Nelacar desperately wants Azura's Star, and the Dragonborn is willing to sell it to him, but the asking price is Nelacar himself.

Dyce groaned and slowly opened his eyes. He was still in one piece, apparently, despite a somewhat singed smell that clung to his hair and leathers. And he was lying on the floor of Nelacar's room in The Frozen Hearth.

“You're back.” The handsome Altmer was sitting at his desk, the broken star in front of him. Since no further words of sympathy, or an offer of a hand up were forthcoming, Dyce was obliged to get himself to his feet instead.

“Did it work?” Dyce asked peering over his shoulder.

“Yes. Give me a moment.”

A moment turned into ten, but eventually Nelacar presented the thief with the intact star, with no small amount of pride.

“It's bigger than I expected,” Dyce said, turning it over in his hands. He held it up to the light, looked at it from every angle. “So, how much is it worth?”

“What?” the mage's green eyes widened in surprise and some affront. “That's Azura's Star. It's unique, it's priceless. You can't just sell it.”

“They say the love of a good woman is priceless too, but they sell that all the time. Look, this thing is a mage-thing. I can't cast a spell to save my life, and believe me, the number of times in the past
week it would have come in handy-

Nelacar didn't appear to be listening, he just looked annoyed, his arms folded across his chest and a scowl on his face.

“Alright, if you like this thing so much, what will you give me for it?”

That got his attention. “Really? I have nearly six thousand septims,” he said quickly. “It's yours, for the Star.”

Dyce smirked, “Oh no. 'Priceless' isn't merely six thousand. What else have you got?”

“Staves, soul gems, tomes.” He must have read the unimpressed look on Dyce's face because he spread his arms, “My worldly possessions are in this room. Whatever you want, you can have.”

He kept out of Dyce's way as the Breton prowled around the room, opening books and closing them, and rifling through his desk drawers. Eventually he approached the mer himself, cool blue eyes flicking up and down his form.

“What?” Nelacar asked.

“I think I know what I want for the Star.” He grinned, and without warning slapped Nelacar on the backside. He jumped about a foot in the air. “Your arse.”

“Don't be ridiculous,” he protested, stepping away, and making sure not to turn his back.

“Take it or leave it,” Dyce shrugged. “I'm sure someone else will pay my asking price.” He made a show of putting the Star into his satchel and doing up the straps. He was on his way out when Nelacar interrupted him.

“Wait. Just, wait. I'll, I'll do it,” he muttered, a flush rising in his bronzed cheeks.

“Glorious.” Dyce dumped his satchel on the floor. He closed the gap between them, the Altmer backing up until he bumped into his desk. His hands came to rest on the Altmer's hips; he'd really have to get him out of those shapeless robes sooner rather than later, but what he could feel underneath them was pleasing indeed. Long and lean, just a bit soft in the middle, he skimmed his hands up the Altmer's sides, watching nervousness and irritation and excitement war in those gleaming, inhuman eyes.

“I, uh...” He didn't seem to know what to do with his hands, such a shame really. Despite the ink stains they were long and fine.

“You mages don't get out much, do you?” Dyce rolled his hips against Nelacar's and was gratified to hear his breath hitch as he felt the Breton's length against his thigh. Dyce wasn't in a hurry; it was beyond entertaining to watch an Altmer mage get flustered. Dyce reached up and tugged the hood away from Nelacar's head, revealing long blonde hair, and then he started undoing the ties on the robes at his chest, keeping himself pressed against the elf all the while.

Nelacar, for his part, squirmed and twitched, his hands fluttering around Dyce's shoulders, but he didn't push him away, even as he pulled his robe off his shoulders, revealing an expanse of golden skin, sprinkled with fine hairs. Dyce ran his tongue over his lower lip and Nelacar swallowed nervously.

“I can't believe this is happening.”
“What will it take to convince you?” Dyce growled. He grabbed one of Nelacar's hands and pressed it to his crotch, his cock jumping as the Altmer instinctively squeezed.

