

Bedivere arrived at sundown. The compound was covered in a thick sheet of fresh snow, and a multitude of bonfires were lit, dotting the gray encampment with warm light. The brisk wind amplified the smell of food and wood smoke as soldiers and mercenaries breathed life into the desolate surroundings. Metody's rebellion had made use of the mountainside, a cave was utilized and fitted with stone and wooden structures—housing the wealthier souls. Metody was high above it all. Alone. Waiting. Bedivere dismounted from his horse, handing the reins to a stable hand.

“Evening Bedivere. I hope your journey wasn't too taxing.”

“Not at all,” he said, walking, stride quick. He shook the snow from his fur cloak and took off his hat, eyes focused above at a glow in the hazy distance. “How is he?”

The stable hand shrunk back, smoothing the mane of Bedivere's horse. “Don't know. S'been quiet.”

Bedivere pulled off his glove and rubbed his beard but said nothing in return.

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Bedivere should've cleaned up before seeing Metody, but another moment after six weeks apart left him impatient and indifferent. He walked through the camp at the foot of the mountain, nodding at those he knew as he passed. He was sore, overworked, drained, but he did his best to maintain an easy air, keep his shoulders squared and his chin up. How badly he wanted to tumble into a bed, bring his husband down with him—wrap his arms around him, smell his hair. The thought propelled him forward, stride quicker, boots trudging through the slush. He made his way upstairs, wood creaking underfoot, the sounds of night merriment accompanied him, until it all but faded by the time he reached Metody's makeshift chambers.

All was quiet as Bedivere opened the door. The room was barely lit. Cold and unadorned—outfitted only with essentials—a bed, a table with a set of stools, a couple of chests. Metody sat in the corner by a dying hearth—cloak cast open, legs spread, eyes hidden behind his thick fringe.

“My love,” Bedivere said, closing the door behind him.

“My world,” Metody responded, tucking his chin into his palm. “I've missed you.”

“And I you.”

Metody made no attempt to stand, he made no movement at all, save for a slight smile.

“I've brought correspondence and—”

“None of that tonight. Please.”

Bedivere straightened. “A relief,” he admitted as he shrugged off his heavy cloak. He walked over to the basin and washed his hands and face. “I could use a drink.”

Metody motioned towards the cask sitting on the table and Bedivere made quick work of the food and wine left there.

“I could use the loving touch of my husband as well,” Bedivere said with an attempt at levity. He poured himself some more wine and made his way over to Metody. “Barely saw you there when I entered.” He bent and

touched his cheek, gently turning his face towards him. “You’re cold,” he said as he pushed his fringe away from his eyes.

“I’ve had no one to warm me,” Metody said. His eyes were dull, void of something Bedivere couldn’t quite place.

He drained his glass and slipped his hand into Metody’s. “Then let us remedy that.”

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Though Bedivere wanted to pull Metody to the floor and take him there by the low burning fire, he thought it more proper to have him in bed. He helped Metody up from his seat, leaving behind his cloak as he drew close. He wore simple garments, ones Bedivere had no trouble shedding. Metody silently watched as his deft fingers worked the lacings.

“So eager to see my flesh,” he finally said, after Bedivere had stripped him of everything and lead him by hand over to the bed.

“Always,” said Bedivere. “Under the covers. I’ll join you shortly.” He went to work on his own clothing, eyes fixed on Metody’s backside as he crawled onto the bed and under the furs. His arousal grew, evident and completely exposed now.

Metody set a hungry gaze upon him—pales eyes deliberately drinking him in. Bedivere smiled and shied away—slightly—as a warmth crept into his cheeks. After all these years Metody still managed to stoke something raw and wonderful within him.

“You flatter me with that stare,” Bedivere said as he climbed onto the bed.

Metody smirked and pushed the covers aside, and once his husband was over him, he tossed the covers back over them, enveloping them both. Bedivere rested his weight on his knees and forearms and leaned down to kiss Metody. Gentle, almost exploratory, as if they were young lovers once again.

Metody pulled Bedivere down—wrapping his arms around him in a possessive hold. Their cocks were trapped between them, pressed, grinding. Their breathing became heavy, their kisses direr. Bedivere pulled away only to disappear under the covers, kissing and sucking Metody’s flesh as he retreated, making Metody vault into every touch and clamp his jaw at the casual nip of teeth, then melt at the soft wet feel of his tongue.

