

Of Demons and Pirates

Von Sean

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Kapitel 1: Fun

"Fuck, Shaye, that's insane!"

Hale watched a screaming and squeeling mob of what appeared to be fangirls stomp by, most of them clothed in Darigan Citadel's prominent purple and black as well as sporting the newest Trandrak Shaye merchandise, be it t-shirts, flags, transparents, you name it.

The Darigan forward shrugged, unable to suppress a grin. As much as his fans - *fangirls* that is - annoyed him, he was kinda proud of having more fans as a single player than any other. Hell, some *teams* couldn't compete with his fanbase. He admitted that it pushed his ego. Immensely, sometimes.

Although it did have its downsides, one of them was hiding in a storage room of the colosseum, accompanied by Garven Hale of all people, in order to escape the rigid hordes. They did get scary at times. Dangerous even.

"Ye get that anywhere ye go?", the giant of a Bori asked in a joking manner, "Fuck, man.", the pirate cursed more than anyone else outside of a match that Tandrak knew, and he was Darigan after all. Maybe it was a pirate thing.

"Oh, you know how they get. Fans, I mean. But we do love them, don't we?", he gave a crooked smile.

"That I believe.", Hale laughed roughly, "Indeed, I wouldn't mind havin' one of 'em cute fangirls over at my cabin for a change."

Tandrak raised his eye brows. "Wouldn't you."

"Don't try playin' the saint, Shaye, I'm not buyin'."

Tandrak lifted his hands in a defensive gesture. "I'm not taking advantage of them, I swear! Manager says it's bad for the image, sleeping around. Rumors are bad enough as it is. Plus, I don't want any women swinging babies my way. I'd rather play it safe."

The dim light of the store room was more than enough to show that Hale didn't believe a single word. But what did it matter, he could think what he wanted for all Tandrak cared.

"Ye tryin' to tell me that all ye do is play yooyuball, 24/7, no fun in between?", the pirate goal keeper asked persistently.

Tandrak actually felt a little uncomfortable with the topic; how come the Bori had the slightest interest in another player's love life, especially his? They were sworn rivals, surely that hadn't changed after the Citadel beat Krawk Island in the last round? He was worse than the reporters, and those came right after fangirls on his annoyance top ten list.

"I don't need to sleep with my fans to have fun.", he answered evasively. he should have known that wouldn't do.

The goal keeper chuckled. "S'okay, Shaye, ye can admit that ye're not the womanizer ye pretend to be, stays between the two of us."

"I never actually *claimed* to be a womanizer in the first place!", Tandrak replied angrily, "Unlike some others. The stories about you pirates are by far the worst of the whole league!"

Hale smirked, showing his sharp teeth. "Why, thank ye.", he said.

And tackled Tandrak into the wall.

His reflexes were better than that, but he hadn't seen it coming.

He groaned, but more in shock than pain.

"What the fuck?", it wasn't really a question. And why didn't Hale do anything? Like, punch him or, better yet, let go? "Hale? What the hell is this?"

The other player was so close that Tandrak was aware of the slight smell of sweat and fur and leather, of the colosseum and the yooyus. All of these were familiar and yet, in combination with Hale, strange. His gold-ish eyes seemed to pierce him, simply staring, the left with that distinct scar over it. The ear ring in his right ear caught what little light there was and gleamed eerily.

"Hale...?"

"Shut up.", he was told and then felt rough, demanding lips on his own.

Shit.

Garven Hale was fucking kissing him!

Big hands were on his wrists, that giant body pressing into him, holding him in place. Why had everything about that guy have to be so huge? Okay, bad thought, *bad* thought!

He felt a hot tongue and teeth at his lips and finally the first shock left him enough so he could act about it. By returning the kiss. Yeah, so he was kissing Hale back, what about it? It felt good, and as soon as his attacker realized his victim was quite a willing one he let go of his wrists and let his hands roam freely over Tandrak's arms and chest. Tandrak had hardly started to explore the other's body in return, stroking the rough fabric of the tricot and feeling the thick dark blue hair between his fingers, when Hale had already found a more sensitive area.

