

Princey Is No Longer Allowed On Tumblr

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by [hirusen](#)

Summary

No, seriously, he's got 100 prompts he's doing. Get ready for a fucking ride.

Notes

Got all of the prompts from here. --> <http://imaginary-legendary-hamilton.tumblr.com/post/147791746936/writing-prompts>

"Do you want me to leave?" Logan glanced up, confusion on his features. "No? Roman, what's going on?" The Prince sighed, leaning against the wall, his eyes on his boots instead of his boyfriend. "I...I feel like I'm nothing but a nuisance to you. That my ideas and daydreaming are something that you constantly have the reign in on top of every thing that you do for Thomas, and the rest of us." Logan closed his book, setting it down on the sofa as he stood, walking over to Roman. "You weren't asking if me if I wanted you to leave the room; you're asking if we should break up."

It wasn't a question, but Roman nodded anyway. "Do you really feel like you're a burden for me? That all you do is cause me trouble?" "I mean, if our past interactions and arguments are anything to go by, yes. I'm the dramatic one out of all of us; all I do is create drama and tension. You rarely agree with my ideas, and the others ones I have, you can just explain away." Roman finally flicked his eyes to the ones behind Logan's glasses. "I don't think we're meant for each other, Lo." "Roman," Logan started, cradling the other's face in his hands, "I wouldn't have asked you out in the first place if I didn't want your affection. Yes, you cause me a few headaches--" Roman sighed, accepting his defeat.

"--but that doesn't mean I don't enjoy your passion." What? "In fact, seeing you so excited and invigorated about an idea or concept is what I love to see the most. To see your passion driving you to do what you love to do, to try it out even if it won't work in the end, or ends up being a success in a way you didn't anticipate." Roman reached a hand up, unsure of what to say. "You...mean that, Logan?" "There's no reason for me to ever tell you anything but the truth, Roman. Besides, I'm not Deceit; do I look like I've got scales on half of my face with a horrible taste for lying puns and extreme sarcasm?"

Roman couldn't help his laughter, Logan smiling warmly. "Please don't doubt that I want you by my side, Prince Roman. Plus...I know you get some of your inspiration from me too." "Ah, looks like I've finally been caught." Logan let Roman tangle their fingers together, leaning in to kiss Roman sweetly. "Even if some of my ideas are pure fantasy, it never means that I won't take a line or two from reality." Logan chuckled. "That you do. Now come, I've missed your warmth next to me while you read over my shoulder." "I do not read over your shoulder!" "Then how do you always know what page I'm on, and the names of the main characters?" Roman flushed, muttering something under his breath about only looking because he loves how Logan looks when he reads, but the other male pretended to not hear that.

"I swear it won't happen again." Patton's scared, broken voice reached his ears and all he wanted to do was hug the father of the Sides. That is, if the man would open up his door so he could actually do that. "Pat, I'm not mad! I know it was an accident. Can you please open the door?" He only got more sobs. Ah, damn. *I know he didn't mean for that to happen. How the fuck do I actually get him to believe that?* Earlier, Virgil had walked into the kitchen to grab himself a glass of milk cause he was watching some cartoons on his laptop and got thirsty.

He wasn't aware that Patton was already in the kitchen getting him a glass of milk and managed to startle him, causing him to drop the glass that he had in his hand. It was a Nightmare Before Christmas themed glass that Roman had bought him as an apology gift for all the times he was a complete ass to him and it quickly became Virgil's favorite. All of the Sides knew that Virgil kept all of his personal belongings in his room, certain cups and glasses being the exception; when the glass was broken, it took Patton all of three seconds to start crying because he broke something that was a personal belonging to Virgil.

He had broken something that his boyfriend held precious.

Virgil tried to tell him that it was okay, that he can just tell Roman it broke and that Thomas's fanciful side could get him another one. Of course, the moment he tried, Patton became an Olympic sprinter and was in his room before Anxiety could get two syllables out. And that's how they got to where they are now, Virgil near constantly knocking on Patton's door, asking him over and over to just let him in. "Patton, baby, please open the door?" "W-Why?" Oh thank God. He's started talking again. "Because I wanna give you a hug? Because I'm not angry at you for breaking the glass? Because I want to know that you're okay?" Virgil still heard sobbing, but it was a little calmer now. After a moment, he heard the door being unlocked and Patton opened it.

God he was a mess; he had thick tear streaks on his cheeks, snot flowing out of his nose and over his mouth, little trails of drool falling out of the corners of his lips. Virgil dug into the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a small pack of tissues, taking a few out and cleaning up Patton's face. "Come here, sweetheart." Virgil hushed, arms quickly getting filled with Patton's trembling form. "It's okay. Sh, sh, it's okay." "N-No, i-i-it's not!" "Why not?" Virgil asked, leaning his head against Morality's, keeping him as close to his body as he could. "B-Be...Because I br-broke s-something th-that y-you lo-loved!"

Virgil, after hearing that, stepped back, holding Patton by his shoulders. The father of the group was a little confused when Virgil started to examine him with a critical eye. "...What are you talking about, Patton? I don't see anything broken." "H-Huh?" "You said that you broke something that I loved; well, you don't look broken to me." Patton, when his sorrow fogged mind processed what Virgil said, gave him a bark of confused laughter. "What..?" "Oh! Or were you talking about the glass that you broke on accident? If it was that, yeah, I liked it, but I'm not upset about it. It's just a glass; Roman can always buy me a new one."

Virgil tilted Patton's head up a little so he could stare right into his bright red eyes from all the crying he's been doing.

"The thing I love the most, Patton, is you. It's always been you, and it will always be you. Yes, there's gonna be things I like a lot, but nothing will ever replace my love for you. Okay? So no more tears." Patton sniffled a few times as he nodded his head, taking another tissue from Virgil to try and wipe away his tears before they fell. "...Do...Do you mean that?" "Of course I do. Come on, you know how long I've had a crush on you; I offered my heart to you when I asked you out and you've taken really good care of it. I get to take care of your heart sometimes too, okay? That's what being a good boyfriend means." Patton, much to Virgil's relief, smiled and giggled softly. "...You're right. Thanks, kiddo." "Anytime, dad. Now, you up for some cartoons?"

"I'm not jealous." Thomas, Roman, Logan, Patton, and Virgil heard from the little hallway, the Prince pausing the movie they were watching to see Deceit leaning against the wall, body language making him appear closed off. "That sounds like a lie, Deceit." Patton spoke up, and the Dark Side looked away. "You know...you are more than welcome to join us." Logan offered, but the other just rolled their eyes. "And what part would I be joining? The couch or the relationship?"

Oh.

Oh.

"Dolos, do...you feel lonely?" Thomas asked and the others looked lost. "Dolos?" "It's his real name. He told me it in private." "And you're sure he was telling the truth?" Roman asked and Thomas nodded his head. All of their eyes fell onto him and the Dark Side sighed. "I...would be lying if I said that I wasn't." There was a change in his voice; no coldness, no coy undertone, no sarcasm. He was telling the truth. "Why didn't you tell me that when you told me your name?" "Why? So you could tell me right then and there that you won't welcome me in your group of lovers?"

"What? De--...*Dolos*, we would be more than happy to let you be in our relationship." Roman, out of all of them, was the one who spoke that; was the one who corrected himself when he started to call Dolos by his other name. "...R-Really?" The fact that he sounded afraid was comforting in a strange way. "Yes, you snarky snake. Look at this group, for goodness sake! I'm apart of them, not just as someone who actually has a voice in Thomas's decisions, but as one of their lovers. I'm a good of a sign as any that they'd be more than glad to have you at their side." Virgil spoke, getting lightly smacked on his head by both Thomas and Patton.

It took a moment, but Deceit chuckled softly. "I suppose you're right." "Of course he is! Now come here! You're not gonna get away from me now, Dolos!" "Uh-oh. Better run, Patton's gonna smother you." Roman warned, giggling as he got smacked upside the head by Patton. Dolos shook his head and rolled his eyes, walking over to the group, but unsure of where he should be. Thomas fixed that pulling him into his lap, Virgil grabbing onto Deceit's legs and hooking them over his own, making the Dark Side turn sideways. Patton giggled as he leaned in--he was sitting next to Thomas--and peppered Dolos's cheek, shoulder, and neck with little kisses.

Roman, who was on the other side of Virgil, along with Logan, chuckled helping Patton lay Deceit across all of their laps so his head was in his Patton's, his shoulders rested on Thomas's, his back was supported by Virgil's legs, and his own legs were spread over both Logan's and Roman's. He purred softly when Patton threaded his fingers into his hair after he removed his bowler hat, massaging his scalp a little. Once Roman was sure they were all comfortable, he started the movie again, one arm wrapped around Virgil's shoulders and his other lounged against Dolos's legs.

"You can't keep doing this." "The hell I can't." Roman growled, snaring Anxiety's wrist within his hand. "Let. Me. Go." "No." Virgil glared at Roman over his shoulder, only to catch a glimpse of dark crimson bubble up from between Roman's fingers. "Virgil, this isn't healthy." "What isn't? It helps me calm down, doesn't it?" "Cutting yourself isn't something you should be doing, Virgil!" Roman barked, squeezing his hand a little harder, getting Virgil to hiss in pain. "Let go!" Virgil tried to pull Roman's hand off his wrist, but his grip held firm. "Tell me why first." Virgil stilled.

