Tipping the Velvet

by motleystarshine

Summary

Fenris loves cunnilingus - the taste, the feel, the scent, the sounds his lover makes - and he's damned good at it, too.

Originally posted on the DAKinkMeme
"I have been thinking of you," Fenris said.

Hawke shivered at the low tone of his voice. She recognized it as the one she only heard on the way to a bedroom or somewhere equally as private. Fenris was not one for publicizing their relationship. All of the party knew they were an item – between Isabella’s flirtations and Varric’s well-meaning and repeated warnings it was impossible for even Sebastian to ignore it – but outside of the group it wasn’t well known. Lady Elodie Hawke, Champion of Kirkwall, had such comings and goings from her estate at all hours of the night (and such meticulously closed bedroom curtains) that even her nosy neighbors were hard pressed to pick her sexual predilection.

"Have you?" Hawke replied, attempting nonchalance.

It didn’t work, of course. Fenris knew just what his voice did to her.

A gauntleted hand found her hip, guiding her back until she was resting against him. "In truth, I think of little else," Fenris said. His lips ghosted against the shell of her ear, and Elodie tried not to melt into butter at his feet.

Damn him and his voice. The sun was low in the sky, casting shadows of the buildings across the courtyard they were waiting on Varric in.

"I am rather distracting," she admitted. "Just yesterday-"

"I am aware," Fenris interrupted her. "I was there."

Elodie chuckled. She relished the closeness with him out in the open. It didn’t matter that they were in a deep shadow outside the Dwarven Merchants’ Guild, or that she was still in her bulky armor. Fenris had his hand on her, and his lips against her ear, and she knew what he could do with that mouth.

"Perhaps," Elodie suggested, hating how obvious the waver in her voice was, "Varric can find us at the Hanged Man."

"Tomorrow," Fenris replied.

"Tomorrow?"

A claw of his gauntlet traced the outside of her hip. The metal tip scratched gently against her armor, the noise just soft enough to make her shiver. Fenris turned his head, inhaling the scent of her hair. "He may find us tomorrow, if he looks for us."

Turning her head just enough, Elodie caught Fenris’ eye. He was staring at he neck, lids low over her favorite shade of green. When he glanced up at her, a puff of his breath ghosted over her skin.

"He can try," Elodie replied.
She was rewarded with Fenris’ chuckle.

The estate was literally around the corner. The walk was short, the afternoon barely passed to evening, and they made it without too much fuss. One time when he’d been extremely … interested… they hadn’t made it beyond the benches. Fenris was behaving himself today, though. They made it into the front room without him pinning her to the wall or the door.

Bodhan met her at the door, as was his habit, but waited to do more than greet her. Fenris pressed a hand to her back, leaned over to kiss her gently, and took the broadsword from her bauldric. He nodded at Bodhan before heading upstairs to her room like he owned the place. Once Fenris had performed his little disarming, Bodhan smiled at the goofy look on her face, indicated that there were a few letters that would require her attention later, and asked if she and ‘the messere’ would be needing dinner. Elodie asked to have Orana leave a tray by her door, but demanded it be nothing fancy. Then she all but jogged up the steps after Fenris.

She hadn’t thought the conversation had taken that long, but by the time she reached her room, the fire in her hearth was lit and the curtains were pulled shut. Both their swords had been settled in the stands near the bed neatly, and Fenris was using the little basin in the corner to clean his face off.

His armor was meticulously settled on the stand she’d brought in for him. He might not take a place here, but he’d always have one without having to ask for it. Elodie began taking off her armor, thinking absently of how quaint and domestic it felt.

Then Fenris stopped her hands, and she remembered what had sent them, or at least her, hurrying back to the estate.

“So… you were thinking of me?” she asked.

“Mm,” Fenris replied, moving around behind her. He was slow to take off her armor. Perhaps it was the misstep that one time, but she preferred to think it was because he liked doing it this way. Bare hands slid across her breastplate, checking the nicks and scratches for structural damage. Then the clasps were loosed one at a time, as though he was taking her out of a silk gown instead of heavy plate.

Elodie let her eyes drift shut as Fenris loosened and removed each piece of her armor. His fingers grazed against her skin as he did it, and each touch caused a pleasant little jolt. To get to Kirkwall there was so little money that she’d sold her plate armor. A part of her had loved having her arms bare, despite the wounds she sometimes got on them. Since coming in to her fortune and regaining a rather temperamental and protective lover, she had taken to wearing armor that covered her from neck to toe, and most often with a helmet to go on top. So much time in armor without the touch of skin against hers made her sensitive to touch against anything beyond her hands. Once Fenris had discovered this – an almost unfortunate occurrence on Sundermount with some rashvine that had them all stripping a layer down to get the nasty burrs away from their skin, one that had ended with Fenris snatching Anders away from her when his hand brushing her arm had gotten a pleased whimper out of her – he not only studiously kept her body to himself, but frequently made use of how sensitive her skin was.

Finally she was down to just leathers, and Fenris stood against her back, palms running slowly
up and down her arms. Her skin was tingling from all the attention. His hands tugged the neck of her vest open, and he lowered his lips to her skin, causing a spike in the tingling she was feeling. “Come to bed,” he said, hands palming her breasts through the leather and the binding she kept them tied down under.

“Mm,” she agreed, leaning back against him.
Chapter 2

Fenris wrapped an arm around her waist, tugging her back with him towards the bed. His other hand undid the laces of her vest, moving on to loosen the bindings that trapped her breasts. Hawke was shivering at his touch, pliant to his guiding. He loved how responsive she was, loved the feel of her skin against his and the way she squirmed when she felt his touch especially strongly.

Her head tipped back against his shoulder as he got his hands on her breasts. She groaned as he squeezed them, head turning to the side away from him. Hawke reached back for his hips, and he kissed her neck gently. They were sore, of course, it had been a busy week and she’d spent most of it in her armor.

“Fenris, that-” she started.

“It is easier to undress you like this,” he said, and kissed her neck again, sliding his hands down her stomach to undo the laces of her breeches.

She chuckled at that, and he felt the whole of her shake with her mirth. “Am I so difficult to get naked? You never seem to have much trouble.”

“I like to think I am particularly skilled at it,” Fenris replied. He tugged her breeches loose and kissed behind her ear before guiding her around so that he could get her vest off.

“Practice makes perfect,” Hawke replied, still following his lead. She shivered as he slid the leather from her arms, draping them around his neck as he drew the binding from where it had dropped around her waist. She leaned up to press her lips to his as he worked, and he kissed her firmly.

Once that cloth was out of the way – Fenris understood the practicality of it, but much preferred Elodie without it – he took her hips and guided her back to her bed.

He was fond of this bed, and all the memories he had of it. Hawke sank down, but kept her arms tight around his neck. Sometimes when she held onto him like that he thought she was still scared he’d leave her again. Fenris followed her down, drawing out of the kiss to press his lips to her neck.

