

i hope you don't mind me, staying where i please.

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by [yuyarchives](#)

Summary

Cyno and Alhaitham sharing a little more than a plate of watermelon on a hot summer evening.

Notes

The title is a lyric from the song "each time" by tamino, which I highly recommend listening to while reading!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Summers in Sumeru often lasted longer than any other nation, the days stretching wide beneath an unforgiving sun, the heat pressing down mercilessly against both stone and skin alike. The afternoons burned bright still, the air heavy with the scent of nearby plants and the scent of salt from the harbor. But as the evening approached, the breeze would return, gentle, cold, and dry, threading its way through the narrow streets, lifting the weight of the day with it.

And that was when the city stirred to life.

From the open window of Alhaitham's living room, the softened chatter of merchants and laughter of children drifted in on the wind, mingling with the faint pulse of distant music. The wind stirred the sheer curtains just enough to carry the warmth out, and the stained glass scattered muted hues across the floor, bright green, amber and rose.

Silence enveloped the room, but not at all unwelcome. Cyno sat cross-legged on the olive green woven rug, a half-eaten slice of watermelon balanced in one hand while the other sorted through his TCG deck with practiced care.

He nudged the plate back each time he reached for more fruit, careful not to let the juice smear the card edges, wiping his fingers against the skin of his thigh without thought.

The heat hadn't fully left the day yet, his hair clung faintly to his temples, damp from the warmth. He wore only a pair of dark cotton shorts, and nothing else, the light from the window caught on the sun-warmed planes of his shoulders and the subtle flex of muscle beneath golden skin with every movement.

Alhaitham lounged nearby on the couch, his book propped open in his lap but long forgotten. One arm rested along the back cushion, the other hand tucked beneath his chin as he stared openly, expression unreadable.

He watched Cyno the way a housecat might watch sunlight moving across the floor, quiet, languid, and entirely unhurried.

Cyno could feel the stare, even without glancing up.

He turned around slightly, catching the look with a raised, unimpressed brow. "What?"

Alhaitham offered only a slow shrug in response, a flick of the eyes and nothing more. Then he plucked another slice of melon from the plate, lifting it lazily to his mouth without looking away.

Cyno stared for another heartbeat, then returned to his cards, pointedly ignoring the warm flush crawling across the back of his neck.

He bit into his own slice, cold and sweet, a thin trail of juice that slipped down the corner of his mouth.

Cyno didn't notice, but Alhaitham did.

He closed his book and set it aside.

Then, without a word, he leaned forward. One arm braced against the couch, the other ghosted up to cup the edge of Cyno's jaw, not firmly, but just enough to tip his face toward him.

Warm breath, then a brush of lips.

Not entirely a kiss, just the slow, pass of Alhaitham's tongue along the corner of Cyno's mouth, catching the drop of juice with lazy precision.

He pulled back just enough to meet his eyes, a flicker of amusement lingering across his face.

Cyno blinked, lips parted slightly, breath caught in his throat. The watermelon slice slipped from his hand and landed against the plate with a soft, wet sound.

"...You're ridiculous," he muttered, voice lower than usual, tinged with something warmer.

Alhaitham didn't answer. Just tapped a knuckle lightly against his cheekbone. "You're messy."

"You didn't mind it last night."

"I still don't." He shifted, kneeling beside Cyno now on the floor, one leg brushing lightly against his. His fingers skimmed a loose pattern along the back of Cyno's shoulder, warm skin beneath his touch, sweat-slick and sun-warmed.

"I was trying to focus," Cyno grumbled, shooting him a half-hearted glare.

"You still are," Alhaitham replied. "Just failing to do so."

Cyno sighed, not annoyance, not resignation, something more like acceptance.

The card deck now pushed aside, left in a soft scatter across the rug as he turned toward him fully.

“You know, you've grown very predictable,” Cyno said as he leaned forward, tone almost fond, his fingers carding through Alhaitham’s hair.

Alhaitham tilted his head faintly. “Have I.”

“You've been staring,” Cyno continued, the corner of his mouth lifting. “I knew this was coming, it was only a matter of when.”

“Mm, well,” Alhaitham didn’t miss a beat. “I'd say about.. now.”

Cyno huffed once, soft and short, before kissing him again, this time without pause. It was sure, steady, and more deliberate than before. He pressed forward, coaxing Alhaitham back against the couch with the slow insistence.