"Tell me why you first started to cut yourself. Was it because of your anxiety? Or because you felt worthless?" Virgil made a noise of distress, attempting to yank his arm free, but Roman grabbed onto his shoulder and shoved him against a nearby wall in his bedroom, pinning him there with his hands and body. "Is it neither one of those? Do you do it because you get a high from it? Because it makes you feel good? Tell me why you do this, Virgil." He wasn't yelling, but his tone was harsh and Virgil felt tears sting his eyes. "What's matter to you anyway?! Huh?! Why do you suddenly care that I'm cutting my wrists?!"

"Because I care about you!" Virgil was stunned, Prince Roman using this moment to confess everything he's kept bottled up inside. "Because you're a friend, but I love you more than a friend! Because you're family, but I love you more than family! Because I love you with every fiber of my being and every drop of blood in my heart and every breath that is in my lungs! Because I don't want to see you in pain! Because I don't want to see you suffer! Because I don't want you to ever feel alone again!" He was panting hard, a stillness neither of them could understand weaving itself around them. "And if that's not a good enough reason for you to tell me why, then end my own suffering and slit my throat, because I cannot live with the thought of you doing this to yourself." Roman swore he was crying, but there was no tears running down his face nor welling up in his eyes.

Perhaps it was his heart that he felt crying, and maybe that's what Virgil was seeing when he went half limp in Roman's grasp. "I-I...I, I cut my wrists, be...because of my anxiety...as well as feeling like I'm worthless and pathetic... I...I feel...relieved when, when I cut myself...it's like...I feel the pain, and see the blood, and everything I'm feeling just, it just...vanishes." Roman finally released Virgil and followed him as he slid down the wall, crumbling into a ball on the floor, tears falling down his face with abandon, ruining his eyeshadow.

But Roman didn't mind as he pulled the trembling form into his arms, his white tunic most likely getting stained. Roman didn't mind when Virgil wrapped his arms around his shoulders, his fresh cuts still leaking blood, getting it onto his back and a little bit of his neck. "I...I-I... Roman, I need help." "Alright. We'll talk to Logan about this. Let me get you cleaned up first." Virgil nodded as best as he could since Roman was crushing him against his chest as soon as his arms were around him. "And Virgil?" "Hmm?" He hummed, voice showing his fear. "Thank you, for telling me. I know that wasn't easy, and I certainly wasn't making it any better, but that still took a lot of courage. I'm proud of you, love."

"Y-You...mean that?" Roman pulled away just enough to seal his lips over Virgil's, feeling as he tensed up for a second before melting into the kiss, locking their eyes together when he pulled away. "With all of my heart."

"I'm going to take care of you, okay?" Logan faintly heard as he tried to keep still, but fuck, he was in so much pain. "Logan! I'm so, so sorry!" Roman's voice called through the haze of pain, Logan wanting say something, but his mind wasn't working right at the moment. He felt hands on his shoulder and abs, and glanced up, seeing Deceit hovering above him. "T-Take...care of...what..?" Logan tried to look down his body, but, "No! No, no. You, don't want to see this." Deceit spoke, gently pushing his head back down. "Dolos, just...let me look." His face twisted in concern. "I tried to warn you, love."

Logan lifted his head and... "Oh God." There was an iron spike rammed through the left side of his obliques, coated in blood. Clearly something went very wrong when he got knocked back in his sparring match with Roman. "Breathe, Logan. I can't have you passing out from shock." Deceit spoke, taking in the whole situation. "You got lucky; looks like nothing major got punctured." "Nothing *major*?" Logan yelled, though his boyfriend just rolled his mismatched eyes. "I mean besides you, dear. Meaning you're not suffering from internal bleeding? You know, something that you'd need immediate care for?" "And this," Logan started, gesturing to the spike poking through him, "doesn't qualify for immediate care?!"

"You forget where we are, my dear." Logan felt like he just got slapped. Of course, they're in Roman's realm; both Deceit and Anxiety can use magic here. Which meant that the spike had to come out for Dolos to heal his wound. Logan swallowed, suddenly realizing what was going to happen very soon. "Roman, I'm going to need your help." "What?! I, I um--" "If you had doubled checked the sparring area--like you said you did--this wouldn't have happened." Deceit growled, eyes narrowing on the Prince, who looked rather guilty. "You were too eager to challenge Logan to a sparring match, and now he's hurt because of your reckless behavior. Now, you either help me get this spike out of him so I can heal him, or I'm telling Patton what you did once I get him healed myself."

Oh if there was a threat to end the world that would be it.

"Ok! Okay, just...give me a second." "...One. Now get over here." Roman growled at Deceit, but backed off when he saw the murder in his eyes and gave in. He hated to admit it, but he would be just as angry if it had been his boyfriend that was impaled. Roman quickly stripped out of his tunic and folded it just enough to act as a little pillow for Logan, yanking the sleeves of his black undershirt up before he carefully coiled his hands around the crimson stained metal. "C-Can you, I don't know, count down before you pull it out?" Roman tossed him a look of bewilderment.

"Are you nuts?" "I want to know when it's coming, Roman!" "Why, you idiot? So you can brace and tense up? It's only gonna make it more painful if I warn you!" Logan shot daggers at Roman, not noticing that he had a little firmer grip on the spike now, shoulders and arms tensing up. "Look here, you fucking little shit! If you keep arguing with me about this I'm gonna--**FUCK**!!!" Logan screamed as the spike was violently pulled the rest of the way through his chest, Roman nearly tossing his lunch when he saw not only the fist sized hole in

his friend's chest, but that a chunk of both flesh and muscle got ripped off his body, stuck onto the end of the spike.

He hurled the bloodied spike as far away as he could, his hands now pressing against Logan's breastbone and his pelvis, keeping his torso pinned to the ground as Dolos casted the spell and began healing Logan. Logic's hands flew up and his nails dug deep into both of their arms, earning a yelp from Roman, and a uncomfortable grunt from Deceit. "Almost done, my little owl. Hold on for a little longer." "F...uck! Oh, shit why does it hurt now?! FUCK!" The agony in his lover's voice as the last of the wound was healed had a different kind of pain pulsing in Deceit's veins. "Done!" He announced and Logan almost feel unconscious from how lightheaded he was.

"Eyes open. Keep breathing deep. Talk to me if you need to. Just, stay awake." Dolos hushed as he scooped Logan up into his arms, cradling him against his chest. "Logan, again, I'm so sorry. I..." He sighed. "Dolos is right, I was too eager to show you up. Can you forgive me?" Logan nodded his head weakly. "But...only if you dress like a slut and try to pick up Virgil like a hooker in front of Thomas and Patton." Roman's face paled. "M-Maybe...Maybe I can be despised by you for a while..?" Roman weakly offered, but Logan glared at him. "It's either that, or *I* will tell Patton what happened."

Did I mention that there was actually TWO threats that would end the world?

"...Oh, Patton's gonna kill me either way, isn't he?" "I don't know; he might not depending on how well you hit on Virgil." Deceit spoke and Logan chuckled weakly. "...Okay. Yep. Gonna write my will once we get back. I'm a dead man walking." "Well, it was your fault." Logan stated and for once, Roman wasn't gonna argue that.

"You can't die. Please don't die." Roman's voice reached the other's ears and they all felt sick to their stomachs. No. There was no way. This was Roman's realm, this was Daydream Mode; they all knew that they'll be fine once the daydream ends, but...

Roman was cradling a gravely wounded Patton in his arms, the right side of his lower torso was just...gone. His legs were twisted in way that weren't humanly possible without them being broken, and judging by the strange angle his left arm was pressed against Roman's now bloodied tunic, it was broken as well. They were fighting against other magic users, managing to defeat them all, and yet. "Y-You can't die. No, no please... Please don't leave me..." "Roman..." Thomas hushed, wanting to reach out, but both Virgil and Logan placed their hand on his shoulders, stopping him.

Roman had suffered a cut on his brow, blood leaking down his face and mixing with his tears. He wished now that he took up his lessons for using his magic, not just practicing his swordsmanship. If he could use his magic, then he might have been able to heal Patton. Out of the five of them, only Virgil could use magic and he didn't dare ask him to try. Prince Roman was sure that this sight alone was too much for Anxiety; for all of them, really. He knew he should end the daydream, but he couldn't bring himself to do so, the actual thought to do that so distant he was sure he had just made it up.

His leg was cut open, his back and arms bruised, but that pain paled to the one he was feeling in his heart. "Please...all I ask is that you open your eyes, my little puffball. Please... J-Just this...this once? I just...I want...I don't know, just please..." Roman doubled over the limp body in his lap. "A single pulse, a final sigh, the smallest smile; I just...want something to let me know...to let me know you aren't dead..." "Roman, you know that...he's not coming back." "Shut up, Virgil!" Roman barked, shooting him a look of pure anger before it snapped to an apologetic one. "Come, Roman. We need to go."

