A bored tiefling in a boring town is never good news, especially when an humorless half-orc in a sour mood is concerned. But, could his scowl be hiding something more? A gift for the wonderful Grushenka.

Grushenka dearest, I really hope you like this half as much as I enjoyed writing it. The rest of you guys, I also hope this short story is to your liking. This first chapter is a setup for smut in the next, hence the rating.
It was the first time anyone in the group had seen Malgora cry, or show any genuine display of emotion that didn't imply the suffering and doom of others, for that matter. Except for Hexxat, who was enduring the sea elf's weak punches on her upper chest with her usual stoicism as she held her in her arms. Deceptive and manipulative as the Bhaalspawn was, she only ever showed weakness when alone with her immortal lover. However, the experience of almost losing the thief to her desire to die as a human proved too trying for the dragon disciple, and now, after Hexxat's change of heart, she caved in, paying no mind to her perplexed companions, because it was Hexxat.

"You idiot!" Malgora sobbed. "You big idiot!"

Haer'Dalis watched the scene with a certain curiosity. How could something as fugue as love drive Hexxat out of her self-destructive path? True, the emotion did blind many, but he was a firm believer that there was no force stronger than entropy. If not by Larloch or Malgora's hand, the vampire would end up turning to dust in some other way. Maybe it would happen even before the Bhaalspawn War was over. And yet Hexxat chose to live in undeath, out of love. A strange thing indeed, though he sensed it would be unwise to ask her about it. After all, if the bard knew something about love, it was that it made a fool out of everyone.

It wasn’t long before the group returned to Amkethran. Haer’Dalis didn’t much like the quietness and the oppressive atmosphere of the place, even if the deserted landscape was a beautiful sight. He was used to crowds, to shouts, to the natural chaos of big cities. Even the tavern had a gloomy feel to it, and not the kind he liked. It was like a funeral where one had to pretend the ceremony, the touching speeches and the shedding of tears weren’t all pointless because all of the attendants would end up in the same burial ground eventually. It was not a place where his music would be appreciated. There weren’t many of those since the war began. A pity.

The bard sighed as Zakee delivered the group a meager dinner of yucca root and cactus fruit salad, accompanied by a viscous, milky white drink made from a fermented desert plant, the only available spirit in the establishment by then. The liquor wasn’t bad, but the meal would hardly fill an infant's stomach. Though as a Doomguard, he viewed the touch of entropy everywhere in the town as a good thing, the sparrow longed to spread his wings and sing. Or at least entertain himself, if not others.

Malgora and Hexxat left for their shared room, hand in hand, their foods and drinks untouched. Haer'Dalis sighed loudly.
"Ah, the trappings of love! Do they not make you feel lonely?" He asked the remainder of his companions.

"No," Viconia droned, scrunching her nose, whether at her dinner or Haer'Dalis' question, he could not tell. Perhaps both. Most surely both.

"Please," Edwin scoffed. "After this ordeal is over, the most beautiful women of Thay, who, mind you, are the most beautiful of the Realms, will throw themselves into my arms after they have heard of my magical prowess and seen my irresistible face (Why does this simian always ask the most uncomfortable questions?)"

Dorn, however, ignored the tiefling as he downed his drink in one go.

"Disgusting," he muttered. "Human, bring me another tankard!"

As an expert in matters of the heart, to Haer'Dalis all those words spoke volumes of what each person he was currently sharing a table with felt. Edwin hadn't layed with anyone since his brief entrapment in a female body, during which he had not so secretly hired the services of one of Madam Nin's men, back at the Copper Coronet. He had also tried to court Malgora, only to feel his ego wounded for having been absolutely oblivious to her obvious preference for women Haer'Dalis himself had warned him about. The wizard sulked and refused to speak to the bard for a long time after the discovery. As for Viconia, she was just bitter. She had had a brief affair with Hexxat back at Athkatla that she had enjoyed much more than she cared to admit, and when the priestess ended it herself, Hexxat was extremely civile and understanding about it, and some time afterwards her romance with Malgora blossomed. And that made Viconia's blood boil, as she had secretly expected the woman to crawl back to her, asking for a second chance she might have actually been willing to give. Because she secretly needed to feel wanted and adored, and for those she wanted to need her; to be at her feet. But the vampire, being not that much younger than her and able to see right through her, wanted nothing to do with Viconia's needs, marking her as the one who got away. Finally, Dorn…

Though Haer'Dalis had caught him staring at their beautiful leader a couple times, unlike Edwin, he had been aware of her sexuality from the get-go and therefore kept his distance. He was loyal to the Bhaalspawn, and he respected and admired her power, but he had made his mistrust of absolutely everyone else clear since the very beginning. Haer'Dalis couldn't really blame him; they weren't exactly surrounded by the most trustworthy people out there.

