogue's thighs. He pulled his mate's hips into the air, wrapping a hand around the shadow mage's length as he buried his face against Rogue's opening, tongue circling that tight puckered star before delving inside. The dark haired mage was mewling, making wanton sounds as the guild master devoured him. Sting was achingly hard, and all those little breathy noises were driving him dangerously close to the edge. He pulled his free hand back to deliver a loud smack to Rogue's ass. The sound reverberated through the room along with his mate's loud moan, who was shoving himself back into Sting's mouth desperately. The white dragon pulled back for a moment.

"Count." Rogue's brain was not functioning, could not make sense of the word for long moments.

"Wha- uh, O-one." Smack. Sting pressed his face back into his mate, tongue snaking around, in and out, circling and teasing.

"Two." He rubbed his hands over Rogue's skin, now turning a brilliant red under his touch, soothing the ache away with warm fingers before pulling back to deliver another savage blow. "Nnnnh! Th-three!" Rogue was delirious with pleasure. Sting's mouth worked his hole, hand flying along his cock, thumbing over his crown periodically as he spanked him brutally. The silk on his face and wrists was soft, blinding him, holding him tight. Bending him to his Master's will. A slave to his desires. Willing and obedient. His collar jingled as he twisted and twitched, the sound reminding him along with everything else that he was not his own. He was Master's. "Oh, God." Smack. "Four!" His skin was heating, stinging more each time, and Rogue wanted to start begging for Sting's cock, biting his lips to keep the words in. The white dragon's mouth withdrew from him, replaced again by his fingers. Rogue could not see them, could not see anything, but it was at least three stretching him wide. He was grateful for every one. Smack. Sting released his shaft, just long enough to rain down another hit. The blow came on the opposite side this time, harder than the others, making him bark
out a growl. "Ffffive! Unnnn...." Sting's hand returned to his cock, grip gone tighter, and those seeking fingers inside him touched that bundle of nerves, making him see stars. He could feel himself drooling, thighs quivering with an impending orgasm. "Master, gonna come...." Everything stopped at once, fingers withdrawing, hand releasing his shaft, and Rogue made a noise he had never heard before, whimpering and whining, high pitched and embarrassingly breathy. Words were tumbling out of his mouth, barely coherent.

"Please, please, Master, fuck me. Touch me, please, I need you inside, please...."

Sting's hands were rough on him, flipping him over like he was weightless, touch bruising on his hips. Suddenly the blindfold was jerked off and the white dragon descended on his mouth, starving and full of want as he dominated Rogue with his kiss. The shadow mage moaned into it, looping his bound wrists around Sting's neck to pull the mage tight against him, fingers clutching at those blonde locks in desperation. The guild master rubbed his cock up and down against Rogue's entrance, pulling back from the kiss to hold that slitted red stare.

"Does my little pet want Master's cock?" Rogue nodded, shivering at those dark words, body strung so tight he felt like he would break, but Sting did not slide in yet. "You sounded so sweet asking me to fuck you, I want to hear it again. Beg for it."

"P-please, Master. Fuck me." Blue eyes glittered, full of desire and devoid of mercy.

"More." The shadow mage whimpered, rutting against his mate, rubbing his body on Sting's anywhere he could.

"Nnnggh... Please, p-put your.. haahhh.... cock in me M-Master, ahhh... I want it." A debauched moan came out of his throat then, legs wrapping around Sting's back, heels digging into his spine.

"Such a slutty little pet."

"Y-yes, I am... M-Master's slut... Please..." Sting leaned forward, pressing a chaste kiss to Rogue's cheek and smiling down at him like he was all there was in the world.

"Okay, love. Master will give you what you need." Sting drove himself viciously inside of Rogue, only to watch in rapt wonder as the shadow mage climaxed, face twisted in ecstasy, body quaking, teeth clenched tight. Seed coated his stomach, dripping down his length, hot and sticky between them. He did not go limp however, cock still standing tall, shaking and leaking. When Sting spoke, his voice was soft and soothing, full of adulation. "Oh, I made you wait too long. Poor thing, Master is sorry." He kissed Rogue's throat, mouthing his way up to the shadow mage's ear before licking the shell of it as he pulled his shaft out and slammed it in again, coaxing another inhuman noise out of his mate. "I'll make it up to you next time. I'll make you come so many times that your cock will be aching for days, and you'll beg me to stop. Then I'll take you until you come again and again. Till your shooting dry." The shadow mage shook all over, down to his bones, deep in his soul.

"Hnnnn...." Rogue could not speak, could not think, could not do anything but feel as Sting latched onto his throat and thrust into him savagely. He mumbled and moaned and growled, not sure which sounds were his and which were Sting's. It did not matter. Rogue was wretched. The white dragon was fucking him senseless, body sliding across the blankets. God, fuck, shit, please... He didn't know if he was thinking the words or saying them. Heat coiled in his belly, muscles growing tight, spine bending on itself violently. His orgasm crept up on him with such intensity, he was almost afraid to come. All that he was would shoot out through his cock until he was empty of everything inside him. Then Sting sank his teeth into Rogue's neck, and his vision went white.

"Sting!"
He screamed his mate's name as he erupted a second time, painting his chest white with his essence as he twitched and jerked. Rogue felt Sting growl around his bite, thrusts going erratic but more forceful as he filled his mate up with his own climax. He kept pistoning his hips until his length grew soft, then stilled, catching his breath alongside Rogue. They gasped and heaved for long moments before the white dragon pulled out, planting kisses along Rogue's collarbones, up his bleeding neck, over his jaw, until he reached his mouth. He lay claim to that soft, wet heat for slow minutes, biting gently at the shadow mage's lips, sucking them into his mouth, running his tongue along those white teeth. Sting finally pulled back, smoothing dark locks out of Rogue's sweaty face, thumbs rubbing circles on his cheekbones.

"Was that okay? I didn't hurt you? More than you want, that is." Rogue wanted to answer his mate, he really did, but when he opened his mouth all that came out was a pant. He nodded his head, swallowed, took a breath.

"I-it... fine. Better than fine. Just... I.. I love you, Sting."

Sting pressed a fast kiss to Rogue's lips in answer before he untied his wrists, tossing the fabric to the floor. He reached around to unfasten the leather collar, setting it on the table as he stood up and scooped the shadow mage up in his arms. Rogue did not ask what he was doing, or protest, or make any move to get out of his arms. Whatever Sting wanted to do, wherever he wanted to take him, it was fine. The white dragon carried his mate into the bathroom, where he had run a steaming bath earlier. The water had been scalding when he filled the tub, but now it had cooled. It was still hot, but not hot enough to burn his mate or be uncomfortable, perfect for the sore muscles the shadow mage was sure to have now. Those red eyes grew soft with emotion when he saw the bath waiting for him, realized that Sting had gotten it ready so he could care for him after they had sex.

Rogue did not know what he had done to deserve such a mate, but he was not going to question it now. Sting climbed over the side of the tub, lowering himself down and seating the shadow dragon in his lap as the warm water lapped at their skin. The guild master grabbed a bath sponge, gently scraping the wax off Rogue's back before he started to wash him. He was meticulous, massaging soap in between his fingers, lathering his hair with shampoo, pulling his legs up to clean his mate's feet. Sting rinsed the soap and shampoo off as best he could in the bathwater before he settled behind Rogue, fingers rubbing at the muscles in his back and shoulders. He had started dozing when the white Dragonslayer pulled the plug on the tub, turning the water on again and adjusting the temperature before switching the flow to the shower head. Sting picked his mate up again, rinsing any remaining soap and lather off Rogue before turning the water off and climbing from bathtub. The shadow dragon's eyes were closed, but he felt a thick, fluffy towel running up and down over his skin, ruffling through his hair, patting at his face. He did not notice Sting carrying him to their room, but when he felt himself deposited against the blankets and pillows he sighed in bliss. It was soft, and warm, and then Sting spooned up behind him and wrapped those strong arms around his chest, throwing his leg over Rogue's to cage him in. His voice was in the shadow mage's ear, more silky than the binds that held him earlier.

"I love you, Rogue. I don't deserve you." The dark haired wizard's words were mumbled, barely audible through his half closed lips, and by the time he finished he was sleeping.

"Yes, you do. Only you for me. Only me for you. Just us."

Just us.

As he drifted off, all Sting could smell was his mate, the scent wrapping around him like liquid, and he could drown in it happily.
Lust and Loss

Sting was smiling, looking down at Rogue with love in his face as the shadow mage panted and writhed. Dragons of light from their lamp danced over everything in the shadows of the morning. Sting had awoken to find his mate looking too delicious to ignore, and instead of showering and preparing to go to the guild he had pulled out their restraints. Before Rogue knew what was happening he was tied tight, quivering with anticipation. His hands were bound with magic scarves to the bedposts above his head, looking flimsy and weak but unbreakable so long as the person tied with them was consenting. Another piece of fabric was wound around his stomach and Rogue's legs were pressed up into it, a scarf fastening each knee to his abdomen, leaving every piece of him exposed to his Master's touch. It had been over an hour since they had started, more like two, and Rogue was wretched underneath him. Sting ran one hand up and down Rogue's bruised and bitten thighs, gently dancing over the pink skin of his ass. The white dragon had already spanked his pet thoroughly, and he could feel the heat coming off the abused flesh, could see the imprint of his touch there. Sting's fingers were buried inside his mate, thrusting in and out mercilessly, curling into Rogue's prostate with each movement. The shadow mage's voice was a breathy whine, bitten out through clenched teeth.

"I can't, Sting. N-not again." The guild master leaned down, sucking on one of Rogue's nipples between his teeth, biting and licking at it. The shadow dragon moaned loudly, arching up into the touch even as he said no, not again. After listening to the beautiful sounds his mate made for awhile, Sting pulled back with a smirk.

"Sure you can, little pet. One more time, for me." There was dried wax painting Rogue's stomach, mixed with his pet's own seed from where he had climaxed over and over. Though some of it had been swallowed down by his mate....

"No... I-I can't. N-not anymore...." Sting eased a third finger inside him, making him keen as he slammed his hips down into the white dragon's hands. The light mage had been counting, and so far he had pulled four orgasms from his mate. Sting was determined to finish the shadow mage once more before he entered him, but Rogue was mumbling incoherently now, out of his mind with bliss. Every movement he made was accompanied by the jingling sound his collar made, tag clinking into the metal ring that held it.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Rogue. Just one more, before Master fills you up." He twisted his digits inside the walls of Rogue's tight heat, making him shake and whimper. "Please, love?"

"Nnnnggg... I-I... haaaahhh, M-master...." Sting felt his eyes go soft with affection, before he dug viciously into his mate's prostate, teasing up another bruise on his chest. When it was dark and unmistakable, he licked his way up to Rogue's ear.

"'Dragon'? " Rogue had never safeworded on him, since they hadn't really had a lot of time to feel out his limits, but Sting didn't want to push him too far. The shadow mage shook his head violently, black hair flying back and forth as he gritted his teeth. "No? You sure, little pet?"

"Hnnn... I'm s-sure.... D-don't stop..."

"So one more time, baby?" The shadow mage nodded, biting at his lip entirely too hard, hips grinding down onto Sting and driving his touch deeper. "What do we say?"

"Y-yes, Master."
"Good pet." Everything inside Rogue sang in victory at the praise. Good pet. Fuck, he wanted to be Master's good pet, and he wanted it bad. The guild master had teased Rogue's nipples until he came just from that the first time, drew his second orgasm out from bites he placed on the insides of the shadow mage's thighs. Then he had straddled his mate, grinding against him and covering him in hot wax until he shot a third time. After that it was his mouth, burying Rogue's cock inside to the hilt and not relenting until he tasted that salty white fluid pouring down his throat. Sting's assault on his entrance became brutal, and when his other hand closed around Rogue's shaft his vision went white. He had not touched Rogue's cock with his hand until now, and it threw him violently over the edge.

"Mmmmpffff..... nnnnn.. M-Master!" Rogue was coming, barely any fluid shooting out of his shaft now that he was so thoroughly spent. It was not really white anymore, more clear than anything else, but when Sting pulled his hand up to his mouth to lick it clean he found it tasted just the same. He buried his lips against Rogue's, tongue sliding into the shadow mage's mouth with a groan as he freed his mate's hands from their bonds. Sting whispered his next words into their kiss, and Rogue swallowed them down eagerly.

"Such a pretty little pet. So perfect, coming so many times for Master. I knew you could do it." The white dragon bit down on Rogue's lip as he positioned his cock at his mate's entrance. After being fingered and stretched and savaged so much already, Sting's arousal slid effortlessly inside.

"A-anything for you, Master." The guild master didn't answer until he was seated fully inside his mate, shaking from the effort it took not to pound into him viciously.

"Fuck, that's what Master likes to hear. Beg for me, pet. Tell me what you want."