"And what? Just leave Patton here?!" Logan shook his head. "He's coming with us. We're *all* going home." Thomas heard how Logan extended the word 'home' just a little longer, trying to get it into Roman's head that Patton will wake up and be perfectly fine once they all get back to the castle so he can end the daydream. Roman, after a long moment of not responding at all, nodded his head, scooping Patton up into his arms like a bride and they quickly made their way back to their horses. Patton's horse, a Pintabian mare, was very distressed to see him in the state that he was. "I know, Sun, I know, girl." His own horse, an Andalusian stallion, called out in discomfort upon seeing Patton as well. "I don't like this either, Cesar."

Logan's horse, a Appaloosa stallion named Ranger; Virgil's horse, Friesian mare named Bella; and Thomas's horse, a Mustang mare named Xena all whinnied in sorrow when they saw Patton. He was the father of not only the group of men, but for the horses too. Carefully cradling a lifeless Patton against his chest, Roman mounted Cesar, taking his reigns. "Will you come back with us, Sun?" She pawed at the ground below her hooves, eager to get back home. "It'll be alright, girl. I promise." Thomas hushed as he came closer, Xena doing what

she could to comfort her fellow mare. "Let's go." Roman stated before he got Cesar into a full gallop, no longer wanting to stay here.

It was only a five minute ride back to the castle, but it felt like hell the whole time for Roman. As soon as Roman and the others entered the castle gates, hearing as the large gate was shut, the daydream ended. Roman was suddenly back on his own two feet, still holding Patton in his arms when the man finally stirred awake. "Patton! Oh, God! Oh, my sweet, sweet love!" Roman collapsed to his knees, still holding Patton protectively in his arms, his face buried in the man's chest. "Oof. Sh, it's okay, Ro. I'm right here. I'm okay." "I-I know, but...fuck I was so scared that I actually lost you!" Patton moved so he was now sitting on Roman's legs, basically straddling him. "Roman, look at me, slugger." He did and felt as his lips were swallowed up by Patton's, quickly melting into the kiss and pulling him flush against his body.

"I'm right here, and I'm not going anywhere." He said, pulling away and pressing their foreheads together. "Though...next time, will you please listen to me and bring a shield? If you had that, I wouldn't have gotten killed." Roman glanced away, ashamed. "Alright. I'm sorry I'm such a pain." "My dear, you have yet to be killed in one of your daydreams; you don't know what pain is." Roman's face blanched a little at the way Patton said that. "And, speaking of me dying: can there be a lot less of that, next time?" "Yep. Yes. Of course. I promise. If I don't listen to you next time, please let me suffer." Wow. They didn't know Roman could talk that fast. Patton just smiled. "Oh, I'm just teasing you, Roman! Besides, if I didn't die, you would've still have been as reckless as you've always been."

Roman suddenly put two and two together. "That's the last time I let you hangout with Logan alone, Pat. You're never gonna leave my side now." Patton purred. "I don't think I'd mind that."

"You did what?!" Patton glanced at Logan a little sheepishly. "Well, it was just so messy. I didn't think that your room would look like a tornado hit it." Logic only groaned. He had just gotten back from dealing with another one of Roman's brainstorming sessions that he's always so insistent that he be apart of, only to find that Patton had used that time to clean up his room. Yes, Logan admits that his room had been uncharacteristically messy. Yes, he's actually been helping Roman with several of those projects that he's pitched to him, and thus had papers every which way in his room.

"But why did you clean my room?" "Because you've been so busy, lately! I know you hate when your room's a mess, but it just didn't seem like you had time to clean it like you wanted to, so...I took the time to do it for you. I...I thought you would've liked to come back to a clean room." Oh shit. Patton was starting to cry. Fuck! *I need to get better at reading emotions.* Of course Patton would be upset if Logan sounded angry about him cleaning his room without his knowledge. I mean, yeah he was a little peeved about it because he didn't like when people snuck into his room, but Patton was just trying to make his life easier and give him a little surprise to try and make him happy.

"Let...Let me cool off for a while, okay, honey? I'm not...mad or upset with you, I'm just...stressed out." "...Okay." Logan grabbed Patton's hand when he started to leave, pulling it up to his mouth and gently pressing a kiss to the back of his hand; he bit back his smirk when he saw Patton smiled. He was always a sucker for when Logan's acting like a gentlemen. Logic walked into his spotless room and did feel a little smile tug on his lips. It was nice to be able to walk into his room and not have to tiptoe so he didn't accidentally step on papers that managed to fall onto the floor. He walked over to his desk, fell into the chair and...saw that there was several folders on top of his desk.

They all had labels on them too. *When did I make these?* Logan tended to keep everything he did in the filing cabinet that he had next to his desk, but he didn't remember making these folders. Glancing at the labels, Logan shot to his feet and ran out of his room. Patton had taken the time to read each and every paper in his disorganized mess and made sure that each paper stayed with the correct project; he even labeled the folders with the basic idea of what the project was trying to achieve. "Patton!" Said Side jumped when he heard Logan yelling his name as he stormed back downstairs. *Oh no! Did I get some of the papers mixed up?* "Logan, I--mngh?!"

Patton was cut off as Logan grabbed his face and smashed their lips together. Morality only had half a thought left to put the cup he was hold onto the counter before he yanked Logan closer, snaking his arms around his shoulders as he tried to return Logan's feverish kisses. Logan made Thomas's morality backpedal until he was pinned between his body and the counter, devouring his lover's lips with a ravenous desire he hasn't felt in a long while. The passion and lust coming from Logan was making Patton melt, sinking further into both the kisses and Logan's body. "I'm guessing you found the folders?" Patton asked breathlessly, Logan letting his lips go, but replacing them with his neck.

"Yes. Fuck, baby, I can't believe you did that. Did you really read all of the papers?"

"Oh...fuck..." Morality moaned when Logan nibbled on a rather sensitive spot under his jaw.

"Of course I did. I know you would have been annoyed if you had to sort through them all if they were misplaced." Logan growled possessively deep within his throat, and Patton felt his knees go weak. He knew that growl all too well. "You. Me. Bed. Now." Logan stated, claiming Patton as his by digging his teeth into his neck hard enough to bruise his pale skin, sucking on his mark to turn it into a nice sized hickey. Patton only had enough time to get his arms around his boyfriend's shoulders again before he was picked up by his thighs and carried back up to Logan's room.

"Were you ever going to tell me?" Virgil stilled as he heard Logan's voice coming from behind. "Tell you what, Logan?" "Don't try to avoid this, Virgil. You know *exactly* what I'm talking about." Virgil sighed, fully turning to face his boyfriend. "I...I wasn't going to tell you--or the others--unless I had no choice." "Virgil, I've told you several times before that if you have something that's very personal to you that you don't want the others to know about, that I can keep it secret. Did you just not...trust me to keep it hidden from the others?" "No! I trust that you would! I--" Virgil groaned, his hand roughly meeting his face.

"It was this exact conversation that I was trying to avoid." "Why? You were the one who told me that you didn't want to keep secrets from each other. Why did you hide this from me?" "Because I get anxious about how you'd take it!" Virgil blurted out, Logan taking a full minute to decipher what the fuck Virgil just spat out. "You...get anxious about how I'd take this?" Logan repeated, a little confused. "Yes! God, you know how much I wanted to be with you, both as part of a member of Thomas's decision making AND as your boyfriend, but...I am so fucking scared that if you found out who I was--which you obviously have--that...that you'd leave me." His fear was suddenly clear to Logan.

"You've been the outcast for so long, all alone and feeling unwanted, that now that you have something you consider good and have the welcoming attention you've been lacking for years, that you're afraid to lose any of us. You don't want me to leave your side, nor do you want my affections for you to stop." Virgil glanced to his feet. "I...I know it's selfish, but...the mere thought of no longer being someone you care about, either romantically or as a friend, or to lose the friendship I have with all of you, it...scares me half to death." Logan stepped forward and took Virgil's hand; Anxiety realized then just how hard he was shaking, how fast his breath was coming and leaving his lungs, how hard and fast his heart was beating against his ribs. "Deep breaths, Virgil. I'm right here and I'm not going anyway. I promise. I promise on my love for both you and knowledge that I will not leave your side."

Virgil gave him a weak laugh as he tried to calm his worsening anxiety attack, trying to do his breathing exercise. "...Please, I'm not sure if it will help, but I want to hear you say it out loud to me at least once." "Tell you what?" "The truth." Logan saw that only made Virgil's anxiety worse, but he needed to hear it with his own ears at least once. "Please, tell me what you've kept secret from all of us." Virgil swallowed thickly, nodding his head as he took as deep of a breath as he could.

"I was one of the Dark Sides."

"Again." Logan hushed, taking both of Virgil's hands, giving them a light squeeze. "I was one of the Dark Sides." "And that is why there's no need for you to keep this secret. You *were* one of the Dark Sides; you chose us. You chose me." Logan reassured, Virgil seeing now why he shouldn't have been afraid to confess this to Logan; he had left them as soon as Thomas willingly summoned him for a video. He knew, as soon as he had his first interaction with the Light Sides, that he wanted to be at their side. And now he was.

Virgil, after a long moment of personal dread, felt the vice on his chest loosen and he was able to start his methods to calm his anxiety, knowing that Logan was going to with him through it all. No matter what.

