Riddle Rosehearts is 100% Control; Draconia Doesn't Know What He's Talking About

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Riddle Rosehearts is 100% Control; Draconia Doesn't Know What He's Talking About

by purple_templar

Chapter 1

Riddle stared out the window into the rose maze; he should have been asleep hours ago. Riddle knew that: he was supposed to be asleep by 8:15pm sharp. He had executed his standard nightly routine to ensure that he would be ready for bed on time perfectly. Riddle had his bedtime routine planned out down to the minute; his nightly routine was perfect just like everything he did.

Despite that… Riddle still found himself adverse to getting into his bed and disrupting his neatly made bed just yet.

He was sure if Cater was here, he'd be squealing about how magic-cammable this moment was; Riddle couldn't help his soft smile as he imagined the carrot-headed boy's teasing jabs that Cater thought went over Riddle's head. The moon was particularly beautiful tonight and it was so perfectly framed in his window as it cast its soft silver glow over the Heartslaybul rose maze. Riddle pushed those thoughts to the side for now; he was content to bask in the soft glow of the moonlight as he subtly loosened the black belt off his plaid night robe.

Riddle allowed it to fall open as he let out a long breath. It was a weakness, a concession to the burning pain in his stomach that he very much did not exist thank you very much. Despite what the rest of his dorm mates might insist, he was above his body's foolish demands of him.That would be if his body was demanding something of him of course.

That was in fact not what was happening because Riddle was in far too much control of his body for it to dare make demands of him. Riddle didn't have any time for the pathetic bodily functions of one of his supposed presentation so he simply did what he did best: refuse to acknowledge it until Trey forced him to or it blew up in his face.

Riddle only allowed his body one demand: sleep. "Unfortunately" for his body, he would not be giving it what he wanted. He couldn't sleep even if he wanted to.Riddle just didn't feel like it. That had nothing to do with the burning ache under his skin of course. Nothing to do at all with how much he wanted to curl into a ball and scream. No relation at all to the instinct in him screaming at him to force his way into the bedroom of everyone he held dear in his thorny heart to steal their clothes and bask in their scent.

He might have felt more like sleeping if he hadn't been feeling such things which he wasn't because that would have been utterly ridiculous.

No, Riddle was fine. There was no reason why he was audibly gritting and grinding his teeth together in the way that he knew would send Trey into a conniption. Riddle had no problems whatsoever because he was in complete control of everything regardless of what some of the others (aka Ace Trappola) may say.

Maybe a walk would do him some good…

It was never a good sign when he could start hearing that cocky alpha brat Trappola yelling at him in his head.

Lilia would be furious with him. It wasn’t often that the old fae got angry, but broken promises were a sure fire way to get a very angry Lilia on one’s tail.

Malleus was well aware that he had promised that he would pause his unaccompanied late-night strolling and he had been doing quite a fine job at following through if you asked Malleus.

Just don’t ask Sebek about his opinion on that.…Malleus didn’t know what had drawn him here to Heartslaybul's famous hedge maze. It was rather different than his usual haunts but he had felt pulled there tonight. It was an almost magnetic pull, a gut instinct.Malleus found that his gut rarely steered him wrong.

Whatever the reason, Malleus found himself not particularly caring what had drawn him here to Heartslaybul. For whatever reason he was supposed to be here in this maze, he was going to enjoy the moonlight illuminating the roses that covered every hedge while he was here.The roses’ scent was sweet; it was almost hypnotic.

Malleus couldn’t help but find himself following the cloying scent of the roses. He had never smelt a rose so divine before; not even the briar roses in his grandmother’s gardens had ever left him so enthralled.

They smelt like roses, but somehow strawberries and sugar too. It didn’t make sense for a flower to smell like that, yet it was irresistibly intoxicating. Malleus felt dizzy, the smell so all-consuming he couldn’t tell if it was just his head or if the world truly was spinning all around him. The scent was enchanting. It was like nothing he had ever smelt before.Was that… Rosehearts?

Malleus froze, staring at the sight of the Heartslaybul house warden. Malleus didn’t know why it was so startling to see the Rosehearts; Malleus was in Rosehearts’ dorm after all. Perhaps it had something to do with the current… state of the so-called Crimson Tyrant.

