The Art of Compromise

by touchreceptors

Summary

With his arrest of Zero, Suzaku will see that Lelouch is brought to justice, but everything derails when Lelouch unexpectedly goes into heat.

(Set between the end of season 1 and R2, and written for cgkinkmemeii. No mpreg. Warning for a hint of dub-con near the end.)

Notes

For a detailed explanation of Alpha/Beta/Omega dynamics / Omegaverse, please see this piece.

The final sex scene here would probably qualify (in the most extreme interpretation) as dub-con, but your mileage may vary.

This work was written in response to this prompt on the Code Geass Kink Meme.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Kallen deserts them. Lelouch still has the audacity to smirk up at him, shoved to the ground as he is. Cold efficiency will be best here. Suzaku does not want to let conversation go on for longer than
necessary.

When Suzaku turns him onto his front to bind his hands behind him Lelouch flinches and twists pathetically, teeth gritted, but unsurprisingly doesn't put up much more of a struggle. Lelouch has been able to kick him off, once, but that had been because Suzaku had jumped back in surprise at the vehemence and familiarity of his voice, and not because Lelouch has ever stood much of a chance against him in terms of physical prowess, despite all their similarities in size.

Lelouch was his friend, then. Old, dear, lost - and found. Suzaku is not so sure what he is to him now.

Now he lets the anger steady his hands as he pushes Lelouch's shoulder into the gravel and grabs one arm, perhaps using more force than needed. Suzaku cannot kill Zero, not now after discovering he and Lelouch are one and the same, but he can at the very least make sure all this is brought to an end at last.

The sudden glint of a blade catches him by surprise but Suzaku is still faster, seizing Lelouch's offending wrist and using it to wrench his arm behind him until Lelouch lets out a small stifled cry of pain and the pocket knife clatters to the ground. He really should have expected Lelouch to have a few remaining tricks up his sleeve. Suzaku takes a moment then to embrace every alpha instinct he so often represses, twisting Lelouch's arm back further still as he leans down to breathe a low threat in his ear.

"Try anything else and I'll knock you out cold."

Lelouch is no typical omega - not with how he's set out to earn the devotion and respect of so many and successfully led them all into full-scale battle to boot. Still, Suzaku can tell that even Lelouch has difficulty fighting against the age-old instinct to submit under a grip like this, self-preservation kicking in and taking precedence over ego. If V.V. is to be trusted then Lelouch is indeed powerless now in this position, disarmed and with a Geass which, though permanently active, can give Suzaku new orders no longer.

A subtle tremble passes through Lelouch and sure enough, his eyes close and tense muscles go slack as he finally submits and lets Suzaku bind his hands together. Suzaku has won, for now. The futility of the situation is clear.

Or so Suzaku thinks.

On hindsight, he really should have been paying more attention to Lelouch.

They are almost halfway across to Pendragon when Suzaku finally decides to acknowledge that something is definitely going wrong.

Stripped of Zero's regalia and bound tightly in the straitjacket the Lancelot had on standby, Lelouch has been quiet for most of the journey so far, eyes either shut as he rests his head against the side of the cockpit or subdued and non-confrontational if they are open and watching him. It hasn't made Suzaku very comfortable but it hasn't seemed like reasonable cause for worry, either. There's nothing Lelouch himself can possibly do at this point so Suzaku keeps his concentration on the Lancelot's flight instead.
Now, however, it is impossible to ignore the fact that Lelouch has curled himself further into the already too-small space between Suzaku's seat and the side wall of the cockpit, forehead pressed against it and eyes shut tight with a fine sheen of sweat just beginning to form over his cheeks under the glow of the controls. He is deliberately regulating his breathing.

Suzaku doesn't know why he bothers hoping it isn't what he thinks it is, because soon enough the *scent* hits and confirms it all - not exactly unpleasant - far from it, in fact - but cloying and heady and - oh. Oh, fuck.

Frantically, his mind runs through the likelihood that Lelouch has allowed this to happen on purpose, *planned* it as a last resort for escape: let Suzaku claim him, delay his capture, wait for reinforcements, maybe even coax Suzaku to give it up entirely by exploiting the instinctive drive to make sure no one else touches Lelouch, which will kick in the moment Suzaku decides to -

Suzaku clenches his jaw and tries not to tighten his grip on the controls.

Omegas all have regular heat cycles. By all rights and purposes, Lelouch should be on suppressants like any other sensible individual. No one usually wants their regular activities interrupted due to two to three days of continuous, relentless and heightened sexual need.

But Lelouch isn't *just* any other sensible individual. The only possible way Lelouch hasn't actually planned this, Suzaku reasons, is if it has got something to do with the Geass, the power Lelouch has acquired. (The power that he used on --) But something like this is not a provision Lelouch could have made for himself at such short notice. Neither does it seem like an outlet Lelouch would have decided to use unless he was certain of his oncoming defeat and arrest. Whether deliberate or not, however, there is no mistaking it now - Lelouch is in full-blown, unrestrained heat.

In the Lancelot. As Suzaku's prisoner. With over eight hundred miles still between them and Pendragon. The realization that it might have been unwittingly triggered or brought forward by their scuffle and Suzaku's earlier handling does not help matters in the least.

"You can fuck me, you know." Lelouch's eyes have opened slightly, looking at him even though his face is still half-pressed against the metal, his breaths shallow. "It's not like I'd have anything against it. Especially not like this."

Suzaku forces himself not to spare him anything more than a glance. "I don't know what you think you're playing at, Lelouch, but it's not going to work."

A dry laugh. "I'm just trying to make this easier for us both."

Suzaku almost wants to feel pity for him as the breaths become more labored over the sound of the engines. Almost. Most omegas still remain lucid enough throughout to decide if they don't want the same thing their bodies do, but without any form of alleviation whatsoever, heat can be an agonizing thing to endure. With his hands bound behind him as they currently are, Lelouch cannot even touch himself.

But it is difficult to feel satisfaction at Lelouch's plight when the scent is permeating the small enclosed space they are in, clouding his senses and arousing his own unmistakable need. When Lelouch has made it clear that he will not mind assistance. Cold fury settles itself in Suzaku's gut and helps him steel his focus on the controls. He will not give Lelouch what he wants, regardless of how his own body is already starting to respond.

