A Little Bit of Smut

by IntrovertedWife

Summary

Want all the slap and tickle in one convenient place?

Here’s all of the smut scenes I’ve written across my various Dragon Age stories in one convenient place. For anyone looking for a bit of thrill without all that wading through character and plot.
Dreams w/ Cullen & Amell

This first scene takes place in My Templar when Lana Amell is sleeping beside Cullen after the ball at Halamshiral. She wakes from a dream right into his arms.

Chittering erupted in the back of her mind. No. The chittering crawled along the walls! Lana threw a fireball towards it, breaking apart the eternal darkness. In the flare, a multitude of teeth glittered in the deep, each fang snapping in rage. Baring down upon her, every darkspawn in the deep roads raced to finish the job. She tried to reach her arms back for another spell, but it was too late. Her tongue lolled to a standstill, her fingers locking in place as the darkspawn leapt off the ceiling towards her.

Lana bolted awake gasping for breath. Her body trembled from the memory, no, was that one just a dream? Was it both? With each year it grew harder to tell reality from the fade. She blinked in the soft grey shadows, gulping to bring sense to her tumultuous brain. Unable to make out anything in the room, Lana shifted uncomfortably on the narrow bed. The room felt wrong, the grey shapes and shadows unfamiliar. But she hadn't been anywhere familiar in a year. Her entire life was abandoned for...what life did she even have before she turned to the deep roads? What life could she have?

Placing her head in her hands, Lana sat up in the bed and waited. She could feel another presence in the bed beside her, but Hawke wasn't speaking up. No matter how deep into sleep her cousin got, any moment Lana was roused by nightmares Hawke would always mumble out, "Are you a blood mage?" And upon Lana insisting she wasn't, she'd roll back to sleep as if it was that simple an answer.

Lana waited another breath before casting a minor spell in the fireplace. It wasn't enough to catch the log, only lift a few embers to life and return a hint of color to the grey world. She gazed down at the form beside her and the past night walloped her memory. Cullen fell asleep exactly as he held her, his hand still curled under her pillow, the other pulled back to his own naked chest. Andraste's tears but he was so heartbreakingly perfect while asleep. The peace of slumber wiped away his worries leaving behind so much of that young man she knew in the tower before everything changed. His eyelashes fluttered from a dream and Lana slid back down onto the bed. This time she faced him, her hands curled up under her head.

One of his waves disobeyed the new order and curled in on itself, twisting until it scattered across his forehead. Those golden brown eyes stayed shut tight while his lips huffed a breath in deep sleep. Maybe you need to accept you have a type, Lana. After she left him in Kirkwall, she questioned what drove her to give in to her temptations in the deep road. She gazed down at him from beside her and the past night wallop her memory. Cullen fell asleep exactly as he held her, his hand still curled under her pillow, the other pulled back to his own naked chest. Andraste's tears but he was so heartbreakingly perfect while asleep. The peace of slumber wiped away his worries leaving behind so much of that young man she knew in the tower before everything changed. His eyelashes fluttered from a dream and Lana slid back down onto the bed.

As if sensing her thoughts, Cullen's lips rose in a smile and his hand ran along her shoulder. He didn't open his eyes but whispered, "Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Is it morning?"

Lana glanced out the window and saw no hint of a rising dawn on the horizon. "No, I...had a bad dream."

Now those honeyed eyes opened and his once blissful face filled with concern. "A darkspawn one, or the other kind?"

"The other kind, though there were darkspawn in it so it's not easy to tell," Lana forced a smile, not wanting to heap onto his worries. Nightmares were so much a part of her that even Hawke grew immune. Though the first time it happened, her cousin sat bolt upright and threw a carafe through the window.
Cullen didn't rush to fix her, didn't offer suggestions for how to keep the bad dreams at bay. He only opened his arms wide and encouraged her to slide into them. His tunic tugged against her skin, the thick fabric catching upon the mattress as she scooted into him. Snuggling deep into his enticing trap, her fingers traced along his back, the muscle's unbending below his skin. What she wouldn't give to run her nails down it, arching her spine in... Lana shook the thought, willing away that nugget of desire. Time and a place and facing the end of the world was not it, even if she was the one to begin it all again in spite of the facts. His fingers tried to untangle her rat's nest of hair clumped at the back of her neck, but she was going to need a bottle of oil to attack it head on.

"Do you still get the bad dreams in the deep roads?" he asked. Lana crumpled into his chest, shame riding up her legs. "I didn't mean to, I'm..." Cullen's detangling fingers paused and he drew his fingers across her cheek.

"It's all right," she mumbled into his skin, her lips pressing against him even as she tried to curl deeper into a ball.

"Lana," he pulled her face up to his. No one liked her broken, no one wanted to talk about her being broken. It was easier to ignore it, frame it as a momentary lapse that would drain away given time. So she put on the mask and pretended all the other wardens didn't hear her screams at night. The lie was simpler. Did Cullen do the same, wave away any questions or concern because people don't like to think their heroes are vulnerable?

Sighing, he cupped her soft jaw as a hundred thoughts drifted across his eyes. "Why did you come to, uh, in the deep roads, when you returned to be with me?"

She blinked a few times, "I hadn't expected that question."

His eyes drifted away and he shifted on the bed as if it grew uncomfortable under his hip. "It's been in the back of my mind for awhile, since - well - it occurred, I suppose. I'd given you no good reason to...um," the blush burning up his cheeks as he tried to dance around speaking the word touched her heart.

Slipping forward, Lana caught him in a whisper of a kiss. It was just enough to draw Cullen from his awkwardness and he returned it in kind. Her fingers parted his stubble and she smiled, "In truth? I did it because I wanted to. It seemed like you wanted to. It seemed like you did as well, so..."

"Because you wanted to?" he scoffed at her simple answer.

"I've spent a lot of my life not doing what I wanted, I suppose I wanted to rebel. For a little while anyway." She stared back through the years trying to find an explanation that never seemed to exist. Yes, she was attracted to him even before setting out, that much she was certain of. But something changed in the deep roads, whether it was in her or him she couldn't say. She just knew that if she never took that opportunity she'd regret it. "I didn't get you in any trouble with the templars, did I?"

"No," Cullen shook his head against the pillow, "no one knew and you weren't a mage of the circle, regardless. I-I never told anyone."

"Neither did I," Lana confessed, "though that's true of every warden mission. We are a secretive and tight lipped bunch."

"Sometimes, I wondered if it even happened, or if I dreamed it all."

Lana laughed, she felt the same alone in her room in the Vigil. "I believe it happened, but the dreams are nice too," she said. Her fingers drifted down his biceps, circling the power restrained within.

His eyes slipped shut from her touch, but then they snapped open and a sly look darted through them, "That's right. Hawke mentioned something about dreams."

Her smile folded to a sneer, "Hawke talks too much." Laughing at her response, Cullen's fingers arced down her back, "So, maybe," Lana drifted around through her memory and brain, trying to find a way to not lie, "on occasion I dream about you. Occasionally." She didn't have to touch her cheeks to know they were burning now. Hawke was going to feel her wrath when she returned to Skyhold.

Cullen ignored the embarrassment charring her body. In a smooth voice, he whispered, "What sort of dreams?"

"You've been thinking upon this for awhile," Lana cut back. He shrugged from her insinuation but wasn't about to give up his curiosity. She could fake exhaustion, slip back to sleep, pummel Hawke later, and never speak of this ever again. But...a memory stirred in the depths of her brain.
Perhaps it was the healing draughts still floating in her system or the fact she hadn't eaten anything in nearly a day, but she wanted to give in to the momentary insanity.

"There is one in particular that I...I was in Vigil's Keep. Alone, in my room at my desk. There's a knock on the door and of course I'm thinking it's either invasion, darkspawn, or both. I open it up and you're standing there, no explanation, no reasoning for it, you're simply there. Wanting me. You run your fingers through my hair and tip my head back for a long awaited kiss."

Cullen's hands caressed up her face and dove into her knot of hair. Tugging upon it, he tipped her head back so he could lavish that kiss of her dreams upon her. *Sweet Andraste!* His lips parted, allowing his tongue the freedom to tangle with hers. Every nerve in her body woke from the heat coursing between them. He broke away and rose up from his pillow to whisper in her ear, "What did I do next?"

"You, um," a new blush coated her cheeks as she fought to find the ability to form words, "caressed my, uh, breasts."

"Hmm." His free hand slipped lower down her shoulder, gently rolling his pads against her muscles. The anticipation dug up through Lana's stomach and she squirmed wanting, no, needing him to. Cullen pushed his lips to hers as his hand cupped around her breast. At first he only teased the underside, curling his palm up and down it to push her further into agony. Then his fingers threaded across her nipple prodding below his shirt. Barely a nub, the attention drew them out of hiding. Lana's entire body curled up, savoring every cautious twist across her breast, while begging for more. Leaning into him, Lana moaned in the back of her throat. Whistling beside her ear, Cullen said, "Please tell me I took your shirt off next." She wasn't certain if she could form sentences anymore, so Lana only nodded. "I'm enjoying dream me," Cullen chuckled. His hand slid off her nipple and down her stomach to land upon the hem of his shirt. "Um..." With both of them still on their sides, it wasn't going to be easy to get off.

Lana sat up and kicked the blanket away. With bemused eyes, Cullen leaned back as she reached over with her leg to straddle him. He kept a close hold on his shirt, and after she settled on top of him - her thighs pushing against his sides - he pulled it over her head. Now it was his turn to moan, his fingers gripping onto her hips as he took the time to enjoy her naked body.

"No more denial?" Lana asked. She felt a bit foolish being on display but Cullen only opened his eyes wider and smiled. Pinned below her, she felt one of his better features rising to attention.

"What...um," he swallowed, "what happened next?"

Diving forward, Lana placed her hands astride his head as her lips met his for a heated kiss. Breaking away, she whispered, "You ran your lips across my birthmark."

Cullen smiled, "You know me well." He kissed down her jaw, crisscrossing her neck before he landed at her collar bone. Gently, he pressed his lips to every petal of her birthmark, his breath cooling the skin only to have him return heat with another kiss. Maker, she'd never found the skin discoloration so erotic until he stroked it, kissed it, pressed his all against it. Now goosebumps rose across her arms from his fingers spreading across her skin.

Arching her back, Lana cried in pleasure as his hands took up both of her breasts. Circling the nipples and drawing them out, he increased a bit of pressure while watching her quiver above him. "You've gone off script," she moaned.

"Forgive me," he smiled, "I couldn't avoid the swell or any other part of your breasts." She laughed from the old joke when he took her nipple into her mouth. Softly sucking at first, his tongue teased around her skin as if the two were playing a game of tag.