They were both breathing heavily now, and Dyce could see Nelacar's robes tenting. With shaky fingers, Nelacar started undoing Dyce's belt. Dyce stood back and let him work, admiring his ears and the length of his neck. He ran his fingers along both and was gratified to hear the mage whimper. Then he took a step back as Nelacar pushed him firmly away, and swiftly knelt before him. Dyce's belt was open and his fly soon followed, his leather pants hanging slack from his hips as Nelacar reached in and drew his cock out of his smalls. Dyce wouldn't have dreamed of interrupting him, even though the door to the rest of the inn was still open. Hell, he wasn't the one who had a reputation in Winterhold; if anyone saw, so much the better.

Nelacar eyed his cock for a long moment, his hands stilled around the heated shaft. Then he screwed his eyes shut, opened his mouth, and engulfed it in one long, hot sweep of his lips. Only when Dyce was smearing pre come on the back of his mouth did he open his eyes again. Dyce smiled at him, and braced one hand on the wall.

“Go on then,” he said roughly, “finish what you start.”

Nelacar nodded, Dyce's cock still in his mouth, and threatening to snag on his teeth.

Dyce widened his stance slightly as Nelacar wrapped his fingers more firmly around the base of his shaft, and started bobbing his head. Mindful of the open door, Dyce kept his encouragement to a low murmur, running his fingers through the Altmer’s fine hair, and gently rubbing and tugging on his ears.

He could hear Nelacar shift beneath him, trying to relieve the pressure in his robes. The firelight gleamed off his skin. Even if the mer hadn’t done this before, he’d clearly been on the receiving end at some stage. He found a rhythm and stuck to it, his tongue pressing against the underside of Dyce’s cock. Back and forward.

Dyce was kind to him, as much as he’d like to shove his dick down the mage’s throat, he held himself back, letting his release build at a steady pace. On the other hand, he wasn’t going to let the Altmer get away with not waiting for the end either. So he didn’t warn him. Muscles shuddering, he bit down hard on a groan and came in Nelacar’s mouth.

The Altmer’s eyes widened, and his nostrils flared in surprise as he made a strangled noise of complaint, but to his credit he kept his lips wrapped around Dyce until he was done. The mage fell back off his knees, panting for breath and hopelessly and visibly aroused.

“How about a drink?” Dyce suggested. “You look like you could use one.”

Nelacar scowled, but couldn’t find fault with Dyce’s logic. “So what do I get for that?”

“How about dinner?” he offered.
They ate in deeply uncomfortable silence. Nelacar had downed his first mead without stopping to draw breath, while Dyce smirked at him.

“Oh come on, cheer up,” he suggested. “You looked like you were enjoying yourself at least a little.” Nelacar refused to meet his eyes and he chuckled. Dyce was in no hurry, and he let his eyes wander across the Altmer, making note of his golden skin and green eyes, the slight downturn at the corners of his mouth, the long, narrow nose above lips he now knew to be so clever. His fingers nervously shredded an innocent piece of bread. Such a pretty thing to be tucked away in this dreary inn; Dyce was rather pleased with himself.

And growing tired of merely looking.

“Unless you’ve had second thoughts, perhaps it’s time to retire,” he suggested. Nelacar started and then set his jaw and led him back to his room without another word. Once he was inside, Nelacar shut the door and started casting spells.

“I don’t want anyone to hear us,” he said defensively at Dyce’s raised eyebrow.

“Sure, I don’t need an audience.” He peeled off his armour, confident that it wouldn’t take that much to get Nelacar’s interest again. “Come on, get them off,” he indicated the mage’s robes.

Nelacar untied his belt, unbuttoned his buttons, and then shed his robes with one fluid movement that left them in a pile at his feet. He wasn't young, this man, not even by Altmer standards, but nevertheless Dyce pursed his lips appreciatively.