Alhaitham let him, spine folding easily into the cushions as Cyno followed, slipping into the space between his legs, the air charged now with a slower different kind of heat.

One of Alhaitham’s hands found the small of his back, pulling him in. The other curled at the edge of his shorts, not moving yet, just holding him

Their lips moved slowly at first, the fading sweetness of the watermelon still fresh on each other's tongues. Cyno's fingers combed through Alhaitham’s hair, tugging at the silver strands gently.

They parted slowly, like neither of them truly wanted to, but the angle was becoming a little too cramped, Cyno's knees pressed awkwardly into the rug, shoulders curved over the couch’s edge. He lingered for a breath, Alhaitham’s gaze was steady, eyelids heavy, and pupils almost fully blown.

Cyno’s forehead rested briefly against Alhaitham’s cheek as he murmured, “If you wanted my attention, you could’ve just asked.”

Alhaitham didn’t move, except for the faint curve of his mouth. “I did. Several times.”

Cyno exhaled through his nose, something like a laugh, but not quite there yet. “And here I thought you were just enjoying the silence.”

“I was,” Alhaitham replied, voice low and even. “Just wanted to enjoy you too.”

Cyno leaned back slightly, eyes narrowed in mock suspicion, and Alhaitham leaned in, pressing a faint kiss to the corner of Cyno’s lips, one hand sliding up to rest at the nape of his neck, thumb brushing the damp skin there

“Mm,” Cyno hummed, tilting his head slightly, lips brushing just beneath Alhaitham’s jaw. “That so?”

Instead of answering, Alhaitham pushed upward just a little, his mouth grazing the shell of Cyno’s ear. “Come up here.”

Cyno hesitated for half a breath, then obeyed.

They moved together back up on the divan, Cyno’s hands sliding around Alhaitham’s waist as he eased him back against the cushions.

The couch gave beneath them with a soft creak.

Alhaitham didn’t resist the motion, letting himself be guided down on the cushions, one hand resting over the back of Cyno’s neck, fingers carded through the pale strands. His other hand found Cyno’s hip, settling over the soft curve, knuckles grazing just above his waistband.

Their mouths found each other again soon enough, meeting in a kiss that was more urgent now, just short of frantic, fueled by the steady ache of something far too familiar to name.

Cyno kissed him like he was staking claim, almost like he wanted to lose himself in Alhaitham’s lips, in the taste of him, because he did.

Alhaitham kissed him back with equal fervor, his fingers tightening around the strands at the base of Cyno’s hair, tugging them back to deepen the kiss, earning him a sound from the

man above him, one lost in between pain and pleasure, but nothing near discomfort, judging by the way Cyno's teeth tugged at Alhaitham's bottom lip.

Desperation laced their every move by now, Alhaitham shifting slightly, pulling Cyno more fully in between his legs, thighs bracketing the shorter man's hips. Cyno's hand moved lower, slipping past the hem of Alhaitham's shirt, sliding up his bare skin, until it reached his chest. His hand splayed out, flat over Alhaitham's sternum, feeling the steady, rapid thrum of his heart beneath his ribs.

Cyno kissed his jaw, lips trailing along pale skin that just faintly smelled of sandalwood, tasting sweat and something else, something only he could give. When Cyno bit down along his neck, Alhaitham's lips parted, a breathy groan spilling from them, his hand that had been steadily moving lower, stopped at his waist, nails digging into the sun kissed skin.

If Cyno hadn't heard the sound, he definitely felt it. Alhaitham's body tensed slightly, his hand moving back up to pull Cyno down flush against himself, their chests pressing together, hearts beating at the same rhythm.

"What are you—"

Cyno's words came to a halt as Alhaitham pulled him in for another kiss, slower, needier, to ground them both more than anything.

The initial surprise only lasted a fraction of a second, Cyno's eyes fluttering shut as he kissed him back, losing himself into it. His hands rested over Alhaitham's shoulders, fingers kneading into the muscle through the fabric of his shirt.

Alhaitham's thigh lifted instinctively, pressing between Cyno's legs, firm and steady. The sudden pressure knocked the breath out of Cyno's lungs with a sharp inhale, heat blooming the space where Alhaitham's leg pressed against him.

Cyno hissed, hips twitching forward before he could even think better of it, his fingers tightened at Alhaitham's shoulders, his forehead resting over the other man's chest, momentarily lost in the heat of the moment, hips bucking against his thigh, each movement sending a zap of pleasure through him.

