

Conquer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9823520) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9823520>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Final Fantasy XV
Relationship:	Regis Lucis Caelum CXIII/Nyx Ulric
Characters:	Regis Lucis Caelum CXIII , Nyx Ulric , Luche Lazarus , Libertus Ostium
Additional Tags:	ABO , Knotting , Creampie , Lots of come , Gaping , mentions of attempted sexual assault , Anal Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-19 Words: 2,799 Chapters: 1/1

Conquer

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Summary

One of the only omegas in the King'sGlaive, Nyx is inundated with alphas wanting to bang him like a screendoor in a hurricane. King Regis has a proposition for his favourite Glaive.

Prompt from the KinkMeme.

Notes

Written for the prompt: "Nyx is one of the only omegas in the kingsglaive and keeps having to physically fight off people who want to bang him like a screen door in a hurricane. Regis has a soft spot for him and offers to claim him, since he says he's not interested in a mate & Regis won't take advantage.

Except he's hella hot for Regis & wants the king to wreck him

Bonus if Regis does wreck him and it's all consensual & awesome"

The mentions of attempted sexual assault are brief and vague, and the sex itself is extremely consensual.

My first time writing ABO so apologies if I got any of the lore/traits wrong.

Sorry not sorry for this sin.

“Maybe you should tell the Captain?” Nyx scoffs at the suggestion, wrapping the bag of ice in a towel before slapping it against Libertus's wrist with more force than strictly necessary.

“Might as well just hand in my uniform if I do that,”

If Nyx has learnt one thing about being an omega in a traditionally alpha job, it's that too many people are waiting for him to slip up or give up, and Nyx is giving no one that satisfaction. He made it here, to Insomnia, from the crumbling ruin of Galahd, one of the first Glaives accepted by the King himself, and the only omega.

Libertus sighs, but doesn't otherwise respond, and somehow that just irritates Nyx even more. He wants to snap at his friend, argue that he couldn't possibly understand but he knows it will change nothing, and he doesn't want Libertus to think he doesn't appreciate his presence, and the beta's willingness to step in and break up Nyx's scraps before someone is hurt or worse.

“Well, thanks anyway, Nyx. I've gotta go,” Libertus looks at his watch as he gets up, “I'll see you tomorrow. Hopefully in one piece?”

“No promises.”

Nyx grins back at Libertus, and it's genuine even as he thinks it's more truthful than he'd like to admit.

He doesn't dwell on it. Washes the blood off his own hands and puts on a clean uniform before heading to the Citadel for his evening guard shift. Citadel Guard is far more interesting than guarding the Wall, not least of all because pretty much all the guards in and around the huge building are Glaive or Crownsguard, so there is little of the xenophobic rants and tricks than from the ever-proud Wall guards. Nyx is actually looking forward to it, for once, this month stationed on the hallway outside the King's private chambers, with a beta that he knows is mercifully quiet and disinterested in Nyx's conditions.

Nyx jogs through the crowded main streets of Insomnia, weaving in and out of groups of business men and women returning home for the day, and small mobs of school children going to or from cram schools. It's so different from Galahd, and Nyx could sit and watch the people all day if given the chance, seeking familiarity to sate the homesickness that still turns his stomach here and there.

He wouldn't have had to deal with this crap back in Galahd, he's sure.

The Citadel is already fully lit up by the time Nyx arrives, the dark surface mottled with bright windows and the torches of the other guards, the sky behind it not quite black as Nyx clocks in and steps inside. The interior is just as bright despite all the black stone and marble that decorate its floor and walls, the inside just as grandiose, and imposing, as the outside.

Nyx arrives at his post with just five minutes to spare, his watch partner not yet arrived, and he takes the moment to look around the perimeter, setting up for the night, and when he

returns from his circuit of the floor, an alpha is stood by the ornate entrance to the King's rooms.

“Lazarus.”

Nyx nods his head politely when the bigger male looks up, and he falls into place beside him, leaning up against the carved stone a little, letting the cold, solid marble ground him.

“Ulric.”

The alpha purrs out his name, and Nyx doesn't have to turn his head to see the grin splitting the other's face. Nyx holds perfectly still and stares at a flaw in the surface of the opposite wall, his back and shoulders straight and unmoving.

“Unfortunately Pelnä won't be here tonight. The flu.”

“Ah.”

Nyx jerks his head forward once in a shallow nod, concentrates on the way his braids shift about his collar, and firmly ignoring the musky stench coming from his right. He's not in heat, his own scent barely perceptible over the suppressants and other omega-blockers he's using, but Nyx can feel Luche's eyes on him and wonders how much of time and circumstance even matters to these alphas.

They stand in silence for a long time, all of Luche's attempts at conversation quickly quelled by Nyx's one-word answers and refusal to even look at the other. Nyx is on edge by the third hour, and when a clock somewhere chimes the midnight hour it startles him out of his meditation, just enough for his spine to click out of position, and he flinches when Luche turns bodily towards him.

