**Inclined to Explore**

by **Shadowfire_RavenPheonix**

**Summary**

A 'Doribull' Story!

"...and as you gripped my horns, I. Would. Conquer. You."

The Bull's words to him on the road that afternoon had wormed their way into Dorian's mind, and try as he might he can't seem to rid himself of them...

My exploration of how the in-game relationship between Dorian Pavus and The Iron Bull might have come to be, based on in-game banter and the conversions you can have with both characters. This story is very much a case of 'sex first, feelings after'.
Dedication:
For Enchant - Merry (Belated) Christmas/ Happy New Years, Babe. I couldn't possibly get you anything half so wonderful as what you've given me, so a dirty story staring your fave new character as he's being utterly ruined by mine will just have to do!

*Opening A/N*: To all my other faithful Subscribers, Comment-ers and Readers: I KNOW! (and I'm sorry!) I promised you all so many other things first and I swear those are all still in the works and making progress! But these boys got into my head and I just about had an aneurism trying to evict them. In the end, I admitted defeat and just let them have at. Hope it's turned out to be as enjoyable a read as it was write.

*Whole Work WARNINGS*: Most definitely NSFW. SLASH! (Hey, now! None of that! Bioware laid the ground work for this one so that's really NOT my fault... uh, this time anyways). Spoilers re: in-game Iron Bull/Dorian banter. Some physical restraint, but no ropes (yet). Liberal non-cannon interpretations of Qunari anatomy. Language (naturally)... and Oh! A pair of dragon sized egos crammed into a tiny space.

*Disclaimer*: BIOWARE, – I adore you; but you don't play fair, so I'm borrowing your things. Will return (if somewhat the worse for wear) when done. Don't worry they're still yours. I get nothing out of this except several orgasms, and a sick sense of satisfaction.
“Think I know what your problem is, Dorian.”

“I have only the one?”

“You see a man who's burned out -who left his people, and entire life, behind- and for what?”

“You're not suggesting we're similar?”

“How's that mirror treating you? Pretty picture isn't it.”

“I may vomit.”

“Wait! Wait! I'll flex a little for you! Make it easier. Mmm. Quite the Stink-eye you've got going, Dorian.”

“You stand there, flexing your muscles, huffing like some beast of burden with no thought save 'conquest'!”

“That's right. These big, muscled hands could tear those robes off while you struggled; helpless in my grip. I'd pin you down, and as you gripped my horns, I. Would. Conquer. You.”

“Ahhh... What?”

“Oh? Is that not where we're going?”

“No! It was very much not!”

“I'm just saying, Dorian; you carry around this picture of the Qunari in your mind. Like, you see us as this forbidden, terrible, thing. And you're inclined to do the forbidden.”

“I have no idea what you're talking about.”

“All I'm saying is: you ever want to explore that, my door is always open.”

“You are impossible! This is-! Urrgh!”

“Good! I like that energy! Stoke those fires Big Guy!”

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Chapter 1:

Admitting to a Taste

Dorian grimaced as he swallowed down another long pull of the damned beer. He leveled a glare at the flagon in the middle table like it was personally insulting him; like it was somehow the pot-bellied-bottle's fault he'd gone and taken a liking to the damn Ferelden brew.
In actuality, Varric was the one responsible for his having developed a taste for the ale. After all, the dwarf was the one who'd ordered the vile stuff and then insisted Dorian try it over that first friendly game of cards. He'd accepted the first tankard, begrudgingly. The second, to be polite. The third, because he was still thirsty… and by the fourth he'd been numb enough that he'd quite forgotten he didn't care for the stuff, and may have -possibly- admitted it had a rather simplistic sort of charm about it… Before Dorian had realized, he'd been knocking the stuff back with greedy abandon for the better part of that first evening.

Now he was addicted.

He couldn't help it. The damn drink was bitter and wooden and positively foul and yet… the more he drank the more he came to crave it.

He'd be mortified if anyone ever found out. He'd out right deny it if anyone were to ever ask. He'd insist -if pressed- he only drank it because it was what his compatriots were buying and he wouldn't wish to seem ungrateful. Maker knows, he'd never be caught dead ordering anything so pedestrian for himself. So, in order to feed his addiction, it had come to this; he made his excuses to come down to the tavern with Varric and proceeded to sit making very polite chit-chat with the dwarf while he waited for the Deshyr to offer him a drink, which being the good host he was the dwarf inevitably did. which Dorian, being the gracious guest he was, politely accepted.

Of course he complained bitterly at the dwarf for his bourgeoisie taste, the entire time he then spent eagerly pouring himself cup after cup of the stuff.

Vile treacherous tosh that had no right being as addictive as it was. Luring him in with its dark and forbidden appeal: that tempting heady aroma as he raised the cup to his mouth, the way the thick frothing head felt as it passed over his lips and washed over his tongue with that simplistic rustic flavour. It was so incredibly plebeian; rough and ridiculously, -shamefully- common.

And Dorian loved it.

Of course, it helped that it had a kick similar to that qunari brute, wielding his massive weap-

NO. No. Wrong. New direction, Dorian, you came down here to stop thinking about that barbaric imbecile. The mage hurriedly grabbed his unruly thoughts by the horns bef-

Damn it man! Stop! Dorian felt the furrow between his brows deepen as he, once again, glared at the bottle as though it were solely responsible for leading his thoughts back toward The Bull and his idiotic - ham-handed- attempts at flirting

Hhmph. 'Ham-handed' now there's an apt analogy, he thought, his mind turning to those big over-sized hands, good for nothing but ruthlessly grabbing hold of equally over-sized swords and slamming them deep into his opponents. They certainly wouldn't have any skill beyond a strong unbreakable grip, like iron bars squeezing around the hilt…

Venhedis! ENOUGH!

“You doin' alright over there, Sparkler?” Varric asked, as he cocked an inquiring eyebrow across the table at his drinking partner.

“Perfectly fine, Varric. Why do you ask?” Dorian sniffed, and affected not to notice the shrewd, knowing look the dwarf was continuing to level him with.

“Oh, I don't know. Maybe because your glaring at a perfectly innocent bottle like it just offered to-” the dwarf smirked “'conquer' you.”
“Vishante kaffas!” Dorian hissed, “Must you bring up th-tha-that lumbering simpleton’s boorish attempt at flirting?”

“Ha! You call that flirting?” The dwarf barked, “Sounded to me, more like he was propositioning you, Sparkler.”

“Yes well, it's not as if anyone ever accused 'The Iron Bull',” Dorian sneered as he spoke the qunari's name, “of having an overabundance of subtlety. Or tact, for that matter. Now can we - please- drop the subject?”

“What are we supposed to be droppin' now?” Came Blackwall's low-bred drawl as the man claimed the seat at the dwarf's side.

“Oh nothing,” Varric said, casually examining his gloved hand in a way Dorian trusted not at all. “Just The Bull offering to tear our sparkling friend here's clothes off of him, pin him down, and-” again the dwarfs eyes sparked with merriment as he said it, “‘Conquer’ him, on our way back to Skyhold this afternoon.”

“Fasta vass!” Dorian spat at the dwarf as Blackwall threw his head back and began laughing so hard tears sprang up in the hairy lummox's eyes. “Is it not bad enough my having that great blundering oaf spouting his ill-attempts at seduction out on the road?! Must I now, also, suffer through you repeating it verbatim to everyone who so much as glances this way?”

“Hazards of associating with a story teller, Sparkler.” The dwarf said, with an indifferent shrug of his shoulders. “When the interesting and funny shit happens, we can’t help but want to share it with the world.”

“It was neither interesting nor funny! It was obnoxious. And I’d really rather 'the world' not hear any more of it, thank you all the same.” Dorian muttered sullenly.

“Maybe not from your end of it; but from where I sat, it was grade-fucking-A hilarious. Prime stuff! Far too good to be wasted.”

“Alright! Now, I must hear the rest of it.” Blackwall managed around his continued guffawing “Com'on, dwarf, spill.”

“For the Maker's sake! Don't!” Dorian pleaded, but Varric was already plowing ahead with the tale for his captive audience of one.

“So, no shit, we'd just stopped by that stream where it crosses the path so that the horses might take a drink when I hear Tiny and Sparkler here, bickering.”

“Nothing new there.” Came Blackwall's comment with a sage nod of his bearded head.

Dorian jumped at the chance to end things there by hastily agreeing with the warden's assessment. “Precisely! There's nothing new in me and The Bull bickering; so how about you do us all a favor, Varric, and stop talking.”

“Right, you'd think so wouldn't you?” Varric said with a nod to Blackwall, before continuing on as though Dorian hadn't spoken at all. “Now normally I just tune them out, but this time I glance over; 'cause Sparkler is sounding pretty hot under the collar and I'm wondering if I'm gonna need to drag Her Inquisitorialness out of her day dreaming, so she can bash their heads together in a minute. And what do you suppose I see, hmm?”

“Go on.” Blackwall said encouragingly, when it became clear the dwarf is waiting for the prompt;
milking the tale in the telling.

“Do stop.” Dorian moaned dejectedly into the table top, where he’d buried his face in his arms trying to hide the hot flush of embarrassment he could feel spreading over his cheeks.

Again, the dwarf acted as though Dorian hadn't spoken. “Well, Tiny's gone and backed our poor Sparkler right up against one of those big trees and he's doing that preening thing he does. You know the one, right? Where he starts posturing and puffing out that chest of his?” When Blackwall nodded the dwarf continued “And Sparkler here is looking - mesmerized by all that brawny-”

“I was NOT!” Dorian's indignant shout carried across the whole tavern when he whipped his head up at the, frankly alarming, left turn the dwarf had taken in his re-telling of the event in question. The sudden quite that greats his outburst sees him blushing hotly before hissing rebelliously. “I was doing no such thing, Varric.”

“Dorian, if you looked any harder, every time The Bull so much as flexed a bicep in your vicinity, he'd be walking around Skyhold covered in bruises in the shape of your eyes.” Blackwall drawled leaning back in his chair with a smirk for getting to see the normally cool, composed, and oh-so-superior, mage with his feathers properly ruffled for once.

“I know, right?!?” Came Varric's eager agreement, and once again both men fell to laughing at the look of affronted indignation that had settled over Dorian’s features

“Fine, if that is how you want to be; I'm leaving.” Dorian said with an offended sniff, “If you two are intent on behaving like nothing more than a pair of snickering juveniles, who am I to stop you?” Dorian stood in a huff, snagging the three-quarter full flagon of beer as he did so before he turned his back on the chortling pair.

“Oh come on now, Sparkler! It's nothing to be ashamed of!” The dwarf called out behind him, trying and failing to keep the laughter from his voice “Hey! That's my beer you're storming off with, you know!”

Dorian ignored them as he exited the tavern, ducking around the remaining bits of scaffolding in the courtyard and made his way toward the battlements where he proceeded to drink the beer he’d stolen at a pace that he knew was unwise. However, now that his first two attempts at distracting himself had failed so spectacularly, he had little choice but to fall back in his third and final recourse – get roaring drunk, and hope he passed out before he could do anything too mortifying.

He tried to keep his mind as blank and empty as possible as he mechanically went about draining the flagon. He tried not to think about the dwarf and Blackwall laughing at him back in the tavern, as Varric no doubt went about finishing his distastefully embellished version of that afternoon’s events. He tried to ignore the way they’d both been so quick to agree that his eyes tended to linger on The Bull's muscle bound form: his chest, his back, those big strong hands…

“These big, muscled hands could tear those robes off while you struggled, helpless in my grip…”

Oh for fuck’s sake! Enough already! He cursed at the direction of his thoughts, yet again. Damn that Bull! Those stupid, pestilent, words of his had wormed there way into Dorian's mind, and try as he might, he'd not been able to silence them. Company and drinking had been his second endeavor to do so. He'd first attempted to shake them off by immersing himself in a book, but that hen-pecking
Chantry Mother had been hovering again and every time she’d fidgeted it had dragged him out of his reading and he’d found his thoughts drifting back to-

‘...and as you gripped my horns...’

Yes, yes that. Dorian’s lip curled in a contemptuous sneer as he waved his hand about his head as though he could physically banish the insubstantial words, and accompanying images, which invaded his mind the moment he dropped his guard. When that -predictably- did nothing for his problems, he took another long pull from the bottle.

After the distraction of books had failed him, he’d briefly considered simply heading straight to his bed in an attempt to sleep it off. Problem with that idea was he’d known that if he sought his bed -without first seeing to being properly inebriated or exhausted- he was liable to do something unseemly in the process of getting to sleep.

Now understand, it wasn’t the prospect of spending some alone time with only his right hand for company that bothered him -Maker only knew, it was about the only action he’d seen since coming south- but with the way The Bull’s taunting had taken to festering in his mind... well, let’s just say, he was rather concerned as to just what might end up fueling such an activity. The shame of wanking off to that great hulking savage would stay with him for weeks, and with the damned qunari’s Ben-Hassrath training he was too perceptive for Dorian’s comfort; likely, he’d take one look at Dorian’s face come morning and know. What was worse! The sadistic bastard would undoubtedly call him out on it, in front of everyone.

He could practically hear it now; some poorly disguised stab about the amount of time he spent 'polishing his staff' or the like.

Better to just avoid that whole mess.

Dorian took another swig and was surprised at how far he had to raise the flagon. He held it up and looked at it, a little blurrily, impressed to note that it was now three-quarters empty as opposed to full.

Well, I guess that should just about do it, he thought, if I start heading back now I should be able to make it back to my bed just in time to fall into it.

He turned, only marginally unstable, and blinked owlishly for a moment at all the activity that suddenly seemed to be happening on the wall.

Oh. Right. Must be the changing of the watch.

Dorian started for nearest stairwell, passing a couple of guardsmen who were having a bit of chat before parting ways. He noticed that the one coming off his shift was a particularly handsome specimen; one of those heavy-set full plate types, with a common, rugged, sort of handsomeness about his face.

Perhaps that was what he needed. A bit of company to take his mind off things. A flair of anticipatory excitement flashed through him and Dorian felt his heart rate skip a beat at the prospect. Yes that was just what the healer called for; a bit of fun to deal with his frustrations, and he’d finally be able to rid himself of this preposterous obsession with the stupid gray behemoth.

His course decided, Dorian, stretched his legs a bit so that when the guard waved a farewell to his
relief, Dorian was squarely in front of him; walking with a little extra 'come hither' swagger in his hips. When he made the bottom of the steps he stopped, leaned up against the lintel, and waited for the fellow to catch him up. He positioned himself just so: arms over his chest, shoulders back, and hip cocked ever so slightly to the side. When the man’s dreamy farmer's eyes met his own Dorian hit him with his best sultry smile.

The soldier’s face gained a little extra color, but he then -unfortunately- gave the tiniest shake of his head before offering a very polite nod and continuing on his way. Dorian pouted a moment after him, but shrugged off the sting of rejection easily enough with another drink.

*There, see, that's how it's done,* he thought, perhaps a touch vindictively as he made his way past the barracks where the Inquisition’s soldiers and The Bull's Chargers took their rest. *A little subtlety and finesse never hurt anyone, quite the opposite, in fact!* No need for either of us to be embarrassed. *I made an offer, he refused. We both walk away, none the worse for it.* (Well, if you didn’t count the part where the prospect of 'slumming' with one of Cullen’s soldier boys had left Dorian rather uncomfortable in the trouser department, that is). *You don't see me shouting 'Hey handsome, why not come give the 'vint a ride!' at the top of my lungs. There's no need for-*

'I'd pin you down. And as you griped my horns...'

*Exactly!* *Who in their right mind says a thing like that? Let alone in front of everyone.* Dorian fumed. *It wouldn't have been so bad if The Bull had just demonstrated a little restraint; a smidgen of discretion!*

Dorian took another swig from the flagon and stopped to stare in the direction of the tower where the officers of all the different forces under the Inquisition’s command were housed. Where The Bull was housed. Where he slept. Where he was likely preparing for sleep *right now.*

*What does that even entail? Maker knows it isn't as if he ever bathes, judging by the smell. He probably just strips to the skin before falling into the bed to sleep in the nude.* Dorian thought with a derisive little snort.

Thoughts of that huge scarred and muscled form lying naked on a bed did nothing to suppress Dorian's lingering arousal. *Quite the opposite.* The thought of all that raw power lying there, exhausted -spent- after…


Dorian swallowed thickly closing his eyes against a swell of hot desire in the pit of his stomach. *Fasta vass!* Why was that thought suddenly so appealing? When had it changed from repulsive to … intriguing?

*It's all His fault. Being so damned heavy handed with the imagery. I'd never be so crass!* Dorian snarled in his head as he turned and started walking with determined -angry!- strides toward The Bull's rooms. *And that beast has the gall to suggest we're similar! US! Me and Him! Ha!*

They were nothing alike! Dorian Pavus had nothing in common with an unwashed, ill-bred, dirty
great...Ox-man! And he was going to inform him of exactly that! Right this very instant! He didn't care if The Bull was likely going to be in a foul temper if disturbed, -and possibly naked as the day he was born- Dorian, was going to set that dim-witted lummox straight – **right now!**

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.oX:-DTF~:xo.
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The Iron Bull had just shrugged off the last of his armor strapping when there came a loud pounding at his door. With an exasperated snarl he turned back toward the door to his quarters muttering threats upon the head of whichever of The Chargers was come to bother him. It had been a long trip back to the hold, and an even longer evening, sorting through his people, and he'd been looking forward to a solid night's rest in a real bed.

Again, there came that pounding.