And yet, the fallen blackguard also stared at him, when he thought he wasn't looking.
Truth be told, Dorn was a spectacle. Much like Malgora, he was a force of destruction with an unmatchable lust for blood; an accelerator of entropy that took Haer'Dalis's breath away. And unlike Malgora, the half-orc didn't hide behind deceptions and pretensions of goodness to then stab her enemies in the back; he charged against anything and anyone on his way head on, consequences be damned. He was magnificent.

As he took a sip of his drink, Haer'Dalis smiled. Maybe there was a way to entertain himself in that doomed place, after all…

"Master?"

Dorn stopped in his tracks and turned to Haer'Dalis with an mixed expression of annoyance, suspicion and disbelief. Maybe he did remember telling the tiefling to address him as such when they first met, after all…

"I have no time for your shenanigans, bard. Begone."

"You wound me, Dorn," Haer'Dalis sighed. "This sparrow seeks for company in a place where no bird is allowed to spread its wings, nothing more and nothing less."

"And I want to be left alone, now," Dorn growled as a response. Now that was the tone he used when he was in an especially murderous mood. It gave Haer'Dalis chills, and not just from fear.

"But are we not alone already, all of us?" The bard hummed. "Oblivion takes us one by one, just like you and I bring it to our foes, and it gives us joy in turn. Our reasons may vary, but we are not so different, you and I."

"Hrrmm. You are correct at least in that. We are both forces of destruction to be reckoned with."

Haer'Dalis tried to suppress a smile. *He had taken the bait.*

"Indeed. We are magnificent birds of prey!"
Dorn raised an eyebrow at yet another comparison with avians on the bard's part.

"Did you not fancy yourself a sparrow?" He scoffed. "You are most efficient indeed, but you are fragile, and adorn your maneuvers too much, which leaves you open to attacks that could easily take your life."


"A bard strives for beauty, even in the battlefield. If I lose my life but take another's in an aesthetic dance of death, so be it. We are all but pawns of entropy, either way. There is no defeating death."

"You are correct," Dorn nodded. "Malgora is a living proof of it. We are wise to follow her steps."

"Our dear raven has taken us far. I cannot wait to see the final act of her play," Haer'Dalis replied, truthfully excited. "A war against the most powerful Bhaalspawn, half-divine bringers of murder, clashing together! Her song will be sung for generations, and we shall be portrayed in it as her loyal allies and fierce combatants!"

The blade's joyful daydreaming was cut short by a heavy hand squeezing his neck tight. He gasped for a breath that did not come as Dorn glared at him.

"You have said your piece, tiefling," he spat, gritting his teeth as his dark eyes pierced through the bard's, suspicion back in his features. "What do you want?"

"You… already know…" Haer'Dalis strived to say. "Same as… you… I've caught your… your staring… Mas... ter... "

Dorn's eyes widened with shock, and he fred the bard from his steel grip, who in turn coughed and rubbed his sore neck, feeling his heart beating like a hummingbird's.

"You irritate me, bard," the half-orc finally spoke. "I can seldom tell when you are being serious. If those words were true, follow me."
The tiefling didn't need to be told twice. Dorn didn't give him time to properly recover his breath, though, as the moment he closed the door to his room behind them, his lips were all over Haer'Dalis', parting them with his tongue as the bard's back hit the door. He held on to Dorn's knotted hair for dear life, savoring the kiss as his lungs slowly gave out. He gasped for air again when they parted, his eyes wide with wonder as he found himself speechless before his lover. Only one thing came to mind.

"You are magnificent," he whispered in reverence, caressing Dorn's cheek as he grabbed his buttocks and lifted him.

When he dropped Haer'Dalis on his bed, Dorn grinned.

"I know."
Dorn's kisses were fire. They left Haer'Dalis out of breath and in thick need for more. The half-orc had somehow managed to take off his gargantuan armor without breaking the mood, either by pulling the tiefling into hot kisses, grabbing him by the neck, teasing the bulge already showing in his pants in a way that was almost cruel in how satisfying and how far from enough it was... or just by allowing him to help, his dark glare fixed on Haer'Dalis' every move, the lust present in it almost suffocating. They were both stark naked before long.

"Even better than everything I had imagined," Haer'Dalis gasped in wonder as his fingertips traced Dorn's arms, down and up again, and then descended in a slow exploration of his torso. "You are breathtaking."

