

**i am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine**

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# i am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine

by [sappho\\_irl](#)

## Summary

*Once again, I am kneeling before you as you sit on the edge of your bed. You spread your armored hands on the altars of your thighs; palms up, making an offering I'll gladly take. The temptation to be fast, to be merciless and sudden, is great. I am at the edge of the abyss and our body is the flame at its center. But discipline can be learned. Your armor falls away. I kiss the tips of your fingers and down their lengths to the center of your palms. I will fill every empty space we have.*

*You sigh, and I feel a score of ragged wounds begin to close. That such a small kindness can do so much for us is infuriating. But there is much and more to this moment. The backs of your hands are scarred, messy lines cutting across them in every direction. I kiss along their faded history, feeling the twitch of tendon and muscle. You hate this. Your eyes have opened and they burn me. I've fought worse and won.*

## Notes

- 1) this is first person view point with the narrator addressing the WoL in the second person
- 2) i wrote this with [Ramiel](#) as the WoL in mind
- 3) have you ever thought about fray so hard you cried

You are exhausted when I kneel before you.

You try to hide it, stiffening your spine and squaring your shoulders. You smile like I can't feel our heart break under the weight of the charade. I don't know why you bother. Especially here, alone together in your room, the velvet night hiding us from duty and judgment. You drop the act as I glare, your eternal, furious supplicant.

"No more arguments, please. Not - not right now." You say, shuddering as you draw another heavy breath. The past moons have consumed you; sucked you dry and replaced all that you are with an ache that reaches into your bones. "I just need sleep. You can yell afterward."

I snort and reach for your face, cupping your cheek with my bare hand. Armor has no place between us. I'll have yours peeled away, soon enough. If you suspect it, you don't mind, and your stalwart facade slips. The way you lean into my touch makes our blood sing.

"If sleep was all you needed, I would never have met you." I say, and our aether near *boils* at the notion. Your face becomes even more drawn, your lips pressing into a thin line. I tuck this away and keep it safe; my private joy at the reality of your affection for *me* - your fury and your rage broken and bridled, willingly. "All you need do is ask, Ramiel."

"It's not their fault." You whisper, eyes bright with tears and the anguish of a conquered fortress. And no, it never is, is it? Your aid is always necessary, your sword always vital, your shield eternal. They ask and you say yes, despite the lessons I taught you. They take and you carry on, to spite me. "*Never*."

"Lying to them, I understand, but lying to yourself? Really?" I say, almost choking on the loathing you hold for us both. I try to stand, saying "if you won't see reason, then I -"

The closest I will ever come to life again is when you touch me. When you wrap yourself around me and tug, bringing us to the ground in a mess of limbs and darkness. Our heart beats like we've ended a battle, pumping hard in our ears, wild enough to tear free from our breast. Your face finds the crook of my neck. My hands tangle in your hair. We are one and we are two.

"I love you. I love you so, so much. I could never forsake you. I refuse." You say, lips pressed to my skin. Strange, that my words find their way from your mouth. But that's always been our habit. I rub at the base of your ears and you nearly purr, moaning in pleasure. A shared weakness, though I don't think you're brave enough to return the favor. Maybe one day, when I've proven my worth. When I've convinced you that we mean more than a bloody, desperate sacrifice.

There's a spot a few ilms up our ears, one I brush against with care. You begin to shake, storm tossed in my grasp. This is a long way to go to prove a point. But we can't learn the easy way, can we? I keep petting and rubbing. By some miracle, you're able to say "you have me."

A brief moment of rearranging occurs, made easier by our nature. You look at me like I'm a mirror and the reflection changed between one blink and the next. I smirk, because even

though we're experts at repression, nothing stays buried forever.

Once again, I am kneeling before you as you sit on the edge of your bed. You spread your armored hands on the altars of your thighs; palms up, making an offering I'll gladly take. The temptation to be fast, to be merciless and sudden, is great. I am at the edge of the abyss and our body is the flame at its center. But discipline can be learned. Your armor falls away. I kiss the tips of your fingers and down their lengths to the center of your palms. I will fill every empty space we have.

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"You don't have to - this isn't necessary." You say, words half measures, and slipshod ones at that. I ignore you and keep to my work, the sharp bones of your knuckles my prayer beads. You are worth more than you have ever thought or believed. You are more than the stories they tell of you. You are beautiful and good and none of that rests on your sword arm. I hold your hands and wish you would listen, to hear what every kiss is saying in place of our voice.