His proportions were not quite human; his legs were long, and fine hairs gleamed on them. He wasn't heavily muscled, but Dyce could still trace the outlines of his biceps under his skin. And what skin; unmarred and smooth Dyce resisted the urge to just walk up and lick him. Nelacar let him look, and then eased off the scrap of cloth at his hips.

Dyce pointed at the desk, not quite trusting himself to speak at the sight of Nelacar's proudly jutting cock. It swayed as Nelacar walked and obediently bent himself over his own desk, placing his hands flat on the polished wood and giving Dyce an excellent view of his arse.

Dyce stooped and rummaged through his satchel, and retrieved two items with a wicked smile. Some oil, and Azura's star. Nelacar had twisted his head around to watch, and Dyce heard him say, “Wha...what are you going to do with that?”

“Hmm, I wonder.” Dyce ran his fingers along one of the points of the star; it wouldn't work if it was too sharp, he didn't want to hurt Nelacar after all. “I think this will be fine.”

Nelacar yelped when Dyce slapped him on the arse, but he didn't move or complain when the Breton started pouring the oil around, massaging him, bending down and nipping his back with his teeth to watch his skin prickle with goosebumps.

“You must want this thing so badly,” Dyce said, nudging Nelacar with one oil-slicked point of the Star. Nelacar nudged back, his hips jumping slightly. “Relax,” Dyce whispered.

Nelacar's fingernails scrabbled at his desk as Dyce pressed the artefact into him, wondering if Azura was paying attention. The Star's points had a curve to them, and as Dyce slowly worked it further in, gradually stretching the mer, Nelacar gasped as the blunt end pressed him just right. Dyce kept at it for a while, sliding the Star's point in and out of the mage, watching his knees buckle and his muscles jump as he writhed.

Eventually, Dyce couldn't take it any longer, and dropped the Star onto the desk in front of
Nelacar's half-closed eyes before gripping his hips firmly. “Brace yourself,” he warned, and slowly but inexorably sheathed himself in the mage. Nelacar cried out with surprise and perhaps a bit of pain, and Dyce held himself there, as the elf panted and gradually relaxed again.

Dyce leaned forward and fondled Nelacar's ears, and eventually wrung a moan from the Altmer.

“What was that?” he asked.

“Puh, please.”

“With pleasure.” Dyce drew his hips back, and pressed them forward again, revelling in Nelacar's heat and tightness.

And then they were fucking, Dyce's hips slapping against Nelacar's arse, and Nelacar himself bucking up to meet him with every thrust.

“I always wanted a High Elf on my dick,” Dyce said through his teeth. “You're always acting so fucking superior. Well, you know what?” He punctuated his words with further thrusts that left Nelacar breathless. “You are, at least, a superior fuck.”

Dyce didn't let up until he was coming open-mouthed and moaning, his fingers fit to bruise the mage's hips as he pushed himself deeper one last time as the Altmer wrung him dry. Nelacar was still twitching and panting with need, and Dyce eased himself out and gave him an affectionate pat.

“C'mon, turn around.”

On shaky legs, propping himself up on the desk, Nelacar did so and his eyes widened as Dyce knelt down in front of him, and ran his fingers up the Altmer's dripping and neglected cock.

“Nice work,” he said, and took him in his mouth.

Nelacar only lasted a few seconds more. Dyce sucked on his cock and squeezed it gently and he was coming, his head flung back with a hoarse, wordless cry. Dyce swallowed, pulled back, and managed to shut his eyes in time as Nelacar painted half his face with his hot, bitter seed.

When they could speak again, Dyce laughed, and cleaned his face on Nelacar's robes, “I think you needed that.” He got to his feet and started pulling on his armour. Nelacar just watched him, still sprawled, slick with sweat on his desk, his eyes glazed with shock and sated lust.


Nelacar licked his lips, “If you happen to come across any more artefacts you don't need...”

Dyce grinned, “I'll let you know.”

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