Hawke purred as he kissed down her neck, arms loosening enough to let him. She grasped at his shoulders as he made his way down the familiar, scarred skin of her torso. First the wound in her shoulder, the one that had stopped his heart because it had been so close to hers. Then an older one, one he didn’t know the cause of, that slanted faintly across the tops of her breasts. He liked that one because when he kissed along it she squirmed and arched her back. She didn’t disappoint him now, and he ignored her scars to focus his attention on her breasts. On another night, he’d nip her skin and cause her to grind against him. Tonight she was sore and he would be gentle. Her flesh against his lips was lovely, and soft, and-

“Fenrisss,” Hawke moaned softly, almost hissing.

Relenting his attention from her breasts, he kissed her sternum, drawing a line up her ribcage with his tongue. His hands undid her breeches more thoroughly, working the thick leather off her hips and down her thighs, feeling the warmth of her core against his hands as he did so.

The scent of her reached him, and he felt his arousal stiffen more firmly as he worked her breeches down her knees. She squirmed as he slid his palms up her shins to grip her knees. She
always did that, shivering in anticipation as he climbed her body. The quivering of her beneath him was almost intoxicating.

Gently, he nudged her knees apart. He kissed the inside of thigh near her knee, drawing a circle on her skin. It was soft, even when her leg flexed and the muscle made itself apparent. Fenris mouthed his way up her thigh slowly, letting a hand lower to undo the front of his breeches. He knew from experience what having her would do to him, and he’d been struck so abruptly with the need to have her that he hadn’t a thing to put on if he ruined what he was wearing. His vest had been discarded with his armor, but he’d been too eager to get her to the bed to get out of his leggings fully. He sighed against her skin as he released himself from the constraint of them. The rush of breath against Hawke’s leg caused her to squirm again.

The scent of her arousal assaulted him when she shifted, and he turned his head to bury his nose in her smalls. Hawke’s knee twitched as he did it, and he gathered her leg over his shoulder, wrapping his arm around it. He gripped her rump as he parted his lips, mouthing the length of her opening.

“Fenris!” Hawke gasped out.

She sat up just slightly as he pressed his mouth forward, tongue pressing against the fabric enough that he could feel the dampness of her against the cloth. He guided her other leg over his shoulder, licking along the quickly dampening fabric firmly, and Hawke’s hips twitched.

“That shouldn’t feel so good through the fabric,” she gasped out.

Fenris curled his fingers around the band of her small clothes and he leaned back, guiding them down her hips. “How does it feel?” he asked gently. This sort of pleasure often drew rather dirty words out of his Elodie, and he loved hearing her use them.

“Like you’re trying to swallow me whole,” Hawke murmured, assisting him in getting the obstructing cloth off by shimmying her hips a little.

“Is it unpleasant?” he asked, kissing the knee he’d neglected before.

“Void, no!” Hawke protested. She squirmed a little.

“Not… unpleasant then,” Fenris chuckled against her.


Fenris chuckled. Obviously she wasn’t gone enough to go on about how it felt. He bit her leg gently, guiding her knees back up on his shoulders. As he worked his mouth up her leg, she curled her other one over his shoulder. Her heel dug into his back, pressing against the lyrium marks just enough to send a faint pulse through them.

His cock stiffened at the feeling, and he reached up to take her waist in both hands, dragging her close enough that he could close his mouth over her entrance and press his tongue into her.

“FENRIS!”

Her legs tensed around his head, thighs pressing his ears against his skull, and the taste of her against his tongue was enough to bring him fully hard. He sucked on her a moment, getting a needy groan out of her. Her back arched, and he softened his jaw, letting his tongue caress her more gently.
It wasn’t long before he could hear the pattern of her panting change, and her thighs loosened their grip. She was wet now, truly, and the taste of it against his tongue was better than anything else he’d ever tasted. He slid his mouth away, lest he drink of her too quickly, and placed a kiss against her entrance before licking upwards. Her breath hitched as he stroked her clit with his tongue, and she cried out when he swirled his tongue around it.

“Maker, please, Fenris!” Hawke cried out.

She never moaned with such abandon as this except when she was spread open for him. He drank in the sound of his name being gasped out, stiffened at the high pitch of her keening whine as he closed his lips around the sensitive tangle of her skin. When her hips started to rock against his mouth he couldn’t help the way his balls ached. He wanted her to do more of that… wanted her to…

They would have to change positions for that.

He pulled his mouth from her, gasping for breath.

Hawke let out a pitiful, needy moan as his mouth left her. She pushed up enough so that she was on an elbow, and her flushed face was concerned. “Fenris… did… is everything…”

She was too close. What he wanted would have to wait.

“Everything is fine,” he assured her, voice low with arousal. He grasped her buttocks, kneading it before he lowered a hand to slip two fingers into her.

Hawke dropped back to the bed with a loud whimper. Her insides felt like hot silk on his fingers. “You… youuu…” she moaned at him.

Leaning forward again, he kissed the dark curls that covered the apex of her thighs. Hawke was shivering a little, but not enough. He kissed her thigh again gently, getting his other hand up to part her before settling his mouth back against her.

“Maker, more!” Hawke gasped out as his tongue pressed into her. She reached one hand down to grip his hair. Her short nails scraped against his scalp a little as she fisted her hand. “Don’t stop, Fenris! Maker, your tongue like that-!”

Ah, there it was.

Fenris could hear the motion of his fingers in her. The wet noises of flesh against flesh, and Hawke spread her knees wide, hips shivering beneath his ministrations. She was soft and hot and trusting. He felt his erection twitch and throb in response to the pleasure she was shouting into the room. He thrust his fingers into her, and she gasped, her whole body jerking in reaction to the feeling. He leaned up, angling her more firmly against the bed as he closed his lips around her, sucking on her clit. He crooked his finger, dragging it against the silken walls inside of her.

Hawke lost words. Her breath came in harsh pants and articulate moans that were somewhere between ‘more’ and his name. She sounded like she was running a marathon in her armor. He could see her now, writhing against the bed, sweating. His tongue pressed more firmly against her, coaxing a desperate noise out of her.

Now, he thought. Fenris could feel her tensing around his fingers, could feel her knee start to jerk just a little. His body was as tense as hers, his cock twitching in anticipation. He relished the warmth against his face, the taste of her that lingered against his lips, and he could feel his own hips shifting. They were both moving, like waves crashing onto a beach. He moved forward, she met him, and he shifted up towards her.
When she came, she screamed his name as though it was the only word she knew in the whole world. Her whole body arched, and a rush of heat wet his hand.

Fenris followed, his whole body aching with it, splattering his release against his chest and the bed clothes that hung over the side.

He softened his tongue against her, but kept a gentle stroke as she relaxed. She murmured his name over and over, and her fingers loosened their grip in his hair. She was stroking his scalp, now, both hands running through his hair.

Lowering his lips, he lapped at her release, greedy for more taste of her. Hawke groaned at the attention, tugging gently at his hair. “Too sensitive,” she grumbled softly.

Fenris made a disagreeing noise, intent at drinking her release.

“I caaan’t anymore,” Hawke whined, hips jerking as though in defiance of her denial. She tugged at his hair more firmly. “Maker, Fenris, I came so hard I can’t feel my legs, I don’t have anything left.”