Alhaitham's lips curved, a hand resting over Cyno's hip, half guiding, half holding. He flexed the muscle of his thigh beneath Cyno's warmth, his head leaning back slightly to get a better look at him.

Cyno's breath caught again, coming out in short pants as he ground against Alhaitham's leg. His own thigh moved upwards, pressing against Alhaitham in response. Alhaitham's breath stuttered, moving against Cyno's thigh without instruction, chasing friction with each subtle roll of his hips.

Cyno looked up, meeting Alhaitham's gaze, the sight alone almost pushed him over the edge.

A shaky exhale left his lips, followed by a soft laugh as he pressed his hands into the cushions on either side of Alhaitham's head.

"You look like a mess," Cyno's voice thinned, no real edge to his words, his breath trailing into a moan as his hips bucked against Alhaitham's leg, his bottom lip catching in between his teeth, as if to stifle his noises.

"Couldn't be worse than you." Alhaitham rasped, amusement lacing his words.

He was moving in turn against Cyno's thigh, his hand snaking up around Cyno's nape once more, pulling him in for a kiss before he could respond. Cyno hummed into the kiss, his knuckles pale from how tight he had been gripping the cushion beneath them.

Their bodies moved in sync, grinding against each other in frantic movements, lips still brushing between gasps, groans and half formed kisses, every shift sent sparks skimming across nerve endings, the heat between them only growing heavier, needier, their noises spilling into the kiss.

Eventually, the pressure became too much in between them, Cyno reluctantly pulled back, his voice hoarse as he stilled his hips, pushing Alhaitham's leg back down against the sofa. "Enough.."

Alhaitham didn't protest, simply parted his legs wider, his hands reaching lower, thumbs catching at his waistband before lifting his hips to drag his pants along with his underwear down. Cyno's hands met Alhaitham's, fingers brushing slightly, as he helped him take them off completely, discarding them on the back rest of the couch.

Alhaitham's breath stuttered as the breeze met his bare skin, warm with need and a layer of sweat. He lay back against the cushions, one leg drawn up, the other stretched out languidly, his body open and flushed beneath the low light.

Cyno's lips parted, almost forgetting how to breathe for a moment. His tongue darted out to swipe at his swollen lips, before looking up to meet Alhaitham's eyes once more.

Alhaitham met his gaze with a fond smile, and Cyno leaned in, capturing his lips in a quick kiss, before he shifted lower, kneeling between Alhaitham's thighs, his arms hooking under each one, pulling him closer like he needed no space in between them.

Alhaitham's hand reached up, threading through Cyno's hair, pushing his bangs back, just enough to get an unobstructed glimpse of his eyes.

Cyno wasted no time, pressing open mouthed kisses to the inside of Alhaitham's thighs, nipping at his skin occasionally, leaving faint marks. Alhaitham's legs trembled slightly, his grip more firm on Cyno's hair. His brow lifted slightly, head tilted to the side, lips curved into the ghost of a smirk. "Are you stalling, general?"

"I'm savoring." Cyno replied, glancing up at him, with a smile that was almost sheepish, had it not been for the sharp canines peeking through.

Alhaitham's brow twitched but he didn't argue, not when Cyno's lips trailed upwards, pressing a kiss to the dip of his hipbone before finally settling where he needed it most.

Cyno leaned in, tongue swiping through Alhaitham's heat in a slow drag, coming up to circle his swollen bundle of nerves, lips closing around him. Alhaitham's hand curled tighter in Cyno's hair, a sharp gasp spilling from his lips.

His fingers threaded through the white strands, breath stuttering. Then, without warning, his hips rolled forward, slow but insistent.

Cyno didn't resist. Staying right where he was, mouth open, and warm.

His tongue flattened, letting Alhaitham grind against him at his own rhythm. Each motion grew rougher, more desperate, as though the quiet bit of restraint he'd been holding onto had snapped.

Cyno's hands dug into his thighs, humming against him, content to let Alhaitham take whatever he needed.

Alhaitham's brows drew together, jaw tight, each drag of Cyno's tongue against him forcing a groan out of him.

Cyno felt it in the way Alhaitham's hips stuttered, and the faint tremble running through his thighs, he was close. The slow grinding they'd shared while kissing had already frayed the edges of control, and now the quivers beneath his hands had grown into something far more urgent.

