

2020 Kinktober Fest: Drabbles/Ficlets/Headcanons

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26738251) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26738251>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M , Multi , Other , M/M
Fandom:	The Arcana (Visual Novel)
Relationships:	Muriel/Nadia (The Arcana) , Apprentice/Muriel (The Arcana) , Devil Muriel/Apprentice , Julian Devorak/Muriel , Asra/Julian Devorak , Devil Apprentice / Muriel
Characters:	Muriel (The Arcana) , Nadia (The Arcana) , Devil Muriel , Julian Devorak , Asra (The Arcana) , Lucio (The Arcana) , The Scourge of the South (The Arcana) , Original Female Character(s) , Portia Devorak
Additional Tags:	Kinktober 2020 , Drabble , Ficlet , headcanons , Pegging , Dom/sub , Dirty Talk , Praise Kink , basically everything , Hands Free Orgasm , mild exhibitionism , Reversed End , Bad Ending , Mind Control , Corruption , Somnophilia , Grinding , Cuddling , extended session , magic sex compulsion , Multiple Orgasms , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Breathplay , Platonic Sex , Sex for Favors , Begging , Loud Sex , Humiliation , Biting , Creampie , Gags , Public Blow Jobs , Swallowing , Cockwarming , Objectification , Bondage , Brainwashing , Possessive Tendencies , general violence , inappropriate use of magic , Slapping , Impact Play , Name-Calling , Blood , Blood and Injury , Bloodplay , Masturbation , Masochism , Strap-Ons , Face-Sitting , Face-Fucking , Oral Sex , Yandere , Modern AU , Sensory Deprivation , Blindfolds , Nipple Play , Suffering , Desperation
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-30 Completed: 2020-10-30 Words: 40,070 Chapters: 32/32

2020 Kinktober Fest: Drabbles/Ficlets/Headcanons

by [niawen](#)

Summary

Dump for Kinktober 2020 works. Individual chapters will be tagged with characters and kinks but a general warning of this is very much 18+.

Pegging: Nadia x Muriel

Day 1 - Pegging

Nadia x Muriel, platonic pegging, light dom&sub

“I really am quite glad that you worked up the nerve for a demonstration, Muriel. It's much easier than trying to explain all the minutiae. With what she sounds like she's after, you're best off going for more of a feeling than trying to build something overly complicated with needless props or embellishment.”

Through a series of extremely embarrassing conversations, Muriel was in the middle of a lesson about more... advanced bedroom techniques after months of banked favors, cajoling, and begging from the Apprentice. He was boiling red all the way down his chest but (once Nadia had been informed of the situation) both the Countess and the Apprentice had managed to convince him to take the chance to... broaden his horizons. He'd had reservations and some second thoughts, but it was far, *far* too late for that. Nadia was already lining up behind him, the crystal strap on dripping some kind of floral oil. It was cool and smooth and slid against his shivery flesh easily, putting pressure on him without penetrating just yet. He was undeniably receptive however, thanks to a good long while of Nadia's patient preparation and the rather flattering surprise of finding a quantity of black mead brought up for him to enjoy while she had a glass of wine before all of this had really gone down.

Her hand was back in his hair, tugging slightly and with the slightest bite of manicured nails in his scalp. “Are you ready for me, Muriel?” she asked, her voice deliberately casual as her other hand wended gently around his hip, gripping the ridge of bone there for a second before traveling higher up his ribs.

He grunted something in response but couldn't make it salient. She tutted and dragged her nails sharply over a nipple. Muriel jumped and grunted slightly but the force was only enough to leave faint red weals.

“A question gets an answer,” she chided, though she sounded delighted.

He grunted again and managed a faint “yes” and she hummed in satisfaction. Her grip in his hair tightened fractionally and she pushed gently, wordlessly encouraging him to put his face to the couch cushions. “No doubt having them totally naked underneath you will have them feeling self conscious,” she explained patiently. “There's a balance you'll want to try and keep. A little will keep them flushed and eager, too much and you'll slow everything down. Unless they have a specific weakness for that but I think being intentionally cruel is out of your wheelhouse, if you don't mind me saying.”

Muriel obliged, lowering his chest and skull to the couch and bracing his hands. “I don't,” he responded reluctantly. He was here to cater to the Apprentice, after all. He wasn't... entirely

inexperienced but he had a 10 long years of isolation and a traumatic past to work through, any assistance he could get really was a boon, if he could just overcome how absolutely mortifying he found this entire concept.

She nodded, carefully brushing a languid curl of soft hair back over her shoulder. “Another thing to note. Compliments. Get a list ready because you’ll need to shower them with compliments,” She spread more oil between his tight thighs and he grunted but she continued talking as though simply discussing a casual outing. “You absolutely must be specific. Generic flattery won’t get you anywhere. But if you take the time to really hone in on what you find attractive about them, you’ll have them singing for it in no time.”

She suddenly leaned over him, bracing one elegant hand next to his face while the other was still curled in his hair- the strap on pushed against him harder and he felt something in his chest fluttering madly.

“And a personal rule of mine: never get loud,” she said next to his ear, dropping her voice and even Muriel had a difficult time not reacting to the sultriness of it as his cock twitched between his legs, growing thicker by the second. “Make them listen to you. They deserve to hear every single thing you’re going to say to them so make sure they’re giving you *all* of their attention.”

He let out a slow exhale through his nose and then she was running her hand through his hair again, combing through it and scratching lightly at his scalp and his skin prickled at the sensation. “Muriel, you really have the most beautiful hair. You know, when you had that little ribbon tied into it, I had the most difficult time keeping my imagination under control,” she said. Really, the casual tone to her voice was throwing Muriel off the most- the pressure increased against him and he choked slightly while the Countess tugged on his hair- not cruelly, but hard enough to pull his skull just to the point of encroaching on pain.

She adjusted her position easily. “Here’s another good tip, Muriel, keep them talking and make sure they’re responding to you. Eventually it will all be gibberish but it's quite fun to see how long it takes before they’re babbling insensibly or begging for something or other.” Then she leaned down again and put her lips right next to his ear. “Then... do you want to know what I was imagining, Muriel?”

He struggled to open his mouth, still incredibly mortified but then Nadia canted her hips in just the right fashion to send the smooth head of the strap on just barely into him and he gasped the word “yes” out before he could rationalize it, his fists clenching as he remained in the position she had asked of him.

“Remember to praise them as much as possible, as well,” she mentioned casually before patting Muriel’s tan flank affectionately and tightening the hand in his thick hair. “Such a good boy. You’re a very fast learner, Muriel.”

She pushed harder and breached him by degrees. The oil kept it from dragging or catching and he was prepared enough to take it but the fit was tight and he was unused to this. He bit his lip, staring at the far wall and she crooned lowly under her breath.

“I was imagining what would happen if I took that little ribbon out of your hair and tied it nice and tight around the base of your cock-” she groped him tightly on the last word and Muriel jerked, throbbing in her soft hand and burying his face in the cushions. “Not tight enough to hurt, of course not,” she went on while that crooning note to her voice intensified. “Just tight enough. Just enough to help you pace yourself for me.”

She squeezed him tightly, moving her hand slow and almost languidly but it caused sensation intense enough to distract from how she was pushing deeper into him with the strap. “But you’re so obedient, Muriel. You wouldn’t dare come before I was done with you, I think. You’re far too polite for that.”

She lightly tracked her nails along his thick shaft and his whole body erupted into shivers he couldn’t control and he was silently grateful she hadn’t asked him to talk in a while. But he did realize suddenly that she was fully seated and he had taken the whole length... He felt *incredibly* full and he shifted experimentally, making to lift his head up until he was gently pushed back down again by Nadia’s gentle hand.

She spent a leisurely minute or so running her hand down the side of his twitching thighs, dragging fingertips over his hip, over his ribs. She toyed idly with a nipple and let out a melodic little laugh at his stressed vocalization. “You’re really doing a fantastic job,” she complimented, her voice earnest. “I can tell how hard you’re working and I know that it must have been very difficult for you to ask for help. I think your magician friend will be very excited to see what you’ve picked up.”

Muriel’s flush intensified and his cock pulsed heavily at the compliments. He shivered and Nadia suddenly began to move, drawing back slowly and shallowly and keeping the pace easy. Her manicured hand, replete with a series of noisy gold bangles, found his dick again and she gave him a rough squeeze that made him *ache*. His hips jerked forward and back again before he could stop himself and the Countess made a delighted noise.

“Ah, now here is a prime opportunity. You’ll make all sorts of interesting little discoveries like this. Make sure that if they show you something interesting you do your due diligence in exploring it. Just like you’re showing me now.” She tugged on his hair, wordlessly encouraging him to raise himself on his hands and knees. “Perfect, thank you.” Finally, she released her fist to pet him gently, pushing his thick, black hair out of his face as she began to pick up the pace and fall into an easy rhythm pumping in to him. “So for instance, when I discover that gentle touches and words of praise make every single muscle in your very handsome back coil up-” she dragged a nail over his shoulder blade “I know my next course of action is to explore that.”

She started fucking him harder, still stroking his hair and dragging her other hand all over him. Muriel’s breaths were ragged and loud and the flush on his face was beginning to look less humiliated and more... distracted. Dazed. “Muriel, dear, stop choking down all those delightful noises. If I didn’t want to hear you I have a closet full of gags we could have played with,” she reminded him casually.

He couldn’t seem to let go of the instinct to try and be quiet, though, and he shuddered as her hand scratched along his carved stomach toward where his cock was pointing stiffly, dripping precome and twitching eagerly. When she stopped short before grabbing it, he let out a

hoarse breath and a noise that was a little strangled, hanging his head for a second as he tried to get a hold of himself.

“Very good,” she said, now petting his stomach and deliberately ignoring his cock. “You magician is very lucky; you’re so much fun in bed. And incredibly beautiful, if you’d care to hear my opinion.”

He whined and jerked his hips, simultaneously trying to maintain her pace and also get her hand on his cock but all he got was a teasing pinch and a light slap to his ass. “If you want more, you’ll need to move your hips. I’d very much like to see you come without more... direct stimulation. Can you do that?”

For a second, he just shuddered directionless but then the strap drove deeply into him and he let out a choked moan and couldn’t resist any longer. He began to move back against it, shifting to take his own pleasure as Nadia’s steady pace slowly took him apart. Nails raked over a nipple again and Nadia’s very-pleased-sounding “Questions and answers really shouldn’t be so hard” echoed in his empty head.

He nodded, unable to form the affirmation, flushed red but also hungry for his end- which was swiftly mounting as the crystal dildo continuously rubbed him in exactly the right spot to make his vision dim and his nerves light.

“Oh, poor thing,” she chuckled, although there was finally a note of breathlessness to her voice that made his skin prickle reactively. “Is it so much you can’t speak?” She tutted somewhat theatrically. “Move against me harder then, since you can’t use your mouth.”

He jumped at that particular order, rocking backwards roughly and tossing his head slightly. He was close- somehow- so, *so* close and he couldn’t pace himself anymore, not with the curved, carved strap making him see stars every time it hit his prostate and not with her wandering hands sliding everywhere except over his heavy cock. But it only made his body throb worse and by the time he was coming all over the Countess’ silk poufs, she had stopped moving entirely to watch him finish, her lips quirked into a slight smirk even as they were slightly parted with her heavier breath.

Dirty Talk: Apprentice x Muriel

Day 2 - Dirty Talk

1st Person POV, AFAB Apprentice, dirty talk, mild public sex kink

“What are you so embarrassed about?” I asked, leaning in closer to Muriel as he sits in the too-small booth bench, doing everything he can to concentrate on his drink. The rest of the Rowdy Raven was, predictably, quite rowdy and no one paid us much mind.

It's rare to get him out like this but Asra's good at cajoling him. But, seated next to him, he's sort of pinned in next to the wall at the very end of the long table and I'm pretty sure its the only reason he didn't bolt when both Julian and Portia showed up around nine for drinks and, upon discovering me, Asra, and Muriel already here, decided to join us. In all it was quite noisy and high-spirited, though Muriel's coping reasonably well all things considered. I blame my four-ish ales on my lack of inhibitions tonight, though, and the second attention was even remotely turned elsewhere, I start with the teasing.

“If I sit on your lap here do you think anyone would notice if I rubbed myself against you til I came?” I asked, fighting down the slur in my voice, looking up at his semi-placid face with a drunk smile. When the words hit he actually choked so hard on the mead he was drinking that a fair quantity spilled down his front. He couldn't even retort, he just stared down at me horrified and I innocently placed my hand on the meat of his thigh but didn't do anything untoward with it.

“I won't make it all the way until we get back to the hut,” I continue, leaning in so he can hear me but I'm not lowering my voice at all. To the rest of the bar it simply looks like an semi-intimate conversation and no one's paying us any attention. “I keep thinking about how much I love it when you pull me into your lap and-”

“Q-quiet!” he snapped, his face going crimson and his eyes averting.

“Every time I think about riding you until you burst, my legs get all weak.” Of course I keep going now that such an interesting challenge has presented itself. Muriel can't even form coherent words to that and simply bends his head awkwardly, trying to cover his face with one hand in a way that didn't attract Asra's incredibly sensitive perception. Thankfully the magician was still chatting animatedly with Julian for the moment.

“You have no idea what you do to me,” I continue, squeezing his thigh and smirking stupidly. “You're such a good boy.” I put an intense amount of stress on the last part, leaning hard into him and squeezing his thigh so tightly my hand shakes a little. I know Muriel can't handle compliments and this transfers to the bedroom as well. “You're so good that I bet if I look you're already hard a fucking rock.”

He swallows thickly and his breath is getting harder by the second, refusing to meet my bleary stare even though I have a death grip on his tense thigh. It's like he's afraid I'm gonna check or something. Unable to resist the challenge in that (of course) I slide my hand just a little closer to watch him tense.

"You're so good," I say, dropping my voice as Portia walks by, dropping off another drink for me and I thank her earnestly at a normal volume before leaning back into Muriel when she leaves. "You're so good that if you were up for it, we could go around the corner into that quiet little courtyard and I'd suck you off while you try not to make too much noise. But I know you're too shy for that."

His whole body ripples with a stressed tense and his hands grip his tankard so hard I'm momentarily fascinated with whether it can withstand the pressure for much longer. "It's a shame, though," I continue, delighted. "You're so cute when you're about to come, did you know? You get all red and your breathing gets really ragged. You don't really moan but every time your dick twitches you make this little... growling noise."

It's not beyond my notice that his breathing is going a little labored right now and that a muscle is working in his jaw. He looks as though he thinks if he stays perfectly still I'll lose interest. Fat chance. "I work extra hard for that noise," I quip. "So hard that when we get home tonight you're going to find me all ready for every last inch of your cock." His body is stiff as a board and his eyes are scanning the exits (including windows) frantically but his breathing is undeniably heavy and I feel like I should keep pushing my luck as the sounds of the bar fade to a drone around me. Muriel looks like he's fighting hard to stay composed and I notice Asra give him a concerned side-eye surreptitiously from the other end of the table.

"Right when you lose it, your breath cuts out all together and you coil up like a spring," I wheedle, gripping his thigh possessively now with both hands, "and then you tip your head back..."

"Don't," he ground out from behind his clenched jaw warningly.

"Gets me so hot-"

"*Don't*-" he tries again, but it's distinctly more breathy and distinctly more pleading.

"And then your mouth drops open and you move any way you can to make sure you squeeze all of your dick into me. And that thing you do where you bite your lip and kind of glaze over?" I really dig my nails into him and he opens his mouth to tell me to go away again but he freezes and I can feel his whole body shudder. "Fuck, maybe I could come just from this. From making sure you know just how appealing you can be." I squirm, then drop my voice again- Asra's walking over and I know I need to be just a little subtle. "But I think I'll try and save it for when we get back to the hut, and you fuck me exactly how you wish you were fucking me right now." I slide my hand deeper between his legs and I feel him jerk-

"Muriel, you feeling okay?"

We both jump, Muriel's breath cuts out, and he opens his mouth for a flustered response... but there's nothing, just a helpless, frozen look as he stares stupidly up at Asra and comes in

his pants at the same time. I pull up a little- red as hell from how unbelievably hot that is, but merciful enough to deflect scrutiny. This time. “He was saying that the noise was giving him a headache. We might start heading back soon.”

Asra cast him a sympathetic smile. “Of course, I’m happy you came.”

The smile falls from my face abruptly and I have to struggle to rearrange it. There was no way Asra could tell, I tried to assure myself, but I felt distinctly uneasy at his enigmatic smirk while Muriel burned absolutely crimson next to me, refusing to look at either of us.

Mind Control: Devil Muriel x Apprentice

Day 3 - Mind Control

1st person POV, AFAB Apprentice, Devil Muriel, Reversed Relationship, Corruption

While I've lost track of time in the Devil's realm, it hasn't been *that* long (I think). Not long enough for me to get used to how Muriel looks now, not long enough to keep me from recoiling from him a little. He oscillates between the Muriel I know and some other version- it's still him, but it's more intense, hungrier, maybe a little angrier.

The shiny obsidian horns are off-putting, sure, but actually I'm most unnerved by his eyes. They burn like embers but they're colder than ice. His smile's just as much a weapon as his claws, too, all pointed fangs and blade-sharp smirks. A thick metal collar covers most of his neck, its leather fixture dips nearly to his bare clavicle. I think maybe of everything, I hate that the most. That even with the knowledge he outsmarted and killed a Major Acrana with a dangerous agenda and possibly saved the rest of the magic and mortal worlds, that even with all the power that left him with, bondage and subjugation (even the sardonic representation I think this is) are still a core part of how he views himself. I *hate* it.

"You think so loudly," Muriel growls softly from the blackstone throne. He's sitting in it sideways, one of his muscular legs draped over the curved armrest while his shoulders slouch down the corner. Beside the throne, I stand fidgeting. He enjoys the game of giving me meaningless commands, riding the line between requesting and telling, as though simply testing my boundaries and pushing my buttons. It's obnoxious but I'm starting to think he does it just to get a reaction out of me... and once again I'm reminded of a huge, patient cat slowly stalking circles around something small and helpless.

The bargain terms he leveraged to get us here are absolute- I'm beholden to him and he's stuck here, to put it simply. Though we haven't been here long enough to figure out what exactly that all means. All I know is that it's- as far as I can tell- impossible to directly defy him and that he's not going to let me out of his sight any time soon to fully test this theory.

I can sense him looking me over but I don't need a direct connection into his brain to feel the hunger radiating off him. "You know," he says lowly, shifting so that he's sitting upright proper, his heavy, muscular body moving easily as he rights himself. One of his hands runs over the metallic surface of the collar to the link that holds the lead and it jingles coldly... "These are here because of you," he leers, looking me over slowly. He holds up the heavy chain attached to his neck and shakes it at me a little tauntingly. It looks impossibly heavy and it's been attached to him since we got here, since he transformed into... whatever he is now. The chain is thick and it rattles when he moves but there's a dull sheen to it- and the collar and the heavy, huge manacles around his wrists- that looks like something precious. A decorative alloy for something meant for form just as much as function- nothing at all like the old iron fetters that broke off him in the tundra.

He finally stands and towers over me, still holding out the end of his leash. “You’re really going to tell me you don’t want this?”

“Of course I don’t,” I bite back viciously.

He tips his head and his lips quirk just slightly. “Don’t lie. You went through hell to stop Lucio and this-” he gestures around himself, his smirk growing “is your prize.”

I want to argue but I suddenly can’t, it’s like the breath just vanishes from my lungs and I flounder stupidly up at him, realizing that he is somehow responsible... Whatever powers he has now though completely outstrip mine and I can’t fight it off. “You wanted me to fight, so I did,” he growls, bending in to get closer while I’m frozen like a scared rabbit. “You wanted to keep me safe, you wanted to kill Lucio. I gave you everything you wanted. Now you don’t want this?”

I groan in frustration. We’ve had this conversation verbatim so many times...

“It’s okay,” he growls in a poor attempt to soothe that comes off transparently sadistic. “Your heart was in the right place. But sometimes when you try to rehabilitate a monster you just end up with a monster after all your hard work.”

“You’re not a-”

He grabs my chin- not violently- but his grip is firm and tight and entitled even if his claws angle away from vulnerable flesh slightly. “I *am*,” he snarls softly, baring his teeth, but he looks entertained, delighted even. “And I don’t care anymore.”

He turns me around and pulls me back against his heavy body, absolutely unmoving under my off-balanced weight. I can feel the chain pressing up against my shoulder blade somewhat painfully but I don’t really have time to react before he slides his hand beneath my jaw, tipping my skull up to look at him and I can’t help but grimace rebelliously. He seems to enjoy the challenge in that though as his other hand wends around my side and slides down my belly with an excruciating slowness that makes my body heat quickly. I can feel embarrassment beginning to prickle at my face and he must be able to see it because his body rumbles with a dark, quiet chuckle. “You *do* like it,” he says smugly, and his fingers follow the curve of my body and between my legs. He doesn’t move clothing out of the way, he doesn’t even search for my clit, he just presses *hard* and my legs quake.

He’s still got his other hand curled around the underside of my jaw from behind and I can feel the pressure increase as my legs tremble weakly. His fingers twitch just a little tighter and he looks down at me from his significantly superior height, over his broad chest and into my watering eyes. “You’re mine,” he breathes, the sharp edge of his smirk reveals a brutally pointed canine before he lets go and then two hands are busy dragging between my legs and heating my flesh with friction.

Dumbly, I reach for an anchor- for anything to brace myself for the onslaught he’s about to bring- and the only thing I can solidly get a hold of is the heavy black fur cape that spills over his back and all the way down to the floor. He seems entertained by this and he shifts his

grip, his left hand sliding up, calloused fingers catching on my clothing, until he uses the pads of his fingers to rub gently over a nipple.

My breath cuts out and I shudder, tipping forward slightly as he continues to toy with it for several excruciating seconds over the fabric of my clothes. When he can pinch it, he does, and gives it a tug that has me gasping loudly in the empty chamber. I can barely stand and heat's dropping in my guts, and no matter the context, I'm absolutely throbbing for him. So much so that when he neglects to stop pinching my nipple even as he slowly takes a step back towards the throne, my body's shaking so much I can't even make a coherent protest.

He's watching me like a fucking hawk, his mouth a smug little line as he leads me closer. But then his impatience wins out over his careful restraint and he presses himself up against my back so hard I have to brace a knee on the seat and grab both heavy armrests. I feel his mouth and nose trail against the sensitive skin behind my ear until he finds a suitable place and bites down, *hard* and I ripple in a mix of mild pain and delirious arousal. One tightly muscled arm snakes under my abdomen and he angles me up, grinding in to me from behind.

Of course he's already rock hard, he's developed an advanced taste for toying with me and it usually turns into this with relatively little provocation. I can't deny that I'm dying for him though, my thighs are already soaked and the insistent pulsing in me is just about unbearable. "I know you're an idealist," he murmurs against the side of my neck. "I know that maybe this isn't what you planned. But it's not so bad." I can really only whimper at that.