There was no other way to describe Rosehearts’ current state as anything other than awful.Rosehearts was covered in sweat, his entire body drenched in perspiration. His usually well-kept shining hair was stuck to his face in clumps, his face as red as it was now with fever as it often turned in anger. Rosehearts was still seemingly dressed in his pajamas, his red plaid robe hanging open as he trudged forward like a zombie through the maze.

That however wasn't what caught Malleus' attention; what captured his gaze was Rosehearts' scent glands. They were swollen, almost pulsing from how agitated the skin was.If the angry scent glands weren't enough to tip Malleus off, the giant slick stain down the back of Rosehearts’ pajamas was enough to tip Malleus off that Rosehearts’ was in heat. It was a conundrum and one Malleus never expected to find himself in. Malleus hadn't even known Rosehearts’ was an omega; as far as he had been aware the younger was a beta.

Malleus approached with what he hoped came across as respectful hesitancy. Malleus was uncertain what the proper social protocol to follow in this situation was, but his gut instinct pushed him forward.

As Malleus got closer, he finally figured out where the smell had been coming from and it certainly hadn’t been the roses.

As Malleus approached Rosehearts’, the omega turned to him. Rosehearts’ looked half-feral before he seemingly composed himself. While Riddle seemed normal on the surface, the shake in his voice was more than enough to ruin any credibility of his act.

"Good Afternoon, Draconia. What are you doing here in the rose maze? I do not remember any ongoing matters that would necessitate a visit here to Heartslaybul, never mind a visit at such a late hour as this one," Riddle drawled, though any effect of nonchalance was ruined by the neurotic twitching of his eye."I could ask the same of you, Roshearts. You are clearly in heat. You should be in your room with your chosen pack. Why do you wander the hedge maze?" Malleus questioned.

Malleus couldn't help raising his eyebrow as he came to stand in front of Riddle, extending a hand to catch the overheated omega when his legs finally gave out underneath him. "Do you require some assistance Riddle, I would be happy to give it."

Malleus stiffened as Riddle struck him across the face.

"I'M NOT AN OMEGA!!" Riddle snapped with all the venom that someone in his current state could muster.

Malleus found himself even more confused now. He had no idea why Riddle was claiming he was not an omega. The fact was undeniable. Just a look at Riddle was enough for anyone with a working pair of eyes to tell that Riddle was very clearly an omega.

Malleus stared down at Riddle scrutinizingly, still holding Riddle up gently by his arm so he didn’t collapse to his knees. He knew normally he would be furious about someone striking him, but he couldn't bring himself to be angry at Riddle. Perhaps it was Riddle’s scent; it was just so calming that Malleus couldn't feel anything else but want to hold Riddle and never let him go.

Since when was he Riddle and not Rosehearts? "You’re clearly an omega, your scent leaves that an undeniable fact. You are clearly unwell. Let me assist you," Malleus found himself insisting, as his hand reached up to push Riddle's hair out of his face.

The two stared at each other. Neither quite understood why the two of them were in the rose garden, why either of them seemed so pulled to the other, why any of them were even having this conversation.

However, they found they couldn't resist whatever this pull was.

Riddle didn't understand why, but he found himself leaning into Malleus' hand, the words escaping him before he had time to think it through. "I think despite what I would like to tell myself, I can no longer deny that I need some assistance."

Chapter 2

Malleus had a problem. A Riddle Roseheart shaped problem. Now that he agreed to help the omega in front of him, Malleus had a conundrum. A small problem one might argue, but as far as Malleus was concerned it was the biggest problem that he had come to face in his time here as a Night Raven student.

He had absolutely no clue what one was supposed to do to help an omega in heat. Malleus may have been 178 years old, but he still only had the most surface level knowledge of omegas from a tome he had read in his family's library that he was almost certain was older than even his grandmother.

Lilia kept promising to finally explain to him the big deal with heats and ruts, but Lilia had always seemed to clam up and scurry off uncharacteristically whenever Malleus started asking too many questions. It wasn't as if Malleus had even the first signs of his first rut just yet so it wasn't as if he needed to know of such matters as they pertained for himself just yet.

However, Malleus felt himself wishing that he had pressed Lilia more for the answers to the questions he had.
Wish he had looked for more recent books.
Wish he actually knew how to help.