"Please, Master, f-fuck me. Nnnnggg.... I want your cock, please, give it to me. Please Master, p-please please let me have it...." Sting pulled back a couple of inches before slamming back inside.

"My little pet can beg so well now. Just a little more."

"Oh, fuck, please fuck my ass, Master, I-I need it, I- hnnnnng... p-please don't stop...." Rogue was mewing and whining, thighs shaking, sweat covering his body and making it shine as dragons flitted over his skin.

"Okay, love. Master will give it to you." Sting began ravaging his mate, hips slamming violently into Rogue without mercy. Each movement was punctuated by the white dragon's broken sounds, grunting and growling as he shook the bed with his thrusts. "Master will fuck you so good, pet. Nnnnggh, fuck, Rogue... I l-love you..."

"I love you too, Sting..."

Sting buried his tongue in Rogue's mouth, moisture leaking from the seal of their lips to drip down his chin. Their teeth clacked together under the wild motion of Sting's hips, but neither one seemed to notice. The white dragon had been on edge for awhile, cock aching for release as he watched his pet finish again and again. When he felt Rogue's hands fist in his hair, a whine pouring out of those perfect lips, Sting was done for. His body tensed, eyes wrenching shut as he filled his mate up with seed. It was a long time before he could hear, or see, or move, robbed of his senses by the strength of his climax. After the last shivers of orgasm faded he collapsed on top of his mate, untying his legs with lust drunk fingers as he lay on Rogue's chest. Rogue slid his waist back, letting Sting's shaft fall from its place within him. Overstimulated was an understatement, and he needed to just breathe for a minute. He played absently with Sting's hair, running his hands through the blonde locks with a dazed smile on his face.

"Good morning, Sting." The white dragon laughed, hugging his mate tightly but not lifting his head.
"Good morning, Rogue. Did you sleep well?"

Then they were both laughing, shaking with it as the light grew brighter through their windows.

It was a couple of hours before the pair had cleaned up, eaten, and gotten themselves together enough to head to the guild. Even though it was almost ten, Sting couldn't really regret being late to his duties. All he had to do was picture Rogue beneath him, trembling and moaning out an orgasm, and all the guilt just faded away into nothingness. No one in Sabertooth was really surprised when the two walked in, hair still wet from their shower and fresh bite wounds decorating their throats.

They were surprised when blue magic lit the air, seals on the floor flashing and spinning. Dozens of circles of energy lifted off the guild surfaces, the floor, the walls, the bar top, twirling around and growing brighter as they watched.

"What the fuck is this?" Minerva's voice sounded out as she exited the guild office. All the other members just stared in horror, clutching at their chests.

"What the hell?" Yukino was there, along with Lecter and Frosch, leaning over and clawing at their clothes. As the twin dragons glanced around, they realized that almost every member of the guild was there, all of them falling to their knees as the magic swept over the room. Only Sting and Rogue remained standing, energy brushing over them like a wave but not touching them. They were running over to their Exceeds, pulling them into their arms, trying to figure out what was happening to everyone. Then a word ran through their minds, flowing through the very air around them with a sigh.

Exile.

Everyone in the guild was screaming, running for the door like their lives depended on it. Lecter and Frosch clawed at the twin dragons until they were released, fleeing the guild alongside the others. They were stumbling over each other, fighting to get outside with everything they were. It was only a matter of moments before the guild was empty, leaving Sting and Rogue standing together, looking at each other in confusion.

"Fukushu."

The dark mage had put some magic down, set a spell that had only been activated when nearly the entire guild had been present. Now their friends were gone, running away from Sabertooth and their allies as fast as their feet would carry them. Alone and unprotected. Would the dark mage go after them one by one, or come here to claim a guild that he expected to be empty?

"Why not us? Why only them?" Rogue didn't mean to speak out loud, didn't realize he had until he heard his own words.

"The mating. 'A mate heals all wounds.' Must work on some magic, too."

"Should we go after them?" Sting was shaking his head, fists clenched in anger.

"I think they'll come here, those wizards. They won't know we're not affected. If we wait, they'll
come to us."

"What about everyone else?"

"I don't like it either, but we can't split up and go after them one at a time. Even if we did, we'd lose the trail on the others. They're strong, and they're not stupid. If they have the chance, they'll get somewhere safe. One of our allied guilds, or the magic council, or something. I have a feeling that magic isn't going anywhere until we defeat the caster."

*Defeat the caster.* Rogue liked the sound of that.

The twin dragons went back into the guild hall, sitting at the bar as though all was right with the world. Their enemies thought they had won already, but they would show them otherwise.

They would learn it was not so easy to defeat dragons.
The twin dragons did not have to wait long before they scented unfamiliar wizards headed towards the guild, and Rogue recognized the smells, Fukushu and his two cloaked mages. Sting and Rogue stood up, crossing to the center of the guild hall. Their magic rolled around them instinctively, darkness and light. Together. Inseparable.

"Do you want me to cloak us in shadow?" Sting was crossing his arms, shaking his head.

"No. I want these fuckers to see us. To know that the magic they laid out was useless, for us at least. If we're in the fight and it seems like we're having a hard time, you can use them to hide us and they won't know what's going on."

Rogue nodded, feeling his shadows rise up, bigger, thicker, eager to pour from his veins. It was the first time he'd really used his magic in a serious way since he'd wrecked the guild hall, and to do so without foreign darkness threatening to overtake him made the shadow dragon shudder inside. Just before they opened the doors to Sabertooth, Rogue took Sting's hand and squeezed it. The guild master squeezed back in answer, and then they let go, pulling their arms to their sides in readiness for battle. The doors swung open, the three mages walking into the guild as though they owned the place, only to freeze at the sight of the two Dragonslayers.

"We have some late arrivals, I suppose. Well, we can take care of that." Fukushu put his hands together as though he was praying, dark blue light roiling between his palms. Once it was glowing bright, he threw it out towards the twin dragons. "Exile!" The magic sailed through the air, impacting against Rogue and Sting, only to dissipate into the air like smoke. They couldn't help looking at one another with a smirk as the three mages' eyes went wide.

"Yeah, that's not gonna work."

Sting did not give them a chance to try anymore magic, was not sure if all their spells would fall flat as that one had. The white dragon did not think physical magic attacks would be as ineffective as the sort of spell this wizard had tried, and he was not eager to find out. He lashed out with light, shooting it into Fukushu before he knew what was happening. The large mage was slammed back into the door, air coming out of him in a rush. He staggered to his feet, blood leaking from his mouth.

"You need to remove your spell from our guild mates, and then you need to get the fuck out of here. I don't want to fight you if I don't have to. It's not too late to back down, Fukushu." Something dark glinted in the dark wizard's eyes.

"Tomoe. Yuu."

The cloaked mages joined hands, and green energy began to spin around them before it arced across the room toward Sting and Rogue. They moved in different directions in an attempt to dodge, but the spell followed after them, chasing the wizards as they evaded. It was faster than the dragons, and when it slammed into the two they were both thrown forward into the wall. Rogue tasted copper in his mouth, felt his ribs ache in protest. When Sting found his feet, he was calling out to his mate.

"We're gonna destroy the guild at this rate. Fuck this. C'mon, Rogue."

He knew what his mate was asking for, and it felt right beyond words to let his shadows swell over them, enveloping them both in darkness. As they disappeared from sight the three mages began looking around, eyes narrowed suspiciously. They knew the two wizards were still there, and Sting
and Rogue were moving towards their enemies covered in magic faster than than they could be ready for the attack. Sting was after Fukushu, striking out with fists and feet instead of his light magic, which would break their cover of shadows. Rogue let his own energy swell up, swallowing the two cloaked wizards whole and tearing at their flesh, their clothes, knocking them back and forth wildly. After several moments under his onslaught they threw up a ward, a shell of green protecting them from Rogue's magic. They panted, hands still held together, and Rogue began wondering if they could even work spells on their own. As he heard Fukushu groaning and growling, Sting viciously assaulting him from the darkness, he decided to find out. Wards usually did not protect the caster from physical attacks, and this one was no different. The shadow mage reached inside and grabbed one of the mages, separating their hands with shadow and throwing him across the room.

"Yuu!" As soon as they were no longer touching, their ward evaporated into nothingness. *Useless apart.* Part of Rogue twisted at the reflection he saw of himself in these mages. But they were here to hurt his friends, to take their guild. Would've sent Sting and Rogue running away from each other, thrust apart forever by magic. He could not forgive that. The remaining mage tried to go after his ally, only to have Rogue knock him to the ground with shadow and step on his back, holding him down. Yuu was on his feet, running back to help his friend, but the shadow dragon was holding him back with a wall of dark power.

"Tomoe!" The desperation in that voice resonated inside Rogue, and even as he felt pity inside, he did not release them. Pressed his foot down harder. Pumped more magic into his barrier. Now that he had subdued these two he hazarded a glance over at Sting, who stood over Fukushu in a cloud of darkness, holding him to the floor by his throat.

"This is our guild! You're nothing but a child playing at guild master! You didn't build up this place, did not earn what you take for granted here! SABERTOOTH IS NOT YOURS!" *Playing at guild master.* Sting stared down at the bleeding wizard underneath him, and part of him knew the man was right. He had not earned his title, was not meant to lead these mages. Was not worthy. But neither was this man before him, darkness inside that was nothing like his mates. Sting felt a strange energy roiling inside him, reaching from within himself and out into these three mages, invisible ties binding them together. A word flitted through his head, and it made him ache, a snapping sensation twisting in his chest when it pushed out past his lips.

"Unmark." Their three enemies jerked in unison, and Sting watched in awe as the guild mark on Fukushu's chest vanished, leaving smooth skin underneath. He'd never removed a guild mark from someone, and even when it was his enemy, it still hurt the guild master in a place he'd never felt before. The other two mages were clawing at their shoulders, moaning, and the white dragon knew that's where their guild emblems had been. Fukushu's eyes lit with fury, teeth bared in a hiss.

"YOU! You have no right to take my mark from me! This place is *mine*! If I cannot have what is mine, then no one will, and I will take this town with me!" A magic seal appeared underneath them, covering the entirety of the floor, creeping up the walls, light reflecting on the ceiling. The twin dragons looked at it in horror, felt the power pulsing through it in waves. "This magic will destroy Sabertooth, and half of Crocus along with it. There's an orphanage in this town, is there not? I wonder if the spell will reach that far. I guess we'll find out, if you cannot decide what is more important. Leave this guild, this town, and never come back. Otherwise I will blast this place to the heavens, and all the townspeople you are sworn to defend along with it."

Sting and Rogue locked eyes, and they could feel the seal surging with magic, swelling up underneath them until it felt like they would be lifted into the air. They could smell the destruction in it, sharp and acidic, and they knew that this wizard was not toying with them. Crocus would be torn into pieces under the sway of this spell, blood on the hands of these dragons if they did not obey. The magic lit up brighter, now an audible buzzing in their ears.
"Choose fast, little dragons! After years of waiting my patience has worn thin!" The walls began to shake as the spell shuddered and started to spin.

"Sting!" The guild master's face looked lost, frozen with indecision. This was his guild, a place he was sworn to protect, look after. Now he was supposed to run? Flee in the face of a wizard he had broken under his fists? "Sting, hundreds of people will die!" The white dragon looked down at Fukushu, tightening his grip on the mage.

"Unless I kill you. If you're dead, you're magic won't work, right? I can just tear your fucking throat out, and this spell will bleed out just like you." Then the dark mage smiled, and Sting fought down a shudder at the expression.

"If I die, it will go off on its own. Did you think I would concede defeat in death? Guild Master?"

Rogue did not release the mages in his hold, just stared at his mate, pleading with eyes. He did not want innocent people to die, even if it meant they had to abandon a battle they had already won. But he would not leave his mate behind, would not go against Sting's wishes, no matter what they were. Even if they dragged Rogue straight to hell, the lives of these people pulling them down into its depths.

"Sting." It was several agonizing moments before he met the shadow mage's eyes, his own full of despair. "Please. Don't do this. It's not victory if we are all dead. We will come back, and when we do you can rip them all apart with light. We'll figure it out. Together."

With that last word, Sting was releasing his hold on Fukushu, and Rogue released the cloaked wizard from his magic, stepping off the other mage and moving towards his mate. The twin dragons reached out in unison, fingers interlocking, clinging tight. After one last look at the inside of Sabertooth, they moved towards the door.

"Flee, little dragons! Know what it is to be forced from your home! Wallow in it, as we have for years!"

They could only keep moving, and their hearts were heavy as they ran. Ran from the only place they had ever called home. Ran from their responsibilities. Ran from their guild.

But they ran together.