The pressure of Alhaitham's fingers in Cyno's hair tightened, Cyno grunted, but he held still, letting him use him, losing himself in him. His lips parted wider, tongue working faster, working with unwavering devotion as Alhaitham's control began to waver.

A low groan escaped him, ragged and broken, his voice straining, barely more than a gasp as it left him. "Cyno—"

Alhaitham's body tensed as he came undone, grinding down against Cyno's tongue in shuddering waves. Cyno pressed closer, drinking in every drop, his own heart pounding, and not from arousal alone.

His hands held onto Alhaitham still, he didn't speak, just rested his forehead against Alhaitham's skin, nuzzling against his inner thigh, pressing soft kisses as the other man slowly came down from his high.

Alhaitham's chest rose and fell in uneven breaths, his fingers still loosely tangled in Cyno's hair. For a moment, he stayed like that, body lax, eyes half-lidded, the flush across his cheeks slowly deepening as awareness settled back in.

Cyno hadn't moved, still resting against his thigh, his eyes lifted just enough to watch him quietly, his expression unreadable save for the faint tension in his jaw.

Then, Alhaitham exhaled a breath that might've been a laugh, low and quiet, ruffling the strands gently.

"You're far too good at that," He murmured, fingers sliding from Cyno's hair to the curve of his jaw, brushing his thumb over the corner of his slick mouth. "Should've known you wouldn't make this easy."

Cyno raised a brow, lips ghosting against the inside of his thigh. "Complaining already?"

"Mm," Alhaitham hummed, shifting as he leaned forward. He tugged gently at Cyno's arm, coaxing him up with an unreadable look in his eyes. "Hardly. But fair's fair, isn't it?"

Cyno's brows furrowed slightly, confusion visible in his eyes, but his words were interrupted no sooner than he had parted his lips to speak.

He found himself nudged back, Alhaitham pushing him gently down into the cushions with a steady, confident hand on his chest, his weight settling over him, his mouth finding Cyno's with a hunger that hadn't faded in the slightest.

Cyno kissed him back, head tilting slightly, letting Alhaitham deepen the kiss, it was slow, but needy, and intense.

Cyno didn't realize how breathless he'd become until Alhaitham's weight settled over him fully, one hand braced near his head, the other trailing slowly down his side.

The couch dipped beneath them once more, creaking faintly.
And suddenly Cyno was aware of everything at once: the press of Alhaitham's thigh between his legs, the soft exhale against his throat, the way he was caged in, surrounded.

His pulse stuttered.

Alhaitham didn't speak.

He didn't need to.

His gaze lingered, steady and unrelenting, tracing the faint sheen of sweat along Cyno's temple, the flush across his chest, the way his breath caught with every shift of weight.

Cyno turned his face away, jaw tight, but it only exposed more of his neck, and Alhaitham dipped his head, mouth brushing the warm skin there, slow and deliberate.

Cyno's fingers curled into the cushions, swallowing thickly.

Alhaitham's hand slipped beneath the waistband of his shorts, patient and certain, like he knew every response before it happened. And when his fingers found him, slick already, sensitive. Cyno's hips arched faintly, a soft, broken sound escaping before he could catch it.

He opened his mouth to speak, to bite back whatever this was tightening in his chest, but Alhaitham's lips found his again, silencing him.

It was unhurried, like Alhaitham wanted to memorize exactly how he fell apart.

Cyno's breath stuttered as Alhaitham's fingers moved with slow, but firm pressure, spreading slick warmth through every careful stroke. His hips twitched involuntarily, thighs tensing where they framed Alhaitham's body.

It was maddening, being held like this, kissed quiet, touched with intention, yet given no room to escape the way heat kept rising under his skin.

Then Alhaitham stilled.

Just for a moment. He pulled back slightly, enough to look down at him, the faintest ghost of a smirk resting at the corner of his mouth. His hands slid to Cyno's hips, light, steady, and then hooked into the waistband of his shorts.

Cyno's legs shifted to make room, wordless, and Alhaitham drew the fabric down slowly. The shorts dragged down over the curve of his hips, catching faintly on damp skin, until they were peeled away entirely and tossed aside.

Alhaitham's hands returned to his thighs, spreading them just slightly as he lowered himself again. His lips grazed Cyno's jaw before trailing lower, toward the exposed lines of his body, his hand already in between Cyno's legs.

Cyno's chest rose sharply, his head tipped back into the couch cushion, hands flexing at his sides.