"Gentle nipping," Lana instructed. His eyebrow rose for a moment, but then he did as ordered. When his teeth grazed across her, every pleasure center in her brain lit up, all of it driving right down to her own fun bits rubbing against his. Lana rocked her back and forth, lost in his teeth upon her nipple and his cock against her lower lips. Even with pants and his trousers in the way, she could still feel him bulging.

Cullen shook below her, his own moan punctuating against her skin. He shifted his legs to try and slide away from her grinding. "Now what?" he panted.

"Um..." the dream mashed in her mind with what she wanted right now, and that was all contained in his pants. "You removed my trousers."

His head tipped down below her stomach and he eyed up the fact she was wearing none. Slipping down the bed, his fingers reached around to the front of her stomach and he pretended to undo a button that didn't exist. Slowly, he slid his hands along her backside, stopped to caress
each cheek of her cushioned ass, then dipped down to her thighs to remove the invisible trousers. "I'm afraid that's as far as I can reach," he whispered to her stomach.

"Why must I do everything myself?" Lana joked and she made a show of shaking her legs so the imaginary trousers would slip off. Cullen rose higher to kiss her, his hands sliding back up her legs. They curled underneath her smallclothes, pressing into her butt which he kneaded in a massage.

"I think I can guess what comes next," he said. With a single finger, he slid aside the edge of her smallclothes and teased her outer lips. Only circling through her pubic hair, he grinned over her squirming as she tried to press him deeper. Maker, he was going to drive her mad before he ever...

Cullen dipped a finger into her, shallow at first and twisting to drag some of her wetness all across her lips. Well lubricated, he curled three fingers around her lips then drove them deep inside of her. While his thumb rolled against her clitoris, his fingers curled and stroked every delectable inch inside of her. She swallowed down another burst of mana building along her arms, but that only drew it deeper into her core, the core he was expertly stoking alive. Maker, don't burn the room down. Don't burn the room down.

Pleasure flooded out up her stomach, across her hips, and down her thighs, the rush so magnificent her legs began to shake. "Andraste, I..." Lana moaned. Her arms collapsed, dragging her face into the pillow beside his. His lips danced up her exhausted arm while one free hand caressed her breast.

Lana shuddered again, the man obeying his order and not stopping his own magic. But any strength she had left in her upper body vanished in the night. She slipped further down, pinning his hand against her chest as she collapsed on top of him.

"Problems?" he smiled, speaking in between kisses.

"I don't know if I can move," she admitted, then added as an aside, "It was a lot of clowns."

Cullen's chuckle warmed the skin of her neck as his lips pressed against her ear. "Hold tight," he whispered. His hand wiggled out from between their chests, while the other slipped away from inside her. Knotting both around her ass, he used his legs to tip her over on her side. Lana giggled from the simplicity of it, but he wasn't finished. Rolling her shoulder back, he rose to straddle on top of her, his hands now pressed beside her shoulders.

"By all the..." Lana breathed while watching his biceps strain from the weight. With the lightest of touches, she caressed up and down his muscles, squirming from the taut power within.

"I fear I am at your mercy," Cullen said, watching her grow giddy from his body.

Her eyes broke away to stare up into his, and she grinned with such mirth he paled for a moment at placing her in charge. Inchling along the bed, Lana's hands traced down his chest, her fingers padding against every turn like she was slipping under a cave. The sexiest cave she could imagine. He wasn't vain enough to devote the time to hone his body to appear perfect, but it was solid, every dip of her fingers stumbling against a muscle that prodded back. A strip of almost white blonde hair ran down the middle of his chest. She trailed it with her fingers, fluffing it back and forth while dipping lower down the bed until reaching the hair fanned out near his hips. Too bad his trousers remained in the way.

They shouldn't be too much trouble. Her fingers picked up the waistband at the back and slowly she circled them towards the front. Cullen shifted his weight, either afraid he would crush her, or growing excruciatingly impatient. Judging by the state of his pants, she could guess which. The commander had three buttons, each one she undid by first kissing his stomach, sliding apart the fabric, then dipping a bit lower. By the last one, the pants broke free revealing what she suspected all along.

"Still no smallclothes," she smirked, her words smothered by his lower half.

Cullen struggled through a sigh and a laugh, "No. Oh, Maker." The latter half was probably from Lana curling her fingers down the bottom of his shaft and ever so carefully sliding them upwards.
She cupped her palm around the head of his cock and rolled over top it like wishing upon a crystal ball. Ah yes, speaking of...

Sliding the trousers off, Lana caressed his backside, paying special attention to that turn under the cheeks that wasn’t quite thigh yet. Cullen’s body shuddered above her, and he raced to position his arms before he crushed her. She slipped even lower down the bed, shoving the trousers with her until they fell around his knees. With a gentle peck, Lana kissed the tops of his thighs. Her ornery fingers maintained their dance up and down his cock, taking a moment to cup under the balls. But when her lips moved towards that indentation where thigh met torso, Cullen groaned. Here was where the curly hair went, his pubes twisted in on each other like soft brambles. She parted them, knotting a finger around in circles while breathing against his skin. Closer, ever closer. Her tongue came in from the side, swirling up the head of his cock.

He cried out something that sounded like a canticle, but then followed it up with, "Wait, wait, Maker, I don't know if I can...um. And I'd really like to. With you."

Lana released her kiss upon him and she scurried forward, but not without letting his balls gently touch against her skin as she did. By the time she reached his face, he was blotchy from an internal strain. The same damn one he put her under. It was only fair. But by the Maker, did he look adorable, struggling to keep his balance and also apologize. Lana kissed each word away. She wanted every inch of him as well.

Her legs wrapped around his stomach, the thighs pulling tight against him as she danced her tongue against his. Slowly, her fingers drifted down his back, the nails reviving his skin. She pressed her own lower lips tighter against him, grinding to drive back the pleasure through her body.

"Maker, I want you," Cullen moaned into her mouth.

Without answering him, Lana's fingers slipped down off his back and wiggled between her legs to grab onto his cock. While watching those honey eyes, she guided him inside of her. *Andraste's tears, it had been a long time.* His cock pressed against every inch of her neglected body, that sweet pressure driving her fingers to dig tight into his shoulder and throw her head back into the pillow.

Cullen thrust softly at first, only his first few inches slipping in and out. Each one relaxed her more, the pain giving way to her preferred exquisite torture. Lana's legs slipped lower, knotting behind his ass so she could meet him thrust for thrust and take even more inside. Even with his arms trembling, he continued at a soft rocking, pausing to press his lips to her forehead before beginning again. *He didn't want it to end. Maker, did she?* Wrapped up below the man every woman seemed to want, screwing away in a gilded bed in an Orlesian Palace, Lana found herself believing in the Maker's side. Though, it was hard to think it could possibly be any better than this.

Moaning, he yanked his head back and swallowed, rising up from her. Lana rose up on her elbows, her chest bouncing from her own staggered breathing. "Now?" she asked.

"Now," he answered. Cullen grabbed one of her legs and pushed it forward until her ankle rested upon his shoulder. The second dug around his back, opening her up to take him in. Thrusting faster than before, Lana struggled to rise higher, trying to line her own throbbing parts against his pubic bone. But then she shook her head at the simpler option. Cracking open into the fade, she drew forth a rather easy spell upon her fingers. It was a gentle pulse designed to get someone's attention, and it could be placed anywhere on the body. Cullen watched curious as she slipped the pulsing spell onto her middle finger, then, sliding her hand between their bodies, touched her clitoris. The throbbing was immediate, knocking against her already inflamed tissue. She squirmed, arching higher into him. Lana's eyes flew open to see a hunger growing across his face. His hips began anew, thrusting every inch of himself deeper and deeper inside of her. With the pulse working its magic, she felt like his cock was boring her out in the best way possible. Grunting from his own build up, Cullen slipped his hand under Lana's backside and lifted her hips higher.

_Sweet Andraste!_ That final move pushed her off the cliff as every fiber in her body shattered into a million pieces. The warmth walloped up her stomach and down her thighs and she groaned through every internal wave of her vagina wrapping tighter against him. Lana's fingers reached for anything to grab and dug into Cullen's shoulders. He hung on for another three thrusts before his own body tightened and he threw his head back.

"Maker's something," Cullen moaned, every muscle inside him collapsing. Lana landed against the bed, and he nearly crashed on top of her, but she held him up, her hands pressed against his chest. "Oh, Maker," he sputtered, blinking to return to reality.

She released her hold as Cullen had enough sense to keep himself suspended above her, though
his eyes were still dewy, his body slick with perspiration. Wrapping her hands around his chest, Lana pulled him to her and caressed down his back.

"That was..." he tried again.

"Sex?" she threw out, getting a chuckle.

"I believe it was that, true," Cullen lowered to his elbows so he could part the hair stuck to her forehead. His skin glowed from the firelight which was now roaring in the hearth. She bit back a frown from losing so much control, but Cullen didn't notice. Didn't care. He placed another kiss against her lips, then her forehead. "You are, I still can't believe you're here."

"For a few hours, anyway," Lana said. "Until they kick us out for being turnip farmers."

Cullen smiled, but he brushed off her jibe. "Lana, I..."

She cut off his comment with a kiss, her fingers curling along his jaw, "You're amazing."

"No, I'm fairly certain it's you who deserves the honor. I'd forgotten how..." he twisted on his legs and glanced down at her own knot of pubic hair, "What was that throb you added?"

"Ah, a little spell. An attention pulse you can leave for signals or set to...you probably don't want its full history," she blushed, but his fingers cupped her cheek, a heartwarming grin on his face.

"It was like nothing I'd ever felt before."

Now she smirked, "There are perks to sleeping with a mage."

He dipped down to kiss her sweetly. As he pulled back, he whispered, "Only you." Gently, he twisted his hips lower, removing himself from her. She was almost sad to lose that last part of him.

Lana sat up on her elbows to watch, when exhaustion yanked her back.

"Maker, I'm going to need a week to sleep off the clowns, and another two to sleep off that."

Cullen tossed his trousers off the end of his feet and climbed into bed beside her. Slipping to the side of the bed, Lana yanked up the forgotten blanket tumbled to the floor. Returning to him, she pressed her head to his chest while he draped the blanket across both of them. "I'm glad to know I can beat out clowns."

She was never one to crash right after sex, though Alistair was practically mid-sentence awake and then boom head on the pallet, ass in the air gone. But now sleep haunted through her mind, trying to coax her down into its tendrils. His hands dug into her shoulders, their warm and sweaty bodies chilling in the cold air in spite of the blanket. Through the fog, Lana dampened down the fireplace until only a hint of light sparked from the embers. A strange feeling gurgled up inside of her and she started upon realizing it was happiness. How did she forget that?