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Neither one of them said a word, but somehow their feet led them in the same direction, and it was not long before they were climbing wooden boards and crawling into a treehouse that smelled of blood and memories. Sting pulled Rogue into his arms, and they sat in silence, wrapped in each other. Their guild mates were out there, each of them alone, fleeing Crocus as fast as their feet would carry them. Their enemies had taken the guild hall, even after the twin dragons had defeated them. Even Lecter and Frosch were gone, unable to stay with each other under the weight of the magic. All their scents long ago lost to the winds, they might as well have been a thousand miles away.

"We need help. If we can find someone to put up a ward or a barrier that will contain that magic, we can defeat him. Even if it destroys the guild, as long as the town is okay we can rebuild. Or someone who can erase the spell altogether, maybe without Fukushu noticing." Sting remained silent, arms tightening around his mate, and Rogue knew he was blaming himself for this. "There was nothing you could have done, Sting. We just need to pull ourselves together, figure this out." The white dragon nodded into Rogue's shoulder.
"I don't know anyone who erases magic. Or puts up barriers." Sting was giving up already, not even realizing how wrong he was.

"Yes we do. A strong one, at that. One who almost helped destroy and entire town." The guild master looked confused, leaning back to gaze warily at his mate.

"I don't think we really want his help, if he was going to destroy a whole town."

"Well, everyone in Fairy Tail has destroyed a town or two, we can't hold it against them. But I think Freed would help us out."

A slow smile crept over Sting's face, and then they were climbing down from the treehouse, feet flying over the ground as they headed towards the train station. They might be sick, but if they could save their guild, it would be worth it.

Now they just had to get to Magnolia. Those mages were experts at breaking things.

But they were pretty good at saving people, too.
I had some fan art done for this fic, and I meant to post it a couple of chapters ago but I usually update these things really late and my mind doesn't really work that well. So here is some awesome Pet!Rogue fanart from Bakasayu. Thanks for the love!

Sexy Rogue by Bakasayu

Also a reminder for those of you who have read my other Dragonslayer fics, chronologically, this one occurs before both of the others. Gray and Natsu are not mated, though our ice mage is already in looooooove, and neither are Laxus and Freed, though they both have it bad. So no mated FT mages, but some pining (or in Natsu's case, total obliviousness)

Tomoe and Yuu had been dismissed for the night by Fukushu, and for the first time in many years they made their way to the dorms of Sabertooth, finding an empty room and closing the door. They locked it behind them, knowing the flimsy bolt would not keep their leader out but needing to try all the same. The men sat down on the bed, pulling their cloaks off to reveal the skin underneath and just staring at each other. Their hair was different, their eyes, their faces. Tomoe had black hair, dark blue eyes, sharp features. Yuu's hair was white, with eyes like emeralds, the lines of his face softer and less pronounced, but their skin was identical. Covered in black magical seals head to toe, circles and lines and sharp edges swirling and stretching across every inch of flesh, the only thing left untouched being their hands, Tomoe's left, Yuu's right. The only reason those were left clean was so they could do their magic, as they were useless without each other. They interlocked their fingers now, relishing the only contact they were allowed. The magic imbued in their skin was strong, and if those spells touched one another they would be writhing in agony. Fukushu's bitter punishment for them. For finding solace in each other when he could find peace in nothing, in no one. He'd placed seals on their feet long ago, tying them to him, ensuring their obedience. He could only bind two mages at a time, but for Fukushu, they were enough. Strong enough. Flexible enough. For years and years before they were exiled, Tomoe and Yuu were slaves to him, unable to even tell anyone that they could not break free. Were bound to him by dark magic, forced to do his bidding, bent to his dark will.

When Jiemma's spell had sent them running, the injustice of it struck deep within them. Stuck with this mage who they hated more than anything in the entire world, separated from the rest of their guild mates by magic and misery. But still, they had each other, had been together as long as they could remember. Then Fukushu had found them together, and railed against them. How wrong it was for them to want each other instead of a woman, but they knew that was not really what bothered him. That they could find happiness in each other when he could not rankled, made fury swirl within him. So he'd set these seals in their skin, and now they could not say anything to each other besides their names, could not even touch one another without vicious pain lancing through them. Still, each night before they slept, they did it anyway. They could not handle much, could not
truly come together, but they also could not truly stay apart.

Tomoe reached out his hand, laying it against the skin of Yuu's chest with pain in his eyes, even before contact was made. Yuu did the same, palm flat over Tomoe's heart as tears poured down their faces. It felt as though they were burning alive, starting where they touched each other and swimming through their veins, fire and acid and misery. Their hands started to shake, teeth pulling back as they hissed in agony. They held on as long as they could take it, and it hurt in an entirely different way when they let go. Deep in their chests, the absence of the other's touch a weight they always had to bear.

One they bore in silence, their voices stolen long ago.

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Sting and Rogue had gotten on the train to Magnolia with hearts full of determination and roiling stomachs.

"I fucking hate trains." Rogue nodded in agreement.

"And cars."

"Buses. Boats."

" Fucking carriages." Rogue spat the words like they were poison. Then Sting groaned, thinking of something else.

"What's that stupid flying thing they have at Blue Pegasus?"

"Oh God, Christina is the worst. And hot air balloons, fuck, they're miserable." The guild master furrowed his brows in confusion.

"When did you ride in a hot air balloon, Rogue?" The shadow mage shrugged.

"I went on a mission with Yukino once, you were sick or something. We had to ride one for some stupid reason and I almost fell out of the basket throwing up. It was awful. Plus, you weren't there to be sick with me and hold my hand." The white dragon blushed at the memories of all the times they rode the train together, leaning out the window next to each other, hands entwined outside where no one else could see. Drawing strength from the contact, even before they realized how much they truly meant to each other. Sting leaned into Rogue's side, and the shadow mage put his arm around his shoulder and held him tight. When the train started to move they both held their breath, only to realize they were not motion sick. The marks on their hands heated up, and they stared at each other in blatant shock as, for the first time ever, they rode a train without puking their guts out. Their mate bond coming to the fore, easing their pain. Making them strong in ways they were not before.

"I take it back. Trains are fucking awesome. I love you, Rogue." Rogue laughed at his mate, and they smiled stupid ridiculous smiles as the car ate up the tracks.

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When they got to Magnolia the euphoria of being able to get on transportation without getting sick had faded, though of them noticed how short the trip seemed when they weren't retching the whole time. They made their way to Fairy Tail, hoping that Freed was there and not out on a job somewhere. The other wizards could help them defeat Fukushu, but if they couldn't contain his
explosive magic, it would all be for nothing. When they entered the guild hall it was fairly empty, only a few mages in sight. Freed and the Rairinshuu were nowhere to be seen, and the twin dragons made their way to bar where Mira was working.

"Sting! Rogue! It's good to see you guys! How- wait, what's wrong?" It must have been obvious in their faces.

"Is Freed anywhere around? We need his help."

"Laxus and the Rairinshuu are out on a job, but they should be back by tomorrow. Why do you need Freed? What happened?"

"Is Master Makarov here? We can tell you guys all at once."

It would be hard enough to go over what had happened once, let alone over and over. They headed to the guild master's office and sat down, waiting as it slowly filled with mages. Mira, Erza, Natsu and Gray were there, along with Gajeel and Makarov. Sting was surprised to see the iron dragon without his mate, but apparently Levy had gone with Laxus and the others, something about needing a script mage. It was close by, not a dangerous job, but something 'boring as shit' as Gajeel had put it, so he had stayed behind. When everyone had exchanged greetings Sting started at the beginning, leaving out Rogue and his out of control magic, along with their mating, though Gajeel and Natsu had said hello with knowing smiles. They could smell it on them, and it was something of a relief that the other Dragonslayers knew, though Sting did not know exactly why. Brotherhood, somehow.

As he finished the tale, their allies looked positively furious. Natsu spoke up first, fire already dancing in his eyes.

"Is Yukino and everyone okay? Have you seen them since then?" Rogue shook his head.

"We came straight here for Freed's help in containing the magic. I mean, we defeated them once, we can do it again, but not without blowing up half of Crocus. You guys said he'll be back tomorrow? You think he can help us?"

"Of course he will! Freed's a good guy! I'm coming too, I'm all fired up now! I want to bash that guy's face in for making your Exceeds run off all alone." When the fire mage said he was going, Gray's eyes darted to Natsu and then quickly away before finding Sting's gaze.

"I'm coming, too." Natsu laughed at him.

"They already beat him once, too many of us will be overkill. And if Freed's going, you know Laxus will want to go, too." Gray bit his lip, hesitating a moment before he managed a reply.

"Someone has to keep you from burning Crocus down."

"Hey, I can control myself better than that!" Gray rolled his eyes, but seemed relieved somehow.

"Says the guy who burned down a fruit stand last week by accident." The Dragonslayer was indignant.

"I choked! It was reflex!"

"Because you're a stupid flame brain."

"Popsicle!"

"Matchstick!"
"Ice que-"

"ENOUGH!" Makarov cut them off, and Gajeel was looking at the two with something like amused sympathy. Rogue was trying to puzzle out what that expression meant when their guild master continued. "Freed should be back tomorrow, and he and Laxus and these two idiots will go back to Crocus with you to put those mages in their place. I'll send Lucy and Erza and some of the others out to try and track down the rest of your guild mates, make sure they're all okay. You don't strike out at our allies and expect us not to act. You two can stay in a couple of our dorm rooms for the night, just in case."

"We only need one." Sting spoke thoughtlessly and cringed. They could've taken the keys to both and only used one without making it obvious as he had just done. Rogue came to his rescue with a smirk.

"We have a lot to talk about, a lot to plan, and we're already separated from the rest of our guild. It would be easier not to be split from one another as well."

Gajeel grinned at the two, shaking his head as everyone filed out of the office. He joined the twin dragons at the bar, where the three watched Gray and Natsu continue their earlier spat. They began fighting in earnest, fists and feet but no magic yet, and Gajeel took a swig of his beer before speaking in a voice so low that if they had not been right beside him, not even a Dragonslayer would hear.

"So, I guess you two got your shit together. Now we just have to wait on those two." Rogue and Sting shared a skeptical look as they watched Gray smash his fist into the fire mage's face. The white dragon said what they were both thinking.

"Gray and Natsu-san? No. No way. Look at them, Gajeel." Natsu had thrown a kick, knocking Gray to the ground and straddling him before trying to start punching him in the side of the head. The ice mage seemed to hesitate for the barest of moments when Natsu landed on him, sucking in a harsh breath, and they were too far away to be sure but it almost seemed like he had blushed. Gajeel wiggled his eyebrows at Sting suggestively.

"Our little Natsu is a late bloomer. Give it some time. You'll see. God, I feel sorry for Gray though. Poor fucking bastard." Rogue still could not see it. Watched as Gray stomped on Natsu's foot before elbowing him in the gut, fist full of ice impacting his head when he bent over to wrap his arms around his stomach.

"Gajeel, I respect you a lot, but I think you're fucking crazy." The iron mage laughed, chugging the rest of his beer and then grinning.

"Whatever you say, shadow princess. Like I said. Give it time."

Natsu went flying into a wall, Gray running after him to pounce on his prone form, profanities spewing from both of their mouths as they tore up the guild hall in their squabbling.

If those two were mates, Rogue would eat a face full of his own shadow magic.

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The twin dragons crawled into bed together that night, and neither one expected to be able to sleep, not after everything that had happened. Sting ran his fingers through Rogue's long hair while the shadow mage traced the lines of his mate's scars. Sting did not flinch at the touch, had never minded Rogue seeing his torn up flesh. The shadow mage had been the one to mend it, the one to bring Sting back from the brink, and if he wanted to touch the white dragon with those perfect hands, he could
do so in any way that pleased him. Though they were not at home, this place was welcoming in a way that few others would be. Surrounded by their allies, ready to rain down fire and vengeance with them on their enemies. Natsu had said ‘An enemy of Sabertooth is an enemy of Fairy Tail, and I want those bastards to taste my flames.’ The rest of his guild mates had echoed the sentiment, and Sting could not have been more grateful.

Freed would be back the next day, and they could make their way back to Crocus and take their home back.

If they had to destroy those three mages to do it, they would do so without regret.
Lightning and Longing

Sting and Rogue were still wrapped together in sleep when the door to their room was kicked open, a loud voice booming through the air.

"Rise and shine, little dragons!"

The twin dragons scrambled to their feet, half awake and summoning magic instinctively to defend themselves when they realized it was Laxus. Once the finally remembered where they were and what they were doing, both mages collapsed onto the bed with a groan, thinking nothing of it when Sting leaned his head on Rogue's shoulder. Once the guild master became aware of a pair of eyes on them he sat up. Part of him wanted to pull away from his mate so as not to embarrass Rogue, not sure how eager he was to out them. But it felt wrong on an intrinsic level, retreating from the shadow mage, no matter the situation. Then Laxus snorted, crossing his arms as he leaned on the wall by the door.

