Dancing with the Devil

by PhantomRider

Summary

“Why worry about me, Sebastian. I’m just a meal to you. Is it because you have to keep me going until we find the ones who murdered my parents, and you don’t want to worry about losing my soul beforehand? Well?” Ciel was on his feet, furious. He was furious with himself for thinking that there was something more to be had with the seductive, beautiful creature currently eyeing him like he was the devil.

Notes

Hello there. I present to you the first Kuroshitsuji/Black Butler fan fiction that I have written. I do hope that you will excuse any missed grammar and spelling errors that you find, I do try to catch as many as I can but, alas, they always manage to slip by no matter how many times I re-read. To those of you who may have encountered this story on ff.net, well met again - I am the same writer.

Mn, what else? Oh, I don't own Kuroshitsuji and never will.

Older!Ciel x Sebastian

That being said, read and enjoy!

Ciel Phantomhive was awake at an ungodly, early hour, far earlier than Sebastian would wake him up. He was not certain as to why he was even awake, other than a half-remembered and very disturbing dream. Well, the little snippets he could remember were disturbing on their own, so perhaps the entire dream itself had not been; then again… the entire dream could have been one
huge disaster that would leave him more mentally-scarred than anything he had seen in his life. Which happened to be a lot more than anyone would expect from a teenager. Ciel wrinkled his nose, remembering all the encounters with super-human beings that he had had – including the ongoing one that was his life at the Phantomhive manor. ‘Living with a devil. Intelligent thing to do.’ He rolled his eyes, deciding not to dwell on the past. It was better left to gather dust, even if he would never forget and even though he could never remove the reminder that was burned into his back.

A clattering noise outside his door had the young noble sitting upright in bed, his hand creeping towards the revolver that he kept under his various pillows. He doubted that Tanaka would be wandering around this early, and he knew for a fact that Finny, Mey-Rin, and Baldo weren’t even awake yet – they were always bleary-eyed when he came downstairs, normally several hours from now. Sebastian, he wouldn’t put it past that one to be up and sneaking around. ‘Actually,’ Ciel mused idly, ‘I don’t think he actually does sleep.’ Filing the thought away for later, Ciel returned his attention to the door. No further sounds came from outside, other than the wind whistling around the window frame.

Having decided that it was safe to relax again, Ciel flopped back, dropping an arm over his miss-matched eyes. He sighed, attempting to let his mind go blank so he could fall asleep again; or so he hoped. Goodness only knew what all would be slated to be done for the day; his butler was more of a slave-driver than anything. And easily annoyed if anything happened to get off-schedule; though it was immensely entertaining to watch him rage mentally at what/whomever threw his plans off target. Usually while scowling darkly enough to send any animal running, no matter what kind of animal it is; well, except cats. His butler was a little too fond of cats, like the Noah’s Ark Circus and the incident with the tiger, Betty. Ciel shook his head, laughing at the memory of the tiger attempting to bite Sebastian’s head off – quite literally. He sobered upon remembering the events that happened afterwards, he hated remembering those days of trying to fit in with the circus troop, avoid exposure by the Grim Reaper who had shown up, all while trying to solve the missing children’s case. He hated the humiliation he had suffered while there, but he hated the memories of having to kill the circle of orphans involved with the missing children case because they had blindly tried to kill him and his, even while knowing who he was.

“Dark thoughts so early in the morning, young master?” Ciel almost flew off his bed in shock at the deep voice, soft as silk, which carried an amusement at startling the boy. A light flickered into existence, a candle, and it just barely shed enough light to show the room in fuzzy detail, but mostly showed the man holding the candle. Crimson eyes danced in the light, a tiny smile curving lips that were normally locked in a sarcastic smirk. Or an expressionless mask, irritation towards the servants, or the rare joyful occasions; those were normally when Ciel had managed to humiliate himself or ordered someone killed. Such a sick sense of humor.

“Why are you in here already, it’s barely even three-thirty!” Ciel growled, jerking his blankets up to his shoulders, turning his back on the now laughing devil by the door.

“Why are you awake already, my lord? And thinking such dark thoughts, no less.” Sebastian shot back, choosing not to answer the question yet. He quietly closed the door, setting the candle in a holder before walking to the window to peer out from behind the heavy curtain.

“Nightmares never let you sleep, and how would you know what I was thinking. You cannot read minds.”

“Tsk. One would think you had given up on questioning me about myself, you know I dislike answering those.” Sebastian scowled, half his face hidden behind the curtain as he watched something, likely a rabbit, in the garden.
“So honest. Can the same be said of the answers you have given regarding yourself.” Ciel returned, flipping to lie on his back, contemplating the ceiling with a blue eye and an eye obscured with the mark of the covenant.

“Young master, how many times must I repeat that I do not lie before you’ll believe me?” The butler sighed, straightening up to favor his master with a slightly disappointed look on his face.

“Forever.” Ciel muttered, scowling and watching the red-eyed devil for a reaction. He was surprise to see a host of emotions flash across the normally impassive face regarding him. Annoyance, regret, acceptance came and went, before a look of hurt shot through, so quickly that Ciel thought he might have imagined it. Sebastian then sighed, turning his head to hide behind his hair slightly.

“Is that so?” He murmured, mentally kicking himself for not guarding his emotions better. He hoped Ciel hadn’t read enough of them to guess at how much that sarcastic comment had shocked and hurt the devil. He berated himself for dropping his guard enough to let a remark rankle him; he should have been used to the boy’s comments by now. “I guess I shall have to resign myself to many more repeatings, then.” He taunted back, closing his eyes before continuing; “is there anything you need?”

“Not at this instant, no. Except to sleep again.” Ciel grumbled, pulling the covers over his face. Sebastian raised an eyebrow, mildly amused.

“As you wish.” The candlelight vanished at the same time as the door closing quietly; leaving Ciel to prod through his thoughts. He mostly wondered at that split-second glimpse of pain he thought he had caught on Sebastian’s face, trying to figure out if that really existed or he had imagined it. That type of look wasn’t one he would ever expect the devil to wear, not with his sarcastic remarks for everything.

Sebastian, meanwhile, had practically raced to his room so that no one would see him getting aggravated with himself. He closed his door just short of slamming it before retreating into his attached bathroom, where he glared at his reflection angrily.

“Damn fool thing to do, letting your guard down like that. Must be getting old.” He growled, eyes flashing angrily. His black hair swept into his face, further aggravating the man. He shoved his hair behind his ears, some of it refusing to cooperate and falling back to where it was. He dispassionately eyed his pale hand with its black nails and the covenant on the back, sighing. He didn’t regret making the contract, not in the least, but the emotions he had learned while carrying it out bothered him half the time. Killing didn’t rankle him in the slightest, and likely never would, but the thought of someone killing his master disturbed him. It wasn’t that he would be furious at losing the boy’s soul; it was that he would lose the boy himself.

Sebastian started, jerking to standing upright, as a tiny tug on his consciousness caught his attention. The bond of the covenant at work, he could feel when Ciel summoned him; as the boy knew and used well, but he could also feel when the boy was thinking of or about him. Be it insults, vague thoughts, dreams, so on and so forth through the various thoughts humans possessed, Sebastian could feel them all when they were directed at him or about him. It made for a mildly entertaining day, reading the emotions Ciel felt whenever the butler said or did something to get a rise out of his master, or when the boy was watching him and thinking that the devil couldn’t tell. Sebastian had not felt the need to tell Ciel of this, the noble was rather uppity about his privacy at best. Then, he wondered just what was going through Ciel’s mind to have him confused and thinking about the devil.