Malleus reached out, carefully pulling the shivering omega into his arms; Malleus was surprised Riddle let him. If there was one thing he knew from the few house warden meetings that people had bothered to remember to tell him about it was that Riddle had a pride to rival even his own.

Malleus let his instincts lead him for now, they rarely steered him wrong and it was those instincts that had led him here after all. Malleus winced as he felt how cold Riddle had become during just the few short minutes of their conversation, the flames in his stomach rising up to flicker under his skin without even a thought from him in an attempt to try and warm the shaking omega in his hold.

"You're cold, are you supposed to be cold? What made you wander outside anyways? If I'm not mistaken, proper protocol during a heat is for one to remain with their pack? From what I have read it is a pack's duty to aid an omega through their heat and provide them with a safe haven during their heat?" Malleus questioned.

Malleus couldn't help but give into the instinct as he gently ran his hands through Riddle's hair as he waited for him to answer, his nails sharpening against his behest into sharp claws that much more suited the beast that lurked inside him than the form that he currently held caged inside him.

Malleus frowned, Riddle's silence prickling at his nerves. "Do you wish for me to bring you to Clover? That Vice-House warden of yours is part of your pack is he not?"

"No!” Riddle snapped. Malleus felt his shoulders sag as he finally got a response from Riddle, unable to help the way his heart spluttered.Very few ever talked to him like that before without finding themselves set a blaze, but for whatever reason he couldn’t help but find the rudeness endearing coming from the fiery tea-pot tyrant.

Malleus knew Lilia would have his hide for it, but he couldn’t help but want to make off with the short red-head and keep him all to himself. To smother the omega and keep him from ever feeling cold again. To make him the crown jewel of his hoard.

Malleus sighed, he was doing that thing again. Humans didn’t understand matters of the fae, they didn’t understand and Malleus couldn’t just kidnap every human that caught his eyes like he had Lilia, Silver, and Sebek as Lilia often had to remind the young dragon.

"Okay. I don’t know why you don’t want the help of your pack, but if you do not wish me to bring you to them then I shall respect those wishes. Please, just tell me how I can help,” Malleus said quickly as he realized the silence had probably dragged on too long. Malleus couldn’t help but scold himself.

Stop plotting to kidnap people who have captured your curiosity, especially someone you just promised to help, and focus on actually helping them!

Malleus hated how useless he felt. He wanted so badly to help. Malleus had never felt so out of his depth before. Malleus didn’t know how to help, but he wanted to so badly it made his chest burn.

Malleus stared down at Riddle, feeling more like the useless overgrown lizard that Leona often called him with every passing moment. Riddle remained quiet, seemingly deep in thought as he tugged at his pajama shirt like he wanted to tear it off, his pajama robe long having slipped off.

“I need you to get me away from here. You have to make sure… make sure that no one sees me like this. No one can know, they can’t. Promise me?” Riddle hissed demandingly, grasping onto Malleus shirt tight enough it probably would have tore if it had not been made out of Briar Valley linens made to withstand a dragon’s temper.

Malleus nodded, but internally he was sighing. Malleus was going to have to break another promise to Lilia.

It was times like this that Malleus was glad his human form didn’t have his tail; it would probably be busy embarrassing him right now with how much it would be wagging if it was visible right now.

Malleus was a dragon after all, and dragons never let their treasures go once they get them. Especially when the treasure was begging him so adorably to be taken away and hoarded like all treasures should be.
He knew Sebek would have a stroke, but Malleus thought he’d be quite happy to let this fiery tyrant of hearts tell him what to do. It was rare after all that someone was so blase about

ordering him around like this without a hint of fear. Riddle may not have known it yet, but Malleus was keeping him; Riddle was just too cute not to keep.

Chapter 3

Riddle should be cold. He wasn’t so brash that he could deny that he probably wasn’t in the correct head space for deep thinking right now; but Riddle was pretty sure that he was supposed to be cold right now considering just how high up in the air he was.

He didn’t have much chance to protest before he found himself in the air, the ground dizzingly far beneath him. When he asked Malleus to take him away from the rose gardens, Riddle had never imagined that Malleus would suddenly manifest a pair of wings and take off into the sky.