All of it goes straight to hell when the angle of the Lancelot shifts and causes Lelouch's body to tilt (conveniently or otherwise) against him, his head pressing into Suzaku's lap and thigh. He's warm,
really warm, and when Lelouch turns his face just slightly and - mouths the skin there under Suzaku's flight suit, Suzaku is unable to suppress the shudder that travels right through him.

His mind is still desperately trying to rebel - think of Euphy think of how many deaths Lelouch has caused think of how this would be playing along, giving in - but then Lelouch actually whimpers and moves his lips up his thigh, and despite the fact that he's not even between Suzaku's legs, something other than fury twists in Suzaku's gut this time, something far more primal. Before he fully registers it the Lancelot is shifted into auto-pilot and he is out of the chair as far as he can go, grabbing Lelouch by his hair and by the collar, hauling him up and slamming him against the seat in his place with a hiss that sounds a little more upset and a little less furious than he would've personally liked. "Fuck you."

Lelouch has enough composure and breath left to laugh. "That was more or less the plan."

That angers Suzaku further, so he shoves Lelouch's face against the headrest while he undoes the straitjacket's binding, freeing Lelouch's arms but also allowing Suzaku to unbuckle and yank it past his hips along with his underwear. There is nowhere Lelouch can go and nothing he can do anyway, not while in this state, and not while he is already this wet, gods. The scent is overpowering, he knows Lelouch is fully hard even though the other boy is facing away from him, and Suzaku can see slick already starting to trickle down the inside of his thigh.

It helps him to decide what they are going to do. "Up," he tells Lelouch, and Lelouch wordlessly obeys, using his freed hands to grasp the headrest as he steadies and raises himself fully onto his knees, head almost bumping the ceiling. Behind him Suzaku braces his own knee back on the seat, pulling the half-removed straitjacket tight around Lelouch's legs before unzipping his flight suit and freeing his own cock. There is no way they can afford to get knotted in a place like this, no matter how much their bodies are demanding full contact.

But beyond that, Suzaku is already past caring.

"Suzaku -" The name barely finishes leaving Lelouch's mouth before Suzaku shoves in between Lelouch's thighs, with enough force that Lelouch is thrown flush against the seat again, a choked gasp escaping him when Suzaku's cock rides up against his balls.

Like this, then. Like this, Suzaku can take his fill, unleash his hurt and grief and rage without having to hold back. Lelouch doesn't actually seem to mind, writhing and whimpering and desperate as he is. That Suzaku is digging fingers hard into his shoulders and holding him down against the pilot seat as he thrusts fast and rough does not seem to deter him, nor does he seem too affected when Suzaku twists a hand bitterly in his hair and yanks his head back, baring a pale neck to Suzaku's tongue and teeth as Lelouch pants pathetically for more. Suzaku takes recompense in being merciless anyway, hips ramming against him while he rubs and gets himself off between Lelouch's thighs, their cocks sliding together in all the slick Lelouch's body is producing.

Lelouch's skin is fever hot, his voice thin and broken, and really all of this shouldn't be turning Suzaku on so much - helpless pleas slipping wordlessly from Lelouch's mouth as he clings to the backrest under the force of Suzaku's thrusts - but it is, it is, and Lelouch deserves every moment of it, even if he's probably enjoying it more than he should be.

When everything is intensifying till breaking point, Suzaku bites down on the curve between Lelouch's neck and shoulder and Lelouch arches sharply against him with a strangled cry. Suzaku is not sure which of them comes first; by the time he finds himself trying to even out his breathing, Lelouch, too, is slack under him in momentary relief, and everything is a mess trickling down Lelouch's thighs as well as the leather.
He isn't entirely sure either why he pulls Lelouch by the shoulder and makes him turn around in an awkward tangle of limbs to face him, loosening the rest of his bindings along the way. Maybe it is because he is masochistic and only upon a full look at Lelouch's face does the reality that he's just fucked his own captive - a man he should be thoroughly disgusted with - start to sink in. Lelouch is still breathing harshly, his eyes still slightly out of focus. He will not stay sated for long like this - Suzaku knows that full-scale omega heat brings with it a deeper need which they have yet to address and which will rise again soon enough.

Maybe it is pity at how helpless Lelouch looks - or guilt, or just the after-effects of heat-induced, rage-driven sex - but when Suzaku reaches for something to say he cannot feel the anger which has grounded him thus far any longer. In its place are only bitterness, confusion and grief.

"Wasn't she the only sibling besides Nunnally you ever truly cared about?" The memory is clearer now, of all the times for something like this to be coming back to him: of the little about his royal siblings he'd bothered mentioning during that summer, Euphemia had been the only one Lelouch had always spoken well of, so much so that when Suzaku met her years later and only later realized who she was --

"Euphemia?" The way Lelouch says her name is soft and tired. There is a moment where he blinks, as if slowly trying to come back to the situation at hand, before something in his eyes shifts and he meets Suzaku's gaze, leveled. "It's clear my sister lost none of her naiveté. The Specially Administratorated Zone is nothing more than foolish hope built on a childish fantasy."

"She trusted you!" Suzaku hisses, wrenching him forward as the tears come unbidden. "As you trusted in her judgment of me." Lelouch is unfazed. "It's clear my sister lost none of her naiveté. The Specially Administratorated Zone is nothing more than foolish hope built on a childish fantasy."

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"As you trusted in her judgment of me." Lelouch is unfazed. "It turns out she judged poorly."

Realizing that this is not getting him anywhere, Suzaku steadies himself. His mind is clear enough to recognize that there are still too many blanks with this incident, all of which are not lining up, as heartless as Lelouch may be presenting himself to be right now. Instinct is speaking differently to Suzaku and he decides he needs to find out what truly happened. He owes Euphemia at least this much.

"There is something I want to confirm. Did you use your Geass on Euphy?"

With his eyes trained on Lelouch's, Suzaku does not miss the flicker in them. "Yes."

"You ordered her to massacre the Japanese?"

Something in Lelouch's jaw sets. "That was the order I gave."

"Why? Of all the things you could've -"

"To motivate the Japanese. The Black Knights would've ultimately collapsed if the SAZ had been successfully established."

