

## In Submission

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# **In Submission**

by [Night-Mare \(Aoife\)](#).

## Summary

Several people have asked about Xanax in comments on "For Everything, Its Price".

He *refused*.

# Chapter 1

When Xanxus realised what was happening, that even though the Ring had rejected him, that he'd succumbed to what he'd always called the Sky curse, he'd raged through the Varia Compound, a destructive maelstrom that had all but his Officers - whether or not they were his bonded Guardians - fleeing for whatever nebulous place of safety they could find elsewhere. He'd hoped - fuck he'd *prayed* - that the fact that he wasn't the Ninth's blood would mean that he wouldn't have to deal with this, that it was more Blood of the fucking Vongola shit.

He didn't want to deal with this shit. Didn't want to submit to the traditions that said he had to let trash - even if they were *his* Trash - mount him until this dissipated, until he - he shuddered at the thought of a child growing inside his body, even if it meant he could be sure it would be *his*.

He *refused*.

His blood boiled as his flames danced just beneath his skin and the weight of them spread through the compound. It hurt as he fought himself, fought the urge that coursed through him and instead set the world aflame.

He was Xanxus di Varia and he submitted to *no-one*.

## Chapter 2

Xanxus panted, exhausted from the destruction he'd wielded within the Varia Compound, hanging onto his self-control, his ability to refuse what was being demanded, by his fingertips.

Even for the strongest willed individuals, those who'd trained both their minds and bodies to bear the strain of Dying Will Mode could only stay in it for so long. Tools could reduce the cost - the baby-trash's gloves were prime examples of that, as were Xanxus' own guns. They were hard things to make, and very few people could make items that were usable by others.

There was a direct, linear relationship between physical stamina and the length of time one could maintain the active state and a exponential one between Will and flame duration. Until the baby-trash pulled the Zero-Point technique on him - and he was going to learn how to use *and* counter it before he was imprisoned in it for a third time - he'd known that he would be able to out last him. Reborn had had the brat for less than three months before the battle; he'd trained his Will and his body for more than a decade. There should have been no contest.

Timoteo - the Ninth, the old Bastard he'd thought was his father right up until the moment someone had thought to explain Sky biology to him and why it was that everyone was thrusting younger sons at him, not their daughters - depended on that scepter of his. If they'd faced each other Flame to Flame, without artificial crutches, without Primo's damn technique ... next time - if there was a next time - he'd make sure to set the playing field more carefully.

He snarled, throwing himself back into an exhausting exercise routine, ignoring the hollow ache that had bloomed his gut, and the hyperawareness of his Guardians' locations.

Squalo, his trashy shark with that shitty arse length silver hair that reminded him of the things he could never have, was lurking in the corridor outside his rooms. Prince the Ripper was downstairs, pretending indifference in the compound's forge; Mammon was with him. The Ninth had Reborn, but Reborn only *worked* for him. He, Xanxus, had been the one strong enough to *bond* one of the Strongest Seven! And the Sun and the Lightning that circled him, trusted but not bonded, waited for the outcome at a respectful distance. Waited to stop anyone else interfering.

He *refused* to succumb to this. He refused.

## Chapter 3

"Shitty boss." The voice was the Shark's, and it carried a wealth of affection and a complex collection of other emotions. He wanted to snarl, to demand that his Rain Guardian leave him alone to his war. He wanted, -

The heat had been boiling through his system for upwards of twelve hours now, and he was exhausted, having ridden the edge of Hyper Dying Will Mode for the entire time. He wanted to sleep. He wanted his body to stop its betrayal. His body wanted neither; it wanted pleasure, wanted his guardians. He was hollowed out, slick in places he didn't want to think about, and his traitorous Flames were almost purring at one of his own being so close.

No. Not just one.

His Mist and his Storm were also there, concealed beneath an illusion that broke once he knew what it was hiding. Mammon was perched on the Prince's shoulder, an amused smile on their lips; Bel was bare, bar the leather trousers that formed part of his preferred day wear, aroused cock obscenely outlined.

"Shishishishi, the boss has seen us."

He tried to scrape together enough Will to throw Flame at them, but he'd exhausted himself and even that left him panting. At least he could be fairly sure that these three wouldn't kill him, if for no other reason that enlightened self interest. Their bonds to him could easily kill them if they were responsible for his death.

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The tentacles that wrapped around him were one of Mammon's illusions. He knew that, but he was tired from trying to fight the rising heat that he couldn't dispel them, couldn't figure out what the clause was that would break them.