Riddle thought he should be scared. It was the logical emotion to feel.

He was sure he should be angry. His head was spinning too much for him to recall it, but he was almost certain there had to be a rule against dragons flying off with the Housewarden without anyone else's knowledge.

“Where are you taking me?” Riddle demanded. He knew he was being rude, but he was too preoccupied with internally debating the pros and cons of peeling his skin off to make sure his insides weren’t actually boiling themselves and they just felt like they were boiling themselves.

“You said you wished that I would ensure that no one else sees you in your current state, so I’m taking you to my personal chambers. No one would dare enter my chambers without my permission. My chamber should also be more than comfortable for you to rest while your heat passes,” Malleus responded.

Riddle’s eyes crinkled in confusion as he saw a glint in Malleus’s eye that he couldn’t decipher, but he was distracted by trying to figure out what it was by the hand in his hair.

Riddle felt like he was melting, but in a pleasant way; not the painful on fire kind of melting from before everywhere but in a relaxing sort of way. Riddle didn’t know how to feel as Malleus’ claws gently ran through his hair, the foreign sensation unmaking something deep inside his gut that he was too scared to question deeper.

Riddle wished he could think more clearly, he was sure he should be feeling something other than the bone-deep satisfaction he felt right now about his fellow housewarden taking Riddle to be alone with them in their bedroom.

Riddle wasn’t given much time to ponder before he found himself alighting down with Malleus into his bedroom.

Malleus’ bedroom was both what Riddle was expecting, and like nothing he had never anticipated before. The biggest surprise was the large dragon statute in the corner that looked to be currently in process and the strange tapestries on the wall.

Riddle found himself placed gently onto Malleus’ bed as Malleus continued to stare at him.

The bed was soft.

Riddle could feel himself sinking into the bed, instinctively relaxing as he picked up on Malleus' scent covering the sheets. Riddle stared back at Malleus, the two not breaking eye contact as Malleus smothered Riddle under his blankets.

The two continued to stare back at each other, Riddle unable to tear his eyes away from Malleus' green eyes. A small part of Riddle, the parts of the omega inside of him that he and his mother had yet to be able to squash, preened at the full attention of an alpha like Malleus directly on him. Riddle felt oddly content.

Well he did, until Malleus took his hands off of him to go close the window and the burning fire under his skin returned in full force. Riddle was angry; furious to the point that even he knew it was nonsensical and more heat-madness than anything else.

Despite all of the logical explanations his mind was trying to bring up, his emotions could only focus on the perceived rejection from the alpha. I mean, how dare Malleus stop touching him? Riddle didn't give him permission to stop!

Riddle knew that the growls leaving his throat were not ones his mother would approve of, but Riddle didn't care as he grabbed Malleus by his arm and tossed him back onto the bed. Riddle knew that Malleus was letting Riddle manhandle him. Riddle wasn't that deluded that he thought he had suddenly gained some level of arm strength that he hadn't had before. Riddle liked that Malleus was just shutting up and letting Riddle drag hill Malleus deserved it for taking his hand off of Riddle.

Shit. Riddle really should have just gone to Trey. He knew he was going to kill himself from embarrassment the second that his heat was over.

"You're upset. Did I do something wrong? I apologize, I don't know as much about omega heats as I should," Malleus questioned, a hand reaching up to gently brush a lock of hair that was sticking to Riddle's head out of Riddle's face.

"Good," Riddle thought. Malleus should be touching him.
Malleus's touch was like magic. It cooled his skin, easing the burning ache. His touch made him want to cry and laugh all at the same time.

"Just keep touching me. You're not allowed to stop," Riddle mumbled, half-mad with the burning want inside him that he hardly realized what he was doing before he was diving forward and capturing Malleus's lips in his own.

Malleus's eyes widened in surprise, but the alpha seemed to get the message as he returned the kiss.

It was messy and clumsy, the two clearly having no experience whatsoever. Riddle was demanding, giving Malleus no chance to breathe as Riddle shoved his tongue into Malleus's mouth. Riddle sought out the cooling sensation that Malleus' touch seemed to bring, seeking after it with all of the ferocity in his small frame.