"Cullen," she sighed into his chest, "it was worth it."
Snow storm w/ Cullen & Amell

This scene takes place when Cullen and Lana are trapped inside Skyhold and use the weather to their sexy advantage.

Strong hands held onto her marked shoulders. Was he thinking the same, feeling the same? Atonement could only get a person so far when the person still castigating you was yourself. Cullen pulled her tighter to him, his chin knocking against her forehead as he whispered, "How are you here? I don't, I never deserved..."

"Shh..." Lana's finger pressed against his lips and he tipped back, his amber eyes turning down towards her. She shifted her finger to the left lining it up with his scar. "We have until the end of an entire storm to be alone before...all of that comes back." Lana gestured out towards Skyhold, Orlais and Ferelden, all of thedas itself. Every person needing another piece of them, chipping it away until nothing remained. But right now she could have him all to herself; no duty, no threats of imminent death from darkspawn, no clowns.

Cullen caught her change in demeanor, his fingers sliding off her shoulders as Lana wrapped her hands around his neck so she could stretch her back above him. Catching his lips in a deep kiss, a heat rolled through her body that had nothing to do with magic. When she came up for air, she whispered in his ear, "I think we've wasted enough time."

His eyes hunted across hers, curiosity and lust burning in them. Lana stretched herself higher, her fingers digging through his hair as she kept up the assault on his lips. "Um..." Cullen broke away for a moment to glance at the minor fire roaring in the hearth. "Is it going to be...?"

She bit down on a grumble at herself and carefully pulled back on the flames until only a few embers lit up the room. Soft shadows flickered across his face, smoothing away the worry wrinkles beside his eyes and along his brow. "Better?" she asked, unable to hide her small shame. She hadn't meant to lose it before, didn't want to, certainly not with a templar in the room. It was dangerous to... Lana gritted at that thread in her brain. He wasn't a templar anymore, she had to remember that.

Fingers curled around the small of her back and glided below her shirt. Lana's eyes slipped shut as Cullen kneaded against her muscles, his own lips pressing up and down her neck. Forget all that doubt, just be here in this moment. Maker only knows how many more there will be. The fingers slipped around to her stomach and reached up to cup her breasts. Lana moaned, her hands flying out to grasp onto his shoulders. The motion caused her eyes to flutter open and she beamed into an amused grin upon his face.

"Weren't expecting that?" he asked while his hands slowly circled around her chest as if wanting to massage away the sore muscle there as well.

"I think it's my turn now," Lana yanked at the collar of his shirt and tried to pull it up. Accepting defeat, Cullen guided his hands out from under her clothes and lifted them in the air. With less grace than she'd like, Lana yanked his tunic off and tossed it towards the rest of his armor. His skin was even warmer than she remembered as she drew her fingers down the knot of his shoulders, across his chest and right towards his belt.

"Ah..." Cullen caught her fingers and picked them up to place upon his shoulders. Lifting the hem of her shirt an inch he shrugged, "It is only fair."

Lana smiled and dutifully lifted her arms over her head. She expected him to yank it off, but the man curled down and planted a kiss upon her stomach. He raised the tunic another couple inches and kissed above his last spot, then higher still, pressing his lips against her sternum. Ignoring the obvious distractions on either side of her cleavage, his mouth rose up her sternum until he found her birthmark.

"I might have known," she snickered. While removing her shirt, Cullen lost himself across her collar, his hands smoothing back the skin of her waist while his lips plied her birthmark. "Maker's breath," she shifted in his grasp, her lower half begging for more attention.

Taking her hands off his shoulders, Lana grabbed onto the belt again. While she tugged on the loop, his hands rolled over her breasts, the fingers teasing out her nipples and making it very hard
for her to remember how the blasted buckles worked.

"Troubles?" he whispered to her neck.

"You are no help," she joked, when the belt finally gave way. Lana whipped it out of its loops with such passion, Cullen's exploring fingers paused.

As she tossed it aside, his honey eyes met her, "Should it concern me how well you wielded that?"

Re-shifting her weight, Lana smiled down at him, "Depends on what you want me to do with it." Now her fingers were free to slide down his naked stomach and slip underneath his trousers. He tried to meet her delighted eyes but when she circled around the head of his cock almost peeking out of the top, Cullen tossed his head back.

"Wait, wait..." he called, her fingers slipping away. Cullen kissed her on the lips as he slid out from under her. Rising to his feet, he stepped towards the bed. Lana propped herself up on her hip curious to see what he was up to, and also enjoying the full salute in his trousers. He grabbed onto the fur on the mattress and yanked it off. Returning to Lana's side, Cullen draped it against the stone floor.

"So we don't damage the bed," he explained, still standing above her.

Lana eyed the blanket, then turned back up at him and a grin cracked her cheeks, "A bear skin rug, in front of a fireplace? Maker, no one is ever going to believe me." A delightful blush crept up Cullen's cheeks as he realized the cheesiness of his suggestion, but Lana slipped over onto the blanket. With her arms leveraged behind her, she planted her feet in the fur and waved her knees back and forth waiting for him. "Well? This is your plan."

Cullen steadied his breath gazing down at her, "I suppose it is." A soft smile lit up his face as he fell to his knees. Without any fuss, he slipped off her trousers and got her smallclothes in one quick grab. The coarse and thick bear fur brushed up against Lana's ass and then her back as Cullen dipped her down to the floor. Leaning down on a knee, he reached a leg over to straddle her.

He drew a few more kisses from her before she pulled a leg forward and snagged her toes on his pants. "How come you're still wearing these?" she complained, trying to tug them off with the power of her feet.

"Because," he kissed her lips then began to slide down. "This is my plan." Each word was followed by a kiss moving slowly down her body. The 'plan' ended just before her pubic hair.

"Fingers massaged into her sides, careful to follow the swoop of her hips, "I've dreamt of it for a rather long time."

Trying to not squeak in terrifying anticipation, Lana bit down on her tongue. She spread her knees further apart, giving Cullen ample room to slip down and come face to face with the rest of her. Concerns nibbled through her mind, but they obliterated to dust when his tongue slowly slurped along her inner lips. Sweet merciful Maker! His tongue danced back and forth across every inch of her, lapping her up for dessert. Slipping his hands underneath her butt, Cullen lifted her higher to meet him as he increased the speed of his licking. Gentle gave way to a tenacity that vibrated up from her core down her legs. The back of her throat fell slack, all the pleasure shooting through her body numbing her brain.

Spurred on by her heavy breathing, Cullen slipped a couple fingers inside of her while his lips sucked upon her clitoris, bringing the shy bit out for attention. Stroking forward with his fingers, he switched between soft sucking and furious licking. Lana felt the concept of time, magic, even her name all slip from her brain as the growing throb pulsing inside of her crowded them all away. Suddenly, Cullen paused, his tongue silencing, his fingers falling slack. Lana bared down upon him, both a whimper and growl in her voice. He only waited another second, but to her it felt an eternity, before sucking one last time upon her. It tipped her off that endless cliff, every inch of her body shaking as the orgasm unleashed upon her. Lana arced her back, digging her head deeper into the rug while the last of her pulsed around his fingers. Her legs involuntarily shot up in the air, knotting around his head. She could feel him chuckling from between her thighs.

"I take it that's a good sign?" Cullen asked.

Lana balled up her fists to try and summon back her mental presence, but it seemed to drift a few
feet above her, as untouchable as the stars. Nodding, she struggled to sit up when his lips met hers. She could still taste herself upon him, which only pushed her deeper off the cliff. How could she get this wet and not die of dehydration?

"You, I, um," Lana tried to form a coherent thought, then laughed, shaking her head.

"Don't worry," he ran his fingers across her chest, then dipped down to gently graze her nipple. "You said we had all night."

He picked up her limp fingers and guided them to his trousers. Finally, she could yank them off him, though he made it tricky by remaining upon his knees above her. Once freed, Cullen dipped his hips down, his cock skimming across her stomach while he kept kissing her. Maker, the teasing was liable to kill her. She began to reach for him, when he caught her wrist and limply held it between his fingers. A fire burned in Lana's eyes and she threw her hands back over her head.

"Hold me down," she instructed. Cullen twisted his head, confused. She gestured to her wrists, "Pin my arms down while you're inside of me."

"Oh." His strong fingers gripped easily around her wrists, and he pressed them down into the ground. A primal ecstasy zapped through her body and she wrapped her legs around his hips, trying to pull him inside of her.

Cullen kissed her, his cock obstinately remaining a few inches away. He pressed more of his weight down on her wrists, causing her to writhe. Yanking his head to the side, Cullen gulped a breath. Lana blinked, trying to lift her head to see his. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, of course," he gritted his teeth and dove back for her lips, but there was a different urgency now. She couldn't name it but she felt it flowing through him, his body rigid. Cullen's fingers dug into her wrists and then his whole body shuddered. Not the good kind, but as if his own skin reviled him. "I..." he broke away from her lips, and gasped for more air, "I'm sorry. I can't..." His fingers released from her wrists and he struggled to his feet. Lana let him go, watching as he dashed to the corner and stared out the window slit, his naked back turned to her. Cold seeped into the room that had nothing to do with the dampened fire.

Maker, what did she do now?

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... Read the rest of the chapter [here].
Chapter Notes

Alistair talked Lana Amell into joining him on his trip to find King Marric. They started out as friends with Lana attempting to get Alistair back into fighting shape, when things take an unexpected turn.

You can read the rest of the story [here](#) if you need more introduction.

Lanny’s eyes that’d been as unbreakable as steel softened to compassion, "You can talk to me. You know that, right?"

"I..." He watched her lips part ever so slightly in concern. Those thick, pillowy lips he'd wake to find himself yearning for. Her full, soft cheek he used to caress while kissing so he didn't accidentally hit her in the nose or something. Maker... His body trembled that had nothing to do with the pain in his backside or the headache rolling across his brain. It grew more impossible to rein himself back in with every passing day on this journey.

Marric. Old pops himself. That was why they were here, why his butt had to be nothing but bruises. In his mind, Alistair could see how this would all work out. Marric would be rescued, huzzah huzzah, the one true king would take up the throne, and -- after warming it for eight years -- Alistair would be free. He could go wherever he wanted, do whatever he wanted, be with...

"You're not talking," she whispered, those lush eyelashes fluttering as she eyed him up. "It worries me when you're not talking."

"Really? I thought people loved it when I stopped talking. They throw delightful parades in Denerim whenever it happens. The Grand Cleric dresses in an oversized harlequin outfit to pass candy out to children."

