

Red Meat

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Red Meat

by [OmoTrashy](#)

Summary

"I'm sorry, I'm... bleeding. Quite a lot. You really don't have to do this."

"Yeah, you are!" Raphael agreed with a giddy chuckle. "Don't worry about it. You've seen how rare I like some of my meat. Doesn't bother me at all if it's a little bloody, as long as the eatin's good!"

Raphael suggests a remedy for muscle cramps. Ignatz is willing to try anything.

Notes

Content Warning: This fic features oral sex performed on a character who's on their period. Please don't read if that's a squick to you.

Additionally, Ignatz is a trans man in this fic. I use the words "clit" and "pussy" to describe his genitalia. Please use caution, and don't read if this will make you uncomfortable and/or dysphoric.

Also, content warning for heavy periods? I'm not even sure how to tag that, but that is a thing in this fic.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Raphael found Ignatz in his dorm room. Ignatz was lying on his bed, curled into a ball of pain.

Ignatz was so tempted to ask Raphael to leave. However, he knew that pushing Raphael away could lead to a spiral of avoidance, and he'd promised to not treat Raphael like that again. Especially not now that they were... closer. In whatever sort of relationship they were in.

Thankfully, Raphael was calm and quiet. His regularly booming voice had been lowered to a normal inside voice.

"You okay? Anything I can do for you?"

Ignatz sighed and shook his head. "I'm fine. It's just cramps."

Raphael hummed in understanding. Ignatz felt the weight of the bed dip as Raphael sat down next to him, then felt Raphael's hand on his side, trying to move him toward him. Ignatz rolled from his side to his back, then allowed Raphael to peel his own hands away from his stomach. Raphael pushed Ignatz' shirt up and covered his aching lower belly with the broad expanse of his hand. Raphael's skin was so warm against Ignatz', and it made him sigh with contentment and melt into the touch.

"Whenever I get a muscle cramp, heat and massage helps." Raphael explained as he rubbed slow circles on Ignatz' stomach. "Would you wanna head to the sauna? Or maybe take a hot bath?"

Ignatz shook his head, trying not to think about the mess that would be involved with either. "This is helping enough." He insisted. It truly was. As Raphael continued gently massaging him, he felt the tightly-wound ball of tension and pain unraveling, until it was nothing more than a dull, widespread ache across his lower abdomen.

An especially broad motion had the edge of Raphael's hand ghost across his mound, drawing a different sort of sigh from Ignatz. Though Raphael could be oblivious at times, he did seem to know what his touch was doing to Ignatz. His hand kept circling lower and lower, until the initial massage was completely forgotten and Raphael was just rubbing his clit through several layers of fabric.

"That's not my stomach." Ignatz commented wryly.

"Nope, but it'll relax you all the same!"

Admittedly, Ignatz had done the same thing before. He'd rubbed himself through his underwear and his rag, not caring what time of the month it was. It did feel good. Better than it should, in fact. He could swear he was more sensitive there when he was... like this. If Raphael really wanted to get him off, he wasn't going to object. So Ignatz parted his legs slightly, giving Raphael more room to move.

He should have known that if he gave Raphael an inch, he'd take a mile.

Before Ignatz knew it, Raphael was unbuttoning his pants. He hoisted his pants, underwear, and rags down with one swift motion, and Ignatz could only respond with a startled yelp.

"What are you *doing*?! I-I'm going to bleed all over the sheets!"

"Oh, right."

Raphael's weight left the bed. Ignatz heard him shuffling around in his drawers. Before he could ask what he was doing, Raphael grabbed his legs and hoisted his waist up off the mattress, drawing another startled yelp out of him. When he was returned to his regular lying position, he felt something thicker and softer than a blanket under his bare skin.

"There ya go." Raphael announced triumphantly, as if he'd accomplished something great. "I laid down *two* towels, so you can really gush if you need to!"

Ignatz frowned, and his brows creased with concern. Raphael was making this... far more complicated than he'd expected. And far messier too, by the sound of it.