Malleus didn’t seem to mind as Riddle consumed, didn’t even seem to notice with anything other than what Riddle vaguely recognized as pride as Riddle’s nails scraped against Malleus’ skull.

Anytime that Malleus tried to pull away to give Riddle a chance to breath, Riddle would just force Malleus’s mouth back onto his with enough force to leave scratch marks on Malleus’ face.

Malleus just stared at Riddle, letting the omega do as they pleased. Riddle would probably regret this latter, letting his first kiss go like this.
But right now?

Right now Riddle wondered if he needed to reconsider his opinion that Trey’s strawberry tarts were the best thing he had ever tasted as his tongue claimed Malleus’s mouth as his.

Chapter 4

Riddle's mouth was sweet; Malleus had never enjoyed sugar, but he felt he might have found another one of his few exemptions to that rule. Even just this small taste of the omega was enough to make Malleus want to sink his claws into Riddle and never let him go.

Malleus was aware that it was most likely expected of him to take charge; to take control. Malleus had promised Riddle that Malleus would help him, and Malleus couldn't help but feel inept at the fact that he had yet to do anything to actually help Riddle besides bring Riddle back to Malleus's own room.

Malleus tried to take control of the kiss, but Riddle didn't allow it. Riddle easily controlled the kiss, both of their movements clumsy and messy. Their teeth clacked against each other, their tongues slipping haphazardly together in a honest but juvenile attempt at a proper rhythm.

Malleus felt like his own fire was burning him up from the inside out; Malleus had never felt like this before and found himself in one of the rare moments in his life that left him lost for words. Malleus had always been disgusted by depictions of kissing; but he found he now understood the appeal as their tongues twisted together.

The sensation reminded Malleus of the way the few romance books he had managed to sneak out of the royal library spoke about traditional courting flights; an experience Malleus had been sure he would never get to experience even an imitation of as one of the few true-blooded dragons that remained.

The feeling of someone grabbing onto him as tightly as he wanted to hold onto them was a foreign one. It made Malleus' chest burn; the aching fire of desperation and want that always lingered in his chest blazed as it sought to burn with someone who acted like they wanted to hoard him just as much as he wanted to hoard them.

Malleus couldn't take his eyes off of Riddle. Malleus' couldn't help the instinct to let his body go lax as Riddle's gray eyes pierced his soul. Malleus felt like he couldn't move even if he wanted to as Riddle moved to straddle him. Malleus wished that he could tell what was going on in Riddle's eyes, the dragon unable to understand the look on Riddle's flushed face.

As Riddle broke the kiss Malleus felt adrift, enchanted by the red-head looming over him. Riddle hungrily took in air, left completely breathless. Malleus's thumb traced gently across Riddle's face, wiping gently away the stray tear that ran down Riddle's face.

What a shame, I wish I could bottle this tear up and keep it forever, Malleus thought. He was completely aware was such a thought that would probably get a comment from Leona about him being a creep, but at that moment he didn't care.

Riddle finally slipped off his plaid, night robe; the robe slowly slipped off Riddle's shoulders, falling down around them leaving Riddle nude. Malleus found himself sharply broken out of

his pondering at the sight of Riddle's bare body in front of him. Malleus couldn't help but stare, the air feeling as if it had been punched right out of him.

Malleus didn't know what he had been thinking when he had offered to help the omega with his heat, or even if he had thought past their kiss until now with Riddle's nude form holding him against the bed. Malleus had never felt so weak as Riddle's grip tightened to a grip that would have bruised mortal flesh. Malleus found that he didn't hate the feeling of weakness as much as he always imagined that he would.

Malleus's hands twitched, the urge to let his draconic instincts take control itching at him. Malleus had never really thought what it would be like to share a bed with an omega through their heat, but now Malleus could recognize the aching need of his own stirring rut. The feeling rose tempestuously in his stomach as the affect of Riddle's heat on himself became something he could no longer deny.

Malleus wondered absently if he had been doomed to find himself just like this the second he had caught that sugary, strawberry scent in the air.
Malleus's fingers twitched, his magic unraveling his own clothes quicker than was probably safe for the garment's integrity. The second the feeling of Riddle's bare skin against his own hit Malleus, it felt like he had been drugged.

