

Denario/MC/Savarel & Eyes Meet

Notes: This takes place in a timeline in which Denario and Savarel are both in committed romances with the MC and live together in Elene's Prospect. It assumes that the MC is receptive to Denario and Savarel romancing each other as well. This shouldn't be considered the only possible canon - it's equally possible that Denario and Savarel wouldn't end up romancing each other in this setup!

Male Savarel

"Fuck, oh, my hands, shit, let me get to the fire, I'm freezing to death," Denario gasps, slamming the vicarage door shut against the wind.

You and Savarel follow him into the living room at a pace, dripping wet from the storm outside. Your muscles scream from dragging horses indoors in the town centre; you're shivering despite your heavy greatcoat.

While Denario's peeling off his gloves and discarding them on the floor, her Savarel unbuttons her own soaked coat and hangs it up. She helps you off with your coat, then hugs you close.

"My face feels numb," you say, shaking off the rain. "How did it get so cold so fast?"

Denario's taken off his boots and leaving wet footprints across the floor. "Elene help me, I've no idea. Winter here's usually fine."

Still, you remember some of the bitterly cold nights from your childhood. Sometimes you and Denario shared a bed, back to back, beneath the same quilt. Nothing happened, though you thought about it, lying on your back and worrying over it, and Denario confessed recently that he had too.

Once you've all changed into dry clothes, Savarel fetches towels and blankets from upstairs, spreading them over the couch and hearth. Tea is soon made, and the three of you settle; you lie on the couch with your legs over Savarel's lap, while Denario stretches out in front of the fire, his dark hair sticking up in all directions.

Sipping tea, Savarel rubs your legs with her other hand, soothing your muscles and warming your skin. With a sigh, you relax, savouring your own cup of tea; it's raspberry-flavoured, and deliciously sweet and tart.

"There's our good deed for the month," Denario says. "Tedesco'd better give a decent payment."

Savarel snorts. "It doesn't work like that."

Denario rolls across the floor until he reaches the edge of the couch, then sits up with his back against Savarel's legs. "It should," he says. "You're too nice."

"I am not," Savarel says primly.

"You are, you're letting me sit on your feet right this very moment."

You nudge Denario's shoulder with your leg. "Stop hassling Savarel."

"She loves it, don't you?"

When Savarel laughs, Denario joins in, delighted. He turns around, resting his elbows on your shins, looking up at Savarel with the most studiously innocent, puppylike look on his face, and Savarel reaches down to ruffle his hair affectionately.

Denario's smile does not fade, but his touch on your leg shivers, then tightens a little. Something in the air shifts, and Savarel's dark eyes go wide; she snatches her hand back, glancing at you.

You love them both, have been living with them both—they've grown close, but they've never slipped into anything else. Not until now. "It's all right," you say, your voice thickening suddenly in your throat.

Savarel leans forward, then. One hand rests on top of Denario's on your leg and, very slowly, for the first time, Savarel cups Denario's cheek.

Female Savarel

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Nonbinary Savarel

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