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Dimitri was left a panting mess on the bed as Elias went to prepare a bath for them. He was so tempted to just fall asleep because of how exhausted he was. His whole body pulsed and tingled still because of his orgasm and all that he needed was Elias in his arms. If only he had stayed there longer, but it seemed the man was bothered by the sticky mess on them and inside of him. The blonde didn't blame him, but still, Dimitri loved to cuddle after sex. If only he hadn't been so tired, he probably would have stopped Elias from getting up too quickly.

He heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom. His eyes were still closed, just relaxing on the bed. Though thankfully Elias came back before he truly dozed off to help him sit up, "Ah...Thank you" Dimitri gave him a soft smile at those words, loving the warmth of his body again. He didn't realize how much he missed it, even if it went away only for a moment. The man took one of his hands, fingers interlocking, before he stood. His legs wobbled a little but he managed to stabilize himself after one step.

Dimitri let Elias lead him to the bathroom, their hands still entwined, and the warm, inviting scent of lavender filled the air. The bathtub was already filled with steaming water, delicate bubbles floating on the surface, "It smells nice~" He sighed as the two walked over and he didn't hesitate to step into the tub, the sensation of the warm water enveloping his tired body making him hum in contentment. The steam seemed to melt away some of the traces of tension from their recent activities. He slowly sank down, submerging himself until only his head was above the water. He leaned back, his body weightless in the embrace of the liquid, and closed his eyes, letting out a long breath, "Come here my Prince, it's quite lonely without you."

Thankfully, Elias's bathtub was big enough to fit even three people comfortably. He follows Dimitri's example and submerges himself all the way in, settling himself comfortably between the other's legs. He lets out a content sigh as his skin soaks in the warmth of the water, leaning back so that he can feel Dimitri's chest press against his back.

Putting his hands together, Elias picks up a handful of bubbles and blows them across the tub, watching them pop against the wall. Then, he picks some up on his finger, twisting around to smear it across the bridge of Dimitri's nose. He chuckles at the sight, finding the succubun before him quite adorable.

He soaks in the water for a few moments longer before he turns around to face Dimitri fully, his legs bracketing his sides. Hands reach up to scrub at the skin of his chest, being mindful of the angry red scratch marks. Elias laps soapy water across Dimitri's shoulders next, massaging lightly as he goes.

There is an odd sense of déjà vu as he remembers their morning shower inside a love hotel. This atmosphere, however, is a different kind of intimacy, fuzzy around the edges instead of something sharp and hot. "Shall I wash your hair?" Elias asks, though he already knows the answer.

Dimitri's eyes fluttered closed as Elias settled into the warm embrace of the bathwater, his chest rising and falling in tandem with Elias's breath. He enjoyed the sensation of Elias's body against his, the shared warmth creating a cocoon of comfort. The bubbles that floated around them added a playful touch to the serene atmosphere and Elias's playful antics brought a smile to Dimitri's lips. It was just perfect. Everything.

Elias's hands on his chest just felt so soothing, and he allowed himself to fully relax again. The gentle massage of soapy water on his shoulders was a delightful sensation, and he let out a satisfied sigh. When Elias offered to wash his hair, Dimitri nodded, his eyes slowly opening to stare at the beautiful man in front of him. "I would love that," he replied softly as he moved a hand towards Elias's leg to rub it.

It traveled up and down, before trailing to his hips and up his body. He brushed some of his long, wet hairs back to expose his shoulder and collarbone more in order to indulge in the view. And then his hand traveled down to his chest, where it stayed for a moment as his fingers drew small circles around one nipple. He seriously couldn't keep his hands off of Elias. The way his wet body glistened with the soft light around them... Gods, it would excite any man or woman. It took everything in his power to keep his thoughts clean, knowing very well that he was truly spent for the night.