The Arcobaleno, he realised, had wanted him to break the earlier illusion. Wanted him to know that they were there. His trash were good, he decided. He recognised his Shark in the strategy they'd used. It was very much the way the man fought, allowing his opponent to exhaust themselves and then moving in for the kill.

Both the Prince and the Shark were finer-boned than him, with the wiry muscles respectively of a knife-fighter and a swordsman. Whilst he knew from previous experience that they were both deceptively strong, he wasn't surprised when one crouched to either side of him, freed his arms from their bindings and slung them between them. He must have made a questioning sound though.

"Shishishishi, the Prince wants a bed for the siring of an heir." Xanxus could only snarl weakly in response as Squalo had used the opportunity of skin contact to hit him with a fairly hefty dose of his Flames, and allow the two of them to drag him towards his suite of rooms, Mammon floating along in their wake.



## Chapter 4

The tentacles curled around his wrists and ankles and held him. Held him stretched, exposed.

He could feel himself *dripping*. That wasn't somewhere that should drip, for fuck sake.

Could feel his Guardians watching him, gauging how he'd react.

The tentacle that attempted to press between his lips, he bit. Hard. Only to be reminded that *every* mist had a twisted sense of humor when he tasted whisky, rather than blood or ichor or semen. It was even a decent whisky; he wondered what he was going to owe Mammon for it, or if it had just been siphoned directly from his liquor cabinet. He swallowed - it was that or drown in the stuff, which would be an undignified death for Xanxus di Varia - and the intruding tentacle took that as an invitation to push deeper. To fill his throat until he couldn't breathe, till he arched desperate for air, teetering on the edge of Dying Will Mode despite being exhausted.

Until he realised that even though he couldn't breathe, he couldn't he feel the tell tell warning signs of anoxia either, which meant he was even more out of it than he'd realised, for Mammon to have taken control of his body so completely.

Another tentacle took the opportunity presented to press into slick heat, while he was too desperate with the need to wrest control of his body back from his need and his Mist. Then another and an another and an another until he felt obscenely stretched, wide open like his guardian Trash had something planned.

He was going to make the three of them pay for this. They'd *bleed*. His mental snarl was cut short by the fact that the tentacles were moving again.

He had a brief, horrified thought that they were trying to meet in the middle; he'd seen Mammon do that to someone, once. But then he'd also seen Bel literally bathe in blood more than once - has even seen him and Lussuria drag home a shared victim, only for the corpse to be found fucked and bloodless in bed with a particular homophobic mook the next day. And then there was his Shark and his tendency to play with his food in public.

But instead the tentacles were merely pulling him upright, until he was kneeling upright, legs bound to the bed and arse impaled, split so wide open that he should have bled. Should be in agony, but wasn't. He could feel his Storm behind him, the threat of knives at his back to match the sword of the Rain that knelt in front of him. Unlike Bel, though, it was impossible to disarm the Sword Emperor - not long after the Mist Arcobaleno had decided they were joining the Varia, his Shark had paid them an extortionate amount of money to taught how to bind his Sword to his Flames. That train of thought was brought to a screeching halt when Squalo dipped down, out of sight but for that cloak of silver hair and -

He made a strangled noise when a pair of lips wrapped themselves around the head of his cock and *sucked*. Merciful mother of God where had the man learnt to do that? That wasn't a skill he'd expected his second in command to possess, and he almost didn't notice when the

three of the four tentacles spreading his arse wide were removed, and replaced by his Storm Officer's cock. Except that the combination of Bel's cock and Mammon's illusionary tentacle, when added to Squalo's mouth made white hot heat, reminiscent of each of the moments of his defrosting, explode from a point deep in his gut and left him shuddering and limp and barely conscious.

He came to without the tentacle down his throat. Without his limbs bound, but instead sprawled over his perpetually apathetic Storm officer, a cock still firmly imbedded in his arse. Almost as if his return to consciousness had been a cue, a second cock demanded entrance and it rapidly became apparent to him what Mammon's tentacles had been in aid of, as he stretched to take it disturbingly easily. He wanted to snarl, to demand of them what they thought they were doing, but the pleasure and exhaustion and the way the tentacles had abused his throat made what sounds that he could make sound more like enjoyment than disapproval. The noises seemed to spur Squalo on, who pressed pleasure on him with the sort of reckless abandon that the Shark exhibited in their best spars.