He relented, drawing back to kiss her thigh gently. There would be time for more later, once she recovered.
Chapter 3

With the curtains closed it was impossible to tell what time it was. Before Fenris, Elodie had indulged her mother’s taste in window decorations – thick embroidered trim on shimmering gauzy panels. It was the height of fashion, of course, but fashion in Kirkwall was about showing off and competing with your neighbors. Everyone had gauzy curtains so they could spy on one another and compare furnishings and late night company.

It had unsettled Fenris to find that her windows faced the bedroom of a neighbor, more so to find that he could see through the curtains on both sides and had a clear view of what was going on. It bothered him because if he could see, so could whoever was looking in the direction of Elodie’s bedchamber. Fenris was not the sort to ask to have them changed outright. Instead he had shied away from her room when they were intimate. For two months after he came back they were against every surface in the house – to the occasional embarrassment of Orana or Bodhan – except her bed. Fenris only took her there when the fire was low and the shadows were deep, and then it was to settle her in bed to sleep. It was an embarrassment to Elodie that Anders had spent more time in her bedroom since Fenris’ return to her, it just seemed wrong. She’d only noticed him hesitate at her bedroom door a month ago, and once she noticed, she’d asked.

To her question, Fenris simply said he did not want to complicate things for her. It had been the beginning of a long conversation about what they were and weren’t, and what was ok and what wasn’t. At the end of it, Fenris still hadn’t said a word about the curtains, but Elodie had them changed. She might not like his level of secrecy about them, but she could respect it.

The new curtains had come in handy since then. Of late there were too many long, long nights of fighting – being Champion of Kirkwall seemed to have no end of tedious gangs to clean out and people to thwart – that seemed to end almost at dawn. The thick curtains kept out insistent daylight just as well as prying eyes.

Elodie was glad of the curtains now. Fenris lay curled at her side with his mouth against the skin behind her ear. They had come in during the afternoon, so it might still only be afternoon, and the sunlight in the windows would undoubtedly have kept her eyes open despite Fenris’ attention.

A knock at the door threatened to rouse her, but Fenris kissed her neck and pushed her shoulder down against the bed when she tried to get up. He rose instead, and from the rustling she assumed he found something to cover himself with. Elodie heard the door open, and then there was soft talking, and then the door shut. At least one of them could still walk, Elodie thought. Whenever Fenris got his head between her legs, she lost function in the lower half of her body for hours, as though it had a mind of its own that wanted nothing more than proximity to Fenris’ mouth.

Fenris crossed the room again, and Elodie could smell the food he was carrying as he got closer. Her stomach demanded action, but all Elodie could manage was to turn onto her back and open her eyes. Fenris was carrying a small tray with more plates on it than it ought to hold.

Elodie shook her head at the tray, but Fenris put it on the bed beside her. He checked each of the plates, an approving look settling over his features. Apparently, Orana’s idea of a ‘simple meal’ involved roasted meat and an impressive amount of potatoes with cold cheese on the side. He settled beside her, beautiful and naked, and Elodie caught him catching her staring. “Dinner,” he said, leaning over to take a morsel of meat from the plate, “before a second course.”

That sent a shiver right through her, one that she hadn’t thought she was ready for. Fenris lifted the meat to her lips, and Elodie took it, but didn’t taste it for staring at him.
“Unless… you are tired,” he offered. He picked up a piece of the meat and lifted it to his own lips.

Elodie fought her groan at the way he tipped his head back to eat it, the extension of his throat a little too enticing. “Me? Tired? Of course not.”

Fenris grinned broadly at that. He leaned over and his lips closed over hers. His tongue invaded her mouth, and she closed her eyes, sucking on the warm intrusion. She could taste herself and the spiced taste of the roast in his kiss, and whimpered as his tongue rubbed against the roof of her mouth.

Her nipples hardened as he leaned in closer, and she moaned as his chest pressed against hers. He kissed her as though doing so was sacred, and it never failed to make her squirm. Fenris leaned his forehead against hers, breaking the kiss to meet her eyes. “Are they still sore?”

“I never said they were sore,” she protested softly. “They’re just too sensitive for you to play with them like that.”

“We shall have to find a remedy,” Fenris replied. He reached back for the plate, tugging it up closer to her hand. “Eat.”

“What about y-”

He cut her off by sliding down her torso. He rested his cheek against her left breast, and murmured, “I will eat later,” he said, and then parted his lips to lick the swell of the right one.

“I don’t think that’s going to wo-o-o…” Elodie’s protest died as his tongue stroked her skin. Warm, wet, and firm, Fenris’ mouth was as intent when applied to her breasts as it was anywhere his mouth touched her body. Elodie heard herself moaning faintly at the attention. Diligently his licking traveled the circumference of her breast, making a slow path to her nipple. There pressure of his tongue softened, and it felt so, so good. One of his arms wrapped around her waist and he settled himself between her legs, mouth closing around her breast to suckle it. His other hand cupped the swell of her flesh, fingers stroking gently without pressing too hard, holding it up so that he could take more of it into his mouth.

A jolt of heat made her squirm against him. The warm sensation shot from the breast he was sucking on straight down between her legs. She moaned as she felt it.

His lips came off her breast and he stroked her side. “You are not eating.”

“I’ll choke,” Elodie said breathlessly, blushing at her own admission. “You make me moan like that, and I’ll choke on my food. So if you really want me to eat, you’re going to have to hold off for a bit.”

Fenris chuckled, softly. “Then you will have to eat later.” He breathed the words out against her neglected breast, and then his mouth closed around it.

Elodie was sure she had a protest, somewhere, but it was lost as he guided her legs up against his sides, pressing her to his abdomen. He was a long, lean stretch of taut muscle, and-

This nipple he seemed to enjoy licking more. Firm strokes of his tongue, then gentle. He swirled his tongue around it, blew against the dampness on it, and kissed it before he took it into his mouth.

Both hands came up, and he cupped her breasts, squeezing. It didn’t hurt anymore, and Hawke
let out a moan as he closed his teeth around the swell of her breast, dragging his lips down until his teeth caught her nipple. She gasped at that, squirming against him. “I need more, Fenris!”

Fenris took her breast into his mouth, sucking it as though it could provide something, and she moaned. His lips were firm, tongue swirling around the peak of it, and his arm was around her, keeping her angled with her breast in his mouth. Her whole body was feeling hot, and she felt her head fall back, lips parting.

“Fenris,” she moaned, “I need-”

He drew her against his stomach, and she didn’t think it would be enough to make her feel more, but it was. He let go of her breast, and she gasped, reaching up for his hair.

“More?” he asked in a low, pleased sounding voice.

“More,” Elodie begged.

His mouth descended on her other breast. It was already damp, tingling from his earlier attention, and when he sucked on it she had to close her eyes against the intensity of pleasure she felt from it.

“Maker’s breath, Fenris,” Elodie groaned, squirming against him. “You’re going to make me… I can’t… it’s too soon…”

He chuckled, nipping her skin gently, and let go of her breast. “Your body seems to disagree with you,” he said, leaning up to kiss her.

Elodie blushed a little at that observation. “That’s… all you did was suck on my breasts…” Fenris groaned. “One of us isn’t ready for that second course yet,” she said with an arched brow.