Her dangling hand rose and she held onto his arm. Those delicate fingers dug into his strained bicep - their first touch that had nothing to do with a handshake, a friendly pat on the back, or playing nice to the gentry in years. Alistair tried to look away without making it obvious, terrified that Lanny could read the want across his face. He shouldn't be thinking it, shouldn't be feeling it with his own dagger almost pressed against her stomach.

"When you're not talking, you're thinking, and that never ends well for anyone," Lanny said. Turning to face her, every smart ass remark died on his lips -- which was sad because he had a good dozen prepped. Perhaps it was the lantern light, or the shadows of the hold but he'd never noticed a small ring of gold circling in the depths of her brown eyes before. Gawking at the woman as if he'd never seen her before, Alistair struggled to form a coherent sentence, then even a word.

"What?" she asked, trying every trick in her arsenal to get him to open up. Her lips lifted in a smile and he was gone. Leaning his head to the right, Alistair bent his knotted knees to catch her luxurious lips in a kiss. For a heartbeat, Lanny stood still, uncertain what to do. In the back of his mind, he knew there was a good chance he'd find himself splayed across the deck again but the risk seemed worth it. He needed to do this, needed to know if there was even a chance.

She didn’t crack open the forces at her disposal to banish him with a curt word or broken rib. Her own lips parted in a hungry sigh and she knotted her hands behind his neck, pressing deeper into the kiss. That was his cue to grab her waist and lift her up to him. Eight years faded away to nothing at the taste of her, like licking lightning if it was coated in sugar, and from the floral scent always ensnared across her skin even without any perfume. They melded together in a strange cohesion that shouldn’t work, one neither of them seemed to have forgotten. He didn’t want it to end, terrified that if he stopped kissing her then they’d have to talk about it, reason away why they shouldn’t do it again. And he couldn’t go back to before, not again. Not to the furtive glances risked when her back was turned, the almost but not grace of her skin upon his, the sweet smile she’d brandish that he yearned to feel pressed against him. He thought he’d ached for her before;
stepping away now would kill him.

Absence made the heart grow fonder and other bits much harder.

Sadly, breathing was something both of them seemed to need and it was Lanny who slipped down, dragging her tempting lips away from his. Her eyes slowly opened and she gazed up at him. He couldn't read her. When she was thinking like that, this enigmatic blanket wrapped around Lanny rendering all obvious emotion down to an unreadable expression. Whether she was happy, or mad, or gassy was impossible to tell until she spoke up.

"Alistair," she whispered, her fingers parting through his scruff on the way to beard-central.

"I know," he said, accepting that this wasn't going to happen. It could never happen. They'd spent so much time and work becoming friends, burying past hurts. To blow it all away now would be a travesty -- one he feared they might never come back from.

But Lanny didn't shove him away. Instead, she raised up on those tiny toes of hers and also pulled his head lower. Her hot breath washed over his ear, pushing the last of his buttons. "Did you lock the door to the hold?"

"I, uh..." he tried to whip his head back at the hatch above them as if that could jog his memory, but she held him tight.

"Never mind, I have it." Waving her fingers, she blasted ice thick enough to coat the hatch sealing them off from the rest of the pirates. "That should give us an hour or more."

"Lanny, are you..."

Her palm pushed against his lips, the chill of the spell clinging to her skin but melting quickly from his own ragged breath. "Shh... that's enough talking."

By all that is good and gooder in the Maker's eyes, Alistair never imagined that he'd feel Lanny again. He'd never taste her, smell her slick skin, roll his fingers across her landscape. She'd been the one to lead all those years ago, patiently offering up directions and keeping him from breaking anything on accident. Now, with her pressing her lips to his, her body against his, he couldn't help himself. Alistair's hands slipped down the curves of her body, flirting with her breasts but not committing, trailing the inner knot of her waist and flaring out at her hips. Her bones undulated below his fingers as she hopped back and forth to keep high enough to reach him.

Maker, but he loved that, the way she'd scramble to cover their height difference that was almost out of reach. The woman never gave up for anything. His fingers dug into her back while his thumbs caressed the sides of her stomach. He used to dribble water across the flat terrain and watch the droplets roll back and forth as she twisted her hips. Extra points if she managed to get a drop into her bellybutton.

Breaking off the kiss, Alistair whispered in her ear, "Hold on tight." Lanny barely had a chance to dig her fingers into the back of his neck before he rolled his palms around her backside and lifted her off the ground. She yelped in excitement, wrapping her legs around his waist for balance. He could write sonnets, and odes, and other frilly poems about her backside. They'd be purpler than dusk and probably not rhyme, but he could do it. Ample was the disinterested way to describe it. Lush, intoxicating, like grabbing onto a pair of firm but comforting pillows, fun beyond compare. He'd probably go for one of those, add in some more adjectivey adverbs, and then find he had to rhyme orange.

She squirmed in his grasp struggling to maintain her upright posture as he pushed her against the wall. Even with her own pirate breeches in the way, he felt the heat from that part of her he wasn't supposed to dream of grinding against his own pelvis, all of it begging for relief. And that was when he realized his mistake.

Lanny's lips kissed along his jaw, her bottom one ruffling up his patchy facial hair as she worked towards his ear. Pausing to catch her breath, she asked, "What now?"

"I think I miscalculated. Usually you're in robes, so... What's with this sudden pants wearing?" He dug his fingers into her generous scoopfuls blocked off from easy access, feeling the line of smallclothes beneath.

Shrugging, she smiled that mischievous grin, "When on a ship, do as the pirates do."

He should put her down, let her adjust herself and then they could figure it out. But, what if in the interim Lanny sobers up, realizes that this was one big mistake and then it's back to throwing him overboard for starting it all up again? To hide the whirring of his mind, Alistair kissed her neck, pushing her body flatter against the ship and also into him. Maker's breath, that borrowed corset.
lifted her glorious breasts higher than normal. He wanted to bury his face in them and never come out. Smothered to death by cleavage, it seemed a kingly kind of end.

"Anything, yet?" Lanny asked, but her own breathing was raw on the edges, a hungry look in her eye. She seemed to want to get on with it as much as he did.

"Can you make clothing disappear?"

"Yes, but that involves throwing them out the window," she smirked. "Hm..." The woman, the little mage who carried around an entire nation's worth of books, unclasped her legs from his waist. Alistair groaned from the additional stress on his arms, but he took her full weight in his hands. Maker, he did need to work out more. Lanny kissed him hard, not some soft petal touch of lips. Her lips outflanked his at every turn, that tasty tongue of hers rolling around with his in ecstasy. While distracting Alistair, her legs climbed up the wall behind her and she pushed off.

After spending an entire day falling on his ass, he took the tumble well, managing to hit nearly every vertebra on the way down before adding another bruise to his ass. What he wouldn't give for her ample cushioning to stick the landing. Lanny tumbled with him, she didn't have much choice as there wasn't time for him to let go. But she had enough presence of mind to flip her feet out and catch herself.

"Andraste's ass, what did you do that for?" he whined even as his hands rolled over her hips and across her waist, lost in those womanly curves.

She slid down to her knees and bent her face to his, that canyon of cleavage darting into his field of vision. "Because now I can do this." With almost no help from the stunned man, Lanny grabbed onto the collar of his shirt and tugged it off. It should have been a bit harder what with him and her body pressing it into the floor, but she made it look effortless. Magic. Whenever she did something he couldn't explain, it was magic.

Laughing at her tossing his tunic to the side without a care, Alistair watched her eyes devour his naked chest. Eight years was a long time -- from barely twenty and now into his near thirties, things had to change. But Lanny didn't seem to notice or care about the squishy parts he should have honed down before starting this journey. Her fingers followed his trail of golden chest hair down and down towards the waistband of his own breeches. Reaching out quickly, Alistair caught her one wrist in his fingers. Those beautiful eyes rolled up to him from the challenge. He squeezed once around her slender wrist extracting a moan from Lanny. That quirk of hers was hard to forget, and damn fun when they first found it together.

He tried to pull her higher up, when he felt the waistband of his breeches fall slack. Damn, she'd managed to untie it with only one hand.

"I still have some of those old skills," she smiled, catching on to his indignant face.

"Do you break into houses to pass the time in Amaranthine or is this just a Satinalis and Feast Day thing?" Alistair joked, but he wasn't about to truly damn her nimble fingers. No, they should be celebrated instead. Have monuments built in their honor, and... "Ah, ha ha ha," his whole body lifted up off the floor as those lock breaking fingers slipped under the loosened waistband. Unable to help herself, she parted her fingers through his pubic hair like she intended to style it. Then she darted right for the main entertainment.

Maker, he could lie back and let her have her way with him so easily. But watching Lanny squirm instead of the other way around was what he'd dreamed about. Mostly. 60:40. "Hey now," he called out, then coughed a few times to bring back his voice. "I refuse to be the only one who's going to freeze to death splayed out on the deck of the ship."

"Is that so?" Lanny challenged. She didn't yank her fingers away, but they stopped doing that circle and rise thing she loved to torture him with. "Well," she positioned herself higher to expose the corset, "I'm curious if you think you can remove it without entangling yourself."

He had to release her wrist as he reached towards her back, rifling up an eternal knot of strings along the cursed thing's seams. If he had a real dagger on him he could make quick work of it, though Isabela might be less than pleased with it being returned to her in that state - especially for her missing out on the fun. Alistair clenched together his underused stomach muscles to rise higher. Even with his lower back on the deck, he nearly met Lanny eye to eye. She smiled at him so close to her lips, but Alistair was too busy trying to solve the riddle of female couture to fall into her kiss trap. He barely understood male clothing for that matter. Wrapping both arms around her, his hands rubbed up and down the back he couldn't see, looking for any kind of opening to appropriate. Lanny was no help, of course. She placed both her elbows upon his shoulders, raising herself higher to shove that distracting cleavage in his eyes. Did she want to be naked or not?

Ah! The end of a string yanked free and continued to unravel without any snags. Alistair was still
careful as it slipped free, opening up at the back. Without any fanfare, Lanny grabbed onto it and tossed it to the side along with his tunic. Then she returned her elbows to his shoulders, and raised an eyebrow.

"You've learned."

"I had a good reason to figure it out. Two good reasons," he said, his fingers sliding up under her tunic. He flattened them against her stomach, cupping the same small build of muscle he remembered all those years ago. Of course the Commander of the Grey didn't let herself get fluffy. She had all that darkspawning to do.