Alhaitham's eyes took the sight in, now fully bared beneath him, his skin flushed and breath unsteady, Cyno looked almost startled by his own helplessness, by how badly he wanted more.

And Alhaitham gave it, slowly.

Cyno's breaths had grown ragged, chest rising with each slow drag of Alhaitham's fingers across his slick heat, teasing but never quite giving him enough.

Alhaitham's touch was infuriatingly measured, tracing the same path over and over, as if savoring every flicker of Cyno's reactions, every twitch and shudder.

It was driving Cyno insane.

He shifted restlessly beneath him, biting down on the sound caught in his throat. And when Alhaitham's breath brushed just below his ribcage once again, warm breath ghosting over damp skin with no real intention of moving further, Cyno snapped.

"Is that all you've got?" he rasped, the words sharper than he meant them, strained not with irritation, but with something dangerously close to pleading.

Alhaitham stood still for only a heartbeat. Then, he huffed a quiet laugh, low and almost fond, eyes flicking up to meet Cyno's.

He didn't answer. Not with words, at least.

His hand moved, fingers sliding inward with slow precision, the stretch deep. Cyno gasped, head tipping back against the cushion, hands scrambling for purchase against the couch.

Alhaitham's thumb pressed against the swollen nub above where he was buried inside him, circling it with infuriating gentleness, as though daring him to say something else.

Then he curled his fingers just right.

Cyno's body jolted. The breath left him in a broken moan, his thighs trembling around Alhaitham's shoulders, his earlier quip entirely forgotten. He squeezed his eyes shut, jaw tight as his body betrayed him, hips rolling down into the touch.

Alhaitham didn't gloat. He only leaned in, kissed the inside of Cyno's thigh now, and let his fingers do the talking.

Whatever teasing edge that was in Cyno's voice had long since dissolved, his breath came fast now, each inhale catching in his throat, every exhale spilling into a ragged sound he couldn't hold back.

Alhaitham's fingers moved with steady rhythm, deep and sure, curling each time just enough to make his hips twitch and his spine arch faintly against the couch.

Cyno had stopped trying to keep still. His legs had fallen open further, no longer tensed in defiance but trembling slightly where they were hooked around Alhaitham's shoulders. His fingers clutched blindly at the fabric beneath him, nails catching faintly in the cushions, knuckles white with restraint he no longer fully possessed.

Alhaitham didn't say anything, he never did when he had Cyno like this. His silence only made it worse, the quiet intensity of his gaze fixed on Cyno's face, watching as his expression shifted from stubborn tension to something far more raw.

The flush across Cyno's cheeks had deepened, his lashes fluttering as his eyes finally squeezed shut, a broken moan slipping past his lips when Alhaitham's thumb swept across that sensitive spot again, slow, firm, cruel in its precision.

"Ah—" Cyno gasped, his voice cracking.

His head tipped back, throat bared, lips parted as another sound escaped, something helpless, high and utterly involuntary.

Alhaitham's hand didn't falter. He moved in the same measured rhythm, fingers curling again, drawing another tremor from Cyno's hips as his body jerked.

He was unraveling now, and Alhaitham knew it, still, he didn't rush, selfishly wanting to enjoy it all, savoring the moment.

Alhaitham's fingers never faltered, each thrust purposefully, curling just so, pressing into every place that made Cyno's breath catch and his hips jerk forward in instinctive response.

His rhythm was steady, unyielding, and Cyno could do little more than take it, trembling beneath him.

His thighs shook with the effort, but the tension was slipping, faster now, cresting toward something he couldn't stop. He bit down on the pad of his finger, the sharp edge of his canine catching just enough to leave a mark, trying to muffle the string of sounds rising from his throat.

But then Alhaitham's thumb slid over his aching bundle of nerves again, much less gentle, much more precise, and Cyno broke.

"Haitham, pl—"

The rest of his words melted into a sound that caught in his chest, soft, high, almost a whine, and his body arched up off the couch, muscles taut as a tremor ripped through him.

"I've got you," Alhaitham murmured, low, grounding, as if the words alone could hold Cyno together.

Cyno's breath stuttered hard as the heat inside him spilled over, crashing all at once. His thighs clenched around Alhaitham's shoulders, the back of his hand pressed to his mouth, muffling the choked moan that escaped as he came, overwhelmed, undone, utterly bare.