"Don't ask me that." Thomas recoiled at Virgil's icy tone. "Virg, I... I'm sorry, I just--" "Being curious about my past is nice, but there are somethings you don't need to know, Thomas." The human narrowed his eyes at his boyfriend. "Now you're just dodging the original question." "Thomas. Don't." "Why not? You know why I'm asking you about it, right?" Virgil nodded his head. "The others have already done this little song and dance with me too; they got the same result. Just drop it, Thomas." Named man just stepped into Virgil's personal bubble, taking hold of his jacket so there was no way for him to sink out or run away.

Virgil hissed at him, tugging on his jacket to try and free himself from Thomas's grasp, but he had no luck. "Please, I'm not asking you to go into details if you don't want you to. I feel you're anxious just like me about this. I...just want to know." "Why? Why is me answering that question something you want to know?" "Because...I'm worried. If...If he did something to you, or attempted to, I'm gonna protect you--you know that. But, I want to do so, knowing if there might be any kind of...backlash from him trying to do something to you." Virgil sucked in a breath, his cheeks flushing pink as he looked away.

"...Please, baby? I...I don't want you to feel anxious, knowing that I'm gonna ask you again another time regardless, but I also don't want to force you to tell me either." After a long stretch of time, Thomas felt Virgil's fingers on his face, wiping away a few tears he didn't notice were falling. "Okay, but...please don't ask about details, and do **not** tell any of the others." "I promise I won't." Virgil swallowed at his words with a nod, still feeling like they were both on the cusp of having an anxiety attack. "Please, ask me again." Thomas nodded. "...Do you have a history with Deceit?"

"...Yes. There's, some...bad blood between us." Thomas pulled Virgil into his arms, trying so hard to not cry. What did he mean by 'bad blood'? And, how long has that 'bad blood' been between them? What was their relationship like before that moment? He had so many more questions he wanted the answers to, but he managed to convince himself that, for right now, what his boyfriend told him was enough.

"I might have had a few shots." "Oh God, what the hell happened?" Roman asked when Virgil told him that, a small slur in his words. "What? Does there have to be something bad happening in order for me to be drinking?" "Um, yes. Virgil, we *all* know that you are not a drinker; you are FAR too anxious to actually be doing that." A bout of drunken giggles escaped Virgil. "...What the frick did you drink?" "Um..." Virgil really had to think about it because he's had a total of seven shots before he wandered back home; he stumbled in his thinking and landed face first into Roman's chest, giggling sweetly.

"Heheh...my face is in your boobies..." "Oh for fucks sake..." Roman face-palmed as he pulled Virgil against his body, guiding him to plop down onto the sofa so he hopefully didn't hurt himself. "I had...1 Hot Damn, 1 Red Headed Slut, 1 White Gummy Bear, 1 Jolly Rancher, 2 Kick in the Balls, and 1 A Kick in the Crotch..!" He said that a little too proudly for Prince Roman's taste. Being the Side that actually drinks, Roman double checked what each drink was a mixed of. He paled a little.

Hot Damn: Whiskey, Rum, Vodka, Orange juice.

Red Headed Slut: Peach Schnapps, Jagermeister, Cranberry juice.

White Gummy Bear: Cherry Vodka, Peach Schnapps, Pineapple juice, Splash Sprite.

Jolly Rancher: Amaretto, Melon Liqueur, Grenadine Sprite.

Kick in the Balls: Cuervo Gold Tequila, Jack Daniel's Whiskey, Yukon Jack.

A Kick in the Crotch: Vodka, Blue Curacao, Cranberry juice.

"How the fuck did you manage to walk home? How the fucking hell are you not dead? You're fucking plastered!" "Oh, am I?" Virgil asked, laughing like an idiot. A very, very drunk idiot. "Yes! Oh God, you're gonna have such a bad hangover..." Roman groaned. He was not looking forward to nursing a most likely very grumpy, very much in pain, and very motion sensitive Virgil tomorrow morning. "Mm...I don't really care right now, baby, because I feel fucking great! Ehehe!" Well, it was kinda nice to see Anxiety so relaxed, and he did have a rather cute drunken laugh. *No, Roman, focus.* "Come on. How about I get you some water and help you get to bed?" "What, no food?" "I'm actually too scared to feed you anything, lest you immediately throw it back up." Virgil pouted.

"Well can I have a treat then? Please?" Roman cocked a brow. "What the hell are you talking about? I just said that I'm not going to give you food." His tone sounded annoyed and that made Virgil pout even more. He shouldn't be the only one who felt this good. "Not what I meant, stupid." "Then wh--" He was cut off by Virgil grabbing onto his trousers and yanking him closer, his face nuzzled against his groin.

Oh.

That treat.

"You need to be clearer with me right now, my raven. I can barely make out what you mean." Roman cooed, threading his hand into Virgil's hair. The other purred, reaching up to undo his

boyfriend's pants, whining when he took ahold of his wrists. "Princey~! Let me go~!" "I know you want your treat, but please let me get you a glass of water first; it'll help with the headache when you wake up tomorrow." Roman explained as he kept Virgil's wrists in place as he carefully started to walk away. The moment he released the other's wrists his fate was sealed.

With a speed Roman honestly didn't think Virgil would have when he was so inebriated, Roman was being shoved against the closest flat surface, which was a wall thankfully, and Virgil dropped to his knees, ripping Roman's pants down until they pooled around the top of his boots. The Prince cursed himself for getting hard from the way Virgil had whined just moments before. Virgil just purred, lapping at the hardening organ with glee. "You always taste so fucking good to me, Roman." Virgil spoke, circling his tongue around the tip, yanking a moan from Roman as his hand was buried into the other's hair. "Fuck, I wanna suck your cock so fucking much."

Well, wish granted as Virgil only seconds later was taking all of Roman's hard length into his mouth, hallowing out his cheeks as he bobbed his head. "Fuck!" Roman cursed, the back of his head making a violent introduction to the wall he was pinned against, gripping Virgil's hair hard and loving the way the vibrations from his moan felt around his cock. "Holy shit... Virgil, baby, fuck. Hang on, hang on!" "Ngh?! What, Roman?" "Don't 'what' me, Virgil; we're in the middle of the damn hall! Don't you want to take this some place more private?" "Why the fuck would I? I don't give a fuck if the others find us; I'll give them a good show so they know that I'm your's and vice versa." It all snapped into place now. Virgil told him that he had only gotten drunk once (besides now of course), and how he behaved was the reason he doesn't drink anymore.

All of his fears and anxiety vanishes once he has enough alcohol in his blood.

And we are talking about this boy no longer having the word or definition of shame as part of his vocabulary. Virgil, when he hasn't downed as much liquid depressant as he has, would *never* even think of doing something like this; the closest Roman could ever get to something like this was Virgil giving him head in the closet--which, I should mention, that they are **right** next to. Oh fuck, Virgil was going to *town*, sucking on Roman's dick like it was the best piece of candy he's ever had. "Fuck, baby, I'm gonna come..." That only seemed to encourage Virgil's current behavior, doubling his efforts until Roman suddenly tensed up, gripping his hair hard enough to keep Virgil still as he fucked into his mouth as he came, his seed being shot down his lover's throat. "Mmm...Fuck you taste so fucking good."

Virgil spoke, licking his lips like a cat once it's done with its meal. "Heh, well, well. Can't get enough of me?" What the fuck? Why was Roman already getting hard again? "Good, cause I want you to wreck my shit with that thick, heavy cock of yours." Oh yeah, that had Roman moaning. Roman needed a flat surface. Oh God, he needed one now before he just started fucking Virgil's throat, since the boy was happily lapping at his dick again. "Come on, Princey~! Fuck my tight little pussy! I want your cock so badly~!" Virgil whined, wiggling his hips a little, still licking the head of Roman's member.

Fuck. Too late. "I'll fuck your pussy later, you fucking little cock slut." Roman gripped the sides of Virgil's head and held him still, the other instantly knew what he wanted, obediently

opening his mouth and let his tongue loll out. "Good whore." Roman spoke moments before he slid his cock into Virgil's mouth as far as he could, a predatory growl leaving him when he felt Virgil swallow around him. He fucked Virgil's mouth hard and fast, loving the way his eyes watered when he choked him with his cock, easily getting off on his short moans and mewls, each one getting cut off by the head of his cock brushing against the back of his mouth. "You like when I fuck you like this, whore? Huh? You like being my little toy?" Virgil hummed as best as he could and, "Shit!" Roman was spilling into his mouth again, pulling out with Virgil coughing a little.

Yeah. He's gonna bitch about his throat and jaw being sore, but the fucker brought that onto himself. Now, flat surface to fuck the life out of the horny little shit who was, once again, licking his cock. Finally, Roman's eyes landed on the dinner table and he hauled Virgil up to his feet. Virgil grunted when he was thrown onto the table, but giggled eagerly when Roman's hands just tore his skinny jeans off his body, his socks, shoes, and underwear leaving with the jeans. Roman quickly conjured a bottle of lube, Virgil wiggling his hips teasingly. "Fuck me rough, Princey. Don't prep me; just stretch me open with that thick cock of your's alone, baby. Fuck me until I'm crying and begging you to never stop." Roman growled possessively as he coated his cock with lube, lining himself up before he thrust all the way inside of Virgil, fully seated as Virgil moaned as loud as he's ever heard him.

