

# Of Demons and Pirates

## A Series of Altador Cup Fics about Tandrak Shaye and Garven Hale.

Von Sean

### 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 Tandraks 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 Tandraks 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.