Primal Dilemma

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1359.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Genshin Impact (Video Game)
Relationship:	Neuvilette/Lumine (Genshin)
Characters:	Neuvilette (Genshin Impact), Ying | Lumine | Traveler (Genshin Impact)
Additional Tags:	Angst, Romance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-06 Words: 1,925 Chapters: 1/1

Primal Dilemma

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Summary

Neuvilette had been hiding in his office late into the night, which was unusual behavior for him. No one was aware of the biological turmoil he was facing. And when Lumine checks on him, he ends up doing something he regrets. But will she blame him?

Primal Dilemma

Neuvilette sat at his polished office desk, the dim light from the lamps cast shadows on his furrowed brows. His fingers tapped his pen rhythmically, though his mind was far from focused. His knee bounced rapidly; a nervous energy building up inside him. With a deep sigh, he pressed a slender finger to his temple, trying to steady his breathing... but it did little to calm the storm swirling within.

Beads of sweat trickled down his face, and his normally composed features were now flushed with unnatural warmth. His sharp, predatory fangs dug into his lower lip... the tension causing the muscles in his jaw to clench. His lavender eyes, usually calm and calculating, now flickered with an intense, almost frantic light, betraying the inner chaos he struggled to control.

His horns, once elegantly curved, stiffened at the base of his skull -a telltale sign of his mounting discomfort. The tip of his tail twitched and then fully emerged, swaying uneasily behind him. The sudden emergence of his tail seemed to signify just how much control he was losing. Gradually, but surely.

Neuvilette's breath came in shallow gasps as he growled again, his voice strained with frustration, and a sharp edge of agony. "This is unbearable..." he muttered under his breath, barely able to restrain the raw instinct that surged through him. The problem?

He was in the midst of a rut...

Everything about his body screamed for release. Yet, he couldn't escape the suffocating confines of his office. Couldn't escape the overwhelming pressure building within him. The battle between his mind and his instincts was a silent war... one he feared he might lose if he didn't find control soon.

A gentle knock sounds off on his office door, quickly followed by the sound of a familiar voice... a much too dangerous one for him right now.

"Neuvi? Are you okay in there?" Lumine asks through the door. "You haven't come out for a while. It's late."

She simply came to check on him at the request of some worried melusines, since he should've been getting some rest hours ago. She half wondered if he'd just fallen asleep at his desk while working.

He'd flinched at the sudden knocking, and the sound of her voice caused his body to react.

A female. Must mate... his body screamed, and another growl erupts lowly before he could

stop it. The sound made Lumine stiffen.

That didn't sound normal.

"...Neuvi?" she called in concern, tempted to open the door. Her hand hovers over the doorknob, ready to barge in if she didn't hear his voice.

His entire body tenses like a coiled spring. His hands grip tightly onto the polished wood of his desk as he fights for sanity. A shudder runs through him when her sweet scent reaches his heightened senses, making his pupils dilate further. When he speaks, his voice is deeper, rougher -barely recognizable as the composed Chief Justice she knew.

"L-Lumine... don't-" his words cut off with a sharp inhale, his tail lashing behind him in agitation. "You... shouldn't be here right now."

His instincts war with his rationality. Part of him wants, *demands*, she leave before he loses control completely. But the other part; the primal, possessive one, rages at the thought of her stepping away. The conflict leaves him trembling, his breaths ragged.

Lumine frowns as she listened. She was about to speak when Neuvilette continued. "There's something... I can't explain. Not fully. It's primal. Ancient. And it refuses to be ignored."

He was now gripping the edge of his desk hard enough to make the wood creak, forcing out the last shreds of his restraint. "Please...*go*. This isn't.. safe for you to witness," he pleads. His tail laushed once behind him before he forcibly stilled it.

Unfortunately for him, that sent off alarms for Lumine. *Was there an intruder who broke in and threatened him?* He made it sound dangerous. Like *hell* she'd leave him alone after hearing that!

Without hesitating, she barges in and readies herself into battle stance, sword out with the intent to rescue the Hydro Dragon.

Only... there was no intruder.

The moment the door swung open, his eyes settle onto hers, and the chain within him snaps. The rational part of his mind protests in vain. His body won't listen. The part screaming to *mate, mate, MATE* overrides his sanity. Those primitive urges take the reins. He's already pounced on her before she could react.

One moment, he was seated in his chair... the next, he's pinning her against the now shut door, and ripping her clothes.

Her sword falls from her hand and dissipates before it could hit the ground. And then... everything is a blur.

It's unknown how much time had passed.

Lumine stirs awake in a daze. Her mind is blank as she stares up at the white ceiling for a long moment. Then her head begins to tilt, eyes glazing over the unfamiliar surroundings.

The place looked very elegant and refined. The only thing remotely familiar was the color scheme; blues and whites that reminded her of someone...