He's eyes were watering, clearly loving the burn that came with being forced open like that. "You want me to fuck you until your fucking begging for me to keep going?" Virgil hummed, his hands clawing at Roman's back and shoulders as he spread his legs until he was nearly folded in half, the Prince pinning his legs to the table with his hands on his thighs. "Well, I've got a better idea. I'm gonna fuck you until you either pass out or tell me that you've got the beginnings of a headache, because I would love to fuck you into your hangover." "Then fuck me until I'm hungover, baby. Don't let me sleep tonight." Roman leaned down and dug his teeth into Virgil's throat until he broke skin, tasting the coppery tang of blood washed over his tongue. "Oh, happily."

"What's with the box?" Patton heard Virgil ask as he brought a small little box with him into the commons. "Well, I know that we've been talking about pet play for a while, so I went and bought us all a little something." Both Logan and Roman were just as interested as Virgil as they all crowded around Patton when he sat down on the couch, pulling the lid of the box open. They all inhaled softly when they spotted four collars inside of the box. They each took out one, examining them carefully. Logan quickly noted that they were all made out of leather, but were also padded so they didn't become uncomfortable when wearing them for an extended period of time (which would be the case if any of them wanted to be the group pet).

Virgil glanced to the one he was holding and chuckled. It was a dark red and had jewels of all colors embedded into the leather. "I think this one's your's, Princey." "Oh, yeah, that's very much me." Roman spoke as he tugged the collar of his tunic down, giving Virgil a warm, comforting smile as he undid the buckle and slide the collar in place, closing it back up. "Then...this one is Patton's." Roman spoke, the light blue collar in his hands being shown to the others; it had a D-ring in the front with a tag that said *Cutie* printed onto the silver metal.

Patton giggled when he leaned forward, letting Roman put his collar on. "That describes him very well." "Oh yeah. Though, I think that it should have said *Daddy* on it." "Virgil! That wouldn't work if Patton is the one who's collared! It would have to say *Daddy's Little Bitch* then." Logan groaned, his hand meeting his face, but he smiled anyway. "And this one is Logan's!" He held up a dark blue colored collar, a galaxy theme pattern printed onto the leather. "Oh, that does fit him well." "Agreed man." Roman and Virgil exchanged as Patton slipped Logan's collar around his neck, giving him a quick kiss to his cheek when he fastened it into place. "And that leaves you, Virgil."

Logan spoke, bringing the collar he held up so the group could see it. It was purple in color, black studs embedded into it, while the tag on the D-ring simply read *The Group Favorite*. "Oh God yes." "Yes! I almost thought it was gonna say *Sassy Slut* on it." "No, that would be for you, Princey." "Oh, shut it, Sunshine." Virgil and Roman playfully bickered, but stopped when Logan undid the buckle on the collar. "Now we can wait to put yours on if it makes you uncomfortable, Virgil." "That's right, honey. *We* may be fine with being collared, but we don't know if *you* are." Virgil glanced between Patton and Logan, unsure. "I mean...I want to, but..." "Are you nervous about it?" Roman asked, his hand sliding onto Anxiety's thigh; Virgil took Prince Roman's hand in his own and nodded his head.

"I'm mostly afraid that I might have an attack while wearing it." "To remind you, our anxious little ball of goth make-up, if you start to feel unsafe or scared, you can use your safewords. I made sure you all had them for that reason alone." Roman spoke, tenderly squeezing Virgil's hand a little tighter. After a long moment, Virgil nodded his head and Logan scooted closer. He felt as the padded leather was wrapped around his neck, Logan simply holding it in place; he nodded and Logic finished buckling it close, his hands pulling away slowly so he could instantly take it off if Virgil said any of his safewords. "How are we doing?" Patton asked and Virgil swallowed, gauging how he felt in the moment. "We're...good." The group was all smiles then.

"So...what's next?" Roman asked, his hand rubbing up and down Virgil's thigh soothingly. "I think we should just wear them for a while, get more familiar with how they feel." "That sounds good. In the meantime, I'll get dinner started!" "Can I help?" "Well, of course you can, Virgil! Come on, I'm thinking we make Logan's favorite tonight." The group giggled softly, parting ways until dinner was done.

"Say it!" Deceit barked, eyes set in his anger. "Say what, Dolos?" Patton asked, his tone just as hard as Deceit's anger, yet his confusion was clear to see in his eyes. "Don't play coy, just say it!" Patton whimpered, Roman quickly pulling him into his arms, Virgil standing in front of them protectively. "What do you think we will say, Deceit?" Logan asked, standing next to Virgil, glancing over to Patton with concern in his eyes. "I've noticed that you've all been keeping your distance from me. None of you have the same level of affection in the hugs or kisses you give me..." The group froze.

"I know you're all pulling back, distancing yourselves from me. So, just...just say it." Some of the rage left his words as he spoke, but now the others could see the hurt in his eyes. "W-What? Dolos, none of us have--" "Don't try to lie!" He yelled at Roman, making him fall silent. "You can't lie to a liar; I can see through it all too easily." The group seemed to deflate. "...I knew it." "Dolos, please let us explain." Logan started but the other turned around so his back was facing them. "Explain what? That you all feel what always happens with my lovers?"

"...What?" Roman asked softly, airing the shared question they all had. Dolos sighed. "It always happens. I find myself a boyfriend or lovers who honestly love me, we spend our time together, happy and having a wonderful relationship, but then...the inevitable happens." "And, what is that?" "What do you think, Logan? They all start to question if placing their heart in the hands of a chronic liar is something they really should be doing. They start to wonder if I'm someone they can really put all of their trust in. And, they all come to the same answer: no." Dolos glanced to the others over his shoulder.

"They start to pull away, no longer showing the affection they once had. So, I do the only thing that will ease their troubles: I leave. So, please, if any one of you no longer feels that same level of love that we had at the start of all of this, then just say so. Just...tell me the truth." The group was silent. "...It's...not that we *don't* love you," Virgil started, taking a few steps forward, "it's that we aren't sure anymore if you actually want to be with us." What? "Dolos, you have to believe me when I say that we all still love you to death, but..." Dolos fully turned to face Virgil now, his mis-matched eyes dancing over him and the others. "We've notice that you've started to pull away too."

"I...have?" "Yes, Dolos, you have. We understand that there are days when you wish to be alone--Virgil has them too--but, when those days start to come more and more often, we start to wonder if you are really happy being with us or not." Logan stated, taking a few steps closer himself. "If any of us have done something to upset you or hurt you, then please tell us. But...if you don't think that you want to be with us anymore, then please don't try to force yourself to stay and pretend to be happy." Roman spoke up, Patton wiggling out of his arms and snaring Dolos into a tight hug.

"Sweety, the only thing any of us want from you is for you to be happy. And...if you don't think that you can be happy if you're with us, then we'll understand if you want to leave." Patton told him, Dolos seeing in all of them the sole desire to make him happy and he broke

down, falling to his knees and holding Patton around his middle, his face buried into his belly. "You can't really mean that. None of you can really mean what you're saying!" "Dolos, my sweet little snake, you'd know better out of all of us if we're lying to you." Roman spoke up and that only ripped more tears out of him.

Patton didn't say a word, taking off the bowler hat Deceit wore and started combing his fingers through his hair, hushing soft tones and words to the man crying against his stomach. "If you think that we're gonna say we don't want you, then you're dead wrong. We do want you, but we want you to be happy too." Virgil spoke up, kneeling down to Deceit's level, his hand coming up to rest against the small of his back. "I...I-I do want to be wi-with all of you..." "And we do too, baby." Virgil cooed, gently pulling Deceit back from Patton's tummy just enough so he could look into his eyes. "Forgive us?" Dolos just nodded his head, instantly getting swarmed with hugs and kisses. "And, next time, please come talk to one of us if you think we're starting to pull away, okay?" Logan spoke up and Deceit nodded.

"I could kiss you right now!" Roman exclaimed as he took the outfit from the other. "Oh? Simply because I brought you your outfit for the play?" Deceit asked, a little smirk on his lips. "Well of course! I can't believe that I had forgot to bring this with me; I mean, my normal outfit would've worked, but Virgil helped me make this one and I didn't want to see him upset by not wearing it during the opening night!" Prince Roman stated, his boyfriend chuckling at him. "What?" "It's nothing. I just keep forgetting how cute you are when you're all passionate." Dolos spoke and Roman blushed, averting his eyes from the Dark Side.

"Still, I'm glad that you came, Dolos. I know that you enjoy the theater as much as I, but..." "You know that I didn't mean what I said back home; I was just...jealous that you were spending a little more time with Virgil than you were me." Roman cocked a brow. "Why were you jealous?" "I'm possessive, and I don't like sharing my boyfriend." He said flatly, getting a little happy bark from Roman. "Oh, no wonder Virgil said you and I would make a good pair." Deceit chuckled softly, helping Roman get into the top of the outfit, adjusting it so it didn't start to roll up or come undone during the performance. "It's almost time for the performance to start." "I'll see you in the front row, won't I?" Dolos smirked. "Of course. You know I wouldn't miss this for the world; plus, I managed to drag Logan along." "My hero."