With a complete lack of appropriate hesitation or modesty he dug his hand into Tandrak's pants, making him gasp in surprise.

"Hale, fuck-"

"Nah, not right now.", the Bori breathed against his swollen lips, "'nother time.", was that a threat or a promise? The old question.

Tandrak tried to take a deep breath as Hale's bold hand grasped his length, but at the same time he was kissed again, taking away any chance of breathing. But it was good, so good, Tandrak couldn't have agreed more. He could, however, grab Hale's ass and pull him even closer and he could lick and bite and kiss and every other second he could try to catch his breath and fail.

"Feel good, yeah?", a raspy voice asked and bit his ear but he couldn't concentrate on the short pain because Hale kept stroking him, faster and stronger yet. "C'mon, Shaye, le'go. I gotcha."

The Gelert forward wanted to shake his head and nod at the same time, but it didn't matter. His hands held on to Hale's tricot as he pushed into the calloused hand and came, preventing a scream only by burrying his head against a broad shoulder.

At least Hale hadn't lied when he said he had him, his legs wouldn't have supported him right now as he gasped for air, panting.

"Fuck-", his mind was blank, the only words that kept wanting to spill out of his mouth were 'fuck' and 'Hale' and both were rather redundant.

"Guess yer black trousers will hide that, huh?", the goal keeper asked with an obvious smile in his voice.

Tandrak thanked all existing deities for his flaming red fur that hid every blush so well. And for the black trousers. "Yeah. Guess they do.", he replied lamely, "What was that for?"

Hale let go of him and took a step back, which made Tandrak lean against the wall some more, just to be sure.

"Fun."

And then he just walked away, leaving Tandrak stunned and, admittedly, well satiated.

Kapitel 2: Defeat and Victory

Tandrak slammed his fist into the locker and growled agnily at the hallow metal sound that didn't satisfy his rage at all. "Dammit!", he cursed loudly, giving the poor furnitue another kick before Tormo put his hand on Tandrak's shoulder.

"Get it together, man.", he tried to calm his raging team mate down, but the Gelert would have none of it.

"A freaking draw! Like we couldn't have managed another single goal! Just *one*", he was angry at himself, his team, their opponents, the faerie Yooyu that had cost them so much time and at pretty much everything.

But it wasn't like the others were happy with their results. "We're all frussstrated, Tandrak.", Layton hissed with his usual snake-like voice, "We'll jussst have to make up for it in the next matchesss.", he had a way that always kept even the most fiery temper at bay.

They changed quietly out of their sweaty tricots, unhappy and disappointed. This match had been important to them - the clowns were breathing down their necks already, the outsider team Shenkuu had unexpectedly good results and then there were the pirates. It would be a hard fight to keep the top, or rather to regain it.

Tandrak eyed the burns that a fire Yooyu had left on his gloves; he liked those fast little critters far better than their winged companions. They were all well trained with Darigan Yooyus, if only because it would be so embarrassing not to be able to play it, but the faerie Yooyu rarely failed to get on his nerves. He knew he had to work on that.

"I'm going out for a while.", he announced, not paying his team mates warnings of rain any heed. The grey sky matched his mood and a warm summer rain wouldn't kill him. He left the stadium through a back entry to avoid fans and fangirls and the thick drops soaked him within minutes. He felt the water leak down his shirt and let himself drift deeper into his dull ambience. As a sportsman he knew how wrong and destructive that was, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Later he'd sleep about it and tomorrow's practice would bring his spirit up again.

"Aren't ye a sore loser.", a gruff voice disrupted his self pitty. Right there, under the little entry way roof, stood Garven Hale and gave him an arrogant glance.

Tandrak didn't feel like defending himself to the other player and only shrugged. Sure, maybe he was over reacting, but the cup meant a lot to him. They weren't here to win another second place. Then again, neither were the other teams. It was merely his own pride that made weaker teams not count.

