

# Restless Nights

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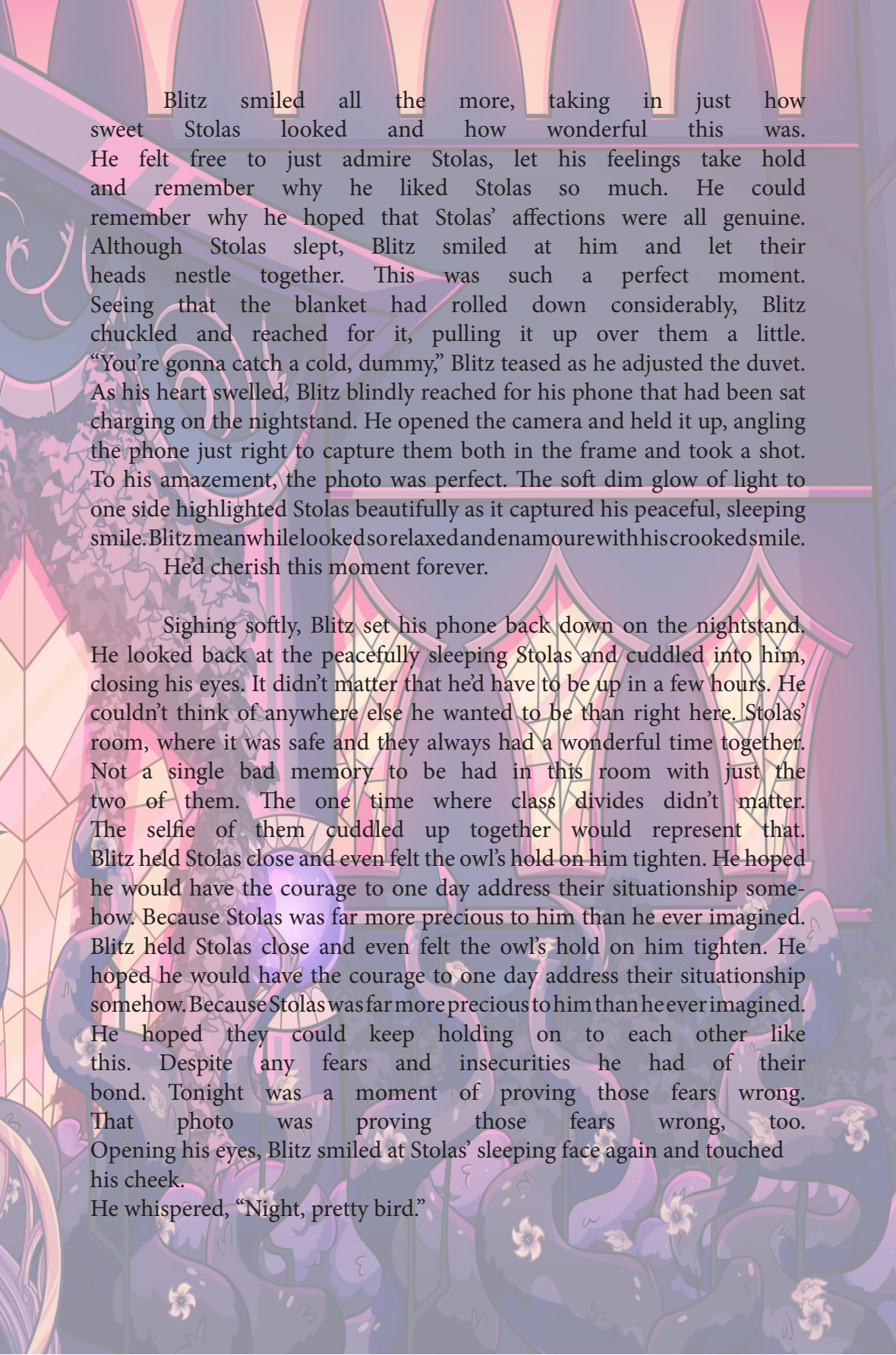
Blitz didn't know how long he'd been sleeping or even what time it was. As his mind slowly focused and he realised where he was, Blitz settled. He was in Stolas' bedroom and had fallen somehow asleep sometime after their usual full moon activity. That hadn't been his intention. Sighing, Blitz sat up and rubbed his eyes. While he didn't exactly want to leave right now, there was an inkling that he probably should. Just to be safe. Blitz's ears caught the soft sounds of hoots next to him and a very soft, affectionate murmuring of his name. Tensing, Blitz turned to his right and caught sight of Stolas fast asleep. The owl was curled up, facing away from him, but Blitz could see his profile. Stolas was smiling in his sleep, seeming very peaceful. Was Stolas dreaming of him? It would explain why he'd said Blitz's name, but he sounded so happy when saying it.