He adjusts his hips and grinds again, rubbing his cock against my still-clothed, still boiling hot body in one long, slow line. He bites me again and this time a heady, hungry growl rips up his chest and vibrates against me, signalling his impatience to get started. When he speaks next his voice has changed- its thick with arousal and rough with the possessive tendencies he's developed. My heart clenches but my thighs continue to spasm and I can't seem to muster the will to get away. His teeth find another place on my neck and bite down, holding me still and fumbling one-handedly with clothing. "Answer me," he practically whispers, face pressed against my throat, where I'm sure he can feel my pulse drumming madly away. "It's really not so bad, is it?"

I can't bring myself to say it yet and he shifts quickly to tear fabric out of his way and seize my hips so strongly I can't help the shocked moan and the way they angle up towards him automatically. He doesn't press for an answer, just gives my ass a light pat and laughs lowly. "Always so easy to read."

I want to say that his fucks are fast and brutal... and sometimes they are. But more than anything he seems to love starting slow. He angles me to a more submissive position that he seems to favor more, clawed, heavy hands gentle but inescapable on the back of my skull as he pushes me down over the throne. I can't help it and my shaking legs force my hips at an even tenser angle.

His cock is massive and it seems as though it's always ready to be driven into me and Muriel's hunger in this form is an insatiable thirst that he has no interest in trying to control. When he slots up against me he's hard and bulging and twitching with heat and I still can't

really understand how he wants me as much as he does. (So much. Enough to growl and pace furiously at the thought of our old friends trying to open communication lines with us).

“Listen,” Muriel says in a low growl, bending close to my ear. I didn’t know he was that close and I start slightly in his gentle but possessive grip. “There’s really only one thing you should be thinking about now, okay?” He presses tight and I gasp, the pulsing head of his cock taut with hunger and I know the rest of him is just as impatient for me. I shudder, I can’t help it, and he strokes down my spine tenderly. “That’s right,” he growls out in praise. It’s quiet, just a bass-y rumble near my ear but everything in me twitches excitedly for more of him- for his enormous, hot cock and his condescending possessive praise that makes my brain short circuit.

For how eager he was to get his dick in me, he’s really taking his time now and leaning into all the methodical patience being fully immortal grants him. It’s really just bullshit at this point. He’s about a third of the way in and I’m so hot and so wet that every twitch sends a shockwave through my body. My nipples are so hard they hurt and my hands are white-knuckling the throne’s armrests. I’m not sure if he’s actively reading my mind (I’m ashamed to say I still haven’t quite figured out how everything works with him lording over the whole of the Devil’s Realm. Every time I get close to confirming another fact that might help me do something about all of this he does his best to be as distracting as possible). He rubs the flat of his palm over one of my nipples roughly, cupping and then squeezing the meat of my breast hard enough to pull a gasp from me. At the same time he cants his hips and his cock slides a little further, stretching me to the point of pain but I’m so deliriously horny it only awakens the grovelling masochist in me and I feel even hotter. I grit my teeth, gasping for a full breath, and lean further to make it easier on him.

The show awakens something in him and before I can do anything about it he’s yanking my hips into him and with a final shove, seats every last inch of his absolutely turgid dick into me. I manage to keep from screaming but I’m drooling and wild eyed and the bastard has enough presence of mind to chuckle at that. He pulls back and thrusts forward with no warning and it’s all he can do just to hold on. He’s set a fast, aggressive pace before I can even rationalize his movements and another second later he’s reaching around my thigh to press two fingers to my oversensitive clit. For a second, I think I might be able to hold on, but then he starts rubbing me in time with his merciless thrusts. It shoves me hard into his fingers and the dual stimulation quickly reaches an absolutely mind-melting level.

My voice cuts out when I come all over his hand but he pets me and praises me for the show. I can’t string together the words that would tell him to piss off and I also note that he shows zero signs of stopping. His fingers are clever and deft and they’re already tracing over slick flesh again, slowly closing in on my throbbing clit for more pleasurable torture. I get the distinct feeling this is going to be the rest of my day... though honestly even one orgasm under his meticulous touches has already made my knees weak and my throat raw... I wonder how many more it’ll take before I’m fucked absolutely stupid.

Somnophilia: Muriel x Apprentice

Day 4 - Somnophilia

Muriel x Gender Neutral Apprentice, cuddling, grinding

It took Muriel an unbelievably long time to get used to the Apprentice sleeping in his bed. Nightmares and sudden panic and terrors haunted him for years and he didn't even let Inanna sleep there most of the time for fear of either crushing her with his tossing and turning or accidentally hurting her if he started thrashing.

Things had mellowed, however, and while he still had nightmares occasionally, the presence of solid, heavy heat next to him had actually helped add a level of security he wasn't used to. But now, with the Apprentice in his bed, he was sleeping more solidly than he had in years, more solidly than maybe he ever had. These days he slept like the dead, limp and unresponsive to everything except the most persistent calls to wake up. Honestly, even after he was upright it took some time for him to become alert- some mornings he simply held his mug of tea, squinting blearily, hair disheveled for near on an hour before he could really function. Asra jokingly said he was making up for two-and-a-half-plus-decades of major insomnia and Muriel couldn't really argue with that.

But he was trained now to seek out the Apprentice's weight and heat in the mornings in the slow process of waking up. It was cold today, which prompted closeness as the embers in the fireplace lowered to a faint glow. He was generally a human furnace, so to speak, and wasn't exactly cold but the chilled air prompted him to reach out through the layers of heavy furs, groping blindly until he found the Apprentice, and bodily dragged them closer to press up against. His strength was unchecked like this, and he usually got teased for it... But that was an issue for later. Now, there was just the comforting heat of another body pressed along the length of his.

But of course, he was totally asleep again by the time his Apprentice could grumble sleepily and eventually stilled against him once more. The warmth, weight, and softness beneath his calloused hands and in his scarred arms inspired some barely conscious mumbles from his throat and in a slow, languid movement, he stretched like a cat. As he came in sluggishly to push his face into the warm crevice where the Apprentice's smooth neck met their shoulder, he pressed in with his hips in a wholly unconscious movement.

The friction was welcome. Good, even. A slow wave of goosebumps erupted up his arms after a lazy second and he nuzzled his face against the Apprentice harder, still holding them tightly against his bare chest. At first, it took a while for his hips to repeat the lazy motion but when he did it again a shudder rippled up his heavy frame and he let out a hot breath. The Apprentice twitched slightly but didn't otherwise move or protest, even when Muriel gripped them a little possessively and rocked gently into them again.

A slow flood of heat was steadily rising in Muriel, even if he wasn't really coherent enough to understand what it was or why it was happening. His cock was steadily filling out, pressed intimately against the other body and growing thicker and harder by the second. Muriel nuzzled even harder, growling softly until a fully realized need had overrun his brain and all he could process was heat and friction.

He made another gruff noise and his slow, disjointed presses languidly turned into something steadier, something methodical. A kind of pressure that he could feel in every corner of his body built up steadily and his occasional grunts and soft exhales were slowly building into a constant purr. The Apprentice barely reacted, content to ride this out (so to speak) or otherwise still asleep and blissfully unaware.

It didn't take much for Muriel to get fully hard and he was perhaps closer to conscious now that his cock was aching with need for something slick and tight but the hut swam in his blurry vision when he could manage to keep his eyelids up for longer than a few seconds. But the tension in him was building to a breaking point, his nerves on fire with want and his body shivery with need as he grew closer and closer to the brink.

His mouth dropped open against the Apprentice's neck, breath hot and wet and heavy, as they finally began stirring with more vigor, a tired, questioning noise sounding soft in the chilly morning and copious amounts of furs. Muriel realized then what was happening with something of a jolt and his arms tensed, his hands gripping large handfuls of the Apprentice's nightclothes tightly enough to strain the fabric.

But he couldn't stop... the friction, the grinding was addictive and he was so, *so* close. Heat flooded his face in embarrassment but it only seemed to intensify everything... With a heavy, rough growl that reverberated through his ribcage like low thunder, he tensed up tightly and lost it. He came with a tight noise that was viscerally pleased despite himself but muffled somewhat by the way he was running his mouth over the Apprentices bared neck and rutting aggressively.

Corruption: Devil Muriel x Apprentice

Day 5 - Corruption

Devil Muriel x AFAB Apprentice, dom/sub, mind control, extended grinding, magic sex compulsion, many orgasms, reversed ending relationship

“You’ve been at it for hours,” Muriel finally rumbles. I really have no idea how long it's been, but I can't stop... I'm completely out of control. I rock against his thigh harder in frustration, the friction wet with sweat and come. I can see him tip his head to the side, wicked, curved horns catching glimmers of the low emerald lighting that barely illuminates the chamber, his eyes glow like hot coals in his black eyes and at once it's incredibly repulsive, wrong, and heartbreaking but it's also appealing, in some twisted way that I can't seem to resist.

But he's doing something to me... I don't know what. There's no way to know, either. He's the Devil now and he has everything that goes with that territory. Myself included as per his deal for power to keep me safe... but magic works in subtle ways, especially the Devil's.

“I'm getting bored,” he chides, though there's no hiding the smirk on his lips or the delight in his low voice. He moves to stand and I whine in protest, my hands tight on the straps of his pauldron and my hips pick up the pace, rocking hard against his bare thigh. He stills but I can sense his crooked smile- so much sharper that it used to be. “How many times have you come?” he asks after I bounce in frustration and my clit *aches* with the abuse.

I don't answer quickly enough and his strong hands seize my hips, forcing them to stop. I try to shake him and let out a strangled, frustrated sob. He doesn't move and his claws are tracking hard in my skin.

“How many times,” he asks again, tipping his head to look me dead in the eyes.

The familiar war of ‘I love him, I hate him’ echoes in my head but whatever he's doing to me is strong and I feel the powerful emotions leave me as I stare dumbly at him- well, everything but the fire between my legs and the intimate knowledge that he's the only one who can do anything about it. “I don't know,” I slur, trying to bounce. “Lots. Too many... blending together.”

He looks extra delighted by this and his leg tenses beneath me before he's using his hands and incredible strength to move my body for me. “Too many?” He grinds me down against his leg and I toss my head. It hurts, I'm sore, and soaking wet but the haze of orgasm isn't dying down... in fact it only seems to be intensifying the longer this goes on and I can't come down in between. I toss my head and whine again, legs trembling as he does the work for me. “I think you have a few more in you,” he growled, his tone casual but content- as though just thinking aloud.

As soon as he says it I can feel another orgasm building in me to absolutely tremendous heights. My body locks and my legs strain against his unmovable grip... but nothing happens. I'm just stuck there, my whole body pulsing on the edge of coming and my clit is so sensitive from the marathon that incredibly sensitive shocks are frying my entire nervous system. I mouth stupidly, unable to think.

"You're like a hungry little animal in heat," he taunts, leaning in to seal his lips over mine but I'm stiff as a board, frozen at the edge, and can't even kiss him back or snarl at his comment.

"Y-you did this!" I manage to grit through my teeth with an exhausting amount of effort. My whole body is on fire, muscles screaming to untense.

He shrugs, still smirking, still baring his teeth. This time he lets go of my hips and orgasm crashes into me like a ton of bricks. He doesn't sit back and watch this time. Instead he grabs my jaw and hauls me in, kissing me so hard my frantic moans are smothered. My hips are grinding on him again, my arms flinging around his neck to bring me in closer to his body, my nails digging into his bare shoulders and he only chuckles into my mouth and bounces his leg a little roughly.

Denial/Breathplay: Muriel x Jullian

Day 6 - Denial / Breathplay

Muriel x Julian, platonic sex, consensual choking, orgasm denial, bribery, shameless begging

Muriel made a mental note to himself to never, ever agree to do another favor for Asra ever again. This was out of his pay grade, so to speak, but words had already been given and he was already (unfortunately) committed. Julian was... nervous? Muriel wasn't sure if that was the right word. He was definitely something, however, red and sweaty and not at all his usual blustering self. Though maybe that had more to do with the large hand clamped over his mouth with a kind of steady confidence that was somewhat rare for Muriel.

At first he had flat out refused Julian's request but the lanky doctor had spent several arduous and embarrassing minutes explaining that he was in no real danger and that it wasn't strictly a pain thing. Muriel was dubious but as he'd already agreed to oblige Julian as a favor to Asra without asking enough questions first (a mistake he swore he'd never make again) he felt that he wasn't really able to cop out. But then, almost experimentally, Muriel had succumbed to his instinctive desire to shut Julian up and simply grabbed his lower face- not at all hard enough to hurt or even maintain if Julian jerked away- but the doctor's eyes had rolled straight back into his head and his gangly legs buckled tremulously. He was certainly taken mildly off guard when Julian started grunting "yesyesyes" beneath his palm for a few seconds, and then Muriel's innate curiosity won out.

Experimentally, he backed Julian into a corner, muscular arm outstretched and huge hand still clamped tightly over his mouth. The doctor put up no resistance at all, though he did reach up to grip Muriel's tense forearm with a level of greed that surprised him. Without really exerting himself, Muriel shoved him lightly and let go, pulling back to watch somewhat stonily as Julian dropped atop the low couch in a heap, panting as though he had just sprinted several miles. After a second, he looked up (and up) until he could take in Muriel's expression- cold and maybe a little closed off (like usual) but undeniably intrigued and a little flushed. "If it makes no difference to you," Julian wheezed, pressing a hand down against his overeager cock, trying to tame its demanding ache straining at the front of his pants. "Your hand... on my throat would be a lot better."

Muriel scowled. "You better thank Asra profusely after this," he grumbled. He hesitated a second while Julian waited (Julian rather thought it was the longest few seconds of his life) until, eventually, Muriel sighed and came closer. Julian was caught off guard when Muriel angled his hand and wrapped strong, thick fingers around his neck. Not to get academic but Julian noted immediately that Muriel seemed to know exactly how to do this- his palm put pressure against his carotid arteries, his fingers were curling into the tendons of his neck. He wasn't gripping all that hard but Julian ached at the idea that Muriel could simply hold this position forever... keep Julian exactly where he was with no effort at all. Physically

speaking, Muriel outstripped by a huge margin. Privately, he was once again grateful to call him a friend and not an enemy.

Julian tried to gasp wetly and felt his larynx settle somewhere in the meat of Muriel's huge palm. He couldn't fight the hot smothering sensation and he began to writhe sinuously-completely beyond his control. His hips bucked up sharply- he couldn't help it- his dick was so hard he couldn't think, only arch his hips stupidly for friction that wasn't there. In a second of clarity, he knew what was going to happen before it did and he fought against it as hard as his lust-soaked brain could.

He rode the edge for just an instant before Muriel jerked him forcefully back down onto the couch surface and he was coming with a series of airless heaves and several sharp jerks of his hips before he could even stop to think about it. Muriel released his grip and the flood of oxygen was just about euphoric as Julian came down, and it was all he could do just to sprawl bonelessly for a second.

He was mortified, he didn't think he'd come so fast since he was a teenager... and now his (in-all-likelihood) single opportunity with Muriel and his ridiculous body was gone in under a minute. He was sure he'd never live down the shame and his face was on fire with embarrassment and masochistic arousal.

When he could finally look up into Muriel's face another hot flash of desire stormed across him and he staggered to his feet. "W-wow, um. I don't usually... That is..." Julian was wheezing in a distinctly unflattering way and his face was deep crimson, flushed with lust. "You can do worse, of course," Julian suggested, cocking an eyebrow up at Muriel's stoic face. He could already feel himself getting hard again, and harder still as he took in Muriel's powerful build and bare, sculpted chest with undue hunger. He felt wildly out of control and was completely incapable of reining his dick in even a little.

To Julian's immediate unease, Muriel made a dismissive gesture and half-turned towards the door. "None of that was part of the deal," he rumbled lowly, watching Julian's face go from suggestive and marginally (if transparently) composed to wide eyed with dawning horror. Muriel raised an eyebrow and looked pointedly at the front of Julian's pants where his cock was obviously already hard again and aching for another go. "You even finished quicker than I thought."

The facade of easy confidence was gone in an instant and Julian's hands wrapped tightly around Muriel's wrist. "Yes, that was entirely un-unexpected. You're just... so *exemplary*, ah... Please, *please*. I've thought about it for so long."

Muriel just stared for a moment, a little self conscious, sure, but mostly impressed that Julian wanted to be choked so badly he was ready to debase himself to such an extent. "Me choking you?" he asked, incredulous to the point of nearly scoffing.

Julian however, was dead serious. Or rather, was so desperate to continue that he wasn't in his right mind enough to joke about it. "With *any* part of your body," he gasped out, trying hard to appeal to whatever in Muriel might humor him and his insistent, masochistic dick. "You're a... big boy," he managed with some delicacy. "When was the last time you managed to get uh... all of yourself into someone? I can take it."

This time Muriel did scoff, barely covering a quiet laugh. “You’ll have to go back to Asra and get him to negotiate that,” he said calmly, to Julian’s utter horror and he was out the door the next second, leaving Julian standing there with a hard-on he was going to have to deal with on his own. Muriel wondered if he really would go to Asra and resolved to ask about it in the morning.

Screaming: Devil Muriel x Apprentice

Day 7 - Screaming

Devil Muriel, AMAB Apprentice, dom/sub tones, humiliation, loud sex

“Don’t hide your face,” Muriel growled, the dark leer evident in his low voice. “You always manage to look so enticing when I’ve got you squirming around like that on my dick.” And it was true. Though Muriel couldn’t honestly deny that he really only had eyes for his Fool, especially now that they were sequestered in the Devil’s realm for the foreseeable future.

The Fool was indeed squirming around aimlessly, taking Muriel’s thick cock down to the hilt. He was gasping raggedly but unprotesting, flat on his back against the cold black stone dais that occupied most of the chamber floor. He was unbound, limbs gracelessly sprawled whichever way Muriel’s occasional thrusts or readjustments left them. Muriel supposed they *had* been at this for a while but he hadn’t personally felt exhausted in a long time... and the Fool, the Apprentice, was still mostly human. Mostly. Gently, Muriel ran a few clawed fingertips down the Apprentice’s sweaty torso, starting at the graceful dip of his collar all the way down his midline until he could lightly scratch at the dark hair pooling around his hard cock.

“And look, you’re still rock hard for me,” Muriel crooned lowly. “You’re really amazing like that.” He tracked his claws down his prize’s ribs and then gripped his flanks tightly, pulling him in until the Apprentice’s legs were splayed wide around his hips and he was taking Muriel as deep as possible. The noise the Apprentice made was choked and desperate but transparently needy, as were the jerky little motions of his hips that simply begged for more even if his mouth wasn’t entirely given over to the urge to grovel for it just yet. Muriel frankly thought the filling sensation must have been incredible and imagined his cock must be piercing so obscenely deep inside his little toy.

Muriel leaned down, bracing his knees and closing in until his heavy, bare chest- hot to the touch and rock solid- pressed against the Apprentice’s which was flushed dark and shuddering with their needy little gasps. The Apprentice certainly wasn’t small by any means but Muriel was broad and tall and heavy and had always overshadowed most, at least on a physical scale. As the Devil his presence seemed only larger and the Fool was easily contained as Muriel pinned each bicep to the ground in a grip that wasn’t overtly cruel but was definitely inescapable. Most of Muriel’s weight came to rest against him, smothering him as the Devil nearly laid down on top of him.

With a rough exhale against the Apprentice’s red, exposed throat that tapered into a humored, pleased grunt, Muriel pulled back until only the head of his cock remained inside, pulling slightly at the Apprentice’s tight hole. “You *will* scream for me. How long will it take?” he growled ferally, before suddenly thrusting back in and setting an absolutely ruthless pace while his mostly-human companion went tight as a wire and gasped so loudly it echoed

across the empty chamber. The tone of Muriel's voice was almost conversational if condescending, his smirk a sharp, arrogant little thing as he took full and unabashed pleasure in riling up his little Fool. "You're already past the point where you can talk coherently."

His strokes were heavy and fast, and the Apprentice gave a sudden disobedient squirm. "I d-dont-! I'm not-! *Ngh!* "

Muriel shook his head, smirk broadening with a kind of twisted affection. "Shut up," he grunted with an entertained laugh (more overtly interested in playfully antagonizing him than in actually keeping the Apprentice quiet). He adjusted, shifting his hips to ensure that his cockhead was shoving up against the Fool's prostate, ruthlessly driving him tighter and louder with each incredibly full thrust. He was pressed up against the slighter frame tightly, practically smothering the Apprentice with his weight and heat.

Muriel was solidly braced, his hips rolling smoothly and his hands greedy-tight on the Apprentice's arms but it wasn't beyond his notice that no protests came out of those flushed lips- only wet little gasps and truncated little moans. Suddenly wanting to hear more debased little noises, Muriel grabbed the Apprentice's face and gave his head a slight shake. "Does all that choking and gasping mean you're enjoying yourself?" He didn't remove his hand for a reply and only kept up with the ribbing, still fucking the Apprentice through it with full, deep thrusts that were hard enough to make the Apprentice's eyes start to roll back into his pretty little head. "You look like you're enjoying yourself," Muriel rumbled lowly. "Your cock is still hard and pushing up against me every time I move." The Fool whined, body flexing hungrily but he didn't have the strength or leverage to influence Muriel's pace or position.

Muriel, conversely had strength to spare and moved to start wrenching the Apprentice's hips in to meet his thrusts, driving them to the point of grinding their jaw in an effort to keep from screaming. They both knew it wasn't going to last and sure enough, Muriel's next thrust bottomed out and he held it, his hands tight on the Apprentice's wildly bucking hips and they let out a very satisfying, very loud, sustained noise that reverberated off the stone surroundings.

These days, Muriel was never one to miss an opportunity to overdo things and he reacted predictably to the encouragement. He leaned down and sunk his teeth into the Fool's straining neck- not hard enough to hurt, barely hard enough to mark- and held tight as he began thrusting again, rough and hard and utterly, stubbornly holding his own pace and refusing to be influenced by the Apprentice's sudden desperate bucking and rasping moans that were steadily building louder and louder.

At once, Muriel bit harder and wrenched the Fool down, arching his hips forward almost as hard as he could and was immediately obliged with exactly what he was after. The Apprentice screamed, the sound wrenched out of him and Muriel laughed throatily. For the first fuck of the day, Muriel considered that a job done well.

Creampie: Asra x Julian

Day 8 - Creampie

Asra x Julian, Asra has a Dick, platonic sex, light bondage, light dom/sub, light orgasm denial

“You’re really something, Ilya,” Asra said in that low voice that was all incense and strong tea. “If I didn’t know any better I’d say that you were trying to get a rise out of me.”