"I can smell you two, you can't hide that shit from me. I don't give a fuck anyway. That's not what I came here to talk about." Sting was running a hand through his hair, trying unsuccessfully to tame it down. Then he reached over to comb through Rogue's inky strands, only to catch a glare from the lightning mage at the gesture.

"Okay." Fuck, so eloquent. Sting tried to sort through the murk in his brain to find words.

"So, you get into a fight you can't handle with a dangerous mage and come running straight to Fairy Tail to drag my- to drag Freed into it?" The light mage blinked a few times, finally shaking himself a bit.

"We, ah... need his runes, to help contain a magic seal that our enemy put on the guild. We can't defeat him without blowing up half of Crocus, but if Freed could use his magic to keep the spell from-" Laxus cut him off, lightning dancing in his eyes.

"This mage is capable of destroying most of a town, and you want Freed to fight him for you? Why should I let you do that? Why should I let Freed anywhere near Crocus right now?" Sting made an irritated sound. He could not really challenge Laxus, would not win such a fight, but the Dragonslayer was not giving him a chance to speak.

"We'll fight him ourselves! We already beat him once! If not for that explosion seal, we wouldn't be here! If we leave them to their own devices, you and your guild will be dealing with them soon enough, I'm sure. They aren't really to type to lay low and keep to themselves." Rogue finally spoke up, not fully awake himself. He always took forever to get up in the morning, and even now Sting couldn't help but find it adorable.

"Besides, isn't that something Freed should decide for himself? It's not your choice to make. Where is he?" Lightning arced around Laxus, eyes narrowing on the shadow mage dangerously, and Sting moved in front of Rogue. Light swelled up in his palms, power surging through him anew at the unspoken threat to his mate.

"We're here as your allies, I suggest you calm the fuck down, Laxus." The air crackled with electricity and light, and he heard voices murmuring down the hall, other guild members feeling the magical discharge.

"Or what, little dragon?" Sting opened his mouth the speak, but suddenly shadows surrounded him,
cloaking them in total darkness. He let his magic wink out automatically, allowing Rogue to conceal them, and was suddenly pulled through shadows out the door, past Laxus and the mages who had gathered nearby. Sting loved the feeling of Rogue's magic swallowing him up, moving him, overtaking him. Always had, always would. There was a comfort in it, like the smell of home after a long time away. When they reached the main room of the guild hall they flashed back into being right in front of Freed, and Sting smirked, shooting Rogue a look.

"Feeling brave, Rogue?" The shadow dragon shrugged, unabashed.

"We gotta save the rest of our guild mates, no matter how much it pisses Laxus off." Freed was looking at them strangely, blinking in surprise after they'd popped up out of nowhere.

"What's going to piss Laxus off?" The rune mage looked vaguely nervous at the prospect. Sting sighed before speaking.

"We came to ask for your help. There's a dark mage who took over our guild hall, sent all our guild mates running with some sort of magic. We defeated him, but he set up an explosive magic seal on Sabertooth. Now if we beat him, or he dies, he'll blow up half the city. If you could use your runes to contain the magic, maybe seal it into the wizard himself, we could take back our guild and save our friends." Suddenly they heard a loud bellowing, and the twin Dragons cringed as Laxus flew into the room.

"You fucking bastards, I will blow you into pieces before any dark wizard gets a chance to, you-" The lightning mage was cut off, Freed glancing at him inquisitively.

"What did they do? They just came to ask for my help." Sting looked at Laxus with an amused expression, asking without words what he would do. Was he going to tell Freed that he was trying to make decisions for him, choose who the rune mage fought and where, as though he was a child or a weakening? If looks could kill Sting and Rogue would both be dead from the vicious glare they got off the lightning mage. Laxus moved to stand next to the rune mage, biting out his words angrily.

"They want you to fight their battles for them." Freed just laughed.

"I'm sure they'll be there, too. Technically that's not fighting their battles for them, it's fighting their battles with them. What are allies for if not to fight together when we need strength? They helped us fight Tartaros, and the dragons at the Eclipse gate. I think I can use some runes to seal in explosion magic that threatens to destroy the capital. If you don't want to help, it's fine, I can go by myself. I'm sure it won't take long."

The rune mage was clearly missing the look he got from Laxus, irritation and blatant worry painting his features, and Sting began to piece things together in his mind. He'd worn that same expression when people tried to get Rogue to go on a dangerous mission, wanting to grab the shadow mage and run, protect him from harm. There was no denying it, Freed must be Laxus' mate. But then why were they not mated, when it was obvious how much the lightning mage cared for him? Everyone knew that the rune mage loved his Thunder God, it was common knowledge, though no one discussed it out of respect for Freed's feelings. Maybe they were just as stupid as Sting and Rogue had been, not knowing what they really were to each other. The way Laxus behaved suggested otherwise, though, and then Sting began to recall that the lightning mage was a second generation Dragonslayer, and had never known a dragon as a parent. Did they not mate, like the others did? The lightning mage's voice shook Sting from his internal musings.

"I'm going." Laxus shoved a finger into Sting's chest, scowling as he spoke. "And if anything happens to us, I am holding you personally responsible." By 'us', it was clear he meant 'Freed', but the guild master did not say anything. Rogue stepped in between Laxus and the white dragon, not
intimidated by the fury in his gaze.

"We will take responsibility for anything that occurs." The shadow mage held that citrine stare until finally Laxus huffed and stepped back.

"Fine. When do we fucking leave?"

"I don't know. Natsu and Gray are coming too, and I'm not sure if they're ready." The lightning mage groaned.

"Oh, fuck. Here we go. God damnit....."  

Suddenly Freed and Laxus were looking at Sting, not at his face but at his arms, and it took Rogue a moment to notice why. The white dragon's brows furrowed, and he glanced down, feeling nausea roll through his gut as he realized he wasn't wearing his gloves, the magic they were imbued with long faded after he went to sleep, his scars exposed for all to see. Then he was wrapped in shadow again, and an instant later they were back in their room with the door closed. The shadows eased back and Sting sagged into his mate with relief.

"Thank you." Rogue sat down on the bed, pulling the white dragon with him and handing his gloves over. Sting pulled them on with a sigh, and when the shadow mage's arms went around him he melted into the embrace.

"You know, you don't have to hide them. Who's going to care? Everyone has parts of their pasts that are less than perfect."

"I know I just... feel weak whenever someone sees them." Rogue was rubbing circles into his back, face buried in those blonde locks.

"I see them, and I don't think you're weak." Sting laughed, but there was no true mirth in it.

"You're different. You love me." Rogue pressed a kiss to his mate's hair, fingers of one hand easing up to bury themselves in it.

"I do. But our guild mates love you, too. Yukino, and Minerva, and Rufus. They care about you. You could let them see, and they wouldn't judge you." The blonde sighed again, kissing the shadow mage's neck soft and sweet.

"Maybe. I'll... I'll think about it. After we get them back, maybe I'll stop wearing the gloves at the guild." Rogue was about to speak, tell him that he didn't have to rush himself, or force anything, when a loud voice echoed from the guild hall proper.

"I'm all fired up! Let's go fuck up some bad guys!"

The twin dragons both grinned. Natsu had arrived.

The six of them were piled into a train car, Sting and Rogue leaning into each other on one seat while Natsu had his head thrown out the window, retching. The twin dragons did not hold hands, or have their arms around each other, but just being close enough to scent their mate was sufficient to allay the worst of their motion sickness. Freed, Laxus, and Gray sat across from them, the lightning mage in some sort of rune induced sleep, which Freed could apparently only cast on one person at a
time, much to Natsu's dismay. Laxus had fallen over after a bit of a rough patch in the tracks, and now lay with his head in Freed's lap. The rune mage stared down at him when he thought no one was looking, fingers twitching as though they itched to run through his hair. They had to be mates, Sting was sure of it now, but it was not his place to say anything. Gray sat next to the window, brows furrowed as he listened to the fire mage gagging and moaning. The white dragon thought he felt the temperature drop, cooling the air around them, and when he did Natsu collapsed back into the seat next to him. Sting knew better than anyone how much a little cool air could do to relieve motion sickness, even if it was only slightly. He eyed Gray, thinking of what Gajeel had said about them, but still could not entirely accept it. The idea of Natsu having a mate at all was sort of absurd, as though he was asexual or absent the needs and desires that everyone had. Maybe it stemmed from Sting seeing him as a hero his entire life, faultless and without baser instincts. Looking at the ice mage, fists clenched in his lap as he watched Natsu with worry, emanating cool air in a wave....

Maybe. Maybe Gajeel was right. Gray looked over at the twin dragons, the barest hint of a glare on his face.

"Did Wendy cast the Troia on you, or something? You're not sick at all." Rogue and Sting shared a look, shrugging in unison.

"Yeah, something like that." The ice mage made an irritated noise through his teeth, returning his gaze to Natsu, who had his head between his knees, before catching himself staring and looking back to Sting.

"Count yourselves lucky, I guess. It doesn't work on Natsu anymore. He's miserable to travel with." Rogue smiled, almost reaching out to take Sting's hand before stopping, fisting it in his lap.

"We know the feeling. Trust us." Gray pinned a serious look on the twin dragons, shadows crossing his face.

"We are trusting you here. Trusting you know your limits, and the strength of your enemy. I know you want to save your guild mates, and I can relate." He glanced to Natsu, then back. "I'd do anything to save my teammates, too. But for once, I agree with Laxus. You better hope we can handle what we're up against." His eyes settled on the fire mage again, and there was blatant longing in them. "I'd really regret having to fucking kill you, Sting."

Rogue and Sting met each others gazes, and they did not need to speak to communicate. Gajeel was right, after all. Gray belonged to Natsu. And Freed belonged to Laxus. A chill ran up Sting's spine as he realized what he was doing.

Putting the mates of two Dragonslayers at risk to save his guild. He knew it was worth it, to protect his friends.

Sting hoped he was strong enough.
The six mages lingered at the train station long enough for Freed to wake Laxus from his sleep and cast some runes on Natsu to alleviate his lingering motion sickness. Rogue felt apprehensive in the way he always did before a big fight, nervous energy filling up to bursting. This was not a battle they could lose, or back down from, either. Their friends well being was on the line, all their guild mates running from what they held dear, fleeing in the face of raw magic. Once Natsu was ready to go they began making their way towards Sabertooth, sticking to alleyways and side streets, Rogue cloaking them in shadows whenever they moved down a main thoroughfare. No one was sure where their enemies would be, though after being forced away from a guild they viewed as their own for so long, it was a safe bet they would be within its walls. When they got close enough to see the guild hall Freed motioned for everyone to stop, standing behind a nearby building, mostly concealed. The rune mage closed his eyes, and Rogue could feel his magic, could smell it. Taste it in his mouth, feel it like a hum in his veins. It was strong, and Rogue was thinking back, searching his memory to try and remember if he'd ever been nearby when Freed used his magic. Came up empty. Freed was searching for the seals no doubt, trying to reach them with his runes.

"Shit. I can feel it, the explosion seal. It's going to take a few minutes to contain." Laxus watched purple energy swirl around Freed, his face akin to someone watching the sun rise, or looking at a work of art. It was painfully fond, and the shadow mage wasn't sure what kept them apart, but he couldn't watch anymore. Rogue had to avert his eyes, looking at Natsu and Gray instead, who were watching the front of the guild warily. Or Gray was wary, anyway. The fire dragon just seemed eager, ready to crash through the doors and enter the fray. Uncaring of the consequences, always confident he could blow his enemies away. Never a doubt in his mind, but then Natsu didn't really lose. He regrouped, and came back swinging to finish anyone who bested him, time and time again. It was one of the things Sting and he had always admired about Natsu. Relentless, and relentlessly hopeful. Sting spoke up, shifting restlessly from one foot to the other. Eager to start the fight so he could finish it, which Rogue had never understood. Better to be ready than impatient, but patience was not Sting's strong suit. Still he was nodding, placating the worried rune mage.

"That's fine, take your time. Just remember that those two mages of his can't work magic separately. We split them up, and then it's six on one pretty much. Piece of fucking cake." Nothing could go so smoothly for them, however.

"We've got company, guys." Natsu's voice rang out, sounding a bit too pleased, and when Rogue looked over he saw Fukushu and the other two wizards exiting the guild. Looking straight at them, and the time for stealth was over. Freed sighed, fingers flying through the air faster as he worked his magic.

"Okay, I'll keep working on containing his seal. You guys take care of things, but don't kill him. I don't want this thing going off before I've got it under wraps. We'll all be a pile of ashes. Wait until I give you the okay, if you really have to bring him down." The trio of dark mages was still standing in front of Sabertooth, waiting on them to approach. Fire swirled around Natsu's fist, light surging up in Sting's palms. Laxus just looked bored, rolling his eyes.