And now Suzaku can be sure it's not just wishful thinking, because it is undeniably there - a look he himself is all too familiar with, written finely into a pair of eyes glimmering on one side with a curse.

"You're... lying, aren't you, Lelouch." Suzaku lets his voice fall quiet. "What's the truth?"

Lelouch smiles. "Funny how you only ask that now. What does it matter to you? So you can pretend you haven't just fucked a cold-blooded killer and enjoyed it?" The words make Suzaku flinch, which must have been visible enough because Lelouch's smile sharpens. "What difference does it make? She's gone, Suzaku. No matter which way you look at it, Zero is still the one ultimately responsible
for her death as well as a full-scale rebellion against the Empire. Lelouch draws a breath as a shiver runs through his body but manages to keep his gaze fixed on his. "Do what you have to do."

...Which would mean bringing Lelouch captive before the Emperor to answer for his crimes as he is expected to, as he is supposed to be doing now, though given the casual manner in which Lelouch has just spoken about it all, Suzaku feels doubt and suspicion spike. An audience with the Emperor may turn out to be the exact thing Lelouch wants. Regardless of whether this was all planned or if Lelouch is simply trying to work around his current predicament, however, turning him in as Zero is still the only recourse available to Suzaku, and Suzaku feels a low growl forming in his throat despite himself.

"What the fuck do you want." The words are out before he has the time to properly think them through, escalating frustration at how needlessly difficult Lelouch is being prompting them forth.

Lelouch gives a dry laugh. "I thought that was obvious."

It is, and Suzaku decides to switch tactics by leaning forward and slowly, deliberately ghosting his breath down Lelouch's neck, his crotch just barely pressing in against Lelouch's cock, already half-hard again. "You know that's not what I meant."

Sure enough Lelouch shudders, his hands coming up to grasp Suzaku's shoulders in reflex as his eyes slip closed, but the response is surprisingly steady. "I've told you," Lelouch opens his eyes, and when Suzaku returns his gaze to his face his fingers dig a little into Suzaku's skin. "Help me save Nunnally. Give me your word. Promise me you'll make sure she's all right, I swear to the gods there's nothing that I want more right now compared to this, Geass and this fucking heat be damned."

-Ah, yes. Nunnally. The other worry that has been nagging at the back of Suzaku's mind but which he has almost completely forgotten over the past few minutes.

"She has nothing to do with this." Lelouch's voice is soft but desperate, pleading now, and there is no doubt this time that it is due to more than just the heat. "It's likely that she was brought to Kamijima to act as a trap to lure me in, which means that she could be anywhere right now. I told you that whoever gave you information about Geass is most probably the person who has her."

Suzaku remembers a boy with long golden hair. He bites his lip, deliberating for a moment before deciding to answer with the truth. "I don't have enough intel on where she might be. For her sake you have my word that I'll find out and bring her to safety." It's clear, after all, that Lelouch is no longer in any shape to do anything about it himself - and he must still be brought to justice. Everything has fallen to Suzaku before this discussion even began. Suzaku draws a breath.

"But you need to tell me what really happened."

It is not as if he is expecting this to lift the blame entirely from Lelouch and leave him guilt-free. No, Lelouch's hands are still the ones with Euphemia's blood on them, Lelouch's voice still the one that set the rebellion into motion, commanded the deaths of possibly hundreds and thousands of innocent lives. But if something else is also partly responsible for what was lost, Suzaku wants to know what it is.

Lelouch stills, and is silent for a long time. Suzaku keeps his gaze unwavering on his.

"Euphemia has known Zero's identity ever since we were stranded together on Kamijima." When Lelouch finally speaks, both his voice and lips are dry. "I suspect it was partially what motivated the SAZ proposal. I had different plans to disrupt the ceremony and keep the Black Knights from losing their standing but she... managed to convince me to work with her when we met in private." A small
tremble goes through Lelouch, and this time Suzaku is not so sure if it is from his returning need or due to something else. "I wasn't aware that my power had already manifested permanently and I made a bad joke about it and she looked... she was looking straight at me. I assume you know by now that any command I give under geass irreversible."

The silence that follows is deafening. Lelouch manages a smirk, although it trembles too. "Does that make it any better?"

No, no, it really doesn't, but Lelouch is not lying this time. The resignation in his tone, the way everything ties together and all the sharpened senses from their brief encounter earlier speak as much. Suzaku keeps his expression carefully blank and doesn't answer. It is a rhetorical question. And yet - although it changes nothing, suddenly it doesn't feel as much of a dishonor to Euphemia to have given in to Lelouch earlier. Suzaku feels a flare of shame at the realization that he succumbed even before gaining this knowledge, but pushes it down. Some part of him suggests now that Euphemia might still want to forgive her brother, had she known too. That she wouldn't want him arrested and brought in, at least not like this.

But Lelouch is right. The sins Zero has committed cannot be ignored. And Euphemia is dead. It is the final outcome no one can change or overlook.

"...You're saying you didn't know that your Geass had -"

"Gone beyond my control." Lelouch exhales shakily. "Given the linkage to brain function it's also the most likely explanation I have for why the suppressants haven't taken effect. So you can stop worrying unnecessarily about whether or not I planned this."

Ah, right. That. But Suzaku cannot let his guard fully down; just because Lelouch can no longer control his Geass and is in this state doesn't mean he cannot use it anywhere else.

Lelouch closes his eyes briefly when another shiver affects him, swallowing and absently drawing his legs up to curl himself in. Suzaku can sense the fever mounting again. The next wave coming in. "Zero is a valued prize by now. When you bring me before my father... ask for a promotion to the Knights of the Round as a reward. The position will grant you sufficient authority to oversee and ensure Nunnally's safety."

Lelouch is indeed planning or at least expecting to be brought before the Emperor, then. Suzaku wonders if he should be suspicious - at the crux of it, he can acknowledge that he has no business in Lelouch's personal grudge against his father and his father's principles; Suzaku is only involving himself in this, after all, because of the way Lelouch has dragged so many lives into something which is partially so selfish. There's no telling what Lelouch still might try once given an audience with the Emperor. But it seems even Lelouch has deemed this the most efficient solution now, too, if they are to have any hope of tracking Nunnally quickly down and making sure that she is safe. If rescuing Nunnally has now aligned with the necessity of capturing Zero, so be it.