Alhaitham didn't pull away. His fingers stayed where they were, gentling their movement only after Cyno's body slackened beneath him, trembling from the aftershocks, breath still catching as he slowly came down.

As Alhaitham watched him, there was no teasing in his eyes now, only quiet awe, like he was watching something rare, something sacred, unfold before him.

And Cyno, flushed and shaking, let him look.

The air between them hung still, warm with the scent of sweat and summer, skin sticking faintly to the cushions beneath them.

Cyno's chest rose and fell in shallow breaths, eyes still closed, his hand limp where it had fallen beside him. His other arm was folded across his chest, feeling his heart racing just beneath his palm,

The tension in his shoulders was gone, melted away by the tremors that had wracked through him moments ago.

Alhaitham shifted without a word, withdrawing his fingers slowly, careful, unhurried, his touch still reverent even as the urgency faded. He brought his hand up absently, brushing his knuckles against the inside of his own wrist before wiping them clean on the edge of a discarded towel, left carelessly from earlier.

Then, with a low exhale, he leaned over Cyno, pressing a kiss not to his lips, but his forehead.

His lips pressed lightly to the space between damp strands of hair, lingering there for a second longer than necessary. When he pulled back, Cyno's eyes finally opened, still heavy-lidded, and dazed, but there was a quiet softness there that hadn't been present before, but a softness Alhaitham had grown used to, but never tired of.

Alhaitham didn't ask anything, he simply eased down beside him on the couch, wrapping an arm around Cyno's waist and tugging him gently into the curve of his body.

Cyno went without protest, letting himself be pulled in, his head finding rest against Alhaitham's shoulder as he closed his eyes again.

The sound of faint music and street chatter floated in through the open window, mingling with the hum of their breaths.

No words were needed. Just this, the slow rise and fall of their chests, the warmth between them, and the way Alhaitham's fingers traced lazy circles against the curve of Cyno's back.

Cyno exhaled slowly, letting the quiet stretch between them for a moment longer before murmuring, voice low and rough with afterglow, "We should shower."

Alhaitham didn't respond immediately. He only hummed, a soft sound at the back of his throat, before leaning in to press a slow kiss to Cyno's bare shoulder. Another followed, just beneath the curve of his neck, as if he hadn't heard him at all.

"It can wait," he said finally, his voice quiet, edged with sleep and something gentler still.

Cyno rolled his eyes, but didn't move. Not when Alhaitham's arm tightened slightly around his waist, not when another kiss brushed over his throat, so light it barely registered, but somehow managed to root him there more firmly than anything else could have.

The couch was warm, he felt it especially now with the late evening breeze picking up. And Alhaitham, always steady, always stubborn, held him like he wasn't quite ready to let go yet.

So, for now, Cyno let it wait.

He leaned in, pressing a kiss to Alhaitham's jaw, giving it a gentle nip of his teeth. "Fine."

The dull sting of his teeth made Alhaitham's breath hitch, his eyes met Cyno's, an unspoken question flickering in between them, one they both knew the answer to already.

Alhaitham shifted, leaning in without hesitation. His lips brushed against Cyno's in a kiss that lingered a moment too long to be soft.

When he pulled back, Cyno barely had time to breathe before Alhaitham's voice found him, quiet but edged with amusement as he nosed at Cyno's neck.

"Besides," Alhaitham murmured, eyes glinting in the low light, "did you really think I'd let you go this early?"

Cyno blinked, then let out a laugh. "I didn't expect anything else."

The last word broke apart on a sharp hiss, cut off as Alhaitham bit down on his throat, teeth sinking in just above the collarbone. It was almost hard enough to bruise and Cyno's fingers dug into Alhaitham's shoulder blade, breath hitching as his head tipped back, offering more without meaning to.

The room had grown warmer, even as the night enveloped the city outside, the air thick still, the sweat clinging to their skin had nothing to do with the weather anymore. Whatever tension had burned between them earlier had only settled deeper now, smoldering beneath every touch.

Cyno exhaled shakily, his hand curling into Alhaitham's hair as the other man pressed him back against the cushions with an unwavering certainty.

The last of the watermelon sat on the emerald glass plate, forgotten on the wooden floor.

The night, clearly, was far from over.

End Notes

This is my first time uploading any fic on here, but this ship has had me in a chokehold since forever, and i like writing content that caters specifically to me and like... the 2 other cytham shippers out there.. 🙏

I hope you enjoyed,
Thank you for reading. ♡

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!