Julian’s flush was maybe a dead giveaway but he shook his head quickly enough for Asra to make an impatient noise. “You barge in here after being gone for so long and my apprentice tells me you dumped him after, what, a day? A new record for you, surely. And then of course I find you lurking in here... You were probably dying to be punished for so many transgressions.”

There was a second of silence (aside from Julian’s heavy breathing through the strap gag Asra had fit on him) before he flushed even darker and his eyes sort of went glassy. Asra knew that look all too well and he brought the palm of his hand across one of Julian’s flanks with a resounding crack. Julian, naturally, didn’t cry out, he simply gripped the edge of the counter he was bent over and moaned breathlessly into the leather strap sealing his mouth, his eyelids fluttering for a second as the pain coursed through him and electrified his nerves.

Fingers curled in the hair at the top of his head, gentle at first, but the grip tightened by degrees and his skull was tilted to a sharp angle. “Weren’t you, Ilya.”

Another second of ragged breathing before he acquiesced and nodded, shamefaced, his legs shaking with the effort of keeping him upright. Asra could look as nonthreatening and unassuming as wished but they both knew he was more than capable of what Julian craved most.

The errant doctor was largely unbound, tall body bent awkwardly in half over the shop counter, resting on his elbows and stripped of his clothing except for his pants and over-the-knee boots. He was held in place with nothing more than the knowledge of what the crafty magician was liable to do (or NOT do) to him if he acted out at this stage and he remained where he had been put. Asra had put a small myriad of spells up- ones that blocked the sights and sounds inside the shop to the streets outside and one that made Julian’s body oversensitive and heated as though mildly fevered (he always liked the extra effect it brought).

Still holding Julian’s head up by the hair, Asra’s other hand wended slowly around his hip to toy with the fixture at the front of the doctor’s tight pants, undoing each button with a kind of teasing slowness until he could feel tremors running up and down Julian’s long legs. “If I

had any sense at all I would tell the guards where you are while I've got you distracted like this."

But then Asra was shrugging, entertained and frustrated with himself all at the same time. "But you wouldn't have come here if you were worried about that. Am I right, Ilya?" He pulled Julian's trousers down- so god damned slowly- but neglected to remove his boots and simply left the fabric bunched hastily above the shiny black leather.

Asra chuckled as Julian's cock sprang free- dark with need and pointing stiffly towards his flat belly. "Insatiable," he remarked, coldly.

Julian let out a pleading, breathy little noise, his whole body blood-flushed and shivery in the dim lantern light. Asra was versatile and so incredibly flexible like this that he could barely breathe for anticipation. His cock was so hard it hurt- just another delicious ache, frankly, and he wallowed in it shamelessly.

"But that's always been your thing, Ilya," Asra said, intentionally lingering on the name as he came in closer to stand behind Julian. He was still fully clothed, of course and he made sure Julian knew it by rubbing up against his thigh very gently. Truth be told, if you had asked Asra a couple hours ago if he would ever fuck around with Julian Devorak again he would have said no. But then Julian had found his way back to him and despite knowing full well Asra's heart was not in this for anything more than occasional side trysts, the doctor's relentless hunger made for a chemical reaction that was hard to stop. Plus, Asra couldn't deny that he did legitimately burn off frustration with Julian like this... the mild and sometimes baffling irritations over the last few days (Julian about in Vesuvia again, the investigation, the Apprentice upset that he had... broken up with them??? After a day???) certainly warranted it. Asra shook his head and pulled back, making Julian tense in anticipation.

His fist tightened in Julian's hair, tugging his skull to prompt him to maintain an awkward, rigid angle over the desk. "No slouching," Asra teased lowly, waiting for Julian to hold his skull up on his own before letting go in favor of needlessly adjusting the position of his hips. Asra liked to drag this part out as long as possible, building patiently on Julian's wildly impatient nature and slutty squirming. But of course, he couldn't deny he was eager for his prize.

Julian never took much prep work. He was compliant and his body responded quickly to any and all encouragement. "I'm flattered that I was so high on your list of people to hassle the second you go back, Ilya," Asra said with something of a leer as he surprised Julian with another sharp blow to his flank that made him collapse against the desk. Asra's hit wasn't all that strong- sharp enough to sting, sure, but the strike made Julian's nerves go haywire and he could barely stay on his visibly shaking legs. The magician noted with intense satisfaction that Julian's cock was still hard as sin and dripping a copious amount of precome while a perfect handprint bloomed stark and red on each flank.

With a copious amount of scented oil and a few slow, patient minutes later, Asra deemed Julian ready and took his sweet time lining up. He normally considered himself a warm and easy-going lover (not that he had taken many people to his bed, especially these last few years) but Julian managed to just... bring out the coldness in him in a way that was thrilling

and a little addicting, if he was being honest. He bit his lip to keep from making too much noise as he took his cock in hand and, after a few easy strokes, began to line up with Julian's impatient ass.

"You're giving Nadi headaches, you broke into my shop twice, and somehow," Asra's words sharpened (he couldn't help it) and the gentility he was exerting in breaching Julian rapidly faded away into something more insistent. "Somehow in the course of just one day, you seduced my apprentice *and* broke up with them in a dramatic fit of self-sabotage? Ilya, you need to pace yourself better. And stay away from them, not that you know what's good for you. Not that I'm going to delude myself." Julian whined breathlessly at the slow fill. Asra was nothing if not intense when it came to their trysts- Julian would have also been a shameless liar on top of being a masochistic glutton if he denied how absolutely attractive that was.

But soon, with patience, Asra was fully seated in him and he felt his brain go liquid at the sensation of being stretched and filled, even before Asra started moving. More than any other lover Julian had ever been with, Asra was almost clinically methodical with a flare for finding ways to make the intensity skyrocket whenever he felt things were coming to a lull.

Still refusing to move with Julian taking him all the way to the root, Asra suddenly bent forward and reached for Julian's stiff cock, throbbing stupidly at the neglect. He pinched the base, tightly, and Julian's whole body cringed and shuddered with the effort of not shouting, though Asra was delighted to find his eyes glazed over and a thin thread of saliva trailing down his jaw from under the gag. "You're already salivating," Asra pointed out helpfully, as though Julian wasn't excruciatingly aware.

Asra didn't bother starting slow, he knew Julian well enough to know better. Instead he pulled out and pushed back methodically, setting a pace that was impatient enough to get Julian's breathing to go even more jagged and his body to flex impatiently. He kept a firm grip on the base of Julian's cock, not wanting him to get overloaded into orgasm too quickly. "Don't disappoint me and come too soon, I'll use magic if I have to. I'm told it's... fairly intense."

Julian groaned breathlessly in answer, apparently quite taken by the idea, but Asra continued to pay him only minimal attention as his pace built up to speed. He did his best to be as absolutely methodical as he could. Julian didn't disappoint either- his voice (even under the gag) was breathy and pitched low, his long legs trembling and his body shaking tremulously in the position Asra had directed. The magician could feel Julian absolutely throbbing against his hand and was mildly impressed he'd held on this long.

Asra could never resist the opportunity to press his advantage though and he braced his feet and started angling his thrusts up at the peak of each one. Julian's bent position negated some of the height difference and Asra's confident pumping was driving him to his toes on every thrust. His noises picked up instantly, moaning huskily at the peak of each one, his breaths ragged and loud as his prostate was relentlessly pounded.

"I'm gonna come in you, Ilya," Asra said coolly, though there was an undeniable flush rising in his high cheekbones as his lips quirked in a sly smirk. "Is that okay?"

Julian, shameless as every, nodded frantically, moaning and tensing up, eager for Asra to finish. He thrust forward shakily, trying to communicate that he desperately wanted to come but the magician continued to according to his own agenda, still pinching him tight enough to stave off the orgasm he so desperately wanted.

Asra went tense and a shudder rippled over his lithe body, he held for an extended second, coming thick and hard. He- of course- took his time appreciating the sensation as he came down from climax, though Julian was now shifting frantically against him, making needy, impatient little noises muffled under tight leather.

In the interest of spectacle, Asra pulled out as slowly as he could, letting out a quiet noise of praise as Julian *keened* with the movement and bucked impatiently against Asra's stubborn hold on him. "I do so love to see you make an absolute mess out of yourself," he crooned with a low chuckle. "So go ahead. Show me." He adjusted his grip, fisting Julian absolutely turgid length and began to pump quickly. The doctor choked then let out his most lascivious noise yet and Asra could see his eyes roll back into this head as the flush painting his face grew even darker.

Come spilled out of Julian's used little hole with his jerky bucking movements, and Asra only deigned to jack him off faster and harder for it. It spilled down the backs of his thighs and dripped off his balls, bouncing slightly with the vehemence of his rocking hips. Julian never lasted tremendously long once direct stimulation was involved and he was given permission to come and he didn't disappoint tonight either.

His moans truncated into sharp, staccato little noises and his hips stuttered and held at the tops of his thrusts now. When he came it was with several forceful spurts and an obscenely hungry groan that was nothing but breathy and raw and made all the more explicit by the leather cinched around his face.

"You can clean up before you leave if you think you'll be back here any time soon," Asra said with a deceptively warm smile and a condescending pat on the head.

Exhibitionism: Apprentice x Julian

Day 9 - Exhibitionism

AMAB Apprentice x Julian, 2nd Person POV, blowjobs, public sex, light dom/sub tones

It was obvious Julian was into it, as was usually the case whenever you got that rough note to your voice and your touch got a little harder, more insistent. He was incredibly weak to that, afterall, and had really wasted no time in making that as clear as possible. Still, something felt like you were venturing into somewhat uncharted territory... but that only seemed to heat his blood more. Yours too, of course.

The masquerade was maybe a better place than most to engage in lewd behavior where anyone could see. Most of the rooms were dark, most of the guests were inebriated in some form or another, everyone was in costumes replete with masks... You were pretty certain this was the whole appeal of a masked ball anyway. So when you couldn't really wipe your mind clear of the image of handsome Julian Devorak on his knees for you in broad daylight (as a turn of speech, anyway) there was really only one option.

The good thing is that when you get ideas like that in your head, Julian is willing to oblige you your every demand as long as you want it bad enough. And you do, so he does. He blusters for a split second when you grab his shoulder and steer him into the nearest wall, a darkish corner where another couple is handily making out a few feet away. By the time you guide him to his knees though, you can see that his eyes are heavy and half lidded. When he looks up at you from his kneeling position (gloved hands braced dutifully on his thighs) you can see that his face is already deeply flushed and he's biting his lip in a way that makes your own blood rise.

Anyone can see, you're certain some have already chanced a glance at what you're positioning to do but it's hard to hear any specific chatter over the roar of the crowd. Unable to wait a single second longer, you quickly wrench open your pants and give your cock a few rough strokes to curb your impatience. It doesn't really work. Instead, you can hear Julian whine and feel his hot breath closer to you and you can see after a second that he is leaning in impatiently, eager to do the job you're giving him. He's always such a good boy.

As soon as you move your hand he sinks down on you, ready and willing and his eyes don't even dart around to the figures of guests gliding around the dim room. They just remain half-lidded and focused on the task at hand. He always starts slow but you and he are both one-hundred-percent aware that he can only resist displaying his talents for so long. Soon his shallow sucking and shameless tonguing turn hard and aggressive. He's swallowing most of you with each bob of his head. His hands didn't stay on his knees for long, either. Its only a few short moments before his long, leather-gloved fingers are trailing up the tiny bit of exposed thigh under your shirt tails, then gently down your shaft and around your tight balls.

He takes a deep breath through his nose and then he's taking you all the way, until part of his mask brushes up against the lower slope of your abdomen and all you can feel is the tight wet heat of his throat accepting all of you. The noise around you fades to a dull roar- or maybe that's just the pounding of your pulse in your ears, who knows- but the Masquerade falls away around you and even if, somewhere deep down, you know that anyone could stop and enjoy the show, this dark corner is enough for what you want right now. Besides, Julian's a born performer, why deprive him of this.

You don't really warn him when you come, not verbally anyway. You're pretty sure he can tell by the way you pull him in closer by the hair and let out a low, tight grunt. He, conversely, redoubles his efforts until he's drooling around you and his single visible eye is watering. You blow your load straight down his throat with a noise you're fairly sure is *too loud* even for this. But you can't take it back and you're still coming so you don't actually care all that much. Julian- he always works so hard for you- manages to choke down most of it but when you pull away some come threads out of his mouth for an instant before he turns to wipe at his face and make himself even remotely presentable. The other couple that had been nearby has vanished, you notice, but you definitely get the feeling that a few people were privy to and enjoyed the little show.

Cockwarming: Devil Apprentice x Muriel

Day 10 - Cockwarming

AFAB Apprentice x Muriel, fem!Devil!Apprentice, Domination, kinda petplay?, bondage, objectification, heavy dom/sub, Reversed Ending, shout out to @Coyo-tl on Tumblr for the inspiration, also this is assuming the MC makes similar deals to Nadia's Bad Ending ones.

- It's taken a lot of crooked dealing to get here. Muriel remembers being tense and anxious as the Apprentice and The Devil (in Lucio's body) cut several deals with incredible stakes, one right after the other.
- She had asked him to trust in her- and he did, wholeheartedly.
- But he's still himself enough to realize that possibly was too much blind faith for her, for someone with so much riding on their shoulders. He thinks sometimes that he should have tried to talk her down...
- But then she pets him or tracks a few loving claws along his jaw or chest and the thought fades quickly.
- She loves him, *fiercely*. No one's ever made him feel so wanted before and by now he can't stand the thought of being without her.
- He knows this arrangement isn't the idyllic ending he'd started to imagine in those final days before confronting Lucio (fairy tales aren't real, after all). He knows that any friends he still has in Vesuvia may not understand but he hopes that they'll see reason, at some point.
- But the feel of iron-strong claws dragging against his skin, a warm body against his while he slept, a confident and sometimes commanding hand tangled in his hair... it was addicting and his whole world had narrowed to just that and he didn't care about anything else.
- In fact, he cared so little about anything else that it was hard to see the correlation between some of the deals made and his increasingly powerful attachment to her. He'd simply discarded the memory of those details as unimportant and now barely remembered them.
- The here and now was the only thing that really mattered. And she found many ways to make that endlessly engaging.
- The first time she had asked him to sit on the obsidian throne in the middle of the main chamber he'd been so confused he hadn't moved, just looked at her with mild incredulity.
- But then she'd reached for his crotch with no hesitation, groping him tightly enough to make his spine bend in towards her and his breath come short.
- "Meetings. They'll be boring. Now sit."
- He obliges (he doesn't know that he has to, he just knows that he wants to, badly) and finally sits, his cock rising to full, stubborn alertness and impressive size.
- She leaves him like that for a few minutes, his cock still stubbornly hard (and maybe only getting harder at the denial after being so briefly touched) but he sits obedient and

quiet, tracking her movements with dark eyes.

- Muriel's eyes widen to disbelief when the arrival of the first subject is announced. He can't bring himself to say anything but he looks at her, panicked.
- The feeling ebbs as she comes closer, smiling to the point of revealing jagged fangs behind her soft lips.
- He watches numbly, his hands starting to come up as she swiftly straddles his muscular thighs. She presses down hard and takes him almost in one stroke. He grunts in shock and his body nearly arches off the stone while his mouth drops open in a helpless gasp.
- But she's still rocking on him, grabbing his collar to wrench him in for a bruising kiss that was all tongue and the nip of sharp teeth.
- A little roughly, she seizes his wrists and forces them to the arms of the throne. "Keep them there," she says, eyebrow cocked warningly.
- Honestly, he can't even nod, still panting as she grinds on him, his cock buried in her to the base.
- And she makes him stay in that limbo.
- Reversing her position, she can address whatever has come to beg for favors and leverage but she stays on him the whole time.
- He shudders and his skin prickles but he does what she told him and doesn't move.
- But he can't stop coming. For a while it happens every time his body's capable and he doesn't get soft in between... until he can feel it slicking his thighs and flanks and the throne beneath him.
- But there's no reprieve and every time she gets bored or frustrated there's another bout of strong, sinuous grinding and he loses his mind all over again.
- His knuckles are white and his body's clenched tight, every muscle brought into stark contrast behind her smaller frame.
- When she's done for the day and he's an exhausted, sweaty, mess she pets him and tells him he was a good boy.
- This becomes regular for audiences. Muriel stops caring about people watching real fast. He's got other things to worry about.
- She likes it more when he's still but it's almost impossible to keep his hips from lurching into her. But he tries because she rewards him for a decent performance even if it makes him kind of wild-eyed and hungry once they regularly start breaking the hour-mark.
- Sometimes she likes to see him with his muscular arms forced back and so she conjures chains to hold his arms and shoulders, pinning his forearms together behind his naked back tightly.
- It only makes him more wild, but he only strains and shifts and growls. He knows the rules.
- And things are weird in the Devil's realm. He loses track of time, he loses track of coming, and after a while it's just the task of sitting there while she does what she will and him just wanting more of that until his body's exhausted but his dick's still hard as a fucking rock.
- Sometimes though she wants him to lose whatever numb composure he can scrape together and she starts out-right fucking him until his bones rattle and he slaverling like a fucking animal.
- And he still tries to sit still like she told him but he's a slaverling mess, head tossed back, overgrown hair clinging to his sweaty skull and flushed throat.

- He's lost control a few times, his resistance simply can't overpower her patience and willingness to push his buttons.
- So he wrenches his hips up into her as hard as he can but really, she only seems to like that too.
- Punishments are rarely punishing at all... usually they're just depravity served a different way. Harder fucking, running her fingers through the mess of come between them and making him suck them clean, reaching to play with his balls during all of this just to see if he can cope with the dual stimulus. (He can't, he just comes more and jerks directionlessly underneath her)
- She still makes a point to pet him and praise him afterwards, occasionally he's told to lavish some attention on her clit (since he has such cute lips and such an attentive tongue, after all) but none of that is really a deterrent.
- The more this game goes on though, the less satisfied his is by the end of it and the more he wants his rewards and praise to include finishing in a way that doesn't just leave him aching and throbbing for more.
- So when she tells him to fuck her, he goes at it with almost no restraint because by this point he's out of his head with need.
- And like all really simple behavior training, these quickly become his favorite sessions. When he's finally let up off the obsidian throne his aching cock and exhausted body only start slowly building up anticipation again, until his dick's ready to burst with need and he impatiently waits for permission to pin her down and let himself go wild.
- Muriel's submissive by nature, exacerbated by the bargains and the magical realms themselves and the nature of what they are now. But he doesn't really have the investment to wonder if that has a stronger hold on him. He enjoys his lot, more than he thought he could.

Brainwashing: Devil Muriel x Apprentice

Day 11 - Brainwashing

Devil!Muriel x AFAB Apprentice , Devil!Muriel Domination, kinda petplay?, heavy dom/sub, Reversed Ending Relationship... This one's less porny and simply more focused on the twisted nature of the reversed relationship. Gotta pace myself we still have like 20 days to go lol

- It's in the nature of powerful beings like the major arcana to be incredibly influential to the will of mortals. And making deals with them only permits more influence over you. And making deals with beings like the Devil invites its hold over you in subtle but powerful ways.
- Muriel was vaguely aware of this going into that final confrontation. Honestly, one good look at Lucio's actions let him know that he was ultimately a pawn for a bored god... He had to be careful to avoid the same fate.
- But the Devil is also cocky and doesn't think much of the minds of mortals. So when- despite the Apprentice's terrified protests- Muriel offers his terms that leave the Fool beholden to him, the Devil agrees, quick to believe he is sensing desperation.
- But Muriel can be calculating, even cunning if he needs to be. And the fact that the Devil now has Lucio's pale, smug face makes it easier for him, building off almost a lifetime of a repressed desire for vengeance steadily reignited after everything that's happened in the last few months.
- So when he tangles his huge fist in the fine shirt over the Devil's chest and swings him around, neither Lucio nor the Apprentice are prepared. Good, Muriel thinks. Without the element of surprise he might not have been able to pull this off. He still hasn't, not yet, he reminds himself sternly.
- He wants to tell her to look away but there's no time to say so and he has to commit to the action of his arm swinging Lucio around like he weighed nothing. He smashes him against the stone throne as hard as he can and the noise the Devil lets out at the impact is viscerally satisfying.
- The hatred comes back so easily and Muriel has an instant where he feels like he's the Scourge of the South again, *FINALLY* enacting all his bloody fantasies about tearing Lucio apart for ruining him.
- The pressure from his fist is so great, Lucio's gasping wetly for air, struggling directionlessly in a very human attempt to simply get away. Muriel wonders if this is Lucio's last stand or if he's been gone this whole time. He supposes it doesn't really matter.
- His fist sinks *into* the Devil. It's a fight, it requires immense strength. But Muriel has that in excess right now.
- But then he can unfurl his fist and wrap strong, determined fingers against something hard and throbbing faintly. Somewhere behind him the Apprentice is still screaming, but all of this has been fractions of a second and she hasn't been able to interfere more meaningfully..

- With a grunt and a cold stare, Muriel wrenches his arm back and yanks the heart straight out of the Devil in a spray of foul-smelling ichor that's blacker than sin and thick like oil.
- It stains his flesh black halfway up his forearm and he watches coldly as Lucio, the Devil, heaves, his rolling eyes wide with betrayal and naked horror.
- But his heart rests firmly in Muriel's tight fist. And they all know that the heart of the Devil is the core of his role so Muriel does what he's always done and brings it to his mouth to guarantee his survival and the Apprentice's safety.
- There's something challenging in his face (brought on by Lucio's influence on how the Devil looks, igniting that festering hatred in Muriel with furious strength, even if he knew that he wasn't looking explicitly at Lucio any longer). But then a second later and Lucio- and the Devil he contains- are wiped out of existence with an unholy, furious scream.
- But the danger has passed for the immediate time being and the fight leaves Muriel's throbbing body quickly. He's exhausted, he feels sick, ichor stains his lower face now and the acrid taste of the heart sears the inside of his mouth. He spares one semi-regretful, semi-determined look at the Apprentice, her face pale and tight with fear, before he drops to the ground and darkness crashes over him.
- He comes to sometime later in the fetal position, curled tightly into a ball while his head throbs something fierce and the soft sound of someone sobbing cuts through the haze.
- He sits up abruptly and startles the person gently holding his arm. The Apprentice is staring at him with a mix of things- relief, for one, but also intense anxiety.
- Muriel thinks he knows why before she can open her mouth. He can feel that things are different. The Devil is a being of immense power and he can feel it all now, threatening to overwhelm his senses. Of course he looks different, Lucio did too. He hopes he's not as grotesque.
- But there are thick, twisted black horns growing out of his skull now, his digits taper into short, thick claws and he can tell without testing that they're strong enough to gouge stone. Now he looks even more like the monster he always thought he was, more than the Scourge even could.
- But this was his decision to make and he's resigned to it, though he's been forced to resign the Apprentice to it too, now that she's magically bound to him in his last ditch effort to keep them safe.
- At first there's not a lot of change to their dynamic. But over time (which is hard to keep track of here) small changes start to manifest slowly. First, Muriel begins working on closing off the Devil's Realm, treating his new role as an exile.
- Muriel also starts cutting himself off from the very concept of having friends in Vesuvia. He stops mentioning them by name. Eventually he stops mentioning them at all. When the Apprentice presses, he starts to insist that they drop it, as contact with them is now impossible. (It isn't entirely hopeless, but he's not interested in that any more)
- Eventually he starts noticing something weird... whenever he starts to feel the desire for contact, the Apprentice is usually already in the process of moving to initiate touch without Muriel displaying outward signs of having wanted it.
- It takes a while but he realizes- at first with a terrible dread- that he's influencing her and she's not directly aware of it. A moment after he thinks about their smaller hand in his, she's reaching out to him. When he feels the desire for sleep pulling at him and his

distaste for sleeping alone rears, she suddenly abandons whatever she's doing to go to him.

