

From the Palace Archives

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From the Palace Archives

by [MadameFolie](#)

Summary

Word sketches, various and sundry.

Chapter 1

Making love to Wolfgang –to His Highness, the king– is like staring directly into the sun on a clear day. He is smiling so broadly as he lowers himself onto Soohyuk’s lap that Soohyuk thinks he might crumble to ash just watching too long. Wolfgang spreads his hands across Soohyuk’s shoulders, heavy palms unflinching as he sits back against Soohyuk’s hips.

“Anything you want to do.” He shivers, feeling the pressure of Soohyuk’s arousal, the heat Soohyuk can’t hide. “Now as ever, use me however you want.”

And when he slicks himself open, when he seats Soohyuk inside of him, the intimacy of it is blinding. He sighs in satisfaction and seals his lips to Soohyuk’s.

“You belong to me,” he reminds Soohyuk. “And I to you.”

Soohyuk is only mortal, the words pierce him to the heart. He knows it is his own weakness that find his hands on Wolfgang’s waist, that find him rocking his hips up into that blistering desire. He imagines wresting His Highness’s head down against the bedding, claiming the king’s throat with his teeth, pulling the need within him so tight he might snap. He thinks the king might cry out as he comes, lost to the pleasure of Soohyuk fucking him like he truly wants.

It is fortunate that now, as ever, at least one of them may keep their head.

Shin/Wolfgang, Riding

Chapter Summary

The prompt was.....riding 'til you can't no more.

His Highness is taut on Soohyuk's cock, working himself unsteadily as his muscles begin to falter. Soohyuk aches, every inch of him, from steeling himself against the ravenous tides of orgasm. He's had some success: he's come only once for his king's three and, if the gods are merciful, four. Soohyuk gouges his fingers into the bedding, concentrating on the pull at his nails rather than the headiness of it.

"Shin," the king sighs. His hands are braced against the headboard for leverage, but he spares one to clasp Soohyuk's hand in his own. "Shin." He fits Soohyuk's palm to one sweat-slick cheek. His eyes are shut tight now, focusing only on wresting what pleasure he still can. Soohyuk can feel the shifts in his body, fatigue eating away at Wolfgang's resolve.

In turn he pushes up into Wolfgang as best as he can.

"Do not...don't strain yourself..." he manages. His hand joins its partner in caressing the king's face. Wolfgang will always pay his own limits no heed. It's what has made him king. An admirable quality – and a dangerous one.

Wolfgang moans.

"You're so– so good to me– so good to me, Shin." He shudders, working Soohyuk's cock at one particular angle that seems to unravel him at the edges. "So good to me. One more, please, just one more." He fasts their joined hands around his cock and strokes himself in hard, uneven pulls. "Need it, need you."

It's a feat of will that sees him outlast his king. Wolfgang comes, painfully tense, and lets himself lie limp and oversensitive atop Soohyuk, trembling as he edges Soohyuk towards his own completion with the gentle rocking of his hips. He's tender in the moments after, kissing beneath Soohyuk's jaw in the arc in which one might slit a throat.

Tomorrow as the king greets his court and sits upon his throne, he will ache with the impression of Soohyuk's desire upon his body. Perhaps Soohyuk should be ashamed by the pang of heat in his breast to simply consider it. But it's far too late for shame now.

Wolfgang/Shin, Gifts

Chapter Summary

He's trying, bless his heart.

“Shin.”

Wolfgang is at his hip with an arm around his waist before Soohyuk can turn to face him. His grasp is heavy with expectation; Soohyuk grimaces.

“I decline,” he says, already feeling the weariness creeping through his skull. Tendrils of it sink in behind his eyes and Soohyuk shudders to think what extravagance His Majesty has procured this time. Perhaps fine perfumes, or some famed sweet. An image flashes across his mind: Wolfgang’s sure fingers pressing a bit of candy to Soohyuk’s lips, the way it would melt on his tongue. The hunger in Wolfgang’s eyes, eating at his resolve in turn.

