

**Prompts: Fiore/MC/Savarel & Too Hot**

**Notes:** From a timeline in which the Honor Bound MC is living in New Belmir City with Fiore and Savarel, some time after the epilogue.

**Male Fiore/Male Savarel**

Summer's arrived hot and early in New Belmir City this year, and all of you are suffering for it. Fiore's mansion, usually so comfortable, its high ceilings graceful and airy, now feels stuffy even with the windows thrown open. You all slept in different rooms last night because you couldn't bear to be too near each other even with the thinnest of sheets—but it's lonely waking without them there.

You pad along the blessedly cool marble floor, wafting your sleeping shirt to cool off, and consider stripping off and simply lying on the stone. It's almost tempting, but the lure of breakfast—and, of course, Fiore and Savarel—is too much, and you make your way down to the courtyard.

Outside, Savarel sits with his feet in the pool of the fountain, robe pulled up to his knees. His black hair is damp and he looks sorry for himself as he leans against the white pillar. The air is still and heavy, and walking outside feels like walking past a fireplace.

"How are you doing?" Savarel asks softly, holding out a hand.

You squeeze his hand gently. "I didn't sleep too badly," you say. "But I hoped a perk of living here would be that we'd always be comfortable."

"I can't change the laws of science," Fiore calls from the breakfast table beneath the leaf-covered pergola. He looks bright-eyed enough, and dressed in a simple cream linen shirt and deep green trousers.

When you sit with him in the dappled shade and Savarel joins you, feet dripping, the relief is palpable. Sunlight filters through the backs of the leaves, casting the breakfast table in gentle green.

You settle, drinking iced mint tea with lemon so sharp that it sends shivers up the back of your neck, and then tucking into fresh mango slices and pastries. Everything is delicious, and as your two partners enjoy their breakfast too, the heat feels a little less oppressive.

Savarel nudges you with his foot beneath the table. "Fiore was saying we could go on a riverboat ride through the park today," he says. "It'll be cooler there, and we could leave the house closed so it's nicer when we get back."

You glance at Fiore. "And your work wouldn't be a problem?"

Fiore's full lips curve in a smile. "I don't want it to be a problem," he says, quiet but firm. "I've made that mistake before. There's no emergency, and I want to enjoy the day with you both."

You spear another slice of mango with your fork with a contented sigh. "Then that sounds perfect."

Savarel catches your free hand in his, and Fiore leans his head gently on your shoulder. It's lovely—for a moment, and then you separate, laughing, as the warmth is just a little too much. Soon, you'll head out for the day. Not a notable day for any other reason—but a day to be together, which is ample reason for celebration.

## **Male Fiore/Female Savarel**

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You squeeze her hand gently. "I didn't sleep too badly," you say. "But I hoped a perk of living here would be that we'd always be comfortable."

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Outside, Savarel sits with their feet in the pool of the fountain, robe pulled up to their knees. Their black hair is damp and they look sorry for themselves as they lean against the white pillar. The air is still and heavy, and walking outside feels like walking past a fireplace.

"How are you doing?" Savarel asks softly, holding out a hand.

You squeeze their hand gently. "I didn't sleep too badly," you say. "But I hoped a perk of living here would be that we'd always be comfortable."

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Outside, Savarel sits with his feet in the pool of the fountain, robe pulled up to his knees. His black hair is damp and he looks sorry for himself as he leans against the white pillar. The air is still and heavy, and walking outside feels like walking past a fireplace.

"How are you doing?" Savarel asks softly, holding out a hand.

You squeeze his hand gently. "I didn't sleep too badly," you say. "But I hoped a perk of living here would be that we'd always be comfortable."

"I can't change the laws of science," Fiore calls from the breakfast table beneath the leaf-covered pergola. She looks bright-eyed enough, and is dressed in a simple deep green linen gown.

When you sit with her in the dappled shade and Savarel joins you, feet dripping, the relief is palpable. Sunlight filters through the backs of the leaves, casting the breakfast table in gentle green.

You settle, drinking iced mint tea with lemon so sharp that it sends shivers up the back of your neck, and then tucking into fresh mango slices and pastries. Everything is delicious, and as your two partners enjoy their breakfast too, the heat feels a little less oppressive.

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