He should have been wrung out. Another orgasm *should* have been beyond his system, but his cock, pinned as it was been himself and Belphegor had barely deflated, and the constant stimulation of his prostate had another thread of white hot pleasure curling, slowly, at the base of his spine.

He bit down as the pleasure ran through him again, all too conscious this time. All too aware of how his body tried to wring down on the two cocks that had him split open. How the spasms turned Squalo's smooth pattern of thrusts to a shuddering, jerky mess, and he would swear he could feel the wet heat of his Second finishing inside him. He realised his mistake, moments later, when he registered that he'd tasted *blood*.

## Chapter 5

He could tell the instant that Belphegor realised he'd bit him so hard it had bled. The body beneath him had tensed and jerked so hard that the motion had been transferred through his body, and Squalo had slipped free. They were, he and his Rain, probably quite literally, fucked. Bel's blood hunger was hard to sate; the young Storm had killed more than one sparring partner under its influence.

His body was too little under his control, his Flames too wilful and his reserves too exhausted for him to summon them from where they hummed beneath his skin. He could feel his Shark trying to summon up enough of his Rain Flame to put the other Guardian under, but satiation wasn't the easiest state to call them up in and Bel was marginally faster - Squalo was unceremoniously kicked from the bed, unconscious. He wasn't entirely sure how the hell what happened next happened, but Bel under the influence was an uncanny creature even at the best of times, so perhaps finding himself beneath the younger man, a knife at his throat shouldn't have been as surprising.

(Well, in hindsight, the knife would prove surprising; Bel had obviously managed to access a *Mist* secondary and paid for Mammon's help with the trick without anyone else being aware he'd done so.)

He went slack, not too proud to do anything to survive one of Bel's episodes, and the knife bit into the delicate skin at the base of his throat, and the Prince licked the resulting trickle of blood up with kittenish licks.

"Shishishishi, the Flames promise so much, Boss. The princess, she'll be so pretty." The Storm continued to cut his way down Xanxus' torso, nursing at each of the wounds he made in the process. He felt hollowed out, slack and empty, and his Flames, much to his annoyance, still hungered for more from his Guardians. Flared higher at Belphegor's words, curling and coiling in his gut until the knife cut and cut and cut till his Flames spilled out from him and wrapped themselves around the younger man. He came to face down, sheets sticking to his body, the Prince setting a brutal, bruising pace as he rutted into his body.

A pace that made pleasure curl again at the core of his body as his prostate was mercilessly stimulated. He was flaccid, too drained to come again, and this was a more insidious thing, that was as much as his Flames as his nervous system responding and that terrified him. Terrified him because that meant that he *wanted* this, under all his lies to himself, he wanted this.

Bel's rhythm broke, and both their Flames coiled, vicious and snarling around them and dragged them under.

## Chapter 6

His Flames, borderline sentient at the best of times, are a snarling presence in the room. His trash had - they'd. Fuck he hurt, but he'd hurt worse than this. He could work through this, could kill them both - all three of them - for doing this to him.

But first. He reaches for the his Sky Flames and coaxes them into mimicking Sun Flames.

He'd learned this - though he hadn't known what he was doing then - when he was still on the streets. He'd been forced to learn, to keep his mother breathing. He'd hidden his Flame from her as long as possible, wary even of her finding out. There were a number of Families that would pay good money for Flame Active children.

He's not as good at this as someone like his Sun Officer, but he's good enough. Good enough with coaxing his Flames to be able to begin the process of his body healing itself. And good enough to recognise what the knot of Flames curled at his core are. The fact that it had taken, that he was now condemned to carrying a parasite -

The thought is subsumed in the way his Flames spike and turn on him, fire licking through his veins for the first time since he'd been claimed by the Old Bastard. It hurts the way the ice hurt as it formed, both times it was used on him. It hurts enough that he can't think, can't breathe, can't do anything but lay there until the Flames subside, or his Sun Officer dares to break into the room.

It feels like an eternity before the fire stops licking through his veins. Before he stops flashing back to being on ice, both aware and unaware, and so, so angry. The break in the agony is brought by the prickly touch of his Sun. No matter that they couldn't bond, both too incompatible on a Flame level, Lussuria was still *his*. He didn't care what the rest of the trash said about compatibility being the be all and end all, there were other things more important. Lussuria had given him the time and place of his death, and that was more than enough for him.

## **Chapter 7**

This story is now being rewritten and continued at the link below.

Works inspired by this one

[\[Remix/Rewrite\] In Submission](#) by [Night-Mare \(Aoife\)](#).

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