"Alright! I'm coming!" He shouted at it as he ducked through the door from his wash chamber, careful not to smack his horns on the lintel. Recently, he'd made something of a game out of seeing whether he could actually knock out some of the more decrepit door frames around Skyhold before the masons hired by the Inquisition, got a chance to fix them; but he'd had to stop. His horns had started to ache as a result of his little game, and Horn-ache was no picnic even under the best of circumstances; and the prevalent cold of the deep south, had nothing to do with those.

"If this is for anything less than a high dragon attacking the hold so help me I'll skin-" He wrenched open the door in a rush only to be shocked into silence when a rather drunk Dorian barged through it. "Wha-Dorian?"

"You're wrong, you know, we are nothing alike!" The man stated with a dramatic wave of his hands; nearly smacking The Bull up the side of his face with the near empty bottle he was clutching. "I, for one, am a man of action, not to mention unimpeachable wit, refined tastes, sinful good looks and charm beyond measure; Where as you!-" he whirled and pointed an accusatory finger at the big warrior, "You, on the other hand, are simply a great, hulking, uncivilized, uncouth, brute! Comprised of nothing more tha-than... Than hot air and muscles!" The slightly drunken flush to the man's cheeks darkened with the 'and muscles' part of that, his eyes dropping down to taking in the sight of said muscles as though unable to help himself.

A slow predatory grin spread across The Bull's lips and it only grew wider when Dorian suddenly averted his gaze; the flush on his cheeks growing even darker under The Bull's scrutiny. Slowly, without ever taking his eye off the human, he shut the door and very deliberately sent the bolt home. It made him want to lick his lips, the way the mage swallowed nervously at the action.

"Those are some pretty big words coming from such a small man." The Bull drawled, "It almost sounds like you're trying to *provok*e me, Dorian." Then, without telegraphing the move, he closed the distance between them, slamming the smaller human up against the wall with ease. "So tell me, little 'vint , have you come to be conquered by the big *bad* Qunari?" Their faces were mere inches apart, the scent of the alcohol, heavy on the mage's breath, was a tantalizing temptation to The Bull's senses; making him eager for a taste.

The Bull waited -his one good eye boring into the mage's hazel pair- as the human tried to come to terms with his desire. The war was clearly still being waged inside Dorian’s head; A feirce battle
between the man's lust and his curiosity. Between his own perceived moral and social superiority, and his baser -more primal- wants. The Bull watched, as these forces fought a pitched battle behind the 'vint's eyes, and he waited. He could be patient a little longer.

That Dorian would ask him to take that next step -to tip the balance in favor of that carnal curiosity- was an inevitable, foregone, conclusion.

.Dox:~DTF~:x0.

Dorian's head was spinning and it wasn't from the beer, at least, not entirely so.

How had this happened? He'd come here to tell The Bull off for being insufferable and somehow he'd ended up letting the brute lock him in the room with him and pin him up against the wall. What was more! It felt as if that had been his primary intention all along!

Perhaps it had been.

His marked disappointment when The Bull had answered his door, shy no extra clothing beyond his 'armour', had been a bit of a shock to Dorian. Well, rather more than a bit really, it had been enough of a letdown he'd lost his train of thought and had, had to improvise his carefully planned out speech anew. Maker's Breath had he really opened with being a 'man of action'?

For a few moments they stayed like that: frozen in a tableau of Dorian's indecision. The Bull bent low, his face hovering over Dorian's own, one huge brawny arm held across the mage's chest, pressing him tight into the wall; forcing Dorian up onto his toes, and making breathing an act just this side of uncomfortable. The Bull's one steel blue eye locked and held Dorian's; searching, almost as though he could see the internal struggle raging within.

"So, what do you say, Pavus," The Bull murmured, his face drawing minutely closer to Dorian's own, his breath ghosting over the Altus’ lips in the hint of a promise, “you want to ride The Bull?"

And the last of Dorian’s reservations shattered under the strain, and he confessed the truth; that was exactly what he wanted.

"Right. You going to stand there all night and talk about it or-" The Bull cut him off with a kiss that could have boiled granite with its heat. There was no hesitation, no subtlety, to it at all; all passion, and fire, and dominance. Hot breath mixing and mingling; teeth and lips clashing in a simple primal lust. Dorian found himself completely lost in it, barely able to think or react -or even breathe- under the intensity. He was so far gone, he didn't notice when the bottle slid from his suddenly nerveless fingers to shatter at their feet. He didn't notice when his -now empty- hands came up to clutch at The Bull's head, fingers skating over thick pointed ears before pressing The Bull's mouth even tighter to his own. In fact, so lost in that kiss was he, that Dorian barely even noticed it when The Bull hoisted him bodily into the air, wrapping the human's legs around his waist, to better suport the mage as he pulled him clear of the wall. Until that kiss was broken, Dorian was the next thing to oblivious, to it all.

he came back to reality in a hurry, however, when the kiss was broken, and he found himself being slammed down onto the mattress of The Bull's bed. The straw mattress. Well, hadn't he been eager to 'slum' with that solider earlier? Well, if being fucked by a Tal-Vashoth savage on a pile of hay wasn't the epitome of slumming it, then Dorian didn't know what was.
His attention was, again, called back to the moment when the great hulking form of The Bull once more loomed over him. One of his too-big hands braced on the bedding, making the mattress dent under the weight of his enormity.

"Last chance, Dorian. You can leave now, no hard feelings, no questions asked, but if you stay... I don't want to hear any whining about mistakes and poor judgment, come morning."

Dorian stared up at Bull's one remaining eye and asked himself the same questions he'd asked himself every other time he allowed himself to fall into another's bed.

'Would he regret this?' Probably.

'Was he going to let that stop him?' Never.

After all, what was the point of life, if you didn't bother living it.

Chapter End Notes

*Closing A/N*: DON'T PANIC! (and preferably don't kill me either – if you kill me I can't post the rest, yes?) I promise there is more coming! Just a final polish then out to the Betas, and -Boom!- Chapter 2: 'Acting On An Inclination' Shall be posted... uh. 'post-haste' *cringes* ow. That even hurt me. Clearly, I'm spending far too much time in the company of my 'pun-ee' husband over the holidays...

In the meantime...

What did you think? Do I have their voices? Am I 'waffling' too much, for you? Does it feel like this might be how it happened off screen in the game to you? Or do you feel that I'm way off base? *quirks an eyebrow of inquiry at you*

Let me know, yeah? I'm a glutton for feedback of all kinds! Comments, Reviews & Messages are mother's milk to me. And I'm always happy and eager to start a discussion about my favorite subject! So let's get talking!

All my thanks & love to my beautiful betas on this: Tuon, MRTL85 & Enchant (How terrible am I, getting her to beta her own gift? :P )

Hope to see you all again for the next one!

P.S. - (Author's Asides)

1) Yes - The opening run of dialog to this chapter was indeed the entirety of the Dorian/Iron Bull flirt banter 'copy & pasted' whole sale from the game. I had no part in it, other than my turning of it into a single long conversation.

2) While chapters two and three will indeed involve some lovely graphically detailed man-smexing, it will not include any of the classic BDSM style Kink Bull demonstrates in his Inquisitor Romance (hopefully, those of you who are 'Hot Mess Hawke' fans didn't all just disavow me). BUT - Never fear! I am still Hatsepsut's 'Countess of Kink,' and it will still be plenty Kinky, just don't expect ropes and ticklers in this one, okay? It's
not what Dorian needs … yet.
A/N: WOW! Let me just say that again 'WOW!' Over a thousand hits on Ao3, and almost 400 views on FFNet and it's only been up for 12 days! And all these wonderful Faves, Follows, Subscription, Bookmarks & Kudos! -*melts*- You people are all just so lovely (and a little crazy) and I simply adore you all!

So~ apologies about this taking so long. When I posted 'Admitting to a Taste' I genuinely did think I was done with this... but the way it ended was just such an epic cock-tease and I just couldn't do that to you all. Extending it and making sure it was still up to the quality of the first half took and bit of doing, but I hope you'll all find it worth the wait. (Really this is starting to feel like a trend with my stories... I get to the sex and it's like wading through molasses to get it right.) However that also means that this chapter is a damn sight longer than I originally intend. So here's a quick 'Heads up!' make sure you have some time (and possibly a spare set of underwear) before settling in for the read.

As always, my undying fealty and love to my beautiful Beta readers – Tuon, MRTL85 & Enchant (Yup, I'm still that bad) – Without you, no one would ever read my stuff cause they wouldn't be able to understand any of it. (:P)

WARNING - THE KINK: So rather than there being a huge list of kinky acts for this story I'm focusing on a single main kink; qunari anatomy. We have all these lovely different race/species in Thedas and yet, for the most part, we all treat them like it's no different than making love to a human... Well that just won't do here. The qunari are very visually different and there was just no way I was letting this opportunity pass me up, so I'm RUNNING with it. That being said if that sort of thing freaks you out...

*shrugs* You've been warned. (Also please note that, yes, I am aware that some of my changes are blatantly against cannon -aka: the horns- so please don't feel the need to point that one out.)

Alright, so I've babbled on enough! See you on the other side!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
mage to his bed. Never mind that he could surely feel Dorian's eager willingness pressing up to greet him. Still, The Bull acted like they weren't both of them already committed to the proceedings. It was hardly a moment's thought for Dorian to make the decision to forge on and see this through.

“I thought this was supposed to be a 'hostile invasion', not 'aggressive negotiations'.” Dorian snarked, by way of an answer; trying to cover with sarcasm the way his heart started pounding as he crossed the point of no return. His cock stiffening further with the increased blood flow, and to feel the press of The Bull's largess looming over him like it was; thrilling and terrifying all at once. Yet, there remained very little actual contact between them; Dorian wanted more. “Are you ever planning to get on with the business of 'conquering' me, or are you content to just loom like this and watch me sober up.” He baited.

"Well, we can't have you losing your only reason for being here, now can we?" The Bull smirked, indulging Dorian's lie as he lowered himself down to his forearms so that the Altus could really feel his weight over him while still -thoughtfully- providing enough support to keep the man from being crushed beneath his giant mass. Dorian's eyes grew dark and his breathing grew shallow; now he genuinely was at The Bull's mercy, pinned bellow his bulk, while one impossibly large hand worked its way under his head. Hard muscles pressed down on him, causing Dorian's body to respond with unprecedented eagerness; he felt himself growing harder by the moment, as he tried to press himself deeper in to his captor's hold.

"Sobriety right now would be unquestionably detrimental to th-Ah-mmmmnn-mrgph!" Without warning, those thick, incredibly strong fingers at the back of his head suddenly flexed, and The Bull took a vicious, uncompromising, grip on his hair. The sudden shock and sting caused the mage to gasp and cry out. The sound was given no chance to truly escape him, however, for the moment Dorian's lips parted to release it, The Bull pressed his advantage and sealed the mage's mouth with another blistering kiss; and if Dorian had thought the kiss they'd shared before had been searingly hot, it was nothing when compared to this. In fact, it became patently clear that the brute had merely been toying with him earlier.

This time, The Bull held true to his taunting promises, and invaded. His tongue unfurling and taking possession of Dorian's mouth in a way that the mage had never even dreamed possible. It was everywhere; licking and curling over the mage's lips, teeth, and tongue. Filling him and moving in ways that were, simply put, inhuman.

He didn't know what to make of it; it was either obscene... or the most erotic thing he'd ever experienced.

When he felt it brush up against his throat, however, instinct took over and he tried to pull back; to free himself -somewhat- so that he might catch his breath and assess the situation. Only to discover there really was nowhere to go; nowhere to retreat to. The Iron Bull had him just where he wanted him and he'd left Dorian no possibility of escape.

.ox:-DTF-~xo.

The Bull felt a satisfied rumble grow in his chest at the mage's first feeble attempts to back him down.

Oh how he loved this part. That moment when his lovers first realized that this was not going to be like their usual inter-racial trysts.
Dwarf, human, elf: they were all of them pretty much the same, once you got them down to naked flesh. There were a few differences, sure. A few general trends amongst each race that held them separate and apart from each other; but on the whole, put a blindfold on and keep the non-essential touching to a minimum, and you’d be hard pressed to accurately name your partner's race. The qunari, on the other hand, bore several key anatomical differences -and he wasn't just talking about the horns. Intimacy with one of his kind was a truly unique experience; something he was going to take immense pleasure in demonstrating to the 'oh-so-superior' Dorian this evening.

The tongue was always the first thing to get their attention. Long, broad, and flatter than was considered normal by most folks; all qunari tongues were naturally capable of more dexterity than was the common average. The Iron Bull had expanded on this difference; honing his skill to a level of mastery that drove his partners -men and women, alike- to utter distraction whenever he chose to put it to use.

Now, normally he'd save something as foreign as 'throat-licking' for later in the game; after he'd earned a partner's trust and they were more comfortable with each other. But not tonight; tonight he wanted Dorian uncomfortable. Wanted him off balance. From the moment the mage had stagger through the door, the Altus had been too placid; too accepting by far. If he wanted that from his partners, The Bull, could get it from one of the stable boys any time he chose. What he wanted from Dorian was the firecracker he was out on the road; all fire and spit, full of arrogance and pride. He wanted the mage proud and fighting right up until he cracked and started begging. He wanted the man break apart in his hands so that he might have the pleasure of putting him back together.

But if he was truly going to savor Dorian's submission, he needed to wake him up first. To shock him out of his drunken submissiveness and see him struggling and fighting for control. When he gave the man a chance to breathe and was rewarded with a nasty bite on the lip, he knew he was well on his way.

When The Bull refused to back off, Dorian started to struggle; his hands coming up to claw and shove at the great uncivilized savage. His nails raking over that thick gray hide, finding no purchase and achieving nothing but the degradation of his manicure. He aimed for the most likely sensitive spots he could reach and still the great lummox persisted. When the oaf finally laid off – mostly due to a need for air, Dorian suspected, and nothing to do with his paltry attempts at stopping him – Dorian caught a hold of his retreating lip and bit it -hard- to make his displeasure known. Rather than putting the -primitive- savage off, however, this seemed to have been the insufferable monster's aim.

For no sooner had he released said lip before a devastatingly disarming and charming (though Dorian would never admit as much) smile spread across The Bull's scarred face and he crowed with delight.

"There we go! That's the fire I want. Come on Pavus, put some heat into it!"

“I should have suspected a bloody great brute like yourself would need it rough.” Dorian sneered back.

“Oh, I'm perfectly capable of enjoying it when it's soft, and sweet, and slow;” The Bull purred in his ear, before grabbing hold of Dorian's left arm and pinning it to the bed above the mage's head, forcing a little grunt to escape him. “But let's be honest here, Dorian - that's not what you came to me for, now is it?” As he spoke, The Bull shifted, one of his broad knees finding its way between Dorian's legs before forcing them apart; dropping a massive thigh into the space he'd made so that he
could torment Dorian's ridged cock with the hard cut muscle. Dorian bit his lip at the contact, trying to stifle the groan that reverberated through his chest regardless, in a vain effort to deny his tormentor the satisfaction of seeing just how much he was already enjoying this. Slowly, The Bull continued to press this thigh into the mage's groin, until Dorian couldn't stop himself from grinding up into the contact, seeking out a friction to match that exquisite pressure. All the while, The Bull's face, remained inches from Dorian's own, their breath mingling, hot and heavy, between them; lips drawing ever closer. Dorian braced himself for another one of those ruthless kisses only to have The Bull sink down at the last moment and yank the ties at his shoulder loose with his teeth.

Bastard was toying with him.

Well two could play at that.

Dorian waited for the moment when The Bull's head would be in the right position as he drew out the strings, then struck; darting forward and up to run his tongue along that long stubble covered jaw from chin to the base of one pointed ear. He relished the rough prickle of that dark stubble -it had been so long-, first under his tongue and then along his cheek as he approached his target; but not nearly as much as he relished the telling little shudder that ran thought the big warrior as he did it. However, it was the surprised huff of air that was expelled from The Bull's nostrils in a startled rush, as Dorian ran his tongue into The Bull's thick, ox-like ear, that the mage truly savored.

"Hot enough for you?" He murmured as he withdrew, relaxing back onto the 'bedding' with a superior little smirk on his lips. The look lost some of its sultry challenge, though, when the human's eyes grew round upon seeing the ear he'd just been tongueing begin to twitch and move independently. "Did I know they could do that?" He asked, a little bewildered, and not entirely certain the beer hadn't gone so thoroughly to his head that he wasn't seeing things. He'd have sworn he'd never seen The Bull's ears so much as tremble before and they certainly looked far less mobile than say, eleven ears which had no more range of motion than a human's.

"Congratulations." The Bull muttered as he shook his head a little and managed to get the ear to still its fidgeting. "I haven't slipped up on that front since I was in training." Training? Dorian was puzzled for a moment before the answer occurred to him; Ben-Hassrath training. If the qunari ears moved independently, like those of a horse or dog they would probably be and excellent source of information regarding their owner's moods and thoughts. Dorian had heard The Bull talking with their fair -rather expressive- Inquisitor regarding Ben-Hassrath style training to hide facial expressions; apparently that covered ear movement as well. Idly he wondered if it was hard for The Bull to hold them still like that all the time. He was still speculating on that, lost in his musings (and a bit of a beer fog, if he was honest) so that he had rather stopped paying attention to what The Bull was doing; when there came a sharp jerk at his shirt and he felt the stitching at his back, securing the leather buckles, pop he came back to the present situation in a right hurry.

"What, in the Void, do you think you're doing?!" He shouted as the tailored leather and cloth was literally torn from his chest “I have little enough by the way of tolerably fashionable clothing available to me as it is!” Dorian gave the tattered remains of his favorite shirt a mournful look as it was unceremoniously flung to the floor. “Right. Well done. You've murdered a perfectly innocent garment. I do hope you're proud of yourself.”