Feeling his cheeks go warm, Blitz stared at the sleeping prince for a few moments, unable to help himself. In the dim light of the room coming from the balcony doors, Stolas looked so soft and stunning. So beautiful. Letting out a hum, Blitz smiled fondly and reached over to gently brush some of Stolas' feathers out of his face with a finger. He did it unthinkingly, as he'd performed this tender gesture many times. After all, it was hard to resist touching Stolas' pretty face or feeling up his soft feathers. Although Stolas didn't wake from the touch, he responded by stirring and then sighing happily as he curled up more.

Okay, maybe he didn't have to leave right now. Although Blitz figured he should, the pull in his heart and his mind refused to let go. It was still late, he was tired, and morning was just a few hours away. Might as well finish off the night here and then leave first thing so he could pick up his employees at a decent time. He didn't feel like driving through the quiet, lit up city streets to the nearest coffee shop and then crashing on his couch at home. Upon realising what he was doing, Blitz flopped onto his back on the bed and stared up at the ceiling with a sigh. He was having yet another moment of his heart getting in the way of reality. There were so many moments, not just from tonight, that had such an effect on him. The ways Stolas would look at him, talk to him, touch him (not just sexually), and the things they did together would stir up emotions within that gave him hope. No matter how much he tried to remind himself that this was a novelty to Stolas, so many instances crept in to make him believe otherwise. Royal demons and imps did not mix. He was an impish little plaything at the end of the day. Blitz tried so hard not to give in to his own feelings and how much he craved actual intimacy.

But with Stolas, it had been hard to do so ever since their first night together.

Tonight's full moon rendez-vous definitely added to it. Stolas had said he didn't want to do any rough things, he just wanted them to go slowly and languidly. No toys or kinks, just their bodies. They also had gotten into having conversations about things. Sometimes Blitz cracked some jokes and of course Stolas would laugh at them. Tonight was so romantic in comparison to their usual nights together. Stolas truly was unlike any other person he'd had sex with, not by a long shot. This was especially due to how Stolas made him feel during their hookups. Blitz would try to ignore the sentiments or write them off as Stolas just enjoying some good dick. But much like the first night, Stolas made him feel so wanted and needed like never before. Like he truly wanted Blitz there because of him. No matter how much Blitz tried not to fall into the trappings of promises of intimacy, he couldn't resist. Stolas was not only gorgeous, but incredible to be around. Every moment spent together made Blitz crave more. Tonight was no different. He'd even let himself go a little and be more affectionate. Especially whenever he saw how happy Stolas looked. Blitz was weak in the knees and couldn't stop. Now he lay on the comfy luxurious bed with its luxurious sheets, staring up at the canopy above with his thoughts racing a mile a minute. Blitz felt the mattress shift and to his surprise, Stolas was not only turning over to face him, but was coming closer. The prince curled up to Blitz's side, draping an arm over the imp. Stolas' other arm had crept under Blitz's head and now a hand was gently caressing his horns. Although Blitz froze with surprise, his heart raced and his entire body turned to goop. It wasn't the first time they'd cuddled and he could never get used to it. Here was another reason why Stolas was so different; he always wanted to cuddle. Blitz hadn't understood it at first and even now he had to wonder why unless Stolas really wanted to. He'd tried resisting at first, but he never could for very long. Being snuggled up in Stolas' arms, feeling the owl's soft feathered body against his own and that pretty face nuzzling his head was wonderful. An absolute dream. Blitz especially loved shoving his face into Stolas' chest feathers, which were so soft and always smelled of fruits or flowers. Whenever Blitz cuddled with Stolas, all of his worries and fears could melt away for that brief period of time. Stolas was always so caring and affectionate during these moments. When Blitz turned his head to look at Stolas' face, he found the owl still smiling so peacefully and letting out soft hoots in his sleep.