“Sometimes I think I will never understand the kid…. Then he goes back to acting like a child, which is entertaining, and yet still he acts far older than he is…” Sebastian trailed off as something
clicked in the back of his head. "Older! By the Gods – well, not the Gods maybe, no need to involve them, it’s his birthday today! How in the world did I manage to lose track of that!" He grumbled, hand slapped to his forehead. He deftly re-arranged the day’s schedule to fit with his new plans to, hopefully, surprise his master. Instead of back-to-back dealings and lessons all day, there was now a large gap starting at six pm and ending the next morning. Plenty of time for whatever would happen, which most likely would turn out to be an invasion by Miss Elizabeth and her mother; which the devil rather wanted to avoid – nothing like having to spend a couple hours being glared at and watched by that hawk of a woman. He shuddered slightly at past memories of it, decidedly ignoring everything associated with that track.

“No, wait a moment…. They are away on a trip of some sort. So it is just us in the manor. Perhaps Soma, if he remembers. Wouldn’t surprise me if he does…”

Satisfied with the new arrangement of the day, Sebastian dropped himself onto the bed that he rarely ever used. Devils didn’t need to sleep, and he barely ever felt like trying it just to try it, so the bed normally remained perfectly made and cold, but it made a comfortable place to throw oneself when annoyed, Sebastian mused idly, twisting his hair around his finger. Humans and their strange passions for material surroundings; yet no matter how much they had, they always wanted more. *Rather like devils in that regard, I suppose.* Only devils had far more time to spend on petty arguments and races, in their lifetimes.

He lay there, contemplating the ceiling for a few minutes and reviewing his thoughts before sighing. He swung himself to his feet fluidly, swept his tailcoat off a chair, and stretched hard. He grinned at the pop of bones re-aligning and joints protesting the sudden movements.

“No time like the present to prepare. The young master shall be allowed to sleep in for a while; the servants will likely go about their days as normal after I wake them up. This will leave me to prepare everything I possibly can. I cannot wait to see the young master’s face. He’s probably going to throw a little fit, as per usual.” He muttered to himself, darting out of his room and closing the door. He could see in the dark just fine, and any form of light might wake someone without cause and that is the last thing that he needed for this. Not with so much to do in so little time.

It was roughly two hours later when Sebastian woke the servants and informed them to carry out their jobs as per the normal, and do please try to avoid causing a mess today, for he simply had too much to do and no time to spend cleaning up after them. This was met with the usual assurances touched with the worry that they would mess up – which was usually a certain thing.

In short order, Sebastian had managed to turn the main dining area into a place decorated with blue ribbons, white roses, and various other things that Ciel had let slip that he had liked. The servants had managed the usual chaos, which Sebastian irritatedly cleaned up, and had also managed to contrive an oddly shaped cake for their master; which amused Sebastian. He had remembered previous birthdays for the master and had not wasted time with making a cake, but rather spent his time preparing the actual food for breakfast, lunch, a snack, and dinner. Sebastian looked up from putting the final touches on Ciel’s tea to note the time with a slight smile. Straightening up, he pulled his gloves on and placed the tea set on the trolley, along with a couple scones and proceeded up to his master’s bedroom.

Ciel jerked upright with a start, just as Sebastian poked his head in around the door.

“Ah, good morning young master!” Sebastian greeted him; the same as always and with no hint of anything from the morning meeting, save a slight hesitance of entering.

“What time is it, anyway?” Ciel muttered, averting his eyes from the devil; trying to forget the early morning and then the dreams since had fallen asleep again.
“Nearly eight o’clock, my lord.” Sebastian replied quietly, wheeling the cart near Ciel’s bedside table. “The tea today is Earl Grey and there is also blueberry scones – is something the matter, master?” Sebastian stopped at the look of sheer incredulity on Ciel’s face, almost horror.

“Why is it so late! How am I supposed to get anything done with so late a start!” Ciel whipped around, his eyes full of fire. Sebastian inadvertently took a quick step back; mildly worried that Ciel would slap him. He wasn’t tiny any longer, so a slap from him now would sting somewhat. Silently, Sebastian pulled out his calendar book and opened to the relevant date, wordlessly extending it to his master.

“Blank? Why is this blank? Are you trying to be funny, Sebastian?” Ciel looked up from the page, more annoyed than before, to meet the amused gaze of the crimson-eyed devil.

“Take care to look at the date my lord. I merely thought it might be nice for you to have a day to enjoy yourself; rather than working yourself to an early grave.” Sebastian winced mentally at his poor choice of words; of course it would remind Ciel that his soul was forfeit.

“‘An early grave,’ you say? Funny that should come from you, Sebastian.” Ciel’s voice was quiet, almost as though he had given in. “Don’t you think this has gone on long enough, with you submitting to everything I say? Why let it drag on, we’re likely never to find the ones.”

“My lord….” Sebastian looked away, closing his eyes. “My contract states that I will serve you until you have your revenge. I will not break the contract.”

“What if I ordered you to take me.”

“I would leave.” Sebastian replied and froze, having spoken without thinking. Ciel opened his mouth, about to utter an angry retort, when Sebastian’s words and expression sank in. The devil looked astonished, and rather like he was thinking about jumping out the window then and there.

“You… would leave?”

“…. Yes.” Sebastian sighed, turning his head away and following suit with the rest of him after setting the plate of scones and the teacup on Ciel’s table. He made a face at himself in the reflection off the cart, disgusted that he had slipped up twice in the same day. He was about ready to beat himself on the head with the cart.

“You’re lying. You wouldn’t give up on a soul after this many years chasing it.”

“Young master! I do not lie!” Sebastian snarled, his back still towards his master, eyes staring into the closet as he pulled out suitable clothing for the day, although his entire body had tensed up. “I have told you a great many times that I do not lie. I may not always tell you everything that I know, but I do not lie. I only tell you exactly what you have asked for. That is not lying. That is simply omission.”

Ciel stared in shock, never before had Sebastian acted like this. He had been angry, he had been condescending, and he was always aloof. This time, he seemed genuinely upset and a little bothered.

“Young master, forgive the outburst. I was not thinking.” His voice was wrong now, stiff, and formal. Almost… dead. “I should not mar your birthday like that.” He turned, clothes hung over an arm, eyes distant and expression closed.

“It is nothing,” Ciel began, “but-“ and was abruptly cut off by a white-gloved finger against his lips.
“Do not ask anything of me right now. You may regret it.” The butler cautioned, eyes focused somewhere off the Ciel’s left, instead of on him like he would have before. “I do not wish to trouble you with anything today. Today is your day, my lord, and you should spend it in leisure and relaxation. Not pondering over anything I say or am thinking.” He murmured, deftly getting Ciel out of his nightclothes and halfway dressed before the boy realized he had been moved.

“And if I decide that questioning you is what I’d like to do today?” Ciel replied caustically, his eyes narrowed and fixed on Sebastian’s face, hidden behind obsidian bangs.

“Then I will answer anything you ask. Later tonight. Finny, Mey-Rin, and Bardroy have been working harder than usual all today, while we let you sleep. I would not want to disappoint them.” Sebastian replied, his tone almost normal as he slowly buttoned the last of Ciel’s shirt closed and quickly tied on the black patch that covered the mark on Ciel’s right eye.

“There, you look as good as ever, my lord. I wish you the best today.” Sebastian bowed slightly, before darting out the door in a hurry.

“What the devil was that about?” Ciel asked himself, idly reaching for the teacup. *Let me sleep in? What has gotten into him, I thought he liked nothing better than to do everything possible to antagonize me.*

Having decided to play out Sebastian’s game, Ciel warily left his room after eating, knowing that the dishes will vanish at some point. He carefully made his way to the staircase, only to pause with a raised eyebrow at the trail of rose petals cascading down the stairs.

“What on earth…?” Ciel trailed off, staring. The petals were from white roses and made a pathway.