The little smile he gave her in return stopped her breathing. Fenris reached over and pushed the tray farther across the bed, turning them over so he was on his back beneath her. “Come up here,” he said, tugging her hips towards his face.

“… come up… what?”

“Straddle me,” he said.

“Fenris… won’t that… suffocate you?”

“You’d not hurt me,” he replied, looking up at her trustingly. He was inching down, and he looked so intent on it that she crawled up for him, spreading her legs as she got his face between them.

Fenris groaned as he looked up at her. His hands cupped her rump and he drew her down against his face. At first it was just strange, but then he opened his mouth, and his tongue pressed into her wetness.

Elodie whimpered as his tongue thrust into her, and he sucked at her, almost like he was trying
to drink the wetness from her. His hands guided her hips a little, and she shifted. His nose pressed
into her, and she had to sit back with a gasp.

“Elodie?” he asked gently, hands stroking her thighs.

“Maker that was…” she panted. “Can I-?”

“I am yours,” Fenris said, turning his head to kiss her thigh.

Carefully, she rose up over him again. Fenris parted his lips, resuming his earlier sucking, and
she shifted her hips, this time without waiting for his encouragement.

His nose rubbed into her again, and it felt- Elodie ground down against his face, and Fenris
shifted his head to brush his teeth against the lips her opening. It felt like a fire was ignited, and she
drew back again.

“Fen-”

“As hard as you want,” he assured her.

“L-less teeth… I…”

“Mm,” he agreed.

“I want to ride your tongue.”

His hands tightened on her hips in approval, and he guided her forward again, pressing his
tongue into her.

“Maker!” Elodie cried out, back arching as his tongue pressed into her. Her legs quivered, and
she thought, for a moment, that she was going to collapse, but then Fenris’ hands moved up to
support her hips.

The feeling of his fingers against her skin sent a shiver through her, heat pulsing down her
spine and right to where his mouth was against her. His tongue in her felt wetter, and Fenris made a
pleased noise. His fingers squeezed her hips and he shifted her just a little, tilted her so he could take
a breath. The rush of warm air against her drew another rush of heat from her, and this time she
could feel how it gathered wetly inside her.

Fenris angled her back into position, and his tongue slid into her folds. Then it curled and
pressed into her. Elodie gasped loudly at the feeling of it. His hands squeezed her hips
couragingly. She closed her eyes, pressing down into that feeling. He let out a little growl as she
did it, and his tongue vibrated inside her.

She’d always loved hearing him growl, but this. This thrust of his tongue against her, this
pressing right where she ached most for him… this suction against her, milking the heat of her
arousal straight into his mouth-

His nose brushed against her, pressed firmly into her as he pushed his tongue deeper inside.

That was it. That was enough.

Elodie was on fire, and it was his mouth that set the blaze. She leaned back, not able to keep
upright despite his hands on her hips, but Fenris arms wrapped around her waist, trapping her against
him. His tongue slid in and out of her as she lost herself, and she could feel the dampness of her
release on his face. His nose poked the tangle of her flesh that was throbbing and sensitive, and she couldn’t keep her hips from surging against the feeling.

“Fenris!” she called out, whole body tingling. Every muscle flexed as he continued, and her vision deserted her, all light at the edges and unfocused. His tongue continued to stroke her insistently, and Elodie found her body more than willing to keep right on coming as long as he pleasured her with it. She closed her eyes and let her head tip back, moaning loudly.

Gradually he slowed his tongue, easing the tight grip of his arms. Elodie leaned forward, unable to do more than slump down over him as he angled her hips back from his face. Fenris stroked her thighs lovingly. An arm came around her hips and he guided her down off him to the side.

She let herself be moved, trusting his strong arms to arrange her, and was pleased when the result was that she lay stretched against his side. Her whole body was tingling, and she felt a bit light headed. She rested her cheek against his shoulder.

The noise of the plates moving reached her fuzzy ears, and the scent of the roast assaulted her nostrils. “Eat.”

Elodie chuckled, and Fenris pushed the morsel into her mouth. “Eat? I can barely see.”

“Trust me,” Fenris said. He shifted a little, and another piece of the roast came to her lips. She did, of course. She opened her mouth without hesitation, taking the meat into her mouth.

He made a soft, pleased noise in return, and reached up to stroke her hair.
Chapter 4

The whole meal was eaten. Once she’d gotten through half of the roast – eaten straight from Fenris’ fingers while she sprawled still boneless on the bed beneath him – the tingling had tapered off and she was able to sit up enough to return the favor. Between the two of them they ate it all. Fenris removed the tray to the table, and Elodie found herself staring again.

She loved how he looked, clothed or otherwise. It was only recently that Fenris had grown comfortable enough to strut around like this – stark naked and mussed from his romping between her thighs – but he looked magnificent. The sight of him padding around her room turned her on, a surprise considering the force of the last release he’d drawn from her.

“Not tired?” he asked casually, returning to sit on the bed beside her.

“You’re making me rather depraved,” Elodie said with a chuckle.

He lifted a brow in question.

“No,” Elodie replied, “I’m not tired.”

“How am I making you depraved?”

“I should *not* be still turned on.”

The smirk that curled his lips at hearing her say that was wolf-looking. Fenris touched her knee, fingers sliding across her skin and curling around it. “Oh?” he asked.

She had not expected this side of Fenris. Along with his apparent love of pleasing her until she couldn’t see straight, he liked to hear her describe how she wanted things or how she felt when he was touching her. It made her blush, most of the time, and that might be part of it because nothing ever made her blush normally.

His fingers made lazy circles on her knee, moving up to draw them on her thigh, and he waited.

“You… walk around my room naked…”

“Is that a protest?”

“No! You just…” His fingers were working their way up the inside of her thigh slowly. “How am I supposed to *not* get aroused when you do that?”

His lips curled in a smile.

“But you already got me twice, I shouldn’t-”

“Got you?” Fenris interrupted.

“Off.”

“Off?” he asked, feigning innocence as his fingers made their way further up her thigh.
“Andraste’s ass, Fenris, you’re not stupid. Got me off. Made me orgasm. You know, how I came screaming your name?”

“It is an experience I relish,” he said. His fingers reached the top of her thigh and he traced her entrance slowly.

Elodie whimpered. “I want you to fuck me,” she groaned out as two fingers slid into her. She was still slick from his last conquest of her, the entry was effortless, and she felt her eyes close at the intrusion.

“I have been,” Fenris growled at her softly.

“With your cock,” Elodie gasped out as he curled his fingers, pressing them into the best spot possible.

“Would you like that?” Fenris asked in a soft voice.

“Maker yes,” Elodie moaned out. She reached up and gripped his arm, knees falling apart to give his hand room to slide and press and-

“How do you want it?”

His fingers slowed, almost to being stationary as he asked the question. He was letting her think, which meant he wanted a real answer and not just the pre-orgasmic suggestion he would get otherwise. She tried to focus, but had to put a hand on his elbow to stop him completely when her mind raced too quickly across the options to turn them into words.

“I can’t think,” she protested.