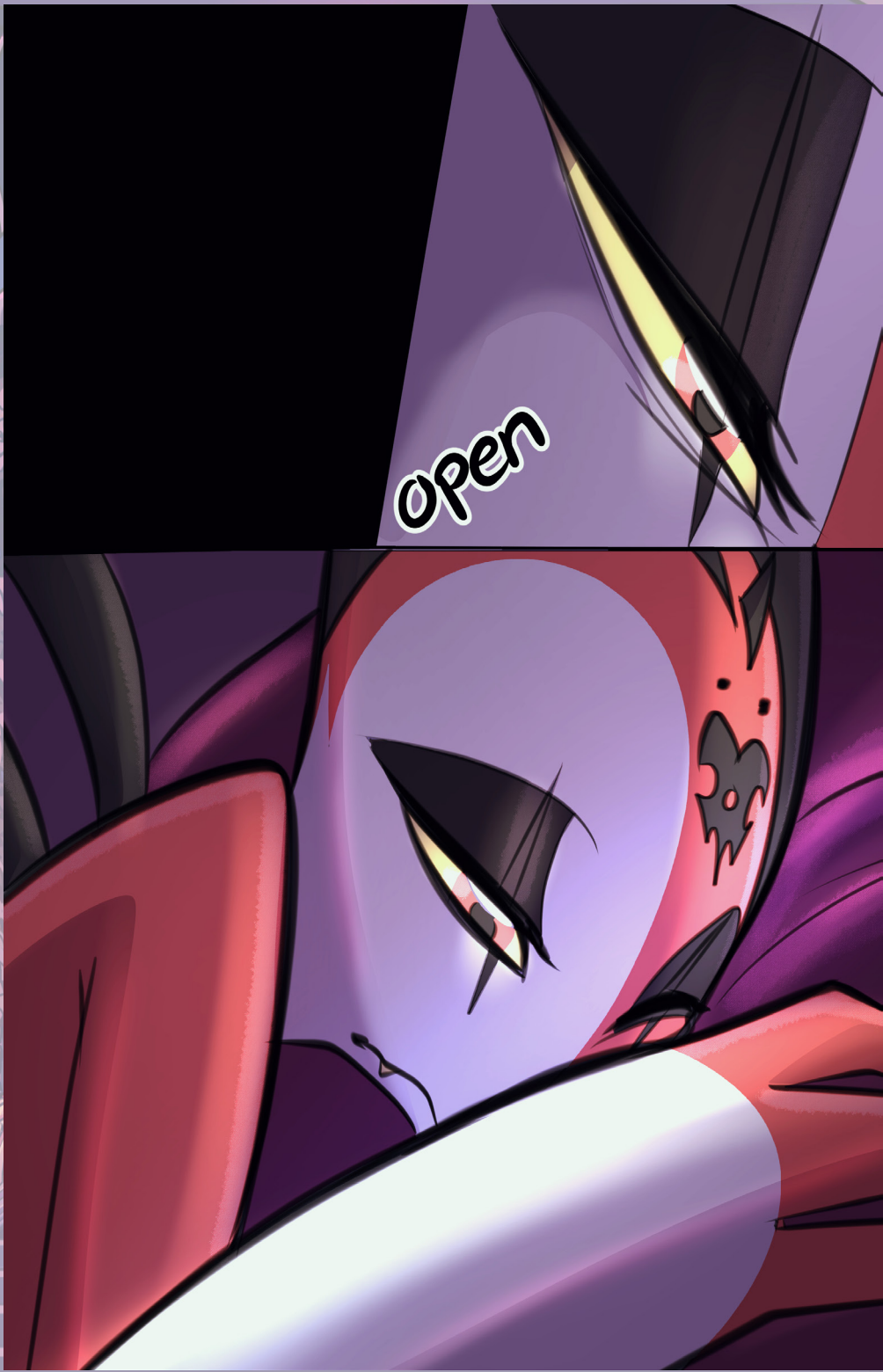
Blitz smiled all the more, taking in just how sweet Stolas looked and how wonderful this was. He felt free to just admire Stolas, let his feelings take hold and remember why he liked Stolas so much. He could remember why he hoped that Stolas' affections were all genuine. Although Stolas slept, Blitz smiled at him and let their heads nestle together. This was such a perfect moment. Seeing that the blanket had rolled down considerably, Blitz chuckled and reached for it, pulling it up over them a little. "You're gonna catch a cold, dummy," Blitz teased as he adjusted the duvet. As his heart swelled, Blitz blindly reached for his phone that had been sat charging on the nightstand. He opened the camera and held it up, angling the phone just right to capture them both in the frame and took a shot. To his amazement, the photo was perfect. The soft dim glow of light to one side highlighted Stolas beautifully as it captured his peaceful, sleeping smile. Blitz meanwhile looked so relaxed and enamored with his crooked smile.

He'd cherish this moment forever.