You sob. I shuffle closer until I'm firmly between your legs and my knees knock against the bed. Your tears are slow and tragic. If I tried to wipe them away, you'd collapse for good, wouldn't you? You can stand firm under any blow so long as no one acknowledges how much it steals from you. A shame that I refuse to be among their number. You shudder and heave as I take hold of your thighs, leaning in to kiss you. I make a pilgrimage of it, walking the wet tear tracks and ending at your lips.

You gasp into my mouth, hot agony that I drink down with thanks. You're soft like ash in the wake of a wildfire, the warmth of a cataclysm resting just beneath the surface. Your hands rise up from your lap and cradle my face, keeping me anchored to your shore. That you'd take such a liberty without prompting is levin down our spine. I kiss you and kiss you and kiss you, my claws flexing into your legs. You moan as the sting of it registers, and plunge deep into my mouth.

I can tell where you'll take us, if I don't stop you. Service in every action and may Halone strike us down before you betray that creed. Pious in all the wrong ways.

"Enough." I say, holding you back and growling into the ilm that separates us. You are wild eyed and hungry, thoroughly vexed that I would deny you your meal. Imagine how I felt, seeing you give away the pieces of our soul. How I feel now, watching you suffer from doing it *again*. I dig my claws in a little deeper, piercing cloth and flesh. You *keen* for me, and I say "if I have you, I will *have you*. Do you understand?"

This is where the whole thing can fall apart. You can turn away from me and choose to be one. I doubt I'll get another chance like this if you do. But we have to try, don't we? To demolish your walls and keep you within our embrace. She agrees, though she won't stay for the conquering. It's enough to know you'll finally, blessedly surrender. You waver on the

knife edge, teetering towards flagellation and salvation. This won't be the last time you fight us tonight. But for now, you choose -

"Take me." You say, and I want to grab you by the scruff of the neck and *shake*. There's a rot in you that needs purging, lenses that were slipped over our eyes that cast the world in shades of violence. Not every problem needs slaying. I will wrest the blade from your grasp with my dying breath, stretched thin as it may be. You nuzzle my cheek, free to move with my grip on you loose as our thoughts race, and say "please. Please, just do *something*."

It's as good of an invitation as I'll get, for now. Two paths stretch out and they make our breath catch - the first an image of you in merciful bondage, darkness reappropriated to keep your hands in place as I do my work. But the second is a disappointment, me at wit's end as you struggle to accept anything beyond cursory softness and rote pleasure. You're at least sheepish when I glare, shrugging like a chastised adolescent.

"Up." I say, tapping your knees as I lean back. There's no gain in haranguing you about certain things. I'll leave that thankless task to them while I turn my attention to richer shores. You do as I ask without pause and I have to crane my neck to take you in. We lock eyes and the questions in yours bite fiercer than any primal we've slain. There's a single answer to the lot, so I say "follow my lead, for once."

I interrupt your aggrieved squawk by pinching your hips and you draw one from me by swatting at my ears. Levity to bridge the gap between our sorrow and your joy. I work through ties and clasps in the quiet that follows. That you almost went to bed half dressed for travel is *another* argument we'll have tomorrow. For now, I toss your boots away and drag every stitch of clothing from the waist down straight to your feet. In a simple shift, you stand ever before me.

You're made of steel, to hear the stories - the ones the bards sing while drunk and over the edge of embellishment. But your legs beneath my hands are soft, the muscle firm and eager to yield. I push you back, nudging you onto the bed properly with wordless insistence. You wriggle out of your shift, balling it up and holding it to your chest like a prayer. Then, it joins the rest of your clothes. Some of the tension overflows, leaving you not relaxed but perhaps closer to it. Our knight, on guard as ever.

"Hands above your head." I say, less than a whisper and only just a breath. You hear me - *that's* never been our problem - and you obey. Your face is a picture of anticipation, displayed on a pillow and done in broad strokes. Our aether hums as I spin it into fine loops; gentle, final things. We stop breathing as they settle on your wrists, a few loose tendrils soothing whatever they can reach. You're starting to sweat. I feel a dizzying rush of pride and say "let us be about it, then."

My hands slide up your legs, strong ankle to sturdy hip, and I leave impressions of my teeth to mark the path. You sigh into each bite, each one stoking the furnace burning in your breast. Gods, I wish you bruised easily. My claws underline the messages in a dull, throbbing red. You're panting, sweat beading your forehead, and it's been too long since we were touched as more than a habit. This will be no small mercy.