"Oh I'm sorry," The Bull mocked as he collected Dorian's other wrist, now free of its sleeve, and dragged it above the mage's head to join it's brother in The Bull's adamantine gripe, "and here I thought you wanted to have sex at some point tonight.”

"Yes, well that hardly required the mindless destruction of my shirt!” Again Dorian was aware he was being caustic in a vain attempt to cover the sheer level of his excitement; not that he was
managing anything of the sort if the twinkle in The Bull's eye was anything to go by. No, The Bull knew just exactly how excited Dorian was getting with each step they took toward the end game of this, their little charade. And now, with both of his hands pinned above his head, that single, disturbingly large, hand gripping both of his slender wrists like they were no more than the merest of twigs, Dorian was so turned on it was a struggle to keep himself from out and out panting like he was no more than prime bitch in heat.

“Right. Next time I'll waste the half-hour to get you out of all those ridiculous straps.” The Bull deadpanned back, and small smirk playing about his scarred lips, “You were the one complaining about me taking too long, if you recall.”

“That was different!” Dorian hissed up at him, experimentally testing The Bull's hold on his hands, his heart pounding a rapid staccato rhythm in his chest to feel the implied strength behind that grip; when The Bull squeezed a little in warning it was made shockingly apparent to Dorian that he could snap the mage's bones at a thought. “And who said anything about a ‘next time’? Keep destroying my clothes and you'll be lucky to have a first!” He'd aimed for haughty, but his breathing had become heavy enough by that point that the tone was somewhat lost under his panting.

Again, The Bull gave that irritatingly smug chuckle, and that smirk once again bloomed into a full predatory smile, laying claim to his scarred features, as the other too-big-hand demonstrated a surprising level of dexterity as he deftly dealt with the buckles on Dorian's breeches. He made surprisingly short work of the job too, considering he was doing it one handed; he almost did it faster than Dorian could manage with two hands while sober. It was when the warrior managed to tug off Dorian's boots, so that he might remove said breeches -silky cream smalls included-, however, that the true enormity of the situation came home to the mage; for The Bull did it without ever easing the pressure off the hands still held captive above Dorian's head. It wasn't even a stretch for the qunari; Dorian was like a child's doll in his hands.

Maker, what had he gotten himself into?

\[ox:-DTF-::xo.\]

Finally, with a rather impatient tug, The Bull had Dorian naked but for the buckled leather half-sleeve he wore on his left arm. This time he did lick his lips in anticipation; the human was surprisingly well toned under that ridiculous get up of his. He let his eye wander over him from the neck down, savoring the sight of the little 'vint stretched out and on display for him. All that lovely olive skin, taught and smooth over a trim well defined figure. Every muscle sharply defined with the tension of the mage's anticipation. What little body hair the mage allowed to remain on his chest and about his sex, groomed every bit as fastidiously as that which the man wore upon his face and head.

The Bull, practically purred with appreciation. He didn’t mind a bit of hair on his human or dwarven partners but he preferred it not he be overwhelming – probably a holdover from the fact that his own kind where just as hairless as elves. What Dorian bore was just enough to tantalize and titillate with out potentially getting in the way of anything The Bull might want to do with his mouth; nothing like spitting out short hairs to ruin the mood. His gaze followed that perfectly manicured trail of glossy hair that expertly drew the eye from the man's navel to the trimmed nest of coarser curls from which then mans cock sprouted; a graceful tawny spire crowned with a plump dawnstone pink head.

“Enjoying the view?” Came the smart mouthed taunt from the human as The Bull's eye lingered over that perfectly pretty cock which began twitching under the scrutiny.
“Why wouldn't I? It is a very nice view.” The Bull rumbled back.

“Nice! I have it on very good authority that the view I provide my partner’s with is nothing shy of perfection.” Dorian huffed.

“How. If only the rest of you was as big as your ego.” The Bull teased, just to watch the mage's eyes light up with the fire of indignant outrage.

“And I suppose I'm just to take it on faith that what lies between your legs is as oversized as the rest of you?” Dorian snarked, before his eyes lit up with a wicked gleam. “Varric does call you 'Tiny'; perhaps the dwarf knows something the rest of us don't. It would certainly explain your reluctance to remove those monstrosities you call breeches. So what is it to be? Am I just to lie here, naked, while you salivate over a perfection you could never possibly hope to attain?”

Oh that ego definitely needed to be knocked down a few pegs.

The Bull shifted so that he was now fully atop the mage; his body covering every inch of Dorian and then some, while still holding himself aloft so that they weren't quite touching. Carefully, he positioned himself so that his groin was directly over the human's own fully erect cock then, slowly, he lowered himself down so that Dorian could feel the hard length of his cock measured out against his own. The mage's eyes grew almost as large and round as an elf's, and his mouth actually fell open with a quiet gasp of shock at the feel of the qunari's sheer bulk. The Bull rumbled his satisfaction at the mage's speechlessness.

“I haven't let you see it yet, Dorian,” He purred, his eye boring into Dorian's shocked and incredulous gaze, “because it's no fun if you go and faint with envy before I've had a taste.”

The Bull dipped his head and stole another searing open-mouthed kiss from Dorian, but the mage could barely respond, his mind still reeling over the altogether mind boggling enormity of The Bull's cock as it pressed alongside his own, the implications of which were electrifying... and also terrifying. The Bull broke from this kiss much quicker than he had the others, perhaps sensing Dorian's distraction.

“You doin' alright, Dorian?” he asked, his eye crinkling with mirth, as a softly knowing half-smile spread over his lips.

Disarmed, and still a little shocked, Dorian responded with the first words that popped into his head. “You doin' alright, Dorian?” he asked, his eye crinkling with mirth, as a softly knowing half-smile spread over his lips.

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would take The Bull deeper than any of the qunari's past partners.

Finally, The Bull seemed satisfied with whatever it was he was doing with the pillows above Dorian's head and before he knew exactly what was happening Dorian found his wrists had been released and he was being manhandled into new position on the bed. When he came to rest he found his head and shoulders, supported by a couple of pillows, being pressed up against the head board, while another pillow had being tuned lengthwise so it ran down the length of Dorian’s spine, proving an extra supporting incline. It would have probably been quite comfortable, if the next moment Dorian hadn't been roughly folded in half, his knees shoved up against his chest by one oversized hand, while The Bull's other hand reached into the chest serving double duty as The Bull's bedside table, and collecting a large bottle of oil.

“Hands.” The Bull ordered as he pulled the cork form the bottle with his teeth.

“And if I refuse?” Dorian inquired cocking one eyebrow, curious to see what The Bull's response would be to his defiance.

“It's no skin off my back if you wanna chafe up that pretty hide of yours.” The Bull said with a shrug. Dorian glared but begrudgingly offered his hands to The Bull, who proceeded to pour out a copious amount of the oil into them.

“And just what, exactly, do you expect me to do with this?”

“Horns.” The Bull said, lowering his head in a somewhat menacing manner so that Dorian might reach his horns more easily. “Pay special attention to the base and crossbar, but the more coverage you can get, the better.”

“Care to tell me precisely why it is I'm oiling your horns up? Or is this all part of some bizarre Qunari foreplay ritual?” Dorian needled, even as he complied; messaging the oil into the jagged callous-like plate of skin where horns erupted from The Bull's heavy brow and working his way out over the crossbar and up to the points. While he did this, The Bull carefully set the rest of the oil back atop the chest within easy reach of the bedside.

“No, nothing like that. It's just so I can do this.” Suddenly, The Bull slid down the bed and Dorian found his knees hooked over top The Iron Bull's freshly oiled horns. He didn't have time to recognize the implication of the position before the Bull was demonstrating it; his face buried deep in the cleft of Dorian's ass, making the man cry out in mingled shock and pleasure.

“Fasta vass!” The mage swore, as that wicked, long - talented - tongue once again unfurled and lapped over him; every muscle in Dorian's body went ridged as he instinctively tried to straighten out; to protect his sensitive, tender flesh from so sudden, and intimate, an invasion. This immediately clarified The Bull's reasons for hooking Dorian’s legs over his horns, as well as why he'd had Dorian oil them up first. For when Dorian pressed forward, the Bull pressed back, his horns effectively pinning the mage in place between them and the head board, preventing him from attaining any relief from The Bull's ruthless onslaught. If those rough horns had been dry, Dorian's skin would have been raw and abraded within moments.

As Dorian writhed within the confines of his captivity, his hands instinctively sought out his partner - desperately hunting for any form of contact- and took hold of the only part of The Bull's anatomy left within easy reach: the tips of those blasted horns.
The Bull moaned into the cleft of Dorian's ass as the mage's legs squeezed him; trapping the base of each horn between calf and thigh; the warm, strong pressure so very deeply soothing. He felt a rush of endorphins flood his system each time the man bore down and he had to remind himself to keep the pressure on, lest his prey be allowed to escape him. Not that Dorian sounded like he was even capable of dreaming of escape just now, as he thrashed and moaned and cursed above The Bull's head. His favorites were decidedly when the 'vint started cursing; hearing that high bred cultured voice, rough and dripping obscenities in a multitude of tongues was fucking hot, and every time another run of vulgarity escaped those pouty lips The Bull felt his cock throb with a heavy and ardent want.

He guided his tongue to curl over and around that perfect star with practiced ease; savoring the small multitude of ways Dorian's body responded and resonated to its every stroke and curve. The way the mage's spine and hips bucked back against his horns, grinding against him. The feel of the big muscles of Dorian's legs as they twitched and trembled under his hands. The, now rhythmic, tensing of the man's legs over his horns rewarding him with those glorious pulses of pleasure. And the sound of the human's breathing as it grew more ragged and desperate around the flood of breathy, gasping, moans and biting passionate swearing. The Bull lost himself to the lust as he patiently worked Dorian's hole, teasing and toying with it until the flesh was soft, and pliant under his tongue, and the man was all but sobbing with a desperate want for something... more.

"Bloody fuck!" The words escaped the mage in a breathless whine that barely made it passed his lips, as though he'd not air enough in his lungs to put any real force behind them. But the human recovered his wind enough to snarl the next bit. "Get on with it already!"

And with that, The Iron Bull finally allowed his hands to move down from the sides of the human's thighs till each cupped one of those glorious cheeks the man was so fond of taunting everyone with; a triumphant grin fighting to make itself felt against Dorian's skin even as The Bull's blunt qunari fingers dug into the firm full flesh of the Altus' ass with a barely constrained glee. Above him, the mage groaned a long dawn out sound of the purist frustrated need.

The Bull had been dying to get that lush ass in his hands since first moment he'd laid eye on it. For all that he liked to poke at the 'vint for his absurd obsession with clothes and fashion, the warrior had to admit the man knew how to impress: as well as how to display his better features to perfection. The best of which was that sweet ass; ripe and full, and just begging to be squeezed and smacked. Mmmm yeah, he was definitely gonna get in a smack or two before they were done; see just how pretty it looked all tinted pink and glowing under that tan.

The thought made The Bull's fingers ache to squeeze harder, and he had to remind himself to keep his grip in check, less he leave all that pert, mouthwatering skin, bruised beyond comfort. That Dorian would walk away from this encounter bearing some bruises was inevitable, such was the nature of The Bull's strength when combined with a bit of rough sex, but he wanted those bruises light; a fond reminder of a wild night of horn gripping, sheet ripping passion. 'Cause sure, one-night-stands were all well and good… with the serving girls and stable hands, but The Bull could already tell this thing with the mage was going to be an experience worth repeating.

Now if he just needed to convince Dorian of that fact.
Dorian was a mess. Vaguely, he was aware the voice of his pride screaming at him, as though from a great distance, to do something about that fact, but frankly, the voices of lust and desire had long since drowned him out. At this point, Dorian had simply sunk too far into the fire of his own want to care about something as banal as keeping up appearances.

He'd lost all concept of time as The Bull had meticulously teased him open with that deceptively sly tongue of his. It might have been no more than a hand full of minutes, it might have been hours; Dorian didn't know and, honestly, didn't care. He was lost in the land between 'too much' and 'not enough' and it was a wondrous, awful, place.

Three times he'd spread his legs as wide as The Bull's horns would allow, desperate to clear the way so he might try for some kind of hold on his aching twitching cock; and thrice, The Bull, had circumvented him. Twice by pressing into Dorian so that he was folded solidly in half -his own legs effectively becoming a barrier between his hands and their goal- And once, by distracting him so thoroughly he'd utterly forgotten what he'd be trying to do, before that devious tongue had been pressed deep inside him and had started writhing like that.

At last, it had become too much to bear.

“Bloody fuck! Get on with it already!” He demanded, ordered even. Clearly a command that The Bull decided to move on, knowing full well that Dorian would not beg. Dorian Pavus begging; what a ridiculous notion.

Of course, those were just the lies he kept telling himself. For even as his voice remained strong, his body was growing weak; his every action screaming of a pathetic and wanton need. His limbs all trembling as he pressed down on the Bull's face and groaned like a man dying to finally feel those monster hands as they took a hold of his ass. His oversized grip like steel, squeezing till Dorian felt the first kiss of pain lying just below the pleasure. He pressed back into those hands as much as The Bull's horns would allow with his trembling, weak-as-water, legs still tucked over them.

Then, The Bull pressed something beside his tongue against Dorian's slick and pulsing back door and the mage's mind stuttered to a stop.

That can't be...

He looked down and confirmed the physical impossibility of what it felt like he was feeling; the way The Bull had him positioned meant he couldn't see much beyond his own shins and The Bull's broad scar covered neck and back, but it was enough to confirm that everything was as it should be. The Bull was still, mostly hanging off the foot of the bed; his horns, and head, and hands the only things anywhere near Dorian's ass, and yet, again there came that broad blunt pressure and Dorian would have sworn...

He focused on the feel of every place The Bull and he were in close contact, trying to make sense of it. He could feel The Bull's horns, rough and jagged under his thighs, which were throbbing in a way that made Dorian suspect a certain amount of bruising. He could feel the thick ragged plate of rough hard skin that marked the meeting of horn and brow, as it was pressed up against his balls. The sharp prickle of The Bull's stubbled cheeks where they left the skin just either side of his crack feeling a little raw as The Bull rimmed him within an inch of his life. But most of all he could feel those big hands splayed out over his ass; the fingers, long and thick, reaching just past his buttocks and up onto his thighs, the small ones curling round to his hips, as his thumbs-

Vishante kaffas! That’s what it was! That fat blunt thing, circling and rocking into the ring of
sensitive muscle was one of The Iron Bull's thumbs. Not something Dorian would normally have considered a problem, but from where he currently sat it felt like nothing so much as a cock being pressed up against him; a small one to be sure, but certainly nothing like any finger or digit should.

"Relax, Pavus." The Bull chided him, lifting his head a bit and Dorian's legs along with it. "You're going to undo all my hard work."

"Easy for you to say!" Dorian gritted out, just before all the air abandoned his lungs in a rush when The Bull put a bit more pressure behind his hands, making that thick thumb slide into him, merciless and slow, with nothing but The Bull's saliva to slick its way. The luster of sweat that had made Dorian's skin shine in the dim lamp light suddenly turned into a thick sheen as beads of perspiration sprung up all over his body at the oversized intrusion. Even with The Bull's careful rimming and Dorian's desperate eagerness, it was a bloody tight fit with relatively unstretched muscle. Loathe to admit it as he was, it had been a while since Dorian had had an opportunity to do this sort of thing; and no one had ever gone about opening him in this fashion before; which is to say, with something quite as thick as The Iron Bull's thumb. Dorian grabbed a hold of his knees and pulled them even tighter to his chest, trying to make as much space as possible available.

Venhedis what kind of trouble had he invited into his life, letting The Bull do this to him; normally fingers were the easy-part.

The Bull ducked his horns clear of the mage's legs when he felt Dorian instinctively pull his knees up to give him room to work; a cocky mocking smile spreading across his lips.

"Suffering a bit of dry spell, were we, little 'vint?" The Bull teased upon encountering the surprisingly tight state of Dorian's passage.

"Shut up." Dorian panted, as The Bull began working his thumb in and out in with relentlessly steady thrusts, "And don't call me 'little'. I'm actually - ngh! - rather tall for a - aha! - human; I'm only 'little' when compared to oversized - mmmh! - monstrosities like you!" He then attempted to level the brute with the most ferocious glare currently available to him; which just wasn't. For some strange reason, Dorian's eyes were finding it rather hard to focus. "Fasta vass! Couldn't you have started with something a little smaller! The little finger perhaps!"

"You're a big guy, right? You can take it." Was The Bull's smirking response, earning him a properly hostile, - if brief- glare this time. The expression vanished when The Bull changed the orientation of his thumb a bit, and dragged the meaty calloused pad of it right over Dorian's sweet spot, making Dorian's eyes roll back into his head as that sweet wave of pleasure crested over him; intense and inescapable. Dorian's body flushed hotly and he moaned an absolutely mortifyingly pleased little moan; one which saw that last vestiges of Dorian's pride curl up in a little ball to hide in the deepest recesses of his mind, where it preceded to rock with hands over its ears trying to pretend this wasn't happening.

"There we are." The Bull murmured meditatively, as he absently reached for the bottle of oil again; pouring another thick stream over the spot where Dorian was impaled upon his thumb - easing the resistance of skin and muscle.

"Bull!" Dorian pleaded, shifting his hips in a vain effort to feel that sweet heat again. The Bull seemed more than happy to comply; again shifting the angle of his grip so that he could hit that sweet spot. Only this time he didn't so much hit it, as press it; his thumb stroking over the spot with the smallest of movements that positively liquidated Dorian's insides under the molten heat.

