Veiled Scars

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Veiled Scars

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Summary

Wriothesley musters up the courage to show his beloved the one thing he's always been self-conscious about.

Veiled Scars

Wriothesley had many scars covering his upper body. His back, his torso, shoulders, arms, hands...you name it. Even though the two of them had been dating for a few months, he always struggled to show her his scars. Whether out of shyness or shame, he wasn't entirely sure. But they were an important part of his background. Eventually, after giving it much thought, he decided it was about time he showed her.

So there he sat, right across from her, shirtless. He braced for a look of disgust or fear even, but he wasn’t met with anything like that...

"Not to put shade on everything you've suffered, but, if I'm being honest..." Lumine bites her thumbnail, averting her eyes bashfully. "I think they make you look really cool."

In fact, it was much more than that.

He looked badass. Sexy...

Oh. What a sight.

Wriothesley emits a small laugh, a tad caught by surprise at her comment. He wasn't expecting her to like them so much. And that look on her face was doing things to him. He felt himself getting a bit flustered, a light pink blush covering his cheeks just a little.

"A-Ahem," she clears her throat, attempting to compose herself and disperse her perverted thoughts. "Cool. Yes. Very hot- I MEAN...uh..." she laughs awkwardly, blushing deeply. Whoops. The intrusive thoughts almost slipped.

Wriothesley averts his gaze sheepishly, scratching the back of his neck. "Heh, you're not just trying to flatter me, right?"

"I'm being honest. I really like them," she assured.

Her confirmation made him blush further, spreading all the way to his ears, very much happy with her response. "You have a weird sense of taste, then," he teased.

"Ahaha..." she nervously chuckles. "Perhaps I do..."

He shifts closer to her, his gaze roaming all over her wonderful face, memorizing every detail. Inwardly, he was really loving the fact he could make her look at him like this. Quite the major boost to his self-esteem. "You know, this isn't very fair..." he teasingly claimed, his voice dropping to a low whisper.

"Hm?" she tilts her head in confusion. "What isn't?"

He chuckled quietly, his hands going to her waist as he pulled her closer to him, the smirk on his face only growing. "I'm all shirtless here, showing off these scars that you apparently find so *hot*, yet here you are still fully clothed," he jokingly complained, his hands gently running up and down her sides.

Now she was the flustered one, cursing herself for letting that word slip. "Wha- I... ugh," she fumbles over her words. Her body responds to his touch with a shudder, suddenly feeling warmer.

Enjoying her reaction, his smirk reforms into a cocky grin. His hands moved from her sides to her hips, tightening his grip as he pulled her in to straddle his lap. "What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" he murmurs, his face now only inches away from hers.

"Tch.. 'Unfair' my ass..." she quietly mumbles, averting her eyes. *Now* who was being unfair?

He laughs, amused by her cute pouting. His warm breath lightly danced against her skin as he spoke. "What was that, sweetheart?" he squeezes her buttocks.

"Ah!" she yelps, the motion making her jerk her hips forward, pressing her nether region against his crotch. *This man...*

The smirk on his face only grew at her squeak, and then he felt her press up against his— oh.

He suddenly had a shift in mindset, eye narrowing with a dangerous glint. A predatory growl rumbles from his lungs as he licks his lip, gaze lustful.

Her breath hitched. The sound that came out his mouth... *oh no*. The beast has been awakened.

"Damnit, you're making this very difficult for me, you know that?" Wriothesley grumbles hungrily.

"M-Me!? Y-You're the one who started this!" she retorts. "Now you have to take responsi...bility..." eyes wide, she couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth. She just encouraged him!

"Oh, I'll take responsibility, alright," he muttered, his eyes darkening with desire.

Before she could even get another word out, she's laid flat on the bed in an instant. Hovering above her, his hands pin her wrists above her head.

He stared down at her with a mixture of arousal and possessiveness. "I promise you, sweetheart. I'll be *very* thorough."

She internally swoons. *Heavens.. take me now...*

And then she completely succumbs to his relentless desires.

~Fin

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