And yet there is a part of Suzaku that is concerned now about what will happen to Lelouch if he is handed over in the state he's in - and underneath that concern, an undeniable, primal desire rising in parallel to Lelouch's - a need to fuck and mark him thoroughly as his own before he even comes into contact with anyone else.

Out loud, Suzaku finds himself asking quietly, "...Can you manage?" If they can get Lelouch's need, at least, somewhat settled before they land, then...

Lelouch lets out a short, harsh bark of laughter. "Do you want this?"
Suzaku swallows, and it both disgusts and calms him at how easily the answer comes. "Yes."

Lelouch stares at him for a long few seconds. "...Use your fingers." He finally rasps. "I'll suck you off after."

Both of them know full well how knotting is out of the question. Suzaku wets his lips. "All right." Briefly he entertains the thought of hauling Lelouch further forward by his thighs, of having Lelouch spread wide open and desperate before him, legs propped up on the console and arms braced shakily against the walls of the cockpit as he fucks himself down on Suzaku's fingers. He knows almost immediately, however, that maintaining some semblance of control over his own actions will be a lot more difficult when faced with such a sight, so it's just as well that Lelouch is already shifting to cling to the seat again, hands grasping the top edge of the backrest and knees gripping the sides for support as he raises and angles his ass to offer Suzaku better access.

He's as slick as he was the first time, if not more. Suzaku can both see and smell it now as he leans back to peel off his gloves.

Only when he shifts in to press their bodies closer together, left hand braced next to Lelouch on the backrest, does Suzaku realize how cramped it has been prior to this. He exhales slowly, closes his mouth over Lelouch's earlobe, hears the quiet whimper that slips out of Lelouch when he slides his hand over his cheeks and parts them gently.

Suzaku pushes two fingers in at once. It earns him a sharp cry from Lelouch, not quite one of pain, and Suzaku hisses a curse as Lelouch's walls involuntarily and instinctively clamp down on his fingers to draw them further in, hot and slick and wet. Tight, and yet clearly yielding for -- gods.

He has to fight to control his own breathing, concentrate. Lelouch is already panting harshly in front of him, quivering at the twitch and flex of his fingers inside him. Suzaku moves them in and out experimentally once, then thrusts them back in the proper side down, feeling.

The angle is awkward for his wrist given their position but all thought on that is lost when his fingertips make contact with Lelouch's prostate as well as the small glands there and Lelouch whimpers, shoulders curving forward as his lips part to let out helpless small moans of pleasure.

The amount of slick coating his fingers increases. Lelouch's cheeks are fully flushed, visible even in the dim lighting as he gasps and squirms, dark lashes stark against them and sealing his eyes and the damned Geass shut. For now it may be possible to forget that exists, to forget what they both are. Suzaku doesn't waste any more time, curling his fingers to brush and stroke the glands gently as he leans further forward to nuzzle and lick at Lelouch's neck and jaw, breathing his scent in and almost smirking against his skin when Lelouch's cries louden immediately. When Suzaku moves to rub the length of his fingers against everything in one smooth push Lelouch actually wails - and doesn't stop when Suzaku does it again - and again, and again.

Suzaku finds the frantic pulse on Lelouch's neck, fastens on to it with his mouth and sucks, driving his fingers in and out while Lelouch scrabbles to find better purchase on the headrest, both their breathing and Lelouch's string of unintelligible moans flooding the cockpit, eager and desperate.

"You want more, don't you." Suzaku murmurs against his skin. It's a rhetorical question - of course he understands what Lelouch needs, but it is still deeply satisfying to feel Lelouch shiver in anticipation and hear his soft sob in response. "This is hardly enough for you while you're like this."

Oh yes, it is satisfying. Seeing Zero reduced to this. Seeing Lelouch reduced to this, crying out open-mouthed when he slips a third finger in, completely and utterly at Suzaku's mercy and wanting and needing and begging for more.
Suzaku buckles down to allow his wrist a deeper angle, his mouth brushing against Lelouch's shoulderblade. With every thrust against his glands now Lelouch cries out sharply, his body shuddering as it rises and then pushes itself hungrily back on Suzaku's fingers. His hands have curved around the headrest, fingers digging into it in an effort to anchor himself. It isn't long before Suzaku realizes he is biting into the leather as well in an attempt to muffle his cries as they heighten further.

But there is a part deep in Suzaku which isn't having any of that. "Don't," he finds himself breathing. "I want to hear you."

As far gone as he is, Lelouch manages to register and complies by turning his head, eyes still shut tight as he presses his cheek flush against the headrest and lets his sobs, desperate and relieved all at once, fill the space again.

Not long now. The hum of Lancelot's engines in the background reminds Suzaku that he needs to do this right if Lelouch has to stay sated enough to hold out for awhile after they land. It is, of course, a welcome coincidence that having Lelouch sob and writhe under him is just what he wants as well. Suzaku grits his teeth and speeds up his fingers, relentless against Lelouch's inner walls, his own need beginning to claw at him now in tandem, and only after a few choked sounds from Lelouch does he realize Lelouch is trying to say something.

"Suza - Suzaku." Lelouch's voice is tight and strained. "M-more, I need -" He manages to swallow thickly, and Suzaku feels his own mouth go dry, but keeps his fingers moving. "-Fuck, just... just pull out before you knot, I can't... I - please ."

Hearing him literally beg is the end of it. Suzaku pulls out, wraps slick-coated fingers around his cock (he is already fully, achingly hard), before switching the hand anchoring himself on the backrest as he uses his left to pull Lelouch flush against him, palm spread on Lelouch's chest to hold and steady him as Lelouch more than willingly submits.

He'll give Lelouch what he wants.

Suzaku does not know what brings him then to lean over Lelouch's shoulder and tilt his chin toward him for a kiss while he angles his hips and positions himself. Later he will remember this as the first time he has ever properly kissed Lelouch, but for now all he registers are Lelouch's lips, soft and dry against his own; the sweet, needy whimper Lelouch gives when the tip of Suzaku's cock presses against his entrance.