Malleus couldn't help but trace his fingers against the soft skin, the omega glaring down at him with some kind of thinly veiled emotion that Malleus wished he was emotionally intelligent to decipher.

Malleus' hands moved on instinct more than conscious thought, moving towards Riddle's rear. Even though Malleus couldn't understand the urge, but he felt the urge to reach out and squeeze Riddle's ass. Malleus' hands reached out, almost feeling like he was mesmerized as he gently kneaded the plush flesh.

Riddle slapped Malleus' hand away, Malleus quickly withdrawing his hand.

Malleus held his hand to his chest, the strike seeming to have stung him more than he had expected just from the sheer unexpected shock of it.

Malleus found himself… perplexed. He wasn't fully sure what he had done to displease Riddle, or why Riddle's face had lit up so brightly. Malleus had long ago learned when Riddle's face turned red, it usually meant a wrathful outburst was imminent from the tiny house warden.
Malleus instinctively tilted his head away as he braced his ears for Riddle's shouting.

Riddle grabbed Malleus's face, jerking Malleus head up so that Malleus couldn't look away from him. "I think you've misunderstood something here; you're mistaken if you think I'm going to let you be the one who gets to put it in," Riddle growled, his grip on Malleus's face tightening. Malleus cocked his head to the side,his mouth down-turning into a confused frown.

The red in Riddle's face softened, Riddle's head jerking away as the eye contact that they had been holding the entire time finally broke. Riddle's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat, his

face tightening. "You know… you're…" Riddle paused, his face souring as if he was pained by the words coming out of his own mouth. "Your penis! I may be an omega, but I don't want your penis in me!"

Malleus let out a rumbling chuckle, the slow creep of his responding rut urging him to taunt the omega pinning him down to see how far Riddle would take it. "Okay. Do you want to put your penis in me?"

Riddle's face turned a furious red, the omega spluttering like a piping tea cup. "You can't just suggest something like that! How could you be so crass?!"

Malleus stared back up at Riddle in confusion. Sure, Malleus wasn't the most up to date on mortal mating customs, but they were both nude at this point. "You are in heat. We are both nude and you are on top of me. I have offered you my full assistance. Whatever you need from me, you only need to ask."

"J- Just shut up! Have you no sense of decency?!" Riddle snapped. Riddle's face burned in embarrassment, and he quickly pulled Malleus' face against his in a not subtle attempt at shutting Malleus up.

Their teeth painfully clashed again, but Riddle seemed to be more focused on getting Malleus to shut up before the fae could accidentally say anything mortifying again. Malleus couldn't help but grin through the kiss, finding Riddle's reaction almost… cute. Malleus indulged Riddle's kiss, opening up his mouth with an eagerness he didn't bother to conceal.

As their kiss broke again so Riddle could breathe, Malleus grinned up at Riddle. Malleus' sharp fangs glinted in the candlelight that lit his room, the sight sending a shiver up Riddle's spine.

"I've been told I'm severely lacking in any kind of sense of such matters. My offer still does stand, I offered to help you. You can just take from me what you need. There's no need to hesitate, it's just us here," Malleus said, leaning up to whisper his words in Riddle's ear.

Riddle immediately scowled, sensing the taunt in Malleus' words. "If that's what you wish," Riddle hissed.

Riddle reached down between Malleus' legs, tugging on his magic to coat his fingers in what could only be described as thick water as a makeshift lube as he slipped a finger past the Malleus' rim unceremoniously. Malleus gasped, his eyes widening at the foreign sensation.

The feeling wasn't as painful as Malleus has expected it would be, the stretch around his rim stinging but not overly painful.

Malleus suspected that it might hurt a lot more if it wasn't for whatever make-shift lube Riddle had summoned, but as it stood it wasn't the worst feeling that Malleus had ever experienced.

"Rid- Rose-" Malleus choked out, his head falling back with an embarrassing keen as Riddle started to move his finger, stirring Malleus's guts up until his entire body was rigid and taught

with the feeling.

Malleus couldn't understand how a single finger could bring rise to such strong emotions.

"I thought you said I could take what I need, I'm just getting you ready," Riddle snarked. "What? You think just because I'm in heat I've turned into some mindless sex-crazed beast?"

