

# WINTER SOLTISE LOVE

INCL. RO SIMEON & AFAB!GN!MC

THEMES. SUGGESTIVE, FLUFF, TEASING, PLAYFUL, NSFW, F!ORAL, SUB!MC,  
RIDING, MISSIONARY

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The clock strikes midnight with a heavy toll and the distant sound of the church bells that drags your attention away from the screen of your phone and whatever task you were doing. You rise from your seat, making your way to the drawn curtains of your bedroom window.

There's nothing that catches your eye besides a layer of thick white snow, the distant view of stars, and the moon, that shines unusually bright. You glide your eyes across the blanket of snow before stopping. Spotting the small outline of someone who knew well. Trotting through the thick snow with nothing but his usual black slacks and black button-up with boots and a black winter raincoat that was gifted to him rather recently. One he rarely wears due to him being unbothered by the cold. You stare for a moment before making the decision to follow him.

You leave the window, letting the heavy curtain settle back into place as you walk to your closet, pulling out your own thick winter coat, and putting it on with ease. Dressing warm as you pull on your winter boots, before leaving your room, phone, and keys in your pockets.

It doesn't take long to get outside, nor to find the path which Ro had created. You follow his wide steps, pushing through the snow with your feet. The further you follow, the wider the path Ro created becomes, with snow being cleared and easier for you to simply follow. You look further ahead, finding Ro had slowed down significantly, manually making a path. A path for you.

"Ro!"

You call out to him, watching him move quickly, turning to you and smiling, waving you over. "Hello." He greets you when you come closer, a clear smile on his warm brown face, his blue eyes staring at you.

"How'd you know I was following you?"

He raises his brows with a smile, slightly tilting his head, before shrugging, holding back whatever it was he wanted to say. "I could hear you." He moves his gaze from you,

swiping his hands across a stone bench, pushing off the snow, and clearing a spot to stand and sit.

"Why are you outside?" You ask and the man hums, before pointing to the stone bench that was hidden beneath the snow, and that he had cleared. "Come. Sit." He gently grabs your hand and guides you to the bench, sitting you down.

He stares with honest and smiling blue eyes. He moves his gaze to the sky and points. They're far more visible and vibrant. Twinkling beyond the glass of District 48, "Today is the day when the earth is on its perfect tilt. It's exciting. Even though many don't realize it. A perfect day for rituals."

"Rituals?" You say and he glances at you, his smile never faltering. "Yes. The Winter solstice is today..." He lets out a puff of warm air, leaning forward, "when I was a child, my home believed that it meant the world was in perfect balance and that it was a time of hope and new beginnings. Or everyone. That's what my mother said, anyway."

"What was she like?" You ask and he thinks for a moment, a quick moment, before staring at you with thoughtful eyes. "Beautiful." The words almost come out breathless and he looks back at the sky.

"She was a prophet, though what god she spoke for—I don't know—yet she spoke many of their teachings to me and for me. She passed long ago." He glances at the ground. "You remind me of her." He lets out a breathless laugh. "In short glimpses—then again, I see her in everything. Everyone." He returns his gaze to you.

"Is that why you like the winter solstice?"

He snorts at this, "I like it because it's my birthday."

"What!" You stare with wide eyes, and he laughs, "It's my fault—I never told you my actual birthday, though it is on—well around the Winter Solstice in June." You shift your body to fully stare, scrunching your brows.

"Why?"

He thinks for a moment, casting his eyes aside, "I don't know--" He answers with a shrug, and you hit his shoulder playfully. Which only makes him laugh. "You should have told me sooner. So that we could celebrate or get you a gift or something." Ro shakes his head at that, a smile still on his lips.

"I don't need all of that. I am happy with what I have. All that I have. When you celebrate your birthday so much, eventually it becomes just another day." There is no anger, resentment, nor even sadness. He speaks content with it, with everything. You aren't sure

if you've seen him any less than content, maybe mad once or twice, like a month ago in District Six, but since seeing him again. He shows only happiness.

"You say that like you're old." You mummer and Ro's brows raise, letting out a muted laugh. "I am — I'm like 27 — well 28. I'm pushing 30. Isn't that like the new 40? At this rate, I'll be 100 before I know it." He drops his head with a playful groan. "I'm so old."

"You don't look old — you look a good 24."

"A good 24," Ro repeats with an amused tone, moving his head to stare at you, propping his elbows on his knees and cheek in his palm. Silence settles over you both.

"It's cold." Ro breaks the silence, rising to his feet quickly. "You look cold." He rephrases. Taking your hand and pulling you up to your feet. Letting you walk in front of him. You both make your way back to the distant building of the H.E.A.V.E.N Facility, walking in silence until you reach the automatic doors that open on Ro's command. Allowing you both to enter a warm, dimly lit hall.