Suzaku pushes in and Lelouch's mouth goes slack, dropping open with a soft, small noise of surprise and momentary relief as he is filled and as he accommodates around him. The heat is blinding enough that Suzaku feels a helpless whimper escaping himself. It is too tight, too tight, too hot and welcomingly good. With the palm that is supporting Lelouch by his chest Suzaku can feel Lelouch's heartbeat fluttering wildly under his skin, and he slides his tongue slowly into Lelouch's mouth as he moves his hips in a small circle.

Lelouch's muffled whine is maddening, his mouth pliant and as hot as the rest of his skin, if not hotter still. Suzaku gives him all the remaining seconds of their kiss to adjust before he presses one more briefly to Lelouch's cheek, steadies himself with a shuddering breath and then begins fucking Lelouch into the seat, hard and fast. The relief is immense and Suzaku ducks his head at the intensity, his fringe falling into his eyes. He fucks Lelouch in long, thick strokes and Lelouch is sobbing now at almost every one, raw and unhinged, his hands clawing the back of the seat as Suzaku rocks them vigorously together. It shakes and protests their movements with small creaks at Suzaku's reckless thrusts but he ignores it in their frenzy, certain it will hold. He'll just have to find a way to apologize to Lloyd about all the other damage later.
He is barely aware that he is moaning as well through gritted teeth, his own breaths gasping and heavy and deafening in his ears, his own pulse thundering. It is as though a floodgate has been opened, unleashing every other instinctive urge he has suppressed up till now, and Suzaku isn't holding back any longer, isn't going to last.

He does manage to pull out right before he comes, holding Lelouch down by one shoulder and spilling all over his back before the mess of fluid and hormones can trigger a full knot inside Lelouch. There is a lot of it, even as he hits the downside of the peak. Lelouch lets slip a desperate whimper of protest, not there yet but almost, almost, if the way he writhes and closes around Suzaku's two fingers when he slides them back in is any indication. Suzaku has enough presence of mind left to find his glands and prostate, and circle and tap and rub firmly until Lelouch is keening, his voice hoarse and broken, head falling back and his whole body shuddering violently and helplessly as he orgasms in Suzaku's arms. Suzaku keeps up the tapping until he is spent, clenching only intermittently around Suzaku's fingers at the overstimulation.

Post-coital bonding instinct is probably what leads him to press soft, soothing kisses up the line of Lelouch's neck, jaw, and again to his mouth, but Suzaku doesn't really mind and Lelouch kisses back, still whimpering and sighing from the after effects, content to lean against Suzaku for as long as Suzaku will hold him.

There is... considerable mess to clean up. Suzaku reaches down for the bundle of Zero's outfit and cape he left by his feet and uses the ascot to wipe up most of it. He pauses for a bit at Lelouch's thighs and back, deciding to slowly rub the evidence of sex into Lelouch's skin even as he cleans it off. If anyone else must handle Lelouch now, there is no question that they will at least be able to smell and know that he is Suzaku's first.

Lelouch lets him. "If the situation allows -" he begins, low and quiet, worn from all the earlier screaming. "You might be able to request that I be given to your care for the remainder of the heat."

Suzaku recognizes it for what it is - a request that Suzaku prevent him from being given over to anyone else while he is in this state, but phrased so that it won't look like he is purely at Suzaku's mercy. An attempt by Lelouch to appear as though he will at least be able to smell and know that he is Suzaku's first.

"I'll keep that in mind," is all he tells Lelouch, licking the shell of his ear and causing Lelouch to shiver again.

But even as he says it, Suzaku knows he's not going to hand Lelouch over to anyone else if he can help it. Lelouch is still his captive and his responsibility, even if he is no longer the friend Suzaku thought he was, and though he is deserving of punishment a sexual assault is the last thing Suzaku would wish upon anyone. Lelouch would not be able to hold something like that off even if he tried, heat or no heat.

It is almost pathetic how Suzaku of all people seems to be the only one Lelouch has left at this point, but somehow it is difficult to feel any form of triumph.

It is difficult not to take notice either of how Euphemia's favor has fallen from his suit to the floor sometime during their frantic coupling, but Suzaku zips up methodically, pins it back on, helps Lelouch with the straitjacket and says nothing.

A glance at the controls says there are approximately sixteen minutes more before they'll need to land.
If Charles zi Britannia has deduced exactly what transpired during their journey, the mildly amused smirk on the man's face is his only indication.

Kneeling before the throne with Lelouch bound again next to him, Suzaku calmly reports his arrest of Zero and carries out everything he has been expecting to do. Despite his condition, Lelouch plays along well. Suzaku does find the furious accusation that he is going to sell his friend out for a promotion a little blatant and over the top, but lets it pass, especially when it seems to make the Emperor all the more delighted to agree to his request for a position in the Rounds.

Only when Charles steps closer with a pair of now-familiar sigils glowing in his eyes does Suzaku have to work to keep his own expression cold and blank, panic causing Lelouch to truly stiffen in his hold and letting Suzaku sense that even Lelouch has not expected this.

The Emperor is going to rewrite Lelouch's memory.

Lelouch's indignant screaming at his father buys them a few more seconds of time, but a subtle, impassive glance down at Lelouch's desperate gaze confirms that he has not been able to settle on any safer solution and wants Suzaku to stay in the act.

For Nunnally, then.

Suzaku tries telling himself that as he silently obeys Charles' orders. For Nunnally, he yanks Lelouch's head up by his hair and covers one hand over his left eye. For Nunnally, he pries Lelouch's remaining eye open and forces him to meet his father's gaze.

Lelouch howls and twists and fights, screaming for it to stop, and this time, Suzaku knows, this time despite the last-minute decision made, none of it is an act.

He is not certain if the Emperor's Geass is meant to have this side effect on everyone he uses it on or if Lelouch tried resisting it to the point of collapse, but when Lelouch goes limp in his grip and Charles steps back looking pleased, it is clear that it is done.

"Geass is no longer a power he can use while his memory of it has been erased." Charles informs him, still with a wide smirk on his face. "I will make some other arrangements for this boy. He's yours to do with as you like in the meantime." A pause, as the self-satisfied smirk sharpens just a little in a way that reminds Suzaku eerily of Lelouch. "Assuming he's still of interest to you in this state."