“I do believe you’re supposed to be following that, young master.” Sebastian drolly informed the boy as he walked by, tailcoat draped over his arm and tugging his gloves back on. He chuckled at the startled squeak his master emitted as the devil scared him, and watched as the boy jumped; nearly falling down the stairs.

“So sorry, thought you heard me coming down the stairs.” Sebastian grinned, mockingly. Ciel bestowed him with a furious glare. “Why-ever the baleful glare? Hope your face doesn’t freeze like that; you’re prettier when you smile.” Sebastian muttered the second half quietly before continuing on his way, jerking the coat back on, and leaving Ciel in a rather stunned silence. His butler was apparently having whiplash mood swings today. Shaking his head, Ciel decided to follow the white petal road, which led into his main dining room.

“Wait a moment, master!” Finny yelped, catching Ciel just before he was going to open the door. “Please, close your eyes.” Ciel made a face before closing his eyes, catching Finny by surprise. The groundskeeper had thought his master would have put up a bit more of a fight, he usually did.

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“Let’s see what you’ve got in store for me, shall we?” Ciel sighed, tiredly. Finny squealed an affirmative, carefully leading his master into the festooned dining hall, and told his master to open his eyes. Ciel raised an eyebrow, sighing softly. *Oh… Wow. They’re cleaning this up later.*

Later proved to be several hours later, Ciel noted ruefully. He ran a hand through his hair, tired from the inexhaustible energy of his servants and the air of utter happiness that surrounded them. He had smiled as true as he could, laughed at the jokes, and nearly died when Mey-Rin tripped on the edge of a chair and almost flipped the table over when she hit the edge. But most of all, he was confused. Sebastian had been absent the entire time, though his touch was present in the food. Ciel was certain that the man would have been there, for nothing else than amusement at Ciel’s expense. But not even the edge of his tailcoat was seen the entire morning, and the boy sighed as
he made his way into his study. He had left a book there that he had been reading and figured he might as well finish, as he had nothing else to do thanks to his butler giving him an unexpected day off.

The newly turned nineteen year-old flopped into his chair, after drawing the curtains shut and locking windows. He had no great desire to be kidnapped again, once was enough and he still had far too many enemies in the underworld. And the supernatural one. There were a couple of Grim Reapers who would like nothing better than to ruin his remaining life. The Undertaker, he wasn’t so worried about. That one didn’t follow any creed except his own, and that creed tended to keep him scaring children rather than trying to murder them.

Shaking his head, trying to shoo away memories, Ciel found his bookmark and set himself to the task of attempting to read. It only took him a few minutes to realize that his eyes hadn’t moved from the sentence he had started on and that he wasn’t taking anything in; instead allowing his thoughts to wander where ever they pleased. He narrowed his eyes, his thoughts kept turning back to the crimson-eyed devil that was his butler. All the things they had been through together, all the near-death experiences, everything. He lingered on the few times that Sebastian had touched his face or arms without his gloves on, the shockingly silken feeling of the demon’s skin. *Something so evil should not feel so soft and warm,* Ciel decided. *Nor should it be so beautiful in appearance. But then, beauty attracts sin, so perhaps it is valid. Distracting, but valid.*

His thought wandered about that track for some time before the Phantomhive realized that he barely thought about the vicious side to the demon. The sheer ecstasy on his face as he tortured, maimed, or killed. The revelry in life-and-death situations, the disdainful regards to Ciel’s life, everything that embodied the evil Sebastian warned that was his essence.

“I don’t think you are truly evil…..” Ciel murmured to himself, closing his book and admitting defeat to his stubborn thoughts. He studied his now interlaced fingers while turning over the spoken-aloud notion in his head, testing to see if he truly believed what he had said or merely wanted to believe it.

“You’re too kind, my lord.” The quiet voice, dusky as always came just before the opening of the study door. Ciel slowly raised his head, watching Sebastian as he quietly slipped inside the study, bright with early afternoon sunlight. “I have brought you your tea, my lord.”

“Thank you.” Ciel answered shortly, musing to himself. He wanted to push the demon for answers, to try to find a way inside the aloof mind of Sebastian. He was thinking about trying to bring the issue up at that moment, when a soft sigh caught his attention.

“I will tell you what you want to know. But not in this daylight. If only to spare you from seeing the horrors that I possess, and so that you may react with the illusion that I cannot see you in the dark.”

“I want to see these so-called horrors of yours. I could care less if I think you can see me or not, I know you can.” Ciel retorted, peeved at being treated like a child.

“Please, my lord, humor me just this once.” Sebastian’s usually distant, disdainful red eyes were pleading with the one blue eye that they could meet. Uncertainty, maybe even fear, reflected from their depths, and Ciel dropped his gaze, embarrassed suddenly. He felt as though he had walked into something that he should not have seen; some act that was for the performers only.

“Just this once. I will wait for you at sunset. That is an order.” Ciel barked shortly, ruffled by the unexpected display.
“As you wish. Thank you, master.” Sebastian murmured, bowing with a hand over his heart, before turning to leave. He paused just before leaving the room entirely, glancing over his little lord for a moment, then vanished as silent as he could.

Ciel’s day passed with the boy struggling through his book, daydreaming, and thinking about what questions to ask Sebastian. He wasn’t sure how to proceed with the whole idea, usually ‘questioning’ involved Sebastian beating the fluff out of whatever unfortunate soul had any information to tell. That approach obviously wouldn’t work in this situation, and Ciel was nearly at a loss. At least he had the afternoon to think it over, which was two hours until sunset.

Sebastian, meanwhile, had retreated to his room after tidying the manor in his normal fashion; lest the servants detect something was the matter. He regarded upheaval in the way many would regard a dead frog, disgusting and not to be gone near. After looking his room over and changing his gloves to clean ones, he retreated outside. The weather did little to bother him, he just wanted the air. A little bit of freedom to calm his racing heart, which hadn’t beat like that for several long and dark years. Sebastian, what a fool you are. Demons aren’t supposed to care. A soul is a soul is a meal. Doesn’t matter what houses it. Yet, here you stand. And so he did stand, leaning against the cold stone walls of the manor and watched the clouds drifting by. Stood and watched the sky slowly gain more color than just white and blue, and then as the sunset painted it the colors of fire. Sebastian closed his eyes at the caress of the wind in his hair, wondering if his ever impatient Ciel would summon him or let him wander in on his own.

In the study, Ciel had become tired of staring at printed words, opting to make his way to his room to await his irritating, yet astonishingly perfect, butler’s arrival. As he walked through the winding halls to his chamber, he toyed with the idea of calling Sebastian to him, deciding against it. He had agreed to ‘humor’ the devil, so he might as well just apply the same thought to waiting for him to appear. Ciel slipped into his room in time to watch the sun vanish from sight, leaving behind a fleeting painting of fire-colored sky. So beautiful a picture, sadly lasts but a moment in this world… He watched as the clouds in this living picture moved and shifted, even as colors began to lose their fire-bright intensity. Idly, Ciel wondered how much time had passed, for he was hardly good at being patient when it came to things that he wanted.

Sebastian paused outside his master’s door, feeling the little tug on his awareness. His master had surprised him by not summoning him the instant the sun bid the world goodnight, nor did he get summoned in the minutes afterward. Instead, Ciel had merely thought about goodness knows what, and then thoughts of Sebastian. The devil smiled softly, to himself, and adjusted the tea tray in his hand. He had figured that it would be a decent idea to bring his master’s tea along with a few small snacks. His lord had quite the impressive sweet tooth, something Sebastian couldn’t wrap his head around. Steeling himself, he set his face back to the usual unimpressed expression, took a small breath, and opened the door.