"You'll all be a pile of ashes, anyway. I'll just be full and pissed off. Let's go!" Natsu ran forward, followed by Sting and Laxus. Rogue and Gray behind them, feet eating up the pavement. *Forever chasing after Sting,...* But that wasn't true, really. Not anymore. They were mates now, and the shadow mage felt a pang of regret for Gray. He was a dragon's mate, too, and probably had no idea. Didn't know such a thing existed, never mind that it was him. Natsu seemed totally oblivious, but Gajeel implied he wasn't ready yet, maybe not old enough to claim his mate. Rogue's poorly timed
mental tangent was interrupted by a crackling of power in front of him, just ahead of Sting, Natsu, and Laxus.

Then Freed's eyes widened, voice full of terror as he shouted out to them.

"STOP! WAIT!" Gray and Rogue paused, turning to look towards the rune mage, but the other three were too late. They landed on the sidewalk next to the guild and magic seals lit up under their feet, power filling the air. The three Dragonslayers dropped to the ground, puppets with their strings cut. Motionless and still. Too still. They looked dead, and Rogue felt something icy swimming in his veins that had nothing to do with Gray's magic. No, no, no.

"NATSU!"

"STING!"

They shouted out in unison, anguish evident in the calling of those names, and only Freed remained silent, hands moving tirelessly in the air. He looked panicked, though, fear unmistakable in his eyes as he forced his magic out faster. The shadow mage and Gray rushed forward towards their fallen guild mates, but Rogue hit an invisible purple wall. It tasted like Freed's magic, and he watched with rage as the ice mage knelt beside Natsu, feeling for a pulse, listening for breathing. His mate was hurt, or worse! Sting needed him, needed him now, and he was being prevented from joining him by an ally? Rogue turned back towards Freed, shadows dancing in his eyes.

"Let me through! I need to check on him!" The rune mage shook his head.

"Those seals were made for Dragonslayers. You get any closer, and you'll be out just like they are. They were ready for you two."

Gray was wrapping Natsu and the other two in ice, pulling them further away from Sabertooth. Closer to Rogue and Freed, and when the three Dragonslayers were at his feet Rogue fell to the ground beside Sting, pawing at his throat. Needing to feel his heart beat, his chest moving.

"They're alive. They're just unconscious." The ice mage's words were little comfort, and Rogue could feel their enemies watching them. Fukushu's face smug and self satisfied, the other two with theirs hidden in dark cloaks. Then Sting made a sound in his sleep, and the shadow mage's breathing picked up. When he felt the steady thrumming of the blonde's heart, everything in him went loose and relieved. He hadn't realized he was holding his breath, but now it surged into his lungs all at once. Alive. Sting was alive.

"Step back, give me some room." The ice mage motioned for Rogue to move back, and he did so reluctantly. He could not just sit there next to his mate, clutching at him like a weakling. Sting was always there protecting Rogue, and it was his chance to return the favor. It felt wrong to leave Sting on the ground, helpless, but they still had enemies to face. Enemies that now had green magic swirling around them like a fog, surging outwards. Gray threw out his hands, and ice began forming in a dome over their comrades. Nausea rolled through him as Sting vanished beneath a wall of frozen magic, but Gray was visibly relieved when he was finished. His utter confidence in the icy barrier was all that let the shadow mage breathe easier. Rogue only tore his eyes away from their blue white shield when he felt the prickling of energy brushing over him, and he looked to Freed with his brows furrowed. The rune mage looked frantic, breathing coming faster as he worked. Expending far too much magic at once, and Rogue could only hope he had enough left to do what needed to be done. To save Crocus, and his friends.

To save all of them in the face of destruction.
"I'm going to put some runes on you to make you immune to those dragon seals. Then you and Gray can go take care of them while I try to contain the explosion magic. Keep them away from me, and don't let them interrupt. I can feel them trying to activate it even now, probably as an intimidation tactic, but I don't have much time." Freed's eye lit up, bright purple light shining from it, and he sighed as something clicked into place within Rogue. "Okay. You're good. Go, go!"

Rogue and Gray did not hesitate, flying towards their opponents with fury running in their veins. He called out to the ice mage, unwilling to let Gray take on the fiercer of their enemies.

"I'll take Fukushu, you try and split those two up!"

If it bothered the Fairy Tail mage, he did not acknowledge it. Just kept moving forward, closing the distance with agile feet. Rogue locked eyes with Fukushu, who's own widened in shock as the shadow mage stepped into the minefield of dragon seals untouched. Disbelief, total and complete. He had never considered that Rogue would be able to get this close to him, and the dark mage did not even react until the shadow dragon was close enough to strike. Then they were moving, Rogue lashing out with his magic as Fukushu tried to wield his fists. But the shadow dragon had evaded mages faster than him. Bigger, and stronger, with more power over the Dragonslayer.

The ghosts of Jiemma's hands falling on him like rain were there, the memory of bruises etched into his skin, and he knew this wizard before him was nothing. Coveting that which was never his, yearning for a time that would never come again. A phantom made flesh, haunting the places that he had called home. Refusing to move on.

And if Rogue had to send him to the afterlife, he would not be sorry.

It was not long before he had the mage on his back, shadows holding him to the ground. Defeated, as Sting had defeated him before, and there was something so right about it that Rogue had to bite back dark laughter. Beaten by my mate. Beaten by me. Brought down by dragons of light and shadow. He looked over to see Gray having a bit of trouble with the other two, mostly because they were moving so fast. Faster than they had when Rogue faced them, and he wondered if it was more of the sealing magic. When one of the ice mage's strikes blew their cloaks back away from their faces, they heard Freed shout out in horror.

"DON'T HURT THEM! DON'T KILL THEM!" It distracted the dark haired ice wizard, and he ate a face full of green energy, blowing him backwards. The shadow mage needed to help him, but then he felt a vice grip on his forearms, the dark mage clinging tight. Fukushu was speaking, drawing Rogue's eyes, that bright gold seal swelling up underneath him. Dangerous and explosive. Threatening all Rogue held dear. It was not as large as before though, spreading out only a few feet in every direction, and it shrank before his eyes as Freed worked his magic.

"Well well, little dragon. Looks like it's just you and me. Maybe I can't take the whole town with me. But I can still take you." His eyes lit up, and Rogue realized what he meant. The seal would not destroy Crocus. Would not take countless lives. Would not blast their guild into pieces, or slay innocents.

But it could burn Rogue's flesh from his bones. Killing him and leaving Sting alone. Half of a whole, forever empty. The shadow mage heard voices calling out to him, but when he tried to throw himself backwards Fukushu held him tight.

Then the world exploded around him, and Rogue fell into darkness.

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"...gue! ROGUE!" Someone was speaking to him, but he was underwater, too deep to answer back. He was shuffled around, hands on his face. A scent in his nose. Home. Mate. The shadow mage thrust his face into the smell, trying to climb back to the surface. But the arms that held him were soft, and warm, and Rogue didn't want to do anything but fall asleep in them.

"...told you, he's fine, just give him a minute."

"Rogue, c'mon, man. Wake up for me, okay?" Sting. Mate. Protect. Not just a mate, though. He was more.

"M-Master?" He pried his eyes open to see Sting above him, tears in his own eyes as he looked down at Rogue. Let out a broken laugh, wiping the moisture from his face. Voice ragged and lost as he fist his hands in Rogue's dark locks, greedy and unrepentant.

"Bad pet." The shadow mage smirked, coughing as he tried to sit up. Failed, and collapsed back against his mate, feeling Sting's arms go tight around him. Keeping him safe, as they always did. His words were full of gravel, and they hurt in his throat.

"You'll.... have to punish me." Laxus spoke then, wry and amused.

"Fuck, you guys are kinky, eh?" Panic shot through Rogue, and he looked around, searching for Gray and Freed. "Don't worry, pet. They're inside the guild hall. Freed used too much magic, and Gray got blasted a few times by those other two before he took them down. It was harder than it should've been, since Freed didn't want them hurt. Woulda been easier just to kill them." If Freed did not want them hurt, they must be innocent somehow. The Raijinshuu were not as wholesome as some of the other members of Fairy Tail, and they did not hesitate to dish out their share of pain. Freed the Dark was a name he had earned well, no matter how meek he might seem next to Laxus. Standing beside a giant, everyone looked small.

Rogue did sit up then, Sting supporting him as he lurched forward to see the two cloaked mages next to each other, caged in a rune circle on the ground. Holding hands, leaning into each other. One with black hair, one white, looking more tired than the shadow mage had ever seen anyone look. Weary down to their bones, but they were both smiling. Euphoric and crazed. Their cloaks were gone, revealing skin covered in seals. Seals that were fading before Rogue's eyes, vanishing like ink under water. Drifting into the air like smoke. Sting was still clutching him tight, silent, and Rogue took his hand as Natsu started speaking.

"Fukushu put a bunch of seals on them, apparently. Took away their voices, made them slaves pretty much. Freed saw them on their skin. Knew what they were, that they didn't really have any control over themselves. The seals are fading, but they've been there for years. Keeping them from talking, touching, trying to escape. Once they're gone, we're not sure how they'll act, but we'll wait and see before bringing the Magic Council into anything."

"What happened to me? To Fukushu? I thought I was dead." Sting answered him in a voice almost too low to hear, right in his ear, the heat of his words sweet on Rogue's skin.

"Freed broke the magic on Natsu before the seal went off. He swallowed the worst of the explosion, but not enough for Fukushu to make it. Good fucking riddance." The white dragon took Rogue's face in his hands, meeting his eyes with a desperate expression. "They said you almost died. I woke up, and you were down, and Fukushu was dead and I thought-" Sting's voice broke, and he took a shaky breath before continuing. "Don't ever do that again. You have to stay with me." Rogue pressed his mouth to his mate's, uncaring of the two Dragonslayers watching. Pulled back to whisper into his lips, soft and low.
"I will." Sting's hand went impossibly tight on his jaw, eyes lighting up. Rogue's mating mark was burning, and it felt good somehow. Comforting. Affectionate. Always there, waiting.

Just like Sting.

"Promise me." He rested his forehead against Sting's, and the words were not hard to say. Would have been hard to bite back. Impossible to keep inside.

"I love you. I promise."
Natsu and Laxus asked Freed to release the runes underneath their captives, shutting them in one of the dorms and putting a new seal on the door. Only Sting or Rogue would be able to open it, and after setting the rune in place Freed wobbled on his feet. He was well and truly done, and Laxus put an arm underneath his shoulder and led him to a room of his own. Gray managed to make it to a bed without assistance, leaving only Natsu in the main room of the guild with the twin dragons. The fire mage collapsed into a chair, scratching at his head and glancing with furrowed brows towards the hallway the ice mage had disappeared down. As though he was worried, but could not figure out why, exactly. _Oi, Natsu..._ Sting shook his head as he helped Rogue to a seat, the shadow mage refusing to lie down just yet.

"I wonder how long it will take the others to come back here. I hope they're all okay." Rogue's voice was still shredded, and Sting wanted to tell him not to speak, but it soothed the white dragon deep inside to hear. He had not been sure he would ever hear Rogue's voice again. No matter how ragged, it was beautiful to Sting's ears.

"I think they're fine. The spell just made them run, right? They might be pretty far away by now, but they should be safe. I'm a little worried about Lector and Frosch, but they've been on their own in some scary situations before." Sting watched his mate as he talked to Natsu, Rogue leaning into him hard, lids heavy, breathing strained and tired. The fire mage could see the worry on his face, and he patted Sting on the shoulder to get his attention.

"Take him home, get him cleaned up and in bed, yeah? You live nearby don't ya? I'll stay here and wait for the rest of your guild to show up, let them know what happened, that you're all right." Rogue was shaking his head, hair falling into his eyes as he tried to protest, but Natsu was not having it. "Sting, get your mate home before I shake him for being stupid. He can barely hold himself up."

Rogue shot Natsu a glare, though it was not particularly effective against the Dragonslayer. The Fairy Tail mage just grinned, heading behind the bar to help himself to a drink as Sting pulled the shadow wizard to his feet.

"Natsu's right. You need to rest. You almost got blown up today, Rogue." Rogue opened his mouth only to be cut off, Sting pressed in close to his face, eyes serious. "Let me take care of you. Please."

The dark haired mage finally stopped resisting, collapsing into Sting with a groan, and the guild master did not hesitate. Just scooped his mate up in his arms, catching another scowl from Rogue but ignoring it.

"Thanks, Natsu. I owe you." When he glanced over his shoulder the fire mage was digging into cabinets and pulling out food. He tried to answer around a mouthful of fruit, but Sting could not understand. Rolled his eyes, and continued out the door and across the street.

Once they were inside, Rogue seemed to become visibly more exhausted. Maybe it was context, the feeling of safety and comfort that their home gave, but either way those beautiful red eyes were barely open. Sting carried him to their room, holding Rogue up on wobbly feet as he struggled to remove his tattered cloak. Once he was out of his shirt as well, the guild master eased him into bed, tugging his shoes and pants off with a grin.