"Dun gimme that.", the Bori growled, "Like the world's gonna end cuz ye didn't win. That's pretty boastful of ye, ain't it?", Tandrak hardly listened to him, convinced that it'd only provoke him again. Layton had urged them all not to let their rage get the better of them. Their conflicts would be solved on the field in a fair game of Yooyu-Ball, not using their fists or low insults.

And he was right.

He looked up and examined the Bori with a seemingly bored expression. He remembered what had happened last time they were alone and suddenly felt like resuming his walk, without further interruptions. "Not interested Hale, sorry.", he

murmured as politely as possible and turned his back on him.

Big mistake, he realized, as he was grabbed from behind - Hale was warm and dry - and pulled out of the rain and back towards the stadium. "Hey! Would ya let go!?", he sqirmed, and god knew he was no weakling, but the goal keeper had a good grip and outmatched him when it came to sheer strength and height.

He held the resisting Gelert down easily enough. Now that the rain wasn't purring down on him anymore he felt wet and cold and even more depressed than before. Just great. "I really wish you'd just leave me the fuck alone.", he said, even trying to keep the malice out of his voice that was only there to cover up his uneasiness anyway and turned away. Or rather, tried to but was stopped immediately by a hand in his neck grabbig the hair there ruggedly. "Hey--!"

"Wait a second there, Shaye.", he was called back, and was that amusement in Hale's voice? What was it with that pushy, obtrusive pirate? "Listen, will ye?"

"I don't plan to listen to you for another second!"

"Not me, dumphead. Listen."

Tandrak sighed in annoyance but kept silent and listened for whatever there was to hear. And he did. At the other side of the stadium the fans were still roaring and shouting, calling out 'their' team's name. They were extatic, as they had been during their match.

He lowered his gaze. "We played well.", the Gelert forward concluded himself, feeling awkward.

The pirate nodded, still holding on to Tandrak's hair with a firm, unyielding grip. "Sure did.", and smirked, "Ye better now?"

Tandrak actually smiled before he knew it. He did feel better, and it was all thanks to Hale, oddly enough. "Yeah."

"Good. Cuz I was getting tired of yer emo-ness an' angst.", Hale teased with a grin and before Tandrak could mutter a reply he felt himself thrust up against the plastered wall and was reminded of the last time the two of them had been alone. He didn't find the courage to look Hale in the face but pushed against the pirate's broad chest, not as strong as he could have.

"No, Hale.", he stated with a firm voice, "Definitely, no. Last time was one more than I was okay with."

He thought that was a clear statement, but apparently Hale would have nothing of it. "Wanna tell me ye din' like it.", he hissed and when had his mouth gotten so close to his ear? "Ye're askin' for it, Shaye, scream and beg for it, with every move, every word...", a determined hand found its way to Tandrak's crotch and he couldn't help but moan before he bit his lips. Okay, so Hale was hot. So what if Tandrak had had a crush on him since he started playing professional Yooyuball and had even had a poster at one time? Didn't mean it had to get to *this*!

"Hale!", Tandrak growled in an almost guttural fashion, intending it to be a last warning, but the pirate only chuckled, arousal clear in his voice at this point.

"Love it when ye say my name like that.", came the prompt answer, accompanied by teeth on his ear and when had he become so sensitive there that a bite made him moan? "In fact, I like any sound ye make, 'specially when I'm the reason."

Tandrak seriously had enough of what Hale obviously thought to be sweet talk and he very much had enough of the intimate touches. Grabbig the other's shirt with a resolute grip and dragging him off him he stared at him, panting a little faster than usual. "Not intersted. Got it?", he ordered with all the authority he could master given the situation.

Hands that he had cursed more often than he could count on a yooyuball field finally let go of his privates and the growing erection he was sporting thanks to Hale. "Keep telling yerself that, Shaye.", he sounded indifferent, but Tandrak could see anger and annoyance in his face. Whatever it was he felt, it made him take a step back, and another, almost out into the still pouring rain. "Thought ye were more honest then that though.", and with these words he turned around and walked away, leaving Tandrak half erect and again shivering from the rain.