- He can't help but test his hold... He doesn't know if it's their bond or if this is one of the Devil's many insidious powers.
- Meanwhile, his suffering has hardened him. All of his past hurts and trauma have built up to the breaking point and this last ordeal of becoming the Devil with an Apprentice bound to him has pushed him over the edge.
- He became the Devil and bound the Apprentice out of love, because he had to. He killed Lucio because he had to. Not that Lucio didn't have it coming to him after everything he's been put through but that's just semantics.
- When you torment a cornered animal, there comes a point where even the most docile thing bent on fleeing will turn around and attack. Muriel's at that point now.
- It fosters a rare but churning aggression in him. He reacts angrily and defensively to anything attempting to enter his realm. He feels entitled to what comforts remain to him.
- The Apprentice figures out finally that he's able to not only influence her, but sense her thoughts at a basic level.
- The first big fight they ever have is over a perceived "escape attempt". The idea of her still researching ways to open up communication with Vesuvia ignites his temper. He treats it as a betrayal and while he- even like this- would never hurt her, he's angry and irrational at finally realizing where her thoughts have been this whole time.
- She assures him she's not trying to escape but it takes many attempts to convince him to stop angrily pacing and listen. He cuts an intimidating figure (he always has, but now?) and her fear only makes him angrier.
- When the storm passes things have changed again. He's possessive, almost jealous (of what? They're totally alone here...) and he rarely lets her out of his sight.
- Boredom drives him to find new ways to keep himself occupied. And the Apprentice is the only interesting thing in the whole of this realm.
- His desire to protect has turned into possessiveness and he starts to see the Apprentice as more of a pet than someone on equal footing. Someone who needs to be protected and cared for, someone who must acquiesce to him (he starts to forget that their indirect deal forces that dynamic and not the organic development of their relationship).
- He starts taking shameless delight in finding interesting ways to play with her.
- He likes to prompt begging, likes to prompt her into saying filthy things with her cute little mouth.
- He tells her to stand still while he stalks around her and growls his own filthy things
- He fucks her in his lap on his obsidian throne (he starts hating it less after that)
- He can tell- not only in her poorly maintained reactions but in her head- exactly what effect he has on her (arcane or otherwise). He starts exploiting this ruthlessly.
- This turns out this is much more entertaining than whatever he'd been wasting his time previously.
- He's not outright cruel but nothing's much of a challenge to his dominant spot on the food chain, so to speak.
- Twists everything she says and takes shameless delight in doing so.
- Makes a point to ask for things he could make her do (even make her want to do) because he gets a kick out of the power dynamic.
- Likes to incite her temper and get her arguing with him while they're fucking so he can up the pace until she's barely able to string words together.

- He plays with her how he wants pretty much whenever he wants and she ends up going with it in part because her now-unhealthy attachment has been marinating in the Devil's Realm so long it's gotten just as twisted as his.
- He does love her but when you're the Devil and the Fool, there's kind of an ancient dynamic at play here that's hard for either of them to fight.

Sex Magic: Asra x Julian

Day 12 - Magic

Asra x Julian, inappropriate use of magic, light dom/sub

- Asra has a special weakness for Julian's blustering on about magic. He doesn't find it cute or endearing, however. Quite the opposite.
- Nothing gets through Asra's aloof and collected front quite as quickly as Julian being dismissive of forces he simply doesn't understand. It irritates the living hell out of him..
- The magician is known for his enigmatic and unflappable veneer, adding to his mystery and giving him an unreadability in social situations. But Julian can shatter that with just a single ignorant comment and not only does it get Asra roiling, but the indignity of getting so irritated on top of everything is just insult to injury.
- Julian, bless him, is oblivious to how obnoxious Asra finds this.
- Only that occasionally, he makes a disparaging comment and then the second Asra has him cornered somewhere... what follows next is some of the more intense sessions they ever have.
- Asra will use magic for everything, almost as though he's simply flexing his abilities for an audience that fundamentally doesn't understand.
- He locks the door without touching, lights the lanterns with a gesture, moves furniture to better positions with an irritable flick of his hand.
- Asra doesn't consider himself particularly intimidating when it comes to like, physical presence but he's annoyed enough to where it radiates off him and backing Ilya into a corner isn't even difficult.
- Julian's good at picking up on Dom Vibes and just the look on Asra's face and the suddenly heavy feeling in the air is enough to make he long legs wobbly and his face heat.
- His clever tongue goes next, stuttering picks up and he can't ever seem to think of anything debonair to say.
- Temperature play is excruciating when Asra's in a mood. His hands can be hot enough to burn or cold enough to make Julian's muscles ache in protest. And sure, he starts out easy enough- arms, abdomen, back, face- but then he gets a little vindictive. Soft cock,, balls, nipples, mouth, between his flanks and lower... Until Julian's heaving for breath, babbling incoherently, and can't trust the information his own nervous system's feeding him.
- Julian gets punished for talking. A lot. Asra improvises all kinds of gags, sometimes with nothing but pure force of will. That seems to affect Julian the most so he favors that method right now. Forcing Julian's mouth open and locking it that way, he can drool and grunt and struggle but he can't close his mouth until Asra lets go of the spell. A handy, invisible o-ring gag, literally whenever he needs it.

- One time Asra made him bite down on a leather-wrapped piece of metal and magically sealed it there, another time it was a wad of fabric.
- You could gag Julian with mundane versions of these things, of course, but he seems to lose his composure extra quickly if he knows he should be able to free himself and simply can't.
- Invisibility spells are a great deal of fun if customers or unexpected friends drop by because it certainly won't do anything about the *noise* while Asra deals with his guests.
- (There's a special kind of terrifying high that comes with being paraded around a packed Palace event, trussed up like a hunting trophy with your dick out and the only thing that's keeping you from complete and total (highly indecent) depravity is Asra's word that he won't drop the spell on you... As long as you're a very good boy who can keep quiet for once in his life.)
- Asra's particularly proud of a spell of his own devising that can force a few a lot of orgasms once the first's achieved. The first time he hits Julian with it, he comes in just a few minutes but then... keeps coming. With every new touch or stimulus his hips just lurch aimlessly and he keeps coming until he runs dry and is drenched in sweat. He can't even walk afterwards.
- Asra's technique has gotten more refined these days. He likes hitting Julian with it and then informing him, letting the now-beet-red doctor fester with the knowledge that as soon as he gets that first orgasm out of the way, all hell's gonna break loose.
- Asra does SO enjoy making it extra hard for him to stave it off, as well.

Slapping: Apprentice x Lucio

Day 13 - Slapping

Lucio x GN Apprentice, name calling, very light impact play.

- Lucio is, in every respect possible, a handful.
- He is demanding
- And loud
- And a brat
- And FAR too used to getting his way
- It's hard not to indulge him because he does that shameless little act where he compliments you with the floweriest language he can put together, makes grand claims about his undying love for you, and showers you with gifts...
- (But he can never fucking seem to get rid of that cocky little smirk when he says it)
- So one time when you get fed up with his handsy bullshit somewhere inappropriate, you slap the back of his normal hand like you were chastising a child and say "knock it the fuck off" in your most no nonsense, legitimately-irritated voice.
- You can see his eyebrows travel closer to his hairline in mildly affronted incredulity. It's obvious he's not used to being reprimanded or chastised.
- His eyes dart between your hand, the reddening back of his, and your face, taking in your impassive expression with a calculating look you're not entirely glad to see.
- To your surprise he nods stiffly at you, never breaking eye contact, and goes back to whatever needs his attention (or the facade of it, at any rate). No cocky little smirk, no suggestive comment, and no parting grope. Weird. You wonder if he's finally nurturing a sense of maturity.
- Alas.
- After dinner you return to your quarters but the Count's inside already and he looks wildly delighted, delirious even.
- He's already breathless by the time he corners you against the door (which has just barely clicked shut behind you)
- For a minute, it's the same old, same old. Grabby, greedy hands, shameless mouth, and overwarm body pressed against yours.
- But then he pauses and pulls back and he still has that glint in his eyes- ferally delighted, excited, maybe even a touch nervous.
- "You smacked me like you were yelling at a dog," he says, breathlessly. "Do you know how many people have tried that with me?"
- You start to formulate an apology that acknowledges that maybe you were out of line but doesn't undermine how entitled you sometimes find him. But he talks over your words, impatiently flapping his normal hand as though clearing the air of something onerous.
- "Not many have the balls to hit the Count." he finishes abruptly. Then:

- “Do it again”, he says, looking at you with a very hungry intensity that sends a jolt up your spine.
- And then, because you’re not fast enough, he lifts your hand and plants a chaste but *very* hot kiss to your palm before bringing it to rest against his cheek. He nuzzles into it but his eyes are sharp and hungry when he looks you up and down impatiently.
- “Here” he orders, and then he pats your hand against his cheek in a gentle imitation of a slap. “But *hard*.”
- Of course that’s not what you were thinking. You flounder and his impatience rears. He “plaps” your hand against his face harder.
- “I can take it,” he assures you. “I’m not a pushover weakling. So really give it to me. As hard as you want.”
- You’re not sure you *want* to hit him but he’s practically vibrating with excitement and it’s incredibly hard to shut him down. You raise your hand, pause for a second, and then slap him.
- It barely moves his skull and he bites his lip impatiently. “You think I’m that delicate or something?” he demands, giving you a vaguely insulted once-over. “*Hit* me.”
- The second time you really crack him across the face. You definitely didn’t mean to do it that hard but you were nervous and... You bring your hand up to your mouth and while you sputter apologies he straightens up and gives you a look of pure, feral glee.
- This time he directs your hand to the front of his pants, where he is positively straining against the fine fabric there. He tells you to stop apologizing and taps a metal finger against his pointed jaw. He wants you to slap him again.
- It takes you a couple tries to get to a level that’s strong enough but not Too Much.
- He turns his face into the next one and you hit him hard enough to snap his head to the side a little.
- There’s a vague red mark blooming on his pale cheekbone the general size and shape of your hand.
- But he’s making that face- biting his lips, eyes liquid, a very sharp smirk on his very sharp mouth, and an attractive flush across his high cheekbones. It’s so hard to resist indulging him.
- So he grinds into your hand again for a second, palming himself with it absolutely shamelessly, brimming with eager excitement and barely able to contain himself.
- He quickly opens his tailored jacket, baring his chest impatiently and tells you to slap him there next.
- He kisses your hand again first but cocks one expertly penciled eyebrow and tells you not to fuck around this time and to leave a mark.
- You reel back and bring your hand down on his pale chest while he holds his shirt open. You can tell it was hard enough because it’s reddening instantly and Lucio let’s out an absolutely feral moan that’s loud in the otherwise quiet chamber.
- So you sort of learn this way that Lucio... 1) likes it pretty rough 2) does not mind being called a brat 3) is extremely vocal about how rough he wants you to get.
- Loves being called names. Like he absolutely eats it up. Bitch, slut, boy... He just loves it.
- You told him he was like keeping an expensive pet and not only did he come almost instantly but he begged to eat you out once he had control of his voice again.
- Wants his hair pulled, frankly the harder the better. Even better than that is if you steer him into position with a no-nonsense kind of grip.

- Is... kind of a bad sub but a good bottom, if that makes sense. He's never not arrogant and full of himself, he always pushes your buttons on purpose, and he's always egging you to do worse.
- Is absolutely shameless in how much he enjoys this. Like he is just incapable of being embarrassed.
- Wants you to mark him up like nobody's business. Loves if they're stubbornly visible even over his clothes.
- *Bonus points* if he has something important to do tomorrow and the whole court has to stare at his bruised neck all day.
- He can come by being spanked. You know because you've tested this theory extensively.

Bloodplay: Scourge of the South

Day 14 - Bloodplay

Scourge of the South, masturbation, sensory play kind of, blood, masochism, general violence warning

The Scourge of the South was entirely unconquered in the Coliseum, no matter what Count Lucio threw in there with him. The crowd screamed for his defeat and ate up anything that had a chance at doing so but there was no hiding the fact that they also lusted for the sight of him destroying his opponents- no matter how impossible they seemed to be- and drenching the sands with blood. Men, monsters, beasts... Count Lucio had thrown them all at the Scourge and none had yet taken him down.

The Scourge was a brutal fighter of absolutely peerless combat presence- deadly with any weapon tossed at his feet and extraordinarily, *shockingly* deadly with his bare hands. The barehanded combat was such a gory, visceral delight that the Count favored it for things that didn't require the formality of the trial-by-combats or other special opponents. And currently, one of the crowd's favorite match types was taking place.

Six fully armed and experienced mercenaries were all competing simultaneously for a massive pot to be split amongst the survivors for taking down the Scourge. So far, things were going predictably. Three of them were already dead, their broken bodies tossed carelessly aside as the enormous, hulking form of the Scourge contended with two of the three remaining at the same time. One he was repeatedly slamming into the arena wall, one huge hand curled tight in his cross-chest leather harness and the other merc was trapped in a crushing headlock, his skull clamped tight in the crook of the Scourge's thick, muscular arm and face darkening steadily with asphyxiation.

While the Scourge would undoubtedly kill all of these men (and that was slowly becoming *very obvious*) a single fighter simply can't cover all of their vulnerabilities to a group. His body was decorated with a slew of steadily bleeding gashes and damage from a variety of weapons. There was a knife still casually embedded in his shoulder blade and every visible inch of skin was caked with blood- both slowly congealing and fresh. The crowd cheered as the third remaining opponent took the opportunity to launch himself at the Scourge's back, throwing an arm around his thick neck and driving a wickedly curved dagger into his unprotected abdomen just above his waistguard.

With a roar of fury, the Scourge dropped the man he'd been smashing (who was senseless and not likely to get up again any time soon) and whirled full force on the third assailant, landing a full power, heavy hook directly across his jaw that was so hard, his head snapped to the side with a spray of blood and he dropped to the sand like a stone.

By the time the fight was over, six men lay dead in varying states of wholeness, strewn about the arena grounds like so many discarded, broken toys. The Scourge of the South stood, panting slightly in the open center absolutely drenched in gore. As he was led back to his holding cell and the adrenaline of bloodletting wore off, he absently lifted his forearm to seal his lips around a deep gash that had been notched into his unprotected flesh. Blood flooded his mouth at the pressure and he growled lowly as the pain reawakened some of his deadening nerves. One of the guards gestured with his spear irritably, unsatisfied with how quickly they were proceeding, and the Scourge turned on him like a pissed off wild cat, snarling violently, his full, bloody lips curled over blood-flecked teeth and the soldier actually dropped his weapon, collapsing backwards on his ass clumsily.

The guard contingent was a fucking formality- at best- and they all knew it. The Scourge was inhuman, brutal to the core and so feral most everyone thought him an insane monster, frothing at the mouth for mindless violence and gore. Lucio liked the drama of him exiting the stage surrounded by armed guards, liked the theater of keeping him in a cell, but the truth of the matter was that the Scourge of the South usually did these things compliantly.

Though, of course, every now and again some guard would get cocky and careless, sometimes they'd be emboldened by his odd passivity or simply feel that senseless desire to lord power over someone they theoretically had control over. Lucio got extremely bent out of shape for murdered or injured guards, but that didn't stop the Scourge from repaying stupidity or a misplaced sense of power with soul-crushing violence at the drop of a hat.

His outburst had sent the rest of the guards away quickly by the time he was back in his cell, and- distracted from their incessant talking and clanking, he brought his forearm back up to his mouth, laving slowly at the ragged edge of flesh. The pain doused his senses- he was exhausted, and even though the crowd never knew how much world-ending pain he could endure his cell saw all the damage scrawled across his flesh, the exhaustion weighing on his limbs... Maybe he'd get a medic by the time he was forced back out to the sands and his charge of spilling more blood to the sounds of the stands shrieking for more. Maybe not. It barely mattered.

Adrenaline was slowly draining from his system with the lack of bodies to break and his nerves were slowly growing dead to the world. Sensation was a confusing competition of muffled inputs- he couldn't tell if the blood on his lips or his tongue against the gash was hotter, only that his mouth was wet with it and the taste of blood made the fine hairs at the back of his neck rise and his jaw ache sharply. Exhaling loudly through his nose, he trailed his fingers down his chest- where a full strength punch from one of the mercenaries had left a bruise but little else. Another mark, closer to his sternum showed the imprints of a riveted leather glove from a second attempt. He pressed against the faint, barely visible marks. The merc had hit him as hard as he could in a wild, last ditch effort to escape and even his full powered, animal struggling had barely managed to dent the Scourge's flesh. Irritated suddenly, he moved on.

His life was a confusing mixture of despair and helplessness (perhaps ironic for someone who was forced to spend their time dismantling others), soul crushing boredom that had his mind half shut down most of the time, and unending physical violence in both dealing and enduring pain.... His thick, filthy fingers found the knife wound in his abdomen next. The

blade hadn't been angled well enough to hit vitals. The sensation of his fingers nearing the edge of the wound ignited the sensory memory of him slowly pulling the blade out of himself while the crowd went absolutely wild in the stands.

He remembered the gush of fresh blood and again now, as his fingers prodded the torn flesh and a renewed surge of sluggish blood trailed down his carved stomach and into the sash tied around his waist. Unable to resist, he followed the trail with morbidly curious fingers, brushing them across the open wound- he inhaled somewhat sharply- before trailing them through the line of dark hair thatching his lower belly and the slope of his abdominals. His blood was thick and murder-red against his sweat and dirt smeared flesh and the smell of it was heavy in the humid air and on his tongue.

His hand slid lower, his hot, sweaty palm flattening against the lowest planes of his stomach until he could slide it downwards through the bloody hair and under his sash. With a jagged exhale, he curled his fingers tightly around the shaft of his cock- which had thickened to it's full girth sometime during his masochistic exploration of the wounds decorating his body. The pain was razing his nerves, simply sending signals where usually none existed, and the taste of blood was making him salivate uncontrollably.

His cock pulsed against the heat of his palm and before he could stop himself (not that he would, he was drowning in sensation and being back in his cell only meant that was eventually going to fade until his next bout...) and his hand moved up and back down the thick shaft with rapidly gaining intent, until he was pumping hard and fast. His thighs flexed impatiently, and he could feel a muscle twinging in his flank with every eager shift of his tired hips. He wasn't going to last long, it was already abundantly clear even before the throbbing started to build to excruciating levels and his balls drew up in preparation. He never lasted long. The onslaught of so much sensation was quickly too much for him these days and when the rush was as powerful as this was, he was quick to succumb to the succor.

He leaned back, tightening his fingers by degrees and stroking himself from root to tip in an excruciatingly methodical pace. The head of his cock was swollen and bulging tightly, his throbbing pulse pounding throughout most of his lower half. His whole body rippled and his breathing cut short and ragged. It cut out entirely when he came, choking slightly as he shot hard and fast, come splattering hot and thick as it smeared across his bare thigh, hand, and stomach, mixing with the blood and grime already painted across him in large quantities.

Dominance: Devil Muriel x Apprentice

Day 15 - Dominance

Devil!Muriel, cockwarming, oral, creampie, Reversed Ending Relationships, d/s elements, corruption, power dynamics

- Given that Muriel probably would make similar bargain deals to what Nadia pulled to keep the Fool safe by becoming the Devil...
- Surprisingly, Devil Muriel is actually really laid back. Almost lazy, actually. He's not holding your proverbial leash 24/7 and he isn't too worried about how you spend your time.
- Mostly.
- Muriel as the Devil is driven by one core idea- he has suffered *enough*.
- Muriel realizes now that even as a human he probably had enough strength to wreck the people who hurt him (starting with Lucio) but he paid the price for avoiding violent conflict with 10 years of isolation and the extended gladiator stint.
- He also realizes that if he had abandoned Asra or directly challenged Lucio he could have escaped the Coliseum much faster with his will unshattered.
- He should have fought back, he thinks. He should have broken Lucio the first time he'd threatened Asra. You taught him how important it was to stand up for yourself, after all. He's taken the lesson to heart.
- So now, through all his trials, Muriel has decided that no one's ever going to get away with trying to hurt him *ever* again. He's going to find a way to live his life in the Devil's realm with his little Fool and he is going to absolutely dismantle anyone who thinks they're going to interfere with that.
- And the reason this is all important now is because- just like human Muriel, the devil version of him is a quick learner and open to being taught. (Well, Devil Muriel *was*... he's kind of set in his ways now. Being immortal makes it hard to take paradigm shifts easily)
- And you taught him some of the most important things he knows: that he isn't made to suffer, and that he can want things.
- But it's in the Devil's nature to extrapolate, twist, and find loopholes and sure enough he reworks that to suit his ends with ease.
- Fueled by anger and a desire to lash out no longer tempered by self loathing and misery, Muriel's ready to throw hands with absolutely no reservations at anyone or anything that even so much as looks at him in a way he doesn't like. He relies on overkill to deliver a warning to the next person.
- The two things he considers most valuable (and therefore the most *his*) is 1) you and 2) his space.
- His realm is practically off limits as he's done everything in his considerable power to isolate himself. But every once in a while some wayward idiot will try to petition a deal out of him or a mortal summoning ritual will call him away.