This was a new experience to him; no one had ever tormented him in quite this manner before and Dorian's breath left him in a shuddering rush of air as he gritted his teeth and trembled to feel that hot
flood of liquid heat slowly growing and expanding in the pit of his groin. His muscles began to
quake as he curled in even tighter to himself, cock positively drooling precum over his abdomen
where it was trapped against him by his thighs. He wanted nothing so much as to be able to grab and
stroke himself furiously but his hands were currently occupied, holding his knees in a grip so fierce
his knuckles were aching with it.

He was so focused on that deep incendiary heat as it continued to expand, growing ever hotter, that
he never noticed The Bull's other oil coated thumb as it gently began stroking little half circles along
the stretched ring of muscle at his entrance; waiting for the right moment to invade.

The Bull watched Dorian like a cat at a mouse hole. Enjoying the sight of every muscle and sinew as
they grew ever tighter. Looking for that moment when the mage would hit the wall of his endurance;
when he was wound so tight he had nowhere left to go but to break apart.

It wasn't a long wait.

When it came, Dorian pulled in a breath like a drowning man and held it. The flush on his face
spreading and deepening to a bloody shade of scarlet as he waited for the moment of release his body
was telling him *must* be coming; making The Bull groan at the sight. He couldn't help but think how
fucking hot it was when the human's jaw clenched, the tendons on his neck growing sharply defined
under the strain. The Bull's cock was aching with need; he wouldn't be surprised at all to discover it
was leaking just as heavily as Dorian's under his clothes, but the mage wasn't ready for him yet, so
he bit down on the desire to simply tear off his trews and bury himself in that sweet tight ass. He bit
on it till he could taste blood, and realized he had actually been biting his cheek trying to keep
himself in line; and nothing he could do was capable of stopping the low guttural growl of want that
crawled out of him at the exquisite picture of temptation that was Dorian Pavus on the brink of his
orgasm.

With a gasp like the crack of a whip Dorian's lungs demand the air he'd been denying them and a
broken pleading sob was torn from the human's throat. "Sweet bloody Maker! Bull, *please!*" He
begged, tears welling forth in his eyes as he abandoned his taught stillness in favor of grinding back
on Bull's hand in a provocative display of wanton desperation that saw The Bull's own hips start to
grind against the bed in turn, matching the mage’s rhythm. Imagining the feel of that tight hot
passage as it clenched and spammed around his thumb doing the same around his aching prick.
Dorian sobbed before him and The Bull could deny him no more. He relaxed his thumb from its
tightly controlled flyspeck stroking and dragged it properly over the mage's prostate in two hard
brutal strokes that saw Dorian screaming; on the third he slid his second thumb home.

Dorian came like a geyser. His body arching up off the sheets, a hoarse broken cry spilling from his
throat as a fountain of ejaculate spattered across his sternum; a beautiful milky stream, contrasting
sharply against all that pretty, flushed bronze skin, in a way that made The Bull rumble with
appreciation.

Dorian's whole body relaxed on the heels of his orgasm; opening up for the Bull's enjoyment, like a
rose opening it's petals to the sun. His legs falling to the bed as his hands lost their grip, spreading
wide to frame Dorian’s still twitching cock. One arm falling back to cover over the mage's eyes as he
panted while the other collapsed bonelessly to the bed at his side.
It was that very 'bonelessness' that The Bull had been waiting for. With out wasting any time, he set about putting his thumbs to work; crooking the ends and eagerly stretching Dorian's now slack entrance at a seemingly frantic pace.

“Fasta vass! Give me a moment!” Dorian panted trying to squirm away from that over whelming, wriggling, -stretching- fullness, yet clearly unable to find any strength with which to do so; which of course had been The Bull's purpose all along.

Loose, weak and limp as Dorian was now, it was matter of only a handful of minutes to stretch that taught ring of muscle till it was ready for him; till it was slack around his thick thumbs and fluttered lewdly when he removed them, begging him to fill it with something of greater substance. And The Bull quite agreed that, that was exactly what the situation called for; Dorian was ready for him and he wanted to feel the 'vint wrapped around his cock like he'd wanted nothing ever before.

Dorian had whimpered at the loss of The Bull's fingers, and he whimpered again when the rich radiant heat of the warrior withdrew from its close proximity to his sweat soaked skin; however, her could do nothing more than whimper at these losses. He was still weak after his orgasm; his muscles slack, shaking and trembling to and even greater extent than before from The Bull's continued teasing after the deed was done. It hadn't been the fullest Dorian have ever been, with both of the brute's thumbs in there, but it had been close. That Dancer in Minrathous had been larger -or, well longer, at least- but he'd been rather famously well endowed, and he'd at least had the good graces to not over stimulate his partner then be so abrupt about his departure.

Now, after being stretched so staggeringly wide, then brutally abandoned, Dorian could feel his asshole gaping shamelessly at the sudden emptiness. It was distressing; that lack of internal pressure leaving him feeling achingly hollow throughout his entire being. He could hear his heart pounding in is chest as though his whole body was nothing more than one of those great empty kettle drums.

He managed to peel one eye open looking for where in the void The Bull had run off to, just in time to see the qunari kick his boots off behind him -sending them flying to the bed chamber wall with the force of his movements- and then, with an equal show of violent haste, he loose the broad belt that cinched those Maker-awful breeches in place, so that the cloth and leather all fell to the floor with a heavy thump.

At last, The Iron Bull stood naked before him and Dorian's head swam at the sight. With that monstrously oversized girdle the warrior wore gone, it became exceedingly obvious just how excellent a job it did of disguising everything about The Bull's lower half. Dorian had known he couldn't possibly be as soft in the middle as he looked in that get up; any one with a back as carved up as The Bull's had to have some tone and structure on the front as well, and The Bull's hard cut stomach did not disappoint the mage's vague imaginings. His legs too, were spectacular, thick as tree trunks, and huge and powerful, but mostly Dorian's eyes were drawn to the great protruding length of cock the warrior had teased him with earlier. Distantly, he was grateful The Bull had waited till he was this far gone before sharing this with him because seeing it now Dorian could safely say (if only in the private recesses of his own mind), the brute had been right. If Dorian had, had the strength in his limbs to do so he'd have bolted, and if he'd had the presence of mind to really comprehend what he was looking at…

All of a sudden, The Bull's mocking jest about him fainting didn't seem so far fetched. The Bull was hung like… well, a bull.

The qunari's cock was long, and thick, and every bit as gnarled and burly as the rest of the warrior. It jutted out from him like a third horn, the thick pale shaft pulsing with want; the head -a deep dusky purple-red- gleaming and sopping with precum. Dorian's mouth watered to see the level to which the
sight and sound of him had managed to excite his partner, it roused his pride a bit, to see such clear proof that he wasn't the only one losing his composure over this experience.

Dorian's eyes still lingered on the wetly shining head, his tongue sneaking out to moisten his lips as he tried to imagine just what it would be like to taste it. What would it feel like to wrap his lips around that enormous girth and run his tongue over all its sensitive spots. He tried to visualize taking all of it in, opening his throat and sinking down upon his length until his...

Dorian felt a small frown crease his brow and he tried to sit up. His eyes, as they had traveled up the shaft of The Bull's cock had spotted something odd about the base; and subtle flaring bulge right at the root of that magnificent erection, just before his view was obscured by an oil soaked massive hand as The Bull began to stroke himself, coating his prick till it was positively dripping with thick oil as he made his way back to the bed; a burning hunger lighting his eye.

And Dorian quite forgot about anything beyond what was about to happen.

The Bull came in low; the bed dipping and rocking under his weight as he all but crawled over Dorian's still limp limbs.

“Hhmmm. You look every bit as delicious as you taste,” He rasped, dipping his head low over Dorian's belly and licking up his seed before looking up at Dorian, his eye hot and feral with that predatory glint as he moved up, over the mage's chest til there faces were once again inches apart. “and you taste like sex~.” He finished in a purr, his hot breath heavily laden with the scent of Dorian's own cream washed over the mage, like the headiest of liqueurs.

Dorian opened his mouth in eager anticipation; tilting his head to the side, his tongue coming forward to meet The Bull's, a moment before the qunari once again claimed him a kiss that was now, not only hotter than dragon’s fire, but also filthy as sin. Dark, and dirty, and heavy with the taste of Dorian's own cum, it reignited Dorian's hunger from earlier and he felt the strength and vigor returning to his limbs and spent cock with an astounding rapidity. As the qunari once again plundered his mouth with ruthless disregard for his comfort, he found himself arching up into The Bull's broad chest, his legs spreading wider and coming up to better set the angle as The Bull reached down between them, till his cock was lined up with Dorian's gaping entrance.

And this time there was no mistaking this as any thing but The Bull's cock. That huge head pressed tight up against him, making and absolute mockery of his thumbs from earlier. Maddeningly, The Bull pressed in only until he encounter that first hint of resistance, then he stopped dead making Dorian snarl up at him, once again taking that thick lip between his teeth and biting till he tasted blood.

“Fucking get on with it already!” He growled into the other's mouth. His whole body trembling with frustrated want.

“Trust me, Dorian I'm every bit as eager as you are.” The Bull panted over him, “But you need to keep your head just a bit longer. You need to tell me when to stop.” Dorian once again opened his eyes to see the Bull looking at him in that piercing way of his.

“If you stop,” Dorian panted, “I'm going to set the bloody bed on fire.” He threatened trying to press himself down on that maddening almost intrusion he could feel twitching and bucking at his back porch.

“I'm serious, Dorian. When you hit your limit you need to tell me.” The Bull voice was surprisingly earnest and it pulled Dorian out of his lust fogged haze some, his eyes searching The Bull's face for the lie, -because it had to be a lie- behind that concerned tone he could hear; but the Bull's face was a
mask, even more unreadable to Dorian now than ever, with his mind thick and clouded over with need.

“Fine. Just put it in already!” He agreed, once more rocking back to try and further penetrate himself.

That was all the assurance the Bull needed for the next moment Dorian was arching up off the bed, shouting a long string of Tevene curses as The Bull slid into him in a long slow relentless thrust. It was like the onslaught of the on coming tide; massive, powerful and unstoppable. Dorian could do no more than ride it out. The overwhelming aching burn of being breached by something so disproportionally large, warring with the pleasure spiked rush of endorphins his mind rewarded him with at being filled beyond anything he had ever dreamed of experiencing. This was the fullest Dorian had every been, bar none, and it so far beyond any previous experience that it was absurd.

As The Bull continued to drive into him, Dorian felt that achy fiery shudder in the muscle of his leg and back that he associated with being penetrated, spreading beyond the usual bounds. Soon his arms where shaking, with it, his feet burning with it, and his lungs gasping and screaming for air from it; as though The Bull's massive cock was some how reaching so far inside him that it was crowding out his every bone, preventing him, even, from taking a proper breath with its volume. And still the fire spread. Coursing throughout his being until that act of penetration had become a whole body experience. One where Dorian’s every nerve and fiber was soon crying out on the cusp of pain; the brink of pleasure.

It was so much.

Too much.

And yet still not enough.

His long fate-enforced abstinence had left the mage with a ravenous hunger which was taking in the feast The Bull had brought to its table and it fully intended to glut itself on this pleasure. He would accept every last scrap and morsel that The Bull was willing to give him, and he would take whatever the beast would hold in reserve. He clamped his mouth shut, biting down on the treacherous tongue which had dared considered checking the qunari’s advance; as he forced his lungs to draw in another -proper- breath. Using the flood of fresh oxygen to exhale through the barrier of his discomfort that would keep him from reaching the deeper well of his pleasure, and let The Bull sink deeper.

“That's it; breathe through it, Dorian. Fuck! You feel so fucking tight.” The Bull's breathing was every bit as labored and ragged as the mage's as he sunk slowly deeper, and deeper into that scalding hot passage. Pressing himself into the sheathe Dorian was providing with exquisite care, all the while fight the urge to simply slam himself home.

Normally it wasn't this bad, that need to bury himself till he was seated to the very hilt; his knot fully encased inside his partner. But something about this arrogant little 'vint had woken his deeper -less controllable- nature, and he was trembling with the effort to contain himself. Every moment like walking over cut glass, as he waited for the moment Dorian would cry 'Stop!' and he would have to cease that glorious torturous decent into paradise.

Inch by inch, he progressed; sinking further in with an agonizing slowness. His every exhale carrying out an accompanying groan of satisfaction as the mage continued to breathe his way through the burning stretch, showing no sign of calling the halt. Already Dorian had taken The Bull deeper than any male partner he'd taken since being sent beyond the borders of Par Vollen and he was fast approaching the point where most women called an end to his advance too.
“Dorian.” He groaned, his voice filled with a halting sort of warning, as he slowed his forward press, afraid the stubborn mage had gotten it into his head that he was going to prove the ‘Arrogant Qunari’ wrong and force himself well and beyond what he could actually physically handle.

“Don’t stop!” Was the human’s immediate edict, his voice somewhere between desperate mewl and a livid snarl. “I swear to the Maker, Bull, if you stop there-” He heaved, “-never mind the bed, I will set your horned ass on fire!”

“Vashedan! Dorian, if I go any further-” A deep moaning bellow of want cut off the rest as it poured out his chest when the mage clenched down around him, his hips jutting forward another half an inch, until The Bull could feel the slick wet heat brush against the top of his knot.

“There-” Dorian finally hissed through gleaming gritted teeth, his voice strained yet immensely satisfied just as The Bull was sure he was about to crack; knowing that if Dorian managed to take in even the smallest portion of his knot that there would be no stopping himself until he'd forced the whole of it into that burning fevered depth.

The Bull closed his eye and sucked his abused and bitten lip into mouth trapping it beneath his own teeth as he held his breath; holding himself still by sheer force of will; trying to stem the tide of his need while the human adjusted. Dorian didn't help on that front at all. Cheeky bastard kept rocking his hips in these little thrusting movements, his channel sporadically clenching down around the Bull's cock, wringing out a loud startled grunt with every pulse of pleasure.

“What are you waiting for, a written invitation?” Dorian finally panted up from beneath him and The Bull opened his eye to take in the pretty picture made by Dorian's face; flushed, strained, and absolutely dripping with sweat, those pouty lips parted and swollen, as the 'vint's hazel eyes burned up at him. “Move you great lump!”

Bull didn't need telling twice.

With a roar he hauled back, retreating from that glorious depth before sinking back in with a thrust like a battering ram that saw Dorian's entire body shift up the bed until the mage's head smacked against the head board with an undignified ‘thud’. Dorian didn't seem to notice, but The Bull, still had enough presence of mind to recognize that if he did that a few more times, he was going to end up braining the human in the process of buggering him. When he withdrew again, he dragged the mage back down the bed by his hips and slammed him down onto his cock, instead.

It made for a very pretty show as the mage arched up and writhed, as he was dragged down onto The Bull's impaling length. The Altus' eyes half lidded and fogged over with pleasure, his immaculate mustache in total disarray over those bitten and kiss-bruised lips, his normally pristine perfect hair a tangled sweat soaked mess; As far and The Bull was concerned, the mage had never looked better.

But there was room for improvement yet.

Yeah, The Bull was gonna turn Dorian into a proper mess before this was done, and a gaping asshole leaking out his seed, seemed like the perfect finishing touch.

With a violence driven by haste, he once more fell to cover the mage's body, this time placing his bracing arm in the space between the man's long neck and his shoulder; effectively preventing the man from sliding up the bed again as he began to really pound into him. Even so, he was careful never to drive passed the mage's comfort; a task that was, for once, simplicity itself to accomplish. His knot naturally providing resistance to mark the end of each thrust. At this depth, The Bull, would actually have to try in order to slip passed that mark. Not that it wasn't insanely tempting to do just
that with the mage's ass brushing up against his long neglected knot like that on every stroke. Never the less, despite -or perhaps because of- that sweet temptation, The Bull began to groan with a genuine appreciation for that extra half inch the man had taken from him. That little hitch of resistance making it almost feel like he was actually seating himself properly; a sensation he'd been denied for more years than he'd care to count.

“Fuck! You're so fucking good, Dorian! Like a proper fucking Tamassren.” He huffed, his breathing hitching then speeding up till it was even more ragged and halting than the human's as he really started to move; finding his rhythm and ruthlessly taking what he wanted from that deep hot road. Not that Dorian was complaining about the rough treatment. If those delightful little cries of pleasure The Bull was pounding out of him, were any thing to go by, the mage was positively reveling in being 'used and abused' in this way.

..ox:-DTF-:xo..

Dorian was most certainly not complaining, awash in a haze of overwhelming fullness and guttural pleasure as he was. Each thrust sending torrents of sensation to his every sinew and making his vision spark and flare. It was devastating and amazing and terrifying and so incredibly painfully-wonderful. Dorian really didn't know where he ended and The Bull began any more. His whole body had turned into one giant naked nerve, dedicated to the sole purpose of feeling every inch of raw uncut pleasure the Bull was assaulting him with.

Sweet Maker! He'd never felt anything like this. Not that there hadn't been pleasantly of rough sex in his past. Fast, hasty, rutting in a dark room -both himself and his partner caring only about their own immediate pleasure- had sadly been the norm in Tevinter; but never had there been anything like this. The was nothing refined or contained about the way The Bull was taking him. Each long thrust filling him until he was sure he was going to break around it; each swift retreat leaving him feeling bereft and empty and all the more desperate for that brutal, hard return.

It was pleasure at its rawest -pure and untamed- and it would leave Dorian forever ruined for anything less.