Life sucked, officially! Or that was what Tandrak decided, as he lay sleepless that night. After his last encounter with Hale he'd done a good job denying and repressing the whole incident. This time? Not so much.

Eyes, a mix of gold and amber when darkened, one crossed by a prominent scar, kept creeping back into his memories, taunting him, teasing, baiting all at the same time. Why had he resisted again and why pushed the other man away so harshly? It was stupid and he knew it. He wanted that touch with every fiber of his body. His *mind*. Had his senseless crush developed into something more? If yes, then it was totally and completely Hale's fault, since he'd started the whole affair.

Tandrak turned in his bed, hearing Reshar, their new goal keeper, snore quietly in his bed across the room. He had to sleep, any problem could wait another night.

Approximately one hour and countless turns and tosses later he was left assured that this problem could not. Silently he got up and, without switching on the light, slipped into his pants and a shirt. Training wouldn't start untill late in the morning, he had enough time to... well, to do what exactly? He leaned against the wall next to his bed, laughing soundlessly at himself. Time enough to sneak into Hale's bunk and finish what he himself had interrupted earlier? Right, very bright idea.

Still, he sighed and got out of the room, closing the door behind him, there was no way he could sleep now, better get some fresh air and after that a few hours of rest. Now was really not the time to develop insomnia.

His feet carried him towards the pirates' chambers all on their own, it wasn't like he went there deliberately. Really. Okay, maybe he did want to go there, a lot, but it wasn't like he'd accomplish anything. And yet, here he was. The sign next to the door read "Krawk Island - Zayle Sufhaux - Garven Hale", letting him know that Hale, like himself, didn't have a room to himself. Only last year's champions from Haunted Woods had that luxury, undeservingly if one took into account how poorly they'd played so far. There was no way they'd take the cup a second time in a row.

Suddenly there was a noise within the room and Tandrak pressed himself into the shadows of the next corner, hoping that if someone came out he wouldn't run into him. Embarrassment guaranteed. The door was opened indeed, and out stepped the young Grundo, looking right and left in an extremely suspicious manner before running off in the opposite direction from Tandrak.

He let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, relieved his sneaking into another team's dorms had gone unnoticed. He stared at the door in question, figuring that unless he had a late visitor, Hale was now alone in there. Cursing himself he went and eavesdropped at the door. No talking, no nothing. So, this was his chance, right? For all he knew, Sufhaux could return any minute, if he did want to talk to Hale, provided he was awake, it had to be now.

He knocked, lightly, and felt like taking it back the very same moment. Oh well, Hale was probably asleep and wouldn't have heard him, it was way past midnight after all

and... he stared at a naked chest when Hale opened, only then raising his gaze to a drowsy face that filled with surprise. "Dinnae expect ye here, Shaye.", he murmured and Tandrak felt less self confident by the minute.

"I-I'm sorry.", he stuttered in a pretty undignified manner, "I know it's late, it's just...", he shrugged. Stupid, stupid idea to come here. Hale looked at him expectingly, waiting for him to explain why the hell he stood in front of his bed room in the middle of the night. And the thing was, Tandrak didn't *have* an explanation. He did have the truth though, not-helpful as it may be. "I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about you.", he was surprised that he managed to look Hale in the eye when he said that.

Apparently, so was Hale. He scratched the back of his neck in an awkward manner, then opening the door wider to let Tandrak in. "C'mon in then, hall's no place for this.", he said, voice still a little slurred from sleep.

"Your room mate will be back though, won't he?", Tandrak objected, "And I'm sorry about waking you up, this really can wait and..."

Hale disagreed, Tandrak reasoned from being pulled into the room rudely. "He won't be back till mornin', trust me. An' I'm glad ye didn't wait.", the door was closed and darkness engulfed them, leaving Tandrak's eyes useless for a few seconds. More than enough for a horny pirate to direct him to the bed and push him down.