"Someone turned on the heat." Ro mutters, while walking you back to your room, the two of you making small conversation. "Are you sure you don't have any plans for your birthday?" You ask just one more time, the door to your room slides open as you turn to him.

He stares at you for a moment. "I have one thing I would like...." He speaks slowly, blue eyes dragging over your face, fluttering across your pretty eyes, your perfect nose, your cute face. He drops his gaze to your lips for a moment, only a quick moment.

"May I kiss you?"

He speaks earnestly, standing anxiously in one spot.

"Yes..."

He's gentle. Stepping past the threshold of your bedroom, hands gently cupping your face, bringing you close to kiss you.

His lips are soft and warm, spreading warmth throughout your skin, whilst your hands move and rest on his arms. Soon he pulls away. Fingers trailing across your cheeks, before dropping to his sides. He stares with dazed eyes, pupils blown. He takes a wide step away from you. Such a simple kiss has his chest rising and falling. He tilts his head to the side, one of his black curls falling from his ponytail.

"That is the best gift I could ask for. Thank you." There is tenderness in his words and love in his eyes as he smiles. There is nothing else wants, needs, demands. Nothing in his eyes except the satisfaction of a kiss.

"I want more." You reach out for him.

"Oh."

Your words send a shiver down Ro's spine, his eyes widening for a moment, and a laugh leaves his lips. "Whatever you want, you may have." He speaks openly. Willing and wanting to give you his body fully and wholly and have yours completely in return. He is destined to be yours... He pulls you in, kissing your lips as if they belong to him and him alone—they do—your hands tugging at his clothing, while his land on your waist. In his mind to balance you, but the shakiness in his knees and the almost hesitant touch in his hands speaks differently.

Your kiss feels different from others he's kissed before. Your skin. Your stature. Everything is so foreign yet familiar. He is unsure what to do with himself. You to either take you fully and carefully or ravage you completely—through a deeper part of him knows it's wrong to consume to lust. So, he follows your lead. Letting you pull him close. Pressing the entirety of your body against his, holding you close. Your lips molding against his so *perfectly*.

Your lips don't part, hands blindly and hurriedly pulling off your coats, kicking off your shoes. Letting out short gasps and quick inhales, whispering between heated kisses for help, guidance for anything. "...". He whispers your name, breaking away from the kiss. Switching places as he sits on the end of your bed. Eyes half-lidded as he peppers your face in kisses. Nipping at your neck and collar, coaxing out breathless, pleased sighs.

*Anything within his world can be yours.*

He drops his head to the side, feeling your teeth bite at his throat, coaxing out an abrupt laugh. He's ticklish there. He reveals his pearl-white teeth, fingers covering his neck as you step away, only for him to bring you back, closer, his fingers touching the hem of your shirt, "May I?" He asks, waiting for a nod, and he pulls your shirt over your head, revealing your naked chest. His eyes drag along your breasts, flushing for a mere moment and looking downward. Whatever he wishes to say, he keeps to himself out of purely being flustered.

"What is it?" You ask gently, watching his black curls fall onto his face. Ro's eyes flutter, his dragging gaze along your form. He smiles. "Tell me, please..." You don't need to specify, watching the man drop his hands to his lap.

"I want to make you feel good—That's what I want." His words send a foreign shock a pleasure through you. His blue eyes have such an unusual glow. "... How would you do that?" You softly inquire and his lips quiver, his eyes betraying him as he darts his gaze downward to the spot between your legs, smile still on his face.

"Ro..." You drag out his name and Ro presses his lips together, unable to hide his smile, "I want to taste you." There's a subtle boldness, and you stare. "Taste what?" The words leave you before you can stop them and Ro bites back a laugh. You know what he wants. What he needs. What he so desperately craves.

"I want to eat you out.... I wanna do it all." There's subtle cocky confidence, something you've seen before, yet rarely.

He doesn't wait for you to react nor speak, undoing the buttons of his black button-up. He looks back at you, the corner of his lips quirking. He slowly undoes the buttons, pausing. "Before you – uh – see; I don't have the best uh control over my markings." He avoids your gaze, fumbling with the black buttons, before fully undoing each, sliding his shirt off his shoulders. You stare in surprise. His warm brown skin is covered in a myriad of white tattoos.

Sigils. Pact markings. Bindings. All of different sharps and sizes, stretching across his arms, shoulders, chest, stomach, and the expansion of his back. Each one with a different name for a different being.

You close the distance, gently touching one of the sigils with the tips of your fingers, feeling his skin shudder. "Usually, I can hide them. A spell that lasts awhile, but--" his breath gets caught in his throat, feeling you drag your nails across his chest, and to his abdomen and he lets out a laugh.

