

FORBIDDEN

BY: SHIVANI/GRAZHIR

Pairing: Squall/Laguna

Spoilers: post!Ultimacia

Warnings: Slash, incest

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Summary: Squall leaves Garden and travels for a year, then goes off to seduce his father.

I left in the middle of the night with a pack stuffed with my belongings, my gunblade case, and of course, Lionheart. I spent most of my time lost in thought as I traveled, keeping up the cold facade that was so useful in keeping people away, stifling their questions, though it didn't stop their eyes from trying to devour me. I'm not stupid, or blind. I just don't see the point in encouraging people that way when I have no intentions of ever reciprocating their desires.

I spent quite a while traveling actually. I had plenty of money after all, and I wanted time to myself. By the time I decided to go to Esthar I was tying my hair back rather like Irvine does. Without the hat though. I'd die before I wore a hat. I don't know how Irvine stands it. When I arrived, I went straight to the palace and rode the hover-pad up. There still weren't any visible security measures, except for the two guards I saw down the crystal hallway, just like there'd been the first time we ever set foot in the place.

I shrugged, which was hardly uncommon, and headed for Laguna's office. The doors were wide open so I went inside and looked around. Seeing no one I tossed my gear on the floor next to the couch and laid down, threw an arm over my eyes and went to sleep. Who knows how much time had passed when I was gently shook awake. By Laguna. My father.

I'd done a lot of thinking over the past year. The hell with society. I wasn't going to back down from my plans. So I flashed him an engaging smile and tweaked a lock of his dark hair. He tried to back up, which isn't easy to do when crouching, and promptly fell on his ass. Typical. Next he'd be clutching his leg and trying not to groan in pain. Then again, maybe that only happened when he was standing.

I swung my legs off the couch and sat up, looking around to see who else was there. Surprisingly, we were alone. I stood, stretching like a cat, then offered my hand to him and pulled him up. Then I grabbed my things and looked at him expectantly.

"Lead the way, father mine. Perhaps you have a spare bed in the presidential suite?"

I arched an eyebrow as he backed up slowly, favoring one leg. The reaction was interesting. Was he cramping up because I was acting unlike the Squall everyone thought they knew, or because he knew I was on the prowl. He's so . . . innocent. It's hard to tell what's going on in that beautiful head of his.

He turned and limped out then down the crystal corridor, nodding absently to the guards as he pushed open the doors. Strangely, he let me go first and closed the doors behind us. I dropped my gear and started checking the place out, poking my head through all the doors available before turning to face him. He was sitting in a squashy armchair looking a little shell-shocked.

"Happy to see me, father mine?" I asked in a velvety smooth voice, arms crossed and one hip jutting out.

"W-what? Yes, of course I am." He looked around, a little wild in the eye before asking, "Are you hungry? We could have dinner here. . . ."

"Mmmm," I purred. "Sounds good. Anything is fine, really."

I backed off for a while to let him get a grip and explored the rooms more thoroughly, setting the layout in my mind before seating myself at the table in the main room when I heard the unmistakable sounds of dinner being delivered. Dinner itself went well if you discounted how Laguna was practically stumbling over his words, or how many times his fork clattered to the table when he dropped it for one reason or another.

It was rather endearing, actually.

The strawberries were delicious, but I think the way I ate them made father nervous. He kept licking his lips and averting his gaze. Now that I think about it, he looked a little flushed at the time. We left the empty plates to palace servants and he pointed out where I could sleep, so I moved my gear into the room and headed for the shower.

When I was done, I cautiously poked my head out in time to see the light dim in Laguna's room. I smiled and waited five minutes. Considering the way he'd been fidgeting all through dinner, I didn't think he'd have calmed down enough to go to sleep yet. Clad only in boxers I padded across the carpeted floor and into his room.

He might have been a soldier once, but he didn't have my senses it seemed, because he didn't hear me. I waited until my eyes adjusted to the dark before sitting on the edge of the bed and startling the hell out of him.

"W-wha—Squall?"

"I get nightmares sometimes," was all I said before joining him under the covers and curling up against his body. I was even being honest. More interesting was the fact that Laguna slept in the nude. How convenient. I must have slept for quite a while earlier, as I was still wide awake, which was good considering what I had planned for my unsuspecting father. Eventually he drifted off to sleep, faster than I expected really.

I gazed at him for a while, thinking back to those first days in Esthar. I'd been irritated then, and sullen. Everything set my teeth on edge. Seeing him in person though was a shock. Not because he was older than the man in the dreams, but because he'd changed so little. He was gorgeous, and every time he was around I could feel my cock trying to stir to life, and ruthlessly suppressed the reactions.

We had a sorceress to deal with. I didn't have time to moon over anyone, much as I might have liked to. Finding out afterward that he was my father was the next big shock in my life, and I retreated even further behind the mask of indifference I usually wore. Eventually, over the year that I spent traveling, I came to realize I just didn't give a damn. It was my choice to try, so try I would. If he sent me packing, at least I would have no regrets on that score, or been too cowardly to express myself for once in my life.

I could tell he was dreaming by the way his lidded eyes moved, which was what brought me out of my reverie. I decided then was a good a time as any, so I painstakingly inched the sheet down his body, moving so slowly that it was almost undetectable. I licked my lips and shifted down just as carefully, flicking glances back up toward his face to see if I'd been detected as I brought myself into alignment.

I bent my head, brushed my lips across the soft skin of his cock, then opened my mouth and exhaled. He twitched minutely so I did it again, the slowly licked the head. Before long he was completely in my mouth and aching hard and my hands were pressing his hips down. He tasted so good and the moans issuing from his lips were like music.

I'm not quite sure when he actually woke up, but I think it was right before he exploded into my mouth because he called out my name hoarsely. I took it all, swallowing around his pulsing erection and milking him until he stopped trying to twist against the sheets and instead relaxed against them with a deep sigh. I pulled away and licked my lips then crawled up the length of his body to press my lips to his.

His arms immediately snaked around me as his tongue slipped into my mouth to dance with mine in languorous movements. His hands slipped up into my hair and tightened and I found my head being pulled back away from him, so my eyes flicked open. He was gazing at me with glazed eyes that swept over my features.

"You were so damned beautiful that day," he whispered. "You still are, and I still love you the same as I did then, even though I know the truth now."

I know I must have shown my surprise because a gentle smile transformed his features and he lifted his head to kiss me again, much more fiercely than before, before breaking away to run his tongue along my jawline and down to my neck, biting and sucking at the spot beneath my ear and down to my shoulder.

He whispered against my shoulder, in between bites, "During the day, we can't be like this. . . ."

And I whispered back just as huskily, "But at night. . . ."

"You're mine."

"Always."

"Now take me."

So I did. Like I said, the hell with society.