Dorn hummed for all response and allowed the tiefling to sate his curiosity. He wouldn't admit it just yet, but those fingers of his, combined with the sweet nothings he kept spurting, aroused even more than his previous teasing. The bard's gaze, usually mischievous and indecipherable, was almost desperate now in its intensity. It was more than mere wanting; he needed his Master.

Which suited Dorn fine. He was more than content to deliver.

Leaning down, he kissed Haer'Dalis again, nipping at his lips and grunting in approval at the passionate reciprocation he received when he felt his own being parted by the tiefling's tongue, his fingers still tracing each patch of skin of the half-orc's body that he could reach. Dorn moved to his lover's neck, licking his pulse as a soft moan escaped Haer'Dalis' lips. He then gave him pause to look into his eyes, clouded by desire. He could see the rapid rising and falling of his chest beneath him, and his blue mane falling in disarray on the pillow. Haer'Dalis stopped his own ministrations
and waited as Dorn watched him with a smirk.

"I suppose Doomguards don't mind scars and marks?" He asked, tilting his head to the side, fixating his gaze on the tiefling's long, tempting neck.

Haer'Dalis let a malevolent grin of his own spread, showing serrated teeth. Now that was definitely interesting.

"Why, they are priced reminders of victories… and conquers," he replied, sly.

"My tribe had a similar view on those," Dorn responded, taking Haer'Dalis' hand and placing it on his chest, where his heart was, putting enough pressure that the tiefling's claw-like nails dug into his skin in a most pleasant way.

"We do have a lot more in common that meets the eye," the bard responded to Dorn's silent request by dragging his nails down his chest, then his torso, resting shy of his lower abdomen.

"Let us find out how much more, then," Dorn replied.

It was the last he said before beginning a relentless attack on the tiefling's neck, all teeth, biting without the tiniest speckle of remorse as his partner screamed and bent upwards into his touch, reaching to his back with his free hand and scratching it over and over. He would be leaving scars, and Dorn could not have been any more pleased with the prospect. He paused for a moment to inspect his own work. The bard’s neck sported bite marks and reddish love bites already beginning to turn dark.

In that moment that he let his guard down, Dorn felt his whole body jerk when Haer’Dalis gave an experimental tug at his shaft. He shot him an utterly unapologetic smile as he kept running his hand up and down his length, letting his fingers teasing the head only for a passing moment before moving, denying the half-orc the full extent of the pleasure he could give. With a growl, he grabbed the offending arm and pulled it away so that so very dangerous hand now lay beside his owner’s head, the smirk on his lips only growing in size at his lover’s impatience and frustration. Dorn paid him back in kind, with his free, much bigger hand taking the whole of Haer’Dalis’ length and jerking it at an almost painful pace. There it was, another of those moans just as the tortured tiefling reached with his free hand to the head of Dorn’s erection, fully focusing on it this time. His voice was like velvet in contrast to the half-orc’s brutish grunts, but he did not seem at the very least concerned about it. If anything, it only inflamed his desire even more as his fingers found new ways to caress him and make his erection twitch and his groans grow louder and… needier?
Now Haer’Dalis wasn’t expecting that, but he sure as Oblivion would never, ever complain of such a wondrous sound.

“Ahhh… I fear I won’t last much longer under such a rough treatment, Master,” Haer’Dalis sighed, enthralled with Dorn’s actions and reactions.

He huffed.

“And where is the problem? Would you rather I stop?” He sneered down at the bard in superiority and pride over being able to please him so much, so quick.

“Not stop,” Haer’Dalis practically whined as he pinched the tip of Dorn’s erection a little harder, making him bear his teeth at him. What a sight. “But… I’m sure we can… enjoy each other… in many other ways… I wouldn’t want to miss that… if you’d allow it.”

Dorn stopped in his tracks. Was it a trick of the scarce lighting, or had his eyes turn even darker?

"Go on, then."