The bed dipped again with Raphael's weight. Rather than settling down next to him again, he knelt at the foot of the bed, between Ignatz' legs. Ignatz watched, his mouth agape with horror, as Raphael hitched his legs over his shoulders and began to lower his head.

After a few seconds of stupor, Ignatz found his voice. "Hey-- don't do that!"

"Huh? You don't want it?" Raphael's tone wasn't pushy, nor was it confrontational. It was full of genuine bewilderment, as if he couldn't comprehend *why* Ignatz wouldn't want oral sex while he was on his period.

"I... no, *you* don't want to be down there right now." Ignatz insisted.

"Sure I do! Why wouldn't I?"

Something must be wrong with Ignatz' mind. There was *no possible way* he was hearing Raphael correctly right now. "*Why wouldn't I?*" He had asked, as if there wasn't a glaringly obvious reason he shouldn't want to eat him out.

"It's so dirty right now... and it probably stinks..." Ignatz tried, with futility, to argue his case.

Ignatz watched as Raphael leaned in closer. His nostrils flared, and he heard him take a deep breath in.

"Nah, it smells good!" Raphael said. It was a cheerful, casual comment, as if he were evaluating a meal. "Kind of like... steak, onions, and maybe a little bit of oyster sauce."

Ignatz recoiled, scooting backward across the towel and clamping his legs together. Raphael peered at Ignatz over his bare knees, wearing the expression of a kicked puppy.

"You okay?"

"I'm sorry. I know it's gross. We don't have to do this! We can wait until next week."

"Ignatz!" Raphael protested. "Come on, now. Nothing about you is gross."

"But, you just commented on the smell..."

Raphael's brow furrowed in confusion. "I said it smelled good, didn't I? If you walked into the dining hall and smelled what I just described coming from the kitchen, that'd be a good thing. Right?"

Ignatz knit his brows together and frowned slightly. While he was following Raphael's logic, he did wish he'd stop comparing his... nether regions to food. On a good day, he smelled "*like olive oil,*" but tasted, "*like fruit salad, actually, mostly oranges and mangoes,*" according to Raphael. But today was not a good day. He certainly wouldn't want anything coming from the kitchen to smell like the rags he had to shove into his underwear, and he certainly wouldn't want to taste it.

Then again, with how much passion Raphael had for food, Ignatz supposed he should feel flattered by the compliments.

"Sorry. Shoulda been less specific. How about, 'savory and salty?' And maybe just a little tangy?" Raphael tried. A tense laugh escaped Ignatz, and he relaxed a little. Raphael triumphantly grinned, and he gently placed his hands on his knees, though didn't apply the force to actually force his legs apart. Ignatz did the rest of the work for him, spreading his legs and baring himself.

The air felt cool against the slickness between his thighs. There was far too much of it for arousal to be the sole source of the wetness. As if to add to his embarrassment, Ignatz felt a small rivulet of warm liquid trickle from his slit. Raphael gazed between his legs in wide-eyed wonder. Ignatz had to avert his gaze.

"I'm sorry, I'm... bleeding. Quite a lot. You really don't have to do this."

"Yeah, you are!" Raphael agreed with a giddy chuckle. He swiped his thumb across Ignatz' inner thigh, smearing some of the wetness across his skin. "Don't worry about it. You've seen how rare I like some of my meat. Doesn't bother me at all if it's a little bloody, as long as the eatin's good!"

Ignatz laughed again and relaxed against the bed. Raphael advanced on him, planting kisses up his thighs with a loud '*smack*' for each one. Ignatz could tell when Raphael's lips traveled high enough to meet red. The telltale groan was a mix of arousal, and of satisfaction, similar to the satisfied sound Raphael made after taking the first bite of one of his favorite meals.

Raphael pulled away and licked his lips. Ignatz watched with equal bewilderment and arousal as the matte red patches disappeared under Raphael's slick tongue. His facial expression was easy to read, full of curiosity and hunger. "I really want this." He reassured Ignatz, in case his enthusiasm hadn't already been convincing enough. "I really, *really* want this. C'mon, please?"

