

## loving souls

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# loving souls

by [lightwayland](#)

## Summary

An afternoon of Robert Lightwood and Michael Wayland's happily ever after.

## Notes

hi! i apologize in advance 'cause my english writing is probably a catastrophe, but waywood is my coping mechanism and i was almost hitting my head against a wall thinking about these boyfriends. hope you enjoy it!  
(this is supposed to take place after their reunion, post-qoaad)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Feeling relaxed as the breeze surrounded him, Robert Lightwood looked around to see where Michael had decided to bring them this time. He wasn't surprised to see stunning fields beside the Brocelind Forest. Idris' landscapes were always stunning, plus it meant a lot to both him and Michael. The sky was also clear and beautiful with a color that looked as if sunset was close.

Michael had just appeared on his right, and Robert couldn't contain a shy smile. He could spend the eternity smiling while looking at that lovely face surrounded by soft curly brown hair. Also, even as a full grown up adult, he still had to look up to face Robert. Everything about Michael was just so lovely, and Robert now could think like this forever without feeling fucked up or ashamed.

"This is all you can do for me?" Asked Michael, pouting with a false sadness on his tone, then opening a wide smile to show what he was talking about.

Robert blushed and got a little closer to his parabatai. "You know how much I love being with you, but don't worry, I'll keep trying my best to demonstrate. So..."

Michael raised his right arm to show he was carrying something. A picnic basket! His arm was bare since he was using a simple light-grey t-shirt, while Robert usually used long black clothes.

"I see," Robert raised a brow. "Let's check what you have for us." He was close enough to reach for Michael's nape, and so he did to gently pull him for a quick kiss on his head before releasing him. Michael picked Robert's right hand and they walked toward a tree that was a little bit distant from the ones which formed the forest. Michael took a proper towel from the basket, properly positioned it under the tree and they sat with some distance between them.

"I know you're going to like it." Michael said with a cute little smile. *Damn*, how adorable he was! Robert waited as Michael positioned a small cake in the space between them. "My Jonathan helped with it." Also picked one fork from the basket.

"You have been cooking for me, then?" Robert said with a wink and Michael chuckled. He raised his hand waiting for Michael to give him a fork, but only got a denial while watched as Michael picked a piece, tasted, made a satisfied sound, then finally talked again.

"No, no! I'll feed you."

Robert didn't know how to reply, so just raised his brows. Michael picked another little piece of cake with the same fork and stretched his arm so it was before Robert's mouth, which after some moments, he opened to snap the fork. The cake was really delicious, and tasted even better with his parabatai feeding him. He also made a satisfied sound and Michael smiled. "I told you."

Like this, they ate some more, looking deeply at each other's eyes when Michael fed him. Accidentally, or not, he mistook Robert's mouth once or twice, making kind of a little mess

on his face. After sometime, he stopped eating and just faced Robert for a while, looking even more amused.

"Let me guess." Robert licked around his lips. "There's cake in my face."

"Maybe." Michael said with a wicked smile.

Eyeroll. "And will you do something about it?"

In response, Michael stood on all fours and crawled slowly over the towel to be the closest to Robert possible. Still on his fours, he looked even more deeply into his eyes, and Robert didn't dare to make a move, not even when Michael finally leaned to give a lick on his cheek, but he knew he was blushing. Michael just giggled before giving another lick, Robert's beard certainly tickling. Oh, wow. Robert definitely had no objections to that tongue. Seconds later, there was no cake evidence in his face, so Michael bowed forward one more time to give Robert a kiss on the tip of his nose, and stood on his knees. Robert grabbed his face.

When Michael closed his eyes in anticipation, still smiling (apparently none of them could stop smiling), Robert kissed his closed eyelids, enjoying the feeling of the delicate skin against his lips. Then kissed his nose, his cheeks, his forehead, and explored with his lips that adorable face as he wanted, and Michael cringed a little because it also tickled.

Robert felt a hand grabbing his arm, right in his parabatai rune, and Michael playfully tried to scratch him through his clothing. "C'mon." Then used his two arms to gently (or not so gently) push Robert into laying down on the ground and quickly moved to be over him. A part of him wasn't fully sure if Robert would enjoy being like this, feeling the weight of his entire body pressed against his, but he seemed to do, because he put his hands on Michael's lower back right away.

They stayed like that for a while, looking into each other's eyes, eyes so full of love and longing. Finally, they closed their eyes and Michael leaned in to kiss him. It was a slow, soft kiss. They were in no hurry. Before their tongues touched, Robert whispered. "*I love you, Michael Wayland.*"

Usually Michael would reply with words, but he was so full of emotion that decided just kiss him deeply instead. Robert's right hand made its way up Michael's back to the back of his head, where Robert's fingers tightly wrapped around Michael's curls. Michael was fast to let out a moan of contentment and they stopped the kiss.

Robert looked amused and awkward at the same time. "Like that, uh?"

"Damn you, my love."

And Robert could have shined with happiness as Michael called him that. His left hand was still on Michael's lower back and his right hand moved from his hair to his face, where it petted his cheek. Moments later, Michael's smile disappeared, his mouth turning into a line and his face blushing because Robert had used his left hand to squeeze lower. He didn't need to smile though, as Robert could feel how happy he was, and in response he pressed one of his knees between Robert's legs. Well, that didn't feel bad *at all*.

Robert was so happy he couldn't believe it, and he never imagined he would enjoy so much having Michael all over him like this. He loved Michael, loved being with Michael, and loved *being loved* by Michael. He could feel Michael's love for him, but letting him demonstrate it physically like that was a whole new level of rightness.

They always knew they would love each other forever, and so they did.

## End Notes

i don't know if anyone will read this but if you're here, i hope you enjoyed and if you're comfortable, leave me some feedback since it's a first try for me. if you want more waywood let me know and i will be happy to write more of them!

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