“Good evening, my lord. I have brought your tea and a couple of sweets that I made earlier.” Ciel turned at the sound of Sebastian’s calm, deep voice and watched as his demon closed the door before walking in to place the tray in its normal location, pour a cup of tea, and then take a few steps back.

“Thank you. The sunset tonight was impressive, was it not?” Ciel said, mainly for a lack of things to say at the moment. He had a million questions bouncing around inside his skull, but he wasn’t sure which to ask first.

“Yes, it was rather breathtaking.” Sebastian agreed, inclining his head slightly, watching Ciel sip his tea from under long lashes. “I believe there were several things you wished to ask me, my lord?”
Ciel paused in the act of setting his cup down, eyeing Sebastian speculatively. “Yes, several hundred, really.”

“Well, let me have it, then.” Sebastian chuckled, the sound making Ciel blink. It wasn’t Sebastian’s sarcastic laugh, nor the ‘you’re-about-to-get-your-lungs-ripped-out’ chuckle, nor any variation Ciel had ever heard. It was so human-sounding that it derailed his thinking momentarily.

“Why do you like cats so much?” Ciel asked, deciding to start somewhere relatively safe. Sebastian started, almost as though he had expected something entirely different.

“They don’t need to be played with constantly, nor constant attention. They take care of themselves, only doing what they wish to do, when they wish. I abhor getting licked to death by dogs, and while they have their merits, I would prefer cats.” Sebastian answered wryly. “Spending time chained like a dog also has a factor in it, though I am not referring to our contract with that.” He amended, frowning slightly.

“Why did you choose me to be your master?” Ciel murmured, turning his head to the side slightly. Sebastian raised an eyebrow, secretly finding that motion endearing.

“I didn’t choose you, so much as you chose me, my young master,” Sebastian grinned, entertained at the confusion on Ciel’s face. “I wasn’t looking for a master, and remember that I had said that ‘you managed to summon me’? I was actually in the middle of an argument with someone I dislike when you got ahold of my awareness and wouldn’t let go.”

Ciel’s forehead wrinkled in thought, absorbing the answer and slowly taking it in. He looked out the window, away from the amused devil before him.

“Why are you a devil, anyway? I can’t see how you got like that.” Ciel grumbled, trying to throw the crimson-eyed man off. Sebastian blinked, a little surprised.

“I haven’t a clue about that myself, really….” He trailed off, a brooding expression on his face before it cleared. “I don’t have memories of what I was before this, if I had been anything else. Perhaps another demon took a shine to me and an enemy changed me? I don’t know and never thought to find out.”

“How do you manage to do everything, including the others’ jobs, so quickly? I mean, I know you’re super-human and all that, but really.” Ciel grumbled, eyeing Sebastian curiously.

A shrug was given in response. “A lot like how Grim Reapers can be anywhere instantly. I just move fast.”

“Okay… How do you manage to keep your temper in check with the servants?”

“I… don’t, to be honest. I have a rather… extensive mental dialogue going most of the time. I just don’t say anything.”

“You know, talking to yourself is a sign that you’re going mad.” Ciel laughed. Sebastian tilted his head, raising his eyebrows.

“Quite likely, but if so… I’m already there, my lord.” He teased, shifting to a more comfortable way of standing, his weight on one leg.

“How do you put up with me?” Ciel asked, his voice so quiet it was as though he was afraid to ask. The mere idea of the Phantomhive being afraid was laughable at best, but Sebastian could feel the apprehension in Ciel’s thoughts, the tensing against a painful reply.
“It was harder than I care to admit, at first. After a while, I learned to read through your words and actions. You have so much weight on your shoulders, from an age when you shouldn’t have had such a burden to bear, that I took your moods in stride. Again, mental dialogue when you did manage to irritate me beyond what I expected.”

“Ah…” Ciel relaxed visibly, the tension in his thoughts gone. Sebastian turned to draw the curtains closed, the light fading fast now. “Are you going to leave it dark in here?”

“No, my lord.” Sebastian answered, beside the other side of Ciel’s bed with a lit candle in a holder. “I will leave you with this.” He placed it gently on the table before retreating to just inside the edge of the candle light. “Any other questions?”

“What does it feel like, having Grelle obsessed with you?” Ciel could have laughed at the look of disgust on his butler’s face the instant that name fell from his lips.

“Revolting. It makes me sick just thinking about that… thing.” Sebastian’s voice was so full of disdain and disgust that it was almost a palpable thing. Ciel schooled his expression to calmness, while his mind was racing. Is it because Grelle’s a man? What does that mean he thinks of me? Do I repulse him? Of course, I probably do. Untoward thoughts about my own butler, who is a devil and male no less! Of course he would think the idea is repulsive, he’s too proper for that.

“My lord?” Sebastian was at his side in a heartbeat, crouching on the floor to get a look at Ciel’s face, for his master had dropped his head to hide in his hair a moment before, the sheer panic and pain that Sebastian pulled from the bond of the Covenant enough to make his own heart skip several beats in fear. Ciel jerked in surprise, eye wide, and face pale.

“What is the matter?”

“Why the hell did you not tell me!”

“You never asked, my lord. Besides, there is nothing to be done about it.” Sebastian replied, reprovingly. He had had the feeling that the boy would react violently to the news, and he had been right. He tensed, certain that Ciel would reprimand or slap him for his omission. When nothing was forthcoming, the demon slowly relaxed, content to let Ciel’s racing thoughts get back under control. Oddly enough, embarrassment was the most powerful emotion his master was feeling at the moment.

“I am sorry, my lord. I don’t like prying into your privacy and I ignore it as much as I can, for I hate the thought of someone invading my private thoughts….” Sebastian murmured, eyes dark with sadness. He had feared that this would break the relationship of grudging trust Ciel had for him,
and by doing so, ruin any chance of having something more. Sebastian no longer cared about taking the boy’s soul, for a soul like that was not meant to be eaten, but to be cherished for the astonishingly pure thing that it was. Sebastian shoved his emotions into a box to be looked at later, changing his expression just as Ciel looked back at him. He sketched a slow bow. “I truly apologize.” He repeated, straightening up again.

“Why worry about me, Sebastian. I’m just a meal to you. Is it because you have to keep me going until we find the ones who murdered my parents, and you don’t want to worry about losing my soul beforehand? Well?” Ciel was on his feet, furious. He was furious with himself for thinking that there was something more to be had with the seductive, beautiful creature currently eyeing him like he was the devil.

“Of course not. Don’t be ridiculous. You are my lord.” Sebastian’s voice was laced with disapproval. His arms crossed, and he shifted his weight, clearly uneasy about the sudden turn in the conversation.

“Then what the hell am I to you!” Ciel yelled, throwing himself back onto his bed and draping an arm over his eyes.

“You are my master.”

“Is that it, then. All you feel is the loyalty of servant to lord, until you get to take the soul from my body?”

“I… cannot say.” Sebastian looked almost… horrified and scared.

“You agreed that you would tell me whatever I asked you earlier! Does this mean you lied the-” Ciel’s outraged response was cutoff mid-word when Sebastian pleadingly raised a hand to stop the lord’s raging.

“I do not lie. I cannot say, for you would not believe me.” When Ciel opened his mouth to retaliate, Sebastian shook his head, glossy black hair flying. “I cannot say, but I can show you.” His eyes were troubled, the creases on his forehead betraying the emotions coursing through him. Sebastian had never done anything decidedly this reckless. He knew full well that the consequences could shatter everything about him and around him. Nothing of Hell had prepared the demon for the shock of living, truly living, as a human. Finding friends, finding that his heart had room for more than dark emotions. Finding that even he, the most evil thing to exist, could love someone else. To have that person so unreachable, so brilliant, was painful to Sebastian. Reckless, reckless, reckless! Sebastian’s thoughts screamed at him, everything an emotional blur, as he took the steps that would bring him closer to Ciel; who had sat bolt upright as the demon approached him slowly.