Bedivere felt at peace, nestled under the covers, surrounded by his husband’s heat. He stroked, adoring the sounds he could conjure from Metody—sharp intakes of air, and sighs of simultaneous agony and relief—making Bedivere dizzy with need. He slipped his mouth over Metody and gently sucked, messy with his saliva as he groaned around him. Too long. It had been too long. He bobbed his head, carefully breathing through his nose, fixated on the feel of Metody’s undoing beneath him.

He felt desperate hands in his hair, urging, and at the taste of precum only then did he pull away—lips swollen, jaw sore. But he wasn’t done. He gripped the back of Metody’s thighs and pushed his legs up to his chest, enough of an angle to press his face between his cheeks, enough access to lap at his hole. Metody was always shy when it came to this type of thing, but his moans gave him away...

With the usual preparation Bedivere returned to Metody, taking his place between his thighs, forearms framing his pale face. He pushed in and Metody tensed, so Bedivere went slow. And once he was completely sheathed in his love, Bedivere began, gentle, shallow strokes, nudging, provoking—watching Metody’s eyes soften, his lips part.

“Beautiful,” Bedivere sighed. He quickened his pace, spurred by some unseen and all-consuming need. He took Metody’s hands and pinned them down above his head, forcing most of his weight on them.

With the back of Metody’s thighs resting on his own, the leverage bordered perfection. Bedivere’s flesh ran hot; he shrugged the covers off of him and released Metody’s hands, gripping the linens beneath him instead. Metody pulled him down, wanting his weight, wanting him deeper and Bedivere obliged. The bedframe creaked, growing louder as Bedivere grew impatient—each thrust laced with intention—wanting to bring Metody closer to the brink.

Bedivere wanted to dismantle that pensive look in Metody’s eyes and distract him from whatever haunted him. Always, ever since they were young, he had a darkness about him, and Bedivere so desperately wanted to be his beacon—a desire which never waned and only grew... He felt his lover’s heels dig into the sides of his ass, almost painful, enough to bring him back. His own mind was wandering, and he knew Metody could sense it, ever attentive. Arms wrapped around Bedivere’s neck, pulling him down and closer were they busied their lips with kisses, tasting one another, whispering saccharine nothings into each other’s panting mouths. *This* was real, *this* could endure, and Bedivere would make sure of that. Metody was warm and blooming beneath him. He was safe in Bedivere’s embrace, and no harm would come to him. He’d make sure of that.

Metody came all over their stomachs. The feel of it nearly made Bedivere release, but instead he slowed his pace, watching as Metody rode the final delirious waves of his climax. Bedivere bent and tenderly kissed him, parting with a bushed smile and motioning to pull away, but Metody caught his wrist, stopping him.

“I’m not done.”

“My love, I believe you are.”

“*You’re* not done.”

Bedivere huffed a laugh. He reclined back, cock still hard and slick. “Then finish me.”

Metody sat up, slowly, eyes heavy-lidded as if overcome with something foreign. Bedivere’s breath hitched at the look, and he wet his lips in anticipation as Metody crawled over him, straddled him, then lowered onto him—hole stretching around him once more—sheathing him in his own ruined warmth.

“I love you,” Bedivere said, gazing up at his husband—pale, moon-kissed, hauntingly divine.

“And I love you,” Metody said in turn, dead still, looking down at him with...

Bedivere swallowed.

Pity.

Bedivere closed his eyes, willing the notion away. He saw wrong. A trick of the shadows and his own febrile imagination. He gazed up at Metody with what he hoped was a hard look and gripped his thighs. “Fuck me.”

And Metody did—hips moving, chest heaving, hands groping—deep, deliberate, possessed. Bedivere couldn’t stop the curses, the groans, the pleas... His voice went hoarse from it all. His face felt hot and he knew his mouth fell slack with utter rapture, watching as Metody rode him—body glistening, nipples hard, limp cock and coarse hair soiled with cum. He rode him as if this were their last, or their first, or something impulsive and spontaneous yet entirely welcomed.