“Is it a difficult question?”

Focusing her eyes on his face, she watched Fenris quickly wiped the smirk off his lips. She frowned at him, pushing at his elbow. It felt like he was making sport of her. “Obviously,” she huffed, turning onto her side away from him.

Her annoyance didn’t deter him. Fenris leaned down behind her and pulled her against him. The whole hard, warm length of his torso stretched against her back, and she could feel his half-hard cock against the curve of her ass. Elodie shifted, pressing her knees together when his hand stroked down her stomach.

“If it’s such an easy question, you tell me,” she retorted.

There was an intake of breath behind her. For a moment, Elodie thought she’d found a line that he would not cross. Fenris tightened his arm around her waist, pulling her hips more firmly back into his, and she felt his erection stiffen. “Tell you?”

“Yeah. Yes. Whatever. I want to hear how you want to have me, for once.”

His breath came heavier at that. She could feel the heat of it against her neck, which was a feat. Her curls were thick enough to sub in for a scarf in what Kirkwall called winter.

“I… have not…”

He was hesitating. That was a little odd. He was no stranger to her body, no stranger to her pleasure. Fenris certainly seemed to enjoy having her. When they made it home together, it was rare
that they made it out again before mid-morning. He kept her up most of the night, writhing beneath him until she was begging him to put his cock into her, so wet that the thick length of him slid in easily, and then he’d fuck her until she couldn’t remember her own name. He’d had her on her hands and knees, bent her over her writing desk, had her on his lap… he’d wrung filthy language out of her that she’d only read in Isabela’s racier writings.

But now he was stumbling over his words.

“Fenris?”

“I…”

“You seem rather stuck on that word,” Elodie replied. “Do we need to put your mouth to work between my legs again? It seems to loosen your tongue.” His erection twitched against her ass when she said that. “Do you like it?”

His fingers pressed into her skin, a rough grope against her belly and then down. Elodie kept her knees together, flexing her thighs. She pulled her knees up a little to keep him from reaching where he wanted. Denied its goal, his fingers splayed across her thigh, stroking her skin slowly.

He… did seem to enjoy hearing her, at least. It was worth a shot.

“You do, don’t you? Sliding your tongue into me,” she suggested softly, feeling a bit foolish. His erection stiffened further against her ass and he brought his knees up so that his thighs were against hers. “Fucking me with it until I call out for you.” Again his erection twitched, and with his legs against hers like that, it rubbed against the wetness he’d caused in her. His hand came up, gripping her breast. “You get off on making me climax. What is it?”

“You,” he growled against her neck.

“Me?” she gasped as his hand squeezed and his fingers found her nipple, rolling it between them.

“The taste of you,” Fenris said, voice low and against the back of her ear. The rumble of it through his chest against her back sent a jolt of warmth through her, her muscles twisting in response to just the tone of his voice. Her knees shivered. “The smell of you when you come for me,” he added, one knee pressing between hers. His thigh was firm, warm muscle. “The feel of your hair on my face, the heat of your insides against my tongue… the way you twist in pleasure…” He slid his thigh against her, erection rubbing against her ass.

Fenris bit her neck, and she felt it from her hips straight up to her nipples. Elodie hadn’t even realized she was aroused again until he did it and she moaned.

“You, Elodie,” he said into her neck.

“And… how do you…. want me?”

His tongue smoothed over the bite marks he’d made, and he shook his head. Stubbornly, Elodie tried to free herself, to twist out of his grip enough to look at him, but Fenris held on to her. She only succeeded in rubbing her hips against his and slipping his cock between them.

He groaned and his hand moved down to stroke her. “Do not ask me such things. We would never leave this bed.”

Hearing him say that sent a thrill through her more than the pleasant rush of his fingers stroking
and sliding in and out of her. Her muscles throbbed at the renewed treatment, almost too sensitive to his onslaught.

“How do you want it?” Fenris insisted, index finger flicking the wet tangle of nerves.

“Put your cock in me!” Elodie called out.

“Like this?” he asked, punctuating his question with another press of his fingers into her.

“Oh Maker, however you want, just FUCK ME!”

The hand on her breast lowered to draw her knee up, and he shifted his hips. His erection was hard now, arching up against her, and he rubbed it along the wet slit of her, spreading her moisture. He parted her and then his hips snapped forward, thrusting the whole of his cock into her.

“Oh fuck me,” Elodie groaned.

*
Chapter 5

She squirmed against him, and he knew it for what it was. She liked something to hold on to. Just as when she slept, when they had sex, she needed an anchor or she’d lose too much of herself to find pleasure. Stifling a groan, he slid his erection from her.

He reached up and took her wrist, turning her over so that she was spread on her stomach on the mattress. To his delight, she spread her thighs further and gripped the sheets eagerly. Fenris wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her up onto her knees enough so that she was spread before him.

His cock ached to be back inside her, but he couldn’t keep from sitting up to take a look at her. Once he had, he found himself staring at the sight of her before him. His Hawke was a strong warrior. Her thighs, parted as they were, looked muscular, but the insides of them were damp with her release. He reached out for her hip and then stroked the curve of her ass. She shifted, back arching, and spread her knees wider.

Fenris reached down and covered the whole of her slick entrance with his hand. Hawke groaned and rubbed herself against him.

It was too much temptation not to taste her.

He leaned down, parted her with both hands, and drew his tongue the length of her heat.

“Fenrisss,” Hawke hissed at him.

He loved that noise from her. His fingers spread her further and her dampness slid down her folds. He pressed his tongue against the most sensitive spot of her, and her hips bucked.

“Maker no,” Hawke whimpered. More wetness slid down her, and Hawke squirmed.

She had come again, just a little. His balls ached at the thought of how hot the dampness against his tongue was, how tight he knew she would be clenching now. “Please,” she groaned.

He knew that if he did not accede to her request now, he would lose himself in the release he could bring her. Leaning back to draw his face from her, he rose up over her back. Hawke was gripping the sheets, one cheek pressed against the mattress. An accusing eye glared at him through her dark bangs, and he spread his hands on her waist, stroking her skin in apology.

“You came again,” Fenris said, getting up onto his knees and guiding her hips back.

“You have a wicked tongue,” Hawke replied, eye rolling away from him.

Shifting his hips, he pressed the head of his erection against her dampness and stifled a moan of his own. “You wanted this.”

“I want to feel you,” Hawke gasped, hips rolling to drag the tip of him against her. “All of you that will fit in me.”

He grit his teeth at that. He loved to hear her like this, but it drew such an animalistic response in him that he had to keep himself from breaking his lovely Hawke with his passion.

Instead he slid into her slowly, listening to every intake of her breath as her muscles stretched
and her dampness eased him into her.

“All the way,” she gasped, fingers flexing on the sheets.

He obliged her, leaning down over her to put his hands on the bed at her shoulders. She sighed as he slid home, and he felt her muscles tighten around him as her ass pressed into his hips.

Hawke arched her back, pressing onto him, and Fenris clenched his teeth. He pulled out and thrust into her slowly. Hawke gasped, and her muscles tightened around him.