“What are you doing?” That tone of voice, borderline command and fear, made Sebastian pause to sigh softly.

“You asked what you were to me. I told you I would show you, because you wouldn’t believe a word I said, if I tried to tell you.” Sebastian said softly, running a hand through his hair. The gesture, normally a sign of human nervousness, was unusual to see being used by the devil. Ciel found himself caught by the crimson eyes that were looking at him from a distance of maybe three feet away, saw the flicker of worry pass through their depths. He watched, curious and confused, as the butler stopped with that distance still between them; lips moving slightly as though he were arguing with himself. Sebastian’s eyebrow twitched, his eyes sliding shut, as he convinced himself to take the last two steps forward. It was ironic, he would not hesitate to murder women, children, anyone on an order and yet, the thought of revealing just a little of another side of him was enough to trigger a flight response in the demon.
Ciel watched as a shudder subtly rippled through Sebastian’s hands, the tense expression on his face. What on earth could he be thinking to make him act like this? I don’t think that he’s actually faking any of this, but I could be wrong….But I’m pretty sure that I’m not. But, I can’t think of any reason why he’d be like this…. Ciel’s thoughts were only increasing in curiosity and confusion, so much so that he almost let it show on his face. He sighed silently, flopping onto his back again.

“Forget it, Sebastian. It’s obviously not something you’re willing to do, and I’m too tired to want to order you to.” Ciel muttered, disgruntled. He had decided to give up. His curiosity could wait for later. Maybe Sebastian would slip up, a laughable thought, at some point in the future and give him a clue. He had enough to think over as it stood now, and his head was starting to hurt.

“No, my lord.” Sebastian’s voice came from very close to Ciel’s face, sounding as though the demon were right next to him. A blue eye flew open, only to see darkness as a gloved hand covered both his eyes; despite one being hidden behind an eye patch as always. Ciel jerked in surprise, a hand flying up to grasp Sebastian’s wrist to tug ineffectually at the demon’s arm. “Relax, please….” Sebastian murmured, free hand gently touching the side of Ciel’s face. “You asked and I will answer you, in my own way.” His voice was gentle, quiet, and surprisingly shaky. Ciel stopped struggling, leaving his hand on Sebastian’s wrist as a warning that he was not comfortable with being in the dark.

Sebastian paused a moment to gather his nerves and shove them away. He took in the sight of his master laying on the bed, one arm thrown out behind him, and the other grasping Sebastian’s wrist, blinded by the hand over his eye. The demon smiled briefly, then, before lowering his face close enough to brush noses with Ciel, paused again… and then allowed his lips to ever-so-slightly brush over Ciel’s. Sebastian’s eyes slid closed at the feeling, more than just the physical feeling but also at the emotional snap he felt at finally getting the issue off his chest; despite knowing that it would likely only create very unnecessary drama that he wasn’t entirely certain he could handle. After all, Ciel was a proper noble and engaged as it was. He was certain that the boy would have no use for him.

Ciel felt the soft touch on his mouth, confused for a few seconds before he felt Sebastian’s nose bump into his own and realized just what was happening. His butler was kissing him. Very lightly, but it was still the truth. He tensed, shocked more than anything; his mind a blank, and he felt Sebastian flinch, pulling away. The hand over his eyes remained where it was and a quick intake of breath from above him was all the clues he got to Sebastian’s reaction. No, don’t run! Stay, please… I don’t want you to stop! Ciel shouted in his thoughts, too embarrassed and shy to utter a word aloud – too worried to. Was the demon only doing this because he had realized Ciel’s feelings through the Covenant? Or was this true? He tightened his grip on Sebastian’s wrist, determined to not let go.

“Why…?” He asked quietly, closing his eyes. Ciel was determined to see this through to the end, no matter how painful it was. He wanted to find that chance that the feelings he had been shoving to the back of his mind might just be returned by someone so important to him. He knew that it could all come crashing down upon his head, that his hopes were up and fairly ridiculous in his own eyes. But he had never taken a chance like this before, never gambled something so precious, and he would give his all. Ciel Phantomhive was playing for keeps.

“I am not very good with emotion-talk. I thought this was the easiest way to express what I cannot put into words, for I’ve never learned how.” Sebastian replied, sounding tense. He was trembling slightly, almost unnoticeably. “The question is, what will you do with me now, my lord?” The pain was muted, tamped down, and suppressed. Sebastian closed his eyes, knowing Ciel would be unable to see his expression of hope and worry, but mostly apprehension. The demon jerked in surprise as a hand found his other arm, the one he was using to support his weight on the bed, and
slowly followed the line of it up to Sebastian’s shoulder, then to his face. He shivered at the warm touch on his cheek, sighing as the hand slipped around to brush through the soft hair on the nape of his neck. Sebastian sucked in a fast breath, almost collapsing at the sensation of fingers gently stroking his neck. Ciel didn’t know it, but he had found one of Sebastian’s weakest spots which, if used, would make the devil boneless and unable to think clearly.

“Keep you by my side, of course.” Ciel answered, keeping his face from smiling like he wanted to. He had gotten the feeling that Sebastian was terrified that he would be sent away, and Ciel loved nothing more than to scare the usually impassive devil.

“Your thoughts say otherwise.” Sebastian muttered drolly, laughing shortly. “Think about what you decide carefully, my lord. You should not do something you will regret later.”

“When I have I ever regretted something that I have done, other than things that I was clearly under informed about.” Ciel muttered, irritated. “And Lizzy already knows that I’m… not exactly into girls. She brought it up, actually. It was… mortifying.” He added, sighing. “She’s too perceptive. But she also confided that she only feels for me as a family member, so she isn’t going to turn into a jealous demon on me.” A velvet laugh greeted the last admission.

“Perhaps I should let you think on it.” Sebastian chuckled, amused. “Snap decisions are often bad ones.”

“Shut up, and stay.” Ciel growled, running fingers back through Sebastian’s hair, smirking at the shuddering response.

“Is… that an order?”

“Humor me.” Ciel threw the butler’s own words back at him, grinning. No, it is not an order. I want you to choose me. Heaven knows that I’ve chosen you.

“What was that last thought, something about ‘choose’?” Sebastian queried, a little bit shell-shocked. He didn’t usually hear words. It was worth the astonishment, as Ciel flushed a dark red.

“You said you couldn’t read minds.”

“This is the first time I’ve ever heard words, other than my name…” Sebastian trailed off, brushing his thumb across Ciel’s nose; hand still over the boy’s eyes.

“How long are you planning to keep me blinded?” Ciel asked, peevishly. He wanted to see the play of emotions on Sebastian’s face, not just guess at it.

“Just a little longer.” Ciel squeaked as the bed dipped beside him, his hand removed from the back of Sebastian’s neck. The sound of fabric sliding off skin, then a muted thud as something hit the floor before a warm hand replaced the gloved one over Ciel’s eyes. More sliding fabric, another thud, and Sebastian rid himself of his gloves. He shifted his hand to cover Ciel’s uncovered eye, his free hand slipping along the boy’s jawline before catching the edge of the eye patch. He deftly removed the offensive black cloth, tossing it aside, covering that eye before Ciel could look.

“Tease.” Ciel accused, huffing slightly. It hit Sebastian again, how adorable his master really was. So easily broken, so easily amused. Sebastian wouldn’t trade anything for this boy, not even a chance at redemption.

“Only for you.” Sebastian grinningly replied, removing his hands from Ciel’s eyes and placing his arms on either side of the boy’s shoulders; resting his weight on them. He was now half leaning over Ciel, sitting beside him. He would take this slowly, to give him master the chance to push him
away – which he was expecting.