"I like them." You speak honestly and he stares at you. Black brows furrowing before Ro laughs. A genuine laugh, as if incredibly tickled by the entire thing. He drops his gaze to his marked arms. His palms, the back of his hands. Markings that were clear as day yet went completely unnoticed. "Then I am happy that you get to see them." His voice is soft, tilting his head back up, staring into your eyes. His hands reach up, resting on your waist.

He leans upward, kissing the valley between your breasts. His hands drew you closer, till you stood between his legs. Letting him switch from your skin to your hardened nipples. Wrapping his lips around one, while teasing the other. Rolling his tongue around the bud, subtly grinding his hips against your legs, staring up at you. Whilst sucking gently and carefully nipping with his teeth. His other hand gently tugged at your nipples, pulling at your breast. Before releasing it with a satisfying pop. Ro watches your breasts settle back into place, his thumb absent-mindedly caressing the fullness of your breasts.

"There's so much I want to do for you," Ro speaks slowly, lowering his head to kiss your stomach. Showering light kisses across the entirety of your smooth stomach, kissing your skin so gently.

Eyelids fluttering as your hands undone his carefully done ponytail, letting his curls fall. "You're so beautiful." The words fall from his mouth, his hands pulling from your waist.

"May I?" He looks up at you, the tips of his fingers brushing against the edge of your pants, subtly tugging at the waistband.

You pull at the root of his hair, giving a nonverbal yes as you back up a bit, watching his eyes. He keeps eye contact, sliding off the bed and onto his knees. His black curls frame his face as he drags down your pants, pulling them down your legs and helping you step out of them, revealing your panties.

He stares at the wet spot that formed on your panties as they stick into your folds, beautifully framing your cunt. "— You're so pretty." He leans forward, pressing a gentle kiss to the edges of your folds, using his index and middle to spread apart your covered clit. Softly dragging his tongue along the space, sending shivers along your spine. You tighten your grip on his hair, shifting your legs further apart, balancing yourself.

"Ro."

You whine his name, blue eyes fluttering as he sucks on your gently clit, before pulling away. Looking at you. He feels your hand drag through his curls, then sliding down the side of his face. Your thumb pressed against the corner of his lips, before gently gliding your thumb into his mouth. Resting it against his tongue.

He wraps his lips around your finger, circling his tongue around your thumb, slowly pulling away with a heavy pant. Uttering unknown words as he tilts his head. Ro's nails graze along your hips, slowly pulling down your panties. He bites back a groan, taking in the sight of your dripping folds. He leans his head forward, swiping his tongue against your bare clit, coating his tongue in your juices. He pulls your panties past your hips and down your legs, helping you kick them off.

Ro glances at your face before using his middle finger, dragging it through your lips, finding the opening to your pussy, and circling your entrance, while his tongue swipes against your bud, swirling around the bundle of nerves. Your body shudders, letting out choked breaths, tightening your grip on Ro as he goes agonizingly slow. Teasing your entrance with slow circles, flirting with the idea of slipping inside, but never doing so. While he teases the entire length of your cunt with his mouth, his nose occasionally brushes against clit.

He switches between leisurely lapping your cunt and gently sucking, never satisfied in one place. Ro moves close, spreading your legs further apart, dragging his tongue along your entrance, sliding the tip of his tongue inside, and flexing. Making you let out a short gasp, pulling him closer, bucking your hips against his face. His hands move to your hips, nails digging into your skin, practically begging you to sit on his face. He raises his body further up, ignoring the ache in his knees. His tongue reached as far as it could go before

retracting. He lets out a heavy pant, his hot breath fans across your entire cunt, your body jolts. Feeling a knot form in the pit of your stomach.

"Ro--" You moan his name, tugging at his hair, which only urges him to do more. Pressing his face further into your cunt, stretching his tongue to reach farther and farther, pushing and dragging around your gummy walls.

You call his name again, practically pulling him away with a short hot pant, and an immediate whine leaves Ro's painted lips. His brows scrunched together.

"I don't wanna cum yet...." You speak softly, your chest rising and falling, watching Ro laugh, pulling himself onto his feet. He grabs your hand, pulling you towards him, kissing you deeply. He steps back, pulling at his belt, fiddling with the buckle as his cock strains against his slacks. Ro drops his belt to the side, undoing his pants and stepping out of them, clumsily, falling back onto the bed and kicking him off. He laughs, dropping his hands to the side.

"I'm a lil eager." You can't help but laugh. Your eyes staring at his legs, thighs, and feet are covered in sigils and markings as well. He climbs further onto the bed, flopping back, resting his head against your pillows, letting out a slow breath. "Come. Come." He motions you over, feeling the bed dip and creak. He grabs your hand, pulling you close and with unknown strength moves you onto his lap earning a surprised noise from you.