“You haven’t even heard what I have to say!” Wolfgang’s indignation is unabashedly blithe. He steals a kiss to Soohyuk’s jaw before drawing back to rifle in his robes for something. Soohyuk steels himself to look– but it is only a slip of paper, creased and blotted with ink.

“*The star-jeweled sky, my love, and thee,*” Wolfgang reads reads, face pinched in concentration. “*And passion deeper than the sea—*”

“What.” Soohyuk is...quite honestly speaking, he is at a loss for words. He expects he is gaping. Heat spreads down his nose and across his cheeks.

Wolfgang studies him for a moment. “You didn’t want the other gifts. So I thought you might accept this instead.” The shift in his bearing –from cautious to satisfied– is palpable. And thrilling, curse him. He secures his hold on Soohyuk, gathering him closer. “So. Will you hear the rest?”

Shin/Wolfgang, Necessities

Chapter Summary

The prompt was "rejecting someone you're in love with". Which is basically the current emotional arc of the story.

He knew it would hurt. Expected it, even. But even just for an instant Soohyuk cannot help how his heart soars when strong hands take him by the waist.

“Shin,” His Highness breathes, and still smiling he closes his eyes and rests his forehead against Soohyuk’s own as if in veneration. His joy is blinding this day as the day he stripped Shin of the prior king’s claim. Delirious, almost, Shin thinks. Wolfgang is nearly drunk with their victory.

There is a part of him, so weak and so ugly, that should like nothing more than to yield to this. To be his possession. The warmth of his majesty soaks Soohyuk to his core, he can feel it dissolving his will. How it aches to know it even so fleetingly, worse than if he’d never been blessed with the chance. They’d sworn, of course, to each other to use each other as they must, but this. This is impulse, and impulse alone. Indulgent. Selfish. Not needed.

And so it falls to him to remain steadfast in their course.

“That’s enough,” he tells his king. Soohyuk clasps a hand over His Majesty’s lips. He supposes some untruths are necessary between them.

Wolfgang/Shin, Rimming

Chapter Summary

Prompt was "bottoms rimming tops".

He'd give Shin everything if he could. Silks and jewels, libraries of books and paper so fine it slips through one's fingers as smooth as smoke— if he'd just accept. It'd only be right. Shin gave him everything years ago, he's made him everything he is. And besides. Wolfgang loves him. That's reason enough.

He can only hope Shin accepts this as he kneels between Shin's legs, kissing the crease of his knee. Shin flushes watching him. His glasses are still askew, too riveted by the sight to think to right them. The beaded cord securing them to his neck rattles as he draws in an unsteady breath. He flinches when Wolfgang's lips meet the crux of his thighs.

“Sire—” But, heh. He's got a lot less room in him for embarrassment when Wolfgang gives the skin there a little suck. Most days Shin doesn't have much of a scent, or a taste even. Skin, sure. But soapy clean, like everything that's him has been dutifully washed away. Here, Wolfgang can fill his lungs with heat and sweat and want, like breathing in proof Shin's flesh and blood. He knows Shin's only human. He knows he wants, he can feel it every time, in the burn of Shin's fingers at his hips as Shin thrusts into him. It thrills Wolfgang that he alone can wrest it from him.

“Let me do this for you,” he asks, because at the end of the day Shin has shaped him well. He illustrates with a drag of his tongue along him and can feel the shifting of muscle under his hands as Shin relaxes into his hold. Two, and three, and more, and Shin's raking a hand through his hair, over and over until its neat lacquer can no longer endure.

He kisses at Shin just to feel him shiver. Wolfgang wants to press his tongue inside him, wants to twist at him within until he's turned him inside-out. No titles, no damned rules, no nothing standing between them anymore. It should be easy— natural, just like taking Shin's hand. Shin deserves that.

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