“So there is life in there somewhere.”

Nyx licks his dry lips and doesn't look at him, feels the shadow fall over him as Luche steps away from the post,

“I'll be back in a moment, Ulric.”

Luche steps past him, leaving a foot gap between them, but Nyx feels his passing like Luche had rubbed up against him anyway, the alpha giving off pheromones and a change in scent that makes Nyx's stomach drop down into his boots.

He isn't aware that he's hyperventilating until a hand falls onto his shoulder and the sound it startles out of him is embarrassing, all the more so as he's been startled at all, and when Nyx turns around, dislodging that hand, he finds that his assailant is the king himself, and Nyx wants nothing more than for the Citadel to throw him sixty floors down into the depths of the ground so he doesn't have to face him right now.

The floor beneath him stays traitorously solid as Nyx takes in the grey pin-stripe silk pyjamas the king is wearing, and this feels all together too intimate and yet perfect for his liking, and Nyx is too busy inwardly berating himself for being such an idiot that he misses what Regis

says to him, and he feels his cheeks heat up as he catches the last word and flounders for a moment before reluctantly asking the king to repeat himself.

Regis makes a small amused sound that doesn't quite humiliate Nyx as much as he thought it would, and when he meets the king's eyes, the man is smiling kindly at him.

Nyx falls to one knee, head bowed in reverence as well as a desperate attempt to hide his pink cheeks.

“Your Majesty, forgive my rudeness. I was...momentarily distracted.”

“Please, rise, Nyx Ulric, it is too late for this kind of formality.”

Nyx raises his head, though he doesn't otherwise move from his position on the ground, unsure if his legs would hold him for that moment, and the surprise that Regis knows his name must show because the king smiles and shakes his head just barely.

“Drautos informs me of the position of the guards each night, so that I might know if there is an infiltration, however,” he holds a hand up as Nyx figures his expression must fall just a little despite his best efforts, “I do try to know each of my Glaives, especially those that prove themselves to be exceptional.”

Regis motions for him to stand, and Nyx finds himself doing it automatically even as he can feel the way his knees and hands shake.

“Your Majesty-”

“Regis.”

Nyx just about swallows his tongue, looks up when he hears footsteps approach them, and, catching the movement in his peripheral vision, turns back to see Regis step aside and motion Nyx inside his rooms.

“Come, I don't think you want to be stood out here for the rest of the night.”

Regis smiles at him and Nyx follows him inside, knowing at that moment that there was not a damn thing he wouldn't do if it would keep Regis looking at him like that.

The King's rooms inside are not quite as Nyx had expected; the guest suites and other rooms are ornate and gorgeous, and the stonework is strong and delicate all at once, and yet inside the king's rooms, the black stone is softened by the grey and gold-toned furnishings, and the light of the fire burning in the hearth. A chess board is set up in one corner with a game in play, and the bookshelves lining the opposite wall are stuffed with thick, leather-bound books, though as they pass, Nyx catches what he thinks are the spines of comic books amongst the tomes on Lucian history.

Nyx comes back to himself when Regis stops in the open doorway, and he peers beyond to see a huge four-poster bed, and realising that they are hovering on the threshold of his bedroom, and somehow it isn't as intimidating as Nyx had thought it might be.

“I admit, I did have an ulterior motive for inviting you in here.”

Nyx belatedly realises that he is being spoken to, and he snaps his attention back to Regis, staring at his mouth but feeling like he wasn't quite grasping the meaning of the words.

“Your Majesty?”

“I have a proposition, of sorts, for you, Nyx Ulric, and I hope you will forgive my bluntness but I cannot in good heart allow this to go on any longer without action.”

Nyx pinches his thigh to make sure he isn't dreaming, and he doesn't speak when it hurts, not trusting his voice.

“I have heard of the troubles that have befallen you, despite the laws and my best efforts to ensure the safety and dignity of all omegas whom seek to serve me, and I wish to protect you against them, as you have protected me over these past ten years.”

“Your Majesty, there is no need. I owe you a life debt and I will repay it. The circumstances do not matter I would-”

Regis holds a hand up and Nyx swallows his next words. He aches for the King's touch, has done ever since the man had saved his life and taken him, injured and homeless, under his wing and to Insomnia, and this is everything he has dreamt of for the past decade, and yet...

And yet, Nyx would rather-

“Forgive me.”

Nyx looks up at Regis, frowns and opens his mouth.

“I would offer you this: A claimed omega will not be bothered. I am old, and past the age of experiencing a rut. I would be able to claim you without losing my head and harming you through negligence and violence. If you will it, I will claim you, so that you might go about your life in peace, and never need to answer to an alpha again. However,...if you find this proposal unattractive-”

That shocks a laugh out of Nyx, and he forgets to be embarrassed when Regis looks at him with a mix of apprehension and restraint that is entirely foreign on his proud king.