- Being dragged away from wasting time lavishing you with attention puts him in a Bad Mood.
- You've stopped asking what he does during these confrontations, he's kind of beyond reason now and you don't need any help with having nightmares.
- But he's usually still aggravated by the time he gets back and you're his favorite way to get rid of tension.
- So he strides back in and makes a direct line right for you. He walks like a stalking predator now, his shoulders hunch slightly and his eyes are sharp. His steps look heavy but they make almost no noise, the movement purposeful and confident.
- He'll growl that he missed you but you know he's full of shit. The entire ordeal usually lasts less than an hour (though granted, it *is* hard to tell) and he just feeds you that line to excuse how greedily his hands rove over you.
- If you decide to tell him that, he'll just chuckle at you and dig his claws into your hips. He knows you rise to his touch like it's an automatic response, there's literally no hiding it and he absolutely delights in getting reactions out of you.
- His favorite place to fuck is in his throne. (It took a while for this to be the case but you rarely fuck anywhere else these days)
- If his temper's really rankling, he makes you cockwarm him a little. He's too impatient for the whole ordeal but he gets inside you as fast as he can- all impatient touches and greedy groping- and makes you sit in his lap.
- It's hard to keep him off you for long and no matter how embarrassing you find it, you usually succumb to him quickly.
- While he likes either position, he prefers it when you're facing away so he can trace his clawed fingers up and down your twitchy thighs while you take his massive cock to the hilt. He's huge and thick and he fills you up to the point where your abdomen feels tight.
- When the light, teasing touches start to turn into him heavily petting your thighs and crotch, he'll lean in and start mouthing at your neck and the flesh behind your ear. He uses a lot of teeth these days, he really enjoys marking you up.
- If you start to squirm too much he'll grab your hips and still you (but you can feel him twitching excitedly and know he's not going to have that kind of control for much longer)
- Will do anything to you if it gets you making those high-pitched little keens- torments your nipples, puts pressure on your clit, squeezes your balls just a little too tightly, wedges a huge, muscular thigh up against the apex of your legs roughly.
- You can tell he's about to lose it based on how hard he's breathing. It never really takes that long, you have a pronounced effect on his arousal.
- But by the time he's breathing heavily against his neck and his cock is tangibly throbbing inside your filled guts he's close to bursting and when he wants something... well he's really bad at abstaining from what he wants now. Especially if it's something he considers his.
- He'll try to hold out and torment you as much as possible to distract himself but there's always a point where he growls frustratedly through clenched teeth and throws restraint to the wind.
- He bounces you in his lap, strong hips plowing up into you from beneath.
- He fucks *hard*. He wants you bad and he knows you can take it.
- He's shameless and makes way more noise now. Low groans that raise the hair on your arms and neck, feral, sustained growls that sound absolutely primal and rumble up deep

from the pit of his chest.

- He growls a lot once he gets his teeth set in your skin- anywhere's fine. Neck is his first go-to but shoulders, jaw, chest, belly, and thighs are all great too if he can make the position work.
- He almost exclusively tops.
- Coming inside you (anywhere) is like his favorite thing.
- But if you're really good he'll let you ride him while he lies back and watches you with that smug fucking smile on his face.
- If you want him to take it he will but you're literally dealing with the Devil who has something you want. He makes you work for it.
- Honestly, he'll do anything you ask him. But everything has its price and he's very good at coming up with interesting trade offs.
- He can't fuck you all day (though that hasn't stopped him from trying, certainly) and sometimes when he gets bored with no outlets he'll take out his aggression on some of the aggressive, soul-feeding abominations that sometimes roam the magical realms.
- Unlike human Muriel, the Devil variant takes absolute delight in violence.
- He comes back from these little jaunts typically smeared in blood and with a raging erection.
- Unlike dealing with human interlopers, dealing with rabid monsters puts him in a Good Mood.
- These sessions are extra wild. He rarely stops to talk beyond monosyllabic grunts or one-worded commands to move, stop, shhhh, or *beg*."
- These almost exclusively end with you on your face while he takes you from behind with absolutely overpowered thrusts.
- He can come as many times in a row as he wants, things are weird here. So just because he makes a mess of yourself doesn't mean he's going to let up any time soon.
- Is a big fan of eating you out after pumping you full of come, mostly cause its sure to get you absolutely howling and past the point of being able to talk coherently and he loves you most when you're fucked absolutely stupid and babbling insensibly.
- No time for teasing. He just goes straight at it and you better hold on for dear life.
- Also, if the violence doesn't make you squeamish, you'll find that sparring with him is basically useless.
- No matter what you tell him, each session ends with you in an interesting position in the dirt while he fucks you enthusiastically.
- Will employ literally any underhanded tactic he can cook up to get you on the ground and isn't above exploiting any weakness with ruthless cruelty. Not that you pose a threat to him in any capacity but you know... the point stands.

Face Fucking: Main 6

Day 16 - Face Fucking

Main 6, Blowjob, Strap-Ons, Humiliation, Face Sitting, Mild Orgasm Denial, Dirty Talk

Asra

Giving

- Asra can be kind of a devious bastard when he wants so he's a weird balance of cruel and tender.
- Will start slow and compliment you- your face, your eyes, your lips, your noises, anything he can think of.
- Keeps it up as he starts upping the pace.
- Isn't shy about angling your skull in whatever way he needs.
- Isn't like, overtly mean but will make sure you give him your best showing.
- Only warns you before coming if you've been good.

Taking

- Takes it okay but his eyes tear up something fierce and he looks pretty pitiable after not too long.
- Gag's pretty far back so he can take a little punishment with dick without having to stop.
- Works his mouth and tongue as much as he can
- Embarrassed by drooling
- Grabs literally any part of you he can reach and holds on for dear life.

For both he'll make smarmy little comments later with that sly little smirk of his.

Julian

Giving

- Will do it, but needs to be hyped up for it because he'd much rather you destroy his mouth with your junk.
- Holds your skull up with one hand in your hair, the other on your throat.
- Calls you beautiful and lovely and exquisite and shit like that literally the whole time.
- Warns when he's about to come every time.

- Won't look away no matter how bad he wants to throw his head back and moan.
- Actually, he barely blinks because he's trying to commit the sight to memory.

Taking

- Give this man an award because he takes it like a champ.
- 110% effort no excuses
- Very clever tongue
- No shame
- Gets turned on the more you mess up his face- drool, come, sweat, the more used he looks the harder he gets.
- You ask him if you can go harder and he frantically nods assent no matter how soundly you've been "abusing" him.
- Doesn't want to be told when you're coming. If you have a cock he will gulp around you and take literally anything you can dish out. If you don't he'll seal his lips around the most sensitive parts of you and just *suck* you through however many orgasms you feel like.
- Can't stop, won't stop. This fucktrain has no brakes.

Nadia

Giving

- Ask nicely or she'll take it out of your hide.
- Makes you assume the position and wait for it.
- (Unless she's in a bad mood or very stressed, in which case she's extremely impatient)
- Always sure to tell you what a good job you're doing and how adorable you are.
- Tells you exactly how she wants it and expects you to perform to standards.
- Won't even consider getting off you unless she's comes at least twice.
- Has to schedule time for face fucking so you know its coming ahead of time.

Taking

- I'm sorry did you think you were going to face fuck her??
- If you want this, you'll have to earn it. And she will put you to *work* for it.
- She'll also taunt you with it at the first sign of misbehavior... "I was under the impression that you were trying to convince me to give you something. So far I'm not tremendously impressed :)"
- You learned the hard way that everything you do will be returned to you in spades later so you know better than to be too rough or crass about now.
- Manages to make it look somewhat dignified.
- Still not allowed to come before she says and will make sure that you are punished thoroughly for any transgressions.
- Leaves lipstick stains all over you
- Digs her nails into you for traction.

Lucio

Giving

- A little bitch about it.
- Praises you the whole time. He literally never shuts up.
- Pets you and compliments your face, your eyes, your hair (bunched up tight in his fist), if you're wearing makeup he'll comment when it starts to smear with tears/drool because he's a helpful guy like that ;)
- Will only tell you if he's gonna come if you make that like a predetermined rule. Otherwise he likes the noise you make when he catches you by surprise.
- Hypes himself up and is constantly going on about how lucky he is, how he really only has a taste for the best things in life, how he could pay top coin for this and not get a better showing than what you're giving him now.

Taking

- Definitely a little bitch about it.
- So damn dramatic. Eyes tear up instantly, eyeliner is a huge mess, gags pathetically, drools on himself. But you're pretty sure he just likes theatrics.
- Mostly because his fingers dig so hard into you to keep you where you are that you have to remind him to watch his claws.
- Absolutely comes untouched if you get into it. He shamelessly loves being used and really makes no pretenses about it.
- He'll keep going until you stop him though, even after he comes.
- Did I mention he never shuts up? Moans through the whole thing.

Portia

Giving

- Oh she's real nice about it.
- And not shy at all.
- She'll tell you exactly what she wants, exactly how you're doing, and exactly what she wants you to do next.
- Makes sure you're nice and comfortable first :))))
- Has a new pet name for you every time you do this. Absolutely refuses to call you anything else until you're both done.
- Pulls your hair, pats your face, tells you how pretty you are.
- Fairly loud

Taking

- Smirks the whole time
- Makes a show out of it. Bats her pretty eyelashes at you.
- Likes it pretty rough and isn't shy about letting you know.
- Handsy. Like *real* handsy. So handsy you might just need to tie them down.
- (That's exactly what she wants)
- You're not sure you want to know where she learned how to do that tongue thing she does when you're right on the edge of coming

Muriel

Giving

- Slow and gentle. Afraid of being too rough so he stops to check many times just to make sure you're enjoying yourself.
- Pace never changes really, he's thoroughly methodical.
- He's also huge so unless you have a missing gag reflex there's no way you can take it all.
- Touch starved and eager but also kind of unsure of himself.
- This combination has an unexpected result however.
- Don't tease him, he'll die.
- No really, he can't take it. He goes kind of feral really fast.
- But if you really want to know...
- Suck him as aggressively as you can, grab his thighs or hips and try to pull him in to you. Even if you can't he won't know any better because the display of hunger is like a guaranteed critical hit to his self control.
- Run your nails down his thighs, scrape with your teeth a little, any nasty little tongue trick you have, now's the time.
- But! Every time you think he's getting too close, back off.
- You can tell because his cock pulses and you can see a tremor in his thigh and abdomen. He usually tips his head back too.
- (If he makes that little growling moan though you've gone too far and you'll just have to take what he gives you)
- He starts getting wild by like... the second time you've circumvented his being able to finish.
- Mr. Deathgrip. Nothing is safe. Clothes, body parts, hair, furniture... his hands need to be clenched on something while he fights to stay sane through this.
- Also for a quiet guy he is Really Loud. There's the normal array of sex noises- gasps and groans and short little grunts- but he's also uncontrollable like this and the frustration gets him snarling and growling.
- Starts getting real greedy by the third denial. Will move to grab your head and pump for you if you didn't ask to tie them back beforehand.
- The look on his face is hot as fuck- its hungry and lean and demanding- and it only gets sharper when he finally gets you positioned in a way he can use to get off.
- The dude comes absolute buckets so anticipate a nice bath afterwards, yeah?

Taking

- Another champ, give this man a trophy. He will do anything you tell him with his unbelievably sexy little mouth with no questions asked.
- Not only does this man perform oral at your demand, he *likes* it.
- He's shy, sure, but he loves pleasing you and if that means sucking cock or eating you out he's more than happy to oblige.
- The sight of him sucking dick is absolutely obscene. He likes to do it with you sitting or standing and him on his knees. He's a little rough but the enthusiasm is what makes it.
- He's got eating you out down to a science too. Doesn't tease too much before he's trying to get his tongue in you and him groaning against you makes your whole body vibrate.
- If you have a clit? This motherfucker goes right for it. He memorizes exactly what you like best but always follows up some methodical licking by sealing his lips around it, sucking at it, teasing it with his tongue... if you're not screaming for more that only means he needs to work harder.
- He'll let you come in or across his mouth if you ask nicely and maybe pet him at the same time. If you praise him he'll even swallow.
- Maintains eye contact most of the time and gets legitimately turned on by basically any reaction you can give him.
- Wandering hands. Will try to finger you at the same time if you're cool with it.
- Won't touch his own cock until you've been seen to. It's not like a D/s thing, he just wants to focus on you and he'll worry about his dick next.
- Absolutely lives for your insensible screaming of his name and exaltations of how much you love him and how bad you want him. Makes him feel all warm and fuzzy. And horny.
- Tells you you can fuck his face as hard as you want.

Secret Kinks: Main 6

Day 17 - Secret Kinks

Main 6, biting, breathplay, toys, etc etc

Asra

- You biting him
- Breathplay (with you as the sub)
- Making you wear a plug/vibe/cockring all day and try to act like a normal human around other people. Makes your life as hard as possible during these times but rewards you for keeping it together.
- Stealth Kink, stuff in public spaces.
- Suck on his fingers and make eye contact. See what happens. Is it a kink? Idek man, i'm just giving you facts.
- Inconveniently timed quickies

Nadia

- Feeding you
- Dressing you up in clothes so sexy you never feel like you fill them the right way. Only compliments your body during this. In a modern AU she would have a locked gallery on her cell with your name on it that's just hundreds of pictures of you in lewd poses she made you take in clothes she made you wear. She collects pics like cards in a gacha game.
- Like Asra, she's kind of developed a taste for stealthing. She'll do you up in intricate shibari or bondage harnesses and then hide them under the highest end fashion she can get on you then parade you on her arm all day during court functions. Knowing you're wrapped up like a cute little present for her gets her mad hot and bothered.
- If she's really wound up likes to call you her favorite fuckdoll or toy or the like.

Julian

- This man has no shame and therefore no secret kinks. Not really.
- Wants to be choked. Bad.
- Is into the idea of experimenting with blood and impact play but is nervous about bringing it up.

- Goes wild for Asra's historic misuse of magic on him to varied effects.
 - Wants to be tied up and face fucked while wearing an open mouth gag so bad he has dreams about it. Conversely he would take one of those dildo insert gags but only if you left him with it in for at least 2 hours.
 - Shibari!!! But he's the only one who knows how to tie really good knots. :(
 - (He'll tie you up if you ask)
 - Do you have a dick? Actually it doesn't really matter. If it's all the same to you he wants you to call him your little cocksleeve.
-

Portia

- Biting you
 - Covert public groping. She can dish it but she can't take it so if you retaliate you'll need to make time for... distractions.
 - Nipple play. Her brain completely shuts down if you pinch/tug/pull/bite her nipples. Rubbing and sucking are also good but you can literally watch her eyes just go blank and her mouth drop open with just one simple tug.
 - Is down to get rowdy basically anywhere.
 - Wants to see you in sexy underwear and will immediately ride you into the mattress if you surprise her by wearing a sexy outfit.
-

Lucio

- Homeboy is shameless so all his nasty secrets are out in the open for you.
 - Big into roleplay
 - And power dynamics. From both angles. Loves to be the Count with his Favorite Concubine but also loves being your Conquered Whore.
 - Is an absolutely pitiable masochist. Wants to be slapped and marked up if you're feeling saucy. Can take literally anything you dish out on his hide but he will complain and make a lot of noise cause he lives for drama.
 - Has a mild somnophilia kink, wants to feel you up while you're asleep and gets off on your cute, oblivious sleeping face. Conversely he asks to wake up to a blowjob every birthday.
 - Strip teases, both ways. Wants you to take off his complicated armor sets one piece at a time so that he can fuck you stupid when you finally get him naked. Also wants to put you in stupidly complex costumes and watch you take off each scrap.
-

Muriel

- You already know he wants to be praised and pet and loved and fucked hard.

- Absolute endurance god. My dude can fuck for *hours*. It's a sweaty, sticky mess but if you can keep up he can last for an god damn obscene amount of time and will fuck you both absolutely stupid.
- Creampies. Please, he just wants to come in you.
- Cock rings (but not to the point of orgasm denial). Sounds wild, I know, but the pressure and heightened sensitivity drive him absolutely crazy. With minimal teasing he'll be begging for your mercy except he definitely can't speak coherently and just whines a lot and ruts aggressively. The face he makes? All knit brows and wild eyes? That lip-biting thing he does?? Fuck, its a thing of beauty.
- Speaking of begging, Muriel loves begging on the condition that it gets you hot. He's not super imaginative when it comes to words so it's mostly just a lot of "please"s and your name and maybe more explicit "touch me"s or "fuck me"s. If it doesn't get you going, tho, it's too embarrassing for him to deal with otherwise but if that's up your alley it's really easy to egg him on.
- Really excruciatingly slow fucks.
- Being bitten. It's not the pain, he just likes when you're possessive.

Begging: Main 6

Day 18 - Begging

Main 6

Asra

- Doesn't beg so much as goes right for insensible flattery. Lots of flowery epithets and prosey language. Calls you "my love" when you're edging him or holding out on him.
- If he's desperate, he'll crank up the sex appeal as much as he can. Arches his chest, touches himself, actually pouts, acts like he's harmless and vulnerable. (lol)
- Gets louder, says raunchier things.

Nadia

- Does Not Beg
- But does get very irritable if you hold out on her which is actually pretty cute. She will make you pay for it tho so be careful.
- Makes you beg pretty easily and will make you repeat yourself if you're insensible, or make you elaborate if you say something raunchy. Asks you to confirm what you want multiple times just to make you more impatient.

Julian

- If he's not gagged, he's gonna beg.
- All red faced and desperate-like. Once he gets that little smolder thing you know he's going to start asking for more, for harder, to give him what he wants. (Boy does he want it)
- He will say literally anything you want to hear.
- It's not even hard. As always he's 100% willing to debase himself for your entertainment and his sexual gratification.
- Such a good boy.

Lucio

- Begs without prompting
- Usually with a lot of compliments

- But he never sounds sincere even if you dom the hell out of him
- Mostly because of his awful smirk that he can't ever wipe off his face
- The best you can do is let him know he's not nearly as suave as he thinks he is.
- But he smirks through that too

Portia

- Really likes making a Show out of begging but usually makes you ask her to do it somehow. It's actually... really confusing how she manages to do that
- Always manages to make the >:3c face while she confirms this with you
- Dramatic. Does it worse if you get flustered at all.
- Unlike basically everyone else, she uses complete sentences to tell you exactly what she wants. Anything that gets a reaction she doubles down on.
- Intentional Lip Biting to look cuter

Muriel

- Of the rest, he's the least articulate and/or inspired when it comes to begging.
- Muriel's all about facts and he's a bit stoic so he'll tell you exactly what he wants. He'll probably be flushed from embarrassment and hunger, but he'll look you in the eye when he says it.
- Always says please. Or he stealth-begs by asking you to tell him what he should be doing if he's on top.
- Begs with his body a lot more articulately. Literally can't keep his hips from arching a when he's dying to fuck you, cock twitches with his pulse when he's spun up, he stares with like... laser intensity at whatever part of you he wants most.
- Makes a lot of noise when you're doing something he wants more of.
- When he's really needy he makes this frustrated whining noise that rumbles out of him and that's a real good signal that he's about a second from just snapping entirely

Yandere: Apprentice Erin x Muriel

Day 19 - Yandere

Devil!Erin, Corruption, Possessive Behavior, Magically Backed Power Dynamic, D/s, Brainwashing. Being the Devil goes to Erin's head. Also this is supposing that she made a similar deal as Nadia in her bad end.

- It takes a while for the corruption to really sink in, maybe several months real time?
- The Devil's realm doesn't outright change people but it does intensify certain feelings and characteristics and Erin's... kind of got a lot going on after the journey that led her there.
- As far as Erin's concerned, Muriel's hers. In any capacity that needs to mean.
- He's trophy she won by being strong enough to outsmart the Devil and get rid of Lucio and a reward for taking one for the team and winding up where she is now to save her friends and Vesuvia.
- She loves him with everything she has, of course, but she sees him as something to lavish attention on and protect, a fun toy or a loving pet and... a little less as a three dimensional human being..
- While being the Devil has changed Erin's appearance, it hasn't done a whole lot to Muriel's... except a thick collar around his neck again. At first, Erin repeatedly just tears it off him, disturbed by it, and gets increasingly furious that it always seems to magically reappear after a while. But that was only at the very beginning.
- She doesn't really care that it's there any more. In fact it kind of suits him. It isn't the heavy metal thing Lucio forced him to wear. Just a fat, soft leather band conveniently wide enough for her to wrap her fist around.
- Muriel hasn't faced the same slow-creeping corruption Erin has. He's still mostly human. But his relationship to her is now innately tied to the bargain bond between them.
- Muriel is magically beholden to the title of Devil, not the person. Which is exactly what Erin used to get Lucio's guard down, kill him, and take the title, realm, and spoils that came with that- Muriel included. All in an effort to keep him safe and guarantee herself the power to protect him.
- The bond is subtle but absolute, an arcane machine of positive reinforcement always churning somewhere in Muriel's brainstem.
- A low, fuzzy warmth unfurls in his gut with closeness, so subtle he's not really sure if it's his own emotions or not. The few times he's thought about disobeying have sent an icy prickle down his spine and an unplaceable feeling of "wrongness" that only intensified the natural tension and unease in doing so.
- The bond can manifest much stronger but Muriel isn't really one to test the length of his invisible leash. He's passive by nature, he's in love, he has no real desire to be anywhere else. So the slow and subtle encouragement really only strengthens his own impulses more than anything.

- Erin, however, is all too aware that the arcane bond between them is only as good as her ability to keep her spot as the Devil. If she gets unseated, Muriel stays with the throne, not her, even if his heart is hers otherwise.
- Sure, they have their organic relationship- and they *do* love each other. That's how they got here. But she quickly starts to see the magical bond as both insurance and a catastrophic failure point, literally the only way anyone could get him away from her.
- (But Erin's stupidly powerful as the Devil. With all the raw magic of the Fool and the Devil, and her personal affinity to Strength, she's an arcane nightmare. Her physical strength is beyond inhuman now too. Plus all the recklessness and impulsivity she had as a human is just... exponentially more destructive like this.)
- She privately imagines what she would do to any potential would-be usurpers in lurid detail and the visions are little more than a violent haze.
- But anyway, because of all this Muriel's early attempts to get in contact with their allies and friends... don't go over so well.
- Thankfully, Erin's not really the punishing type with the object of her affection.
- She really *doesn't* want to hurt Muriel. But his desire to try and find a way out (even with her) only prompts her to get wildly more possessive and put her foot down about making attempts at contacting the outside.
- She gets pissy and belligerent with him, talks shit about their old friends (how useless they all were, how she was forced to deal with this herself, everything they went through to save Vesuvia...), and reasserts how much she loves him.
- Asra- in a desperate bid to help "free" them- manages to make magical contact with them. Erin's corruption has her bristling at his invasion of her "territory" already but when he specifically mentions that Muriel's warding talents would help him keep the connection open permanently, that they could leave, Erin snaps.
- Full blooded monster now- and unwillingly reminded of her vague thoughts that Asra and Muriel were once involved with each other to some degree- she lunges for the magician, claws and fangs bared for bloodletting.
- Muriel intervenes, his human strength is completely overshadowed by Erin's monstrous physical capabilities these days but it's enough to give her pause and Asra makes a hasty escape.
- Afterwards, she uses magic to heal Muriel of the superficial bruises and claw tracks from where she had dug into him, trying to get to her former mentor- and she's legitimately heartbroken she did damage to him in a fit of fury. And she's legitimately upset by it, too, and *so close* to sounding human again.
- Muriel manages to convince her not to pursue Asra further, that he's a friend and means well, and Erin reluctantly promises not to go after him. But she does her damndest to seal the Devil's Realm off even more than it already is.
- That incident makes Muriel realize something. He's able to influence her temper a lot, mostly with verbal and physical reassurance that he loves her and by deferring to her.
- Erin grows markedly more controlling after that. She never lets Muriel out of her sight if she can help it.
- The only time Erin ever leaves is when a summoning ritual forces her to and she generally reacts with extreme violence and rage-tantrums for being forced away.
- Muriel starts getting pretty good at keeping her more mellow once she comes back. She could magic the blood away (the damage is almost entirely self inflicted in her blind rages) but Muriel insists on the manual act of cleaning her up a little bit. The facade of normal human contact does seem to help.