Rationally, though he doesn't know the full extent of Charles' plans, this could still be a surprisingly light punishment for Lelouch - better than whatever Suzaku was expecting - and he supposes Lelouch deserves to be spoken of in such a manner especially after all that he has done, but something cold and uncomfortable still twists in Suzaku's gut at Charles' words. "Yes, your Majesty." He answers in the affirmative, careful to keep his head bowed and his expression stoic as the Emperor walks off in dismissal.

Those words also imply that Suzaku's actions will be observed.

With Lelouch possibly fully defenseless now, Suzaku will have to look out for them both.
The first order and briefing Suzaku gives in his capacity as Knight of Seven is for a specific search party for Nunnally to be sent out. He doubts, after all, that she will be significant enough for the Emperor to bother, now that Zero - Lelouch - supposedly remembers her no longer.

Given the choice, Suzaku would lead the search himself, but it is obvious that he is expected to entertain Lelouch while whatever other preparations are being made, as one of the sole few people currently aware of Zero's true identity and of the Emperor's plans to reuse him in some way. Years of discriminatory treatment and witnessing flagrant disrespect of rank in the Britannian military also mean that he is not ready to trust the guards outside his new quarters to respect his private space should Lelouch be left alone and should Lelouch's heat escalate.

For now, Lelouch remains his responsibility. Suzaku tries not to wonder too much about what the Emperor's other arrangements entail, given a Geass like that, and heads back toward his room. For now, there is probably more than enough to worry about.

The room is simple but luxurious in space, the bed notwithstanding. Lelouch is still lying there as he's left him, seemingly still unconscious.

Of all the possible scenarios he has been expecting, Suzaku certainly has not expected to be faced with something like this. He wonders on hindsight if he should have.

He takes a steadying breath before stepping up to unbind Lelouch. First things first - it will not be convenient for anyone if Lelouch were to wake to a rude shock, whatever his new memories may be.

With his limbs free, Lelouch looks oddly peaceful (reminiscent of a strange girl with green hair in the ghetto, with thanks to the outfit), and Suzaku finds himself climbing slowly up on the mattress to shift the hair from his face. Hours ago, he would've expected to feel vindicated, relieved by this point, but now Suzaku is no longer even certain exactly what he is feeling or is supposed to feel. It seems far too easy for Lelouch, but Suzaku will not question the Emperor's decision - and at this point he is no longer certain what other form of justice he would rather have, either. Lelouch has used so many lives, all in the name of selfish ambition - Euphemia is no exception, even if he didn't mean to, and yet...

Suzaku shakes himself, frustrated when he recognizes that heat bonding is probably responsible for some of his current confusion.

He has not forgiven Lelouch. That much remains clear. But there is nothing else he can ask of Lelouch now, if the Emperor's Geass holds true.

Lelouch's eyes flutter slowly open, then - two normal, violet eyes - and he smiles when he registers Suzaku's face and takes in their surroundings.

"Promoted, I see."

"...Yes," Suzaku answers slowly, deciding to gauge exactly how much of Lelouch's original memory still remains. "For aiding in the successful capture of Zero."

"Well of course," Lelouch actually rolls his eyes a little. "I'm sure that troubling yourself with the rescue of a single insignificant Britannian civilian who just happens to be your best friend was considered only slightly less impressive a feat." The small smile returns despite his sarcasm. "But congratulations all the same. And - I didn't say it just now, did I. ...I'm grateful."
Suzaku tries smiling back, entirely unsure what new memory the Emperor has implanted into Lelouch to explain his current circumstances, but certain he had his reasons. "Can you... remember everything?" The question comes out tentative.

Lelouch smirks. "...What, you mean up until you fucked me unconscious?"

- Which means that Charles probably did know. And adjusted the information slightly to provide a plausible reason for Lelouch's passing out. Suzaku isn't aware of the expression he's wearing at this point, but a frown soon flickers across Lelouch's face as Lelouch studies him. "-Did something else happen...?"

"No, it's... fine." Suzaku decides against prodding any further. He mentions neither Euphy nor Nunnally. "Just wanted to make sure you're all right." He tries for a smile again, one that Suzaku the classmate and old friend would give, and it's probably more convincing this time because Lelouch's smirk returns, though wry.

"Of course. That is... I think the induced heat hasn't quite worn off yet, but that's not something we can't remedy."

That again sounds strange - did the Emperor perhaps create some scenario in which Lelouch was nearly assaulted? - but Suzaku lets it go, trying not to remember the two stark trails of blood down Lelouch's face just a little while ago, how he was the one who both put them there and cleaned them off.

A touch to one of Lelouch's wrists confirms that his skin is already burning up again, so Suzaku gets up to pour water from the flask on the nearby table, and Lelouch sits up as he hands him the glass. "Here." Heat can get severely dehydrating, especially for omegas, and Suzaku also needs a bit more time to think about what he should and should not be doing right now.

Lelouch downs the entire glass. And drains whatever hopes Suzaku has of buying time for further decisions when he hands it back to him with a smirk. "I'm assuming you brought me here because you intend to continue."

"...Yeah," Suzaku catches himself fast and finds an appropriate response, moving in to kiss Lelouch before he starts noticing his unease. "Just... give me a moment."

He slides off the bed to check if there are condoms which have been made available but also uses the chance to do a quick sweep of the room and properly reevaluate their situation.

The Emperor currently has not assigned him any other specific task, nor has he assigned Lelouch to anyone else, which means that Suzaku is still expected to watch him or at least give him over to someone else's supervision until further notice. There is no way Suzaku will do the latter while Lelouch's heat remains, and he is nevertheless unlikely to trust anyone else with Lelouch until he gets a better grasp of the situation himself - not until he can be fully certain Lelouch's memory is really overridden and that this is not all part of some larger elaborate plan of Lelouch's. Leaving Lelouch to his own devices now for an unnamed duty (Nunnally) without arousing at least some of Lelouch's suspicion would also be difficult. And Suzaku doesn't trust Lelouch enough to leave him on his own.

He crouches down to search through the chest of drawers by the desk, finding what he is looking for in the second one - and it appears, plain as day, that both of them aren't being fully trusted for now, either. Instinct was right - there is a small recording microphone fixed discreetly to the underside of the desk.