"For all the..." Lanny muttered. Taking her elbows off of him, she pulled on the collar of her own blouse and yanked it clean off without any fuss. "You're taking too long," she complained. After tossing her own shirt aside, she turned to let her naked breasts dangle right next to his own less impressive chest. Perfect. He didn't care what was in season or fashion for a woman's form, what the latest it-sculptors thought was right. Lanny's would always be perfect -- even age wouldn't change that fact. Just enough to flow out of his palm. And those freckles, a haphazard speckle of dots up the sides of both her breasts like her own leopard spots. They highlighted her silken skin like beauty marks placed by a renowned artist. He'd so badly wanted to connect them when he was younger, but couldn't work up the courage to ask.

Alistair giggled which caught Lanny. She rolled her eyes from the absolute joy in his face, but there was a smile mixed in there. Carefully reaching out as if he was about to touch the most precious jewel in thedas, he cupped his fingers under her breasts. His thumbs brushed against her freckles as if trying to knock away crumbs, which caused Lanny's nipples to prod even further out for attention. Sliding his body further under her for a better grip, Alistair lifted her breasts higher and proceeded to press his thumb into her nipples as if they were buttons.

"Maker's breath," she laughed a full chortle, bringing her forehead down upon his.

His eyes broke from her chestal game to stare up into hers. She'd shut them tight, her lips parted as she gasped from either pleasure or struggling to keep from laughing. "I've missed you," slipped out of him. He didn't mean to bring all the weight of this down upon them in that very moment, effectively smothering any chance he had, but he meant it. Thought the words often. He missed talking to her, watching her laugh to the point of snorting, kissing her lips, tugging on her hair, parting her legs and hearing her moan. He missed it all and so much more.

"I..." Lanny's dark eyes rolled open and he spotted the same golden halo again. "I've missed you too."

"I dunno," Alistair paused, his one hand slipping off her breasts to massage his back, "sure felt like you got all of me."

"Shut up," she chuckled, play swatting at his chest. He let her get in a few more half hearted slaps before grabbing onto her wrist. She eyed him up, a challenge floating through her face.

"Let's see if you can manage to get my pants off with only one arm."

Lanny smirked and he cuffed his fingers around her delicate wrist, nearly all of them meeting around it. Her free hand grabbed onto the edge of his breeches and began to slide them down. Surely it couldn't be that easy? But even with him laying on the ground, she yanked them down like his skin was coated in butter. Oh no, that was so not fair. Sitting up fast, Alistair caught her other wrist and bound them together in his hands.

"Now do it with no hands!" he dared her, changing up the rules. He thought she'd call him on it but that dangerous glint rose in her eye, the one a lot of darkspawn saw just before they exploded.

Slipping onto a knee, Lanny pushed all her weight to her right side. With a flexibility he damn near forgot about, she raised her leg up and snagged the lowered waistband with her toe. After that, it was just a matter of yanking downward. He offered no resistance, too shocked to try and stop her. Now as naked as the day he came screaming into the world, Lanny situated herself above him and smugly smiled down.

"Your turn," she purred. Honest to the Maker purred. She'd never done that before, not without... Oh, she was going to drive him mad. To emphasize his descent, she began to gently rock back and forth right above his exposed dick. At least her own trousers were worn smooth, sliding freely right above him, which was a comforting thought until he felt that node building in the back of his head. Warning, approaching point of no return!

Releasing his hold on her wrists, Alistair grabbed onto her hips to get her to stop. "Hey," she complained, "that's cheat!" Her admonishment died as he undid her breeches in record time, the knot falling away by the grace of the Maker, and he pulled them downward tight across his own
Lanny chuckled at the attempt, then delicately rolled out of them, perching on her feet to get one leg free, then kicking the second off. Pants were too complicated. He was going full robe when he got home. Everyone -- that would be the new edict. Everyone had to wear a robe.

Running his fingers up her now exposed outer thighs, he paused at the infernal white strip of fabric draped across all her fun bits. She bent down, her breasts pressing against his chest, as her lips whispered next to his ear, "Now what?"

"Like that's ever stopped me before," Alistair growled, unable to keep the need out of his voice. His fingers shoved aside the last barrier between them and he damn near lost it again at how wet she was. Lanny threw her head back and groaned from the bottom of her chest at his slight circling of her lips. That was certainly new.

Her head fell forward, her lips skimming down against his face as she raised her back half higher to give him better access. He was about to try and ply off the last of her clothing, when she whispered, "I need you, now." There was no coy bumbling from when they were barely adults both trying to figure out the ins and outs of innings and outings. Lanny sat up high and grabbed onto his dick. Alistair's hands fell slack next to his chest as she pushed aside the strip of her smallclothes and guided him inside her.

_Sweet Andraste and other blasphemous things_ -- this, this was what he missed. Alistair lay upon the ground, his eyes screwed tight as he tried to mentally emboss every single second of him sliding into her. He could die there, happy, as if every inch of him was swaddled tight in a wet, warm hug. Sadly, Lanny had other plans.

Those short thighs of hers raised her body higher and she began to take a few shallow thrusts of her own. Was that what it was called when a woman did it? Parry's maybe? Regardless, Alistair dug his toes in deep, chasing after that blankness inside him to keep going. The strip of her smallclothes rubbed in tantalizing ridges against his dick right before she consumed him inside. Why didn't he think to try that before? Her breasts bounced, the hypnotic jiggle drawing him deeper into the point of no return, as Lanny increased her speed. Thinking he could slow himself, Alistair grabbed onto her breasts, holding them in place, but that didn't really help. Maker, forget death, just let him last a few more minutes. _Was that too much to ask for?_

He only had one more option. Gritting his teeth while pleasure wrapped around him and ground out through his core, Alistair thought of Mafarath. Andraste's husband. Betrayed her. Made for an ugly statue. One that filled the forgotten side of the courtyard, and it looked like someone tried to knock his nose off. Was it him? He couldn't really remember and... A moan rolled through his entire body.

Instinct took over. Grabbing onto Lanny's hips, Alistair met her thrust for thrust, increasing in tempo as he was certain he would either finish or his heart would explode. Lanny's eyes were screwed up tight, her chest bouncing from both the sex and her panting - which was also caused by the sex. All of it combined into knocking Alistair ass over end into coming.

"Flames and other fiery things that we curse at," he cried, bucking his hips while losing himself to the ejaculate pumping out of him and into her. In retrospect, maybe his heart exploding would have made less of a mess.

Lanny rolled her head back and forth, coming back from wherever she'd slipped off to in the excitement. He expected her to slide off him, but instead she smiled down at the man panting in total ecstatic. Sweat glistened off her skin, sweat she never broke into the entire time they sparred. Maker's breath, but she really did glow - that sienna skin dewey in the lantern light. Humming as if she'd eaten a great piece of pie, she swallowed a few times, then asked, "Hessarian?"

Of course she'd remember. She'd know. She knew him better than he knew himself. Chuckling, Alistair struggled up to his elbows. "Mafarath actually."

"Oh? What happened to Hessarian? That seemed to work a treat before," she ran those delicate fingers down his chest, tracing the muscles as if playing a game. Maybe she was.

"It did, until they put a new Hessarian statue in the throne room and I realized it was a bit tricky to explain all the unexpected saluting in my trousers whenever I passed it."

That got him a hearty laugh, Lanny curling at her stomach from the image, her hand flying to her mouth to catch herself. "I almost wish I'd been there for that Landsmeet."

"Men fainting in the streets, women uncomfortably glowering. Total nightmare," Alistair threw his arms wide beside his head, smacking them against the wooden floor. "But you...When'd you go all yes ser, no ser in bed?"
"I, uh, don't know," she shrugged. "Rigors of command." He caught the trace of shame riding up her stomach, but Alistair reached upward and cupped her cheek.

"I liked it, but I like being bossed around in bed."

She curled up into his hand pressing her skin tighter, "You like being bossed around everywhere."

Eight years as king and he'd wish anything to have her ordering him around again. Even if they fought, even if she kept telling him to jump in a frozen lake, or smash his own hand, or eat his vegetables, he'd do it. More than that, he'd be happy to do it. He wanted to be free. "Lanny..."

"Hm?"

"Ready for round two?"

She laughed, and wiggled above his deflating staff, "I rather doubt you are."

"Psh," Alistair waved his hand at the logistics, "don't need that bit for what I had in mind." Her body trembled from his offer, and she rolled off of him onto her back, ready to let his tongue have its way with her. Just for fun, Alistair left her small clothes on to work around.

Far in the back of the hold, the hammock swung haphazardly in the rocking waves, embedding that diamond pattern deeper into his naked skin. He should have been cold, but his own living blanket stretched across him. At some point Lanny wound up fully naked too, though it took them awhile to reach that stage. Alistair draped one hand across her beautiful ass as if guarding it, and the other kept pushing off the wall to rock the hammock more. She'd sigh with every shove, but didn't raise her head to tell him to stop.

"You know," her lips mumbled beside that weird mole on the left side of his chest, "we're going to have to talk about this."

"Nonsense," he gave another push on the wall, "what's talking ever solved? Nothing is what. The best approach is to not talk about anything, ever. And that will somehow fix everything."

"Alistair..." her voice crackled in exhaustion. By the Maker, she should have passed out long ago but somehow the woman kept going. Lanny tried to lift her head by placing her weight on her elbows, but she couldn't get any traction from the flimsy hammock. "Was this, is it only a one time deal? No bullshit, okay. If it is, that's fine. Whoops on both our parts. We get up, dress, and drink until it's not awkward anymore."

"Only took about three years last time," Alistair grumbled. His free arm gave one final shove against the wall. Satisfied with the rocking, he ran his fingers across Lanny's back. What did they call skin that soft? Taffeta? Seersucker? Some kind of fabric. Whatever it was, Lanny's was that and more, with this almost elegant curve to her lower back joining with her backside. Sometimes it reminded him of fancy table legs swooped out to help support the whole thing. Maybe that was why she was so steady on her feet.

"I'm guessing by your silence that's a yes, then?" she interrupted.

"What? No, it's..." Alistair dug his head deeper back into the hammock, his eyes tracing some misspelled graffiti carved into the wood above as he tried to think. "I love you. I know I'm not supposed to. Should have stopped years ago, but I couldn't. Even when we were being-"

Her fingers smooshed up against his lips, the tip of one accidentally banging into his nose. "I love you too, you idiot," she sighed and a weight lifted off him. Not literally as she didn't move, but the metaphorical one. He wondered as they played friends and occasional confidants thrown together into the shitstorm that was politics if it was ever possible to be more again. To go from what they had to what they didn't and back again. Lanny pulled her hand off his mouth, trailing her fingers down his neck, "But that doesn't change anything."