- Muriel defers because that's his nature, he supposes. And the more he defers and obeys the more controlling she gets.
- She arranges him into whatever position she likes and hangs on him almost constantly. Muriel sees a lot of his time being furniture for her. It's not really any different from regular cuddling, he supposes, even when she lays high up on his chest to play with his hair instead of seeing to anything important.
- Muriel is also now a full time service top. She- in typical Erin fashion- bluntly tells him what she wants and he does his best to deliver.
- The bond rewards him for orders obeyed with a subtle rush of endorphins and he gets another huge helping of them when Erin takes his face in her clawed hands and praises him for being such a good boy.
- Erin's kind of always been assertive in her affections once she was comfortable with him and this is only amplified now. She regularly yanks Muriel in by the collar to kiss aggressively.
- After a while she starts demanding that he respond just as intensely. He obliges (of course he does) and surprises himself by finding it somehow intensely inflaming.
- She's all demanding hands and fire, which of course makes him feel wanted, but the demand that he make sure he shows the exact same level of aggression back leaves his cock throbbing for more with little other provocation.
- The bond is sure to reward that reaction, it's a good lesson in deference and pleasure's a strong teacher.
- After a while, he doesn't have to be told to meet her possessive fire with a pantomime of his own. Once she yanks him in, he's doing the same thing, hard as fuck at hardly anything at all, backing her into a wall...
- It's her giving him permission (or ordering him, whatever) to unleash himself and he finds he enjoys it a lot.
- The worry that he'd accidentally hurt her- an obsessive thought when she was human- literally just evaporates from his brain. The sex is completely uninhibited on Muriel's part and he legitimately starts to enjoy letting go, being rougher, and jumps enthusiastically at orders to bite, mark, fuck harder, etc.
- These sessions are always followed up with copious amounts of petting and praise, which Muriel shamelessly basks in as they just reinforce everything.
- (Actually Erin really likes petting him and wastes an exorbitant amount of time doing so)
- She also makes him reaffirm his feelings for her constantly. Not because she's worried about how he feels, she just wants to hear him say it.
- Occasionally demands that he get himself hard for her while she finishes up something, expects to turn around and find him ready to go and Muriel rarely fails to deliver a good performance.
- Even when she's not explicitly into the idea of having sex immediately, she likes to pet his cock and watch him twitch for long periods of time.
- Ordering Muriel to fuck her after an extended session of that is always fun and gratifying.
- Erin is very plain in what she wants. She's blunt and so possessive of him it's kind of wrecked her ability to feel shame. She tells him to say he loves her, he does, she tells him to fuck her like he's dying for it, he does, she tells him to beg or grovel or make *her* beg and he never fails to do exactly what she tells him.

- The biggest testament to Erin's absolute corruption though is that she's legitimately happy like this and that's a huge influence on Muriel, who finds himself surprisingly agreeable to laying around with no obligations and contentedly waiting for the next bout of shamelessly carnal demands that are no doubt coming.

Modern AU: Main 6

Day 20 - Modern AU

Modern AU, main 6, toys, gags, hookups, lewd pics

Asra

- Has more weekend hookups than anyone you've ever met. Anytime you go anywhere he seems to know someone.
- He must have hundreds of contacts in his phone, you think.
- Has a modest toy collection but they're all high end, fancy things with a million settings and features.
- You're pretty sure he's at least reasonably well acquainted with almost every kink under the sun but it's all wrapped up tight under his unflappable veneer and enigmatic ways.
- You're also pretty sure that's why people are usually so agreeable to going home with him.
- You know for a fact that he rarely leaves clubs or bars without his choice of company.

Julian

- Has a closet full of toys, gags, straps, harnesses, leashes, collars, dildoes, etc, etc.
- Honestly he could stock an adult store for a good long while with all the stuff he has.
- And he wants you to use every single one of them on him.
- Has a specific thing for ball gags- the meaner sort with no extra breathing holes. The bigger and more uncomfortable the better.

Nadia

- Mentioned this in an earlier chapter but I'm convinced she has a photo vault on her phone filled with hundreds of pictures of you during your... leisure activities.
- At first you were worried she was going to show them to others but she really just enjoys collecting them.
- And occasionally texting a few extra lewd ones to you to get you riled up in time for getting together.
- Sometimes when she's got you tied up she likes to show you her favorites.

Lucio

- Has some... intimate piercings and he likes when you play with them.
- Collars/harnesses/leashes.
- Pretends like he can't stand it but absolutely loves big nasty gags that keep him nice and quiet. You got him a bishop/harness gag that is like a whole-head production and while he's never really a good sub, it drives him absolutely wild.
- Loves to get you riled up somewhere public with horny texts and dick pics. Any time you reciprocate he goes absolutely feral with anticipation

Portia

- Sends tasteful nudes if you ask nicely.
- Asks for your input on her clothing in a distinctly flirtatious way. If you like cleavage, she'll tell you she's wearing a new bra under her sweater and isn't sure if she likes the lift, asks if you can see the difference. Same with underwear and everything else. She always makes sure to do this at a semi-inconvenient time so you have plenty of opportunities for extra looks and time to get hot and bothered.
- Loves getting gifts. Makes a big production out of you getting her a good birthday or no-reason-at-all present and fucks you for it real good.
- Occasionally will surprise you by wearing lingerie or letting you know that she's already fingered herself and will be more than ready for you once you get somewhere private.

Muriel

- Really likes fucking in his truck. Mostly because when you start running your hand down his thigh while he drives he's 100% aware he's not going to be able to hold out until he gets back home. But he can just pull off the road and yank you into his lap and the bench seat is roomy enough. It's convenient and private and he likes that you absolutely can't wait to get into his pants.
- So the idea is mortifying and refuses to talk about it but you bought him a pair of sexy underwear that was barely big enough to wrap around his hips and decidedly not big enough to accommodate his fully hard dick. Really it just kind of contains his balls and nothing else.
- But the effect was *real nice*. Even though you begged, he wouldn't let you take a photo but you *did* give him the best blow job you've ever given as thanks so he's not entirely opposed to the idea of trying again.
- Has no idea how to approach the topic in conversations but sending him lewds is always highly appreciated. He has a special photo gallery under some awful coded-petname because he's mortified someone might see it and he keeps them all in there for when he's bored and horny. Has a complex sorting system for them so he can always find the right one for whatever mood he's in. If you ever find this he'll die.

OC Headcanons: Apprentice Erin x Muriel

Day 20 - Modern AU

Apprentice Erin, Muriel, top/bottom dynamics, praise kink, mild size kink, relationship dynamics

- Erin is, first and foremost, an introvert with very little self confidence so her prospects are fairly limited. Even before the Plague, she had taken it slow with Asra and really never really had a lot of experience to speak of. With Muriel, she's even slower as her revival and Asra no longer having feelings for her have kind of exacerbated her feelings of low self worth.
- So if you can get past the very little experience part and also her anti-social Introvert Defenses and powerful need to self-deprecate... Erin is actually a weird mix of a lot of things.
- First of all, she has no strong preference for body types. Her ability to find someone attractive is strongly influenced by their personality.. Mostly, she likes people who, like her, can't stand injustice or senseless misery. Strong convictions and emotional introspection are other mandatory traits.
- But all that aside, Erin is actually pretty easy to get along with and get close to provided you're not a self absorbed asshole who doesn't care about other people's pain.
- She's weak to compliments, especially if you can make them sound earnest. She can't self deprecate like that and she turns so red it's impossible to miss. Doesn't mind compliments about her physical looks but reacts more strongly to ones about her character or actions.
- If you ever are like "hey, this made me think of you" she'll die a flustered mess.
- Responds strongly to physicality. Is a big platonic toucher anyway so she usually keys off on hand holding, shoulder touches, etc very quickly so it's a pretty fast way to move towards other things.
- Is very much into petting/being pet
- Isn't as bad as Muriel but absolutely has a praise kink. Say nice things about her and she's just going to turn into compliant goo.
- She's too thick-headed for subtlety, you're going to have to be bold.
- Erin's actually a vers, despite her proclivity towards being shy and unsure.
- Once she feels comfortable that Muriel's on the same page feelings-wise with her, she gets a lot more assertive with showing... physical affection.
- (With him she tends to top from the bottom, telling him what to do and sort of directing things)
- (But she also loves getting him impatient and spun up because the greedier he gets the more gratifying it is for her)
- But she's a really aggressive kisser, actually. If she wants contact, you'll know. Usually with her fist in your clothes and pulling you closer out of the blue.

- Also, like, her standard kiss is the full open mouth affair that lasts for a couple minutes. She rarely gives cute little pecks.
- If she has to climb up Mt. Muriel to get that, then she 100% will. Tho she normally just grabs his cloak and pulls him down into her or strikes when he's sitting.
- Is a hair puller. She's not mean! Muriel just has long hair and it's just easier for her to steer this way, yeah?
- Never really has anything coherent to say so she doesn't usually talk a lot during sex. Also she's very self conscious she'll say something stupid to ruin the mood.
- However, upon learning of Muriel's weakness to being praised, she usually has an abundance of "good boy"s and "you're so cute"s for him.
- So she can lead (she's not really a dom, in any sense, just assertive and a bit demanding). But holy fuck if you take the lead she'll fall apart instantly.
- Loops back into how much she wants to feel wanted. When Muriel's greedy or demanding or even a little aggressive physically, she's just a total mess.
- Is a total mimic when it comes to Horny Energy. Whatever you bring is exactly what you'll get back.
- Is also the most impatient person alive and has no ability to hold out for delayed gratification. Will cry and whine and get pissy instantly if denied like a complete baby.
- So yeah... she's super weak to orgasm denial. Though typically doesn't have the patience to do that to her partners.
- Watch out tho, this game can put her right back into Assertive Mode.
- Is easily manipulated so if you intimate she might not be able to take something she'll be determined to prove you wrong. She's not smart like that and is incredibly stubborn.
- At just over five-ish feet she is very short and she's developed a bit of a size kink for people significantly larger than her.
- Just kind of gets overwhelmed by *how much* of Muriel there is but its definitely a good kind of overwhelmed.
- Is... not great at oral (sensitive gag reflex, unfortunately) but willing to put in the effort. Goes absolutely stupid when she's the recipient. Can't talk, usually can't walk for a few minutes afterwards, comes super fast, make a big embarrassing spectacle out of herself...
- Has absolutely pegged Muriel a few times, is pretty good at it.
- Muriel's not super into it but with other partners, she'd be in to playing with some BDSM elements. Kind of just depends on the person.
- Also secretly in to rough sex but tries to downplay as not to scare off Muriel.
- Also into the idea of threesomes but its never come up and, again, she's pretty sure it'll be a while before Muriel's ready to even consider that (she thinks Nadia would be a great third party).
- ALSO yes on biting as long as she can hide the marks because she's only really kinky while she's actually in the act.
- Erin got fairly low sex-appeal so a lot of this is under-wraps, so to speak, but with the right partner she's pretty versatile in bed.

Sensory Deprivation: Main 6

Day 22 - Sensory Deprivation

Main 6, blindfolds, gags, bondage, etc

Lucio

- Claims to absolutely hate it. The more things you pair (gag + blindfold + headphones, etc) the faster he falls apart.
 - Buuuut... he comes untouched with just a little extra stimulus so you're pretty sure he's just being dramatic.
 - Squirms around in a way that's... actually really cute? Its because he's actually quite vulnerable like this and can't muster up the same unflappable bravado he usually struts around with.
 - So if you want to see him blush- really blush- and not give you that cocky little smirk at the same time? This is your best bet.
 - Is convinced you had him squirming for hours and hours even if it was only like, a 30 minute session.
 - You like making him strain to control his breathing so that he can hear you moving nearby. He's not very good at it but its cute watching him try.
-

Julian

- Loves it.
 - No really, he eats this up.
 - Loses track of time really quick and prefers to be totally immobilized at the same time to complete the "scene".
 - Commits hours to this, he wants the whole production and he expects to be there for a good long while.
 - Is comfortable with a variety of restraints whether they're gentle and comfortable or mean and extremely restrictive.
 - He's adventurous so he's open to different positions for extended sensory play.
 - Suspension is a fun thing you've tried a couple times but you need his help tying all the knots (which he happily provides as much as he can.
 - The longer you make him wait, trapped in his own head, the more his imagination gets the better of him and the stronger he experiences everything afterwards.
 - So when you finally fuck him during or immediately after this, he comes apart super quick.
-

Nadia

- Likes doing it to you for a bit, punctuated with fleeting touches occasionally until she's ready for the full ordeal.
 - She does like to drag it out for a long time, though, so clear your schedule.
 - Has blinds/gags/restraints custom made for you. Its important that things are aesthetically pleasing so she uses fabrics, materials, and colors that suit you.
 - She's usually quiet for most of the time she has you blinded/silenced. She likes to appreciate you like a painting so she moves around, gets different angles, makes adjustments but rarely interacts with you in any way that acknowledges your personhood during this.
 - Once you're done, she won't let you leave until you've had tea and a light meal with her. Its her brand of aftercare.
 - Likes it on herself but only like 2 things max. She particularly likes being blindfolded and you notice it's one of the few ways to get her to unfurrow her brow.
-

Muriel

- Similar boat to Nadia. He doesn't really get the appeal of doing it to you but he might if you've been together for a long time and spend some time convincing him it's what you want he'll probably oblige you.
 - Hates 95% of it on him. Like, he's very in tune with his senses. He survived by them as a gladiator and he survives by them out in the woods so being muffled/blinded/deafened makes his DANGER instincts go wild and he gets uncomfortably panicky.
 - BUT... he doesn't mind a blindfold. As long as his hands are free and it's something he can just reach up and pull off if he needs to.
 - Pensively muses that it helps him focus, but only if he's in the right mood for it.
-

Asra

- Infuriatingly, he doesn't seem all that affected by it? Usually retains that little knifecat.jpg smirk the whole time.
 - But he will lay the theatrics on. And make a big show of it because he knows that you're getting off on the idea.
 - Squirms/arches/makes a lot of small, vulnerable little noises... I mean, honestly, if he wasn't all ||3 the whole time you might be fooled that he was really into it.
 - But he really just likes putting on a show for you.
 - He'll return the favor and do it to you- but only if you ask him/tell him very explicitly what you want.
-

Portia

- Tries to be Very Loud to make up for it out of nerves. Squeals a lot.
- Is pretty adventurous in bed so if you're into it, she'll be into it too.
- Particularly likes being gagged because it feels pretty kinky, especially if you pair it with light humiliation to egg on her desire to bicker.
- Squirms constantly so you'll have to tie her down or... get all pressed up against her so she just grinds against you the whole time.

Boobs: Muriel

Day 23 - Boobs

Muriel, semi body worship, nipple play. He's just got an amazing chest and I wanted to talk about it in excruciating detail.

- For a guy who looks the way Muriel does, it's really surprising what sets off his self consciousness.
- General nudity? Doesn't really bother him as long as he's y'know, not in public.
- Like if you're pretty close and hanging around the riverbank in the summer? He doesn't care, he'll just get naked and get in. Sleeps naked most of the time. He rarely wears a shirt around the house and even if he has to go into town he's fine with just throwing his cloak over his bare torso. Hot, humid summer? He basically wears nothing. Maybe some linen or a couple pelts around his waist to keep you from gawking at him but he chops wood for the stove and deals with his vegetable garden with 90% of his body exposed and doesn't understand why he wouldn't do that when it's so god damned hot out even in the shade.
- Oh but lord if you bring any attention to the... aesthetics of his body, he ignites and immediately goes to put his cloak on or get under a blanket.
- But it's hard to ignore that his chest might be his most obvious charm point, at least from a visual standpoint.
- Muriel is very large. He's taller and broader than anyone you think you've ever met and he's just a wall of strong muscle corded under tanned flesh and even the thatching of scar tissue that wends its way over basically every exposed part of him really only adds to visual appeal
- The expanse of his chest is broad to match the rest of him, the lines of his musculature are carved deep from years of vigorous use and earlier years of extreme duress.
- You remember the Scourge of the South from the magical realms, tight and coiled like a spring. Each muscle wound so tense that the lines dividing them were deep and dark.
- He'd been even more thickly muscled, given what he faced on a daily basis, skin a shade paler with a lack of sunlight and every inch of his body displayed active abuse.
- Now, Muriel is still absolutely stacked but his body's uncoiled just a bit (more and more each day, as you grow a little closer), the lines between his muscles have evened out slightly. Or maybe it was simply a release of tension and a slightly healthier complexion from not living in a cell.
- But it's so hard not to stare. Asra doesn't even try to hide when he's eyeing Muriel up and the more of his body on display the redder and clumsier Julian gets. Portia gawks and even Nadia can barely hide her furtive glances. You wonder- with no small amount of exasperation- how all of them could possibly be so tremendously unsubtle. (And yet you're the one who typically gets caught)
- But when you're alone with him? And you get free reign to touch as much as you want? It's hard to keep your hands off his chest.

- Of course Muriel enjoys headpats and having his hair played with but he also enjoys it when you pet his chest. The contact doesn't feel overtly sexual either so he's very comfortable with you doing it often- an added bonus.
- But let him rest his head in your lap and scratch your nails through the coarse hair spreading out from his midline? He literally purrs.
- Oh but it's so easy to get him going though, if innocent touches don't hold your interest forever.
- His nipples are a very vulnerable weak spot just waiting to be exploited and they're exposed to your touch most of the time for maximum convenience.
- Firstly, it flusters Muriel like mad because it broadcasts how much you want his body and he's not super used to being seen like that (somehow). Second, he's touch starved and therefore reactive on his best days but his nipples are especially sensitive.
- Lightly circle one (or both, your call) with a fingertip or the pad of your thumb and he'll shiver hard enough that he can't hide it and you can literally watch gooseflesh erupt down his arms and chest.
- It doesn't matter what he's doing, tug on them just a little and his eyes'll roll straight back into his head and heat's already stirring in his gut no matter how embarrassing he finds these particular touches.
- But put your mouth on them and he'll fall apart.
- The reaction is *strong*. His cock is fully erect in another few breaths, pushing demandingly at the front of his pants and there's no way to hide it.
- He's... noisy with this particular stimulus and you can tell he wants to make less noise and stop from practically mounting you right there, but the impulse is so strong he can't fight it really.
- But if you use your teeth?? His self control absolutely shatters.
- You'll need to anchor yourself.
- If you're in private? You are most assuredly about to get fucked, either right in that exact spot, braced up by his stupidly strong arms, or thrown up against the nearest wall.
- In public? He'll yank you in and grind up against you as much as he can get away with. Literally can't form coherent words since he's putting all his self control into not going completely wild.
- He might be legitimately annoyed that you got him spun up somewhere inappropriate but you'll have plenty of time to figure out how to make it up to him because the second he gets you somewhere dark and quiet, you're gonna get it.
- It's like a switch for Muriel- he's mortified by it afterwards but while it's happening, he's kind of not all there enough to really feel shame..
- Get your teeth on a nipple while he's fucking you? He makes some of the filthiest noises you've ever heard, tosses his pretty head, tries to muffle himself with the back of his hand... but of course his cock is so hard and dark with flush that there's simply no hiding what it's doing to him.
- Conversely, if you're fucking him? His hips are going to start smashing into yours, *hard*. The harder you can meet him the faster he falls apart.
- Fists his hands in the sheets or your clothes so tight you know they'll never be the same again.
- If he's not coming in you, one of your favorite sights is him flat on his back, jerking and tensing with need with that huge cock of his stretched out on his carved belly.
- Because when he comes in that position it almost never fails to splatter thick and hot across one or both pectorals in a display that so pornographic you spend a lot of time

simply committing it to memory, if only to more clearly remember every fine detail about his embarrassed flush but thoroughly pleased expression.

Desperation: Scourge of the South

Day 24 - Desperation

Scourge of the South, literal desperation, violence, feral nature, pain/suffering, general violence. Mostly inspired by @coto-ly on Tumblr.

- There's something about danger that gets certain types really uncontrollable.
- There isn't a single person whose laid eyes on the Scourge of the South that doesn't experience that electric little ripple of fear when they size him up. He radiates an aura of potent physical threat.
- He's kept in a cell between fights and due in equal parts to Lucio's lackadaisical ways and the secret knowledge that the Scourge's will is completely shattered, the massive gladiator is rarely guarded securely. Sure he gets a couple guards to make a show out of leading him back down to the cell block, but the truth is there's not a guard in Vesuvia who isn't shit-scared of the Scourge.
- So they get him in the cage as fast as they can and promptly fuck off, leaving him conveniently unguarded for much of the time.
- The thing about the Scourge's career in the arena is that it's far more grueling than the audience knows.
- Lucio is a vindictive bastard so if the Scourge doesn't do his job well enough being a nearly-mute, bloodthirsty monster to scare his enemies and followers with, he'll run what he calls a Gauntlet.
- Hours of fights, back to back with no rest. Men, beasts, monsters, spellcasters, anything goes.
- The Scourge kills them all but it's a battle of endurance as much as it is of strength.
- Lucio also makes sure to schedule plenty of trial-by-combats for petty crimes, forcing the Scourge to end "criminals" guilty of such heinous crimes as petty thievery.
- He rarely gets medical aid for his injuries if Lucio's in a mood, leaving him in a constant haze of pain from blunt force trauma, fractures, and deep gashes that will never see stitches or antiseptic.
- On those rare occasions that Lucio actually speaks to his pet monster, he reminds the Scourge that Asra would be much less entertaining in the arena and wouldn't last nearly as long.
- As such, the Scourge survives by shutting down. He's barely there. He wishes he could shut down more.
- But the violence feeds the hatred in him and in no time at all, he survives on suppressed rage alone. He's a walking wall of flaming hot fury tempered into inaction by mental trauma and despair.
- Really, he's just a time bomb at this point, functioning on autopilot and just waiting to snap.
- But since he's rarely watched, there are times when he risks Lucio's petty vengeance to find anything to sustain his hungers.