Ignatz relaxed fully, practically melting into the mattress. He splayed his legs further apart, shimmied his hips forward, and lightly tangled his fingers through Raphael's hair.

"Alright, then. Dig in."

Raphael didn't need to be told twice.

Raphael was *not* a clean eater. He never was. He ate pussy with the enthusiasm and vigor that a starving man would eat a feast. The '*slurps*' and '*smacks*' sounded especially obscene, knowing just what kind of liquid Raphael was lapping up.

Situational shame aside, it really did feel good to have Raphael lapping at him while he was so sensitive. The unpleasant stickiness he'd been feeling earlier was washed away by Raphael's tongue, which cleaned the blood off of every inch of him, diving between every fold and crevice, then flattening to cover a wider surface. Raphael shook his head vigorously between Ignatz' legs, flickering his tongue sloppily over his pussy and inner thighs.

The cramps he'd been suffering earlier were almost completely forgotten when Raphael's lips finally circled around his clit. He sucked hard enough to send a surge of pleasure up through his stomach.

As euphoric as Raphael's mouth felt on his clit, Ignatz couldn't ignore the tingle of arousal he felt from... deeper within. He felt guilty about how badly he wanted to satiate it.

"Raphael? If you don't mind, could you, um, could you stimulate me... on the inside?" Ignatz meekly spoke up, wincing at how disgusting his request really was. "Sorry. You don't have to use your tongue, even just your fingers would be--"

Ignatz' plea was cut off. His breath caught in his throat as Raphael's tongue plunged inside him with no hesitation. That huge, muscular tongue of his curled inside of him. It pressed against the inner wall where he was most sensitive and slowly dragged out, the tip of the tongue stimulating every single nerve along the way.

Ignatz felt so wet around Raphael's tongue. As invigorating as this was, he knew that there was no way it was just from arousal or saliva. He imagined he was leaking blood, and all sorts of other unspeakable period materials, around Raphael's tongue. And Raphael... he was enthusiastically scooping it up and drawing it out of him with his tongue, voraciously swallowing it like the blood that came out of him was the very lifeblood that he needed to survive.

He was starting to feel strange from all these administrations. For lack of a better description, he almost felt like he needed to relieve himself. He'd done this enough times to know that that was, thankfully, *not* the case, and he'd generally learned to not fear the feeling. However, in this case, he felt guilty. Surely he'd already made enough of a mess! Could he really make a bigger one? Raphael didn't deserve that.

The urgent pressure wasn't going away, especially not with the way Raphael kept dragging his tongue along the spots inside him that made his legs twitch. Ignatz figured he should at

least *warn* Raphael before he made a mess, and then he could let the towels do the rest of the work.

"Raph, I'm going to come. I'm going to *come*." Ignatz groaned desperately. "You can pull your face back and just use your fingers, if you want."

Raphael did just the opposite of that. He gripped Ignatz' thighs in each of his strong hands and pressed his face closer, as if to wordlessly convey his hunger. He nuzzled his nose against his clit as his tongue continued ravaging his pussy, and Ignatz couldn't hold back anymore. He dripped, then trickled, then finally *squirted*. His body was overtaken by ecstasy as he splattered Raphael's face with his release. He arched his back off the mattress and cried out until his voice cracked. He felt as if he were floating, as if The Goddess Herself had taken him into Her arms and blessed him with such intense worldly pleasure.

However, all good things come to an end. Eventually his fountain of pleasure ran dry, and Raphael's tongue grew overstimulating. He tugged Raphael's now-damp hair to get him to ease up, and announced, "I'm done," in a spent, exhausted voice.

"You're done, done? Or just tapping out? 'Cause usually you've got a few of those in ya." Raphael asked. His voice was husky from exertion, too, and muffled from where he was still buried between Ignatz' thighs.

"I'm really done. I'm more sensitive during... this time of month, and I'm getting overstimulated."

Raphael grunted affirmatively and drew back. Ignatz was flabbergasted when he saw the man's face.