The lack of light didn't exactly help him fend Hale off, his hands seemed to be quicker than Tandrak could react by pushing them away. "Seriously, Hale, this is not what I came for...!"

A muffled sound that managed to sound amused was his only answer as Hale grinded his body into his - and Tandrak noted again how huge the man was, not simply as an obstacle in front of a goal - and with a press of his hips let him know that he was really glad to have Tandrak under him.

It also made both of them aware of how happy Tandrak was to be there, at least on a purely physical level. He wasn't sure if that made it better or worse, but it did make him moan against Hale's lips that were promptly pressed to his in a matter that silenced all protests. Tandrak instantly forgot why kissing Hale might have been a bad idea and responded without second thoughts, digging his fingers into that deep, blue hair like claws, wanting the other close.

Hale's hands were on his stomach, under his shirt, stroking, touching his nipples which made him gasp, breaking the kiss for a second. He could barely make out Hale's features in the dark, but it was all the same to Tandrak because he could still touch him, urge him on with lips and tongue and when he licked the other player's ear he felt the cool metal of the golden earring. "I take it back!", he stated out of breath, feeling his heart beat - and Hale's - everywhere, "I came here... for this.", that declaration earned him a content nod and a pleased sound as well as fingers on the zipper of his pants. And hell did he agree with that idea!

He lifted his hips so Hale could pull his pants off and only when the cool air made contact with his organ did rational thought return to him. What the hell was he doing, coming to Hale's bed like this and act as if he were in heat?

Then Hale took hold of Tandrak's obvious erection and the moment of clarity was over without being put into words. Tandrak barely had the mind to start and undress Hale as well, which made him pause long enough to get rid of his shirt. He found that he loved exploring Hale's chest and arms; he was all muscles and a few scars, more than Tandrak had anyway, his chest was hairy as his bare arms had indicated before and he delighted in touching him.

Hale himself had no objections when it came to Tandrak's new hobby and it didn't

keep him from discarding the shorts he'd worn for sleeping. Without warning he pressed their hard-ons together, making them both groan. Suddenly Tandrak felt like Hale couldn't be close enough to him, no matter how hard he pushed up into him, no matter how much he was grinded into the mattress. He wanted more. He must have said that part out aloud, because Hale chuckled, a warm and husky sound that sent a shiver through Tandrak's body and made the hairs in his neck stand up.

A knee was pushed between his legs and spread them in a rough movement that would tolerate no disobedience - like Tandrak had the strength to object - and Hale kissed him again while apparently searching for something in the drawer next to the bed. Finding it he sighed with relief and a hand on his thigh urged Tandrak to further move his legs so Hale could straddle him.

It was too dark to see much of anything, but somehow Tandrak knew when Hale looked him in the eye, seeking his gaze, waiting for just a moment. When no intervention came - Tandrak was busy panting and staring at Hale who never looked so gorgeous and breath-taking before - he carefully ripped the wrapping open and wasted no time in putting the condom on his erect member.

Tandrak watched him and waited for the panic to set in, for fear to emerge, doubt, anything. And nothing happened. He looked at Hale and felt himself become impatient, anxious. He saw Hale opening the little tube with lubrication and still his mind felt numb, unable to resist what was happening. He *wanted* this. Needed it even. "Ye 'kay wi' this?", Hale managed, obviously struggling with words. Tandrak didn't bother at all and just nodded and the pirate only muttered a soft "relax" before he started preparing Tandrak.

He'd have thought Hale would be rough, ungiving and dominating, but instead he was gentle, patient and careful not to miss even the smallest sign of discomfort in his partner. But Tandrak was blissfully quiet, sighing and breathing while Hale stroked him and touched him in all the right places. He bent over Tandrak again, all the while carefully moving his fingers inside him, then kissed his cheek, chin and mouth, licked his lips, their tongues touched in midair. It was like a slow kind of ecstasy, a calm frenzy, and just about as overwhelming. He never got bored with the way their bodies felt against each other and hardly realized when Hale asked him if he was ready, just answered a scatterbrained "yeah", noticing that soon after something bigger than fingers was pressing inside him. Hale's patience paid off though, there was no pain, just a slight feeling of weirdness that was quickly overtaken by pleasure. Tandrak let out a long moan as Hale was fully sheathed inside him, alternating movements between little rockings and long thrusts.