- Food, first aid supplies, alcohol- literally anything he can get his hands on without 1) interacting with any humans and 2) can silently take without someone screaming for the guards.
- I mentioned at the beginning that there's those certain people who don't react to fear and intimidation instincts the same as normal people right?
- Well occasionally (very occasionally), one of these people sees a coliseum fight. They see him cut down a line of opponents without spilling any of his own blood- though he's certainly drenched in theirs.
- And while they find him imposing, the sight of him standing there, unmovable, long hair wild and wet with blood and sweat, the size and build of him so incredibly dangerous but so god damned attractive... They're like moths to fire.
- They hang around after fights. They loiter by the Red Market where the Scourge's underpaid, nervous keepers usher him back to his cage.
- And eventually, they're able to broadcast their interest to the dark, hulking shape in the cell.
- The Scourge is always hungry. He's a starved animal just managing to sustain his life via blood and pain.
- So his hunger for something carnal? Something that could release some of the tension in his tight body? Something that doesn't cause pain?
- He's fucking starving for it.
- He doesn't care who they are, what their story is. He stoops to get out of the cell door and fucks them right in front of it.
- He hates when they talk, he hates when they make loud noises. All he wants is his dick in something and then catch whatever rest the Count will grant him before his next match.
- He doesn't speak if he can help it, snarling or growling over them if they're dumb enough to try and start a conversation.
- But these types are typically aware that they're playing with something incredibly dangerous so they invariably let him call the shots.
- Which is good because he's rough, not out of cruelty specifically, but out of impatience and a choking hunger that overrides most of his brain when it becomes apparent he can experience something that isn't damaging to his body for a few minutes.
- The Scourge of the South is a brutal fuck, if you're into that kind of thing.
- He'll shove you to the ground and mount you without a word, holding you there effortlessly under his bulk.
- He doesn't have the luxury of time or safety in which to prepare extensively, so you'll get what you get. Rushed fingers, maybe spit, maybe your mouth down his huge cock for a few hasty pumps just to slick the tight flesh a little more.
- He moves you how he wants- he'll pump your head on his dick, he'll push you back until your chest presses up against the ground and keep his huge hand there. He'll lift your hips to a height that suits him.
- He fucks hard and fast, he doesn't care about anything else, he just wants to come.
- Honestly, he doesn't care about his partner at all, he's just desperate and running on nothing but survival instincts...
- But if that didn't make you all the hotter, frankly you wouldn't be here in the first place, getting railed on the floor of a dank cell by someone who killed a dozen people before lunchtime.

Size Kink: Apprentice Erin x Muriel

Day 25 - Size Kink

Size kink, penetration, outdoor sex, creampie

It was hard, honestly, Erin mused to herself. She never really had any untoward feelings about Muriel's size going into this. She was barely over five feet tall after all... *everyone* was taller than her so she really didn't think very hard about how much she craned up to look Muriel in the eyes. Or later, when they got closer, how the swell of his chest looked when she was too close and couldn't even see his face without repositioning herself. While mildly inconvenient sometimes (that time they danced at the Masquerade, trying to hug with both of them standing flat on the ground...), it had really only been a little comical at worst and she barely thought about it.

But now- and she was excruciatingly embarrassed by this- she couldn't get enough of it. Just how *big* Muriel was, especially in comparison to her. And of course the last thing she wanted to do was make a big deal out of it. He seemed so much more comfortable with himself these days and she didn't want things to get weird just because she privately couldn't stop fixating on minor details about his body.

When they idled in bed one night, (Erin was slow to wind down at night and usually needed whatever distraction Muriel seemed to not mind providing) she had been twining and untwining their fingers together, absently rubbing his scarred knuckles with her thumb occasionally. He let out a quiet snort and at her answering, curious look, shifted his weight and adjusted her hand so that their palms pressed together. He chuckled and then curled his fingers and each digit could fold easily over her own.

"Tiny hands," he rumbled with a short laugh while she frowned irritably, which only made him chuckle a little more- especially when he shifted to take her hand in his (which did, in fact, entirely engulf it) and go back to relaxing against the soft mattress.

It was always seemingly innocent little moments like that, too. Especially, since the forest kind of serves as its own barrier that gives them a comfortable amount of privacy at all hours of the day.

A few days later, she couldn't help but fixate on the size of him (once again) when he shyly cornered her against a huge tree after his attention span's wandered away from the mushrooms he's supposed to be helping her find. Muriel always moved with surprising ease and coordination for someone so large... Erin wasn't sure what exactly made her think he would be clumsy and loud but he's just not. When he came in close enough to make her blood pump quicker, he braced a thick, muscular arm next to her shoulder and leaned in- Erin's eyes were set just at his sternum and all she could see was smooth, tanned flesh and chest hair through his carelessly unfastened shirt. Occasionally, he'd make a questioning face

at her reactivity when he's got her caged against a flat surface like that but so far he'd refrained from questioning it out loud- which at least spared her the humiliation of trying to explain how hot it is.

Of course, she doesn't want to make him self conscious but these days the size of him, the difference between them has gotten *exciting*. It was difficult not to feel entirely dwarfed in him when he finally stooped low enough to crush their lips together just like it was hard not to feel some primal thrill at having to stretch to reach his hair or the loose collar of his shirt and yank him downwards. Honestly, the intimacy's only made it a thousand times worse.

There's just... so much of him. And it's all so *very* attractive.

She tried not to let it show but she was already flushed dark by the time he leaned in to turn the kissing into light, almost teasing mouthing down her soft jawline and to her throat. A part of her definitely felt exasperated at his inadvertent ability to make her feel small but a much louder voice insists that it was hotter than all hell. Of course, she went with his lead too, running her hands eagerly up his sides and across the broad expanse of his chest, down his arms- his bicep must be nearly the size of her head, she considered for an instant. Muriel reacted in kind, his movements intensified a notch until he finally moved his hands to grab her by the hips. Erin felt gooseflesh rise up her arms as his thumbs dug a little into her hip bones and his fingers pressed deeper into her flesh.

She held out for another second or two before she groaned thickly and pulled back just far enough to get her hands on his belt. He jerked in surprise, making a short, quiet vocalization as he was, once again, taken off guard by her (not-so-surprising) impatient boldness. "You started it," she managed breathlessly, though her face was flushed deep crimson and she avoided his gaze. He couldn't really deny that her impatience and greedy hands usually lit a fire in him... he was unused to this, even still, and he'd never really experienced being wanted so much. It was kind of terrifying frankly but it also made his body heat inordinately fast.

She dropped several belts on the grass and had both her hands in his fly a second later. He made a rough noise and leaned into her hard as she tracked blunt nails lightly over hot flesh. "Are..." Muriel pulled back for a second, obviously regretfully (which only made Erin's desire to get *on* with it so much worse). "Are you sure you don't mind... here?"

Erin made something of a show looking to her left and then right before back up to Muriel's flushed face. "We're just as alone here as the hut, right? Besides, do you really want to trek all the way back?" She did her best not to fixate on it but she knew both of them were the same kind of animal when it came to this... arrangement. She ardently believed Muriel could have his choice of company with relatively little effort on his part and she was... a short, scruffy loudmouth who really lacked charisma (harsh, but fair, she thought almost smugly to herself). Conversely she knew he saw her as some selfless, knightly thing that must have some modicum of physical attractiveness and it kind of blew her mind a little. It was flattering but also embarrassing to think about so she usually did her best not to. She looked back up at Muriel and gave his roughspun pants an impatient tug... "We walked like thirty minutes here."

To her satisfaction he only mulled this over for a second or two before nodding in agreement. Unable to mask her eagerness now, Erin pulled his fly open and had to fight to keep her gawking under control. Muriel's huge. Of course he is. He's just a couple inches short of seven feet tall, he's broadset and heavy to match. Of course his cock warrants some gawking, even if you weren't so set off by a strong, tightly muscled body just about twice as big as your own. Unable to stop herself now, Erin made a strained little noise and planted her lips on his chest, stepping to turn him with her death grip on his pants.

He went easily (he's very open to direction, after all) and eventually- she was too busy mouthing at him and he was too busy grabbing her to pay any real attention- she backed him into the heavy tree. Without prompting, Muriel slid until he was sitting, long legs splayed haphazardly in front of him in the grass. Erin wasn't far behind, straddling his lap and still mouthing voraciously at a tract of muscular flesh somewhere at the lower portion of his chest. She set her weight down a little heavily but Muriel didn't seem to notice beyond pulling her in as tightly as he could.

When both her hands wrapped around his dick he grunted sharply and arched, turning his face slightly in an instinctive effort to mitigate the dark flush rising up his cheeks and ears. She didn't seem to notice... actually, she didn't notice much of anything right then except for how her (normal-sized) hands fit around the shaft of his (impressively-sized) dick and her face went blotchy to match his. Well beyond her normal shyness at this point, she groped him steadily while she leaned in to press her mouth to the dip of his collar. She bit down- just barely hard enough to leave a faint red mark- and let out a satisfied breath when he jumped and gasped.

"Dammit," he cursed under his breath, shifting his weight and rocking slightly into her assertive motions. Erin could really only grunt out a noise that was vaguely questioning, at least until his hands found the waist of her trousers and pushed inside impatiently. The welcome invasion broke her concentration as she enjoyed the size and feel of Muriel's cock in her hands and she gasped unflatteringly as thick fingers slid home.

Even his fucking hands were damn big. First one finger and then two pushed into her steadily, pulling and stretching with the kind of (infuriatingly) patient, meticulous care she'd come to expect from Muriel. Impatient as she was, however, she knew that she couldn't take him without preparation, the length was certainly a challenge on its own but he was also incredibly thick.

But that didn't stop either of them. She struggled to get fabric out of the way as Muriel attempted to position himself in a way that would be more comfortable for her. Erin hovered for a second before placing a shockingly chaste kiss to his jawbone, planting one hand on his broad shoulder as she lowered herself. It had taken a lot to assuage Muriel's anxiety about his size in general, but especially when compared to hers and *especially* in moments like these. It was a testament to their comfort with each other that he simply let his head thunk back against the tree while she slowly pushed down on him.

Erin had never been one for performance and she never made a show with unnecessary embellishment. So when she finally managed to take Muriel to the hilt it was with only a few clipped breaths and small noises of consternation as she shifted to find the right angle. The

fit was, of course, excruciatingly tight but that sensation alone was enough to push her nearly to her end. She was absolutely stuffed full and she could feel the impatient pulsing in his hot member through her whole core. Unable to sit still for long, she began shifting slowly, trying to concentrate on building up to pace. Muriel grunted under his breath and his eyes screwed shut but his hands slid slowly up her thighs to grab her hips with an unconcealed greediness that only encouraged her impatience.

The stretch was intense but Erin somehow found it was enough to make her shiver and flush, even if it was just starting to border on painful. Muriel was content to let her lead but his breathing had gone ragged and he was eagerly pulling her in to kiss demandingly as she rode his lap with unabashed enthusiasm. Muriel didn't quite intend to but the feel of her wrapped so tightly around him made his hips bounce and while he fought to control himself, the kissing and hungry grabbing she was busying herself with was steadily undoing all of that.

"I'm... gonna..." he gritted out, unable to stem the welling urge to warn her, still self conscious and still unable to fully quell his own anxieties.

Erin groaned lowly and hung her head, shaking perceptibly on him and taking his impressive length to the root. "So come," she gritted out with a transparent kind of bravado but Muriel's open, panting mouth quirked up into something of an affectionate smirk for just a second- and then he was over. And him being sent over with a low, husky noise sent Erin over a few seconds later, as his throbbing and pulsing and hot come all intensified the sensations absolutely battering her.

Teasing: Apprentice x Julian

Day 26 - Teasing

Apprentice x Julian, light name calling, begging, orgasm denial

- Everyone knows that Julian is kind of a sucker for any intensity that feeds into his... specific tastes.
- But teasing him is like adding dry brush to a wildfire. He gets spun up very quickly.
- There's the most obvious: banter.
- Julian lives for banter. Smarmy comebacks, one-liners, even good-natured ribbing. But you can get subtly aggressive here and catch him off guard, especially if you still seem like you're enjoying the conversation.
- Julian likes a little bit of friendly negging so you're free to poke a little fun at him and he enjoys when you fight back against his comments too.
- But he starts getting kind of red and sweaty when you occasionally call him names. But they have to be just a little flirtatious too. If you're consistent and you make sure to keep up the closeness of an intimate bickering match or occasionally make an excuse to touch him, he'll start making the right associations. (He's smart like that)
- The best names are the kinds you can twist into loving pet names that have just a slight bite to them. Maybe ones that are just slightly condescending about how "clever" and "brave" he is. Or poke a little fun at his long legs or his very sharp jawline. Little details that you like that could use a little bit of extra attention, especially when its just slightly condescending.
- He eats it up. And if you bring that little pet name out the next time you've got him tied up like a christmas present? You can see his eager little cock bob excitedly and there's simply no hiding how much he likes it.
- But that's just the beginning. If you press your creativity more there's a lot you can do to him before you even get his very tight pants off.
- Honestly, just touch him. Nothing untowards, even. Touch his arm (especially his bicep) (actually if you take the lead and take his arm while you walk somewhere it will send a positive signal to his brain and his dick at the same time, he likes the gallantry of it but also the contact and also the you taking charge part).
- Brush hair out of his face.
- If you grab his chin playful you can actually watch his pupils dilate. Especially fun to do in a crowd after he says something that gets a laugh. Fiddle with the buttons on his jacket (especially up near his throat). Squeeze his thigh, rub your leg against his... he will be dying in his clothes by the time you get him alone.
- Oh, but don't just let him have his way then either. Keep teasing him because he really just falls apart and when he gets to senselessly begging for you it really sort of just makes your night.
- Firstly, don't let him take off most of his own clothes mostly because that let's him control the pace and it's much more fun if you do that. Undo every single button on his

- jacket one at a time and don't be afraid to slap his hands away if they come up to help.
- Put everything carefully aside, one piece at a time. Don't listen to him if he whines.
 - Also keep slapping his hands away from himself, and from you, once he starts with that tactic.
 - Tease him more once he's down to his pants, rub over his cock but don't bother getting any fabric out of the way and don't worry about delivering too much stimulation. He'll get his when you're good and ready.
 - Are you gonna fuck him? Grab his ass through his pants, rub up against his cute little hole that you're going to stuff absolutely full soon, press against it. If you really want to make him stammer incomprehensibly, slide your hand down his back to grope him a bit (and maybe finger a little too, just a little) without making him take off his pants.
 - By this point, Julian's probably all half-lidded, fluttery eyes and dark flushed skin. He can probably barely talk and his long limbs are spindly and unwilling to support a lot of his weight.
 - When you tease him too much his brain goes right to his dick (feel free to taunt him more now, about how clever he is when all he can do is arch up into your touch even if you're slapping or clawing nails down his flesh and make his stupid, needy noises)
 - Speaking of dick, that's what you should be teasing the most. It pulls the most lascivious noises out of him and actually renders him so helpless he can really only stare up at you and hope that you'll take pity on him and let him come soon.
 - But if you really want to see Julian grovelling insensibly for you, it isn't too hard once you're at this juncture.
 - Give him a couple strokes then stop when he starts fucking into your hand, pay attention to his balls, his thighs, his asshole (not his prostate, no hands-free orgasms yet either), his nipples, whatever you like to get him whining and keening absolutely shamelessly while his remaining braincells demand that he come immediately.
 - Once he settles down, give him a few more pumps. Or if you're really sadistic, suck on his cockhead. His dick's probably flushed angry red at this point and he's probably making the most pathetic expression up at you in the hopes that you'll feel bad for him and let him come. But! Persevere a little longer!
 - You like rimming? Eat him out now (just make sure you don't push him over) and occasionally tell him what you're cock's going to do to his slutty little hole (real or store bought doesn't matter to him or to this conversation) and be sure to point out how absurdly hard he is for it.
 - If you *really* have a sadistic streak you can literally just keep this up until he breaks. (You'll definitely need to tie him down, even a masochist slut like him won't be able to keep from pushing himself over)
 - And that's such a pretty little picture. His brain just shuts down and he literally can't do a damn thing that'll delay his end so he will enthusiastically (with furious single mindedness) do anything you tell him to at this point.
 - No matter how you fuck him- if you ride him or if you pull him back and shove inside of him, he's going to come almost instantly.
 - And of course it's a big production. He makes a lot of noise, moves as much as he can.
 - But he's also a good boy who has some manners and he'll do whatever you need (provided it doesn't take a ton of brainpower) until you're satisfied.
 - And he'll be too exhausted to really offer anything salient but he will give you a very dopey smile as he comes down.

Praise: Muriel

Day 27 - Praise

Muriel, basically 100% just praise kink here.

- Everyone already knows that Muriel is touch starved and hungry for praise. Any encouragement you give him is incredibly reaffirming and it helps him be more comfortable.
- Muriel is- generally- a service top provided you can direct him a bit until he gets comfortable with your tastes and body.
- But Muriel is also a good bottom and will happily take your dick (real or fake, he doesn't care) or let you top from the bottom and ride him into the mattress.
- Of course Muriel has a reputation because he's so shy and awkward, but he's not a virgin. He's got the basics down just fine.
- He has an on again, off again sex drive. Meaning that if it's not an option or unavailable, he won't really think about it too much and it doesn't bother him at all. But if something's on his mind or you've been hanging around his hut more than usual, he's much more reactive and his appetite expands proportionally.
- For Muriel, praise and compliments are his assurance that he's pleasing you and that's really all he wants to do. He wants to make sure you're happy with him so he uses any feedback you give him to help him figure out how best to do that.
- He knows he's very reactive and usually on a hair trigger, making himself come- especially with your body- is stupidly easy so it's barely a concern for him.
- Honestly, he craves praise and positive reinforcement so much that even totally innocent attention with too much of this can prompt inconvenient erections.
- You tore the strap off of your bag after a bad step in the forest somewhere and it turned out to be a quick fix for Muriel's deft hands, sewing the leather back up again with neat and impressively strong needlework.
- When you earnestly look straight into his face and tell him what a good job he did he turns absolutely beet red and looks away. Honestly, the embarrassment you maybe expected from him but he's so flustered he can't even deflect the compliment and he's quick to find excuses to keep some distance.
- So that time you brush it off and don't think about it again for a bit.
- But then it's midsummer and you've been complaining about the heat all day and you're sure you're going to die if you have stay cooped up inside in the stifling weather.
- So Muriel takes you further into the forest than you've ever been to a section of river that's wide and deep, where the current is fairly calm and large juts of rocks surrounding the riverbed provide a ton shade.
- It's a godsend. It's perfect. It's a fucking oasis, hidden from the oppressive sun and after splashing around a bit you hang on his shoulder and if you thought he looked kind of flustered at the closeness, when you lavish praise and gratitude on him for taking you

here and what a wonderful idea it was he averts his whole face and can't even seem to stammer out a response. He even makes to put distance between the two of you.

- So you grab his jaw and force him to look at you and you repeat yourself because you really only want him to know how much you appreciate him.
- But he's incredibly flustered, even by his standards. And then you realize he's hard. That he's turned on because you gave him such direct, positive attention.
- You have some of the best sex you've ever had when you convince him to lay out on the riverbank to dry off. Your earnest attentions light a fire in him and not that he isn't incredibly fun to fuck anyway, the praise was powerful catalyst and you immediately resolve to keep testing.
- You do it in the marketplace on purpose, pulling him closer to you by the hand and raving to one of your regular shops at what a talented cook he is. He's mortified because there's a stranger involved but yeah, it becomes apparent after you leave that he is indeed reacting to the attention and when you finally make it back to the hut he's all over you.
- The market experience proved something else too. *What* he's being praised for doesn't seem to matter so much. At least before the fucking has started.
- And because you absolutely must be thorough about this, you keep it up once you're alone together too.
- You tell him how handsome he is- he especially seems to fall apart when you pay special attention to things that downplay his physically intimidating features. And while he's *tremendously* embarrassed by you using "cute", "pretty", and "handsome" to describe various parts of his body he never fails to display a strong reaction.
- But once you start fucking is when you can really make him self destruct. Tell him how much you love his cock, how much you like seeing him with a barely-concealed erection pushing at the front of his pants. Tell him how much you like seeing him have that reaction to you.
- God, if you go into details about how he turns you on? He actually makes this choked whining noise and has to grab something nearby to stay steady since it absolutely sets his lust on fire. (He can't believe someone as earnest and forthright as you could possibly see anything in him, even still, so the directness has a powerful effect on his arousal)
- Tell him how cute/handsome he is when he's about to come (and maybe pet his hair) and you'll absolutely *unleash a torrent*
- Tell him really specific things too like the shape his mouth makes when he's growling for more, the way his hands grip you possessively tight, how he tosses his head and bares his throat if you've really got him going.
- Tell him exactly what he needs to do. Tell him how to suck and lick at your clit, tell him how to eat you out, tell him exactly how he should be sucking on your dick- the positions, the strength, force, anything. Tell him exactly what you want and then when he performs to satisfaction (and boy does he) make sure you tell him how perfect and sexy he is. How good his mouth and lips and fingers and cock are.
- He'll fall apart, and rut and whine like a bitch in heat for release that he desperately wants from you.
- If you can keep your wits about you long enough to actually praise him while he's coming, *for coming*, he will be ready to go for round two shockingly fast.
- "Aw, you really like that" every time he reacts to anything will kill him. He'll be a blushing mess but he'll be dying for more.

- Here's an idea, make him tell you what he wants (this might take some patience if he's not ready) and then call him a good boy when he finally tells you. Then give him what he's asking for (and praise him the whole time too).
- Praise is also the segue to get him to like *anything*. He's kind of a passive guy and a little nervous about taking the lead but if you're into something specific and want to introduce him to it in the most agreeable fashion possible? Lavish him with praise as soon as you introduce the idea ("You'd be so good at X") and then continue to compliment him every step of the way.
- He likes being praised and has such a strong reaction to it that he'll apply himself fully to whatever task you set him to with full efforts and never fail to make a spectacular show of coming all over himself if you keep it up.

Obdience: Apprentice x Muriel

Day 28 - Obedience

AFAB Apprentice x Muriel, light D/s, training, penetrative sex, topping from the bottom

It never fails to blow my mind how obedient Muriel is. He's not play-acting either. He's eager to explore intimate things with me but his innate passivity and his learned hesitancy are major inhibitors to him taking the initiative with sex... But when I tell him what to do he's obviously relieved and the enthusiasm he follows up with never fails to take me off guard and ignite my arousal. I take a possibly questionable amount of enjoyment in this however, as it's damn hot and it usually prompts some amazing performances out of him.

So when I interrupt his chores one afternoon with a very blunt "Hey, come over here and kiss me," he puts down the piece of iron he's scouring rust stains out of and casts me a slightly quizzical look even as his face flushes darker. But at just one more beckoning motion, he grumbles lowly in a poor attempt to cover his sudden self consciousness and climbs to his feet. And though he kind of makes a hassled face under the furious blush staining his cheeks he does come close enough to lean in and plant an entirely chaste kiss on my lips while he casually wipes his hands on his thighs in the same movement.