He'll have to demonstrate, then, that he is in full compliance with the Emperor's decisions, that he
was in no way expecting or planning something else with Lelouch before their arrival at Pendragon. Suzaku grits his teeth. Easy enough - Nunnally was the only promise actually made to Lelouch, her rescue something he knows he would've seen to regardless of the outcome. But maintaining the lie - based on what he’s gathered from the current Lelouch's responses - means that there is no good reason why Suzaku would abandon him now.

In fact, there is no good reason why any typical alpha would walk away from a clearly consenting omega in heat. Suzaku has never considered himself typical, but he has probably already dug his own grave to begin with by fucking Lelouch in the cockpit - no doubt what has given rise to the current scenario which Lelouch believes has happened and which he is now expected to go along with.

There is no denying what it is his body still wants. What is giving Suzaku pause despite it, however, is the knowledge that Lelouch isn't quite the same person anymore. In this situation alone, Suzaku knows there probably isn't much difference - Lelouch would still be in heat either way, Suzaku still the only one he has. But the mere thought that the same Lelouch from earlier is no longer around to affirm that he still wants what he is asking for now - after all that has actually just happened - is enough to make Suzaku hesitate a little by the bed.

"...Well?" Lelouch's voice is soft, his head back on the pillows as he watches him, eyes fever-bright and some of the flush already returning to his cheeks. Suzaku swallows and sets the condoms down by the side. He is probably giving this far too much thought. He'll have to take his chances - after all, the likelihood that Lelouch would refuse his help to deal with his distress in any situation is very low, and it's not like Suzaku actually has any other option at this point.

There is literally nothing else he can do but fuck Lelouch. And someone from Britannian security is going to be listening to all of it.

Suzaku tries to ignore it, tries not to think about how ridiculous all of it is as he crawls up over Lelouch and kisses him slowly - but Lelouch is just as open, willing and responsive as he was earlier, if not more, and listening and giving in to him as well as his own impulses turns out a lot easier than Suzaku thought it would be.

The scent is sweet, rising again - not as insistent as it was in the small space of the cockpit but still there, and Lelouch's breathing quickens as Suzaku unfastens the clasps of the straitjacket, tosses his gloves aside, and slides a hand over the bare skin on his chest. There is none of the frenzied madness which initially drove them together, Lelouch's need still in a gradual climb as it renews itself. But Suzaku has yet to favor this part of Lelouch, and so when he glides a thumb slowly over a nipple Lelouch arches into him with a small noise, hands clutching at Suzaku's shoulders. Suzaku leans in to kiss him again, circling and stroking gently with his fingers, and drinks in every small whimper that escapes Lelouch's lips.

By the time Lelouch is writhing and gasping against him, their hips grinding erratically together, Suzaku has forgotten nearly everything else. Lelouch begins fumbling with the zipper on his flight suit. Suzaku sits up, strips, helps Lelouch pull the rest of the straitjacket down and off. He'll have to find them some different outfits later once they actually need clothes again.

Lelouch's cock is already straining against his briefs. Suzaku doesn't have to look to know they are already soaked through, too. He takes his time, settling in between Lelouch's legs as Lelouch parts them for him, trailing butterfly kisses down Lelouch's thighs and taking secret satisfaction in how the muscles tremble slightly under his lips, Lelouch's breaths shuddering in response. This is everything he wasn't able to do earlier. If they're going to listen - he might as well do his best to make Lelouch beg and scream again - and all for him. Zero is his, after all - Lelouch is his, only his, at least for the
entire duration of this heat.

When he presses his lips against the head of Lelouch's cock, mouthing at the tip through the fabric, Lelouch arches off the mattress with something that sounds like a strangled, gasping version of his name. Suzaku keeps up the teasing for awhile longer, suckling and moving his tongue just enough to keep Lelouch whining softly as his fingers tangle themselves in his hair. He stops to slowly pull the briefs down to Lelouch's ankles just before Lelouch can begin tugging at his roots. Lelouch slips one leg free but cannot seem to be bothered with the other, and neither can Suzaku.

Lelouch is fully hard, his hole glistening wet and still slightly red and swollen from earlier, already leaking onto the bed, and the sight of it causes Suzaku to swallow roughly, sends an almost painful throb through his own cock.

He touches two fingers to the entrance, swallowing again when Lelouch makes a soft sound and the muscles there clench involuntarily, clearly eager.

"Can you...?" Suzaku manages to find his voice, still fingering him lightly at the rim to indicate he will prepare Lelouch again if necessary, but Lelouch nods, breathless, eyes shut tight and one hand twisted in the sheets.

"Yes, just... just - fuck me. Hurry."

"-Yeah," Suzaku circles the hole with a thumb, pressing gently and massaging across his perineum in an attempt to compensate while he reaches for the condoms with his free hand, and Lelouch's heels lift as he whimpers, toes curling. Another clench near his fingers in reflex. "Okay," Suzaku whispers. "Okay, shh, I've got you. Just a sec."

He tears the condom wrapper with his teeth, uses both hands to roll it on and coat himself with Lelouch's slick before climbing up again to kiss and suck at Lelouch's clavicle as he finally sinks in.

Lelouch gives a helpless murmur of relief and for a moment Suzaku has to bite his own lip as well because even with protection on it is still soft and tight and inexplicably good. He has never been with an omega fully in heat prior to all of this.

"-Lelouch." The breath he hasn't realized he was holding comes out in a soft rush. Propped up on his elbows, Suzaku can run fingers through dark hair, see the whole of Lelouch's face and smile back when Lelouch opens his eyes briefly to smile at him, tremulous but beautiful.

This is Lelouch the loving brother, the lazy schoolboy who sleeps in class and cuts P.E., the old friend, the only friend to offer words of comfort and silent understanding for Suzaku's past. Not the murderer, not the terrorist, not the boy with a geass glittering in one eye, and not the boy Suzaku is going to think of as he pulls out and plunges back in.

Lelouch's mouth falls open in a gasp, his legs jerking a little and walls clamping needily down, and Suzaku takes that as enough give for him to begin moving proper and does, bowing his head with a groan and fucking into Lelouch with steady thrusts.

It is hot, yielding just enough as before, but perhaps better still with Lelouch's mouth so clearly slack in wanton pleasure under him, and when a particular thrust has Lelouch arching off the bed again with a loud moan Suzaku tries to catch the angle, shoving in hard and deep.

