



Luci actually spends the night after they fuck and graves just wakes up after his only four hours of needed sleep to all his nys on the boy instead of him

A betrayal



art by Ashley

The best part of only needing four hours of sleep was, perhaps, the early start. Not just to have more time to the day--but because his beloved darlings never woke him up in a ravenous frenzy. Their warmth was missing, however, and Isaac frowned into the darkness realizing his babies were not curled up with him.

Instead, there was a clown.

Not a clown. A sword-swallower. A young mage. Isaac lay still, staring up at the ceiling, distracted from thoughts about his cats by thoughts about the astoundingly thorough dick sucking he'd been recipient to the evening prior. He hadn't thought Luci would be the cuddling type, but after staying the night, the youngest (and least) Lucille was tucked up along his side, head on Isaac's shoulder, *drooling*. Just a little.

A little was still too much, but if he disturbed Luci, he would disturb the three angels resting on and around him. Graves felt just the tiniest little bit betrayed by his own beating heart and his perfect noodles. The cats weren't usually so warm to others, but then...there wasn't so often someone else in Isaac's bed. Chardonnay slept curled at the bend of Luci's tucked-up knees, a perfect round ball nestled in a triangular space. Sprinkles was a long line from Luci's hip to his shoulder. Chambord was difficult to see at first but--there, behind Luci's shoulders.

He was trapped. It was a much more comfortable feeling than he would usually consider it. His arm was asleep under Luci's head and he didn't trust himself not to just bap Chambord if he tried to pet him. Luci's breathing was quiet, and he didn't have to listen hard to hear the sleepy purring of the cats. Graves closed his eyes again and listened. He also curled his fully asleep arm up, lowering it gently against Luci's head, fingers in his shaggy hair. The boy needed a haircut terribly.

Oh, god, what if he cut his own hair with his knives?

Graves frowned at the thought and scritch'd Luci softly for want of one of the cats. His chest tightened thinking, *He would be far more handsome with a proper haircut*.

He didn't need to *get* any more handsome, apparently, because Graves had still taken him to bed. A trade of knife tricks, the edged sort of foreplay he had always been good at because it involved so much plausible deniability. Some comments on magic which Luci had ultimately questioned his authority in giving, which had led to Isaac showing him exactly what sort of *authority* he had. Luci on his knees, which always made Isaac's a bit weak, desperate for praise and so completely unwilling to admit that. It was--it was fun. Guiding him where he ultimately wanted to be but would hardly let himself go. (Unlike Rocco, who was so eager to do what was asked and go where told, and--no--no, absolutely not, a terrible and terribly inappropriate time to think of his charge.)

*Fuck*. It was hard to get head like Luci gave, and it was difficult to find those of the right predisposition and inclination to give it in the first place--

*Luci's mouth on him, eyes closed in practiced concentration, his throat lax.*

*"If only you were so willing to explore your gifts of magic as you were swallowing--"*

*It's the wrong thing to say. Luci pulls off, eyes narrowed, maybe he meant to scrape his teeth like that and maybe he didn't, either way it sends a shiver up Isaac's spine.*

*"Can you not?"*

*"Yes--sorry."*

*That sly look on such a flustered face. Graves is concerned for a moment. "What do you say?"*

*"Excuse me?"*

*Luci squeezes his thigh, eyebrow raised. Such a touchy youth.*

*"Fine. Please. Continue." He wants it more than he lets on, of course, but Graves keeps his composure, breathing, cock vulnerable in Luci's hand, though not so vulnerable as Luci's life with Isaac's hands anywhere near him.*

*"I think you could ask a little nicer," he mutters, trying to flex power he absolutely does not have. Trying to be playful. It's cute.*

*"Do you want me to ask nicely," Isaac asks, leaning forward. He uses his grip in Luci's hand to tip his head back roughly, and kiss him...less roughly. "Or do you want me to tell you?"*

*Luci breaks first, of course he does, blushing and flustered. It's ultimately easier to retreat back to what he knows than to trade words like blows with someone who is far better with both.*

*Still bent close, Graves pets his hair, and gives him something he will ultimately enjoy more than Isaac Graves' half-hearted pleas. "That's a good boy, Lucille."*

--but he did feel, just a little, like he was taking advantage. It wasn't the first time it had happened, though it was the first time Luci had stayed over, tired from working to channel his magic and the surprisingly hard fucking a well-dressed older gentleman could give. It was unlikely this would be the last.