Elias indulges in Dimitri's touches, letting out a breathy sigh when fingers trace around his nipple, the area sensitive. He lets Dimitri's hands wander, reaching for his favorite bottle of shampoo. It wasn't a particularly expensive brand, but it was formulated for all hair types and textures. Really, he just enjoyed the smell: coconut apricot.

Squeezing some onto his hand, he scrubbed it into Dimitri's hair. His nails gently scraped across Dimitri's scalp as he made sure to thoroughly coat the strands of blonde hair with product.

Having not quite expelled his playful attitude from earlier, Elias styles Dimitri's hair into a little row of spikes, an ugly faux mohawk of sorts.

"Hmm, maybe you should consider a hairstyle change, darling." He fiddles with one of his oddly created spikes and cannot help but laugh at what he has done. Elias's hands trail down to cup Dimitri's face, leaving soap suds upon his skin. He turns the other's face this way and that, pretending to seriously contemplate his work. "This style definitely suits you."

The playful mood in the room was infectious and Elias's mischievous attempt at hairstyling had him chuckling softly, even as his own fingers continued to trace lazy patterns on his body. There was something about the way he laughed that made Dimitri's heart swell, flutter, thump in his chest-He didn't even know anymore.

This man was just doing so many things to him. As Elias's hands cupped his face, the blonde's lips curled into a grin. With a quick, unexpected movement, he pulled the man closer, their lips meeting in a brief clash of desire. The taste of soap and saltwater mingled as they shared a brief, sweet kiss.

Breaking the kiss, Dimitri gazed up at Elias. "Well, I think you might be onto something with this new hairstyle~" he teased, running his fingers through the unruly spikes Elias had created. "It's avant-garde, truly cutting-edge. Maybe I'll become a model and steal your spotlight" He moved his head from side to side as he batted his eyelashes at the Succubun, his sparkles appearing to highlight his silliness.

Though he couldn't hold back his laughter, his tail splashing on the water a little. He grabbed some of the foam around them with the palm of his hands and plopped it at the top of Elias's head, "And there, a hat for you. It really compliments your...outfit~"

"Hmm, you could steal the runway from me any day darling." Elias whispers, voice half reverent as he takes in the way Dimitri sparkles. As ridiculous as the other looks at the moment, Elias thinks he is the most gorgeous succubun that he has ever laid eyes on.

He blinks out of his reverie when a handful of foam is placed on the top of his head. Ah, so Dimitri was turning the tables on him. Elias smiles, playing along, pretending to tip his hat. "Well, aren't you a gentleman?" He gives Dimitri a sultry smile, pushing himself half out of the water to give him a better view of his 'outfit'. Then, just as quickly as slivers of skin and scales had appeared, it disappeared back under the water.

"Alright, time to wash those unruly spikes away." When the shampoo is washed out, Elias carefully conditions Dimitri's hair, making sure to get the tips. When that too, is done, he turns his back to the blonde, undoing the elastic that is holding together his braid. "We can wash my hair while we let the conditioner sit." Brown and white strands cascade down his back with a little coaxing, the ends disappearing into a sea of bubbles.

Dimitri watched as Elias undid his braid, allowing those lustrous strands to flow like a waterfall down his back. It was a mesmerizing sight, and he couldn't help but reach out and run his fingers through the silky waves, relishing in their softness.

"Your hair is absolutely stunning," Dimitri murmured, his voice filled with genuine admiration. "Just like you~" He couldn't resist leaning in to press a gentle kiss against Elias's neck, the combination of wet skin and the faint scent of shampoo making him all the more irresistible. With a soft sigh, he reluctantly pulled away, knowing they needed to get back to the task at hand. "Right, hair. Let's get you cleaned up."

Dimitri reached for a bottle of shampoo and poured a generous amount into his hand before working it into Elias's hair, his fingers massaging the scalp in slow, soothing circles, "Have you ever had your hair short?" He asked after a few minutes of silence, totally concentrating on his task. He guessed short wasn't Elias's style, considering the amount of care he seemed to put in his hair and the overall length. But he was still curious to know the reason and honestly, he just wanted to know more about him. Even if it meant asking a silly question.