Red... there was *so much* red. Raphael's lips were red as if he were wearing lipstick, and the color spanned far beyond just his lips. It was on the tip of his nose, on his chin, and dribbling down his neck. Not to mention it was streaked from cheek to cheek, and even caked in his sideburns somehow.

"*Goddess above*...Raphael, please wipe off your face."

"Heh, sorry. Guess I'm a messy eater."

What could Ignatz do in response but laugh at the sheer ridiculousness of this all? He scooted back on the bed, away from the soaking wet patch on the towel, to at least recline comfortably as he chuckled.

Despite the mess, he was feeling much better. The afterglow of the orgasm spread throughout his body and distracted him from the pain better than any medicine could. He felt good. He felt relieved. He felt so happy that Raphael had come to check on him, and had gone through such lengths to make him feel better.

Through the veil of relaxation, Ignatz could feel a... strange sensation. It felt like a pressure was moving through the innermost workings of his body. He felt that pressure, along with a warmth, right at the same opening where Raphael had just been. He sat up to look down at

what was going on. When he shifted, that warmth and pressure *exited* him, passing through his oversensitive lower lips in a feeling of release that was almost comparable to the orgasm he'd just had. He tilted his head back and groaned with release as the pressure left him, and warm liquid gushed out of him after it.

Whatever exited him, it took the pain with it. The abdominal cramps weren't just masked anymore, they were *gone*. Ignatz wanted nothing more than to bask in this feeling of relief. This absence of pain was almost better than an orgasmic afterglow.

"Whoa, are you okay? It's like you gave birth to a whole jar of jelly!"

Ignatz cracked his eyes open and looked down to see what Raphael was talking about. He'd passed quite a large clump of blood, as well as some brighter red, watery blood after it. Raphael's exaggeration aside, it wasn't that bad. He'd certainly seen worse. He was just glad it had ended up on the towel.

"I'm fine, this happens sometimes." Ignatz admitted. "I'm just glad I didn't bleed this much while you were... pleasuring me."

Raphael chuckled sheepishly. "I mean, you did bleed a lot. It was kinda thick at times, too." Ignatz' relaxation vanished, and his body tensed with humiliation and horror at Raphael's words. Seeming to sense his tension, Raphael continued, "I didn't mind though! Really. It was actually pretty tasty! Not quite a steak flavor like I was expecting, but... I dunno, it kinda tasted like liver? It was good!"

"Raphael. I appreciate what you did for me, but I don't need to hear about the flavor profile of..." Ignatz couldn't even finish his sentence.

"Right, sorry." Raphael chuckled again.

Ignatz followed Raphael's gaze to the bloody mess he'd left on the towel. He watched as Raphael's hand moved to scoop up the thick blood, then brought the hand toward his mouth...

"Raphael! *Do not* eat that!" Ignatz scolded, a bit incredulous that the words had to leave his mouth.

"Why not? I said I like it."

"And I believe you. You don't have to prove yourself."

"Plus I bet it's a good source of protein, or maybe iron..."

"Just wipe your hand on the towel." Ignatz told him. To his relief, Raphael listened.

Again, despite the situation, Ignatz couldn't help but smile. "Wipe off your face, too. With a different towel. I'll clean myself up while you're doing that, and then I can take care of you." He could see that Raphael's erection was straining heavily against his pants. It seemed that Raphael's insistence that he liked this really was true. Not that he suspected Raphael would

lie to him. He'd just had so much initial disbelief that eating someone out during their period could be enjoyable.

But Raphael did like this. His enthusiasm and his erection were proof enough of that. Ignatz was happy that they'd found a solution to his heavy period cramps that was enjoyable for both of them.

Maybe someday, perhaps after the war, they could put a temporary halt on his periods. But for now, Ignatz was content with spending a week out of every month with Raphael's head buried between his legs.

End Notes

Feel free to shoot me requests/chat with me on CuriousCat!
<https://curiouscat.qa/OmoTrashy>

I'm also on Twitter @TrashyOmo, slowly learning how to become more active!

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