It didn't take Tandrak too long to catch on to the rhythm and move with Hale, enjoying the closeness, the lack of words and thoughts, loving the pure physical aspect that blew his mind. It was heaven, just between the two of them. Somewhere he knew that Hale's calloused hands were holding him still so he could pound into him stronger than before and then everything went white for a second and black right after that.

Someone screamed and it was him, his hands were buried in thick blue-ish hair and a face was against his shoulder, teeth driven into his flesh, he felt hot from the inside and didn't know when his hoarse voice had decided to break. He was hugged closely and never wanted to let go.

Waking up in someone else's arms - Tandrak could get used to that.

Kapitel 3: The End

In that moment when the referee's shrill whistle had resounded over the field he hadn't even realized it. He had been breathing hard, his ears tingling from the bells on their opponents' tricots, fully caught up in the moment. He had passed that twisting mutant yooyu to Layton, he remembered that much, but had he scored it? Everyone was screaming, the summer air was hot around them, the sun burning down on their heads mercilessly, noise was everywhere. Where was that yooyu?

Then he saw it, gnawing on the clowns' net. Inside the goal. He blinked. It couldn't be true, could it? Then he was tackled by Tormo and hugged by Reshar - they all knew that neither their captain nor Kep were very affectionate - and then it dawned on him. They had won. Not just any game but the freaking Altador cup! Only then did he laugh with his team mates and hugged them back fiercely, screaming out his joy for everyone to hear. Cuddling or not, the four of them carried their captain to the award ceremony, accompanied by never ending applause and cheering. The air was buzzing with voices, most of them roaring out their names and that of their team. Tandrak had no eyes or ears for anything else.

It took hours for the news of the second game to reach him, and he learned that the pirates had lost to Shenkuu after all. It angered him, knowing that Hale had been defeated, but his mood was simply too good for him to be dragged down by that information. Now was the time for their party, their victory, time for patting shoulders and congratulating them over and over again. They had damn well earned it, right?

It was only now, late at night, that he had calmed down enough to think everything through. Later during the festivities the Altador Cup Committee had announced their choices for what other awards there were to gain and he had cheered and laughed with all the others and Layton had been declared Most Valuable Player. It was an honor that made even the stoic Hissi blush a little beneath his dark scales. Tandrak was genuinely happy for his captain, he was the team's ace, he did most of the scoring, he deserved the award more than anyone. And of course he and Tormo were great choices for an All-Neopia team, there was no better defender in the league, no way around it.

So why was he staring at the wall across from him, forced to admit, if only to himself, that he was just a tiny little bit envious, that he had not been chosen for any team, any award? The league had many good players, they could not all be chosen. And it was the team that counted, not just one single player, you couldn't win a match of Yooyuball with just one good player, Maraquah had proven that yet again.

He continued to stare holes into the wall, unhappy with his own treacherous thoughts, now sighing heavily. He thought of them winning the cup and smiled. Their ultimate victory *never* failed to have that effect on him, he always wanted to secretly squirm and wobble because he was suddenly so full of energy, or simply happiness.

All of a sudden there was a huff and a motion next to him and a muscled arm slid around his waist, turning him around to face the man lying next to him. "Ye're havin' tha' dump smile again, Shaye.", Hale grumbled sleepily, kissing his lover's cheek

before sinking back into the cushions.

Tandrak hugged close to him, enjoying the feel of the other's arm and replied "I know. Can't help it.", before going back to sleep. Things would sort themselves out, he just knew it. It seemed worked for him that way these days.

Kapitel 4: One More Go

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Kapitel 5: Locker Room

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]