Why couldn't it? That was the whole point of this mission, to change things. To set right what somehow went wrong years ago, to leap back and put the right ass on the fancy chair. Alistair wasn't meant to be king, Cailan was. Whatever drove Maric to Antiva couldn't be valid once he learned his son, his real son, was killed. He'd be sure to rush to Ferelden to take all that responsibility off his bastard's shoulders.
Alistair's fingers rose up her sides so he could wrap his arms over top of her, snuggle her tighter to him, and protect her. "Lanny, I probably should have asked this before all the pants flying off parts, but, is there someone else in your life?"

She paused for a moment, just enough to make him wonder if he'd stepped onto a creaking bear pit and there'd be duels of honor waiting for him in Amaranthine, when she sighed in resignation, "No. And I don't need to bother asking you as I know the answer."

"Yeah, that's a big scoop of complicated on top of a convoluted pie with some knotty chocolate shavings on the side. And now I am starving."

Instead of leaping off him like any sane woman would after he went into dessert talk, she burrowed deeper into him laying her cheek flat against his sweaty chest. "Some things never change."

But they had. Change was inevitable everyone kept saying, you couldn't fight it. Maybe that was the real problem. People kept giving up against change because they'd rather roll over than fight it. "Is there," he wrinkled up his nose and struggled to find the words to address a fog that'd been around her for some time, even since before they left Ferelden, "is something wrong? I mean aside from donning the velvet hat with an old lover who's trying to find his father to get anyone else but him to sit on the throne."

"It's complicated," she said, not answering his question.

"Lanny... if it's about the wardens you can tell me. If it's about the chantry or mages you can tell me. If it's about me, could you wait until I put pants on?"

That earned him a snicker, but she took her time to rouse her thoughts. With her finger fluffing up and then down his chest hair, she kept puffing up her cheeks then deflating them - either stalling for time, or terrified to dredge up her deepest concerns. "I know I have no right to complain, to even feel this but..."

"Yes you do," Alistair interrupted. "After all the crap, day in and day out you get, I think you can yell at the world every once in awhile."

"Maybe, but I keep coming back alive and whole... unlike the others."

"Ah shit. He knew this one, felt it himself at times but nowhere near as deep as she did. Lanny tried to explain it once, to give him a hint of how magic wasn't just a matter of knowing the right incantation or waving your fingers. Her skill set came about because of what was primarily inside her; the makeup of her soul was her way of putting it. She called it the darkness - a black fog that'd wrap through her thoughts, deaden her muscles, and drag her down with it. Because of it, she had some innate and nearly terrifying skill with all those entropy hexes - the ones involving horror and death in particular. But they themselves took a toll upon her, needing that darkness inside to work and almost feeding it back upon her with herself. Alistair barely understood then, and probably made some flippanter joke after she told him. Now, he still couldn't wrap his mind around it fully, but he got that it was bad. Enveloping her deeper into his arms, he tried to burrow her safely into his chest.

"You want to be free of it?" he asked while also telling. "I get that, I do. I really really do."

Her head rolled up, her chin digging into his sternum so she could catch his eye, "You wanted to be a warden more than anything, Alistair."

"Yeah, a warden, not the warden. Certainly not in charge of anything. Look at me now, got a whole kingdom that keeps asking for attention all the time. I thought that if I kept focused on that, did all those kindly king things one does - rescue chantry babies and kiss orphaned Sisters - that I'd, I don't know, find some peace. I keep looking for it, but all I find is more 'Your highness, you can't do that because it would enrage blah blah blah.' 'Your majesty, you must put our efforts into do de do or else something something end of the world.' I'm tired of being called your. I'm not a you. I'm an I, I think."

"Well, you're no we," Lanny said, chuckling into him.

"Maker, I didn't even think about all the Orlesian shit heaped on top of the usual feces pile that is... This wasn't supposed to be about me, was it? Crap."

"No," she knotted her fingers against him and pushed up. Those beautiful eyes met his, "But I have my answer."

"Lanny, I don't want to go back to the way things were. I didn't want to when the way they were is what they are before they became what they were..." he waved his fingers around to try and
track that sentence, "I think."

"You know you come with an awful lot of baggage," she said while leaning towards him. He intercepted her attempts and met her lips with a soft kiss of his own. After their earlier fun, his lips were going to need a recovery period before he could attempt anything harder.

"Says the mage who's technically an apostate but also a grey warden that kinda saved an entire country by stopping a blight. You're sure there's no one else, right? Some burly ex that'll pound me into the ground with one tap of his fist?"

Lanny only rolled her eyes at his insinuation. "When have I ever gone for the burly type?"
Sighing, she lay down upon his chest, "This still does not solve anything."

"I know," he held her close for one last hug, then he reached over to push against the wall. With luck, eventually the rocking would drag them both down into some much needed sleep. And after that they'd be one step closer to finding Maric, one step closer to putting him on the throne, and one night more until Alistair could be with her forever.
Desire, Cullen with Lavellan Inquisitor

Chapter Notes

This was the first ever bit of smut I wrote. It's a quick scene between the Dalish
Inquisitor arriving home and needing Cullen's ministrations. Part of a series of shorts
about Cullen/Lavellan you can read here called Moments.

The throbbing behind my jaw intensified to a drumming through the muscles in the back of my
head. I crossed over the gates of Skyhold, trying to keep my body as far from the bounce of the
saddle as possible. The long ride did in what little I had left of my spirit -- even my fellow
companions fell silent from my mood, grumbling from my dour mood.

I got as far as technically being inside my hold before jumping off the horse. Stablehands rushed
from the wings, ready to snatch up the reins. Someone planted a rumor that Dalish only rode halla
because their skin could burn a horse's flesh. Normally, I'd curse a storm at such nonsense, but it
did cause servants to rush to tend to my horse at record speeds. I didn't have the focus to take care
of the problem myself, and was happy to pass it off.

One of the younger stablehands with knotted brown hair tried to scamper past, but I snagged his
arm. Through my locked jaw I chewed one word out, "Cullen?"

"Oh, um, I believe he was last spotted in the training yard. Your worship," was tacked on at the
end, his eyes drawing across my armor coated in demon ichor. It had not been a good trip. I
nodded brusquely at his answer and stalked towards the commander.

Behind me I heard Dorian whistle, "Someone's in trouble."

"What'd Curly even do?" Varric asked back, but I had no time to explain to them, no words that
would suffice. My temples throbbed from a buzzing in my blood and an unquenchable thirst
rasped my throat dry. A sneer embedded into my cheeks, the uncomfortableness in my body
draining my usual demeanor from good natured, to disgruntled, to a one syllable speaking monster
liable to rip someone's head off for looking at me wrong.

There was only one solution and he was apparently surrounded by his men. This wasn't going to
go over well. I tried picking up the pace, but that only made the throbbing increase, the chainmail
snapping against my thighs and chafing the far too tender area. Moving like a woman with her
ankles chained together, I eased down the incline to find Cullen commanding amongst a small
battalion of soldiers. They weren't in the middle of any serious exercises, a few of them having
taken knees to listen to the commander droning on about duty, and tactics, and other things I'd at
least nod about if I were in a better mood.

He looked up from his rant long enough to spy me and smiled. I wished I could return it, but it
took all my concentration to keep walking towards him. Holding a wide berth around the soldiers,
I circled until I could stand beside the commander. The winds shifted, casting his musky scent
towards me - I swallowed back a growl, jabbing my fingers into my eyelids to maintain my grip
on reality. Cullen's diatribe slipped away as he twisted towards me, waiting for me to gift them
with word's of heraldry encouragement.

My jaw tensed up, speaking grinding to a halt as my body raged war against itself. Unable to
explain, I grabbed his naked hand for once free of his gloves and yanked him up the staircase.
"Um," Cullen didn't fight me, but he turned back and waved towards his soldiers.
"Dismissed...but make sure to properly stack your equipment. We don't need an armory of dented
shields."

A couple dozen eyes followed us as the tiny elven woman dragged the commander of the
Inquisition across the battlements by his hand. He tried to get a word in, but I shook him off,
shoving for anywhere that was private. My hand snagged on a doorknob and I pulled him into one
of the many unfinished rooms skirting around Skyhold.

Rotten planks cracked from the roof lay strewn across the bed rendering it unsalvageable and
useless, but a table stood at the other end of the room. That might do. I released Cullen's hand and
tried to steady my head, but that only drew out the throbbing like weep from a wound.

He, however, stuck his hand on his sword and watched me struggle to rise up to face him. Wary
concern washed over his eyes. "What is it? Is something wrong? Something we need to discuss?"
I shook my head in the negative and, biting down on my tongue, managed to get out, "No."

Confusion twisted up his eyebrows as he leaned back, both hands now gripping that damn sword. I wanted to explain, to give voice to what boiled below my skin, but the nearness of him shattered what modicum of resolve I'd managed to that point. The heat of his body, the scent from his skin - I more than wanted it. I needed it pressed against me. Desired it.

I reached my fingers out and wrapped them around his head, knotting in the curls, pulling him down to me. Shock slackened his lips as my own lapped across his, my tongue overtaking his. After steadying himself, he gripped tight around my waist - his fingers pinching the mail into my skin, trying to keep up with my wild affection. He was a refreshing sip of spring water to my parched body.

Cullen twisted his head away for breath, something I didn't seem to need anymore. Coughing for a moment, he smiled, "Oh, it's nice to see you as well."

But the throbbing inside my bones wasn't satiated, my brain sparking in a continuous trill of tantalizations. Cocking one eyebrow, my fingers gripped onto Cullen's belt, sliding the loop through his hasty knot and whipping it off. His sword clattered to the ground, the noise echoing through the broken room and out the hole in the roof. A blush bloomed up his cheeks as I moved to work off his pants, the knot easy for one who knew where he kept the thing.

"Um, is that..." he started, glancing towards the door that anyone in Skyhold could throw open at a moments notice.

Even with my body screaming at me, I paused, holding his pants up. My voice eeked out only one word, a question. "Yes?"

Perhaps it was the uncut desire burning in those three letters, my raw throat growling the word, but Cullen caught my ill formed question of consent and nodded. Threading his own fingers through my hair and down my back, he tried to find my flesh under the armor. But I could feel him even though the bite of mail, his body heat enflaming my skin. I released my grip, his pants thudding to the ground. The unexpected breeze was enough to flare up the dampened fires. Cullen smiled at my impatience, his fingers trying to undo the dozens of straps keeping that armor pinned to me. He managed one, pausing to circle across my breasts and rustle my attention seeking nipples, before I jumped up, unable to take the tease. I ran my hands across his now naked hips and around to the perfect scoops of ass, my thumbs landing in the dimples just above. His hands fell down my body, following every curve until he gripped onto my hips, his body flattening against mine. Kissing up and down my jaw, his lips left a trail of burning impressions in my skin, before he plunged back to mine.

