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Dimitri graces his doorstep clutching a bottle of expensive wine and a small little gift-wrapped box. The blonde's tail is wagging behind him, and he proudly holds out his present. "Happy All Sinner's Day, my prince!" He exclaims, with Elias chuckling at the proclamation. He takes the gifts from Dimitri's hands and presses a kiss to the corner of his cheek.

"You did not have to get me anything, but thank you nonetheless, darling." Elias waves Dimitri into the house, inspecting the bottle as he walks. His eyes widen when he recognizes the label, stoking the fires of his greed.

It was a bottle of Château d'Yquem, one he had mentioned casually to Dimitri ages ago, and he itched to have a glass immediately. Though Elias' heart warms at the thought of his lover remembering, his lips press into a thin line. He turns to Dimitri, holding the bottle out accusingly. "Why did you buy this?"

Startled, Dimitri's smile falls, suddenly nervous. "What do you mean? Do you not like it? I thought... I thought I could contribute to your wine collection, that's all." Elias raises the box next, arching an eyebrow. "Will I find something equally as expensive in this?" He gives it a light shake and Dimitri hurries to snatch it out of his hands. "Hey! Careful, that cost two months' worth of gigs!"

Having confirmed his suspicions, Elias lets out a sigh, bringing a hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Dimitri, dear, what have I told you about spending your hard-earned salary on luxuries for me? I have such expensive taste, and I am sorry to say you do not make enough to support it."

His tone is harsh, and he hurries to soften it as he continues to speak. "I am the one that should be lavishing you with gifts, not the other way around." He reaches out to cup Dimitri's face.

The blonde in front of him deflates further at each word, though he leans into his touch. "I wanted to spoil you like you do with me. I guess... I guess I don't feel like I am contributing much. I still can't believe someone like you would love me." Dimitri finally admits, eye downcast.

*Not this again*, Elias thinks, letting out a heavy exhale.

He takes the box out of Dimitri's hands to place it gently on the counter before grasping the other's fingers within his own. "My darling, have you ever looked in the mirror?" He asks, his thumb rubbing little circles against Dimitri's palm. When the blonde looks up at him, confused, he smiles.

"You are beautiful. Impeccably dressed, with those tight pants and loose shirts, it is absolutely sinful. I want to grab you and take you to bed every time I look at you. And your eyes, those precious baby blues. They look at me like I have hung the stars, so soft and warm."

Dimitri opens his mouth, stunned, and Elias continues.

"I love your compassion. You love so easily and freely, and it is clear in everything you do. I love your voice. That gorgeous, gorgeous voice. Singing, gasping, or moaning – it's all music. So perfect, when you whine and whimper, begging me to touch you, my name on your tongue."

Elias lets go of Dimitri's hands to grab at his hips, pressing their bodies closer. "Those fingers of yours, so clever and graceful. Whether it be playing strings, keys, or me, it's a joy to watch you work your magic." A flush appears on Dimitri's cheeks and it only deepens the longer Elias talks.

"Ah, do not even get me started about your nails down my back." His lips find Dimitri's neck, kissing down the length of it before gently nudging aside the other's shirt to nip at pale collarbones. "Or the way your back arches when I am inside you, how you fuck yourself on my cock, needy and desperate."

The blonde clutches at him, baring his neck further so that Elias can have easier access, submitting easily to his whims. "Elias –" Dimitri moans out when he begins to suck a bruise, shivering.

"I love it when I ride you too. You feel so good, so hot and hard, hitting all the right places." Elias murmurs into the crook of Dimitri's neck. He can feel Dimitri's cock half-hard against him, and he starts a series of gentle undulations, slow bumps and grinds.

Dimitri lets out a gasp, clutching at him even tighter. "Elias," He tries again, working to form a sentence through a haze of lust of love. "Take me to bed, *please*." Elias hums in agreement, sweeping Dimitri into his arms, laughing when the blonde instantly buries his face into his shoulder, shy from his words of affection.

In the bedroom, he lays his lover down on the bed. "Dimitri, my dear, will you indulge me in something slower today? I want to make you feel good, to take you apart piece by piece." He brushes his fingertips across Dimitri's cheek, fond.

"Yes, *please*, anything for you."

"Good, then undress yourself. I will be right back."

When Elias returns, it is with the bottle of wine Dimitri had gifted him, now open. He takes in the sight of Dimitri's bare skin, the way the blonde is already fisting the sheets, and he feels his cock stir. His own arousal can be set aside for now though, he wants to please Dimitri first, so Elias can show him just how much he is loved.

"I was so busy getting angry I neglected to thank you for the drink." He says as he joins Dimitri on the bed. "Let me show just how much I appreciate it." With that, he pours the wine onto the blonde below him, enjoying the gasp that sounds through the room as the cold liquid hits hot skin. "What are you doing?" Dimitri asks, shivering. In response, Elias leans down to lick a strip up his chest.

The taste of the wine was exquisite, just as Elias had imagined. Honeyed and creamy, with notes of dried fruit. He laps at Dimitri's skin, running his tongue across every plane and dip to catch running rivulets. His mouth finds a perky nipple and he sucks, eliciting sweet moans from the blonde beneath him. Hands find Elias' hair, and they tug, sending pleasant tingles across his scalp.

"*Master.*" Dimitri sobs out, and Elias pulls away from the abused nub to brush a finger across Dimitri's lips. "Hush now, dear, none of that. Just call my name for tonight, alright?" He croons and bites off a laugh when the other nods furiously, the fingers in his hair urging him back down.

