

LOVE'S DOMAIN

Tartaglia, Eleventh of the Fatui Harbingers and arguably the most fearsome of the Tsaritsa's posse. Distinguishing himself from his fellow Harbingers with a straightforward and outgoing approach to everything he did. A tactic that made him a well known figure in certain circles known to deal heavily with the Snezhnayan organization.

To those who knew of the dreaded Harbinger on the battlefield, he would come off as unhinged and narrow minded. Always the first to leap ahead whenever the chance to let loose in the heat of conflict presents itself. A blooded warrior, tireless in his pursuit of the ultimate challenge to satiate his ravenous appetite for the thrill of combat. A rugged side of Tartaglia contrasted greatly by a softer face few would ever get the chance to see. And among that small handful, a certain blonde haired Traveler scouring the entirety of Teyvat in search of their sibling could count himself lucky for witnessing first-hand...an experience that had undoubtedly influenced the sudden turn of events the two had found themselves mired in beneath his notice shortly after a surprise reunion within the depths of a peculiar Domain that had opened its doors in the countrysides of Inazuma. A Domain that had decided to rearrange itself with the two of them still inside while the rest of their ragtag ensemble were safely ejected.

As a Fatui Harbinger, danger was never far behind on the precarious road ahead. And faced against the unknown, Tartaglia had been more than eager to see what the Traveler could do ever since they last met. But instead of being met with crumbling environs and raging monsters, no notice would be given as the empty rooms and dusty corridors of a defunct Inazuman fortress were washed away in sand and seafoam. Replaced by a small island dotted with palm trees and surrounded by an endless horizon of deep blue in the span of a second. Boring to be certain, but Tartaglia couldn't say no to such a scenic view if it meant *she* got more time alone to spend with her rival...an unspeakable thought that sounded about right to the Fatui Harbinger as the Snezhnayan flower turns to her companion with an endearing smile and a bounce to her chest, loving the flustered look on the Traveler's face without a care in the world for the twitching mound worming its way inside of her throbbing tummy to leave a barren void between sensual legs save for a silken strip of ochre pubes that were just as soft as the curly mane tumbling down her titillating spine...

Now that she had him all to herself, Tartaglia was quick to take advantage of a weakness she had come to know of when they had first met at Liyue. Approaching with brazen authority before he could say a word, enveloping the comparatively smaller man in a playful embrace that ends with his face stuffed between her hefty bosom. Reminding her of cherished moments spent caring for her siblings back at home. Watching with delight as the Traveler's confused expression slowly gives way to submissive embarrassment by the time she steps away with a floaty giggle and a not so subtle leer on her face, feeling her loins beginning to moisten as she halfheartedly agrees to his mumbled plan of searching for a way out after looking like he wanted to say something else, probably a reprimand for her actions he knew would never register in her head. Tartaglia had come here on a mission. To track down a fellow Harbinger that might have gone rogue after dropping off the radar without a word. And while she very well and easily

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could have torn down these invisible walls that impeded her progress. A part of her knew that her target had long since fled to distant lands and that there was nothing to be done except spend what little downtime she had with the curious youth that had caught her eyes of course.

And as she rounds the bend on the other side of the island, the Domain's touch creeps over the wanton woman once more, spiring away her standards before clothing her buxom form in a more proper uniform to match the summer heat. Exposing creamy skin slick with sweat and salty runoff while the surprisingly pudgy body of the winter beauty squishes against the rubbery bite of a revealing swimsuit. Coming round the corner dressed for a round in the ocean and a blossom nestled in her hair, pleased to see the same of the Traveler as he sheepishly reveals himself to her in nothing more than his pants, ill-suited to conceal the raging flag that pitches itself the instant his eyes meet hers before deviating over the sinful curves and gentle dips of her well-trained figure as temptation overrides any lingering doubts the Harbinger might've had as dexterous hands move to tug at the lower portions of her swimsuit, slipping slim digits under the rubber, rubbing against a throbbing womb that kicks just below the surface before grunting in pleasure against the arousal gleaned from having her clitoris teased by shiny rubber while she puts on a show for the man that was to be her lover. Wondering how little Teucer would react when she would come home one day with a new and familiar 'big brother' to pester all day.

Until the doors to the Domain were functional once again, the Traveler and Tartaglia would find themselves ensnared in an overwhelming dream of hazy euphoria as the former rivals began to consummate their love for each other on the shores of a distant archipelago. A battle fought not by sword and might but with carnal desire and a determination to see the other bent and spent by the time things came to a steamy standstill on the imaginary sands...a memory the two would have to live with going forward once this was all over...telling the slightest figment of an impossible tale between a foreign wanderer traveling the world in search of wayward family before an unexpected encounter with a warrior woman whose only desire was to grow ever stronger through combat would entwine the two in a budding romance of back-and-forths and constant partings...simply preposterous...

THE END

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