Dolos laughed lightly, pulling Roman closer. Roman took a moment to wrap his arms around his lover's shoulders, leaning in and kissing him deeply. "I love you, Dolos." "And I you, Prince Roman. Now, go knock 'em dead." Roman smirked, pecked one last kiss onto Deceit's lips, then removed himself from his boyfriend's side, gathering with the other performers and got into place. Deceit left the backstage and quickly found his seat with the other Sides. "Were you in time?" "Yes, Virgil. So relax and enjoy the show." Deceit cooed, smiling when Roman's best friend relaxed. There was a soft round of applause after the play was announced, the lights dimming, and the audience waited with baited breath as the curtains finally rose.

"Are you done with that?" Roman groaned at the innocent question. "No, Thomas, I am not." The that they were talking about was a script Roman had been writing for the last three days. Thomas frowned, taking up the space next to his boyfriend's right. "What's wrong?" "I don't know. I have the drive to finish this, and I definitely am feeling passionate about it, but when it comes to completing it I just...draw a blank." Roman sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Maybe you can't find the words to finish it because it already is?" Thomas offered, but his fanciful side just shook his head. "If it is, it's gonna be a two part script and I'm trying to avoid doing that right now." They both sighed. What do they do now?

"...You have been eating, drinking water, and sleeping right?" "Yes, my King, I am." Thomas blushed at the title; Roman telling him that he was the king of Roman's realm since, without Thomas, he doesn't exist and thus is referred by his title by the Prince every now and then. An idea slammed into Thomas and Roman cocked a brow when he saw his boyfriend smirk. "What?" "Why don't take a break from the script? I mean, it doesn't seem like you're gonna make any progress by just staring at it." Thomas said and the other laughed weakly. "You do have a point, but what on earth is there to distract me from my script?" "Ah! Roman, how dare you! I am offended!" Sanders squeaked, Roman giving him an apologetic look until he took in what he just said.

Roman smirked as Thomas pushed at his shoulders so his back was against the couch, the human straddling his lap, his hands on his shoulders and slowly trailing down. "After all, I'm the best distraction you've got." He purred, leaning down and kissing Roman deeply. The Prince lapped at Thomas's lips as his hands traveled up Thomas's calves, settling onto his hips. "Shall we take this to my room?" "No." Thomas's tone was un-moving and the royal blooded male under him moaned softly. "Then perhaps your room?" "Heh. You aren't going anywhere, Princess; unless getting your face shoved against the couch counts as going somewhere." Roman mewled loudly, gripping Thomas's hips a little harder as he ground him down onto his hardening cock. "Thomas, baby please, don't tease me like that."

"Who the fuck said I was teasing?" Oh shit. Thomas was cursing; he meant what he just said. "Now, be my good little Princess and strip out of those clothes." Thomas ordered and Roman was fast to obey, standing up only to fully remove his trousers and boots. "Went commando today, did you?" "Does...that please you, my King?" Thomas hummed inquisitively, taking Roman's waist into his hands and pulling him back onto the couch. "Does that please me? Hmm...what do you think, Princess?" Thomas asked as he let his hands slide down Roman's naked back, over his perfect ass and spread his cheeks, a few of his fingers sliding against his hole and... "Oh? Already prepped are we? Were you wanting this all along, my sweet little Princess?" Roman glanced away, cheeks hot. "Answer me, deary." "Y-Yes...Yes, my King. B-But! I was hoping that...that you'd take me as a reward for finishing the script..."

And that still hasn't happened yet. "How about this then? I'll take good care of you now, and once you've finished the script, I'll reward you by taking you into my room and playing with you with your favorite toys; does that sound fair?" Roman moaned deeply, his hips bucking forward eagerly. "Yes, my King." "That's my good little Princess. Now, on your knees, ass

facing me." Thomas growled, releasing Roman so he could move further onto the couch, presenting himself willingly. He heard as Thomas removed his jeans before positioning himself behind him, Roman forcing himself to keep still when he felt the tip of Thomas's cock pressed against his entrance. "Did you work yourself open enough for me, Princess?" "Is...Is three fingers okay?" Roman asked, his eyes drifting over his shoulder to lock with Thomas's.

His human smiled warmly. "It is. Such a good boy." Roman keened, feeling as one of Thomas's hands slid slowly up the length of his spine before grabbing a handful of his hair, pushing himself in until balls greeted flesh. Thomas groaned as Roman rocked his hips back a little, way too fucking eager to get pounded by Thomas, but he wasn't really complaining; the duo haven't had sex in the last 2 months and they were both too eager for things to heat up. "You will tell me if it gets too much for you right, Princess Roman?" God, did Roman just get *off* on Thomas calling him by more feminine names, especially when he called him by female titles. "Yes, my King. I will." "Good boy." Thomas hushed as he pulled on Roman's hair a little harder before he started to pound into him, setting a fast and rough pace.

Roman was a moaning mess under his lover within a minute, loving the way Thomas was pulling on his hair, how blissfully good his cock felt slamming into him with each thrust, nailing his sweet spot each and every time. Roman yelped when Thomas's hand sharply came across his ass, hearing as he growled threateningly. "Did I say you could touch yourself, Princess?" Shit, he was hoping that Thomas wouldn't notice. "N-No. I'm sorry, my King, I didn't mean to disobey." "And yet you did." Roman whined when Thomas pulled out, taking hold of his arms and moving them behind his back, holding both of his wrists in one of his hands with ease. "Count." He flatly stated before he gave a hard swat to Roman's ass. "Ah! O-One."

"Two!"

"Th-Three."

"Four, fuck!"

"F-Five!"

"S-Six...haaa..."

"Seven...mngh..."

"E-Eight..oh, shit!"

"N-Nine, ngh, ahh..."

"Ten! Oh fuck!" "Good boy." Thomas praised, his hand rubbing the now pink flesh of Roman's ass soothingly. "I have to wonder why you and Logan or Virgil never hooked up, Roman; I'm pretty sure they would love your pain kink, my little masochistic whore." Roman groaned when Thomas roughly grabbed a handful of his ass, feeling as his nails dug into the sore flesh a little bit. "I-I...I've never told anyone but you that I'm a masochist." "Is that why you love going on adventures and quests so much? The injuries from fighting make you feel

good?" Roman whimpered, but agreed, absolutely loving this side of Thomas right now. "Maybe that's how I'll reward you after you finish your script; bring Logan and Virgil into the room with us and have them watch as I completely wreck you, make you beg for me to inflict more pain onto your body; perhaps have you wear a cock ring while I fuck you with your favorite toys so you can't come? Would you like that, Princess? To be used like the perfect little fucktoy that you are?"

Thomas asked as he sank back into Roman, going even rougher than before, leaning down to dig his teeth into the soft skin of his neck until he felt blood bloom over his tongue, moving to the other side and repeating before marking more bites onto his shoulders, back, and arms. "Fuck, yes! Oh God, please, please Thomas, please! Please use your little fucktoy as much as you want!" Roman said, his bravado finally slipping away, revealing his true submissive personality. Roman absolutely loved to be humiliated and used for sex, enraptured by the different ways Thomas manages to do that. He pulled on Roman's hair, releasing his captured hands in favor of burying his nails into Roman's throat, choking him while he marked his skin.

"F-Fu...ck, Thomas please..!" Roman gasped, breathless as the sweet burning in his lungs from the lack of a proper amount of oxygen heightened his pleasure. "Please what, Princess?" "Please let your toy come...p-please, oh fuck..." Thomas chuckled behind him, going even harder and faster into Roman and the Prince was concerned that Thomas would just leave him like this; would leave him as a needy, moaning, begging mess while he got off, but fuck did that do the best things to Roman. "Come." Thomas ordered and Roman screamed hard enough that his voice cracked and you could already hear it getting rough from overuse, his seed shooting onto the cushion underneath him, hearing as Thomas grunted and spilled his cum inside of Roman. "Color?" "Emerald." Okay. So he hadn't made Roman uncomfortable or feel unsafe during that. Good.

Roman had a bad habit of not using his safewords when he needed to, so Thomas has to double check that he's really okay. Roman snapped his fingers and they were both cleaned up, though still in the same state of undressed, but neither really minded. Thomas went into the kitchen and got a washcloth damp, coming back into the commons and wiped away the blood from Roman's skin; the bites and nail marks already healed, but Roman's skin was bruised in the areas Thomas had marked him as a replacement. "You always heal so freaking fast." "Can't exactly help that, Thomas." The human giggled and kissed his boyfriend's cheek. "I know. Still, I'm glad that you still get marked anyway." This time Roman laughed. "Hey, who's the possessive one here?" "Well, to be fair, we both are." Roman sighed in defeat, Thomas wasn't wrong.

"...What's with that look, Princey?" "I, um...I think my creative spark is back." Thomas fell onto the couch laughing, Roman's face a dark rose. "Really? You have sex with me and the inspiration for the script comes to you just like that?" "S-Shut up, Thomas!" Sanders giggling quieted down as he smiled to Roman. "Seems we've now found a cure for your creative blocks." "I guess so."