Lelouch's breath hitches in a sob, his hands reaching to grasp the wrought iron vines of the headboard to anchor himself. There. Suzaku sits up a little, enough to momentarily cradle Lelouch's legs by the back of his thighs for better access, and pounds in.
The variety of broken, sultry moans and cries that comes tumbling out of Lelouch's mouth is amazing. Suzaku groans helplessly in answer, fully braced now on both his palms and too far gone to slow down or stop, the slap of skin on skin as his hips slam repeatedly against Lelouch obscene and unbearably loud in his ears.

"Ah, aah -" Lelouch's grip on the iron railings has turned white-knuckled, clutching the metal for support as Suzaku rams into him. "Ngah-" And he is gasping for air, long, desperate gulps as his heels dig into Suzaku's back and urge him in further, deeper - beautiful as he sobs and arches, chest heaving. The elegant line of his neck as he throws his head back, barely able to find pause to swallow - all the things Suzaku was not able to see earlier in the cockpit spread bare before him now, wonderful, beautiful, perfect.

The only warning he gets when Lelouch is about to come is the sharp whimper Lelouch makes as he twists off the mattress, hips and all, and then he is spilling onto their stomachs, walls tightening and spasming enough to send Suzaku over the edge as well after a few more desperate, uncoordinated thrusts.

Lelouch releases his hold on the wrought iron and curls into him, still shaking, and only after Suzaku has ridden out the last few spasms of his own does he trust himself enough to lower his body to rest on top of Lelouch's, breathing hard. Lelouch has one hand on his back, pulling him close; the other threads itself through Suzaku's hair and he is sighing and murmuring something against Suzaku's neck and skin. It takes a few more moments to register that is his name - "Suzaku, Suzaku...", and Suzaku responds by kissing him softly, leisurely. Only when Lelouch whimpers against his mouth does he realize he has begun to knot, still spilling inside Lelouch. Suzaku nuzzles his cheek and under his jaw, rubbing soothing circles into Lelouch's shoulder with a thumb as he feels Lelouch adjust to the size, and Lelouch makes a small sound not exactly from pain, his fingers momentarily pressing a little more firmly into Suzaku's skin.

They will not be separable now for another couple of hours, at least.

Suzaku leans up to brush a kiss against his forehead and Lelouch's eyes drift open this time when he pulls away, warm though already heavy from exhaustion and fast-approaching sleep.

"...Love you," comes the whisper, so soft Suzaku barely hears it. "...I think I always have."

Suzaku stills. It has to be the heat bonding. There is nothing else it could possibly be. Suzaku hopes the pause is not too great before he manages a small smile in return, measuring his voice so it just as soft.

"I love you, too."

Awake later with Lelouch's back pressed against his chest, Suzaku finds little anger left but also enough clarity to accept his current circumstances.

As soon as the heat is over and he can entrust Lelouch to someone else's surveillance, his first priority is Nunnally - more for her sake than anything else, but also as his last promise to the friend that is now hidden somewhere within a new personality and a new history, one that Suzaku recognizes even less from the friend who was Zero.

The second thing he forces himself to acknowledge is that he wanted this regardless - as much as he
needed it and as much as the situation made it necessary. A space where instinct and impulse make it easy to pretend that they are just friends again, seeking mutual comfort from distress with nothing else in between them.

But it is a lie which can and must only be lived for a day longer, at most. And nothing changes the fact that should Lelouch become Zero once more, Suzaku must be the one to stop him.

There will be no easy clearing of Euphemia's name now, not with a truth like this - and given the situation, there will not be any revelation of Zero's identity either. They will be secrets Suzaku will carry endlessly along with the perverse Geass that Lelouch has placed on him. And he will be Zero's end.

That is the final, inescapable reality. And it steadies Suzaku, grounds him, gives him something he knows he will fall back on once all of this is over.

In his arms Lelouch stirs, shuddering slightly in his sleep but relaxing with a soft sound when Suzaku tightens his grip reassuringly on his hip.

Suzaku wonders what it will be like to live a lie without knowing it for an entire lifetime. Maybe - if and when he finally remembers - maybe then Lelouch will understand what it is like to have his convictions and will taken from him by force.

But when that time comes, Suzaku will not ask forgiveness for doing what had and has to be done. And neither, he knows, will Lelouch.

End Notes

- Lelouch with his proper memories intact would probably rather have Suzaku fuck him regardless, but I chose to put a dub-con warning on the final sex scene because there is no way Suzaku himself could have known this.

- For the curious: Lelouch currently believes he was targeted by some dicks who thought it would be a good idea to make use of the commotion during the Rebellion and force some omegas into heat (with the help of drugs, etc.) They were not successful since Suzaku supposedly did a check on the student council members during/after his involvement with Zero's arrest to confirm they were safe, discovered Lelouch was missing, and 'rescued' Lelouch en route to Pendragon, where he needed to report. Unfortunately Suzaku was not on time to prevent them from at least inducing Lelouch's heat. Apologies if you were as confused as Suzaku was - but then again, that was kind of the point.

- There may or may not be a sequel to this, much later down the road. If it does happen, I will add it on as a subsequent chapter to this piece.

- The mention of glands other than the prostate was a deliberate anatomy tweak on my part for the specific purposes of this omegaverse fic. Again, for the curious: they probably help in the production of lubrication, so they're not just there for sexual stimulation. Apologies if this baffled anyone at first. (I certainly hope it didn't.)

- ETA (with apologies to the first reviewer on FFN who seemed a bit unclear): I suppose it
would be good to clarify that the "heat bonding" mentioned here is distinct from the soul bonding/spiritual bonds mentioned so often in the primer I linked. With heat bonding, my intention was to refer to a less permanent connection/attraction which will be forged for the duration of a heat and maybe a short while after, once a sexual act is performed with a partner who is in heat. In other words: No, Suzaku and Lelouch are not soul-bonded yet, but thanks to all that heat-driven sex, they are likely experiencing a stronger attraction to each other right now compared to what they would normally be feeling without all those hormones/pheromones floating around. I have not yet decided exactly what is required for proper soul bonding/mating in this universe, since it was not important to the immediate plot. (I do know, however, that if it ever does come down to such serious business, no condoms will be involved.)

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