“Gorgeous,” Metody said as he leaned forward to place his hands on Bedivere’s broad chest. He squeezed his breasts, massaging the handfuls in tandem with his riding. Bedivere reveled in the touch, head hanging back, throat stretched and exposed. He felt Metody’s hands roam higher, until his fingers were wrapped around his neck—tighter then tighter—until Bedivere’s air was cut off. The sensation went straight to his cock, it made him buck up, hands wringing the bedding at his sides then traveling up to hold Metody’s thighs as he slammed down onto him, his own cock now firm once again, hair wild, lips parted—mirroring each other’s deranged gaze.

The lack of air made Bedivere choke, but he didn’t stop Metody or force him away. He focused on the feel of Metody’s hole, the way his thighs tensed, his low moans. The fingers wrapped around his neck were unrelenting and the thought of succumbing to Metody’s hands sent Bedivere into oblivion with a silent cry out as his husband milked every last spurt.

Metody released his hold and Bedivere gasped, a pointed, obscene sound in such a quiet room.

The two stared at one another—silent—until Metody shuddered out a sob, curling and hugging himself. Bedivere’s heart ached at the sight. He didn’t know how to remedy his love’s pain—he hardly knew what ailed him, but he pulled Metody down into his arms and held him tight.

“I’m here,” he said, pressing his lips to Metody’s forehead. *For what that’s worth*, he thought.

As soon as Bedivere was given the message, he went straight to the throne room. It was late in the evening, and most of the bastion’s occupants were sound asleep, but Bedivere had found himself wound too tight for slumber. To dampen his nerves, he indulged himself with a nightcap by the roaring fireplace in the empty main hall. Snuggled up in his furs, goblet slipping from his grip, he was nearly nodding off when a light tapping on his shoulder had startled him awake.

Bedivere pulled his fur trimmed cloak around him, clasping the front and quickening his pace, eager to see Metody and feel his warmth.

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Metody sat on his throne. Moonlight poured in from the narrow windows, casting the walls and pillars in hues of blue. He huffed. *His* throne. It felt no more his than this damned kingdom did. It was a thing of grandeur, stiff-backed and exquisitely crafted from ancient oak or some such. Simultaneously beautiful and underwhelming. The cushion beneath him had gone threadbare and needed replacing, but it was the only thing about the throne that Metody appreciated. He angled himself and sank his body, propping one elbow on the armrest, holding his cheek, waiting.

Bedivere slipped between the heavy doors and approached, looking wide awake and effortlessly handsome. His wavy hair was disheveled, his cheeks were rosy (probably warmed by wine), and his smile, *oh his smile*. Metody straightened and offered his husband a grin, though he knew it lacked the charming quality of his.

“Couldn’t sleep?” Bedivere asked, pace slowing once he reached the steps. He looked up at Metody with something akin to boyish adoration, which made his heart swell. The butterflies never left his stomach when Bedivere was around.

He shook his head, suddenly bashful, and gestured to him. “Come.”

Bedivere quietly laughed and folded his arms. “Oh, I know that look.”

“Would you have me wait?”

“Someone might catch us.”

“Everyone’s asleep.”

With a playful sigh of submission, Bedivere ascended the few steps and kneeled at his husband’s feet. “My King,” he said, eyes downcast with theatrical reverence.

“Stop that.”

Bedivere regarded him. “My love,” he offered instead, with an expression solely given to Metody. It was a look of love, of lust, of deep companionship grounded in the years they’ve shared.

“That’s better.”

Bedivere took Metody’s hand between his own, kissing along his knuckles. “I can’t tell you how much it pleases me to see you wearing my ring. The color suits you.”

“It’s a pleasure to wear,” Metody said and stroked Bedivere’s cheek. “I’m glad you’re here. I was lonely.”

“You know... you *are* allowed entry into my bedchamber,” he said, resting his chin on Metody’s knee. “Rather prefer that, since your attendants keep catching me in the morning.”

Metody laughed. “And deny them a show?”

“You’re generous.”

“I enjoy flaunting you.”

Bedivere snorted, chin still on Metody’s knee. “Are you alright? You seem rather down.”

“I’m better now that you’re here.”

“Even so, I’d like to take your mind off your worries.”

“Oh?” Metody leaned back. “What did you have in mind?”

It was a rare treat to see Bedivere shy, though he quickly recovered. “Should I simply tell you or would you rather I act?”

“I like hearing you speak tawdry things.”

“I rather put my mouth to better use.”