"This isn't really the way I wanted to be undressing you today, pet." Rogue let out a bark of laughter, and Sting pulled the blankets up over his mate, now wearing only boxers. He could shower later, right now he needed to sleep. Sting kicked off his own shoes, stripping down to a similar state and
climbing in next to Rogue. The dark haired mage blinked at him sleepily, looking a little confused.

"Aren't you gonna go back to the guild? Wait for the others to start showing up?" Sting shook his head, pulling Rogue into his arms and nuzzling into those dark locks.

"Nah. They've been gone a couple of days. Who knows how long it will take? Natsu's there, anyway. Besides, I can't leave you right now. I almost lost you. I need to be right here. Once you're up to going back to the guild, then we'll go together. Until then, I'm not going anywhere without you." He watched his mate for a moment, and then Rogue broke out into a slow grin. Wide, and dazed, and somnolent. It stole Sting's breath, and all he could do was stare.

"Thank you." The guild master felt himself flushing bright, and he his his face in Rogue's hair again.

"D-don't thank me. Go to sleep."

"Nnnkay."

The shadow mage went still almost immediately after snuggling into Sting's chest, hands clutching at his skin, a leg thrown over the guild master's own. They were nestled underneath the blankets, and the sound of Rogue's breathing, steady and even, had the tension draining out of him in a rush.

His mate was here, and alive, and whole. Safe. Unbroken, clinging to Sting with strong hands, even in sleep. He had not thought he was tired, but his eyes were closing on their own. Sting did not dream, and that was just fine.

Rogue would be there when he woke, and it was better than any fantasy his mind could conjure.

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A knocking sound woke him early the next morning long before the sun rose, his mate still resting soundly beside him. Sting blinked through his confusion for a few moments, unsure of what had pulled him from sleep, until a small voice called out from the front door.

"Master Sting?" It was Wendy's voice, and he knew he would be heard when he answered in a normal tone. She was a Dragonslayer after all.

"Come in."

It was only after he'd replied that Sting realized he was dressed only in boxers, and he scrambled into some clothes as he listened to her make her way down their hallway. Following her nose, no doubt, and he was tying off pajama pants when she came through the door. The blankets were miraculously still up past Rogue's waist, keeping him mostly concealed. The little sky dragon furrowed her brow at the sight of him, speaking so quietly that no one else but one of her own kind would be able to hear.

"I got here a couple of hours ago with Erza and Lucy. I've already been to your guild, and I took care of Gray. None of your guild mates are back yet. Freed was already better, since he just depleted his magic, but they said I should come here and check on Rogue. May I?"

She held up her hands, and Sting nodded as he sat on the edge of the bed next to his mate. A look of concentration filled her face, and when her palms lit up with blue-green light, Rogue visibly relaxed into the sheets. Sting felt a gratitude so strong it made his chest ache, his mate being healed by this tiny little wizards. It would have taken him days to recover on his own, and Sting sighed as watched
the cuts melt away into nothingness. Bruises vanishing from that pale flesh, muscles going loose, hands no longer clenched into fists. The words were out in a rush, breathy and low.

"Thank you, Wendy." The blue haired mage just smiled, palms still glowing bright.

"People are always thanking me for this, but I enjoy doing it. Healing people makes me happy. Especially people who have fought with us, like you and Rogue-san. You've helped Fairy Tail out a lot. It's only natural that we help you in return. That's what allies are for."

The blonde reached out to brush Rogue's hair back, only realizing what he'd done when his hands were buried in the silky strands. He froze for a moment, but then realized it didn't matter. Wendy was a Dragonslayer, she could scent the bond between them. When he looked up guiltily, Wendy was smiling.

"When I first scented you and Rogue-san, you didn't smell this way. Like each other. Not during the fight with Tartaros, either. It happened to Gajeel and Levy, too. You all seem happier. It makes me excited to find my mate someday." She frowned, brows coming together again, serious and grave. "It also makes me worry about Natsu. Gajeel says not to, that his mate is close by, but I still feel sorry for him." Sting frowned, and it felt strange to comb through Rogue's hair with Wendy nearby. Strange but freeing, and he wondered if Rogue would ever feel comfortable if the whole world knew about them. He could be so shy sometimes, and the white dragon knew it would not be any time soon.

"Why doesn't Gajeel just talk to Natsu about it? About his mate?" Wendy actually laughed, shaking her head.

"Natsu is not going to listen to anything Gajeel says. If anything, it will make him even less likely to accept what happens, when it finally does. He'll fight against any advice Gajeel gives him, because they are rivals. That much, I don't need Gajeel to tell me." Sting had watched the two dragons of Fairy Tail fight together, more than once. Fire and iron, made stronger together. Yet he also saw them argue, and bicker, and fight one another instead of their enemies. They were volatile, as all dragons were. Sting could understand.

"I guess you have a point. You worry for Natsu, but not for Laxus?" The light in Wendy's hand blinked out and she fisted her palms, shaking her fingers a bit before continuing.

"Ah, Laxus is a little different. He never knew a dragon as a parent. I don't really know if he has a mate or not. Gajeel doesn't know, either." Sting smiled as he leaned against the headboard, leaving his hand buried in his mate's hair, stilled now.

"Gajeel talks to you a lot?"

"About being a Dragonslayer, he does. He helps me train, and tells me whatever he thinks might help me. There's no one else to do it. I love Natsu, but he is not a very good teacher. He's... impatient, and has less control than Gajeel." Wendy cut her eyes at Sting suddenly. "Don't tell either one of them I said that."

"Ah, I won't. Don't worry." Sting was still incredibly tired, and he found his eyes wanting to fall shut as the eerie light of Wendy's magic flowed over his mate.

"You can go back to sleep, Sting. I'll let myself out when I'm done, and we'll be at the guild when Rogue wakes up later, and if Frosch or Lector show up I'm sure they'll come here themselves."

Sting just hummed in answer, lids already closed as he scooted down next to the shadow mage. He
nuzzled his face into those silken strands, and it was not long before he was asleep.

Rogue was lying on clouds, white light all around him, and he tried to blink through it. Tried to locate himself, see where he was. All he could see in the fog was a dragon, white on white on white, glittering and pearlescent. It was beautiful, but everything else was a blur, and he could not make his vision focus. But it was warm, and soft, and Rogue felt safe.

"Sleep, mate. We have you."

"But my guild mates. They're lost." The white dragon nuzzled into his head, breath hot on Rogue's face, and he could not help but smile.

"They're fine. Just rest. We have you." Rogue stroked those shimmering white scales, felt them flex underneath his fingers. Felt the dragon shove into his touch, strong and fierce and familiar.

"Okay."

The dragon rumbled out a comforting growl in answer, and Rogue sank into clouds of light.
The shadow mage pulled him away from the crowd, out the front door and across the street. Sting stumbled behind him, trying to keep up with Rogue’s quick steps to no avail. When they were inside, familiar walls of their living room surrounding them, Rogue took off his cloak, balling it up and throwing it across the room. He was seething, trying to reign his anger in, but it was useless. It was one thing to have people who did not know any better to call Sting ‘Master’. He was the guild master of Sabertooth, it was bound to happen sometimes. Rogue understood that better than anyone.

But to watch people shamelessly flirt with his mate, unable to say anything about it? He was well past his limit, and only when Sting’s arms eased around him did Rogue’s breathing start to calm. The light mage’s face nuzzled into Rogue’s hair, and Sting reached up and pulled out his hair tie with nimble fingers, letting black locks spill out around his face.

“I’m sorry. But I mean, we’ve talked about this. You said you weren’t ready to tell people outside of the guild. And it’s not like I’m encouraging them, or letting them touch me, or anything.” Sting’s hands moved up and down his back, and Rogue buried his nose in the Dragonslayer’s neck.
“I know, I know. It just gets to me when… when they-”

“When they call me Master?” The shadow mage nodded, hiding in Sting’s chest so he would not see him flush. He was embarrassed to be bothered by such a thing, but he could not help it. Sting was his Master, not theirs, and the title seemed incredibly personal. Not something that should be casually passing through a stranger’s lips. “Would you like me to remind you whose Master I am, little pet?”

Rogue shuddered at the words, nodding again in answer. He’d been hoping Sting would pick up on what he wanted, what he needed. Should have known better than to doubt him, but his emotions were all over the place. They all spiraled down into one inarguable feeling when Sting buried his hand in Rogue’s hair, wrenching his head backwards until the white dragon could meet his gaze, those blue eyes dancing. Lust shot through him in a wave, and he let out a ragged breath, everything in him suddenly alight with need.

“What do we say?” Fuuuuuck, it wasn’t fair how quickly Sting could do this to him, turn him into a wretched, pleading mess. But Rogue did not mind, and the words fell off of his lips like a prayer.

“Please, Master.”

“Good pet.” Sting released those inky strands from his fist, and he left the room without another word, returning a few moments later with Rogue’s collar in his hand.

Rogue shivered at the way his voice changed, shifting from the one he normally used to one that was laced with command, brooking no argument. Even his smile was different, predatory in a way that made the shadow mage quake, and it was with fingers that trembled in anticipation that Rogue took off his shirt, tossing it aside. He felt himself flushing under Sting’s gaze, which was stupid, because how many times had he seen him like this? Still that heat crept down his cheeks, his neck, across his chest until the shadow mage’s whole upper body was pink with it. Rogue fumbled his shoes off, hands not wanting to work as he caught Sting licking his lips out of the corner of his eyes.

Fuck, fuck.

He did not hesitate at his boxers as he once would have, shucking them without a thought to stand naked before the Dragonslayer. Embarrassingly hard, when Sting had not touched him with anything but his gaze. His Master did not speak, but he no longer needed to tell Rogue what to do at this point. The shadow mage walked forward and knelt between his thighs, craning his neck forward. Strong hands wrapped the leather around Rogue’s throat, and he felt himself twitching in response. An automatic reaction now, his body knowing what was to come, and after listening to strangers call Sting Master all night?

He was so fucking ready.

Sting finished buckling the collar, putting a finger through the ring and tugging on it before shoving his fingers beneath the leather. He tugged Rogue up with it until their faces were inches apart, those red eyes blown dark with lust.

“You’ve been so good for me all day, playing nice with the locals. Would you like a reward, little pet?” Rogue nodded, eyes on Sting’s mouth, but he knew that was not the right answer.

“Please, Master.” Sting smiled wide, bringing their mouths together. The shadow mage’s eyes fell closed, and he held his hands together behind his back as Sting sucked at his tongue. Bit his lips,
licking messily at Rogue’s own. He wanted to bury his hands in Sting’s hair, or clutch at his clothes, yet he held back.

Master would tell him when he could touch, and Rogue wanted his reward. Sting finally pulled back, releasing the collar and easing the shadow mage down slowly.

“Come lay across my lap.”

The shadow mage complied obediently, without trying to reign in his eagerness. There was nowhere in the world he would rather be than spread out across Sting’s lap, and it did not take a genius to figure out where things were going. When he was situated over the white dragon’s knees, Rogue felt his mate’s hand sliding up his thigh, easing around to the inside to grope at the tender flesh there. With his other hand, Sting cupped the shadow mage’s jaw, slipping two fingers into his mouth to hold it open. Moisture leaked out between the digits, slick and messy, and where there should have been embarrassment, want rose up instead.

“Fuck, you’re beautiful, Rogue.” Sting’s hand was grasping roughly at his ass now, fingertips digging brutally into the skin, and Rogue rutted thoughtlessly against his mate’s lap. He could feel Sting’s cock through his clothes, jutting into his ribs, and it was comforting to know that the guild master was just as wrecked as he was. There was a time Rogue might have argued with Sting, and even now if he was not collared or tucked between their sheets, he did not tolerate his mate fawning over him. Call him ‘pretty’ in front of their guild mates, and Sting was going to eat a face full of magic. Do the same thing in their house, that leather tight around his throat, Sting’s hands ready to rain down blows? Everything inside of Rogue sang at the praise, and all he could do was nod.

Yes, yes, beautiful. Anything you say. I’ll be anything.

“You don’t need to count. Just be a good pet and feel.”

Sting’s palm fell hard on Rogue’s ass, the sound echoing through the room, loud. Skin on skin, along with the mewl that poured out around Sting’s fingers. The shadow mage writhed against him, lifting his hips up without realizing. Begging without words, and Sting was happy to oblige. He struck again, on the other cheek this time, Rogue’s tongue working his fingers mindlessly. The shadow mage rocked forward under the weight of the blow, grinding into Sting. He was already strung tight, and it would not take much for Rogue to snap. His mate began striking with abandon, one after the other, and Rogue made debauched sounds that vibrated against Sting’s hand.

“Mmmppfffe…..”

