

Tiffany pushed open the door to the bedroom, his brows knitted together in slight annoyance as he carefully shut the door behind him while keeping his phone in the opposite hand. "No, Ivy, I'm telling you that I can't come to this spontaneous shoot. I've been out all morning, and I've only just gotten home after I promised Chastity I'd spend the rest of the day with him," he said, hesitating when he glanced over at the bed on the opposite end of the room to see Chastity curled up beneath the covers and sleeping soundly. "I'll see you when you're home."

He swiftly hung up the phone, biting his lip and casting off his coat, setting his phone aside on a stray chair before approaching the bed. As he came close to the bedside, there was a soft, drowsy series of whimpers, and the blankets shifted as Chastity twitched and tossed subtly in his sleep. "Aww, Cassie," he crooned, reaching out to run a gentle hand along Chastity's back, stopping to caress and massage his hip. "Poor baby... I didn't mean to be back so late."

The man leaned closer, pressing his lips against Chastity's temple before his hands continued their journey southward, brushing over the smooth softness of Chastity's stomach until they reached for the hemline of his sleep-rumpled boxers. He gingerly slid his hand over it, stroking his ass in an attempt to wake him. "Sweetheart," he purred.

Despite that, Chastity—who was a known heavy sleeper—didn't stir. He had Tiffany's pillow clutched against his chest as he slept, his arms encompassing it in a slothful death-grip. His face was buried deep into the fabric, and he seemed immensely content while sleeping, only the occasional whimper escaping him whenever he nuzzled the pillow. It seemed that while sleeping, Chastity's subconscious had recognized Tiffany's absence, and he'd taken Tiffany's pillow for a cuddle substitute.

Seeing Chastity wrapped up in his pillow, a devious grin spread across Tiffany's lips. "Oh now, aren't you cute," he chuckled softly before reaching down to grab the edge of the covers and drawing them aside, exposing half of Chastity's thigh. Then, he slid into bed behind him, wrapping his arms around Chastity's waist and leaning close to press a kiss against his neck. "Chasteykins~"

"Mmgh..." Chastity grumbled, his eyelids twitching briefly, but he rolled over as if defying being woken up, pressing further into Tiffany's pillow with a yawn.

Undeterred by his lover's lack of interest in waking up, Tiffany continued to tease Chastity playfully. He began running his fingers lightly over the sensitive area where his hip met his waistband while planting kisses along his neck and down onto his shoulder blade. "Honeybunch, there's something much better to snuggle with back here," he crooned, nuzzling his face into the silken softness of Chastity's outer ear.

"Ack—bug!" Chastity cried, jerking awake, his eyes wide as he recoiled to see what had touched him, when he noticed Tiffany. Immediately, he froze, blinking owlishly for a moment in confusion before a deep, embarrassed blush swept over his cheeks. "Oh! H-hey," he spoke in a bashful tone, clearing his throat. "I didn't hear you come in. I was—I was waiting, but I sort of got tired."

Pleased to see that Chastity was finally awake, Tiffany leaned back on his elbow and gave him a sultry wink. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, I didn't mean to startle you. Or to get back so late," he soothed,

reaching out to stroke his boyfriend's cheek affectionately before leaning in to give him a gentle kiss on the lips. "What were you dreaming about?" he asked, easing back closer to Chastity.

"You don't need to apologize," Chastity giggled drowsily. "You're a busy guy. And I didn't mean to... mmn..." he let out a long, slow yawn, "freak out," he finished, then nuzzled his head into the crook of Tiffany's neck, burying himself into his embrace and nearly wrapping his body around him. "I've been dreaming about you, obviously. We were cuddling..." Chastity murmured. "And you were being all lovey-dovey on me." He gave a little chuckle. "It's probably because your pillow has your perfume on it."

Tiffany's tail thumped against the bed excitedly. "That sounds like my boy," he praised, inhaling deeply, savoring the mix of lavender and vanilla emanating from Chastity's hair. "And besides," he added teasingly, trailing his hands downwards to squeeze Chastity's ass. "I don't mind sharing a little bit of my perfume if it helps you sleep better at night."

"I can barely sleep without you," Chastity whispered, letting his eyelids flutter shut as he let out a soft sigh of content. "I think I have a Tiffany addiction."

"Aww, my baby," Tiffany cooed, his hands roaming downward to cup Chastity's breast over his bra. He leaned closer, nipping at the exposed neck below Chastity's ear before trailing a line of kisses along his jawline and downward towards the breast he held. "So, shall we perhaps reminisce about your dream together right here?" he purred, his fingers teasingly brushing against the lace edge of Chastity's bra.

"Did you wake me up just for a few squeezes?" Chastity teased, raising an eyebrow before shifting upward slightly and drawing Tiffany's head close until his lover's face was pressed between his breasts. "There now, is that better?" he crooned, stroking back Tiffany's hair.