He was aware, on some level, that the headboard had begun to bang against the wall with enough force to rouse the tower's other occupants, and that he himself had started screaming like some wailing soprano and could undoubtedly be heard clear across the court yard and all the way to the main hall at this point. Yet, he couldn't seem to stop the shouted, pleading, cries for more that spilled from his lips in an endless stream. Nor, did it seem, he really wanted to.

No, what he wanted, was to let go. To give in, and bask in this selfish loss of control. To throw off the constrictive ties of convention and propriety, once and for all, and immerse himself in the primitive animalistic need of the moment. To give it all over, and simply subside on instinct.

He felt his shoulder as it slammed into the marble-esque pillar of The Bull's forearm with each savage thrust of the warrior's hips, no doubt leaving a telling bruise on his normally bare shoulder for all the inquisition to see come morning.
Well he could leave a mark or two of his own.

He moved his still sleeved arm, and wrapped it around the hard post of The Bull's, then turned his face into it; finally managed to still his indecent hollering as he occupied his mouth with licking up the salt laden sweat that slicked that brawny forearm, before biting into the thick gray hide with his teeth.

“Fuck yeah!” The Bull thundered, his steel blue eye loosing the last of its color to The Bull's pleasure blown pupil and the qunari rewarded Dorian by bending lower over the 'vint till Dorian was all but smothered under that expansive chest; the warrior’s rutting reaching even greater speeds. Dorian twisted his hand and really snarled his nail into The Bull's bicep, even as he shifted his mouth and again sunk his teeth into the strong sturdy flesh, this time on the warrior's peck. The Bull bellowed his rapture, clearly getting almost as much enjoyment from the added sting of pain as he was from plowing into Dorian like he was so much un-tilled earth. The Bull's head dropped lower until Dorian could feel his humid breath cascading over his ear in loud jagged pants. Dorian turned his head and arched his neck back so that he might graze his teeth oven that long rough stubbled chin and was rewarded with a deep rumbling moan that harmonized pleasantly with his own tenor whining.

Then he snuck his hand up over hard ribs to and a hard expanse of one pectoral before following the line of The Bull's neck up passed a twitching ear to on grab a hold of the Bull's thick horn; hauling the brute's head down, drawing him closer, and using his grip to provide the leverage he needed so that he might change the angle of his hips. Shifting and rolling his pelvis in time with The Bull's titanic surges until…

“There! Yes! Maker's puckered As-Bull~!” The name dragging out in a long lamentation of need as Dorian went rigid again. Holding the angle as, The Bull, hammered into him, battering his prostate with every earth-shattering strike of his over blown cock as one equally over blown hand forced its way between them and took hold of Dorian's seeping cock in a grip like a vice, letting their combined motion do the work of stroking Dorian against his tough battle worn palm.

“Yeah! That's it! Com'on Big Guy. Give it to me again. Cum for me again, you beautiful Bastard.” The Bull grunted into Dorian's ear, the words heaving and desperate and encouraging as The Bull's rhythm began to stutter just before Dorian's cock kicked in his hand and the mage was coming. Spending his load like it was his first time this evening. The product pulsing up over The Bull's fingers and spilling all the way to the upper reaches of his chest. Satisfied that the job was done, The Bull, released the mage's cock, placing his soiled hand over Dorian's other should, regardless of the mess it made of the sheets as he took his chance to see to the last of his own needs; claiming his own orgasm in four hard jerking thrusts. Spilling what felt like a river's worth of blisteringly hot cum deep into Dorian's ass with a deafening roar of satisfaction. Finally sated, he allowed himself to collapse to his forearms nuzzling his face into the crook of the mage's neck as best his horns -and their not inconsequential height difference- would allow.

Beneath the press of the massive warrior's weight Dorian lay, panting… gasping… spent…

And unrepentantly desperate for more.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Oh yeah. I'm so~ not done with you yet, my pretties (cue the maniacal laughter – Mwahahahahaha!) We still got a whole 'nother chapter to go! ('Cause I am apparently
incapable of giving you a lemon without first growing a whole damned lemon tree).

So you made it to the end, which I hope means you weren't too freaked out by my little additions. There will be more about The Bull's 'Knot' in chapter three (it's the focus of the whole bloody chapter, honestly) if you're interested/curious, OR if you're still not sure about it, please bear that fact in mind. For those of you who aren't already A/B/O or Omegaverse fans I hope it wasn't too much to take; however if it has intrigued you and you're hungry for more, I recommend reading some classic Omegaverse.

It's not massively common in the DA Fandom yet, but you can find some brilliant examples of it in the works of Ao3's xxMad_Donaxx's series 'A Mage's Haven' & 'Angel Hawke', and also in Secretbraintwin's 'Heat' & Xenrae's Bellanaris (all of which are amazing reads and I HIGHLY recommend). For those of you who are, however, already fans of the trope I want to assure/warn you that this story isn't going to turn into that; I'm just stealing that one physical Alpha trait - 'Cause I LOVE it, 'cause it's HAWT, and because it seemed the most plausible, (and least disturbing) thing I could do to make The Bull's cock interesting and special.

Again, my sincerest thanks to all you amazing people. The only thing that could possibly make me love you more is to hear from you in the comments! And an extra special thanks and cookies to Xenrae for teaching me how to do these awesome links so that you don't have to got hunting for all these amazing people and stories I keep talking about!

'Til next time my Doves,

Shadowfire RavenPheonix

P.S. - (Author's Asides Cont'd.)

3) Qunari – In order to avoid any MORE confusion around the 'Qunari' as a race vs 'Qunari' as a religious designation, I have broken it down as such: When I capitalize the 'Q' (Qunari) that is referring to a follower of The Qun in good faith no mater what their physical race, but seeing as Bull says that the name of the parent race is not a valid substitution for his kind (and Because using 'Tal Vashoth' as a descriptor is murder on a story's pacing), I am now using the lowercase 'q' (qunari) whenever describing the race. So: Gat would be a Qunari elf, while Iron Bull is a Tal Vashoth qunari. Hope that clears thing up.
Exceeding Exceptions

Chapter Notes

A/N: UPDATE! (Finally!- it is also the conclusion). And so my mantra continues – 'I am sorry, I am slow (:P)' But it is finally done – So please enjoy some more a-Doribull smut followed up with healthy dose of the 'feels'. New tags above: take your warnings from there if you want them.

One last huge thank you (as always) to my wonderful betas; Enchant, MRTL85 & Tuon. As well as a gleeful shout-out to the DA Writers Group for helping cheer-lead me throughout the writing of this beast.

And and SUPER HUGE thanks to all you amazing readers for kudo-ing, book marking, subscribing & commenting. These small acts of support and kindness have a disproportionately large impact on me (;D)

Right enough mush, I'll let you get back to the sizzle now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 3:

Exceeding Exceptions

Dorian lay beneath the solid wall of muscle that made up The Iron Bull's bulky chest and desperately fought to catch his breath. Distantly, he was aware of the spattering of his seed cooling somewhere just below his collar bones. Maker's Mercy, had he really shot his load so high? Not that he should have been surprised, really, he'd never experienced anything quite like that -what ever that had been-

He felt the Bull starting to soften inside of him, then shift as the warrior began to withdraw and a sudden flood of panic overtook him. He wasn't ready for this to be over; to be cold, and alone -and empty- again. He needed more. Before Dorian had made the conscious decision to do it, a wave of rejuvenation magics washed over them both; restoring the potency and vigor to both their spent cocks and tightening up the sloppy muscles of Dorian's ass. The big warrior gave a surprised grunt before a deep rumbling chuckle reverberated through him.

"Classic 'vint; always wanting more. Gluttony should be your guys' national hobby."

"Are you complaining?" Dorian inquired laconically.

"No. But," And suddenly the room was moving; a blur of motion, the walls and ceiling were spinning around him and the next thing Dorian knew he was the one on top. Sitting pretty atop The Bull's monster cock as it sank even deeper inside him, that odd little bulge at the base trying to stretch him further under the pressure of his own body weight. He gasped and leaned forward, bracing himself against the solid core of The Bull's stomach. Taking the pressure off as best he could, as the The Bull continued to speak, sounding almost as breathless as Dorian regarding his body's surprising
willingness to try and take in more. "I'm not here to indulge spoilt little rich boys. You want another ride, big guy, you're gonna have to be willing to do the work."

"You-" He managed to gasp out, "You actually expect me to-"

"That's right. Now move that pretty little ass of yours!" And while Dorian was still struggling to come to grips with the new situation, The Bull landed a smarting blow solidly on his left ass cheek. The shock of it sent a wave of sensation coursing through him and he felt himself loosen and begin to stretch even further over the base of The Bull's impaling cock before the muscle seized and clenched around him once more. He gasped in shock and his breathing started to pick up speed again at the feel as that slight flare at he base tried to gain entrance.

"I- What- Did-" He spluttered around his shock, before he mange to gasp, "Did you just *spank* me?!"

The Bull threw his head back into the pillows and laughed. "What's the matter, Pavus? That pampered ass never been slapped before? And to answer your question: No. That was barely a love pat.” The Bull grinned up at him, the lines and scars on his face moving in oddly appealing ways before he said, with a husky promise in his deep rumbling voice, “Trust me, Dorian, if I ever *spank* you, you'll know it." Then the warmth of that smile changed into something more… *unnerving*, "However, if that's an experience you're looking for, I'm sure it could be *arranged.*"

"Yes-~." The word fell from between Dorian's teeth before he'd even has a chance to think about it. Maker's Breath, what had The Bull done to him? Somewhere in all this madness, Dorian really had lost his ability to think rationally and was now simply reacting. His body betraying him before he had a chance to properly consider the potential repercussions

The Bull's tattered and scarred brow rose with an intrigued arch, over his useless eye. It looked distinctly odd arching a brow over an eye patch and an eye that no longer existed, and Dorian probably would have laughed had he not been so *distracted*.

"You sure, Dorian?"

"Maker's bloody balls! 'Yes', damn you!" Dorian snarled as he rolled his hips back a bit, letting his weight settle on his pelvis once again. He wanted to feel it- that odd bulb. He wanted to *know* how it would feel sliding in and out of him. And now that he was growing accustomed to that overstuffed feel, he was *sure* he could handle that last few inches of its length; he just needed to open wide enough to take in its extra girth.

The way his body had responded to that smack, however, had given him an idea.

He rocked his hips, pushing his ass firmly back into the hand, which had remained cupping one buttock; his actions undeniably backing up his words. "Come on, Bull," Dorian panted, "show me."

"Rnrgh." Came The Bull's reluctant growl, before, "Fine. You asked for it." That was all the warning Dorian got before that huge hand left its place, and returned lighting quick. The force of the blow rocked Dorian forward so he rose up on that long length of prick. The crack of flesh impacting flesh startlingly loud before Dorian filled the room with a cry of mingled shock and pleasure. Again, there came that hot rush of endorphin rich blood surging through him, his body calling all his muscle to draw tight in the climb, then letting go and relaxing perfectly on the fall.

Dorian took advantage of that perfect state of looseness and fell back down The Bull's cock, letting his weight press him onto that intriguing mass. The Bull gasped below him, his eye growing comically round.
"Fuck. Dorian-

But the mage cut him off, "Again." He breathed.

"Dorian-

"Again!" Dorian commanded, and The Bull snarled even as he did as he was bid. This time shifting his hand so that heavy smack landed stinging and hot across both cheeks. It landed just above where the stretched ring of Dorian's anus was greedily garbing at him -where The Bull's seed was still oozing out of him, and it made The Bull's hand slick on contact. This time the sensitive muscle got the full brunt of that stinging impact, and the resultant spike of pleasure ricocheted through the mage and warrior both. They cried out as one; Dorian arching back as he slid down another three-quarters-of-an-inch and The Bull groaning a deep rumbling roll of thunder at the feel of him doing so.

It had been so long since he'd felt this kind of glory swallowing his knot. All that lovely heat and pressure around the long neglected organ was making his careful grip over his control unravel startlingly fast. And, for fuck's sake, the 'vint was just so fucking pretty like this, already fucked-out and ruined, even as he was desperately trying for more…

Fuck, he really shouldn't have been letting this happen.

Shit, Bull didn't even know what would happen if the human actually managed to trigger mera*. He'd never knotted anyone but another Qunari before, and even for his own people it was an intense experience. Damn if he let the tie happen -if he let his knot actually inflate- binding them together...

Void take it! He'd probably tear the other man open. He really needed to stop this-

“Fasta vass! You feel amazing, Bull. Hit me again, I want to feel it all.” Then Dorian was pressing down, trying to take the next bit in even before the blow came, and The Bull growled in the back of his throat; torn right down the middle between his conflicting wants; his aching desire to let it happen and his deep seated fear of hurting his partner.

For several painful beats he agonized of over providing that next blow. Where the mage sat now, just above the thickest point of his knot was still safe. It was risky and tempting but he still wasn't there. He couldn't cause mera if all he took was the top half like that. However, if Dorian managed to take in just as much again, he would be passed the gate of that blocking width, and The Bull would find himself fully seated within his partner for the first time in years. He really didn't think he'd be able to contain himself if that happened.

“Come on, don't quit on me now, Bull.” Dorian whined over him, “Please! Again!” He cried, as he rocked his hips back and forth a bit; using the taut ring of muscle to massage the top half of the qunari's knot, and sending waves of sheer bliss up the warrior's spine.

Shit. the 'vint's words were every bit as dangerous and tempting as his body. How was he supposed to say 'no', after that? “Oh, fuck it!” He snarled and, one last time, his hand crashed down on the mage's now warm, pink flesh.

And Dorian's ass opened up and swallowed him whole.

The Bull’s hips thrust skyward, lifting the mage right clear of the bed, as the altus' rear end came to rest against his pelvis. The mage's eyes rolled back into his head, just before it rolled back on his neck; his body arching back, his hands falling to The Bull's thighs at the last minute, so as to keep him upright.

“Shee~it.” The Bull wheezed in a quivering voice, to see and feel it as Dorian settled further onto
him with a few tentative rolls of his pelvis. Silently he thanked whatever entity of providence or fate it was that had moved him to put Dorian on top. True, if he'd been in charge he'd never have allowed it to go this far, but now that it had, Dorian having command of the situation was probably the safest thing. The Bull's self-control was hanging by a thread and that was simply too big a weight to be held in check by something so fragile for long.

Dorian, on the other hand, was too transported by the amazing sensations to notice that The Bull was having something of a crisis below him. He rolled his hips a bit more firmly, getting to know the feel of it; the way the top of that swollen bump pressed up against his sweet spot and made his whole body go weak with pleasure. And the actual sensation of taking it in! That deep, agonizing, burning stretch as he passed its ample center which had turned into a ravenous rush of sensation as the muscles in his ass did the rest of the work and dragged the remainder home. It was like nothing he had ever known; a desperate agony that instantly turned into a euphoric kind of relief.

"Sweet Andraste, this is incredible." He muttered up at the ceiling, his head still lolling back on his shoulders as he carefully experimented with each shift in angle and position.

Finally, Dorian felt familiar enough to start stirring his hips with a little more intent and purpose. The motion was more lateral than vertical, and he never passed the point where that delicious mass could actually free itself from him, but already the sensation was enough to see him hissing and moaning with each churning grind of his groin. Below him, The Bull was whining; those colossal hands tangling in the sheets, his arms shaking with an intense need that Dorian could only dimly comprehend each time he tilted his hips making that delightful bugle drag partially out of him. However, it was the sound The Bull made each time his ass greedily pulled it back in, that made Dorian's blood sing with a fresh desire; it was the most amazing, deep - guttural - sort of whimper that almost seemed to be forcibly pulled from the qunari's throat. It was that gratifying little noise that finally clued Dorian into the fact that this odd bump at the base of The Bull's cock was every bit as sensitive as the crown.

Intrigued, Dorian exaggerated the roll of his hips even further; watching, transfixed, at the change this evoked in his partner. The Bull visibly fought with himself. The warrior's grip tightened on the linens until Dorian heard the sheets tear; his horned head pressing back into the pillows, until one of those horns scraped a large gouge into the wood of the headboard. Dorian watched as The Bull struggled to maintain control at the feel of what the altus was doing to him, and a heady rush of intoxicating power washed through the mage; and it was every bit as potent as the surge of his magics.

Now's who's conquering who. He thought, a small proud smirk finding its way to the corer of his lips as he shifted his angle once more. But, this time, he miscalculated; the further softening of his ass and the extra slick of The Bull's seed as it continued slowly leaking out of him -displaced by each stirring thrust-, made it so that this time, that sweet exotic torment fell from the mage's passage in a rush. The moment his muscle passed over the widest barrier of that swollen bulb his body force the rest of it from him in wash of pleasure-tinted relief that staggered Dorian with its intensity.

"Com'on, Dorian. You gonna tease me all night or are you gonna get on with fucking that properly?" The Bull finally managed. Opening his eye and looking up at the mage with the fire of challenge burning in the cool silver-blue depth.

Right, back to business then. Dorian thought as he let himself sit back on to that knot; his weight, and the newly softened muscle more than enough to allow him to slide onto it with only the slightest of hesitations. Fuck, but that was going to feel amazing as the pace picked up. Once more he simply swirled his hips just to feel the exquisite pressure roll over his prostate and was rewarded with another heavy handed smack to his rear.
“Get on with it, Pavus.” The mercenary growled up at him, a hint of a threat in his voice that made Dorian shudder with want.