Saliva dripped down his chin now, the skin of his ass bright red, hot and aching and Rogue felt his eyes roll back into his head as Sting reached down cup his sack, closing a palm around the shadow mage’s arousal. The angle was awkward, but Rogue thought it was probably on purpose. He arched his back, trying to get Sting to stroke him, thrusting into his grip all the while. When the blond pulled his fingers out of Rogue’s mouth, he immediately began pleading.

“Please, please Master…” Sting chuckled darkly, sliding his wet hand in between them to take the shadow mage properly in his fist. His other hand disappeared from between Rogue’s thighs for a moment, only to return slick, circling at his entrance. Sting slid a finger into him as he started to work Rogue’s length, speaking in a rough voice.

“Please what?”
“P-Please, I- just… haaaah….” The blond stroked faster, delving deeper within the shadow mage, pressing another digit in to scissor him open.

“What was that?”

“Hnnnn…. f-fuck, please can I…” Rogue fucked his hand brutally now, jerking back to impale himself on Sting’s fingers, thighs quaking as he rose up towards the edge of climax. The Dragonslayer leaned forward until his face was next to Rogue’s ear, licking a stripe over the shell before whispering into it.

“Come for me, love.”

“Nnggh!”

The shadow mage quaked all over as he came, erupting into Sting’s hand in hot bursts. Once he finally stilled, the blond pulled his hand away, but did not remove his fingers. Slid a third in instead, grinding himself against Rogue’s lap as he opened his mate wide.

“I’m not done with you yet.”

Rogue hoped Sting was never done with him, and his voice was beautifully broken when he managed to force words out.

“I love you, Master.”
Okay, we're back into the actual storyline here.

Rogue woke up and everything in his life was as it should be. Sting was pressed in close, arms so tight around the shadow mage that he could barely breathe, but it was fine. Rogue needed Sting there more than the air in his lungs anyway, and he pulled in a shallow breath and smiled. Soft fur tickled at his face, along with the plush fabric of Frosch's clothes, so familiar that the wizard would know them by touch alone. He could hear Lector snoring, though their guild master was usually louder than his exceed, and even through the fog of drowsiness Rogue wondered if Sting was really asleep. It was warm, and all the aches had disappeared from Rogue as though they'd never been there at all. He felt whole, and well. When? When had they started sleeping this way again? All four of them shoved under blankets, tangled up in a pile of limbs and tails that felt more like home than anywhere else in the world. How long had it been? Months ago, long before Sting took that trip to Magnolia, and then-

The shadow mage shot up in bed as everything flooded back in a rush, all the disorientation he'd felt vanishing as he looked towards Sting. Sting, who was smiling at him from their pillows, Lector snuggled up in his arms now that Rogue had escaped the Dragonslayer's grasp. He opened his mouth to speak, ask when their exceeds had returned, or if their guild mates were also back, only to be silenced as Sting lifted a finger to his lips. Whispered low, and if he didn't have the ears of a dragon, Rogue would not have been able to hear.

"Shhhhh. You'll wake them. They're so tired. They got back a few hours ago and collapsed into bed with us. They were very happy to see you, but they couldn't stay awake." Sting gave Lector a soft look, nuzzling against the fur of his ears before grinning up at Rogue again. "They got here before anyone else. I'm kind of impressed, really. I know they can fly, but still."

Rogue reached down and brushed bright blond locks out of Sting's eyes, his other arm snaking around Frosch of its own volition and pulling the little cat close. He buried his face in Frosch's hood, blinking back the tears that wanted to pool in his eyes, and then Sting laced their fingers together. The shadow mage wanted his guild mates back, but he knew they were safe somehow, and the moment stretched on infinitely. Himself, his mate, their exceeds. All together, his family, no tense distance between them. No enemies lurking in the darkness, waiting to strike out at his allies. Just the calm after the storm, everything washed clean and made new. Or, almost everything.

Rogue knew Sting would make him new again soon. Tie him up, and strip away everything until there was nothing but the two of them. But that had to wait, because neither of them would be able to manage such things while the rest of Sabertooth was unaccounted for.

"I wonder when the others will-"

A loud noise erupted through their apartment, the little exceeds jolting awake as the front door slammed open. Pounding steps echoed loudly, and before anyone had a chance to blink Minerva and Yukino were there.

"Sting! Rogue!"
Yukino sobbed their names, lip trembling as she took a gasping breath. The girls threw themselves onto the twin dragons, Yukino crying into Rogue's hair while Minerva hid her face in Sting's chest. The Dragonslayers both smiled at each other over their heads, a little wide eyed with surprise, and Lector and Frosch wiggled out of the way to avoid being crushed in the melee. Minerva bit out angry words, sounding more like she was scolding an errant child than greeting her guild master.

"I'm glad you idiots are still alive. I'll be damned if I clean up the mess you made in front of the guild hall." Sting laughed, petting her hair affectionately, glad that Minerva was feeling well enough to insult him. It meant she was mostly unharmed, though probably angry that she did not get to fight against Sabertooth's enemies. Nothing pissed off Minerva more than missing out on a good battle, especially if the safety of her friends was on the line. She'd be insufferable for a few days at least, and part of Sting hoped there was a difficult mission waiting on the job board, because Minerva would need one to clear her head.

"We'll clean it up. We promise." She reached up and smacked Sting in the side of the head in answer.

"Damn right you will. Plus those idiot mages from Fairy Tail ate most of the food. Rufus had to go shopping so we could all eat." Minerva pulled back and stood by the bed, brushing her clothes off as thought they'd been dirtied by the display of affection. Straightened out nonexistent wrinkles, cleared away invisible dirt. Rogue was still hugging Yukino, and it did not look like the celestial mage was going anywhere anytime soon, sniffing into his chest. A few days ago, and Sting would probably have felt jealous at the sight, even though he knew the two felt nothing but friendship for each other. A dragon's instinct, rising up whether he liked it or not. Now he was so glad to see his guild mates, he would not care if they all climbed into bed together and slept for days. Frosch wedged in between the two, though, putting those little forepaws on Rogue's cheeks and smiling.

"Fro was so worried! Fro's glad you're okay!" The shadow mage kissed the exceed's forehead, holding the cat with one arm and Yukino with the other.

"I'm glad you're okay too." He looked over at Minerva, who stood there awkwardly, arms crossed. Angry she'd been caught feeling, heaven forbid. "Is anyone else back?" Minerva made a sound through her teeth, glancing towards the door absently.

"Everyone's back. They didn't think we should disturb you, something about 'letting you rest'. Pffft. Like I was going to listen to Yukino whimper and worry for hours until you decided to drag yourselves to the guild." Rogue looked at Minerva, her cheeks pink, eyes on the ground, and it was hard not to laugh.

"Yukino was worried? Not you, though." Minerva glared at the shadow mage, turning on her heel and heading out the door.

"I'll see you stupid dragons later." Without another word she was gone, and Yukino pulled herself together, giving Sting a lingering hug before climbing back to her feet. She fidgeted in the doorway, wiping at her eyes, looking lost.

"Should I tell them you'll be in later? I'm sorry we woke you up, but even after Natsu and the others told us you were fine..."

"No, it's okay, don't worry. I'm glad you came. We're coming now. Right?" The shadow mage looked to Sting for confirmation, and the guild master nodded in agreement. They would not be able to go back to sleep knowing everyone had returned to the guild. It was just as Yukino had said, hearing the words was not enough. Rogue needed to see his friends, needed to know they were well and truly safe. Confirm with his own eyes, his own hands. Soothe the dragon in him that was still
riled at the thought of his charges being in danger. Sting threw his legs over the side of the bed, stretching and climbing to his feet.

"Right. Let's go."


........................................

Hours later, and Rogue's face hurt from smiling. Everyone had returned, and Sabertooth was alive with celebration, rowdy drunken mages stumbling all over the place. Freed and Laxus had already gone, taking an exhausted Wendy with them and granting Minerva power over the runes that held Sabertooth's two captive mages before heading back to Magnolia. Natsu and Gray were still there, along with a few other stray Fairy Tail wizards, all of them loud and raucous in a way that no other guild could quite pull off. Rufus and Dobengal watched with wry expressions as the ice mage and Dragonslayer fought, rolling back and forth across the guild floor, and there would probably be a few more repairs necessary when they were through but Rogue couldn't really make himself care. Frosch and Lector fell asleep in Yukino's arms, and Orga had picked the trio up as though they were weightless and taken them to the celestial mages room for the night. The shadow mage sat next to Sting at the bar, not as close as he'd really like considering the crowd, but it was close enough. Rogue could feel his mate's heat, could smell his scent. Coupled with the noise of their guild mates, and his inner dragon was soothed as it had not been in months. Even when he'd been freshly mated to Sting, there were dangers waiting to pounce on them, muddying his elation.

Now their guild was back together, he was healed, and there was nothing to worry about besides a half empty bank account and some busted floorboards. He'd take those problems gladly. Fix the guild himself if he had to, drive the nails by hand. Mend what he had broken under the sway of shadows that were not his own.

Shadows that Sting had pulled from him, snuffed out with that light of his, and Rogue leaned into his mate and sighed. They'd waited long enough, wizards now falling asleep on tables and drunkenly collapsed on the floor. Rogue did not want to dwell any longer.

Not when his neck itched for the pull of leather, his skin bare without the ache of Sting's hands on it. They'd not come together in days, and in that moment it felt like an eternity.

"Master Sting." Sting tensed beside him, looking at Rogue curiously, cocking a brow.

"Rogue?" Rogue let a predatory smile creep over his face, and Sting's cheeks flushed pink at the sight.

"I think it's time we take our leave, Master. Lector and Frosch are already asleep with Yuki."

Sting did not need to be told twice, and they muttered a few halfhearted goodbyes before fleeing Sabertooth, hands coming together as soon as the door of the guild hall closed behind them. Rogue dragged his mate across the street and into their home, and once they were shut inside away from the eyes of the world, the shadow mage pounced on him.

Rogue's mouth was rough on Sting's own, teeth digging into his lips, tongue slipping between the guild master's lips with barely restrained violence. The white Dragonslayer tugged the tie from Rogue's dark hair, and when it fell loose around his head, Sting buried a fist in it.

Wrenched it back brutally to expose the pale column of Rogue's throat, licking a stripe up its length before sinking his teeth in hard. The shadow mage jolted under the force of the bite, hips grinding
forward, fingers clutching at Sting's clothes. When his mate pulled back those blue eyes were alight with heat, and his voice was not his own when he spoke, but the voice of the Master.

"Go get your collar and blindfold, little pet. Bring them to me. Use your mouth."

Rogue tripped over his feet in his haste to obey, Sting's dark laughter chasing him through the hallway, and it sounded like music to his ears.
More

Sting ended up following after Rogue, because as much as he would like to have his mate kneeling before him, collared and panting and desperate, the shadow mage was freshly healed and probably still somewhat exhausted. Rogue deserved a soft mattress underneath him, and warm blankets to cover up with afterwards. Maybe next time Sting would have him crawl across the floor on hands and knees, but not right then.

He could tear Rogue to pieces in the comfort of their bed just fine.

When Sting entered the bedroom his stomach was coiling tight in anticipation, and a wave of heat washed over him when he caught sight of Rogue. The shadow mage had already stripped down to nothing and was rifling through their box of gear, collar in hand. Sting stared at the flex of Rogue’s shoulders as he searched for the blindfold, dark hair fanning out over milky skin, and his mouth went dry.

He thought he knew what it was to want Rogue before they’d been mated. Had felt it day in and day out, an ache that he’d decided would never be soothed. It had been physically painful, denying himself something that his instincts seemed to demand. Being so close to his friend and yet not close enough. Now that he’d tasted Rogue, though… Now that he knew what beautiful sounds that mouth could make, and what those strong fingers felt like tugging at his hair… Now that he had sunk his teeth into the soft flesh of Rogue’s throat, and spread those pretty thighs…

Sting wanted Rogue even more than before, with a ferocity that was almost frightening. He could feel the desire in his chest, and his lungs, and his mouth. Overtaking everything he was, until Sting was nothing but need and mate, all hungry lips and clutching hands.

He shed his own clothes in an instant, and when Rogue found what he’d been searching for and turned around to see Sting in the doorway, he blinked once but did not hesitate.

He put the collar and blindfold in his mouth and went to his knees in front of Sting in a smooth, practiced motion. Poured like water into the floor, hands behind his back, eyes begging. Sting could hear it, even if Rogue didn’t make a sound.

*Please, Master. More.*

Sting took the collar and silk out from between Rogue’s lips, staring at the shadow mage like he
would stare at a sunset, or rainstorm, or a night sky full of brilliant stars. Something so beautiful he couldn’t quite grasp it, and words slipped hushed from his mouth as he let his free hand sift through Rogue’s ink black hair.

“I don’t deserve you.”