Sebastian’s face was mere inches from Ciel’s as the boy opened his eyes, blinking to focus in the dim light. His eyes widened at the proximity of the demon’s face, Sebastian was so close that he almost went cross-eyed before bringing his hands up to rest on Sebastian’s cheeks.

“It’s your move.” Ciel said softly.

Laughter, then; “Hmm. Perhaps I should take a pawn, then.” Sebastian pressed his lips to Ciel’s, a little firmer this time; now that he wasn’t afraid of rejection. He allowed his eyes to close as Ciel’s hands slid from the sides of his face to stroking his hair, one traveling back to his neck. He shuddered lightly, making a soft sound of contentment as gentle fingers toyed with his hair. Ciel closed his own eyes, content to let Sebastian set the pace and clumsily moving his lips against Sebastian’s. Ciel was a little embarrassed at being so poor a kisser, it’s not like he’d ever wanted to let someone that close to him. Sebastian pulled back enough to breathe, amused.

“Less thinking helps, you know.” How Sebastian was that calm at the moment, Ciel had no idea. Nor did he really care. Ciel simply drew his fingers through Sebastian’s hair, up his neck and through his hair; wanting the reaction. Sebastian did not disappoint, trembling after a sharply inhaled breath.

“Seems like I’ve taken a pawn, as well.” Ciel murmured softly, curiosity welling up. “Why do you react like that, anyway?” Sebastian cracked an eye open, pushing himself up slightly.

“Well, I don’t really allow anyone close enough to touch me in most cases. It’s just a quirk of mine that I react like that. Kind of like you and reacting when something touches you left hip.” Sebastian grinned at the startled look on Ciel’s face. “Really, master, I do notice things.”

“I never doubted it.” Ciel muttered, rolling his eyes. He went to touch Sebastian’s neck again, to make the man stop smirking, when he found himself in the center of his bed without having moved himself. Sebastian stood next to the bed, resting his chin on his thumb and a thoughtful expression on his face.

“What on earth are you doing?” Ciel growled, pushing himself to a sitting position. Sebastian shrugged.

“I figured that your legs would go numb after a while, hanging off the bed like that. Plus, I felt the need to lock the door.” Ciel started, seeing that the door was, indeed, locked. And that his shoes were off. How... did I not realize that?

He was a little bit outraged at the lapse in attention, and a little amused. Sebastian very rarely edged into demonic speeds around Ciel, unless they needed to be somewhere fast. The soft noise of fabric on fabric caught Ciel’s wandering attention and he glanced up in time to see Sebastian discard his tailcoat onto a chair, then tossing his vest off as well. Catching Ciel’s curious eyes, Sebastian grinned.

“That thing gets annoying after a while.” He answered Ciel’s curiosity with a slight shrug. Ciel scowled, trying to figure out what kind of game the devil was playing with him now. He didn’t seem to be the type to kiss and flee, after all.

A loud yelp burst from Ciel as he was jerked to fall flat on his back by hands he didn’t see coming. Sebastian had somehow managed to get his shoes off and pin Ciel down in the same instant. The butler was on his knees above Ciel’s head; having shoved the pillows two feet lower than they normally rested. His eyes danced with mischief while Ciel’s eyes glared.
“And with that, I believe you have lost several pawns.” Sebastian’s tone was so smug that it made Ciel want to kick him for it. Instead, he turned his thoughts to ways at getting back at the infuriatingly perfect demon smirking, upside-down, at him. Ciel had an idea, but it wouldn’t work with his shoulders pinned down by arms too strong to shift. He would have to bide his time and wait for the right instant to attack. Instead, he closed his eyes and decided to be bored with things.

It came as a surprise then, when Sebastian deftly removed his overcoat layer of clothing, leaving Ciel in a light blue, button-up shirt. Sebastian was impressed that the boy’s eyes stayed shut, he had counted on the action to startle him. They were perfectly matched, both of them loved playing infuriating games, and they both hated losing. It would make for an interesting evening, to say the least. Sebastian chuckled in Ciel’s ear, a throaty sound, making the teen inhale a sharp breath and barely opening one eye to contemplate his butler. Sebastian gave him as innocent an expression as he could manage, his eyes flying wide open when Ciel twisted and lifted his head, deftly (if clumsily at first) drawing the demon into a slightly upside-down kiss that quickly turned heated when Ciel inadvertently nipped Sebastian’s bottom lip, almost pulling a groan from the demon. Sebastian closed his eyes, stamping down his quickly growing instincts to just take. He did not want to be the demon he knew he was; he wanted to be the human he had learned to be. To balance the two just enough so that the bliss of Heaven would dance with the fires of Hell. To do this, Sebastian knew that he would have the worst fight of his eternal life, a fight with someone he knew extremely well. He was going to have to fight with himself, and he refused to think about the pain that would result if he lost.

Taking a shallow breath through his nose, he touched his tongue to Ciel’s lip; smirking into the kiss at the soft noise the boy made, his lips parting just slightly. He is an unintentional tease.... Sebastian grumbled to himself, drawing one hand from its place on Ciel’s shoulder to tug loose the tie around Ciel’s neck. It was discarded with a careless motion, the hand tracing Ciel’s jawline as a fine tremble worked through his body. Sebastian lifted his head, pulling away, so he could shift his knees that were starting to feel the beginning of going numb when Ciel squeaked like an indignant mouse, pouting at Sebastian, his eyes barely open. Sebastian touched a fingertip to Ciel’s lips, a sign to be patient and be quiet for the moment. Ciel looked curious and did not put up a fight, simply letting an annoyed breath gust out.

Sebastian let go of Ciel’s shoulders entirely and sat up, hissing quietly as his legs protested. Ignoring his rebelling muscles, Sebastian shifted to sitting. He had just straightened his legs out to get the pins and needles feeling to quit when he was knocked onto his back, a very smug Ciel pressing all of his slight weight on the demon. Sebastian flopped, hair splayed out on the covers and eyes wide.

“Well then, now you have lost a rook.” Ciel grinned, actually grinned. Sebastian was taken aback by the expression. In all their years together, he had seen hints at smiles, but mostly the forced and fake ones bestowed upon the world. This was different, easier.

“I think I gained something at the same time.” Sebastian murmured cryptically, ignoring Ciel’s raised eyebrow. “Well, what do you plan on doing with me now?” He chuckled, letting his body go limp.

“You’re being rather… submissive, Sebastian.” Ciel commented from his position of half lying on the demon’s chest. All he got in reply was a raised eyebrow and a cryptic smirk.

“I am not a submissive, my lord. But at this moment, I think I like playing this role. For now.” Sebastian laughed, at ease with the world for the moment. “So I ask again, my lord, what are you going to do with me?”
Ciel didn’t answer, lowering his gaze from Sebastian’s eyes as he raised a hand to touch the demon’s face. Ciel couldn’t stop the surprise he felt at just how soft the skin he felt truly was, nor how warm. His eyes followed the path that his fingers took along Sebastian’s jawline, and then began to gently trace his facial features. Sebastian closed his eyes, a pleased sigh slipping from him. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt comfortable like this, with someone gently touching him in a caring manner. Sebastian was certain that he could lay there for hours and let Ciel explore his face like this, but other needs had become apparent to the demon. Not just in him, but in his master as well, if the feelings he was picking up from the covenant were anything to judge by.

“Are you going to tease me all night, my lord?” Sebastian asked, his voice barely above a whisper and his crimson eyes still closed. To Ciel, the demon looked as though he was asleep, or very close to it.

“Perhaps.” Ciel chuckled, then squeaked as a hand slipped up his shirt, poking him in the stomach. “Or perhaps not, since you seem to be impatient….”