"Elias, more, please." Who is Elias but to oblige when he is being asked so nicely? More wine is poured upon Dimitri, this time over squirming hips and an aching member. Elias' tongue flicks against the tip, and Dimitri mewls, aching with desire.

Elias thinks his noises are sweeter than the wine as his mouth closes around Dimitri. His fist curls around the base of the other's cock, stroking over what his mouth doesn't cover. He doesn't complain when Dimitri begins to thrust into his mouth, lost in pleasure, but dutifully takes him further. The little grunts and gasps that escape Dimitri's lips make desire skitter down his spine and coil low in his belly, searing.

“I’m going to – Ah! E-Elias, please, c-can I? Can I cum please?” With a pop, Elias slides off Dimitri’s cock, patting the other’s thigh gently when a whimper ensues. “Darling, you do not have to ask permission tonight. Just let go.” Dimitri stares at him, wide-eyed and teary. It was always about dominance and submission; it must be a surprise that Elias would give up control so easily.

Still, Dimitri does not complain when Elias’s mouth envelops him again, taking him to the root, hands playing with his balls. The blonde cums surprisingly quickly, back arching as he pushes his cock deeper into Elias’ mouth, shuddering. Elias swallows, and the motion has Dimitri mewling weakly at the overstimulation.

“How was that, darling?” He purrs out, letting Dimitri’s half-hard cock slip from his lips. “Good,” Dimitri replies, still coming down from the high of his orgasm, face half-buried into a pillow as he gives Elias a half-lidded gaze. “Are you going to fuck me now?”

“That depends,” Elias lays his body over Dimitri, nuzzling against the other’s cheek. “I could give you another blowjob, milk that pretty little cock of yours. Or I could eat you out, pay your gorgeous ass some attention. If you want your mouth and hands busy, we could sixty-nine before I fuck you into the mattress.”

Dimitri is fully hard again from his suggestions, and Elias shifts so that their cocks drag against each other, teasing. He is still fully clothed, and he knows the friction of his pants will have Dimitri rutting against him. “You could fuck me too, if you like, slowly if that suits you. Hard and fast, if you prefer that better.”

A whimper sounds from Dimitri’s throat and Elias laughs when Dimitri does as he predicts, grinding up to meet his hips and chase that delicious friction.

“What do you think, my sweet thing? Does anything I listed entice you?”

“*Everything*. It all sounds so, so good. Elias, can we do it all? In that order?” Comes Dimitri’s reply, the blonde’s face flushes, tail wagging eagerly. “Of course we can.” Elias’ fingers find Dimitri’s chin, tilting his face towards him, kissing the blonde softly.

When he draws back, Dimitri chases after him, trembling and needy. Elias placates him with another kiss, before unbuttoning his dress shirt, letting it slide off his body to pool around them. “You put it on?” Dimitri asks with wonder, bringing a hand up to touch Elias’ chest, tracing a finger around his nipple.

“Yes. You bought it for me, after all. You are mine as much as I am yours.” Elias preens under the attention Dimitri lavishes him with, greedy for it.

The other gift that Dimitri had given him was a pair of ruby studded nipple piercings, a delicate string of thin gold chain connecting them together across his chest. When Dimitri gives it a light tug, Elias lets out a sigh, closing his eyes.

“You’re so beautiful.” Dimitri says, and Elias blinks his eye open to see the dopey smile plastered across his lover’s face. He leans down for another kiss, this one just as gentle and unhurried as the previous ones. “Alright, as much as I like you admiring, I want your cock in my mouth, right now.”

Dimitri cries out as Elias ducks down. Later, when his tongue laps delicately at Dimitri’s hole before stiffening to give more purposeful licks, Dimitri is boneless and hiccupping in his grasp. The blonde looks so pretty with tears gathering at the ends of his eyelashes, face flushed and lips wobbling. Elias can’t get enough of it. A third orgasm is coaxed out of Dimitri, and then a fourth when Elias’ mouth is once again swallowing down his length, and Dimitri’s face is mushed between his thighs.

On his fifth orgasm, Dimitri is so out of it that he babbles nonsense when Elias cums in him. He pulls out, and Dimitri whimpers and mewls so cutely that Elias sinks back inside to wring a sixth orgasm out of him. Dimitri’s cock dribbles pathetically from where it flops on his stomach. Elias takes the time to run fingers through blond locks and whisper sweet nothings into the shell of his ear, peppering kisses across Dimitri’s face.

When Dimitri is lucid enough to continue, Elias rides him until he is once again a blubbering mess. Chasing his own pleasure, Elias spurs Dimitri to touch and hold. Though the other’s brain is fried, his body remembers the motions. Hands come to clutch at his thighs, grip bruising but pleasurable in its pain and familiarity.

“*Dimitri,*” Elias growls out, succumbing to his own ecstasy, splashing milky white across both of their stomachs, some of it catching across Dimitri’s lips and chin. “*Ah!* Goody boy, so good for me.” The praise alone is enough to get the blonde to cum too, hips canting upwards to spill inside Elias.

The pleasure felt all-encompassing, and it took Elias several moments to recover. He can only imagine how Dimitri must feel, orgasming seven times in one night. He eases himself off Dimitri and takes him into his arms, wherein the other immediately cuddles close, tucking his head under his chin.

“I take you had a good time, then?” Dimitri mumbles something in agreement, exhausted. The blonde pushes his face deeper into his chest, and Elias caresses his cheek, reverent and adoring.

“I love you.” Elias tells him, like it is the only chance he will ever get to utter those three words. Dimitri stirs slightly, and Elias crumbles when lips press into his skin, when words are whispered back to him like a prayer.