

# One morning~

Von Cosifantutte

„Reyson?“

Tibarn's voice was barely more than a low murmur, his eyes remained closed as the heron slowly turned to face him.

„Oh, you are awake...“

Until now Reyson had been thinking about what he wanted to do today, but had not yet noticed that the hawk lying next to him had been awake for a while.

The sun was slowly rising along the eastern forest, spreading a pink-and-orange glow that Reyson had been watching through the window. He had been enjoying the spectacle while having his thoughts travel through unknown realms.

Gently, the heron ran his fingers through Tibarn's thick brown hair, and he smiled, as a low hum made the hawk's chest rumble.

„Mhhh.... Tibarn... don't tell me you like that?“, Reyson teased, and the corners of Tibarn's lips slightly pulled up into a soft smirk.

„Oh Reyson, please. How can you jump to that implausible conclusion?“

Reyson's answer was a playful kiss on the other man's cheek, and Tibarn blinked once in what appeared to be full enjoyment.

A quick movement, a barely viewable turn of Tibarn's, and Reyson was pressed flatly onto the bed the two of them had been sleeping on, Tibarn's broadly grinning face only a few inches away.

Reyson gazed at him in silent surprise as Tibarn brushed his lips over the heron's neck, touching his suddenly heated skin ever so slightly.

A low gasp escaped Reyson's breath, and he could feel goose bumps spreading over his shoulders.

„Ugh. Tibarn, what.... you just woke up, didn't you? Now what the....“

Reyson's pleas came out sounding halfhearted, and Tibarn didn't show any reaction at all.

Had he even been asleep before?

Reyson wasn't too sure anymore.

What had seemed like a common morning turned out to be some big surprise, and the heron wasn't quite sure whether he should appreciate the direction Tibarn's attitude was taking or not.

A low prickle sped through the heron's fingertips as he hesitantly caressed the other's unevenly raising chest. He could easily feel Tibarn's speeding heartbeat and he did his best not to look into the hawk's eyes.

Experience had taught Reyson not to do so. He never had been able to resist the hawk king's glance.

But still, resisting the urge to meet Tibarn's gaze seemed even harder in a moment like this.

There was nothing Reyson desired more than being close to the hawk in any meaning of the word.

Feeling Tibarn's hot skin on his own.

Hearing the agitated breathing beneath his ear.

Looking into the eyes of the one man that meant the world to him.

Ugh!

Now he was even trying to convince himself to risk a short glance!

So Tibarn already had him.

Again.

As always.

While Reyson had been thinking about how he might be able to resist the hawk's appeal, Tibarn had taken over.

This was the hawk's game and he knew how to win it.

A silent sigh slipped through the heron's lips and Tibarn shot him a surprised look.

Immediately his movements stopped, and the hawk's face turned serious.

„Are you alright? Did I do something wrong?“

Now it was Reyson's turn to look puzzled.

„Something... wrong?“, he repeated in surprise before a mild laughter danced through his throat.

„Oh, Tibarn. No. No, really, there was nothing wrong in your actions, I was just a bit.... shocked. I had to notice, once again, how easily you possess me. There is nothing I could say to keep you from that, nothing I could do to make myself stop longing for you. Everything is alright, I was just... a bit amazed.“

Tibarn's facial expression turned from a bewildered grimace into a smug look, his eyes sparkled as if he was greatly enjoying himself.

And, come to think of it, he probably was.

Reyson considered feeling offended as he felt Tibarn's lips trailing along his neck, brushing over his lower ear and finally setting a soft kiss onto his throat.

He was completely lost.

No way to escape.

Once again Reyson's longing was taking over, and he could hear Tibarn's low chuckle, but he did not care this time.

There was too much heat burning within him, suddenly flashing through his veins and crushing every single doubt he might have had before.

Too much desire to resist any longer, too much overwhelming lust.

And Tibarn knew it.

The hawk king hit Reyson's most sensitive spots without even thinking, his fingertips strolled along the heron's collarbone, carefully, just to cause the blond goose bumps

all over his arms.

Reyson twitched and winced, he urged away from Tibarn's touches just to lean in them the next instant.

His blood boiled while his thoughts were spinning, and when Tibarn's warm hand reached for the heron's chin to kiss him insistently, there was nothing left to think of. Reyson's hands searched for the other's hips and automatically found them, and then there was suddenly a close contact that made both heron and hawk shiver.

Once again Tibarn intensively kissed the blond, lightly nibbling on the heron's lower lip, while Reyson could clearly feel the other's fingers tremble.

Reyson felt feverish.

The looks Tibarn shot him every now and then were beyond endearing, and the heron was not able to tell how much longer he would be able to stand this. Tearing his gaze away was no option, the hawk's eyes kept Reyson hypnotized.

Over and over again Tibarn let his lips trail down the heron's hot skin, over and over again he made him shiver and twitch.

Goose bumps covered the blond's body from top to bottom, and if someone had asked him where exactly his desire was worst, he would not have been able to tell.

Agitated tension filled the air, and Reyson could not keep himself from panting any more, as Tibarn finally released him.

Satisfaction was overwhelming as the heron at last felt his beloved melt into him, as their bodies turned into one and the dizzying heat exploded into fireworks of affection.

Tibarn's low moans mingled with Reyson's barely audible gasps, and none of them could have told where one body ended and the other began.

They were united in one feeling, one sensation, that had taken over and made them fly without wings.

And when Tibarn unfolded his feathers to cover both of them, Reyson let his consciousness slip into deep emotion, just to feel the moment.