Rogue’s eyes went soft, but he didn’t argue. He leaned down and pressed his lips to the top of Sting’s foot. Rogue let his hands grasp delicately at the guild master’s calf, brushing another soft kiss to Sting’s ankle. He trailed his lips up the Dragonslayer’s leg, rising up on his knees to mouth at Sting’s thigh, nosing into the juncture of his hip. Those slitted red eyes looked up at him, and suddenly Sting couldn’t breathe. Rogue smiled at him, nuzzling against his skin, and the light mage felt his words as much as heard them.

“You deserve everything.” Rogue pulled back, arching his head to the side, exposing his throat to Sting’s gaze and going very still. “Now please collar me, Master. I’ve waited so long to serve you.”

Sting shuddered and closed his eyes for a moment before wrapping the black and red leather of Rogue’s collar around his neck. He opened his eyes to fasten it, though he didn’t need to. His fingers knew the collar well enough, knew where to clasp, knew just how tight to make it so that Rogue would be able to swallow without the pull of leather pressing too hard against him. He was more cautious with the blindfold, careful not to pull Rogue’s hair as he tied the silk snug over his eyes and knotted it. Once the cloth was in place it was the shadow mage who shivered, leaning into Sting’s palm, the guild master cupping his cheek. He couldn’t figure out quite what he wanted to say, his voice dried up somewhere in his mouth.

There weren’t enough words in their language to describe Rogue. How perfect he was, how strong, how precious. His silence filled the air for a while only to be broken by the shadow mage, and even Rogue’s voice was breathtaking.

Beautiful.

“What do you want from me, Master?”

The way he spoke the title, Master, always so different from the way others did, finally jolted Sting out of his reverie. He had all the time in the world to be soft and gentle and loving with his mate. That wasn’t what Rogue needed. Not until later, anyway.
Rogue wanted Sting to be his Master, and he was happy to oblige. Afterwards he could take all those warm feelings and drown Rogue in them. Brush his hair and wash his skin and feed him and hold him.

Right now, he needed to break him.

“Up on the bed, hands and knees, facing the headboard.” Rogue started to obey, only to find Sting’s hand buried in his hair, wrenching it backwards. “What do you say, pet?” The shadow mage’s breathing stuttered, cheeks going pink, cock twitching to life between his legs.

“Y-Yes, Master.”

Sting tossed him backwards, calculatedly rough, with just enough force that he landed on his ass but not enough strength to actually hurt him.

“Good pet.”

Rogue felt his way up onto the bed, fingers searching out the headboard hesitantly, and when he was in position he looked over his shoulder towards Sting. Blindfolded, unable to see the guild master, but still instinctively searching him out. Sting watched Rogue arch his back, just slightly. Spread his knees a little wider. Bite his lip, flush spreading out over his body, and the Dragonslayer was lucky he even heard his mate talk considering how fucking appetizing Rogue looked on his knees.

“Like this, Master?”

Yes. Fuck.

“Just like that, love.”

His voice sounded steadier than he felt, and Sting was glad Rogue couldn’t see the look on his face, because he was sure it was something stupidly adoring he could not hide. The light mage retrieved their bottle of lubricant from the drawer in the nightstand before taking his place on the bed behind Rogue, letting it roll around on the blanket as he leaned over his mate’s back. Palmed his thighs, kissing his way up Rogue’s spine, whispering.
“Just like that. So perfect.”

Rogue quaked at the praise, shoving into Sting everywhere they touched, the tag on his collar chiming metallic. The noise itself speaking without words, *this one is mine*, and Sting loved the sound it made. He kissed up bruises on Rogue’s shoulders and throat for a bit, letting his hands roam all over the shadow mage as he did so. Clinging to his hips, playing over his ribs, kneading at his ass. Then he eased his right hand down Rogue’s shoulder, over his elbow, to his wrist. Sting leaned back, bringing his mate’s right hand with him and digging for the lubricant. When he found it the guild master coated Rogue’s first few fingers with the liquid.

Then Sting guided the shadow mage’s hand back to his own entrance, forcing him to arch his back to reach. He covered Rogue’s hand with his, pressing his mate’s fingers to his hole, making them circle gently. Sting leaned forward until his lips were right in Rogue’s ear, pouring words in like honey.

“Fuck yourself open for me, pet. I’m going to watch.” Rogue keened, and Sting felt his hands tremble, but it only took him a moment to answer, even if his voice was broken.

“Yes, Master.”

Sting kissed just underneath his ear in approval and sat back on his heels, massaging Rogue’s ass, spreading the cheeks wide. He watched the shadow mage’s long, lithe finger circle for a few moments longer, muscle quivering at the contact, before pressing in. The sound Rogue made was delicious, and even if he could not delve as deep as Sting could from that angle, it would be enough. Sting stared as Rogue slid in an out of himself, slowly, meticulously.

When the dark haired mage paused in his ministrations Sting let his palm fall heavy on Rogue’s ass, the slapping noise not loud enough to drown out his mate’s wanton moan.

“F-fuck…” Rogue’s hips canted up, letting his finger slide further in and exposing his ass for Sting’s rough touch.

“Don’t stop, pet.”

He picked up his shallow thrusts, and it was not long before Rogue worked another finger into himself, desperate for Sting. He said as much, mumbling incoherently as he worked himself wider, *please I need you Master*. Rogue muttered in between mewling little gasps, that pink blush growing
brighter over the pale skin of his shoulders, and where his cheeks peeked out from beneath his blindfold. He hesitated again as his fingers brushed that perfect place inside him, jaw shaking open.

Sting delivered another smack, this time on the other cheek. It was meant to be a punishment of sorts, to urge Rogue to continue and spread himself quickly, but then he turned back blindly towards Sting and begged.


The Dragonslayer couldn’t refuse. Could never refuse Rogue anything, no matter what he asked, but it was no struggle to give his mate what he wanted right then. He let his hands strike out again and again, painting Rogue’s ass a brighter shade of pink than even Rogue’s desirous flush could achieve. Sting’s handprints tangled over the shadow mage’s skin, and with every blow he shoved into the touch, three fingers now buried knuckle deep inside his own heat. The guild master had lost himself in the curve of Rogue’s spine and the sound of his moans and the slick of his hands, and only his mate calling out to him brought Sting back.

“D-dragon.”

Sting froze, hand poised ready to fall, everything in him strung tight with tension suddenly. Rogue did not withdraw his fingers, throwing an unseeing glance over his shoulder.

“G-gonna come, if we don’t stop. Want you inside first.”

Sting eased Rogue’s hand out of himself gently, and then rolled him onto his back, settling between the Dragonslayer’s thighs. He removed the blindfold as quickly as he could without snarling his fingers in Rogue’s messy hair, and when those crimson eyes focused on him, he couldn’t help but smile.

“Anything you want, love.” Rogue smiled, drunk on the ache in his skin and the need crawling up his spine, spreading his legs impossibly wider.

“Want you.”

Sting held his gaze as he pressed into his mate in one smooth motion, staring as Rogue’s face twisted with pleasure. When he bottomed out inside they both shook against each other, Rogue’s hands
clutching at Sting’s shoulders, Sting’s face buried in Rogue’s throat.

“Yes.”

Sting wasn’t entirely sure which one of them had said it, but it didn’t really matter. They held onto one another so tight there would be bruises dusted over Rogue’s hips, his thighs. Scratch marks etched into Sting’s back, teeth marks they’d both wear in their throats. He moved slowly at first, deliberately, but that didn’t last long. Soon he was fucking Rogue hard into the mattress, each thrust accompanied by the slap of skin on skin and both their groans.

They whined together, and then Sting took Rogue’s mouth and they swallowed each other’s sounds hungrily. Every gasp, every whimper, every growl. Sting hissed out Rogue’s name into his lips as he brought them higher, the scent of mate thick in the air. He tasted blood, and he could smell how close the shadow mage was, right on the edge of euphoria.

Sting sunk his teeth into Rogue’s bottom lip and they came together, shuddering out their climaxes in unison. His own erupted into Rogue in heated bursts, and Rogue’s pearly seed painted their chests in warm streaks of fluid. The Dragonslayer gave them time to catch their breaths, but then he carried Rogue into the bathroom and filled the tub with steaming water. They washed each other, and Sting combed those raven strands with his fingers until they were smooth and soft and flawless.

He tucked them both into bed after changing the sheets, soft pajamas on in case their Exceed’s decided to burst in bright and early and wake them. If they did Sting would forgive them.

They were his family, after all.
Much, Much Later, The Grand Magic Games

The sound of the crowd was almost nostalgic, but it had never felt quite as good as in that moment. It had been years since they stood together in the middle of the Domus Flau, victory rushing fresh through their veins. All their past triumphs in the games felt hollow in Sting’s memories, the shadow of Jiemma looming to taint what should have been points of pride, but rang false and empty now.

Sabertooth wasn’t the same guild anymore. They weren’t the same mages.

Sting was a whole different person, and this time, they’d really, truly, won. There was no guildmaster standing in the sidelines to tear them apart, no dark undertones lingering just beneath the skin of everyone in Sabertooth. Tomoe and Yuu were there on the sidelines, again bearing the mark of the guild as they once had.

Sting wondered if they’d ever stop wearing those fucking cloaks, or leave the walls of Sabertooth without holding hands.

Probably not, if he were to guess. He’d offered to let them fight in the festivities, but they’d refused, looking vaguely nauseated at the thought.

Fairy Tail had not participated in the games either, still recovering from their own personal battles, their own private struggles. It was impossible to miss the occasional whispers from the crowd directly after the final battle concluded.

*Sabertooth only won because Fairy Tail isn’t here to beat them.*

Sting didn’t even care. Neither did Rogue. Minerva, Yukino, Rufus… They had no illusions about who was the more powerful guild between the two.

It couldn’t sully the wash of pride than ran through Sting. Not with Rogue smiling at him like they’d just hung the sun in the sky themselves, red eyes glittering with euphoria. Sting’s mate mark heated up in his palm, warm feelings rushing through their bond until his knees started to go weak.
They’d fought, and they’d won, and no one could take that from them.

All Sting wanted to do right then was pull Rogue into his arms. Kiss him breathless right there, with all of Crocus watching. Not even out of any sense of possession, or a desire to show everyone Rogue was his.

Rogue’s smile was bright, and beautiful, and Sting just wanted to taste it.

He couldn’t, though. They’d come out to Sabertooth, and most of the other guilds knew they were mated. It was an open secret among the mages they allied themselves with, and the Dragonslayers didn’t bother trying to hide their relationship in the company of their friends. After attending Natsu and Gray’s wedding, they tossed around the idea of outing themselves to the general public as well, albeit in a less dramatic way, only to decide against it.

Sting was ready. Rogue was not. They were still reeling from hard won battles at the time, and dragging their personal lives out into the light of day wasn’t something the shadow mage was prepared to deal with. He needed time, and Sting would give it to him. If Rogue was never ready, that would be okay.

Rogue would always be his mate, and nothing would change that.

Still, when he looked over at Rogue and realized he couldn’t reach out and brush that single stray lock of black away from his face, couldn’t run a thumb over that grinning mouth, it stung a little. The adrenaline was overwhelming, and Sting wanted to hug him. Pick him up, swing him in wild circles, press his face into Rogue’s hair.

Rogue caught his stare, and his smile went soft and adoring as he reached into clothes and pulled something out. A little box, and Sting frowned at it for a half second, but didn’t have time to wonder what was inside.

Because Rogue stepped in front of him and dropped down to one knee, lifting the now open box up like the offering it was.

If he’d thought the crowd was loud before, Sting had been wrong. They exploded, and Sting’s ears rang with the noise, and he couldn’t even see what was in the box because he needed to blink back the itch in his eyes. His cheeks flushed red, and he covered his mouth with one hand, but it couldn’t
hide the absurd smile on his face.

“Do I really have to say it?” Rogue asked, and Sting nodded, because he needed to hear.

Not that Rogue wanted him forever, he already knew that.

That Rogue wanted the whole world to know Sting was his, that they didn’t need to keep it tucked away like a secret. Rogue smirked, his own face as pink as the flower petals that rained down around them, the whole guild screeching in the background.

“Marry me, you idiot.”

Sting didn’t answer. He tackled Rogue to the ground, the box of rings flying off to the side, forgotten as Sting brought their mouths together.

Kissed him breathless for everyone to see.

Chapter End Notes

There will probably be more added to this story, but they will be one shots, likely of the smutty variety. As a whole, this fic is finished. I had only just started writing again when I began this fic, and I can barely tolerate reading it from the beginning, because my writing has improved so much since then that it's almost painful to read. All I see are the mistakes. So I really want to thank you guys for all the love and support, because without fanfiction, I probably would have stopped writing for good.

Thanks for reading, thanks for commenting, thanks for keeping me going, because I am so much happier and more confident in my writing skills. Keep writing everybody. Keep drawing. You can't get better if you don't do the thing.

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