My own fingers were not idle, one hand sliding down through our tangled bodies to grip onto his cock. A groan rumbled in my throat from it rising - his excitement increasing as he tried to properly unhook the mail across my armor. But there wasn't time. Blood rushed in my ears, until all I could hear was the sounds of the ocean thudding through my heart and the slap of intoxicating kisses.

Guiding his hand down, together we worked off my pants, all the easier because of the lack of shoes. I grabbed onto his shoulders burrowing deep into the fur and rising to return for more kisses, but his fingers thrummed up and down my thighs. Once sore to the touch, now they burned in pleasure - a tumbling rising in my stomach from his touch. Tantalizingly slow, he traced a finger outside me - traveling each contour of my lips - before dipping in, stirring up the wetness that'd plagued me for days. The callus on his finger, where the flesh never healed from mage fire, roused my tender skin, its texture perfect to stimulate because it was him. He smiled at what seemed an instant affect, which I'd have to explain later, but his fingers danced up to thrum against the bundle of nerves connected to my core.

I grabbed onto his wrist and shook my head, terrified what anymore stimulation could do. "Not needed," my voice managed to breathe out.

That drew his attention more than whipping his belt off. "Are you certain? I don't...you deserve... I would never wish to hurt you." Any other time, preferably in any other location, I'd be more than happy to let him take his time exploring me with his fingers and tongue until I squirmed to bursting, but right now I needed only a quick release.

"Tasallan," I cursed, rolling my eyes. Grabbing onto the battered edges of his dangling surcoat, I tugged him with me as I backed up onto the table and jumped onto it. Cullen couldn't bite down the look of hunger while I wrapped my legs around his taut ass, pulling him closer. He leaned down to kiss me again, yanking his white spire away. My impatience rose from the normally sweet move, and I dug my heels in. Gripping onto his full cock, I guided him inside me.
"Sweet creators!" I cried, savoring every twist and turn from that first thrust. A gasp rattled in Cullen's throat as he leaned closer, spreading his legs wider for a better stance. His fingers bit deep into the table, the biceps rising up through his surcoat from the effort. Locking my own legs around his waist for support, I leaned back on my elbows.

He thrusted even deeper inside me, each merciful pump matched by my pushing towards him on my elbows. As his cock provided that perfect pressure, the throbbing in my body abated to something new building inside me, a cleansing counter to the burning that'd tormented me. I reached up, my fingers running along his forearms and gripping tight as the muscles contracted below. The contact spurred something new in Cullen, a growl threading through his concentrated panting.

Then...Crack!

The thrusting stopped and his eyes flew down to the table creaking from age and some idiot jumping on top of it. "Oh dear," he muttered, removing himself from me.

No! The days long headache, momentarily broken from his being inside me, smashed into my skull - pulverizing my brains like a war hammer. I wiggled off the cracking table, landed onto the ground, and spun around. Now my fingers bit into the table, my ass butting into the man slick from my wetness. Twisting my head around, I watched him run a hand across his face. "Okay," he said, biting down a shake in his voice. Was he feeling the same burning desire spun through me? Creators, I hoped not.

First he caressed my lower back, drawing some abstract lines in my skin, then he finally dipped down to cup my ass lifting it high enough. I slid my legs further apart, but braced myself for the tight fit. He took his time, dipping in and out of me with his fingers - as if I'd suddenly dried up in the downtime. A sigh of consternation and desire broke from my throat. I'd have shouted for him to get on with it if I could get my jaw to open. The throbbing burned in every corner of my body - even my eyes blinked in a delectable pain.

Cullen got the message and sidled closer to me. With one hand on himself, and another lifting me up, he entered me again. Somehow the second was even more intense, the lower half of my body prickling from pleasure. His first few thrust started out shallow, with an eye on the table, but it was willing to play along now and didn't crack in half. My own mind drifted further away from me, the burning in my blood switching from pain to something so much better.

His hands drifted off the small of my back to grip onto my hips, the fingers digging into my bones. With the leverage, he thrust himself deeper inside of me - the ends of his coat slapping into my ass. I threw my head back, wanting to scream something encouraging but all that came out was another groan - deep from within my soul. He worked his own magic, twisting his hips with each thrust to rifle against every part of me.

Pressure rose from my core, expanding out where we connected. I lost all feeling in my toes, the numbness crawling up through the shins. It weaved my nerves, strumming each one like a lute until my body hummed in anticipation. Even my hair ached for sweet relief. But as my mind floated about three feet above my throbbing body, something waited inside me. It wasn't enough. Whether Cullen sensed it or not, I couldn't tell. His own breathing increased, punctuated by the occasional gasp. I feared I might be trapped at the edge of this infernal abyss forever when he cried out, "Oh Maker."

My body twanged with him, a pop reverberating through all of me. It was nothing like an orgasm. This felt like a rift shredding through the veil, combined with my ears finally breaking from the mountains pressure, and cracking every out of synch bone in my body. Days of pressure broke in one second, sucking my limbs dry. I tried to keep upright, but my grip had nothing against the full weight of my body and I tumbled to the ground like a puppet with cut strings. Mercifully, Cullen pulled out in time so my graceless fall didn't break anything.

Bare assed on the floor, I curled up into my lap struggling to remind myself of my name and where I was. Even that seemed a stretch at the moment.

"What," Cullen panted, rubbing his forehead to smooth back the sweaty locks, "was that?"

Oh, maybe that loud pop hadn't just been inside my ears. A tremble knotted up my shoulders and I tried to force out the words weighing down my tongue. "Desire demon," I confessed, tears of joy pricking in my eyes from being able to finally voice the truth.

Cullen snorted a laugh, trying to rub sense into his flushed cheeks, then his face crumbled into compassion from my drained body crumpled on the floor. Using my shoulders as a guide, he sat down beside me. I managed to unknotted my body enough to lean into him. He wrapped both arms tighter around me and plucked a kiss against my forehead. "Maker," he said, a tremor in his raspy
I nodded as if I knew what that felt to a templar. I'd compare it to trying to grab onto the tail end of lightning, surviving, and then realizing at some point you have to let go. My face crumpled onto his chest, bouncing slightly against the armor I didn't have the wherewithal to strip from him earlier.

"First one I ever saw," I said, the words finally flowing. "Got distracted by a rage demon and it snuck up behind me. Boom, in my head or...other bits, I guess."

Cullen nodded along, "Fought a few of those before. Not as bad as the pride ones."

"After this, I'd take two pride demons," I interrupted. "And a despair one to finish the set." My body couldn't be more exhausted than if I'd run across all of Thedas while carrying Bull on my back. Creators knew how long it'd be until I could walk again.

Cullen's fingers tried to unravel my knotted hair, still clogged with debris from the forest I hadn't been in the right mindset to remove. "When templars are hit by a desire demon, we try to find some, um, alone time to take care of the problem."

I rolled around to eye him up, malice dripping from my stone face, "I tried that. Many times. Didn't work."

"You did?" he broke away, "and it...doing that didn't help?"

"Did a fantastic job of making things sore and then somehow worse," I sighed. Moping over my predicament while my lover tended to me seemed preferential, but a lightness rose in my heart. After so long under the curse, it felt wonderful to be able to think again, speak again, not have every light breeze turn into a dirty thought. I might even be able to properly sit!

"Andraste's breath," Cullen cursed, "that must have been a powerful demon."

I shrugged, "It didn't seduce all the arrows to its face so well."

"Where was this rift?" Cullen asked, twisting around as if he could see it through the walls and far of the mountain.

"Down in the Emerald Graves," I said, "which I'm not going back to for a few weeks. Months. Years."

"Emerald Graves, but that's a..."

"Three day ride," I finished for him. "I know."

"You suffered that for three days?" he cried, now piling the sympathy on me. I snuggled deeper into him, my warm breath fogging up his breastplate. He rubbed up and down my back, trying to appease my body tormented by a particularly vengeful demon. A pang bit in my hips, and as I shifted something told me I'd find some finger shaped bruises across them. Neither of us had been ourselves.

Now, Cullen tended to me in the strangest after play, his fingers softly caressing up and down my skin as he stared through the wall. I suspected years of demon fights churned behind his distracted eyes, trying to catalogue whatever I ran into. After a moment, Cullen shrugged and placed his lips to my beading forehead. "It's a lucky thing you are not a man."

"It's not much better," I grumbled, wanting to wallow longer, "a bit less awkwardness in the pants department maybe, but things get...sensitive real fast. Especially on horseback." Cullen fell silent from my vague explanation, his fingers drumming against my arms. "Besides, if I were a man, you'd probably have to fight Dorian for me."

"Dorian? Really?" Cullen asked, arching an eyebrow.

I shrugged, "He is very pretty."

That drew a hearty laugh from him as he nodded his head. "Fair enough, I suppose."

A cold breeze blew across the gap in the door and I shifted, realizing both of us sat upon the filthy ground bare bottomed. It would be quite the sight to stumble upon - the Inquisitor and Commander squatting half naked in rubble. I shifted to reach for whatever pair of pants I found first, but Cullen pulled me tighter to him. My worryer seemed in no mood to jump up and return to his duties. Who was I to argue?

Rolling my fingers across his face, I sat up to kiss him, soft and gentle - the sweet one I'd have
preferred upon returning to him if my blood weren't boiling in my veins. He smiled, his golden
eyes blinking softly as he pushed the always errant hairs off my forehead. After a breath he
whispered, "Just in case, if you don't know but a templar could have purged the desire demon's
spell."

"What?"

"Or, I suppose a mage," he said, shrugging as if this was just some slip of information no more
vital than a tavern song or a grocery list. *Yes, I'll take three eggs, a loaf of bread and one dispel
please. My nipples have bitten through my chainmail.*

"Seriously. I could have been rid of this problem three days ago from a wave of Dorian's fingers?"

Cullen blinked and deadpanned, "I hope there'd be a bit more to it." I glared at him, but he only
smiled, "It should serve you well if you run into another desire demon. Not that I didn't enjoy
purging the spell with you."

"Gonna be hard to top that one," I said.

"Oh, I have a few tricks up my sleeve," he smiled, easing my chin up for another kiss.

A knock reverberated from the door I'd slammed shut and a soft voice apologized through it.
"Um, Inquisitor and, uh, Commander. Could you maybe, that is, if you're done doing the...oh I
shouldn't have said that. We just, we really need to get through. Please."
Baths, Alistair & Warden

Chapter Notes

This is a fade to black piece. I know, I know. But it's cute and funny so I wanted to include it.