“Your Majesty, I have dreamt of nothing else than sharing your bed these past ten years.”

The smile that curls at Regis's lips in the wake of that statement is entirely predatory, and possessive, and instead of trepidation and fear, Nyx feels his entire body thrill with arousal and anticipation, and when a hand finds his chin and guides him into a kiss, Nyx falls into it, placing his hands upon Regis's chest and feeling his racing heartbeat beneath the skin,

“Claim me, Your Majesty.”

For all that the king claimed he was past a rut, Regis drags Nyx to the bed on the tail of that plea, pushing the omega down onto his back and climbing atop him. The air is thick with

musk and the scent of arousal, and when Regis palms at Nyx's cock, he finds him already hard and wetting the front of the fabric.

“Your first?”

Nyx nods, helps Regis undo the buttons and zips that hold the KingsGlaive garb in place, and he throws the uniform away haphazardly, falling back against the pillow as Regis's mouth traces his body all the way back up to his lips, and he cries out the king's name when fingers part his thighs.

“You're making such a mess already.”

Nyx looks up as Regis raises his hand, his fingers wet with his slick already, and he forgets how to breathe when the alpha licks it off, their eyes meeting briefly before Regis is kissing him again and Nyx moans into the taste of himself on the other's tongue.

“Do it, do it, Regis, I need you.”

He hasn't ever felt so empty before in all his life, and when Nyx catches sight of Regis's cock once the other man has discarded his clothes, his mouth waters at the thigh shaft, and the knot forming just barely at its base. He wants to taste the seed leaking from the tip, and tease his king until he comes down his throat, but he wants it inside him as well, and Nyx settles for making a pathetic, aroused noise as Regis strokes himself.

“You want this?” Regis leans over him, his hand cool against the flushed skin of Nyx's face, and Nyx swallows, nodding once, and returns the kisses as Regis gives them to him.

“I've...never wanted anything more.”

Regis smiles, and Nyx feels his world eclipse as the alpha moves atop him. Nyx pushes his hips back as he feels the king's fingers against his hole, the tip of one almost sliding right in with how wet he is, and his body trills as Regis laughs into his neck, and Nyx is wailing when that first finger breaches him, digging his fingers into Regis's back as it's stimulation, but not nearly enough, and he's too aroused to even entertain being embarrassed now. Regis holds him still through two and then three fingers inside him, and Nyx is sure he's going to die before that cock is in him, and when Regis does take his fingers out, Nyx hears himself gasp and plead in the same breath, cracking his eyes open and staring down as his king levers himself closer, and the head of his cock just kisses Nyx's opening.

The king thrusts forward and Nyx yells like he's dying, the noise bouncing off the solid stone walls and reverberating back towards them as he gasps and bears down against the cock splitting him open. It's too much and not enough all at once, and when he feels the base press up against him, Regis nearly as deep as he can go, Nyx breathes for just a moment before Regis is pulling out and shoving back in and the sensation is almost anew, and Nyx tears at the sheets with his fingernails, scratching great lines down Regis's back as he gasps air in between cries. He's not even in heat, but the arousal has pushed him past the point of no return, and when Regis slows the pace to look into his eyes, to make sure Nyx really wants this as his knot swells even further, the girth pressing more and more insistently against Nyx's

entrance, and it takes each last shred of Nyx's control to nod, and to guide Regis's head to the place where his neck meets his shoulder,

“Claim me, make me yours, King Regis....I want to be full with you.”

It's the single filthiest and most wonderful thing Regis has ever heard, and he leans forward and bites Nyx then, sinking his teeth deep into the flesh as Nyx yields beneath him and takes his knot in one go, aroused and wet enough with slick that there is no pain, only pressurepressurepressure and Nyx wails beneath him as he comes, squeezing him tighter and then Regis is coming, spilling his seed deep within Nyx's body until it begins to slowly leak out of where they are joined as the knot deflates.

Nyx's eyes are tightly closed as light explodes behind his eyelids with each exhausted, satiated twitch of his body, and when Regis withdraws it brings a rush of sensation as his abused nerves ignite just barely, and he opens his eyes in time to see Regis staring down at the mess that he has become, and Nyx just barely remembers to be embarrassed, trying to close his legs. Firm hands grasp his knees and push them apart again, and he stares up at Regis helplessly.

“I like you like this.”

He groans, his cock twitching a little against his stomach, arousal thrumming through his exhausted body as Regis's fingers scoop up the come leaking out of his hole and push it back in with no resistance. He leans in to kiss Nyx, and the Glaive accepts it, wrapping his arms around the king's neck and drawing him in.

“Mine.” Regis whispers against his lips.

“Mine,” Nyx agrees, closing his eyes against the moment and drifting off almost immediately, every part of him deliciously tired and wondrously happy.

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