"Are you still awake..?" Logan glanced over his shoulder to see Thomas. "What do you mean? Of course, I'm still awake, Thomas." Sanders groaned softly. "Lo, do you even know what time it is?" Logan raised a brow before he glanced to his wrist watch. It was 3:19 in the morning.

"Oh."

Thomas scoffed softly. "Really? That's your excuse for still being up at such an ungodly hour?" "Forgive me, Thomas, it appears that I was too engrossed with my work." "Yeah, I would say so." Thomas spoke, stepping further into Logic's room. "Come on, you need to get to sleep." "And so do you, my dear Thomas." Sander groaned. "Why the hell do you think I'm here?" *Oh*. Logan really needs to talk to Patton again about reading social cues. Logan stood up from his chair, undid his tie, and walked over to Thomas, scooping his human into his arms.

He toed off his shoes as he crawled onto his bed, setting the human down before he stripped out of his slacks and polo, smiling to Thomas when he grabbed his wrist and pulled him down. "I'm sorry, sweetie, I should have known you might've wanted to spend the night with me." Thomas has been have a reoccurring dream where he permanently loses Logan and wakes up screaming most nights. Virgil was the one who first brought Thomas to him at night after he managed to lull him back to sleep, explaining what was going on. After some time, Thomas would just come in Logan's room to sleep, since Logan tended to go to bed at a more reasonable hour than the others.

Except for tonight, it would seem. Logan pulled the sheets out from under their bodies and draped them over them, letting Thomas curl tightly against his frame. "Did you just wake up from one of your dreams? Or are you just now getting to bed?" "Both, sorta? I had only been asleep for about an hour when the dream came." Thomas stated and Logan hummed, letting his arms wrap around Thomas's back to keep him close. "What on earth were you working on that kept you up this late?" Thomas felt as Logan smirked into his hair. "That's a secret, but if you really must know, you can ask Roman; he *might* tell you something."

Thomas gave him a sleepy bout of giggles. "You butt." "I know. Now sleep, my dear. I'm right here and I'm not going anywhere. I promise." Logan reassured a half asleep Thomas and he felt as his human leaned in and pressed a kiss to his collarbone. "I'm...gonna hold you...to that..." Logan returned the kiss to one on his forehead. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Excuse you?" "You heard me, Roman, don't make me repeat myself." Roman just stood there, his eyes locked onto Logan's back. He... Logan did **not** just say what he thought he did. It wasn't something he would say; well, not to *him* at least. "You must be joking, Pocket Protector." "No, I am not, Royal Pain-In-My-Ass."

Welp, there was the daily offended Princey noises.

"What, are you just using me as a means of practice?" "Practice for what?" "For saying that to Patton, or Thomas, or hell even Virgil!" Logan turned to face the Prince, confusion on his face. "Why would I say that to them?" "Because...I don't know, it makes more sense?" Logan crossed his arms. "Explain."

"Okay, well if you were going to say that to Patton, it would make the most sense; you and him bicker like an old married couple anyways. He's the one out of all of us that can understand your emotional needs faster than you can willingly bring them up. You two would make a good match." "But I'm not going to say that to Patton, I don't feel that way about him." Roman scoffed, annoyed. "Keep denying it, Logan, but I can tell you two are meant to be." "So what case do you have for me and Thomas?"

"Oh, that one's easy. We all want to protect Thomas, but you're the best at keeping him on schedule with anything: sleeping, eating, getting his projects done. You can make sure that he does all the things he needs to to stay healthy and well." "That is true, but I also don't feel that way about him." Roman was looking a little more flustered. "W-Well, okay, I guess that makes some sense; you do have to look at a lot of the things in his life objectively, so you don't want your emotions to muddy that process." "And lastly, there's the reason you think I mean to say what I said to you, to Virgil."

"If anyone can hold their own in a deep, intellectual conversation with you, it's Virgil. You can read him well enough to know when his anxiety is starting to overwhelm him; at the same time, Virgil can reign you in when you, sometimes, fail to read social cues and makes sure that you don't distress Thomas any more than he already is." "All valid points, but again, I don't feel that way about him." "O-Okay. Th-Then, if it's not any of them, then you're practicing for when you tell Dolos that, and--" "I also don't feel that way about him."

Logan saw very clearly now that his words were causing Roman to freak out. "Then... B-But... N-No. No! You can't really mean--" Logan stepped forward and sealed his lips over Roman's. He felt as he tensed up for a moment, unresponsive, but then started to when he realized that Logan wasn't going to pull away. Logic was nearly yanked against Roman's frame once he got into the kiss, hungrily devouring his lips with the same passion that made Logan fall for him. "Yes, Prince Roman, I do mean it when I said it and, I'll say it again and again until you understand: I love you."

"Once more, please." "I love you, Roman." "...I can't believe that I'm the one who stole your heart, my love, but I promise no harm will come to either you or your heart that you have

entrusted to me." Logan wrapped his arms around Roman's shoulders, smiling warmly to him. "I'm holding you to that, Roman." The Prince smiled as he leaned down to steal another kiss from the man he's loved since they first met.

"This is all your fault!" The others heard Patton scream before he rushed upstairs and his door slammed shut. "What the fuck did you do?" Virgil nearly shouted as he hurried upstairs to Patton's room, the group hearing as he knocked and told Patton it was him before the door was opened and closed again, albeit much gentler. "What *did* you do, Logan?" Roman asked, but they all saw that Logan just stood there, mouth agape, stunned and unresponsive. "Logan?" Thomas tried, his hand just touching his logical side's shoulder. He jumped nearly 10 feet and stumbled back a little.

"I...I-I don't know. I just..." Logan stopped himself from speaking any further, sinking slowly onto the couch. Thomas and Roman got worried; they've never seen Logan so flustered and scared before. "Can you at least tell us what the hell happened before all of this?" Roman asked, kneeling before Logan, his hand offered to him as a means of comfort. It nearly broke his heart by how fast he took his hand as well as how badly he was shaking. "I was just cleaning up the mindscape, giving Patton a break from doing so. And I just..." He sighed, leaning back and pulled a little black box out from his pocket. "I had found this in Patton's room. I didn't look inside of it, but given what it was, I thought that you or Virgil might have misplaced it and he just found it."

"So why did he yell at you that it was your fault?" "I don't know!" Logan stated, his fear that he's hurt his boyfriend was so plain it was almost painful to see. "I had just pulled it out and showed it to him when he got back! I asked him if he knew what it was, and he just...started to tear up and shouted that at me when I was trying to calm him down. I didn't get a chance to tell him that I didn't look inside, so I don't know what's in here besides most likely jewelry." They heard as Patton's door was opened up, Thomas glancing over to the stairs to see that it was just Virgil who had come out, but he didn't like the rage in his eyes. "Virgil? What's wrong?"

"Why did you take it, Logan?" Anxiety growled, his eyes narrowed and he b-lined for the named Side, Roman standing between the two to keep them from fighting. "You mean this?" Logan asked, showing the other the little box in his hand. "Yes! Why did you take it out of his room?!" "Because I thought it had belonged to you or Roman! I had thought one of you had misplaced it, and that Patton found it and had forgot he had it in his room! I was just trying to ask him who it belonged to!" Logan exclaimed, none of them hearing as Patton's door opened and closed again.

"I didn't even look inside to see what it was!" "You...didn't?" They all were startled by Morality's voice, the group turning to look at him. "No. Honey, I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you." Logan spoke, standing up and walking over to his boyfriend, offering him the box. Patton took it and sniffed; most of his tears were gone and his eyes were now a light pink. "I...I was worried that you did. I was worried that I had gotten this and that you might have ruined the surprise." "You... This is yours?" Patton nodded, a little smile on his lips. "But not for long, um..." Whoa. Patton was actually visibly nervous; whatever was about to happen meant a lot to him.

He took Logan's hand and moved them so they were in the middle of the room, the rest of the group only able to look on. "You and I have been dating for the last 5 years. And, we've had a lot of great memories, as well as hard times and big fights. But, even when we have our rough days, and when it seems like a fight will be the end of our relationship, you come to me and we work out whatever issue we might have been having. You help me keep my emotions under control, and I can read your needs and understand when you might need more attention or affection than you're willing to ask for." Patton took a breath to calm himself, his eyes locked with Logan's. "We balance each other out, and I have been thinking for a really long time about this. And...I feel that now, since all of this is cleared up, it is the best time for me to ask the one question that I'm honestly scared of what the answer will be."

Patton dropped onto one knee and held up the box. "Logan Sanders, will you make me the happiest man in the world and marry me?" Patton opened up the box and inside was a black titanium band that had the galaxy printed onto the metal. "P-Patton, I... Yes." "R-Really?" "Yes. Yes, yes! Yes, Patton, I'll marry you!" Patton shot to his feet and snared Logan's lips, pulling him flush against his frame as he felt Logan wrapped his arms around him and squeeze him tight. They heard as the rest of the group squealed in excitement, the duo parting for air and while they were panting, Logan offered his hand for Patton to put the ring on. "Oh my goodness! Oh, thank God. I had been so worried that you had saw the ring and accidentally ruined the surprise." Patton heard as Logan chuckled, his soon to be husband resting his head against his shoulder. "I had been afraid that I had hurt you somehow. God, this...this is the second best surprise I think I've had." "What was the first one?" Patton asked and again, Logan chuckled, reaching up to cup Patton's cheek in his palm. "When you asked me to be your boyfriend." Patton giggled as Logan kissed him again.