"Yes, my hair was short for a while." Elias supplies, relaxing into Dimitri's touch. He sinks a little deeper into the water, allowing Dimitri to better reach the top of his head. "But, it is much easier to style when it is longer. Besides, it looks better when I am dancing, and when I do this."

As he speaks, his voice shifts from baritone to something an octave higher, losing its rumbling quality to something softer. His chest grows and his stomach flops as his reproductive organs shift. When he turns his head to look back at Dimitri, his cheeks have rounded to take on a more feminine edge.

Batting her eyelashes, Elias shifts in the water so that Dimitri can see her fully, the idea of hair washing abandoned for something more teasing and playful. It was always a delight to see the blonde before her blush, after all. "What do you think, darling?" She purrs out, pushing into Dimitri's space unabashedly.

"Oh well...hello, my lady~" Dimitri blinked at the sudden change, suddenly cornered at his edge of the bathtub by her looming body. His blue eyes widened a little as he just stared, lips slightly parted, "I didn't expect my prince to suddenly turn into a princess but.." Without warning, both of his hands came out of the water to cup over her chest, groping her big, wet breasts.. the blonde hummed in delight as he gave them a squeeze "Oohh~I apologize for this behavior, my queen, but I couldn't help it. Your puppies are quite...nice."

Boobs were his favorite thing on the female body and Dimitri always had the urge to bury his face in them. The man was still quite tired so he didn't want to excite them TOO much, but he couldn't pass up this opportunity, "Though you are still gorgeous, man or woman. Perhaps next time, you'll allow me to indulge in this form of yours?" His hands let go of her breasts to explore down her stomach and around her hips. Just wanting to feel her naked body.

Elias blinked at Dimitri's forwardness, half disappointed that the blonde before her wasn't a cute blushing mess. His behavior, however, elicited a bout of laughter, squatting Dimitri's hands away from her lower body. She has never once had her chest referred to as 'puppies', or have had them grabbed so brazenly for that matter.

"Who said you could touch, dear?" She said, in between chuckles. She pats the other on the cheek, giving him a grin and a wink. "Behave, and maybe next time, I will let you explore." Leaning in, Elias presses a quick kiss on the tip of Dimitri's nose before turning around so that they can finish washing her hair.

Eventually, when the long process of hair care is done, the water turning luke-warm, Elias begins to drain the tub. Standing up, she slowly shifts back into her usual form, enjoying the way the magic coursed through her. Using this much magic in one go is draining, however, and a wave of drowsiness washes over him.

Still, Elias fusses over Dimitri, wrapping him in the fluffiest towel he owns while slipping into his own bathrobe. He knows his own hair will take forever to dry and brush, but perhaps he could forgo his usual routine in favor of getting into bed as soon as possible and dealing with his mane of hair tomorrow. The idea was sounding more and more pleasing the longer he thought about it, even as he steadily dripped water onto his bathroom floor.

The two headed back to the room once they finished drying up. Dimitri didn't have any pajamas so he ended up borrowing some. They were a bit loose on him, but that only added to the comfortable feeling. Elias had an uncanny ability to make him feel at ease in the most intimate moments, and the simple act of lending him pajamas was no exception.

As they entered their cozy bedroom, the soft glow of bedside lamps welcomed them. The room was dimly lit, casting a warm, inviting atmosphere. But what truly called him was that comfortable looking bed at the end of the room. He didn't waste any time going to it, climbing on and laying down, the sheets cool against his skin. Dimitri smiled at Elias, patting the space besides him to beckon him over. And once he did, they both got under the sheets to snuggle closer. Their closeness made him smile and he nuzzled his face under the man's jaw, inhaling the familiar, comforting scent of Elias's skin, "Good night, my prince" Dimitri mumbled, planting a soft goodnight kiss on the man's collarbone before falling asleep.