Riddle slipped another finger in, Malleus's rim stretching open with an embarrassing squelch to fit the added intruder to his nethers. "No. I will have control. The rules must be followed, no matter the circumstances! Before we begin you must be thoroughly prepared."

The familiar fanatical edge entered Riddle's eyes like a blazing star, his fingers moving from a gentle rock to a pounding force that kept Malleus from further speaking as he clenched his teeth in an attempt to smother the noises the growing noises that brought a flush to Malleus' face and brought an end to his rut-fueled attempt at being coy.

It felt like a small eternity, and the addition of two more imploring fingers before Riddle seemed satisfied with the give of Malleus' muscles. Malleus felt an unexpected pain when Riddle pulled his fingers out, the eternal fire in his heart blazing so temperamentally at the unexpected removal it felt like Malleus' chest was on fire.

Malleus' hand shot out unbidden, grabbing onto Riddle's forearm and trying to push his fingers back in to regain that feeling that had just been denied to him. Riddle cruelly pulled his arm free, landing a hard swat to Malleus' thigh in reprimand that left his eyes watery with frustration.

Malleus found his hands pinned around his heads. Riddle loomed over him a feral look in his eyes that made Malleus gulp and tales of omegas in heat ripping the throats of their partners out with their bare teeth unhelpfully filling his head.

Malleus knew consciously that there wasn't much the smaller man could realistically do to a dragon like him, but his rut-heightened instincts cringed, feeling him with a sour feeling at upsetting his treasure.

"Rid- uck!" Malleus began, trying to apologize for his forceful action. His words were cut off with a strangled sound, Malleus glad for all of Riddle's insistence on preparation as the unfamiliar feeling of another's flesh pushed past his ring of muscles.

Malleus couldn't help his strangled whimper, his claws sinking into the flesh of the back of the man above him. "Riddle!"Malleus felt faint as the Riddle took the exclamation as permission to move.

Riddle slowly rocked back and forth as he drew sounds out of Malleus that made him feel like he was being played like one of his violins. Malleus distantly noted the mortifying and undignified sounds leaking past his lips, but the slow drag of of pulsing flesh through his insides left him too distracted to care much about decorum.

Malleus' hips bucked, seeking again the hard, unrelenting thrusts from before. Riddle reward his movement with a stern swat to his rear. The swat made the muscles in Malleus' ass tense

and drew out a choked sound from both men at the tightened grip on Riddle's cock.

Riddle growled, his teeth nipping at Malleus' shoulder as he finally obliged and quickened the pace. Malleus melted into the bed, each push and pull on his insides leaving his body feeling both taught and stretched out.

Malleus couldn't help but look up, entranced by the breathtaking expression on Riddle's face. Riddle's face was red, his eyes mad with heat. His red locks stuck to his face with sweat.

Riddle's surprising muscle tone from his equestrian activities were on full display, the sight pleasing something deep and dark within Malleus. As Malleus looked up at Riddle as if in a trance it felt like something old and not entirely him was whispering in his ear a worthy one. must keep the worthy one. mine.

Malleus suddenly let out a sound that could most politely be described as a squeal as whatever he had been thinking was cut off as his mind was suddenly set asunder.

Riddle's next thrust hit something in Malleus, evoking a feeling so all consuming Malleus was worried he might actually be on fire. Malleus could hear something vaguely shattering as a result of whatever burst out of him, the sound covered by the deep groan that slipped out of Riddle as Malleus's muscles tightened more than Malleus was aware that they could.

It felt like his insides burst as Riddle pressed into whatever nerve it caught on, a moment of panic filling Malleus that he was dying before he found thoughts lost to himself as something sticking hit the underside of his chin, a wet, goopy substance splattering across his chest. Malleus felt a similar liquid burst into his insides from Riddle's dick.

Malleus felt a bone-deep contentment fill him, his instincts purring at him with self-satisfaction of a job well done in a way they had never done before. Malleus blinked, his eyes feeling weight and a heavy drowsiness settling over him. Malleus' eyes fluttered, a sudden yearning to see if Riddle felt the same as him.

Malleus mewled softly, loosing the fight as his eyes closed. His head drooped against his pillow, a sudden but pleasant exhaustion dragging him into slumber denying him the chance to gaze more upon his treasure's face.

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