“Harder. You have to do it harder, please,” she whimpered, “I’ll—”

Her muscles clamped down on him, and Fenris jerked her hips into his so she was clenching the whole length of him as she lost herself, leg muscles tensing with the force of it.

“You are sensitive this evening,” he said, voice low to keep from letting on how close he was to coming truly unhinged.

“I can’t help it, after what you said,” Hawke said, burying her face in the sheets. “We’d never leave the bed. Maker, please. I want it, I want you just as bad. You have no idea how much I ache for you to get your cock in me.” He started to reply, but she continued. “I want you to fuck me through the mattress. Do it hard, make me scream. I’m so wet you can’t hurt me, just… just…”

He could no longer be gentle when she was begging for it like that. Fenris slid from her and slammed into her. Hawke’s back arched again and she pulled her knees in closer, tightening herself around him.

She lost all glibness when he buried his cock in her. All her careful words left her head when she was aroused and filled like this and every word that she let out was ‘oh’ ‘fuck’ ‘me’ ‘Maker’ and, his favorite, ‘Fenris’. The ways she said his name during sex were delicious. She growled it, she moaned it, heaved it out like a slur and screamed it like either curse or benediction. She repeated it like a grip on him that could keep her sane while she fell apart.

Both her hands were gripping the sheets as he pounded into her. The wet noise of their joining and the slap of flesh on flesh was loud, but nothing could match Hawke’s keening, begging voice. A new word had joined her usual litany, she had started crowing out ‘more’ in her delerium.

She was too tight, clenched around him like a vice, and so wet he could feel it spilling from her as he thrust in.

Fenris could do this until he broke her.

The darker parts of him loved this. Hawke was usually so in command that seeing her lost to him in passion, crying out and screaming for him and gushing with pleasure she couldn’t hide was a heady feeling. It demanded more of her, and he thrust more roughly.

His release startled him. Hawke rocked back into his hips, knees tight together, and her clenching was too much, she was too hot and too wet and he surged up, jerking her hips back into his almost savagely as he spent himself in her.

Hawke went limp beneath him, knees sliding apart as her muscles relaxed. The scarred, golden expanse of her back stretched beneath him, and Fenris felt a rush knowing she trusted him enough for this. His Elodie did not fear him as a monster, wanted him despite knowing the worst anyone living knew of him. Fenris hooked his arms around her waist, letting her heat milk the last of his seed from him, and leaned down to kiss her back.
“Maker, Fenris,” Hawke purred at him. Her voice was a little hoarse, and he liked the tone of it.

“Elodie,” he replied, kissing her shoulder as he leaned them both down to the bed.

She tightened around his softening length with a groan of protest that surprised him. “No, don’t,” she whimpered, “I can’t come anymore.”

“But you can,” he kissed her neck, “I just felt it.”

Elodie settled own, putting an arm over his on her stomach. She shook her head a little. Perhaps she should rest for a while. There was still time yet before morning. “Elodie-” he cut himself off when she clenched again.

“Fenris,” she hissed.

Licking the back of her neck, he slid his hand down her stomach again. Rather than torment her, he slid his fingers along her entrance, feeling the wet heat of her where he was still fitted inside her. What, though, had made her shiver like that? “Elodie,” he whispered. She tightened again, making a complaining noise. Somehow… her name. Her name was enough? “It would seem you can still come for me… Elodie.”

She buried her face against his arm, groaning as her muscles flexed. Fenris felt the length of his cock twitch in response to her pleasure.

“If I were to put you on your back,” he suggested, leaning his lips to her ear, “could I watch you come at the sound of your own name?”

She tightened again, shivering. Her muscles fluttered around his length once more.

He felt himself stiffen in answer to it. To have her so wanting that she could lose herself to the sound of his voice made him want her again. His body strained, but it was not enough. It was too soon for him.

Not for her.

“Could I spread your knees and watch your body release for me?”

“Maker, Fenris, I can’t-” she tried to say, even as her hips pressed into his.

“You are,” he countered. “Right now. Come for me.”

She shook her head, but her body shivered around him.

He kissed the back of her neck, lifting a hand to her breast. “I’m going to fuck you again,” he whispered into her ear. “I’m going to spend myself deep in you.”

Her muscles clamped around him, tightened on his cock much sweeter than a hand on him.

Fenris almost closed his eyes at the heat tightening around his erection, but he wanted to watch this. She was so lovely when she found release – true release and not these little spasms – that he wanted to see it. Slowly he drew himself from her and turned her on to her back. She was blushing darkly, and she drew her knees together.

If she was truly done, he would let her rest, but he would know the truth first. It only took a
gentle touch of his fingers to guide them apart, and then she obeyed as he spread her knees wide. Obviously she wasn’t as worn out as she claimed.

She was a mess. Wet and leaking on the sheets, their release marking her thighs, lower lip caught between her teeth. Her curly hair was tangled against the pillows and her breasts were heaving as she sucked air in.

“With your knees on my shoulders,” he said, stroking her knee with sticky fingers, “I will pound into you until you cry out for me.”

“For more,” she moaned softly, knees spreading further apart. “Will you take me hard?” her voice was hushed, breathy.

Spread as she was, he could see their passion glisten as it coated her. Her eyes were half closed and she shifted her hips towards him.

“If you are not careful,” he growled at her, “I will break you with my passions.”

Her stomach shivered, and the flush to her skin intensified. His cock stiffened in response when she breathed out, “You’d never hurt me.”

So trusting.

“Why should I damage what is mine?” he asked.

Her intake of breath was one of her little tells. Hawke had seemed afraid to make noise in bed when he’d first had her. It had taken diligent pleasuring to get her to talk to him during it, to draw her pleased moans loud enough to hear. Now he knew her, and a smug part of himself reveled in that knowledge. That little hike of her breath was a sign, his words were affecting her.

Fenris leaned down, pressing his lips along the scars on her stomach. “I much prefer you like this, lost to passion,” he murmured against her skin, “than I should ever like to see you in pain.”

“Fenris,” Hawke cooed out, leaning back against the bed.

“Touch yourself for me,” Fenris said, leaning up to take her beast in his mouth again.

She gasped at it.

“Touch yourself like me,” he commanded, finding her wrist and guiding her hand down between her thighs.

“Fenris,” she said gently, eyes drawing away from him, “I’m worn out, I can’t.”

“You will,” Fenris insisted. “Touch yourself, Elodie.”

Her name on his lips wrung another moan from her, and she pressed two fingers against herself. “Really, Fenris, I-”

“Elodie,” he growled against her, sitting back to kiss the inside of her knee. Her stomach flexed at it, and he knew she was trying to keep from obeying him. Fenris reached up and parted her so that her fingers were directly against the most sensitive part of her. He squeezed her wrist gently and released it, sliding his hands up to grip her knees. “I would watch.”

Slowly her hand started to move.
“Close your eyes.”

“But I-”

Leaning down, Fenris whispered against her ear, “Come for me, Elodie, and I will bury my cock into you the way you want it.”

She moaned.

“I’m hard for you now, but I want to see this.”

She nodded, closing her eyes. She seemed distracted from the motion of her hand, though, and that would not do.

“How do you do this when I am not here?”