Sighing softly, Blitz set his phone back down on the nightstand. He looked back at the peacefully sleeping Stolas and cuddled into him, closing his eyes. It didn't matter that he'd have to be up in a few hours. He couldn't think of anywhere else he wanted to be than right here. Stolas' room, where it was safe and they always had a wonderful time together. Not a single bad memory to be had in this room with just the two of them. The one time where class divides didn't matter. The selfie of them cuddled up together would represent that. Blitz held Stolas close and even felt the owl's hold on him tighten. He hoped he would have the courage to one day address their situation somehow. Because Stolas was far more precious to him than he ever imagined. Blitz held Stolas close and even felt the owl's hold on him tighten. He hoped he would have the courage to one day address their situation somehow. Because Stolas was far more precious to him than he ever imagined. He hoped they could keep holding on to each other like this. Despite any fears and insecurities he had of their bond. Tonight was a moment of proving those fears wrong. That photo was proving those fears wrong, too. Opening his eyes, Blitz smiled at Stolas' sleeping face again and touched his cheek.

He whispered, "Night, pretty bird."

open





FUCK...  
I FELL  
ASLEEP  
AGAIN.

WHAT  
TIME IS IT?  
I SUPPOSE  
I SHOULD  
GET GOING  
...

hoot  
BLITZ  
hoot

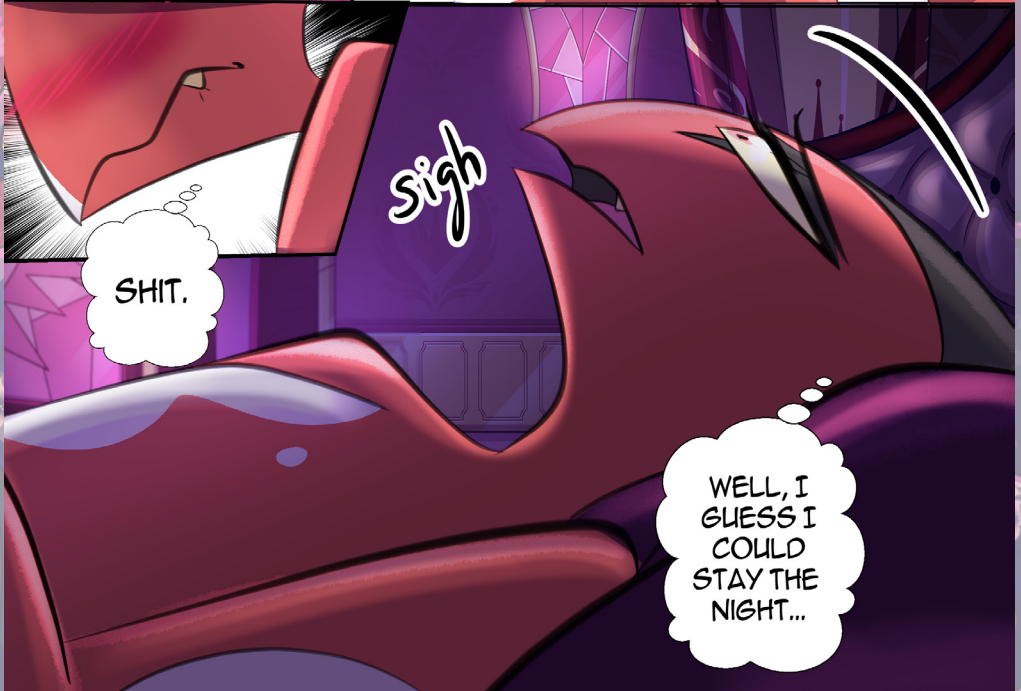
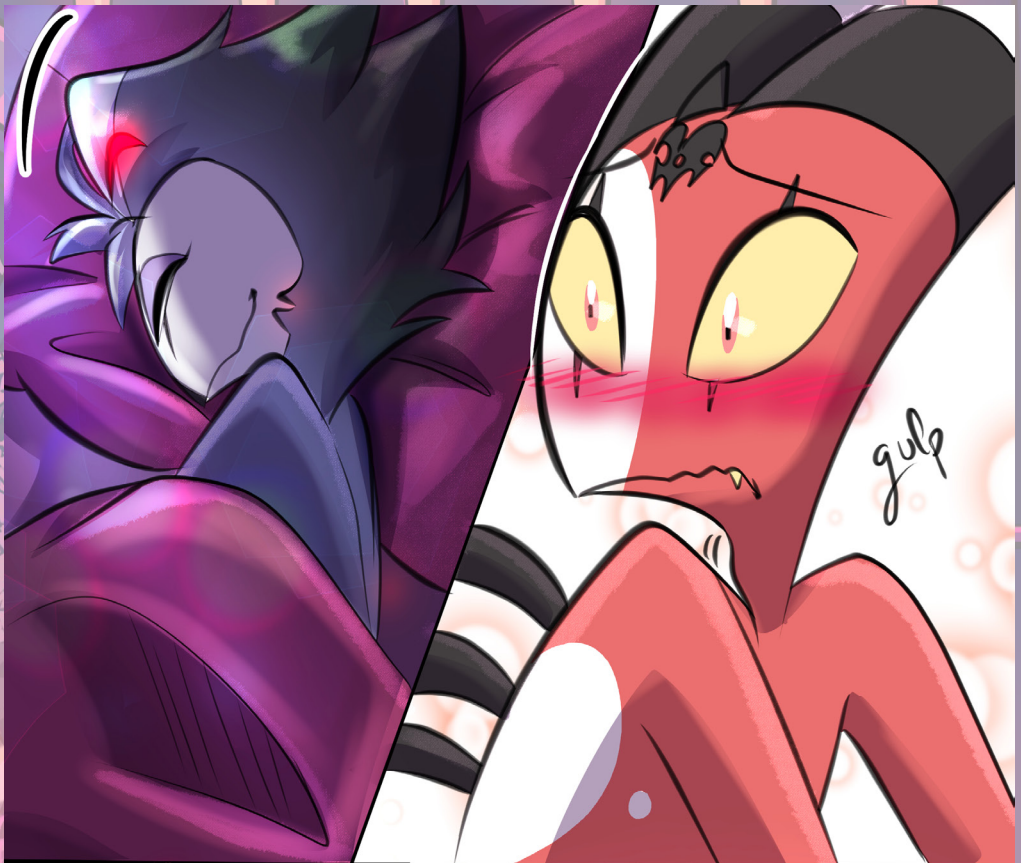