"I shouldn't be in love with you." Dolos paused in his steps when he heard Thomas's voice. "What was that now, Thomas?" He asked, turning to face him. "I shouldn't be in love with you. But...I am." The Dark Side gave him a pleased, but confused look. "I... The others have warned against telling you that I love you, especially Virgil, but I don't know why." "You mean outside of the fact that I'm more likely to lie than tell the truth?" Thomas nodded and backpedaled when Deceit was suddenly standing before him, tenderly knocking into the wall. Deceit took another step forward, his hands resting on the wall at Thomas's sides, caging him. "They're afraid that I'll hurt you. Toy with your emotions, turn our relationship into an unhealthy one." "W-Would you do that?"

Dolos shook his head. "Never. They...are just afraid of the unknown, like we all are." What? "Are...you...afraid, Deceit?" The other nodded his head. "I've been alone for all of my life; I tried to be friends with Virgil, but when I had to lie to protect him from the other Dark Sides, we had a falling out and I lost a lot of trust with him." Which was why Virgil had told him to not get involved with Deceit, that it will only ended in heartbreak. "Thomas, why did you fall in love with me?" "I...I could see it." "See what?" "See the good in you. Yes, you lie; yes, you do it as a means of defense to protect yourself, to prevent anyone getting too close, but...you don't have to try and hide from me." "I can't really do that in the first place, Thomas, I *am* a part of you." Sanders chuckled at that. "True. But, we've never really interacted until recently. This is all really, new I guess, for the both of us."

Dolos hummed; his human wasn't wrong about that. Outside of Virgil, Deceit didn't really interact with any of the others. He was too scared that he might hurt them like he did Virgil and push them away from him even more. He glanced to Thomas when he took his hand. "That's why I...want to take this slow. No rushing into anything that both of us aren't comfortable with yet." "Does...that include telling the others about us? Because, yes, Thomas, I will happily date you." Sanders giggled when he noticed that Deceit no longer had that coyness in his voice. "Are you not comfortable with them knowing?" "I mean, not really, but I also don't want you to be hiding this from them." Thomas leaned in and pressed a kiss against the scales on the snake half of his face. "Then we'll tell them together when they get back. If they aren't happy with my decision to date you, then I'll tell them that I'm sorry, but I want to be with you." "...Dolos." "Huh?"

"Dolos, it's...my real name. I'm sure that they'll be a little more open to the idea of us dating if they all know my real name." Thomas chuckled and kissed Dolos's cheek again. "I'm sure it will. Might also help if you kept this tone of yours." "You mean not lying to them? Thomas, please parish the thought; it's like asking Roman to not be dramatic." He spoke with a playful smile and Thomas laughed warmly to the other; he knew that he would do as he asked.

"I could kill you right now!" "Whoa! Easy Patton!" Roman shouted as he grabbed Patton by his arms, keeping a tight grip on them to keep him from lunging at Deceit. "Patton? What's wrong?" Deceit asked, concerned. "Don't play dumb with me, Dolos! I know exactly what you did!" "What? My little candy, what on earth are you talking about? I haven't done anything!" "No? Really? So you didn't disguise yourself as Logan and hurt Virgil's feelings?!" The named duo shared a glance before looking on at the fight in the middle of the room. "No! God, Patton, you know we are both protective of Virgil! Why would I go out of my way to hurt him?"

Patton growled, Roman grunting as he had to pull the father of the group against his body, using the leverage to keep him as still as he could. "Christ, he really wants to punch you, Dolos." "Yes, Roman, I do. So you can either let me go, or I'll punch you too." Patton threatened and Logan's heard enough. "Patton, enough. Deceit did not do what you're accusing him of." Patton seemed to calm slightly at Logan's words. "So who exactly was it I heard arguing with Virgil harshly enough for him to start crying?" "It...It was actually me, Patton." Logan admitted, hanging his head. "...What?" Patton asked as Roman felt that it would be okay for him to let him go.

"Virgil and I had been arguing for the last two weeks over something very minor and petty, but neither one of us could just let it go. I had went to Virgil to try and come to a compromise about the subject, but things got heated and I...I said somethings that I deeply regret saying. I knew I had screwed up when he started to tear up, I tried to apologize, but he told me to get out and I did. I've been waiting until things had calmed down between us again before apologizing and maybe talking things through with either you or Roman acting as a mediator." Logan explained, his eyes shifting up to Virgil. "And, again, I can't tell you how much I wish I could take back what I said. If you can find it in you to forgive my thoughtless actions, then I will accept whatever you give me." "No, Lo. I...I should be the one apologizing. If I hadn't made my words at the time of the argument sound like a challenge or like you were wrong, this wouldn't have happened in the first place."

"...Well, it seems like you two have finally made up." Dolos spoke, offering the duo a gentle smile. "But...then where...were you when they were arguing?" "I was helping Roman prepare for the play he got the lead role for. Helping him with his lines." Patton looked to his feet then. "Oh, my little candy, come here." Dolos spoke, arms open and Patton rushed into them. "No one is upset with you, little candy. This was all just one big misunderstanding on everyone's part." "But, I...I accused you of hurting Virgil, even when I know that you're right, and that we both try our best to protect him..." "You just let your emotions get the better of you this time, Patton. It's not your fault; you house all of Thomas's emotions anyway. It would be weird if you didn't get some type of emotional over this." Patton giggled at his boyfriend's words, smiling when he pressed a kiss to his forehead. "So...make-up movie night?" Roman offered and there was no arguments from any of them.

"Just admit I'm right." Logan rolled his eyes and scoffed. "You? Right? About this? Oh, that would be the day." Roman growled. "What was that, Calculator Watch?" "You heard me. There is no way you are right about this." Roman crossed his arms, glaring at his boyfriend. "Um, you must not have remembered who you're talking to. Prince Roman? Thomas's fanciful side? The Knight who's a complete romantic?" Roman spoke, his tone making his words sound like it was a complete joke that Logan didn't know who his boyfriend was.

"So what? You're clearly wrong about this, Roman." Cue offended Prince noises. "How the hell could I be wrong about this?! This is the one thing I excel at over the rest of you!" "Oh please. Yes, you're the romantic one, but there's no way that that could be the best one." "Oh, you did *not* just say that." Logan turned and was right in Roman's face. "I in fact did. How about *you* admit that I'm right." "Ha! Oh, you jest better than Virgil and Patton combined." "I'm not kidding this time, Roman. Remember: neck tie." "Listen here, *sub*-astute teacher, you're absolutely wrong on this, but if you're too afraid to verbally say so, you can just nod your head to let me know that I am right. Which I am." "Sadly, you are not."

"Oh come on! *101 Dalmatians* is clearly better!" "No, it is not, Roman! By far, *Lady and the Tramp* is the superior movie!"

"That doesn't even make sense." Virgil said, Patton next to him on the couch. "No, it does!" "How?" "Well think about it! He's strong, and brave. He's very open and accepting, loves everyone close to him and will protect them without hesitation. Plus, he's got that Prince Charming vibe going for him." "Yes he does, but come on! There's no way that he would get with him!" "What, why?" "Oh Patton, come on! Look at him! He's closed off, calculated in how he speaks. He has trouble expressing his emotions, can't read social cues that easily. Plus, he tends to come across as a smartass even if he doesn't mean to."

Patton stuck out his lower lip, pouting again. "...But, well..." Virgil spoke, taking a moment to think about the two men they were discussing, the show they were watching processing further. "Actually, Pat, you might be right." "Oh? How'd I convince you?" Virgil giggled, playfully pushing at his boyfriend's shoulder. "Of course you'd believe that they belong together." Patton grinned in victory. "But, when you think about it, the two kinda balance each other pretty well. I mean, he's a huge dreamer, he tends to escape into a world of fanciful rules and lives, but...but he can bring him back to reality, show him that he doesn't have to run away into his dreams, that he doesn't have to do things alone. In turn, he has trouble seeing the point of trying to reach for goals that one can not achieve no matter how hard they try, but he has actually got him to see once or twice that, even if the dream is unreachable, the road to it can be enjoyable."

"Right! See, that's why they need to get together! Plus, come on, you can't tell me that you don't enjoy hearing their banter." "Oh, no, yeah. You've got a point there. I do just *love* to hear them talk to each other; the little back and forth they do is so cute sometimes." "What the hell are you two talking about?" Dolos asked as he walked downstairs and overheard their conversation. "Oh, nothing much." Deceit scoffed, leaning against the railing. "Really? That little snip-it I heard sounded like a shipping argument." "Well, less argument, more rationalizing it." Dolos hummed, glancing to the TV. "So is the ship from the show?"

Virgil and Patton exchanged a glance between each other and laughed. "No! We were discussing why Logan and Roman should date." Patton said and Deceit just hummed.

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