“Indeed, my lord.” Sebastian agreed amiably, opening his eyes. Ciel gave him a mildly amused look before dropping his weight back onto Sebastian’s chest, their faces close. Sebastian grinned, a lightning-fast hand touching the back of Ciel’s head and pulling them together, lips joining again. Sebastian’s other hand was still in Ciel’s shirt, and he slid it further up; eliciting a shudder from the bluish-haired boy. Ciel gave in this time, hesitantly opening his mouth. Sebastian could have groaned then, instead settling for slipping his tongue past Ciel’s teeth and lightly running his fingers through Ciel’s hair. Their tongues met and fought an ancient battle for dominance. Ciel put up a good fight, but Sebastian had more skill on his side and soon had coaxed a small grunt from his master.

Ciel inhaled sharply through his nose when Sebastian’s hand, wandering under his shirt, touched on a nipple; the contact so unexpected that Ciel couldn’t stop his body from reacting, pushing into the touch. Sebastian smirked, opening an eye to take a good look at Ciel’s face, tinted pink, with his eyes pressed shut.

Sebastian pulled away slightly, breaking the kiss to exhale a quiet request of ‘open your eyes’ and to take a breath. Ciel complied, blue eyes; one with the overlaid marking on it and the other a pure sapphire, opening slowly to meet Sebastian’s own garnet ones. They contemplated each other for a moment, reading the emotions they could see, before Ciel’s eyes shut and his head jerked to the side; a tiny moan wrenching from his throat, half stifled. Sebastian had flicked his fingers back over Ciel’s chest, hitting his sensitive nipple once again.

“And there goes your bishop….” Sebastian breathed into Ciel’s ear, a tremor running through his body to tug at his gut. The sounds slipping through his master’s lips were enough to drive him crazy, enough to supply the demon with thoughts that he just ask quickly shoved away for later. “I think the time for games is over.”

Ciel’s eyes widened at Sebastian’s voice, so tense and rasping, and somehow loving. Within seconds, Ciel found himself on his back, the dusky-haired demon resting his weight gently over Ciel, who had the slightly embarrassed look of one who just realized how… excited they both had become.

“What are you doing, Sebastian?” His name came out half moaned, as he had lowered his head to lick and nip along Ciel’s neck. Sebastian shuddered at the feeling of a hand ghosting up his side, resting on his back.

“I am going to move into check. And then make you forget everything.” Sebastian growled, his
voice a mess of desire, restraint, and tension. The battle against the demon in him had gotten so much worse as he felt Ciel getting more and more aroused, and now it was like trying to hold back a charging warhorse. It could be done, but it was hell to fight.

“Then I, too, move for check.” Ciel hissed playfully, deft fingers pulling Sebastian’s tie off and working through the buttons on the demon’s shirt. Caught by surprise, Sebastian paused to comprehend what had just happened.

“Well, you learn something every day.” He remarked to himself, amused with Ciel’s unbuttoning. He quickly shot through the buttons on Ciel’s shirt, hands eagerly tracing the skin that only his eyes had touched in this manner before. Ciel shivered, shoving Sebastian’s shirt loose. He wanted to see what was hidden under all the cloth, intensely curious. Sebastian obliged him, the shirt cast off as uncaringly as the other pieces of their attire forgotten on the floor. Sebastian paused, straddling Ciel, and watched the play of emotion cross Ciel’s face. He was surprised at the wonderment he saw, followed by a hungry look that shot straight to his stomach; tightening muscles and making him shiver. Making him want more, need more. He held himself still as Ciel drank in the sight of him, before beckoning with one crooked finger. Sebastian slithered over Ciel, close enough to feel the heat off the boy’s skin, but not close enough to touch. Ciel mewled impatiently, hands finding Sebastian’s sides, before sliding under him, exploring his chest.

Ciel groaned quietly at the feeling of hard muscles rippling under his fingertips, the skin as smooth as silk over stones. He felt more than heard Sebastian’s breath hitch as he teased the demon, feather-light touches here and there, firmer ones in other places, before he wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s back and tightened his grip, pulling them together. They both trembled at the feeling of their skin meeting, eyes closed in mutual feeling. Mouths meeting wetly, shudders and soft noises, they indulged in just feeling the other. Both wondering at their luck in loving the one who would surrender everything so easily, ask no questions that weren’t needed. That would simply accept the other as he was.

Sebastian had somehow gotten Ciel’s shirt off of him, something the younger male didn’t realize until Sebastian pulled away, breaking the kiss and panting slightly, only to trail light kisses across Ciel’s jawline, down his neck. A light nip was given to his collarbone, answered by a yelp and then a groan as Sebastian sucked gently, creating a light bruise-marking before working his way lower. He left a trail of gentle nips, light kisses, and wet licks as he found Ciel’s chest. The young noble only had a second’s warning before his demon had closed his lips over a nipple, flicking his tongue across the rapidly hardening flesh. Ciel jerked, a half-formed shout strangled in his throat and his entire body reacting. His hand found Sebastian’s hair, fingers brushing through the silken locks to take a gentle grip as Sebastian’s hand twined with Ciel’s free one, still wreaking havoc on Ciel’s nerves. Sebastian’s free hand rubbed over the neglected nipple, drawing a soft moan of pleasure. He switched sides then, hand abandoning its teasing to slip along Ciel’s side to the waistband of the boy’s shorts. The demon stopped there, lifting his head and following the line of the pants without crossing it. Ciel shivered, eyes clenched shut against the pleasure, mouth open, and breaths gasping. Sebastian shuddered at the picture his lord made, sprawled out on his bed, and desiring him. His eyes wandered, settling on the noticeable tenting of his lord’s shorts. Ciel had opened his eyes in time to see Sebastian grin, and he flushed a deep crimson.

“Come now, my lord. No need to be embarrassed.” Sebastian murmured, his own face reddening as he shifted his hips a little. “Seeing how I find myself in a similar predicament…” Ciel felt like laughing at the embarrassment on Sebastian’s face, the ever-confident façade having been dropped. Ciel shifted a knee, deliberately bumping into Sebastian’s groin, earning a snarled gasping groan. “Don’t tempt me.”

“Check.” Ciel whispered, letting his emotions bleed into his voice. The sight of Sebastian shuddering at the sound was worth the embarrassment.
“I have no choice, I see.” Sebastian sighed, closing his eyes for the briefest moment. Before Ciel could blink, Sebastian was on top of him, one hand sliding under the edge of his pants to tease him, his lips barely brushing Ciel’s. Ciel gasped, pushing his lips to meet Sebastian’s, opening his mouth before being asked. Ciel whimpered as the bulge that was revealed. Ciel’s hips bucked against the demon’s back. Ciel’s hips bucked as Sebastian’s hand moved to caress his hip, in doing so he collided with Sebastian’s hips. The noise that burst from Sebastian’s throat had Ciel trembling in anticipation, a light sheen of sweat forming on his skin. Emboldened by that outburst, Ciel let his hands travel down Sebastian’s body to his trousers, undoing the button, and zipper. He used his legs to shimmy the pants down and off, rewarded by the amused look on Sebastian’s face. The look shifted to hunger after a moment, when Ciel’s hands trailed back up the way they had gone, bumping over muscles taunt from restraint.

“Checkmate.” Sebastian murmured, raising an eyebrow at Ciel. Ciel grinned back at his demon, who sighed with mock exasperation. “Interested to hear your ‘punishment’?” Ciel licked his lips, guessing that the punishment would be anything but.

“May as well, since I obviously can’t go anywhere.” He gestured at his pinned down position beneath the demon. “Nor do I care to, really.”

“I shall teach you to dance.” Sebastian grinned, watching as Ciel became confused. “I will teach you the oldest dance that humankind knows.”

“And what would that be?”