You actually scream when I wrap my hand around your cock. If the walls of the Rising Stones weren't solid rock and the doors four ilms thick, there'd be an interruption to worry about. That ignored, I hum to myself and nuzzle your shaft. It's all soft hard velvet, pulsing in tune with our heart. My mouth is watering. A long lick from bottom to top has you in the same state. Far, far too long. Slick from us both, you slide easily into my mouth.

Your back arches. Your arms pull against the restraints. I don't necessarily have to *breathe*. How do you think this resolves? I swallow around you as an experiment and you moan, voice molten from the pleasure. Our body almost forgot. Our mind is eager to remember. Your hips jerk up, driving your cock further down my throat, and I have to use both hands to keep you flat on the bed. Not that I mind your enthusiasm, but there's more to this than you chasing completion.

I'm drooling when I pull my head up, feeling the way you shake at the sight. Your hands would be wrapped around my ears if not for the darkness. I crawl up your body, delighting in the way your muscles are flexing uselessly, and settle on your waist. I lean down and kiss you, my arms bracketing your head and my hair mingling with your own. A slow, messy proclamation of intent. That you are my world is no fresh revelation. That you *deserve* it, however, is apparently a matter of some debate.

You expect me to use my words. I grin, all teeth and fang, and reach between my legs. Not every shadow is the mirror we expect. You whimper as the head of your cock slides against my own silken heat. I pause and wait for a hushed, shamed "stop." This isn't the first time I've had you at the sharp edge of my affections. But tonight, you utter a single, desperate "please." We want to cry, the impact of it like our claws on bare, willing skin. So what else can I do but take your cock to the hilt, ilm by precious ilm.

You're beautiful; bound and possessed. I rise and fall with patience that has the tendons in your neck straining. You snarl, hips bucking and failing in their test against my strength. It took such a small effort to drive you to this delicious fury. Our desire sits thick on our tongue, gagging in its potency. You want to be the one giving, the one making us thrash and scream. You want to take care of me, your guilt like standing water soaking the memories of our initial conflict.

I fill myself with you and fall onto your chest. I *squeeze* and you cry out, head tilted back and eyes firmly closed. A pity. You miss it when I start to kiss and suck along your breasts, only looking when I take a hard nipple in my mouth. You swear, an oath to your goddess that may as well be an oath to *me*, as my tongue lashes it. Though we try to ignore it, our body is responsive. A flower waiting to bloom under my fervor.

You snort and I roll my eyes. Let us have our romance, yes? I indulge only with you, in this space and in this flesh. I give your nipple one final lick, kissing it for good measure, and switch to its twin. I feel you pulsing inside of me and smile into your breast. You're close, out of practice and mourning what might've been. More the fool, to think I'll be upset that I make you lose your iron grip on control. Discipline can be set down once learned.

I rock myself on the fulcrum of your hips, not letting you slide out of me more than is necessary. We're soaked at the joining, and the noises that result from it make our head spin. Yet they're secondary to the ones that fall off your tongue. I've turned your voice into a

symphony, the instruments your frantic begging and ragged moaning. You whisper meaningless nonsense that our ears still try to untangle. And through it all, you take the unflinching love that I give you.

When you finish, sobbing at the stimulation, it's with your fangs in my neck. I hold you there, push your face in as your jaw works to dig deeper. Take it, take *me*, for once in our life be selfish and *take*. You could tear my throat out and I would thank you for it. You empty yourself in me and mark me and something panicked within us is calmed. Our broken, tattered soul is given a measure of tenderness.

How long do we remain there, enshrined in darkness and the last twinkling stars of climax? It's immaterial. I focus on your heartbeat. It calms in a slow spiral, like water circling a drain. The space between beats lengthens. There lies the abyss, and I. Always with you. Forever yours, so long as you'll suffer my presence. I certainly don't want to leave. Let me live on as your shadow; your mirror that only reflects devoted, painful sympathy.

Roused by our maudlin thoughts, you pull your teeth out of me and say "I love you." It's your last waking thought. You pass out and I want to laugh. I *do* laugh, half-hysterical with it as I rest my forehead against your collarbone. My hands trace gentle lines over your ribs and your scars, counting both with care. You need to eat a proper meal. We will. I kiss your skin and taste salt, feeling the pull of you in the back of my mind. I ignore it and let go of our aether, freeing your arms.

You hold me in your sleep, the action unconscious but the intent clear.

Tomorrow, you won't wake up alone.

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