“Poorly,” Hawke gasped out. She tried to close her knees, but Fenris gripped them gently.

“Do you think of me?”

Her head rolled to the side and she gasped as her fingers drew slow circles in her dampness.

“Every time,” she whispered.

“What do you imagine?”

She groaned, tipping he head back. “Fen- I… please just-”

“Do I pull you onto my lap?”

She turned her head further to the side, shaking it a little.

“Do I bend you over the desk in the library?”

“N-no,” Elodie sighed, shifting her hips.

She seemed uncomfortable with this. Perhaps it was too private, just yet. Perhaps his lovely Elodie was somehow concerned by sharing this with him, and that was distracting her, worrying her.

That would not do.

Fenris moved up so that her knees were splayed over his thighs, and pressed his lips to her neck. She sighed, hand slowing, but seemed to relax. He nipped her skin gently with his teeth and said softly, “Stroke yourself.”

“Fenris, just-”

“There is nothing about you that I do not crave, Elodie,” he said, shifting to kiss the corner of her mouth. “Shall I help you?”

Her cheeks flushed at that and she squirmed a little, but nodded.

He took hold of her wrist and guided her hand. It was a rough, clumsy thrust, but she gasped anyway. Once she continued the motion he lowered his hand to slide two fingers into her. “How do you imagine me?” he asked, crooking a finger upwards.

“Y-you… y-your…”
Lowering down so that he could close his lips around her breast, Fenris closed his eyes. “Is it my mouth you think of when you do this?”

Hawke gave a startled little gasp.

“Is it my tongue, wet against you, that you try to make your own touch feel like?” As he asked, her hand started up again.

“It never works,” Hawke groaned. “You’re too good, I… I can barely get off without you on me… in me…”

The swell of possessive pride almost caught Fenris off-guard. He smiled against her neck, angling his wrist so he could pump his fingers more firmly into her.

“Maker yes,” Hawke breathed. Her legs shifted, feet finding purchase on the bed to the sides of him, and she rolled her hips in time with his hand – their hands, as she had started matching the pace of his thrusting with her stroking.

Now she seemed truly into her renewed arousal, Fenris leaned back upright with a last kiss to her neck. Fenris drank in the sight of her as her head pressed into the mattress beneath her, thick curls mussing against the sheets, and her hips shifted more urgently.

Fenris growled in approval, shifting his legs to support her lifted hips.

“You have no idea how I long for you when you aren’t here,” Hawke breathed out, the fingers against her moving faster. She reached down and gripped his forearm, adjusting his angle and then tugged his fingers harder into her as she said, “Or when you are with me and I can’t feel you like this!”

She fell apart, then, her whole back arching as she fucked herself with his hand and hers, and the hot wetness of her release tightened his balls and stiffened his cock as she called out his name. He gripped her hip to keep her steady as it lasted for her, and then helped her ease back down to the bed. She released his arm as she sank back.

Flushed and panting and drained from her release, she was his. This was an Elodie Hawke that he would allow no one else to see. He wanted this – he wanted her – forever. And he would have her. He did not care for mages or templars or the Viscount or the Knight Commander or the First Enchanter. Hawke was his. She was his Elodie and no one else’s. Let anyone try to say otherwise.

Gently, he guided his fingers from inside of her, relishing in the sound of her little whimper, and sat back on his heels to watch her. The sight of her spread before him, boneless with pleasure, made him ache. He didn’t bother to keep his hand from drifting down to stroke himself.
Chapter 6

Everything was brightness and warmth and a delicious flood of pleasure. Elodie didn’t think she could move a muscle if she had to. She could feel parts of herself, but they felt foreign. Her knees, for instance, she knew were propped up enough to be awkward looking, and her elbows were digging into either the bed or her sides or something, but she would be hard pressed to piece herself back together enough to move anything.

And though she was warm, it was not the sort of warm that she felt when Fenris was laying with her.

She peeked an eye open to find him, and her spent body shivered to see him with a fist curled around himself. What was it he had promised when he asked her for that last release?

As her eyes lifted to his, his lips curled in a warm smile. Elodie smiled back – or at least she hoped her face was obeying her and smiling. After a moment of sharing one another’s gaze, his tongue darted across his lips and he pressed them together.

“Fen?”

“I promised you…” he said in a low voice.

That shiver trailed through her again, quick and sharp. She remembered, now, what he’d promised, and she could feel every inch of herself and just how it was connected. He’d promised to have her just as she wanted. Her muscles clenched, and his eyes lowered briefly before lifting to hers again. “Tell me if you do not wish-”

“I wish,” Elodie said, lifting a hand for him.

Fenris nodded slowly, his hand still curled around himself and making leisurely strokes up and down his cock.

If she could push herself up, she’d stop him and-
And what?

Despite all her pursuit of him, Fenris was most often the aggressor when it came to sex. She never complained because he was so good at it. He had mapped out every spot that made her shiver and flinch and he could play her body like an instrument. When she reciprocated he allowed her, but it was short-lived. She quickly found herself on her back or against a wall and his mouth would be on her skin, working down her, fingers stroking or tongue lapping and she’d be lost.

“How?” he asked, leaning on his side beside her, hand still sliding along his erection.

Maybe this time she could… maybe if she just…

Before she could second-guess herself, she reached a hand over to cover his on the length of him. Fenris’ eyes widened at that, and his hand stopped entirely. Elodie dropped her eyes to their hands, determined not to chicken out on this. She threaded her fingers through his, and felt the heat he had been fondling. “Elodie,” he breathed.

Guiding his hand back into the gentle motion it had been in, Elodie chanced a look up at him. His eyes were heavy-lidded with arousal and his lips were parted slightly.

And she was suddenly at a loss for what to do. If she had more energy, she might try to push him on his back and get on top of him, but just now she wasn’t sure she could stay upright. She was having a hard enough time just keeping her arm moving.

“However you want,” she said, settling on enticing him as she hadn’t quite the strength take control.

“I told you-”

“One of the ways then,” she said, letting go of him. She struggled to remember their conversation. “What was it you asked me?” she murmured. “About how I imagined you?”

“Elodie,” he sighed.
“Wasn’t there something about being on your lap?”

His hand shifted and he grabbed her wrist, suddenly.

“Oh, or not,” Elodie said quickly, peeking up at him, “you don’t have t-”

He cut her off with a kiss. His lips were firm against her, and he leaned over her, pressing her back into the pillows she was propped against.

“-to,” she finished when his forehead pressed to hers. She took a deep breath. “Fenris?”

His eyes were closed and he gently released her wrist. His fingers stroked her neck gently. “I would not want to… shame you,” he said softly, brushing his nose against hers.

“Shame?”

He was quiet for long moments before he said, “I am not always… the man you deserve. Especially not how I treat you in bed, l.”

Elodie tilted her chin forward and stopped his lips with hers. “Not a thing you do to me is shameful,” she said, reaching up to stroke his cheek. He relaxed. She kissed his lips gently, “And I didn’t think I’d have to be the one to break it to you, but the way you treat me in bed satisfies me more than anyone else I’ve ever-”

It was his turn to cut her off, and she let him.