“But I do so enjoy being the instrument of your torment.” Dorian mock pouted even as he was shifting his legs so that he might get some leverage in order to thrust properly over that behemoth of a cock. However, he then discovered a rather unanticipated issue on his side of things. The Bull's exceptional girth meant that Dorian's legs, long tho they were, didn't fold under him in quite the same way they normally did in this position. All that bulk below him resulted in his knees being held a good two inches clear of the bedding. At first, he tired finding enough purchase with his toes and the balls of his feet, to get the leverage he needed; but the angle was such, that they just kept slipping out from under him. Frustrated at the stuttering - inelgant- lack of any rhythm, Dorian huffed and shifted the position of his legs so that his feet were flat on the bed and his knees were now in front of him. This worked on the leverage front just fine until-

“Venhedis!” He swore and collapsed over The Bull's chest in a heap; the big muscles in his thigh and hip seized in a painful cramp, apparently, unable to cope with the extra stress of such heavy lifting on top of accommodating that thick rope of cock currently wedged up his ass.

“Dorian!” Instantly The Bull's hands abandoned their death grip on the sheets and were on him. One large hand moving to support the mage where he threatened to fall off the qunari's torso sideways, and the other pulling up Dorian's chin so The Bull could look him in the eye. “What happened? What's wrong? Vashedan! I should have stopped you before. I sh-”

“Bull! I'm fine! Do shut up and let me answer, yes?” Dorian half laughed, half grimaced, as he reached down and sent a soft pulse of healing magic into the troublesome muscles. “It' just a cramp. I seem to be having a bit of a leverage issue.” He explained, and then, because he wanted to make it perfectly clear that this was in no way his fault, “You're too damn wide; I can't get any kind decent footing on the bed from up here.”

“Right. Damn. Knew I was forgetting something.” The Bull muttered with a sheepish grin, as understanding lit his eye. “When you're ready to sit up again, I'll help you out.”

“Have this problem often, do you?” Dorian muttered back, a bit darkly, as he sat back up and rolled his hips once; both to test that the cramp was truly gone and to punish The Bull, somewhat, for failing to mention that fact before and leaving him to flounder around like some inexperienced apprentice.

“Yeah well, I don't get any smaller, and like you said, you're on the tall side for my usual partners. Here.” Behind him Dorian felt The Bull's immense legs spread wide on the bed, and The Bull's hands ran down Dorian's thighs to his shins which he lifted out from under the mage, making Dorian lean forward, as The Bull hooked his feet over the tops of his spread-eagled legs. Slowly, Dorian sat back and tested the new position “Better? Sorry, I was a little... distracted, earlier.”

Dorian rolled his hips a couple of times, watching as The Bull sucked in a sharp breath and began biting his tattered lip.

“Any other tricks I should know?” Dorian inquired, using his knees the way he would normally to hoist himself up the length of The Bull's cock and sliding back down; a lyrical groan being drawn from his lips as he got his first real taste of The Bull's knot sliding out -and then back in- at speed.

“Just one.” The Bull panted up at him, his eye once again dark and heavy with want, as he brought his hands up, elbows braced on the bed; providing an alternative place for the altus to place his own hands, instead of The Bull’s less than stable stomach. This allowed Dorian to sit up a little straighter on his cock and offered still further leverage to the mage. Dorian immediately shifted his hands; his
slender fingers lacing between The Bull's much heavier ones as he began to really ride up and down that marvelous length of fat cock. Curling his hips under him on each down stroke and then swinging them back just before rising up again; rolling over The Bull's knot like he's been born to do so, and causing the heavy crown inside him to move in such a way that it damn near saw both of them going cross-eyed with ecstasy.

With the aid of his arms helping him though the motion, Dorian quickly found the sway and rhythm he wanted, and it quickly saw him increasing his speed. Matching the pace of his pulse as it began to pound in his ears; a roaring thrum of rushing blood underscored by the sound of his shuddering, panting, breaths as they dragged through his chest. An internal cacophony pressing out against the silence of the room around him. This time, the moaning came on slow and soft. The pace Dorian was setting being as nothing when compared to the ruthless aggression the Bull had taken him with earlier; but the resultant sensations were greater - potent and lingering. The slower, gentler gyrations allowing him to really savor the feel of the swollen base as it pressed into him and then dragged out again. To really experience the depth of such fullness as it shifted through him. To delight in how his movements were sending little electric thrills jolting thought him each time The Bull's cock rubbed against him in just that perfect way.

Slowly, exterior sounds began to press back against the roaring in Dorian's head, and he became aware of The Bull rattling off an unending litany of Qunlat words; words that had the unmistakable heated burn of curses to Dorian's ear. Dorian relished the rush of power that coursed through him to hear it. To hear the vulgar and coarse qunari, forced to resort to swearing in his native tongue in order to articulate himself. It was heady stuff. He, -one of the hated 'vints!- was responsible for that; for making a mercenary, whose every other word in the common tongue seemed to be a swear of some sort, forget his beloved curses.

Unfortunately he didn't get to savor those delicious hissing words for long. The sounds of The Bull muttering and growling in Qunlat unlock his own vocal cords and it wasn't long before the first of Dorian's own soft breathy moans were gaining in strength and volume; filling the room, and then escaping it. He drove the pace faster, losing his tight control on the precise nature of his movements and starting to simply buck his hips with need. Soon the nature of his gyrations were violent enough that his cock began to buffet at his belly on the upsurge and as his balls were slapping down against The Bull with each down swing, sending spikes of smarting pleasure deep into his center with each impact.

The Bull watched from a place that felt very akin to his blood lust haze as Dorian rode him like he was the prized stud in Dennet's stables. His eye hot and burning as he watched that pretty pink-headed prick sway and smack against the mage's lick-able belly; even as he felt an unmistakable tension building low in his gut. Not the heat of imminent orgasm, that sensation was still in its infancy, and it was different form this one entirely. This was a sensation that The Bull had never expected to feel again so long as he lived apart for his people. It was the tension that preceded the oncoming of mera.

He'd known as soon as the mage had started to roll his hips like that, that unless something drastic happened, there was no way this was ending without triggering his knot. And yet, despite all his previous reticence and fear of what that could mean for his partner, The Bull couldn't seem to make any move to intentionally bring about such an occurrence as might prevent the tie. Nor did he want to. A fierce and savage thirst to feel that exquisite pleasure. To bind that lush little ass to him, and drinking his fill of the mage as he slowly deflated, was simply too great a temptation for him after all they'd been through that evening.

It was a bit of a shock to The Bull to realize that somewhere along the line it had stopped being a hazy fear; then it had surpassed the feel of a warm distant desire. Now it was a blazing hot necessity
on parched dessert ground of his soul. He craved -No! He needed - to feel that explosion of true completion, like life itself needed water and air and earth to thrive.

Then the rhythm shifted and The Bull's eye was dragged up to the mage's face and the absolutely breathtaking expression on it. It saw The Bull suddenly on the very brink of an orgasm that, only moments before, had still been miles away. Each time the mage passed over his knot his face crumpled in the most exquisite little grimace of agonized pleasure; and it was simply too raw and powerful. To see the spoiled haughty Dorian fighting for this pleasure this way -fighting to see them both satisfied- was, in itself, so perfectly satisfying. The Bull, literally, didn’t know what to make of it. Sure, he’d always taken as much enjoyment from the proof of his partner's gratification as anything else, but this… this was different. The sight of Dorian trying like that -choosing to walk that knife edge between the pleasure and the pain- it saw The Bull's chest flooding with warm desire and his gut flooding with a boiling heat that was a precursor to only one thing.

The swelling rush was there, and it had nowhere to go but forward.

“Damn it!” He snarled. Desperate not to let himself be embarrassed by coming before Dorian, he dropped the mage's one hand and reached for his cock instead; intending to stroke the mage to his own completion in whatever time he had left.

It was a mistake.

The sudden loss of that hand’s support made the mage lose his balance and with it, his rhythm. He frantically scrambled to find purchase on The Bull's remaining hand, as he felt the other catch hold and wrap around his prick – instantly sparking the fire in Dorian's belly to mature with unnatural speed; perfect for The Bull's purposes, but the resultant loss of balance meant the motion of Dorian's hips began falling short of actually covering the whole of The Bull's knot. Too late the warrior realized his mistake.

Dorian came with a yowl of pleasure that saw his cock kicking and offering up what little it hand left in the way of semen in and few hard truncated jolts as his passage constricting around The Bull like a tourniquet… about half an inch above Bull's knot.

The sudden pressure killed the last shreds of The Bull's grip on his own release and then with a snarl he too was coming; spilling his own seed in and rush that was now so shockingly unsatisfying that it felt like he'd taken a maul to his chest.

So it was that Dorian's sweet song of completion was accompanied by a terrifying guttural roar of denial; The Bull's words lost to the sheer force of his frustrated emotion.

Too FUCKING high! The Bull's mind at least could still form the words; though his wroth at the missed opportunity was a wild uncontrollable thing that was utterly beyond him. With another desperate denial, The Bull shoved Dorian back down over his knot even though he knew it was too late. He could feel his cock softening, but still he had to try!

No use. It was done. His seed was already spent, and with it, the moment when he might have tied the mage.

They had been so close.

Too Close.

He needed it. Needed to feel it.

Mera. That instant of perfect completion.
And after all that teasing; all those promises Dorian's body had made him…

He would have it!

.DTF-.xo.

Dorian sat atop The Bull, breathless and utterly content as the warrior shuddered beneath him. The mage's softening cock continuing to twitch, desperately trying to cash in on coin it had long since spent, in a vain effort to match the absolute flood of seed The Bull was adding to his earlier deposits. After three times in the course of only a handful of hours, however, Dorian's balls were positively parched.

Dorian hadn't felt this sated in years. No. That was a lie. He hadn’t felt this sated ever.

He'd just started to relax into the amazing lassitude that was spreading throughout him; the merest hint of a satisfied smile beginning to take shape at the corner of his mouth. When he was awoken to the less than pleased state of his partner with a violent jolt.

Hands like crushing traps closed around his hips and slammed Dorian down over that wonderful bump one more time as The Bull snarled an incoherent negative beneath him.

Dorian instinctively curled forward, raising his hips off the thicker intrusion even though by this point he was loose enough that it hardly mattered whether it was inside him or out. He turned his focus outward and took a good look at The Bull's face and instantly knew something had changed. Something had happened in those last few moments of their rutting that had taken The Bull from rapturous, to rabid.

He was given no time to question what had happened -or how much trouble he was in; naked in bed with an out of control savage- however, for the moment he recognized that mad -wild- look in that single blazing eye, Dorian, found himself being pulled from The Bull's cock like a naughty child might be pulled from a sweet shop. For the second time that evening Dorian was hurled bodily down upon bed; this time, he landed on his hands and trembling knees, the Bull's immense arm around his waist, the only thing that was preventing him from simply collapsing to the bed in a heap.

His mind still reeling, Dorian was franticly trying to comprehend just exactly what had happened when he felt the brute's other hand lay the qunari's limp heavy cock over the crack of his ass.

He can't possibly-

“Bas Saarebas,” came the rumbling growl; The Bull's voice sounding more animal than not. “Ash-an meastaarit ebost.”

Right. Qunlat. Well that answered all his questions now, didn't it? Dorian struggled to make his mind work, still foggy from orgasm and reeling from the sudden unfathomable shift in mood that seemed to have occurred. Well, he knew the first words. 'Bas Saarabas' was how the Qunari referred to magic users, but the rest of it… Wait! 'Ebost’ – that meant 'return', if he was remembering correctly. Well there was only one thing he could think of that The Bull would be asking Dorian -in his capacity as a mage- to 'return' to him; and it was the thing lying limply over his backside.

Well, the spell was easy enough; not that it would do The Bull much good. Even with the aid of magic there were only so many times a body could spill its seed in so short a span. So it was that
Dorian confidently sent the soft pulse of rejuvenation magic over their bodies, and was unsurprised when his own poor cock simply continued to hang flaccid between his legs, though it was a bittersweet relief to feel the muscles of his battered and stretched hole slowly tug back into something more like a normal form, forcing a rush of hot seed to escape him and begin trickling over his balls and inner thighs in the process. When he felt the soft weight atop his rump start to stiffen, however, Dorian belatedly remembered that he was one up on The Bull; his first orgasm having resulted from that trick the qunari had pulled with his thumbs.

Dorian only had that one moment to really appreciate the 'oh shit' nature of his situation before The Bull's cock was once more buried bump-deep in his ass. Then that bump, too, was slowly wresting its way past the freshly restored muscles. Fortunately, even rejuvenation magic took some time to undo hours' worth of damage and Dorian was still stuffed full of The Bull's previous offerings which made for a readily available supply of lubricant, or else the mage would have been hard pressed not to scream.

Still the experience was not terribly unlike the first time he taken it, and again his ass was fighting the intrusion of that -not inconsequential- extra width like it hadn't just been housing it moments before.

“Bull!” The name flew from Dorian’s lips in a messy heap of intonations: asking, exulting, warning, demanding, and pleading. That one word was everything at once, but the sound of it seemed to allow The Bull to regain his senses a bit, and Dorian felt the forward press ease off some.

“Com'on, Pavus.” The Bull growled, his deep voice rough and carnal. “Open up again for me!” Dorian took the return to common as a good sign but wasn't allowed any time to relax for suddenly a huge calloused hand landed on his ass with a crack like distant thunder. The blow saw the mage gasping and falling to his fore arms on the much soiled bedding. His back now arched in such a way that his ass was even higher in the air; begging for another as The Bull took advantage, and pressed his knot halfway in when the muscle went slack in response.

Three times more, The Bull landed one of those huge hands across Dorian's rump with staggering force. Even though the qunari was fully sheathed within him after only the second. Clearly the way Dorian squirmed and whimpered for it, was enough to convince The Bull to dole out a few extras for the mage's pleasure. Dorian arched his back into the blows, whimpering shamelessly as his own cock made a valiant effort and welled up to semi-erect between his spread thighs.

Behind him The Bull had begun rolling his hips, working the knot back out, and then in, by the smallest of increments; a deep continuous rumbling vibration running through him as he used Dorian's ass to massage the sensitive tissue even as he went about ensuring that it was ready for what he was about to do.

The Bull could only hope, the man himself, was as ready as his body appeared to be, because this was going to be a damn sight more intense than their last go. This truly would be a case of 'Conquering'. The Bull was about to fuck the little 'vint into complete and utter submission.

The qunari's gaze traveled up the line of Dorian’s back to the mage's head where it rested on the rumpled and much stained bedding; it was twisted to the side so The Bull could only see his profile, but from what he could see, the mage was still clearly blissed-out of his head. The one grey-hazel eye in his view glazed over and staring at his own hand where it had taken a white-knuckled grip on the sheets mere inches from the man's nose. The Bull drank in every inch of the human's expression; committing to memory exactly how incredible he looked like this. Cataloging his every little flinch and movement: the line of his neck and jaw as they tensed and relaxed, the way his plump lips part as he panted, those long thick lashes as they fluttered against one lovely aristocratic cheek… and all of it in perfect correlation with the small thrusts the warrior was using to get his knot moving in and
out of the mage with ease.

When it finally slid completely free, Dorian whimpered and the hand that was in front of his face decided to snake down the bedding and disappear between the mage's legs. The other hand pressed down on the mattress, his fingers splayed wide then curling into the sheets as The Bull returned his knot again. The motion of that hand was so reminiscent of a cat kneading a cushion and The Bull couldn’t help but smirk. The image of Dorian as a pampered house cat was simply too apt to be ignored even in the midst of his lust. He rolled his hips again and felt the mage's hips move with him as he groaned into the bedding. Then, Bull leaned down over his partner and covered that small elegant hand with his own, once again weaving their fingers together as he took his own grip on the sheets.

Dorian pressed up and back into him until every inch of his sweat soaked back was plastered against The Bull's burning chest and gut. The qunari leaned in even harder, letting the mage feel his weight barring down and trapping him, something the 'vint clearing signaled his enjoyment of with a soft moan as he wriggled his hips up even higher. The Bull gave another ragged sigh; the mage's eager willingness and acceptance of the situation had managed to calm him some - relaxing him so that he could regain a handle over the unbridled passion. He still wanted to try. The need to knot the man was still very much present in him, but it was no longer quite so violently present. The Bull's lips brushed over the shell of the human's ear and a shiver ran through the man calling forth a sympathetic shiver which raced up The Bull's spine as he recalled the sensation of Dorian burying his tongue deep into his own ear.

It was rare for his partners get one up on him in bed; rarer still that they ever surprised him with new tricks. By this point, Bull was certain he'd seen and felt it all; but somehow Dorian was the first of his partners who'd ever tried anything with his ears. Probably it had to do with the intimidating nature of his horns. After all, messing with The Bull's ears did put a body's head right within range of taking a thump from them. As he remembered the sensation he wondered if human ears were equally sensitive that the man thought to try it on him in the first place. The Bull parted his scarred lips and let his broad tongue slide forward to wash over that prefect shell, and was delighted when the man whimpered with pleasure at the move. Beneath them both, Bull felt the motion of the mage's arm pick up its pace as Dorian began to stroke his tongue.

"Bull," Dorian moaned brokenly. The Bull loved the way his chosen name sounded on the 'vint's lips just then, all breathy and needy. "I'm not sure I've got it in me to cum again. I -Kaffass!- Three times already, Bull.” The mage groaned as warrior slowly withdrew his tongue.

"You wan'to try?" The Bull rumbled, his hot breath pouring out over the mage's now saliva slicked ear.

"Yes." Dorian moaned the word even as he closed his eyes and turned his face a little more into the bedding, as though ashamed to admit to such a propensity.

"Well then, Dorian, here's how it's gonna go. I'm gonna fuck you. And I'm gonna knot you. And you're gone cum for me. One. More. Time." He punctuated each of those last words with a hard thrust of his hips, causing the mage to groan and whine below him.