Tiffany nuzzled his face into the soft curves of Chastity's chest, breathing in deeply as he soaked up the warmth and comforting scent. "Always better when it's with you, cutie pie," he replied, his voice muffled by the fabric between them. He reached up to unhook the strap of Chastity's bra, allowing it to fall away to reveal the fullness of his cleavage beneath before trailing kisses downwards towards the center of his chest.

"You're *insatiable*," Chastity snickered.

"It's *Matentines*, sweetheart, you can't blame me. All these hormones on the rise... I feel so pent-up," he whined. "And you're so irresistible, all cute and freshly woken up."

Chastity giggled, continuing to ruffle and stroke Tiffany's hair as the latter kissed him, warmth blooming on the surface of his cold skin. "What're you plotting?"

"Just thinking that perhaps there's a more... erotic way we could spend our day together," Tiffany responded, his fingers brushing against Chastity's nipple. "With me taking care of your every need and desire." He paused for dramatic effect before adding with a wicked grin, "Doesn't that sound nice?"

"Mm..." Chastity bit his lip suggestively, relishing in the rushing sensation warming his skin with every touch. "And what does the all-knowing, all-powerful Tiffany think I need and desire?"

Tiffany chuckled softly, tracing slow circles in the dip of Chastity's hip through the fabric of his boxers. "I *think* you need a good ol' fashioned spanking to get rid of that naughty back-talk." He sat up suddenly, hoisting Chastity onto his lap and settling him astride his thighs so their lower halves aligned perfectly. With one swift motion, he slipped down Chastity's boxers, exposing his plump ass to view—blemished with minor light bruises from past sessions like pastel paint on canvas.

"Now, let's see if my boy deserves a proper punishment, shall we?" Tiffany growled seductively, reaching off into the drawer of the bedside table beside him to grab a nearby leather paddle colored pink and decorated with hearts.

Chastity couldn't help but giggle, his tail swishing and flicking at the delectable threat. "Oh *no*," he bemoaned, feigning displeasure. "A *spanking*? What did I *ever* do to deserve that?" he asked, his sarcasm obvious.

Tiffany smirked wickedly as he held the paddle up for Chastity to see, admiring the way the light caught on the polished surface. "You know very well what you did," he said in a mock-reproachful tone, then leaned forward again, pressing a kiss to the corner of Chastity's mouth. "But don't worry, my sweet little cherub. I'm here to take care of everything."

With that, he wrapped an arm around Chastity's waist, then shifted him so that Chastity was bent over his lap.

"Now hold still," Tiffany chided playfully, tracing a heart shape with his finger lightly over one pale cheek before slapping it firmly with the edge of the paddle, causing Chastity to yelp and squirm in delight mixed with surprise, "Or else I'll have to restrain you properly," he continued sternly, but there was nothing but mischievous fun behind those pink eyes.

"Not too hard! Only a little!" Chastity giggled, his cheeks flushing a slight bit.

"But you love knowing they're coming, don't you?" Tiffany teased back, swatting Chastity lightly on his ass. He paused to savor the sound of Chastity's whimper and to watch him squirm before delivering another sharp, quick smack with enough force to leave a new, heart-shaped red mark. "There we go," he praised, a satisfied growl escaping his lips as he watched Chastity arch from the impact.

The rhythmic pattern continued, each strike leaving marked evidence of their playful exchange on Chastity's pale rear end. Each time, Tiffany lovingly stroked and petted his hair back, whispering soft words of praise until he slowed his pace to a stop. He lifted Chastity's chin in his palm so they gazed at each other, a soft grin spreading over his lips.

"Good boy," Tiffany said approvingly, cupping Chastity's face in both hands and pulling him close for a passionate kiss.

Chastity sat up, burrowing his face into Tiffany's chest and easing back into an embrace. "No more?"

Tiffany wrapped his arms tightly around Chastity, rubbing soothing patterns on his back to calm him down. "I think you've learned your lesson, my love," he murmured softly into Chastity's ear, planting

a tender kiss against the side of his head. "I just love seeing your little cheeks all flushed and rosy—and not just your upper ones."

Chastity giggled, then glanced behind him over his shoulder before raising his gaze to meet Tiffany's. "Am I... allowed to pull my underwear back up, or are we letting my butt hang out?"

Tiffany chuckled, reaching out to tweak one of Chastity's nipples playfully. He pushed his boyfriend gently onto the bed, a satisfied smirk gracing his lips. "I'm not sure yet..." He crawled onto the bed, straddling Chastity's hips and nuzzling his neck affectionately. "I think I know exactly what I want from you next," he whispered. "And I'm sure you know too. So tell me, honey, do *you* think you should pull up your boxers?"