She let him guide her hand free off his erection, and then he helped her sit up. She let him tug her pliant body over towards the side of the bed, enjoying the continued kisses he sealed their lips in, and lifted her hips as he guided her up enough to bring her down on his lap. She couldn’t keep from grinding her rump back against the hard length of him that nestled against her ass, and he gripped her hips to still her.

“This what you wanted?” she asked gently.
Fenris shifted his hips, long legs moving beneath hers until his knees propped up hers, and he wrapped both arms around her waist. “Like this,” he said slowly, as though not sure how to voice what he wanted to say in a language she would understand. His accent was thicker as he continued, “I will be deep inside you. Do you want that?”

Her muscles tensed in anticipation of it, and she nodded.

“Grab your knees,” he instructed gently.

Elodie did as he asked, and Fenris lifted her by the hips. Then he shifted beneath her and the hot, hard length of him pressed into her. Her mouth fell open as he pulled her hips into his, fitting her back and onto him. The slow press of him was smooth, but it drew a moan from low in her throat. Fenris answered it with a soft growl as his cock stretched her. It felt like he went on forever, but eventually there was no more of him and no more room in her, and the wetness from within her had been replaced by his gloriously hard cock. His hips were snug against her rump and his balls were wet beneath her with their earlier release.

She felt tingles below her stomach that heralded another orgasm, and her vision dimmed just a little. Elodie sucked in a deep breath that staved off the release threatening to take her again. The head of Fenris’ cock was pushing into her, that same spot that he sought with tongue and fingers so often. This was a different sort of feeling than that, far more maddening.

Her lips parted in a moan. Fenris brought his hands up, palms cupping her breasts, and he squeezed. Her back arched and she bent forward, leaning into his grip as his fingers found and pinched her nipples. The shift in her position rubbed the head of his erection against her, and she gasped loudly at the sensation of it. A pleased noise came out of Fenris and he flexed his hands, squeezing her breasts again. She shifted to keep his hands on her and his cock ground into that spot again.

“How does it feel?” Fenris asked, his voice a low rumble against her ear.

Elodie moaned aloud at the question.

“Tell me,” Fenris insisted, leaning forward to brush his lips against her ear.

“Good,” Elodie whimpered as his fingers pinched her nipples, long past any modesty she might
have had remaining. She arched her back and gasped as Fenris shifted their knees farther apart. “Maker,” she gasped, “you’re so long, I can’t believe you even fit in me.”

Fenris’ lips found her ear, and he hummed appreciatively. The rumble of it shivered down her back.

That wasn’t supposed to feel that good, but it did. Shifting forward with the stroking motion of his hands rubbed him inside her, slow and firm, but she wanted more fiction than this.

“I need more,” she gasped out in a needy voice, “I can’t… like this I… I want you to…”

Fenris bit her neck gently, smoothing his tongue over her skin. He squeezed her breasts again, and Elodie arched her back, pressing her hips into his and spearing the head of his cock more firmly into her. “If I do as you wish, you’ll come again,” he said in a low voice. It wasn’t a question, they both knew he was right. His hand strayed to her stomach. “Will you pass out?”

Elodie shifted her hips into his again, but Fenris wrapped his arm around her waist to still her.

“Elodie.”

Maker, her name sounded good coming out of his lips.

“Answer me.”

“Probably,” she admitted.

“Then no,” he said, kissing her neck.

“No?”

“I promised to fuck you again,” he said, low against her ear. He released his hold on her nipple so he could take her hips in both hands.
And then he… sort of bounced her on his lap.

The first motion was awkward. She didn’t know what to do and she came down too hard on him. She winced and he loosed a groan and clutched his fingers against her hips so tight that it was almost painful. He let her settle for a moment and his hands smoothed down her thighs, fingertips flicking the muscles there. “I will guide your hips,” he said against her ear. “Use your legs as you ride me.”

With his little instruction, the second lift was smoother, and the third better than that. Elodie had to concentrate, to keep from coming down too hard, but that was good because it kept her from coming again too soon. The motion was sort of like having her cheek to the mattress, only now she was on top. A surge of pride at that, of possessiveness that she didn’t know she could feel while so worn out managed to rejuvenated her, and she turned her head to press her nose to his cheek.

“Don’t let me come off you,” she murmured.

The growl she got in response was more than enough encouragement. Fenris tightened his hands on her hips and lifted her almost off.

Elodie marked that, tensing her legs. When she sank down onto him, a swift movement that hilted him inside her, he let out a growl. The rhythm came more easily then. He lifted, and again she sank down, the rhythm growing familiar. She could do this harder, she could do this better. She could ride him until he surged into her. The thought made her feel strong. The possessive way he gripped her hips sent a thrill through her. His lips lowered to her neck, another nip of his teeth, and he let out a pleased growl.

Then she tried pushing up and let him pull her back down, just enough to be a bit of a struggle, and that was so much better because Fenris jerked her down more roughly in response. His lips closed on her neck and then they were both pulling her down onto him, skewering her needy body on his glorious cock and-

Maker why had they never done it like this before?

Her body had been wound tight when he’d had her breasts, but she’d held off with the promise of this. Now she was coming again, before him, and now the wet noise of their coupling was loud in the room. Fenris looped an arm around her torso, pulling her back to his chest and holding her still. He growled in her ear, “Did you just come again, Elodie?”
She nodded, unable to hide it and unwilling when he was asking her like that. Her whole body was shaking, the pleasure had come for her but it wasn’t enough, she could still think, and she needed—

“*Maker*, Fenris, more!”

“You will not do so again until I permit you,” he growled.

“N-no,” Elodie managed.

“Remain awake,” he cautioned.

“Yes,” she gasped, “just please-!”

He bit her neck firmly and obliged her. His arm around her waist lifted and lowered her, faster than she had been able, and his other hand lifted to grip her by the breast tightly. Elodie let her head sink back against his shoulder, trusting him to sate himself and knowing that even in the throws of his passion he’d not hurt her. She covered his hands with her own, guiding his grip just a little tighter, encouraging the possessive clutch of his arm. She was eager to share this release with him despite the weariness that was swiftly encroaching on her.

Fenris shifted his knees until hers tipped off them and her thighs were spread wide on his lap, opening her to him. His hips slammed up into her so that her feet dangled wide. He was murmuring to her in Tevene, and her delirious, drowsy mind knew that Fenris was past restraint and lost to the moment they were sharing.

When he came it was with a low growl. His teeth sank into her neck and her hips were trapped down against his. “*Now,*” he demanded against her neck, “*come now!*”

She did just as he commanded, body helpless against the pleasure and the warm feeling his voice spread through her, though she knew she’d ache for this last orgasm in the morning.

He filled her, heat matching heat and the satisfying feeling of his seed pumping into her. Elodie sank into his grip trustingly, her whole body boneless with the pleasure of it all, safe and warm and
wrapped in Fenris. Fenris kissed her neck, running his tongue against a bite that sang with it, no doubt broken skin and blood were being cleaned.

She managed to mumble something, something she hoped sounded like sleep, and Fenris nodded. His hair was soft against her neck and he loosened his grip.

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