Metody’s mind with blissfully blank, watching as Bedivere made quick work of his fastenings. He shifted and spread his thighs, allowing Bedivere to draw closer. His jaw went slack at the feel of his husband’s fingers curling around him—just shy of erect, though it wouldn’t take long. Bedivere palmed him, offering Metody a heated glance before dipping his head and enveloping him with his mouth. Metody shuddered and released a low gasp, curling over him and clawing through the layers of cloth, desperate to feel the taut muscles of his back.

Yes, his mind was completely drained of all loathsome thought, now overwhelmed with the sight and feel of Bedivere. Stroking, sucking, savoring every inch of him.

Bedivere hesitated before sitting. "I... shouldn't."

"It's just a chair," Metody said, legs trembling. The oil was seeping out of his ass. "Sit. I'll make this worth it."

Bedivere, after a furtive glance around the empty chamber, gripped the armrests and slowly lowered. He paused, as if waiting for the heavens to open up and strike him down, but the air remained hushed, and once Bedivere was content with the quiet, he relaxed and sat fully.

Metody descended the few steps and looked up at his husband—a glorious sight—though his lips were flushed and swollen as sin, his air was one of reigning and grace. "You look more suited for a throne than I."

"You think too highly of me," Bedivere smirked. "Are you just going to stare at me for the rest of the night?"

"Don't tempt me."

He laughed, low. He leaned and considered his husband with heavy eyes, and then straightened as Metody began undressing. "What are you doing?"

"What does it look like?"

"Metody, no. It was bad enough I had my head buried in your lap. You'd have me sit here and—"

"Ride you?"

Bedivere's mouth snapped shut, watching as Metody removed layer after layer. "You'll freeze."

"You'll keep me warm."

"We don't have anything to..."

"I'm prepared."

Bedivere laughed again, laced with disbelief and amusement. "Hurry, come." And Metody went to him, skin already chilled, though he hardly felt it. He climbed onto Bedivere's lap and melted into his arms as his warm cloak was pulled around him, cocooning them both. They kissed and Metody could taste his cum on his lips, fueling his need, quickening his pulse. He buried his hands beneath him and freed Bedivere's cock, already stiff. He thumbed the precum at the slit and moaned into his mouth. "Did you conjure this scheme after reading one of those stories?" Bedivere asked, teeth gently snagging Metody's bottom lip.

"No. I've always wanted you to take me like this."

"Always?" Bedivere hummed. "Have you always wanted me?"

Metody cupped his cheeks. "For as long as I can remember," he said, gently kissing his eyelids. He felt Bedivere's cheeks warm under his palms.

The room was modest but comfortable—Bedivere made sure of that. He took in the brown furnishings and cream walls, shadows deep as the only illumination came from six misshapen candles and a small hearth. He could feel Metody's pale eyes on him.

"Strange day," Bedivere said quietly, more to ease the silence than to initiate conversation.

Metody made a low sound of distress and Bedivere looked over at his husband sitting on the small bed.

"You needn't worry, my love," Bedivere said and then began undressing, mindful of his wound—more painful than ruinous. Metody sat up straighter, a look of concern knotting his brows. Once he saw the blood he stood and staggered over to Bedivere, bound hands hastily pressing against the wound.

Bedivere hissed and quickly grabbed hold of Metody's wrists, though not unkindly.

"They've hurt you," Metody said, face downcast, eyes covered with his wild fringe.

"No," he said and kissed the back of Metody's hands. He then unfastened his husband's leather cuffs and set them aside. Metody looked up at him, eyes bright, lucid. "There." Bedivere rubbed his thumbs over the thin skin of his wrists, loving the feel of his pulse, steady and warm.

Metody's gaze traveled downward once more, manner worried, but Bedivere tucked a finger under his chin, and gently tilted his head up to look at him.

"I'm still here," he said and leaned in to kiss him, heart aflutter at the feel of his soft lips. He felt Metody reach up, arms hooking around the back of his neck, pulling him down, closer somehow, desperate for the feel of him, his warmth maybe. Bedivere continued kissing him, arms pulling him closer too, a firm embrace, ignoring the pain in his abdomen, savoring the taste of Metody's mouth.

They parted enough to assault each other's faces with a series of small kisses.

"You're tired," Metody said, barely a whisper.