He then made room for Haer’Dalis to sit back up. The bard quickly shifted into a kneeling position, then bent down and, after winking up at his Master, he ran his tongue around Dorn's tip, slowly, getting a taste first. Hearing the larger man's breath hitching, Haer'Dalis took his tip and began to suck on it as he massaged his length in a leisurely pace, eager to please and tease in equal measure. Dorn cursed, pulled at the tiefling's hair, pushed him further down slightly, as if to test if he could take it, and left claw marks all over Haer'Dalis' arms and back. At some point, he began to give his lover's arse insistent caresses, occasionally scratching, a silent indicator of what the Master wanted next. Panting, Haer'Dalis let go of Dorn as the latter retrieved a bottle of lubricant from his nightstand. He offered it to the bard, who took a small amount and, laying again in bed, used it to prepare himself as he watched Dorn spread the fluid up and down his member. It was enticing enough for Haer'Dalis to make a show of his own, moaning loudly as he stretched himself with a finger. When Dorn was done, the tiefling quickly sat up and straddled his waist, resting his palms on the half-orc's scarred cheeks, which he caressed tenderly as he aligned himself with his lover. He caught the clue and grabbed himself to guide his erection. Missing a few times, he cursed. Fearing he wouldn't get to experience his favorite position with the man, Haer'Dalis traced Dorn's ears with his fingers as he pulled him into a deep kiss. Then he felt him at his entrance. As he broke the kiss and supported himself on Dorn's shoulders, the half-orc grabbed his hips to push him down, and finally, they met.
If Haer'Dalis had thought that Dorn’s approach to lovemaking was aggressive before, now he could surely qualify it as brutal. No complaint escaped his lips, but rather, anguished moans and the half-orc’s name again and again as they coordinated their movements. Dorn guided the tiefling’s body and thrusted up with force. At some point, he supported Haer’Dalis’ slim body with a hand on the small of his back, allowing him to move as he pleased—and please he did both of them—, while the other hand began to tend to the bard’s erection again. It was hot, hard and darker than Haer’Dalis could have imagined, but he wouldn’t have wanted it any other way. Not so much to muffle the screams that came with his approaching climax as to sate his curiosity for Dorn’s reactions to different kinds of stimulation, he began to bite his shoulder hard, stopping only when he felt a thin flow of blood. The result was a snarl and an iron grip around his neck as Dorn thrusted up harder into him. He had enjoyed it, it seemed. Haer'Dalis flashed him a grin full of bloodied teeth as he rocked up and down his shaft faster to better match his thrusts. Finally, Dorn released him and fixed both his hands back on his hips, tilting his head to his still intact side. Haer'Dalis quickly caught the clue and bit where shoulder and neck met, eliciting an actual roar from Dorn. Then, his hand was once more wrapped around the tiefling's erection, working it at the same delirious pace he had before. They locked eyes, and Dorn spoke once more.

"Sing for me, bird."

Haer'Dalis obliged with enthusiasm, his moans mixing with Dorn's grunts in a melody only for their ears to enjoy, perfect for even the most gifted bards. Soon, he felt his whole body beginning to shake as he reached his peak, and he cried out as he made a mess of himself and his lover with his release. The sight of it was enough to send Dorn over the edge after a few quick thrusts. Rumbling, he pushed his lover as far down as he could to reach as deep as possible, and he, too, spent himself. After a breathless moment, Haer'Dalis freed Dorn from the grip of his arms and legs with as much grace as he could muster in his drained state. Oddly enough, the half-orc had no trouble allowing him to make himself comfortable in his bed. He was far too exhausted to return to his room, and Dorn's chest made for a surprisingly comfortable pillow. Soon, the lovers drifted into peaceful slumber.

The morning after, Dorn was very pleased with himself when he saw Haer'Dalis finally emerging from his room, limping a bit as though the muscles of his legs had gone stiff. They surely had. Malgora snorted at the disheveled tiefling, who hadn't even bothered to fix his hair, most likely on purpose.

"Oh, Dorn, be more careful next time," she mockingly scolded her companion. "How are we supposed to go fight a dragon Bhaalspawn if our bard can barely walk?"

Haer'Dalis shot her a playful grin, as if he didn't have a care in the world about his state. Dorn, however, had something to say.
"Malgora, you are unusually pale today," he casually remarked. "And those marks on your neck… were you bitten by a bug, perhaps?"

The sorceress gasped and covered the glaring evidence of her own passionate night with Hexxat. The vampire had a small but smug grin on her face. Dorn smirked. It took someone who was into blood play to know someone else who was, too…

Perhaps he should ask Haer'Dalis how he'd feel about licking the wounds his teeth inflicted on his flesh, next time...

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Chapter End Notes

What did you think? Let me know! I really hope it was satisfactory. After this, I have two celebratory one-shots to publish; one for Strangeness and Charm: Shadows of Amn reaching 700 views and another for reaching 800. After that, you'll be getting a new chapter of that story. As for this one, I prefer to close it here and leave the rest to your imagination…

As always, please leave a comment, they are my top motivator to keep writing!

Take care, my darlings <3

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End Notes

I really, really hope this left you wanting more! I shall update Strangeness and Charm first, and then I will dive into this new OTP that's dooming my existence :_D Feedback is always appreciated, as always. Stay beautiful, my darlings!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!