And the cats...liked him.

Graves shifted slowly over time. He rolled slowly, knowing it was hopeless to dislodge his arm, but hoping to at least work some blood back into it. All was well, master of stealth he was and such. Mostly well. He was then looking at Luci's face, relaxed in sleep, lashes long against his cheeks, hair this way and that across his forehead. This was a dangerous man, to be sure, and a capable one who would only grow more so with correct tutelage. He could make his own choices vis a vis who he bedded. (The same was true of someone else, but--)

The young man looked beautiful, Graves had to admit, with the last of the moonlight in his hair. Appropriate. He put his other arm over Luci's hip, below Sprinkles, above Chardonnay, the perfect place to scritch Chambord, who *mrr?d* gently and butted insistently into his palm after.

That was the mistake. Chambord was awake. He meowed. Chardonnay lifted her head and pushed her way into the same space, at the small of Luci's back. Graves saw it all unfolding, because Sprinkles stretched, the claws came out, and sank gently into the tender soft skin just below Luci's arm pit.

The sword-swallower woke up with a hiss and Graves held him fast, grip tightening very suddenly on Luci's arm as he went to move.

"Shshsh." He made quieting sounds, traced his nose against Luci's, loosened the grip on his arm after a moment.

"What the fuck?"

"Sprinkles was just stretching, it's alright--"

"What the fuck!"

Chardonnay crawled between them, pushing her way up between their chests, purring deeply as she shoved her face up under Luci's.

"It's alright," Graves insisted again, kissing Luci between the eyes. But Luci rolled, dislodging Sprinkles, who toppled onto Chambord, causing the most minor of scuffles too close to Luci's back for comfort.

Luci pulled Chardonnay against his chest, realized he needed to wipe the drool off of his face, and just looked the more frustrated for it. Isaac found it difficult to take the scowl seriously, though, because he still had Sprinkles trying to scent mark him, and. It was all just--Issac couldn't help but think--very adorable.

He sat up and pulled Chardonnay with him, flexing his tingling arm, his fist without feeling. Luci pushed himself up as well as Sprinkles tumbled off the bed, pushed and pursued by Chambord.

"Why did you leave the door open?" he asked, voice rough from sleep, piqued from the tiny knives which had woken him.

"What a silly question. I refuse to dignify it with an answer."

"That's a pretty long fuck-you," Luci mumbled, and moved carefully to avoid the cats which would be at his feet once he left the bed. Isaac noted it. Luci wasn't a cruel person, good with animals. "Yeah, now's about the time I'm going to head the fuck out, I think."

"That's--for the best. It's a good time for it, just before dawn." Graves watched him in the dark, finding his clothes, swearing under his breath and then a bit louder when a cat got underfoot, only to scritch it and continue hunting for his shirt where it lay on the other side of Graves's bedroom desk, which was all out of sorts from a fun little struggle the night before. Luci always had to be so difficult.

"Yeah. Uh-huh. Anyway, thanks, for--all--that."

"Right. You're most welcome." For the knife tricks, the magic, all that had come after, both men meant. The give-and-take of navigating ego, discomfort, and vulnerability. There was so much more Graves could show him, and it was for the best he left because Isaac found himself too warm from company in his bed, too likely in the moment to say as much. "Come back when you're--interested."

His darkvision wasn't adequate, but he could figure Luci's gorgeous shoulders went pink at the suggestion just before he pulled his shirt on.

"Whatever. Maybe. Sometime." Sprinkles got caught up in his feet and there was a brief, impressively dextrous dance which kept Luci from stepping on him at all. The dreamlike footwork was accompanied by the dulcet sound of profanity.

"Be safe getting back."

"...thanks."

The performer left, and Graves sat in bed, petting Chardonnay in his blanket-covered lap, always leveled out by her gentle purring--

"When the fuck did you find the time!" was the yell from his doorway. A knife whistled and stuck into his headboard, a foot away from Graves, and therefore with no threat behind it. He'd slipped it into Lucille's pocket while he'd been undressing him, expecting him to find it the next morning, and maybe ask about it. Some things even Isaac couldn't predict.

He sort of...liked that.