hoot

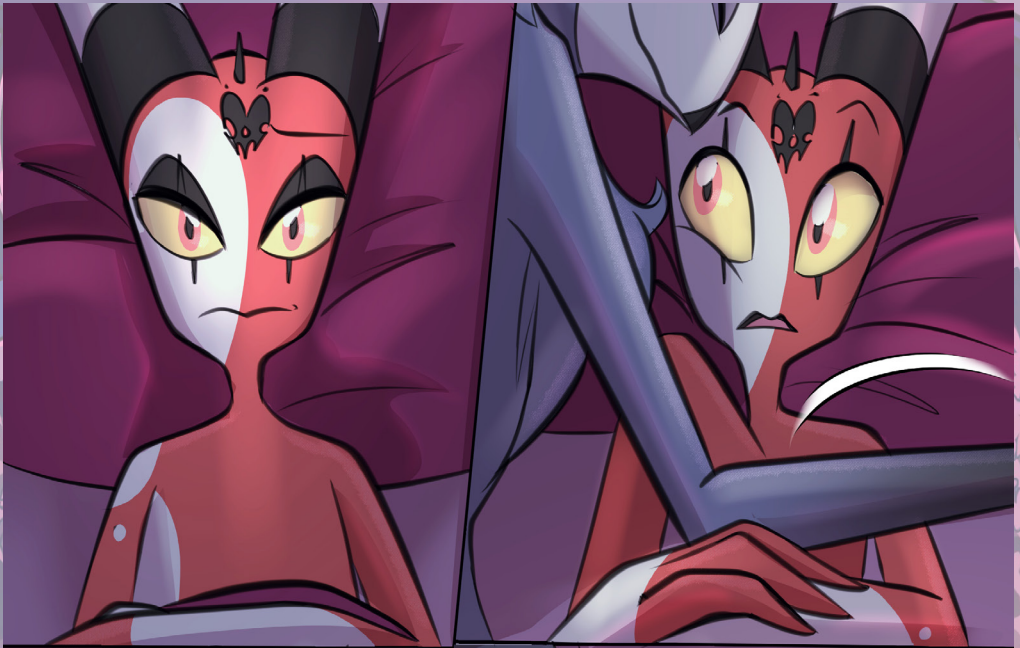


HE LOOKS SO INNOCENT WHEN HE'S SLEEPING ...

NOBODY WOULD GUESS HE'S A MASTER OF DIRTY TALKING SEEING HIM LIKE THIS.










YOU'RE  
GONNA CATCH A  
COLD, DUMMY



WELL, I'M  
DEFINITELY  
STAYING  
NOW. IT'S  
OKAY,  
I SUPPOSE

IT'S AS IF YOU WERE  
READING MY MIND

SOMETIMES I'M  
SCARED YOU COULD ...

...CAUSE I AM NOT SURE  
WHAT YOU WOULD SEE  
INSIDE MY HEAD.



**KACHAK!**



SOMETIMES I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW IT MYSELF.

GOOD NIGHT,  
PRETTY BIRD.