“The dance of lovers.” Sebastian whispered back, ridding them both of the last clothing they wore. Each male shivered at the touch of the air, then met the eyes of the other. Ciel touched Sebastian’s cheek gently, watching his demon’s eyes close.

“Teach me.” He murmured softly, drawing Sebastian into a kiss that said more than any ballad on love, more than any speech he could give. He talked through a simple surrendering of his body to Sebastian, expressing his trust that the demon wouldn’t hurt him deliberately. Sebastian’s eyes closed in wonder as he realized the gift he had been given, and then he let go of the last of his guard, baring himself to his master. They each delighted in the feeling of their bodies resting together, as though they had been made for this. Sebastian slipped a hand between them, trailing a light touch across Ciel’s arousal, rewarded as the younger moaned into his mouth, hips jerking slightly. Sebastian deftly shifted himself just enough to take Ciel into his hand and stroked him gently.

The noise that came out of Ciel’s mouth as he broke the kiss from the sudden pleasure that shot through his nerves brought forth a deeper flush to his face; eliciting a softer moan from Sebastian as Ciel ghosted his nails over the demon’s neck.

Gentle touches slowly became more demanding, quiet moans had become louder ones. Sebastian had succeeded in slipping a finger into Ciel’s entrance, without the younger male feeling any pain. He ignored his own increasing need, instead concentrating on keeping Ciel’s mind occupied as he added a second finger. Ciel nipped his lip, hard enough to draw blood, and Sebastian’s muscles spasmed, urging him to stop the playing around and just go, an urge that Sebastian fought down, instead nipping back at Ciel. A third finger was added, and only now did Ciel feel it as Sebastian spread his fingers out, stretching him. A tiny noise of discomfort, quickly hushed by a gentle kiss, then a sigh.

“Please.” Ciel murmured against Sebastian’s lips, his eyes sinking closed. “It’s killing you to hold
off, and honestly, it’s starting to kill me.” His words were answered by the removal of the fingers, a shifting on the bed, and a slight shudder.

“I’m afraid that this is going to hurt a bit, my lord.” Sebastian’s face reflected the regret in his voice as he shifted so that Ciel’s legs were around his hips, he on his knees.

“I know, I don’t care.” Ciel shuddered at the feeling of a hard length touching his thigh before resting just against his entrance. “I’ve suffered worse pain than this, and I know I can trust you to make it go away….” The absolute trust Ciel had placed in Sebastian was enough to make the demon’s heart skip several beats before racing to make up for the stutter.

“I will do my best. After all, if I cannot make my master scream my name, what kind of butler would I be” He teased, shifting forward slightly. Ciel laughed at the often-heard lines, trailing into a slight hiss as Sebastian gently slid further in. Ciel closed his eyes against the discomfort, it wasn’t so much pain as a slight burning feeling, and he felt a gentle kiss pressed to his forehead, just before Sebastian jerked his hips forward and froze, fully inside. Ciel yelped quietly, tears pricking at his eyes at the sudden jolt of pain, which was vanishing fast. Sebastian’s head was resting on Ciel’s shoulder, and he could feel the tremors tearing through Sebastian’s body, witness to the struggle inside the demon. Ciel inhaled deeply, stroking Sebastian’s hair lightly as he became accustomed to the feeling of another being inside of him.

“Move. Please.” Ciel whispered, groaning as Sebastian answered by rolling his hips back, the snapping forward; the feeling sending tingles through Ciel’s entire body. Sebastian grunted, pressing his face into Ciel’s neck, gently nipping the skin, then being amused as the boy tilted his head back; offering more of his neck to the demon. Sebastian chuckled, placing an open-mouthed bite to Ciel’s neck before sucking hard. Ciel jerked, clenching around Sebastian, and it was all the demon could do to hang onto his sanity.

He set a pace, slowly rocking with Ciel, to allow his master a chance at getting used to the situation. Before long, he had Ciel gasping and moaning, urging him to move faster, harder. Sebastian complied, shifting his angle a little bit. He thrust back in, hitting deeper, and Ciel jerked, back arching off the bed, Sebastian’s name flying from his lips. Sebastian grinned; slipping his arms under Ciel’s back to keep him lifted off the covers a little, and kept at that angle.

“S-Sebastian, please, faster…” Ciel found that begging wasn’t nearly as humiliating as he had thought, and the reward worth it. Sebastian groaned, and increased his tempo. Ciel bucked his hips backward, seeking more feeling, more of Sebastian. He wanted all the demon could give and he would give everything he had in return. Ciel wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s shoulders, grinning impishly. Sebastian raised an eyebrow, panting slightly, then moaning Ciel’s name as firm fingers ran through his hair and up the back of his skull. Ciel flushed at hearing his name, his name!, moaned like that, the sound going straight through him to settle into the knot that was forming in his stomach. Sebastian rested his forehead against Ciel’s feeling his own muscles beginning to tremble, the prelude to bliss. He was determined to bring Ciel to the end first and he suited his thoughts to actions, shifted a hand to Ciel’s member, teasing the tip, before firmly starting in with strokes in time to his own thrusts.

Ciel shuddered, the tight feeling in his stomach winding up more and more, a strange internal heat building, before a gentle squeeze of Sebastian’s hand made it all shatter, and he felt himself washed away in bliss, his muscles turning to jelly.

“Sebastian!” The cry, almost a scream, ripped from his master’s lips, right next to Sebastian’s ear, and cast the devil off the edge, into his own completion three quick thrusts later.

“Ciel….” Sebastian whimpered, the emotion and pleasure rendering him incapable of any louder
They clung to each other, gently slowing the thrusts down as they reveled in the feeling of ecstasy. Soon, they were merely clinging limply to each other, all movements still. Sebastian collapsed, spent, onto Ciel, who didn’t mind the weight pressing down on him. Sebastian wriggled over slightly, slipping from Ciel’s body with a shiver and a gasp from his master, to lay half draped over him.

“Don’t leave.” Ciel whispered, clinging tighter to Sebastian.

“I don’t want to, my lord.”

“Don’t call me so formally when we’re alone, Sebastian.” Ciel grumbled, annoyed.

“I will remember that, my… Ciel.” Sebastian smiled softly, pressing his lips to Ciel’s neck.

“Earlier you said that you would leave before you’d take my soul.” Ciel turned his head to meet the suddenly embarrassed, crimson eyes of Sebastian.

“What of it?”

“Why?” Ciel asked simply.

“Haven’t I just shown you?”

Ciel tilted his head, confused.

“I love you too much to kill you.” A gentle kiss was pressed to Ciel’s lips, and he smiled.

“Then stay with me.”

“I will, Ciel. Forever.” Sebastian murmured.

“I wish I could live forever…” Ciel’s voice betrayed the pain he felt, knowing that he would one day leave Sebastian alone.

“I… could change that.” Sebastian rolled onto his back, contemplating the ceiling. Ciel’s eyes flew wide and he flipped himself on top of Sebastian, nose to nose.

“How? Why haven’t you?”

“Because it means turning you into what I am.”

“Do you think I care? If it means I get you forever, then I don’t care!” Ciel paused, his eyes lingering on the mark of the covenant. “But won’t you be cursed to serve me forever?”

“That is no curse, but a pleasure.”

“Then…. Change me. That is an order.” Ciel grinned. “The last order I will ever give to you when we’re alone. The normal ones with company, I cannot help.”


“I love you, you know.”

“Yes, I know.” Sebastian tapped the brand of the covenant. “Have for some time.”
Ciel flushed, turned his head away, only to be stopped by Sebastian’s hand.

“And I have loved you for far longer.” He admitted, pressing his lips to Ciel’s forehead. “Now, you should sleep, tomorrow is a full schedule.”

“Ugh.”

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