Dorian's hand was making a real effort at this point to encourage his prick to return to the land of the living one last time. The filthy domineering words The Bull was pouring in his ear making his gut clench and his heart pound. Maker, he wanted to be able to cum again. With only a few rough actions, and a few filthy words, The Bull had ruined him all over again, and Dorian was every bit as hungry and hot for it now as he had been at the start.

Then the brute's hips pulled back, dragging that wonderful lump – or knot as he'd called it – free of
him and Dorian was swallowed up by an intense need to have it replaced. He stretched forward as best he could; his face pressing into the scratchy straw mattress, his neck and back angling so that his hips might reach further up and back. The Bull took advantage of all that length of neck that was suddenly available to him. Licking, nipping and suckling at the long stretch of caramel skin as he continued to whisper pretty filthy things into the human's ears.

“Would you like that, Dorian? Would you like me slam into you again till you can't walk?” The Bull husked, “'Til you can't think? Would you like me to bury it so far inside you, you'll never be able to feel whole without it again?”

“Yes, damn you.” Dorian half snarled half sobbed into the sheets.

“Tell me what you want.” The Bull rumbled, his fingers digging into Dorian's hip till it hurt; his other hand pressing down on Dorian's own as he readied himself.

“Just fuck me again already, you malicious bastard.”

“Tell me,” The Bull drawled, “What you want.”

“Just-”


“Fine.” Dorian's eye squeezed shut and with a final small sigh, he let go of what pride he had left. “I want you to fuck me with that magnificent cock until I can't see straight.” Dorian snarled, thought he could resist adding “Now, get on with it! Or do you need me to draw you a diagram?”

“Mmmm. There's my little spitfire 'vint.” The Bull purred and then he rocked his hips down and Dorian let out a cry meant to shake the heavens. The Bull groaned out a choked and thick sounding bellow, at finally being able to let go, and not having to think about when he was going to have to pull up short, for fear of hurting his partner. To be able to rut into the willing channel of the mage below him without any reservations. Ruthlessly, he began pounding the man beneath him into the bed, which once again began to bang against the wall until the window coverings were knocked loose by his efforts.

Dorian felt like he was drowning. Unlike before, The Bull was now pounding into him and holding absolutely nothing in reserve; the feeling of his knot slamming in, then out of him adding a whole new level of sweet torment to end and start of each thrust. The sheer brute force of each driving blow of the qunari's hips soon saw Dorian forced to abandon his attempts to tug himself off, and caused him to simply cling to the bed in an attempt to keep himself from being driven clean through it. His fingers scrabbled at the torn sheets as he tried to find purchase there; however, after all their previous activities, the bedding had been rucked loose from its formally tidily made state, and was now simply tangled mess in the mage's hands.

His lungs screamed for air and Dorian lifted his head clear of the mattress as best he could, forcing his face up, as he tried to better clear his nose and mouth in attempt to gulp down the great quantities of oxygen needed to fuel the fire in his veins. His body strained and burned with need of the vital substance as his gut clenched down on what felt remarkably like the approach of a -frankly, miraculous- fourth orgasm.

His eyes rolled about the room, trying to find something to focus on, no matter the impossibly of that task. It was the one thing about this position that had always bothered Dorian; the view was never what it should be. And honestly he'd rather not sully the experience by cumming while staring at the simply grisly rags The Bull had seemingly flung over his window and called curtains. Maker's
Breath, where had he even found such ghastly fabric?

The Bull slammed into him again and Dorian's vision blurred as his eyes glazed over, and suddenly Dorian couldn't find it in himself to care about the blighted curtains any more, no matter how tasteless. In fact, he couldn't even manage to see them where they flapped not three feet in front of his face. Just then, he realized he had much more important things to be worried about than bad decor; like changing the angle so that he might wring every last drop of pleasure there was to be had out to this merciless pounding, for instance.

Finally his scrambling fingers found something he could get a proper grip on and once more that evening Dorian found himself gripping onto one of The Bull's horns where it dipped low to the bed as the brute continued to lean down over him; covering every inch of Dorian's burning back with an equally blazing hot expanse of chest, without ever failing at working his hips like a set of bloody bellows. Dorian wrapped his shaking fingers about the point and jerked hard, pulling The Bull's head down tight against his neck, causing the qunari to growl into his skin before he resumed sucking a deep bruise onto that smooth caramel flesh. Dorian cried out at the sudden increase in the pressure there, but never-the-less managed to shore up his grip on the rough ridged surface before he used it to press himself back in the solid mass of qunari behind him; reveling in the pitiless pounding he was taking and shamelessly ensuring he got to feel every last inch of it.

The rhythm and pace the Bull had been setting was brutal; hard and unforgiving. The motion faster than Dorian's usual want of such things but that uncompromising distance The Bull's hips had to travel made it feel slower.

Dorian was definitely on the brink, now. His cock was hard and beginning to ache and kick beneath him. A few more stokes would see him done; he was sure it was only a matter of moments. Just... a little... more...

The Bull's next thrust slammed into him and a confused cry tore its way out of Dorian's throat as the orgasm ripped through every part of him except for his cock. The aultus was left breathing like a race horse; gasping huge chunks of air as he tried to make sense of what just happened. He'd have sworn he just came... but it felt incomplete, and his cock was still achingly hard. Then The Bull slammed home again and that same overwhelming feeling of orgasm split him right down the middle. Then it happened again.

And again.

Dorian's eyes grew hugely round when the realization finally dawned on him. He was trapped; teetering on the brink, and entirely unable to tip the balance so that he might fall in on direction or the other. His mind screaming with the need to cum; his body entirely incapable of doing so. Above him, The Bull had shown no sign of slowing or tiring in his ruthless jack-hammering, causing Dorian to suffer through one dry, unsatisfying, orgasm after another.

Soon enough, the mage could feel his mind begin to crack under the relentless, unending, pressure. His battered psyche screaming out for the deeper whole release his body was simply unable to provide him. The seemingly endless onslaught saw the altus' whole world reduced to a single all-consuming need; A need his body, was too spent to assuage him of. Fire burned through him, only serving to fan the flames of each successive climax, to even greater intensities; shredding his nerves to pieces.

At some point during that unending stretch of time, Dorian was aware that he'd started caterwauling, again; but that point had long since come and gone. Now all that was left to him was to beg, and plead, and pray for deliverance; The Bull's name falling from his lips like an unending litany -an
unhinged prayer for salvation — desperate to be released from this unending torment of incompletable pleasure.

“Bull… Bull… Bull. Bull!” The mage’s voice, long since having grown hoarse from all his shouting, nevertheless, started to gain in strength and volume one final time, as the qunari’s rhythm changed. The warrior’s careful full-length strokes shortened and raggedly gained momentum as he wallop ed into Dorian’s backside, using every ounce of strength his warrior’s body was possessed of. Beneath him, Dorian drew tight, seeing at last an end to his torment, in that sudden furious increase in tempo.

And with a finale, thundering roar of victory, the qunari slammed his knot into the ’vint one last time…

As The Bull’s knot expanded – Dorian’s world exploded.

“That’s. Fucking. Right!” The Bull roared, his voice so triumphant it carried a hint of near hysterical laughter with it as it washed over the mage and Dorian’s eyes flew open to feel the sudden doubling of the girth buried deep within him. The sensation of such a sudden increase to the pressure and already mind boggling fullness started a cascading effect within Dorian’s body. It traveled through his every fiber and sinew, until it crowded over into his fractured and overwrought psyche, before finally spilling over, in an overawing rush of raw, untamed power into his magics.

At which point the pressure became too great to bear, and his body and mind sought to relive it via the only avenue left to them. Dorian’s mana exploded out of him in a blazing rush of roiling uncontrollable power, and the necromancer felt his world catch fire with it. It assaulted, his watering eyes, which were forced to squint tight against the sudden rush of heat and light that washed over him, conjuring images of sparking color and dancing flames, as he collapsed in an ungainly heap upon unthinkably ruined and soiled sheets. His psyche finally surrendering to so massive a dose of over stimulation and forcibly beginning to shut Dorian’s mind and body down in the aftermath.

Behind him, Dorian was only dimly aware of, The Bull cursing and laughing as he flailed about whilst the inky blackness of unconscious swam up to consume that blazing brightness in front of the mage’s eyes. In the the last moment before the Fade claimed him completely Dorian’s eyes cleared enough that he saw the truth of what he and The Bull had wrought with their exuberant rutting and a satisfied smirk played upon his lips.

Oh look, those ghastly curtains are on fire… Oops.

ox:-DTF:-xo.

“That's. Fucking. Right!” The Bull only had a moment to relish the feel of his partner squeezing around his knot until the pressure was right — before, with a blast of heat and light, the curtains at his bedside burst into furious flames.

‘Fuckin'- Whoa!’ The shouted expletive exploded out of him and he sat up in an uncoordinated scramble, yanking his horn from the mage’s weakened grip as Dorian collapsed limply to the bed in front of him. At first The Bull was simply too stunned, by the seemingly spontaneous combustion of his drapery, to do more than stare. Looking between this fucked out little mage and the blazing hangings and laughing as he made the correlation between the two. When the flames gained enough strength, however, to start to threaten his ceiling he came back to the immediate situation with another curse. He continued to pepper curses between bouts of seemingly unquenchable laughter as
he frantically began searching for something within easy reach that he might use to smother the fire.

Dorian, clearly, wasn't going to be of any help to him, having apparently blacked out. Bull probably should have been more concerned about that fact, but at the time all his focus was rather bent on getting the flames doused. His eye scanned the room in a moment, but any liquids within reach weren't the kinds you used to put a fire out with; and with Dorian firmly tied on his knot, it wasn't as if the Bull could just run to the wash chamber and grab the wash water. Judging by the feel of it, his knot wasn't going to deflate any time soon either; certainly not soon enough that he was willing to risk waiting on it before attempting to deal with the hungry flames that had started to blacken the support beams overhead.

“Shit and a half!” He growled as he yanked the crumpled and cum soaked blanket out from under the unconscious mage's legs and began beating out the flames. It took and few moments to get the job done, and the blanket was more than a little singed by the time he'd managed it. The curtains were a lost cause entirely.

For a few minutes after The Bull just panted and stared at the charred remnants of fabric hanging from the rod before he was once again struck by the absurdity of the situation. A gentle chuckle took seed in his chest before taking root and growing to a swollen belly laugh that soon saw his whole frame shaking with mirth. Well, that's certainly one way to heat things up in the sack! It was suddenly the funniest thing in the world to think that his knot had excited the mage so much that he'd gone and set the drapery on fire because of it. Mages! Fucking Awesome. Scary as shit sometimes, and he could do without the whole demon-abomination thing, but just fucking awesome otherwise.

By the time the laughing fit had passed The Bull's knot had softened enough that he was pretty sure he could pull himself free… A frown creased his brow as he encounter a rather surprising reluctance to do so. The Bull looked down at the place where he and the mage were still connected. It felt so good, being tied to the mage like he was; a feeling of bliss that he hadn’t experienced since… his frown deepened. He honestly couldn't remember it ever having felt this good before, and not just physically.

“Hurgpf.” He huffed into the quiet of his room, shaking off the odd feeling with a violent ear-flapping shake of his head. It had simply been too long since he'd done something like this; the endorphin rush from managing mera after all this time making him hesitate. His reluctance was just him stalling because pulling out would mean his time with the human was over; that this rather unexpected encounter would finally draw to its conclusion, and because there was no guarantee Dorian would be willing come back once he left. After all, when it was all said and done, Bull thought he might have over done it. Possibly.

In an unusual display of sentiment, The Bull reached forward and ran the back of a single heavy finger over the man's cheek, feeling the slight rasp of stubble that had cropped up over the course of the day. “Dorian?” He kept his voice low, not wanting to startle the man, but hoping to wake him some. The human hardly stirred, but then a slight frown furrowed his brow proving the man wasn't entirely dead to the world. “You still with me, Dorian?” The mage's frown deepened and he drew in on himself a bit. The movement half dislodged The Bull's knot and with a sigh the qunari pulled the rest free.

For a moment he was overcome with an immeasurably smug feeling as he let his eye roam over his handy work. Dorian was a right pretty mess. The altus' silken hair was a turbulent tangled crown, his skin covered with sweat and dusky bruises, his ass-cheeks still showing a rosy pink under the olive, and his hole gaping wide as The Bull's seed seeped sluggishly from within. He looked properly fucked out and The Bull's ego couldn’t help but swell at this proof of his prowess.
He wasn’t given much of a chance to really get to stroking his own, already overly blown, pride because no sooner was he completely clear of the human, than Dorian squirmed, and a slight gasp escaped him. Instantly, the mage shivered and drew in tight to himself, making The Bull's slightly ribald grin transform into a slightly concerned frown. The posture the mage had adopted was distinctly protective and spoke of a deep seated vulnerability to The Bull's Ben-Hassrath trained eyes. The surge of aggressively protective feelings the sight awakened in him was staggering, and honestly unnerving.

In order to distract himself from the oddly emotional responses he kept having, the mercenary turned away and walked over to the hearth, stoking up the dying coals and swinging the waiting kettle over the freshly enlivened embers to warm. Then made his way to his wash chamber to clean himself up a bit; after all of that, Dorian wasn’t the only one covered in a pantheon of sticky substances; also, he figured the mage could probably use a few minutes to uh… drain. Three loads of the Bull’s seed wasn't gonna pour out of him in any kind of a hurry.

When he returned to the bed chamber with a fresh cloth and a clean empty basin, he found Dorian had shifted on the bed until his position was almost fetal. The sight made The Bull scowl; he really wasn't liking the signals he was getting. A part of him started to wonder just what kind of treatment the mage was used to receiving after the fact back home. In The Bull's experience, it was more common for his partners to either sprawl or seek to cuddle up after an encounter as intense as this one had been. The way the mage was instinctively closing himself off instead was… troubling.

After filling the basin with fresh warm water, he carefully sat on the bed at the mage’s back and gently went about cleaning off the worst of the mess. He may have thoroughly enjoyed having made said mess, but he also knew how to be a gentleman; and he wasn't about to leave the poor guy to deal with all the resultant hodgepodge fluids when he woke up. At some point during then process it also became clear that if either of them were planning on actually sleeping in the bed for what remained of the night, he was gonna have to do something about the tangled, torn, and sticky state of it too.

And in order to do that, he was gonna need to get the Dorian disentangled from it first.

Throughout The Bull's careful ministrations the mage hadn't so much as murmured, not even muttering when The Bull needed to roll him in order to get to get at all of it. “Dorian?” This time The Bull tried giving his shoulder a bit of a shake in order to rouse him. “Com'on, Dorian. Wake up a bit, big guy. I need to get you out of this bed for a moment.”

"Smm-tired.” Came the mumbled and slurred response. “Just need to rest... be gone before any one sees me. Won't cause any trouble. Promish.” He finished with a weak fluttering of a limp hand.

The Bull's brow furrowed further and he needed to forcibly unclench his jaw, at the conformation that Dorian simply expected to be ousted at the earliest opportunity. “I'm not kicking you out, Dorian.” He managed, sounding almost calm; impressive considering he had to unlock his jaw in order to speak at all, “I just want to fix the bed,” He even managed to dredge up a bit of humor for the ’vint, after an effort, “unless you fussy pretty boy mage's like sleeping in puddles.” When the man grimaced The Bull took it as tacit consent to help him into a position more akin to sitting. Dorian hissed through his teeth and winced as his much abused ass found itself bearing more of his weight.

“Ow.” He muttered, and even half asleep the mage was good enough with the magic to be able to send another pulse of that soothing green light over his body.

“Yeah... Sorry ‘bout that. Honestly didn't think things would go that far.” The Bull chuckled a bit bashfully before dragging one the human's arms over his shoulder and all but lifting the altus clear of the bed; wrapping one strong arm around that slender waist and doing all that he could to support the
mage one handed as he deftly striped the torn and sullied sheet from his mattress; hurriedly replacing it with a clean one. Gently, he lowered the man back down on top of the clean linen, hastening to drape Dorian’s shivering form with the blanket. The fleece was looking pretty sad what with being singed pretty impressively in a few spots, and stained pretty badly in others, but at least it not wet with cum and oil like the sheets had been, and it would serve to keep the habitually cold man warm in the chill room.

The Bull made a token effort at stuffing the edge of the sheeting under the mattress as he made his way around to the other side of the bed. The end result was nothing like his usual crisp, military precise, job; but the day, and in particular the exertions of the last few hours, had started to catch up with him, as the last of the adrenalin burned out of his blood. He was almost staggering, he was so tired, by the time he allowed himself to fall on the mattress at the human's side.

The Bull had just enough energy left to encourage Dorian to curl into him, wrapping one cable like arm around the mage’s huddled shoulder, before he too succumbed to the demands of his body, and slept.

.ox:~DTF~:xo.

He was warm…

That was the first thing Dorian was aware of upon waking. It felt like it had been an age since he’d woken up feeling anything other than varying degrees of frozen. For a moment, the sheer bliss of that unlooked for heat made him ignore everything else about the situation. In fact, he almost drifted back to sleep because of it… Then there came and soft grumbling snore from somewhere over his head and Dorian's eyes snapped open in the dim light of the pre-dawn, to the sight of a scopious scarred sliver-gray chest.

Maker, tell me I didn't actually…

Again there came that soft snore and Dorian's gaze climbed north, on a neck that creaked in horror, only to come to rest on the sleeping visage of The Iron Bull. Slowly, his body started to inform him in many -not so small - ways of the type of activities he'd been engaging in; removing any doubt from his mind of just, exactly, what he and The Bull had gotten up to the evening prior. With each twinge and ache of his sore and much abused body Dorian's memories of the event in question crystallized and soon he was blushing hotly in the dark shadow filled room; the whole evening playing out for him again in his mind in vivid detail.