Chastity grinned sheepishly. "No?" he ventured cheekily.

"Exactly," Tiffany confirmed, his eyes sparkling. He leaned in and kissed Chastity deeply, his hands roaming over his body until one settled between his thighs, gently spreading them apart as he slid down to nuzzle the sensitive spot just behind his ear.

The latter's grin widened, his gaze drifting to the distinct disturbance in Tiffany's pants. "Does spanking me make you hard, Tiff?" he snickered, raising an eyebrow and lowering his hands to unbutton Tiffany's pants, pulling them down below his boyfriend's hips before doing the same to his boxers.

It was clear as day that Tiffany was rock-hard, and it made Chastity wonder just how much more the rise in hormones during Matentines was affecting Tiffany than himself.

"Chastity, I could get hard off of listening to you read the most boring book Burrowgatory has to offer," Tiffany huffed, visibly red in the face. "Just by hearing you, and that honeyed voice of yours—you've ruined me in the best ways possible; my record of not having any official serious relationships, my perfectly pink penthouse, my attention for other people, and more importantly my self control."

Gently, Tiffany explored Chastity's entrance with one finger, pressing a kiss to his cheek. "Can I please have you?" he asked softly. "I'm aching for you, Chastity. I *need* you."

Chastity sighed blissfully, arching slightly into Tiffany's touch. "As if I could say no to you," he snickered. "C'mon, you big tease, or you'll poke a hole in me with that thing."

Tiffany chuckled, his tail flicking in excitement as he reached into the side table for a bottle of strawberry lube. "Oh, I don't think I want to poke a hole in you, darling," he purred, coating his member in a sparse layer of the lube before positioning himself squarely above Chastity's entrance. He slowly slipped inside him, groaning softly at the loose heat surrounding him. "But I *definitely* want to fill one you already have."

As he began to move rhythmically, his eyes locked on Chastity's face, savoring every expression of pleasure etched across it. "You're so *perfect*, sweetheart," he breathed out, thrusting harder and faster, their bodies slapping together in perfect harmony. "Hell, I could stay like this with you forever."

Chastity beamed, wrapping one arm around Tiffany's waist, reaching his opposite hand up to brush his thumb over his boyfriend's soft beard. "Aww, you poor baby," he cooed, unable to help but giggle and gasp out as Tiffany stuck out his tongue and increased his pace. "Ack—slow down—ah—!"

Tiffany laughed, his own eyes glittering with mirth. "I'll slow down once you stop teasing me, sweet thing," he panted, feeling his lover's heartbeat quicken beneath his touch. He thrust harder, letting out a soft moan at the feeling of Chastity's walls clenching around him. "Oh *Chastity*, you make me feel so, so alive," he growled, capturing Chastity's mouth in a desperate kiss.

"*Fuck, Tiffany,*" Chastity whined, wrapping his legs tightly around Tiffany's hips, his nails digging into the man's back. "H-harder—harder, *please,*" he begged.

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, sweat and desire coating them as they neared their climax.

Tiffany's breaths grew shorter, his heart pounding in his chest as he let out a soft moan, the pleasure overwhelming. "I love you, Cas," he whispered hoarsely, burying his face in Chastity's neck, breathing in his presence and huffing out a breath as he moved to take one nipple between his teeth.

Chastity's eyes flew open wide, and he let out a low, sweet moan, rocking his hips in time with Tiffany's own, one hand slipping upward to clutch at his boyfriend's hair. "I love you too—more than *anything,*" he managed to stammer out, cradling Tiffany's head against his breast as he felt his lover's tongue brush over the sensitive skin. "Mm—closer," he pleaded. "*Closer!*"

The latter's heart warmed at Chastity's urgency, his own breath hitching, suckling and nipping at the offered nipple and caressing the skin with his tongue with gusto. His hips bucked faster, losing himself in the sensation of Chastity's body surrounding him. "I'm getting close, Cas," he groaned, his voice thick with lust.

His boyfriend's pleas for closeness only fueled Tiffany's passion, and he responded by kissing and nibbling at every inch of flesh within reach while thrusting harder still. The room was filled with their labored breathing and moans, until soon enough, Tiffany cried out Chastity's name, his body shuddering as he came deep within him. When he finally caught his breath, he laid heavily onto Chastity's chest, kissing him on the lips.

"I-I'd say that definitely makes up for your lateness," Chastity chuckled breathlessly, cupping Tiffany's cheeks in his palms and kissing him back, groaning softly as Tiffany rose into a sitting position and hoisted him up with him. "*Hey, what are you doing?*"

"Getting ready to pamper you in the bath, sweetheart," Tiffany crooned, nuzzling his face into Chastity's neck so that his scruff tickled his lover's neck as he lifted him off the bed. "What? Did you think that we were only going one round?"