He rests his hands on your waist, massaging the skin, tilting his head as he looks up at you, "What do you want...?" There's a teasing edge dragging his fingers further up your sides and lower back.

"I want you." It's a simple answer, once you answer with a smile and Ro nods. Staring over your face. You can see him think, the many words that he holds back, many things he ought not say. Not here, not yet.

He shivers as you pull down his clothing, releasing his cock from his confines. Pre-cum leaks from his tip, his cock twitches as your wrap your hands around it. Slowly pumping his length. "Lean back," Ro has you lean back slightly, fingers trailing along your thighs, dragging between your folds, his fingers gently circle around your entrance. You call his name, letting out a whine as his fingers slowly push inside. Your thighs close around his hand, Ro's fingers spread and curl, pressing against your tight walls. Feeling him drag his fingers out.

"You ready?" Ro asks and you nod, feeling Ro's cock head gently push against your entrance, slowly slipping inside. You press your hands against his chest, lifting your hips, earning a groan from Ro as you sink on his cock. His hands glide from your hips to your arms, then the hands on his chest, slowly rocking his hips, feeling you tighten around him.

"--" He groans your name as you lift your hips, feeling his cock drag along your walls, yours and his body shuddering before dropping yourself back in. You repeat his action, Ro's hands grab yours, bringing you down, pressing his chest against yours, drawing his legs up and thrusting his hips upward and into you.

His far stronger than you realized, as your body jolts, rocking against his as your pussy squelches. His arms wrapping around you and holding you tightly as he fucks you, skin slapping against his skin. Your head spins, desperate to match his pace.

"— Look at me." He calls your name again, your body bouncing as his hands move to your waist, you slowly raise your upper body, letting out an audible whine as you stare with blown pupils and his hair wild. "Just like that. Just like that." He praises you, eyes moving from your face to your cunt, watching his cock sinking in and out of you, a milky ring of your juices surrounding the base of his cock, as splatters of your juices coat his pelvis. He silently instructs for your hand before pressing the tips of your fingers against your clit, rubbing small circles.

A jolt of lightning shoots through you, forcing out a loud moan, your head dropping to the side. "It's not enough." Ro shakes his head, leaning forward, crashing his lips into yours, placing one hand beneath your head and the other around your lower back. Flipping you both over quickly, resting your legs over his hips. The bed creaks as he hovers over you, thrusting deeper into you. You wrap your arms around his neck, back arching.

Fucking you deep and forcing out a myriad of sounds and incoherent words. Yet he can make out desperate 'please' every time your body jolts as you tighten around you like a vice. The bed creaks beneath both of your weight and movements, which seem to only add to it all. The smell of sex is heavy on your senses as a thin layer of sweat covers both your and Ro's skin.

"I might—" You choke out, whining desperately when he stops. You desperately rock your hips, but you force him still. "Ask for it."

You let out a confused 'huh', still tightly holding him. You stare up at him, "I can't cum without you... Please—" You beg, yet it is not enough.

You let out a frustrated whine, sinking your head into the pillows. He stares over you, black curls covering parts of his face, yet his eyes are so clear. So blue. An unfamiliar warm jolt shoots through you and your mouth feels dry. "Ro— please— please. Please. Let me cum."

There's this vulnerability that he's never seen in you. As he leans forward, pressing chest to chest. Your lips lock, messily kissing, as his cock sinks deeper. You moan into his



mouth as he sends a hard thrust, sending your body forward, bringing him to the edge once again.

"Cum for me." He hovers over you, staring with half-lidded eyes, watching yours squeeze shut as your back arches, a loud cry leaving you as you release. You tighten around him, interlocking your ankles, as you cum, coating his cock in your juices.

You sink into the bed, breathing heavily, hiding your face in the pillows. Ro lets out a soft laugh, panting as he pulls out his cock, drawing out a soft, tired whimper from you. He lays down next to you, pushing aside the blankets and onto the sheets, gently turning you to face him. "I didn't make you cum — " There's subtly disappointment on your face as you lay on your side. "Your pleasure is the best gift I could receive." Ro says and you stare intently before closing your eyes.

"It's an unfair gift." Your eyes flutter open, and there's a small, amused smile on his lips. "We still have time to make it more even." He muses, his eyes far brighter than before. He reaches for you, hands gently cupping your face, leaning forward to press a gentle kiss to your forehead.

A wave of ease washes over you as Ro pulls away.

"We do." You reply and his smile widens.

*Something tells you that you won't see the others in the morning. Nor for the rest of the day.*

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