Slowly -carefully- Dorian sat up, extracting himself from The Bull's warm encircling arm as delicately as possible. The motion caused the blanket that had been wrapped about his shoulders to fall from them, exposing him to the chill of the dark room with a waft of heavily smoke-scented air.

Dorian’s eyes grew even rounder and his head turned with a snap toward the window by The Bull's bed where the tattered and charred remnants of a set of curtains were hanging in mute testament to his spectacularly mortifying loss of control. Maker’s mercy! He'd not lost control of his magic like that since he'd been a barely schooled novice; losing control of one's gift was the mistake of armatures! Green, virginal apprentices did such things the first time someone deigned to touch them through their clothes, and made them cum in their smalls. It was not something that happened to seasoned, experienced, mages.
If anyone back home were to ever hear I'd lost it like that I'd be a laughing stock! The thought was fully formed before the realization that losing his grip on his mana was the very least of his concerns if anyone back home ever heard of this particular dalliance. Pariah would be the mildest thing he'd be called. That thought made him smirk a little ruefully into the dark. Certainly, no-one would ever be able to claim he didn't know the very best ways to shock and scandalize after this.

All the same... best not to kick the beehive. Tongues throughout the inquisition had a tendency to wag in regard to the inner circle, and Dorian didn't believe for a moment that his father didn't have some means of keeping tabs on his activities here. Maker! If Magister Pavus ever heard about this, Dorian really would have to start worrying about being clubbed over the head and unceremoniously shipped back to The Imperium in the nearest available crate when next he left the Inquisition’s stronghold.

Dorian ran his hand through his dirty stiff hair with a grimace, before dragging them down along his cheeks -which were sorely in need of shave- as he tried to figure out what he should do now.

Tradition dictated he leave, preferably now, while his partner was still sleeping; before they could wake and set about politely hinting he should be gone already. That was the way things had always played out in Tevinter. It was what was expected of him, and Dorian had grown accustomed to it. The few times Dorian had dared to stay longer -had dared to hope- had led to some of the most awkward, and uncomfortable, memories of the altus' life.

Yes. It was best he leave. Before The Bull could wake and ended up making a scene.

Right. He would just need to pop into the wash chamber to…

Dorian froze in the painstakingly slow process of carefully disentangling himself from The Bull's sleeping embrace, as he once more took stock of his body and realized he was nowhere near as filthy as he should have been. A glance toward The Bull's bed side chest showed him a basin with and damp cloth draped over the rim. Dorian's eyes couldn't possibly get any wider with his shock at the implications.

Surely he didn't take the time to… The thought was cut off as his overly helpful memory supplied him with a flurry of hazy images and vague impressions.

Big hands, gentle against tender flesh.

A warm wet cloth brushing soothingly over sensitive sticky skin.

Soft words and gentle encouragements to roll, to move, to stand…

“I'm not kicking you out, Dorian.”

Dorian looked back at the massive form of sleeping qunari, completely confused by the evidence of his mind and body.

A lump formed in his throat and he choked on a bitter derisive little bark of laughter. Oh wonderful! The Maker does have a sense of humor. He thought disparagingly. Naturally it would turn out to be as twisted as my own. To think the first man to treat him like a person - like a lover, whispered a small voice he promptly silenced- would be a fucking Tal-Vashoth qunari whom he'd only let fuck him out of a misplaced sense of curiosity, and a drunken desire to explore the taboo, was just about the cruelest sadistic joke Dorian have ever heard.

With another small shake of his head, Dorian managed to climb to his feet, somewhat unsteadily. He wasn't at all surprised when his legs immediately took to trembling like a day old calf's and he had to
hastily steady himself with a hand on the bed, as he sent another burst of healing magic into his lower half. Silently he thanked the Maker for his newly acquired proficiency with the spell. He'd never had much call for that particular school of magic before coming south; however, at the rate he was being supplied with opportunities to utilize and practice it he was bound to become rather more than simply proficient at it. *Venhedis, if I get any more chances to practice, I'll be able to officially declare a change in specializations.*

After and few more repetitions he was put together enough to be able to start hunting out his clothing without risking simply falling to the floor in a heap the moment he no longer had the bed to brace himself with. Not *that* really helped him any.

The Bull had apparently flung his clothing to every corner of the room. In the end, he'd simply given up and pulled on his breaches *sans* smalls having entirely failed at finding the small scrap of silken fabric in the dark; which had some how gotten separated from the rest when they'd been unceremoniously hurled from the bed. After both of his boots had been located, and his socks stuffed inside the footwear, he'd tucked them up under the arm he wasn't using to hold his torn and tattered shirt about himself in some in and vary loose semblance of functionality. At length, Dorian was at last as clothed as he could manage, and he let out and small relived sigh; grateful beyond reckoning at having pulled it off without once disturbing The Bull's soft, measured snores.

On bare feet he crept, mouse quiet, over to the door; which he opened only an inch or so to ascertain whether the battlements were clear. Feeling confident that, the coast was indeed clear, Dorian had then quickly slipped out and carefully closed the door behind him. The mage only allowed himself to relax after he heard the latch click gently back into place, letting go of his nervous apprehension with a prolonged sigh as he rested his forehead against the rough wood.

“So! About that flagon of beer you owe me, Sparkler.” Dorian leapt a solid foot into the air with an entirely undignified yelp, looking like nothing so much as startled cat, as he whirled to face the shadowed recess, from which the form of Varric was materializing into the torch light. Disturbingly, the dwarf had a small tattered note book in one hand, and a much ink stained quill in the other. He also wore a smile on his face like a cat that had just caught himself the fattest canary in the entire history of canaries. “Now, I suppose I could be persuaded to forgive the debt…” the dwarf mused suggestively, that self-satisfied smirk cracking open into an entirely wicked grin as he raised the little note book with a taunting wave, “considering the quality of the source material you just provided me with.”

“Varric, ah... this. I was just- it's not- The Bull and I were just-” Dorian floundered trying in vain to come up for a plausible reason as to why he would be sneaking out The Bull's quarters, barefoot, wearing a shirt that needed to be physically *held* in place during the *very* small hours of the morning.

Varric cocked an eyebrow at the mage, his grin getting impossibly wider. “If you're gonna attempt to bull-shit a bull-shitter, Sparkler, you gotta commit to it. Confidence is half the trick of it. Wanna try again?”

Dorian’s shoulders slumped, and he closed his eyes, knowing that there was absolutely no way he could spin this as anything but what it was. Doubly so, considering he had no way of knowing just how long the dwarf had been lurking outside The Bull's door. Instead, he opted to make a bid to appeal to the rogue's better nature; if it had one. “Please don't tell anyone.” He pleaded, “I know it goes against your every instinct, Varric, but I'm used to a certain amount of…” he ran his tongue out to moist his suddenly dry lips, “discretion in my affairs, and I really would appreciate it if you didn't-”
“Sure thing, Sparkler. My lips are sealed.” The dwarf said with a casual acceptance that made Dorian blink. Then the rouge smirked, and his copper eyes were once again sparking with that gleeful mischievous glint as he then carried on to say, “Corse I can't say anything for the hundred odd people who were on the wall, or in the court yard, or in their quarters, when you started caterwauling an Antivan opera in there.” Dorian felt the blood drain from his face as the dysher reminded him of the sheer volume he’d achieved at times, his hazel eyes locked on the dark hole of the -as of yet- unglazed window to Commander Cullen’s office/quarters just across the ramparts from The Bull’s room.

“Oh don’t worry, Sparkler. After all, the Bull entertains most nights; no one knows it was you.” Varric offered comfortingly with a causal reassuring pat on the mage's arm before he pulled the rug out from under him once more because he was honestly getting way too much of a kick out of watching the man flounder. “The again, there’s not exactly an overabundance of people round these parts who go around cursing in Old Tevene, either.”

_Kaffas!_ Dorian swore inwardly, only just stopping his head from thumping back onto the wood of The Bull's door. When he opened his eyes again it was to the sight of Varric trying, and failing, to hold in a positively _sadistic_ little smirk.

“Yes. Well done. I'm sure you're ever so proud having caught me out. Surely your further tormenting of myself can wait until morning, yes?” Dorian muttered, standing straighter and trying to gather what dignity was left to him while standing barefoot, and dressed in little more than rags, outside The Iron Bull's door. “Now, see you've wasted it! All that effort lurking out her to ambush me, without proper audience to truly appreciate my mortification. Honestly, I'm disappointed. I thought you had and better sense of timing, Varric. Springing this on me over breakfast in front of all the others; now that would have had had the proper dramatic flair.”

“What, and allow you a chance at plausible deny-ability? Nice try, Sparkler!” The dwarf chortled again before he took pity on the man. “Oh relax, mage. Don't go gettin' your knickers in any _more_ of a twist. I'm not actually that mean, you know. I just couldn't help ribbing you. Maybe next time you'll think twice before you steal my beer. It generally considered unhealthy getting between a dwarf and his ale.” Varric smiled much more openly, tossing the mage a wink as he stepped back so that he was no longer blocking Dorian's exit. “Come up to clear my head of the drink you _didn't_ steal and ended up taking pity on the miserable green horn who was supposed to be guarding this section of the wall. Poor kid looked like he was gonna pass out if he got any redder listing to your little duet in there.” The dwarf shook his head with a little amused laugh, “I'll give you this much, Sparkler, you boys sure know how to put on a show.”

“Yes well, mother was always fond of my singing voice.” Dorian dead-panned, startling a proper laugh from the story teller as Dorian fished his sock out and went about stuffing his bare feet into his boots to cover the hot blush then dwarf had succeeded in calling to his cheeks.

“Not really my taste in music, but it was well rather well executed.” Came Varric's equally neutral return once the dwarf had gotten a hold of himself, the casual effect somewhat spoiled, however, by those eyes that continued sparkling with merriment. “I'd bet half of Skyhold was dancing solo to the tune.” Dorian gave and pained groan for then dwarf poor metaphor, though the mental pain did nothing to cool his blazing blush. “All right, you can stop blushing so hard, Sparkler -you making _my_ cheeks hurt- it probably wasn't _that_ loud. Wasn’t quiet, but probably only about a two dozen or so people on the wall and housed nearby could actually hear it. And with the exception of that Krem fellow of Tiny's, I don't think anyone outside the inner circle would recognize your swearing for what it was; so you can breathe easy on than front too.” He said, flooding the mage with relieved gratitude. “And all you have to do is be the man buying the ale tomorrow, and I promise I won’t tell
and soul. Unless you or Tiny let something slip, it'll probably be nothing more than a bit of quiet speculation and forgotten by weeks end.”

“I- Thank you Varric.” Dorian said with as much open sincerity as he could muster; the dwarf waved off his thanks with an off handed gesture.

“You better get moving though. Watch changes in five. And if that happens your gonna end up getting the full 'walk of shame' experience to get back to your rooms. And that, My sparkling friend, will spark a lot more than just idle speculation, come morning.”

With one last grateful nod for the dwarf’s understanding, and the warning, Dorian quickly headed for his own rooms as fast as his, somewhat bowlegged, stride would allow.

All things considered, it really had been a remarkably enjoyable experience; one the altus really wouldn't terribly mind seeing repeated.

Hm mmm. Well, I suppose I could always use the excuse of going back to collect my underthings as a reason to get back into his room s; I am rather fond of that pair after all. Dorian mused, a little drowsily, as he open the door to his own quarters and immediately began shedding his ruined cloths. And, we wouldn't want the big lummox to go getting any ideas, like he likely would if I just started turning up on his door step without some form of excuse.

Once he was, once again, naked Dorian collapsed into the soft feather bedding their illustrious Inquisitor had managed to persuade Josephine to part with on his behalf, with a deeply satisfied groan.

Still it would be best if we kept it quiet; particularly if there a chance of it happening again. Wouldn't want father to feel the need to do something drastic… again. He reflected, a bit groggily, already feeling the Fade tugging at his mind, Right. I'll just have a few words with Bull come morning about the need for a bit of discretion …

“So, Dorian, about last night...”

“Eugh. Discretion isn't you're thing, is it?”

To Be Continued

*Mera : The Tie - Taken from Meraad, the Qunlat word for 'The Tide'. This is just Enchant & I, playing with the words. We claim no greater understanding of Qunlat – which is a crazy whacked out language.

**Bas Saarebas, ash-an meastarrit ebost : Dangerous thing, I seek the rising return. - Or, less archaically, “Human Mage, get it up again.” - yeah, yeah. It's an awkward as shit translation. Hey! I'm doing the best I can working with what little I've got here... Sorry.
Closing A/N: So she's done... sorta. If the 'to be continued' and the presence of a series tag weren't clues enough, I shall now officially declare that I am intending to continue with this incarnation of the Doribull ship in my 'Doing The Forbidden' series. In which I hope to explore these two as they get to know more about each other and what this 'Whole lot of something' means through-out the course of the game time line – though, fair warning, I will probably twist the cannon around to suit my own personal wants and desires, pretty heavily in the process of doing so. Furthermore (in case it wasn't also /glaringly/ obvious from this); plot is really more of an... incidental in my stories so, yes, there shall be plenty more smut to be had in many of the future fics (though I make no promise that it shall be present in ALL of them). So, if you're at all interested in seeing where these boys lead me, you might wanna consider throwing up (or moving) a subscription to the series... or you could subscribe to me too (that last option always results in squeee-ing)

I still have two other serious WIPs I need to finish before I move on to the next in this series guilt free but hopefully the wait shan't be too long. After all, these boys are clearly not the type to be patient.

Alright so now that she's all done… I REALLY wanna hear what you have to say about it all. So all you silent story-stalkers out there *eyes you while looking at the *81 (+ series)* subscriptions on this bad boy* drop me a comment! A 'hello'! Heck, I even like critiques! And I'd love to know who you all are! I swear I don't bite (unless you ask me too *wiggles brows*) and I only get this chatty when invited to; don't talk back and I'll shut up, I swear!

*Sits patiently waiting for comment notifications*…

Take your time… (;P)

but seriously, whether you feel like granting my heart's desire or not, know that I love you all for reading and feeding my addiction to storytelling. (after all where would a story teller be without her audience?) Hope to hear from you, and to see you all again on the next one!

Of course… if you're feeling adventuresome and want something steamy -and kinky- sooner: why not check out my first story 'Hot Mess Hawke'. I promise -despite the less than popular nature of the pairing/threesome,- you won't regret it... unless you forgot to pack a spare set of undies, that is - ; )

Or perhaps you'd rather something a bit more on the romantic side of sexy, -with a healthy dose of the cuckles- in which case might I recommend checking out my latest work 'Deflowering Daisy'? It's another 'odd-duck' pairing, to be sure, but if you liked how I handled Varric here, I promise you you'll /love/ what I do with him there.

P.S - I have recently started a tumblr account and would like to begin linking my stories there... but seeing as tumblr is such a visual site I refuse to link anything without some cover art to draw people in, so If any one is interested in drawing something for this let me know yeah?
Dorian blinked a bit rapidly as the somewhat dazzling sight of The Iron Bull’s scared hide, glinting silver under a sheen of sweat, as he joyously hurled fresh-faced young farmers' sons left and right. Normally such a brutish display would have just left Dorian snorting with dismissive derision; and while he went through the motions of doing exactly that now, even to his own ears the sound lacked conviction. He seemed too caught up in the play of light over the slick musculature of The Bull’s broad shoulders, imagining he could feel the power of them turned against him again as they had been last night.

Kaffas.

Swallowing thickly Dorian gave up the lark and simply stared as the huge qunari moved about the practice ring with unlikely grace for a man who normally appeared to lumber about like the oxen his kind were so often compared to. An electric shiver raced up Dorian's spine with each flex and swing of those thick arms, a vivid reminder to Dorian of what it felt like to be in The Bull's grasp. He watched avidly -hungrily- as the big warrior casually shrugged off every attack, shouldered aside each opponent, with an almost feral glee until there were no more comers. Glancing about himself for more challengers, his breathing even and relaxed, The Bull planted the heavy looking wooden ax in the dirt and leaned on it with that cocky, crooked grin of his. The expression was so similar to the one the warrior had worn last night it made Dorian's heart flutter in his chest in a way that was entirely inappropriate given the circumstances.

Dorian was, in fact, so caught up in shamelessly devouring The Bull with his eyes that he failed to notice Cullen entering the ring and set about lecturing the recruits, at first; but he could hardly fail to notice when the big mercenary said something to the ex-tempalr that had the rest of the men hooting, and hollering and clearly egging their Commander on. Dorian’s mouth went utterly dry, then began to water shamefully when next thing he knew Cullen was shrugging off his surcoat and starting to work on the buckles of his breast plate.
Yeah, life, pregnancy, new baby, renovations, drama... I didn't mean to make you all wait so long.*grovels apologetically* But now that I near the end I am putting the pressure on myself and giving you all a little teaser so I don't accidentally let the posting of chapter one of 'Indiscreet' slide any further.

But hey let me know what you think! Tell me how excited you are, or just yell at me for being so freaking slow! I need all the Cheerleading/Drill Sergeant-ing I can get so I don't lose my nerve and put this off for another three months *nervous laughter* (no seriously I'll take anything)

Update: It's Up! What are you still here for! Hit that ">>" In that series tag!

Works inspired by this one:  [Richried to Explore [PODFIC]](https://archiveofourown.org/works/1023263) by Opalsong

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!