Blue curtains were open over the grand window that muffled the sound of heavy rain. The walls were plain white, a beautiful sapphire carpet cushioned a low table set arranged before a plush couch, and dark wooden furnishings lined the walls all around.

This was definitely not her room. Who was it she knew that wore the same colors again..? Her brain couldn't seem to dig it up.

What else was odd?

Well, let's see... there was the strong ache throbbing between her legs. *That* seemed to gradually pull her to her senses.

Wait... why do I hurt down there?

She frowns, slowly moving to sit up. And then the sight of a certain figure across the room, sitting in a chair, triggers it all.

The memories come flooding back to her. She'd gone to his office to check on him. Heard growling from inside and the strange things he said. He warned her not to go in, but she did anyway. Their eyes met. Something in his gaze paralyzed her body. And then he was on top of her. That was the last thing she could recall.

She looks down and realizes she was in bed. But what took her breath away was the sight of her nude body beneath the blanket, covered in markings. The ache registers through her head in a new light. Her face warmed, and she covers her mouth with her hand to suppress a gasp. She slowly lifts her head to stare back at him, bent over in his chair with his head buried in his hands.

Neuvilette sat there drowning in remorse over what happened. How many times had he done her? He didn't know. But it had to have been at least a dozen times. And it haunted him terribly. All he could think about was how he should repent. *Justice waits for no one... not even when one's body rebels...* he thought to himself.

"N-Neuvi...?" Lumine called quietly. "What... what happened...?"

His entire body stilled at the sound of her voice, his breath hitched, hands tightening in his hair for a moment, before he gradually lifts his head to painfully meet her doe-like gaze. She looked absolutely bewildered. His lavender eyes are clouded with shame and regret. His voice is hoarse when he finally speaks, barely above a whisper.

"I... lost control."

The words are heavy with self-loathing.

"It happens once a year," he starts to explain. "It's... a biological trait that dragons experience. The unrelenting desire to mate..." he swallows hard, jaw clenched tight. "I didn't want you to see me like that. And yet-" he looks away, unable to hold her precious gaze any longer. "I took advantage of you... ravaged and *defiled* you like a beast. There is no excuse for what I've done." He exhales a shaky breath. "I should have done a better job. I could've protected you from it by not being there in the first place."

His eyes flicker back to hers, raw and anguished. "I can only beg for your forgiveness... knowing I don't deserve it."

Silence stretched between them, heavy with unspoken tension -and the lingering scent of what transpired. she had listened to him attentively. How he spoke of his shame. His explanation of what occurred. The way he ridiculed himself. And his plea to be forgiven. Yet... all she felt was empathy. She only saw how pained he was. Even though it was her own fault for not heeding his warning, her own mistake of assuming he'd been in danger, he still blamed himself. It hurt to watch.

She slips out of bed, approaching him with small steps. When she stood before him, she bends to gently wrap her arms around his shoulders, pressing him into her embrace.

"There is nothing to forgive, sweet Neuvilette," she said softly. "I can't fault you for acting upon natural instinct. I know you did your best. I was the one who should have listened to you... But, you know what?" she pulls back enough to look into his eyes, moving a hand to cup his cheek. "It's okay," she says, offering him a soft smile. "We can't turn back the hands of time and undo what was done. The only thing we can do now is embrace it, and move forward." Her free hand takes hold of one of his, and brings it to rest against her stomach. "...Together."

The gentle words hit him like a gust of wind, piercing right through his heart. His eyes widened, searching her face to find not anger, not fear, but *understanding*. It was nearly enough to make him weep. The one, simple gesture of her placing his hand over her belly, broke through the shame and guilt that consumed him.

"Together..." he echoed, voice thick with fragility. Something that could either shatter or bloom in the next breath. His thumb traces the faintest arc over her skin, as if memorizing the warmth developing beneath his palm.

The same warmth that shined through the window with sunlight -the rain... when did it stop?

His free hand lifts to cover hers where it cradles the side of his face, pressing it closer, seeking the reassurance of her sweet touch. "You are far kinder than I deserve," he says quietly. "But if you are truly willing... then I swear on my life, on my very being, I will give you everything, Lumine. Everything I am."

There was a pause, followed by a quiet, shuddering breath. "...Will you let me?" he asks softly, eyes searching hers. Vulnerable, transparent... no longer reflected as the Iudex. No longer the unshakable pillar of justice. Just a man now laid before the woman who held his heart in her hands.

She leans forward to rest her forehead against his, eyes shut, and utters a single word with all of the affection she had to give. "...Yes."

And it was all he needed to hear.

With a shaky sigh, he snakes his arms around her, pulling her close as he stood. He stays like that for a long while, feeling her steady heartbeat against his chest. When he breaks the silence, his voice is barely above a whisper, thick with a mix of awe and newfound promise.

"...I love you, ma chérie. Ma belle..."

Lumine smiles against his chest, emitting a soft hum in his arms before reciprocating...

"And I love you, mon chéri."

~Fin

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