"I am," Bedivere admitted, but his hands traveled downward, over the curve of Metody's ass, then under—hungrily groping him.

"Bedi..." His name died on Metody's lips. He felt him react, stiffen, cheeks flushing.

"I missed you," Bedivere said, pressing his lips to Metody's neck.

His head lolled back, chest heaving as Bedivere left his mark. "I've missed *you*," Metody managed, holding on for dear life.

Bedivere lifted him up and carried him over to the bed, dropping him playfully onto the mattress and for a brief moment a smile tugged Metody's lips followed by a soft breath of laughter, but he quickly sobered, much to Bedivere's dismay.

"You're hurt, we shouldn't..." yet Metody's gaze was heavy, eyes traveling down Bedivere's bare chest and torso.

"We shouldn't," Bedivere agreed. He closed his eyes in faux seriousness and then gently nudged Metody aside, lying down. He folded his arms underneath his head, propping, and looked over. "Hm? What's the matter?"

“You’re very handsome,” Metody said and then crawled over him, straddling him, hands on his chest. Bedivere smiled up at him. Sometimes—when the universe allowed for things to align just right—it felt like he was reliving the past, like they were young again. Renewed, giddy, overwhelmingly in love. Just the two of them. Just the feel of one another, occupying each other’s spaces, happily adrift in the comfort of it. He watched as Metody’s heated gaze turned to one of dismay, trembling fingers reaching over to trace the scar across Bedivere’s throat. The touch was numb, more like pressure, severed nerves with a hint of what was. “My love…” Bedivere took Metody’s hands in his own and pulled him down onto him. He felt light, scarcely there.

“My world,” Metody whispered and kissed him. He trailed his affection down his chin, to his neck, then chest. His body moving nimbly, slow and downward. Bedivere closed his eyes, savoring the feel of his husband’s lips. He felt Metody unlace and pull him out, followed by a wet heat and gentle suction. Even with his eyes closed, his fingers caught and wove themselves through Metody’s hair, not guiding nor stopping. His breath hitched, and he bit back a groan as Metody’s pleased him. The joy of being with him for so long—he knew exactly what Bedivere enjoyed. He peered down as Metody ran his tongue flat along the underside, up then down, sheathing him fully with his mouth.

Some things hadn’t changed—Metody was always keen on loving Bedivere this way, not that he minded. But his resolve was weak tonight, he wouldn’t last, not with the way his husband was looking up at him, mouth already a mess, eyes brimmed with tears. He gripped Metody’s hair and tugged him away, earning an annoyed whimper along with a thin trail of spit.

“Ride me,” Bedivere said, words thick with need. He was embarrassed by the lurid sound of it.

Metody wiped his mouth and move to prepare himself but Bedivere motioned for the oil. “Let me,” he said and took the vial, warming it between his palms. Metody pursed his lips and pulled off his dressing gown, tossing it aside. He turned, cock pressed to Bedivere’s chest, ass facing him—thighs already trembling with anticipation.

Bedivere removed his rings and slickened his fingers. He eased one in and Metody sighed. It was an odd angle, but the sight made Bedivere salivate.

“More,” Metody said, muffled.

“Patience.”

Metody groaned, hips moving in time with Bedivere’s hand. He imagined his husband all alone in this room pleasuring himself, thighs spread, cock swollen, fingers deep inside him—pressing his shirt to his face. Bedivere often did the same. Inhaling and stroking, desperate to be with him. But here they were, finally, and it was always better than his fantasies. He slid another finger in.

“More, Bedi, please…”

“Keep moaning like that and I won’t last,” Bedivere said with a strained laugh.

“Then…” Metody pulled away and turned once more. His cheeks and chest were flushed as he guided Bedivere into him.

Bedivere gripped his thighs, grimacing against the tight feel of him. Metody was about to move but Bedivere held him in place. “Wait, I’m—” He inhaled and calmed himself. “Easy. Been a while.”

“Too long,” Metody said, perched in a way that was both endearing and incredibly arousing. “I can go slow.”

“Either way,” Bedivere said, hands trailing up to grip his waist, guiding him. “It’s all…” Metody took over, hips moving, hands bracing. Bedivere fell silent, lips slightly parted, attention focused solely on his husband. The bedframe would give them away, which briefly embarrassed Bedivere, but company or not he needed this.