Of course that's not what I'm after so I grab the loose neck of his shirt and pull him in. He goes willingly and once I deepen this kiss he reciprocates quickly and after another second his hands are gripping my shoulders tightly as he bends to accommodate my much smaller height. He's kissing assertively now and by all accounts it definitely looks like he started this and not me. I give him a low, satisfied groan as his mouth works against mine- the best thing about Muriel's tendency to do as he's told is that he legitimately enjoys himself. He's kissing me deep and aggressive now, his tongue hot and surprisingly confident even as his hands tighten on me by degrees. He's easy to spin up too, which is always fun.

"Want you," I manage, even as he kisses me deeply and I don't really bother breaking apart to get the words out. "*Now.*"

He makes a noise that sends something hot cascading through me. His reactivity is absolutely addictive... he's shy and unsure of himself, yeah, but he *wants* so honestly and it's incredibly inflaming. He's still kissing me but his hands have gotten a little greedy, gripping me tight and pulling me in against him so that our bodies are nearly flush. After a second in which he tries and fails to regain control of himself, he slides one of his hands under the hem of my shirt. He's still slow enough that I could bat his hand away if I wanted (of course I don't) but he's moving forward with some degree of confidence now that he knows what I want from him.

He shifts to press his lips to my throat, mouthing chastely for a second before he allows himself to scrape lightly with his teeth. At the same time his hand cups my breast and he

slowly rubs his thumb over a nipple and takes my sudden inhale of breath as a sign he's permitted to continue. I want to roll my eyes- we're not... new to this, per se- but his other hand finally trailing down to the fixtures of my trousers distracts me enough to keep me from commenting. His fingers make quick work of the laces and tentatively (the kissing and fondling is distracting as I tangle my hands in his hair) and his warm fingertips slide infuriatingly slowly below the coarse material.

I disentangle one hand to grab his wrist and push impatiently. “*Hurry up*,” I groan into his mouth and the noise he lets out is hungry and obliging.

He pushes his fingers deeper and I grind down impatiently, a clipped gasp hissing through my teeth. He slides two thick fingers over my clit and I can't help but tighten my grip on him sharply. “Yeah-” I try to give him some coherent encouragement but I just can't get the rest of the words out. He rubs gently, the pressure hard enough to derail my thoughts and the friction is *so good*. I make a low noise and lean into him a bit, bringing the hand I had wrapped around his wrist higher up to grip his bicep. “Sit down,” I manage, turning him slightly towards the bed.

“Sit?” he asks gruffly, looking me up and down.

I nod and gesture to the bed. “Sit. And get rid of your pants, you don't need them.” He obliges me readily, shoving his pants down his muscular thighs with unashamed, efficient movements even as he sinks into the mattress. He's hard as fuck, cock jutting stiffly and he's more interested in my next move than being embarrassed about it and frankly, the idea is only adding more fuel to the fire burning in the lower regions of my guts.

I really waste no time climbing into his lap, threading fingers through his hair before giving him a slight tug. “You're so cute like this,” I croon, using my other hand to pull his wrist closer to the apex of my legs again, telling him to prep me without saying it. He reddens and avoids my eyes but his hand goes where I direct it. He wastes no time (as usual) sliding fingers inside me and the pressure feels so good I have to shut my eyes for a second. The price for Muriel's compliance is lavishing praise on him, I've learned, so I don't restrain myself from carding my fingers through his thick hair and grinding into his hand, where his palm is putting a delicious amount of pressure against my clit. He always flushes in response to my exuberance but he's so eager to please that I can't help it. I slide my other hand down his arm and over the back of his hand where he's pressing up into me and I press against him tightly.

My grinding is slow and sinuous and my clit aches as I rub against his calloused palm. “You're- *fuck* - doing such a good job,” I say, and while I'm half teasing him, I'm also half serious.

His face is dark with flush but he can't look at anything other than where his hand works between my legs with a kind of hunger in his eyes that makes my blood pound. “I'm... You're doing all the work,” he manages after a second, his voice low and hungry, even if it's slightly strangled by his usual lack of confidence.

But of course, that won't do and I'm not having any of it. I grab his chin, not hard, but firmly enough to direct his gaze higher and I lean in closer. “You're doing a good job,” I repeat

slowly, deliberately, staring straight into his face. Then I pull him in for a kiss that's slow and meticulously paced and chaste enough to highlight the obscenity of what I'm using his hand for. He *whines*, his whole body tightening as he leans into it and it starts to get ravenous.

I can't help but card my fingers through his hair affectionately but I'm ready for more and quickly losing patience. I grab a handful and give him a tug- not painfully hard, just hard enough to pull his skull back slowly. "Fuck me?" I ask needlessly, looking at his flustered but aroused face. He nods agreeably through his furious blushing and his hands slide up my thighs to pull me further into his lap but I put a hand on one of his biceps to stop him. "Ah... You on top, please."

He pauses and the color to his cheeks intensifies, bleeding up to his ears and the look is so cute it's almost out of place with how explicitly turned on we both are. After a moment he shifts and I already miss his hand but he repositions himself efficiently and I don't have a ton of time to worry about that. I sit at the edge of the bed, where he had just been and he stands over me for a second. I can't help but press my hand to his eager cock, jutting stiffly and even as it makes him blush harder and avert his face, he throbs against my touch. I smile at that but then he's too impatient to wait any longer.

He puts one large hand on my shoulder and slowly pushes me flat, moving to brace a knee against the bed as he carefully shifts to hover over me. And of course, I love the sight of him on his back with his hair all fanned out and his intense eyes hooded, its fucking delicious after all. But like this it's easier to appreciate the size of him and the way he looks when he's so obviously turned on and it's overpowering his innate shyness. He does a really good job of riding that delightful little border between adorable and mindmeltingly sexy.

I run my hands up his muscular arms as he braces himself over me, moving slowly and carefully because not only is he kind of meticulous like that but he's also still afraid that he's too big to top. (I don't care if he is, it's where I want him and its god damned hot but I try to keep a sane face about it). But also because of his latent anxiety, he rarely lowers himself enough for me to wrap my arms around his neck so I have to settle for holding his arms as he gets his knees under my thighs. I'm soaking wet for him but I don't have enough brainpower to be remotely embarrassed by this, and I move eagerly with him as he shifts to pull my hips into his lap.

His every movement is cautious as he lines up. It's obvious he's very impatient to move on with things, but he's always had better self control than me I think. He makes an annoyed noise when he presses the slicked head of his dick up against me and I move to grind against him immediately and he takes a second to readjust the angle before pushing again. "You'll hurt yourself, slow down," he admonishes breathlessly and I pointedly ignore him, breathing raggedly and trying to take more than he's giving just this second.

"Hurry up," I groan, digging the back of my skull into the blankets as I arch impatiently. "Muriel, *hurry up and fuck me*."

He groans but he can so rarely resist such a direct request. He pushes harder and I arch to take him. Calling it a tight fit would be a terrible understatement. He's pushing me to my absolute limits but god if it isn't exactly what my body's screaming for. He manages to hold for a few seconds but we both know that can't last. He shifts, slowly at first, and then starts

to build up to speed. I lose control of my reactions quickly, I just can't help it. I'm quick to start moving against him and by the time he's fucking me outright, I'm already groaning more than I want and panting. I hold on to him for dear life as his methodical pace falters and he starts going even harder. He's putting his whole body into it, too.

His arms are tight and solid braced just above my shoulders and his lower half works effortlessly to force his hips against mine, harder and harder until the pace is bruising and Muriel doesn't really look like he's all that aware of how rough he's being. I'm not about to complain as he's fucking me absolutely senseless but this point, his cock driving up into me hard and deep and my whole body is aching for release even as I edge closer to it by the second.

I wrap my legs around his thick waist and that only seems to inspire him to fuck even harder, wrenching a loud moan out of me and a conversely husky noise out of him. I can feel him swelling and pulsing against me and I know he's not going to last much longer himself. On his next deep thrust, my whole body seizes up automatically and my legs tighten against him hard enough to inhibit his movement.

The tension holds for just another instant but then I'm coming so hard I can barely tell when Muriel loses it and for a few long moments, we're just riding it out without really processing much extraneous information. All I know is that by the time we're both mostly still again, I'm exhausted and sore but undeniably sated.

Role Reversal: Apprentice x Muriel

Day 29 - Role Reversal

AFAB Apprentice tops Muriel by cockwarming him, he gets impatient and tops instead. Cockwarming, penetrative sex, fucking on furniture, rough sex

I'm almost shocked he went through with it since it seemed like such an outlandish idea when I suggested it but here we were. "Such a good boy," I tease a little breathlessly as I finally sink down all the way and take his cock to the base. The sensation is hard to describe. I am *full* of him, his dick pressing deep into my body and pushing me to my absolute limit. But he *is* a good boy because he's doing exactly what I wanted (because I'm pretty sure this will put him right into that zone where he whines and begs for me to finish him and hells if that isn't just the prettiest sight).

His whole body is tight as a wire underneath me. He's sitting in one of the heavy chairs next to the table and I'm on top, facing away. I can feel him shivering something fierce and his hands grip the table, putting his arms closely around me. "Doing okay? Think you can last a bit for me?" I manage to ask even though every sexed-up instinct in my stupid head is screaming at me to grind down on him. My clit's throbbing for attention at this point and I'm fighting not to tense up around him too much- though by his labored breathing I'm not sure if I'm entirely successful.

In front of me is a book I'd set out specifically for this activity- the idea was to keep myself distracted long enough to make this a worthwhile attempt and not a flash-in-the-pan kind of thing. I grab it and drag it closer, trying not to move too much as Muriel's got me filled to the absolute limit and any shifting at all makes his whole body ripple... Faintly, I'm hoping the book will offer me enough distraction but I'm not sure how easy it will be. But I suppose the fun is in finding out.

I can actually feel him twitching inside me, his huge cock making my breath come short no matter how I try to stay calm. Muriel shifts and then grips the chair beneath him to keep control of his hands and hopefully his desire to shift around. He can't really make a coherent answer so he just groans lowly through his clenched jaw, trying to control himself. I resolutely open the book and do my best to distract myself, even as I throb needily around Muriel and wonder privately if this is even possible considering we're both already about to lose it.

To my private relief, I can forget about the cock lodged deep in my guts after a few minutes of active, tenacious concentration. The immense filling sensation is there but I can ignore it as I do my best to concentrate on spell formulae. The urge to rut is powerful, at first, and I feverishly want to bounce my hips but I somehow manage to hold out until my brain is finally elsewhere. The concentration takes effort though and I can't say for sure how much time passes.

But awareness of the situation settles back over slowly at the feel of Muriel shifting slightly inside me. I tighten reactively before I can help myself and he lets out a strained grunt. I realize now how heavy he's breathing and how the muscles in his arms are straining as he tries to grip the table and anchor himself. He moans roughly and shifts his hips again and this time the pronounced feeling makes me gasp, which sets him off even more. "Hey, don't move your hips," I scold breathlessly. "I can't-" and I'm cut off by the moan his next movement causes, pouring out of my own mouth in a mix of heat and jumbled words. It's pure filth. My vision hazes and my grip on my senses swims as he- now encouraged by my reaction- arches his hips up with markedly more force. The scant amount he's able to pull back only accentuates the fact that I am soaking wet for him, his bare thighs are slick with it and from the way he's jerking and tensing almost spastically I can tell he's about at his limit.

He pulls back and fucks forward again, in total it's maybe only a couple inches but it makes me see stars and my brain practically shuts down. He does it *again* before I can tell him to get ahold of himself or rationalize my own actions. My body overrides my brain and I automatically collapse forward compliantly and lean low over the table top. I can sense (rather than see) that he's staring at the juncture of our bodies with an unflattering amount of intensity but frankly it only makes my arousal spin even hotter.

I'm trying to work the words out of my mouth though, to verbally give up on this game so I can take his dick like I've been dying to this whole time but words are complicated and right now, I'm feeling a little too lust drunk to manage it. He gets the picture though.

He *growls* and pulls back, his hands snapping to my hips as he lunges forward to loom over me, his larger body dwarfing mine against the smooth surface. When he crams his hips up against me and jerks me roughly into the table I moan again, unable to help the raw reaction. The pace he sets is *intense*. It's wild and unfettered and stronger than anything I think I've ever seen out of him. He pounds forward, his fingers curled tight against my hipbones and in another second he's absolutely railing me.

I lose control of my voice inordinately fast. The extended time on his dick has got me at a point where I'm taking him now with absolutely zero resistance, stretched and soaked and the feeling is novel and just a little embarrassing. But my brain's barely functioning, to be honest, and all my body wants to do is prostrate itself and keep its hips lifted for Muriel.

Muriel, on the other hand, has a very different set of drives commanding his actions. He's wrenching me back down on each thrust so hard the table screeches against the floor with his movements. On his next overpowered thrust, the book slides off the side and lands on the stone floor with a clatter. He's pulling almost all the way out now on each thrust, wrenching back before fucking forward exuberantly. The array of noises he's making are almost as inflaming as his motions, if I'm being totally honest. Deep, hungry noises that are wholly and entirely bent on getting his and when you think about how hesitant and shy he can be, the change is actually kind of heartwarming in a way. Well, it would be if I wasn't absolutely full of his dick and like two seconds from coming.

He fucks me through my first orgasm without a single iota of hesitation in his movements and honestly, it just forces me into my second almost immediately thereafter. All my theatrics have a pronounced effect on him as well and his pace gets even rougher for a few

instants before he slams deep and holds for a second. He groans, low and ragged in the back of his throat and I'm sure his fingertips are digging bruises into me and I'm going to have to reassure him that it's not a big deal once he catches sight of them later.

But now, he's not really in his right mind and can hear him labor for breath for just another instant before he comes and I can feel the swell and throb of his flesh and the hot rush of come he spills in me. His hands are greedy and tight for a few more moments and he has enough braincells to lightly rub them against my sides while he murmurs something unintelligible against my spine when he lowers his sweaty head there.

In all, I'm not sure we really tested the boundaries of what we could have achieved with this little experiment but that only means more practice and frankly I can't deny the way my body gives another interested throb at the prospect of trying again.

Grinding: Muriel

Day 30 - Grinding

Muriel, GN Apprentice, grinding, rutting, extended sessions

- Not really a “secret” kink per se, but you were surprised to find just how much Muriel likes a good rut.
- Because he *really* likes it and in many different iterations.
- Incidentally, one of the first signs you’ve got him spun up is the semi-subtle way he arches his hips, cock aching for friction. Well, it starts out a little subtle at least.
- But you straddling his hips is assuredly going to do something to him, even if the motion looks entirely innocent.
- Your weight and heat are too much for a touch-starved recluse and his cock’s going to fill out in a hurry if you squirm around at all.
- But in private? He really loves the feel of dragging and pressing his dick against you. Its stifflingly overwarm- he runs hot- but its intimate and electric and it fries his nerves pretty quickly.
- The morning is the easiest time to get him going. He’s kind of a heavy sleeper these days so he’s really slow to wake up and kind of lazy in the morning.
- So if you scoot your ass back into his lap or your thigh against the apex of his legs and rub even a little, you’re guaranteed to get a reaction out of him.
- He gets hard quick, relatively few touches and he’s got a raging hard on for you that he’s powerless to fight down.
- So he sleepily pulls you back against his body so he can press his cock up against your flanks.
- One time you got his dick between your thighs and while the position was kind of weird, he was so explicitly turned on by the heat and softness of you that he simply seized your hips and enthusiastically fucked into your thighs anyway, grunting hungrily against the back of your skull.
- (It's worth noting that his dick felt even bigger like that than it normally does and that’s definitely saying something)
- He’ll rut against your leg too, if you opt to slot it between his thighs instead, he’s usually too tired to complain or offer alternatives.
- Though the position is a little awkward... Most of the time he, eventually, moves fluidly to straddle you, holding your shoulders into the bed and pressing so much of his very heavy bulk into you.
- His whole body works with his grinding and the way his hips roll and the arch of his back is lascivious and, frankly, obscene. But even with his tired eyes still mostly closed and his brows just slightly furrowed, you can tell he’s relaxed and focused entirely on the feel of you.
- But he likes you grinding on him too. Actually it gets him really fucking hot. Like you were unprepared for tight, grabby hands and hungry, growling groans to just

spontaneously bubble up from him but it really drives him wild.

- You're pretty sure he likes that you can get yourself off with his body, since he's been so uncomfortable about his size and his violent past for so long. It has a weird way of reinforcing the notion that his body is more than those attributes.
- So when you straddle his big, muscular thigh and rub yourself on his overwarm skin, he starts breathing heavy enough to make his chest heave.
- It's hard to get Muriel to let go but doing this for a while can get him completely unhinged... he's almost unrecognizable when he's growling like a wild animal, pulling you into him with strong, greedy hands, and his eyes are black and hungry like something that's caught a whiff of fresh blood.
- Frankly you encourage it. It's nice to see him stop worrying for five whole minutes. And you're not fooling anyone, you really don't mind getting shoved up against the nearest wall or thrown into his bed so he can get his dick in you.
- You don't mind reassuring him afterwards, either.
- But yeah, there's something raw about you using him to get off like that that drives him absolutely insane
- Of course, he likes a slow grind too. These are especially common lazing around in bed.
- He's not really into edging (he's too touch starved to find it fun or exciting, even still) but he can grind against you for a long-ass time before he loses patience and it's never really with the goal of staving off orgasm but there is something nice about the extended sensation and heat and intimacy that he likes a lot.

Biting: Muriel, Devil Muriel, Scourge of the South

Day 31 - Wild Card

Its author's choice day! How about some biting?

Muriel, Devil! Muriel, Scourge of the South, GN Apprentice, smothering, biting, bruises, mild bloodplay.

- Muriel doesn't even think about biting until you introduce it into your bedroom antics, when you pull on his hair and grind on him and then- lust drunk and starving for him- you lean and bite the flat of one of his pectorals hard enough to leave a small bruise.
- He arches into it with some amount of confusion. The pain is there but it's mostly negligible- but his body's thrumming from the sensation of your teeth digging into him and he bounces you in his lap with a proportional degree of roughness that only encourages you.
- He absently thinks about the bite for a few days, sometimes he presses his fingers to the light mark when he's not thinking and that small, painful pulsing of it makes him think about what you looked like and felt like to sink your teeth in him like that.
- He doesn't care about the pain, it's insignificant and after some thinking he can say with certainty that factor's not what's giving him such a stubborn erection.
- The want, the possessiveness. He likes that you want him so bad, it's like a balm after all these years of being alone, convinced Lucio had succeeded in making a monster out of him.
- So the next time you're alone without interruption for just a little too long Muriel's a little quicker than usual to turn a chaste kiss into something heavier. He wants to show you how much he wants you, since he appreciated your efforts so much the other day.
- And he gives you a solid performance in displaying exactly how badly he wants you (he picks up things pretty quickly).
- So he pulls you in and after kissing you breathless, moves to your jaw and then, a minute later, starts to slide down your throat. He's absolutely shit at trying to ask you things like this and communicates better with actions so he defaults to moving slowly so you have a chance to interject if you don't like what he's doing.
- But halfway down your throat he tracks his teeth into you.
- It's not hard at all, he's barely pulling his jaw down, but it's new and it's inflaming so you tip your head back before you can stop yourself and pant raggedly next to his ear.
- One of your hands is engulfed in his and he pulls it out to the side as he moves lower and experimentally digs his teeth a little deeper into your flesh. He has a way of turning your damn brain off when you fuck around like this and even if he doesn't mean to, he's doing it now while you pant and stare glassily at the far wall, floored by the feel what he's doing to you.
- He takes the hand you have curled tight in his furs as a sign to continue. He kisses you lightly before he finds a place on the track of skin where your neck curves into your shoulder. He sets his teeth around the thick, tense tendon there and bites down.

- He's really only holding you, he's not grinding his jaw or biting hard enough to draw blood... in fact you wonder if that's even strong enough to leave a mark. Not that you have the braincells to care.
- But you can feel his teeth close around flesh and your whole body tingles violently at the stimulus and you can really only shake for a second, grinding into him impatiently as he tests the hold gently.
- But then he lets go and gives you a look that's plainly asking permission. You nod stupidly (of course you do) and he goes back to it without another word.
- Except this time he lightly bites your collar bone and then he seals his lips around it and *sucks*.
- It quickly becomes unbearable and all you want to do is come but he's taking his time and being meticulous as he explores this new thing.

- Oh but the biting thing is different for the other two Muriel variants, yeah?
- Devil Muriel will bite you black and blue. For *hours*.
- He'll come up behind you and pull your skull back by the hair so he can hunch over your shoulder and sink massive, sharp canines straight into your neck.
- You get marked and bruised and occasionally dribble a bit of blood but its actually quite hard to sustain real damage here.
- But the Devil only takes advantage of that.
- He's also better equipped for awful bites. You can't tell when he's got a straight face but any smirking on his part reveals sharp, animalistic teeth. Canines like a damn bear's that look like they're more than primed to rend flesh from bone.
- And of course he knows that your eyes tend to pause on them when you catch flashes of them.
- So he makes sure to employ them to great effect. Usually by sinking them into your neck and shoulders (his favorite place to bite and suck marks into you)
- When he's got undue tension to work out (usually by being extra possessive with you) he fits his jaws around your throat, settling around your larynx and *squeezes*.
- It's reminiscent of a predator holding prey, it's all you can think of, even if he doesn't bite down hard enough to put you in any real danger.
- That particular bite always leaves a livid purple ring, sure to inspire condescending comments and prodding for days. He likes the look of you when you're extra weak-looking and the mark really does it for him.
- If you get fed up with his domineering attitude and try to bite him? 1) he's going to take it out of your ass but you probably already knew that and 2) he just thinks its cute. You can't hurt him and you both know it but if you were angling to egg him on into a rough, possessive fuck, this is definitely one of the more viable avenues.

- Getting railed by the Scourge? His mouth is just one more way to control how you're moving, one more way for him to try and sate the hungers being dehumanized and relegated to Lucio's pet monster left him with.
- He'll bite anything he can get his teeth around. It's usually the back of your neck or shoulder.

- He bites *hard* and he doesn't care if it bruises or draws blood.
- If you squirm too much while you're underneath him and his hands aren't enough to keep you pinned still, he'll bite to give himself more control.
- He hates fucking things that make too much noise, it drives him insane so if you have a hard time staying relatively quiet while he destroys your entrance, he will absolutely flip you over and bite your vulnerable little throat until you choke.
- The Scourge leaves bruises because he's rough and desperate but doesn't care what they look like or where they are so there's a randomness to their placement.
- Roll with the Scourge and, actually, you are going to look like you went through a meat grinder when he's done with you.
- But if you're down to get fucked by him, that's probably not a major concern of yours anyway.
- Given how focused he is on getting off I doubt you'd get the opportunity, but I don't recommend trying to bite him back. He definitely won't like it and you may have to cope off with combat reflexes if you catch him too off guard and nobody wants that.

Thank you very much!

**THANKS +
HAPPY HALLOWEEN**



FROM UR LOCAL SMUT-IMP

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!