During the days of the Blight Alistair's taking a bath in Eamon's estate before the Landsmeet when he gets an unexpected surprise.

Taken from this chapter in My Hope.

Alistair slipped lower into the clawed tub built deep enough it could water a dozen horses if they all packed into the small side room. He'd forgotten to compensate for his own weight before leaping in and the stone floor circling it sparkled in the firelight. Despite not wanting a thing to do with the crown, nobility, and suffering a rash the moment anyone bowed to him, he did enjoy the perks that came with this potential kinghood. At least it meant he didn't have to bathe half frozen in a river while the assassin pretended to not watch.

Bobbing along the surface was the full bar of soap the servants entrusted him with before beating a hasty retreat. No one seemed to know what to make of the man who might be a king but probably shouldn't be. Even though he'd been to Eamon's estate as a child and knew where things were kept, the servants insisted they fetch everything for him. They'd at least been wise enough to leave a mountain of towels behind.

Alistair smacked down on the soap watching it bounce off the bottom of the porcelain tub only to rise up from its depths. "Nothing shall sink the royal Bubblecake! Not even giants from the north. Oh no, what's this?" With the scrubbing brush, or maybe some lady's hairbrush -- he wasn't certain -- Alistair hovered above the unaware sailors upon the Bubblecake. The poor men and women serving aboard had no idea they were about to be set upon by the bristles of doom. His hand slammed down, the brush smacking into the soap and splashing more water over the edge.

Cackling from the unbreakable spirit of the soap once again returning to him, Alistair paused as he heard a sound. The unmistakable noise of a hand lifting the latch to the door outside his room. "Um, this is occupied!" he shouted. Whoever was on the other side must not have heard him as the certain sounds of his door opening, closing, then the lock slotting into place filled the air. Maker's breath, why didn't he think to lock it before ripping his pants off?

"I, I'm here. A person is inside the bathroom," Alistair cried, sinking deeper down as if he could vanish through the translucent water, "in the bath. Naked!"

He was so deep only the top of his nose and eyes skimmed the surface, darting to the door of the side room. As that latch lifted, Alistair ran out of coherent words and yelped. Leaping out of the water, he reached for a towel, exposing himself to the cold air from the waist up, when in walked the intruder.

"I know, I heard you the first time." Lanny smiled that wicked grin of hers that meant she had mischief on her mind. His fingers froze in place and his face twisted up in excited relief. Thank the Maker, it's just her.

"Oh shit, it's her!"

"You, uh, you could have said something," Alistair stuttered as he twisted back down into the tub. What did she want? To talk? That had to be it. Anything more in Eamon's estate could, well, it would be... Fun. A lot of fun. They hadn't since, and never here under the Arl's nose because that'd be... How many canticles would he have to recite for that one?

"And then I would have missed the panic upon your face," Lanny grinned, both of her dimples in evidence as she stared deep into the tub and his pale body refracted through the water.

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"And then I would have missed the panic upon your face," Lanny grinned, both of her dimples in evidence as she stared deep into the tub and his pale body refracted through the water.

"True, though you could have gotten the same effect if you'd stood outside and shouted 'Archdemon spotted and it's shitting out ogres!'" Alistair said rolling around on his legs to try and shift away the burn that had nothing to do with the piping hot prince stew he sat in.

Her fingers... Maker, he loved those fingers. Loved watching them fold in and out of pages, to grip tight to her staff exposing the taut tendons below as she froze their enemies solid. Especially loved them...uh, suddenly unknotting the belt to her mage robes. Andraste's tears, what was she
Lanny shrugged her robe off without a care, the fabric hitting the wet floor, his spilled water seeping into it. "I shall remember that next time," she joked while unhooking that binding tight bit she wore around her midsection. Alistair tried to untie it once and somehow got his own splintmail knotted up in the laces. After that she only came to him after having removed it on her own, or with a spare dagger in her boot.

"What are you...?" The words thudded from his brain as the corset plopped on top of the robe. Dressed in only her shift he could see the shape of her breasts prodding through the thin fabric. Her gorgeous dark nipples crested just below the surface, both drawn out for attention. Or from attention, he wasn't entirely certain how it worked.

"Hm..." Lanny prompted, her voice sweetly naive but that grin - her 'I'm about to suggest we don't need a tent to take off the armor' smile - warned him that she was playing.

"Doing," Alistair stuttered out by turning away and glaring at the ceiling. "What are you doing?" He twisted his head around, now curious about the reliefs etched above him. They almost looked like a pair of people engaged in combat and...no, that was not combat. Maker's breath, how did he not notice that as a child?

Lanny yanked her shift over her head leaving her standing in only that thin strip of fabric along her hips that passed for her smallclothes. "I'd think it's rather evident what I'm doing." Her voice pulled him right back into her seductive trap and all sense of self vanished from Alistair's brain as she leaned over to slip off the last bit of her clothing. Breasts were something the templar initiates had very specific ideas upon -- insisting what was the proper size, proper perkiness, proper nipple shade and placement. This, of course, was laid out in certainty years before they'd ever seen a real pair beyond a few terrible drawings scratched into the back of hymnals. As far as Alistair was concerned, if he was allowed to see them they were perfect. If he got to touch them, he'd probably already died and was on the pyre.

Before he had time to process his thoughts beyond naked woman, beautiful naked woman, Lanny already slipped into the opposite side of the tub. Her addition displaced more water out of the tub, thoroughly soaking her robes beyond measure. Those bountiful bosoms drifted just below the surface of the water. As Lanny waved her hands back and forth over the surface of the water, she pressed her cleavage tighter together drawing him like a moth to a flame.

"This thing is huge," she remarked in surprise.

"Why thank you," Alistair grinned. "Oh wait, you meant the tub." Chuckling from his joke, Lanny swatted at the water splashing him in the face. "So that's how you wish to play it," Alistair brought both of his hands together and whipped them towards the surface, drenching Lanny's hair. "Have at ye!"

"You're dead," Lanny swore and the battle ensued. It would never be spoken of in mead halls or by poets who unfortunately owned lutes, but it cost the unfortunate lives of all aboard the ship the Bubblecake as well as soaking the entire floor in water. It was when Lanny rushed forward and pinned his biceps back to the tub wall with her hands that Alistair called uncle. Not because he couldn't break away, but his brain shut down at the view. Her nose butted up against his as she held him tight. With flushed cheeks, her eyes sparkling in mischief, and water glistening off that toned and smooth skin it took every ounce of control inside of him to not leap upon her. To hold down her wrists as she writhed in pleasure while he...that was not helping. Eamon's estate, he repeated a few times. It'd be like doing that in his parents, well not his parents. He didn't have any. Her parents? Except she's a mage, so...

While Alistair's brain tripped around to figure out why he couldn't stop panicking at the idea of a naked woman sharing his bath, Lanny leaned down. Pressing that perfect pair of naked breasts against his chest, she caught his lips in a kiss. Every single excuse he thought of obliterated from her machinations. As her hands slid up from his biceps to his shoulders, Lanny adjusted her stance. Her knees pressed into his thighs so she could straddle him as far as the tub would allow. It should hurt, bone digging into flesh and all, but he was far too love addled to feel the pain. There was an unclothed, naked, gorgeous, funny, and did he mention naked? woman pressing into him. Pain was worth it for that.

One finger curled around his jaw, pausing at the edge of his scruff that was maybe a beard if you were forgiving. She broke from the kiss and twisted her head to the side. Maker, he could wake every day to those comforting eyes - brown and warm like a beef broth. Which would be the absolute worst way to describe it to her, but it was how he thought of them. Lanny was comfort to him, balm for his soul the way a meaty broth cured any ailment. Which again, was not going to hit the top of any poet lists when describing a woman's eyes.

That contagious smile broke from her lips to his and she sighed, "You know you can play with them. You don't always have to ask."
"I like to give them a chance to say hello, maybe get them a drink before..." Alistair stumbled, still thrown off by her. By the very fact she was willing to be near him, to talk to him, much less to strip naked and climb into the bathtub with him. He had to habitually pinch himself whenever Lanny touched him to remember that she actually cared for him. Loved him. Secure in her permission, his palms rose from the briny depths to cup both of her breasts. While he died right on the spot, Lanny's forehead mashed into his and her eyes slipped closed. A soft moan brimmed through the back of her throat as his fingers brushed up against those taunting nipples. Sometimes he wasn't certain who liked it more. No, it was him. By a hair.

How the Maker saw fit to create something so soft but firm, comforting while also terrifying, perfect and, yeah perfect, was beyond him. Probably beyond any chantry clerics he'd ask the question of - when they were finished praying for his soul for wondering. His body was fine for what it needed to do, generally. It tended to not fall down stairs, or smash into walls. The feet remained upon the ground in a proper stance and he'd gotten all the other bodily functions down pat. But Lanny's was like holding onto pure power, a dragon's roar in woman form, and also the softest, cuddliest stuffed animal at the same time. He couldn't explain it, certainly not in anything approaching words or it'd be the broth thing all over again, but he thanked the Maker every moment he could enjoy it.

"I seem to remember the last time we tried this in water there was a lot of screaming, crying, and a wet elf," Alistair said, unable to stop caressing her breasts, probably until he died.

"Zevran's not here," Lanny whispered in his ear. Hunger coated every syllable, somehow stirring him even more erect.

"Oh, you say that now," he joked even while sliding his hands around her waist to palm her hips. She moaned harder as he massaged his fingers against the cushioned skin, gently knocking into those curved bones that could drive him to distraction.

"Maker," Lanny stuttered. Her eyes opened and she pushed more of her weight upon his thighs. This was almost enough to catch Alistair in pain, but as her freed hand drifted down his stomach until the fingers rolled around his cock every bit of his brain shredded apart in pleasure.

A knock broke against the door and the absolute last person he ever wanted to think about or hear from at that moment spoke up in her prissy voice. "Alistair, I think we should speak about current matters facing the contested crown," Anora called crisply from the door.

His fingers froze against Lanny's backside, but he didn't push her away, nor did she begin to rise. In fact, sensing a golden opportunity to get him back for the apple incident, she continued to coax her fingers up and down his shaft. "This isn't helping," he groaned in her ear.

"Feels as if it is," Lanny shot back, her traitorous palm gliding across the head, her thumb knocking against the edge that pushed him near it.

"Alistair. I assume you are inside seeing as the door is locked," Anora continued, her highness not used to being forced to wait.

He curled his toes tight and bit down on his tongue to drag his voice out of an unmanly squeak. "It's not a good time!" Then he tacked on a "Your Majesty" in the hopes it'd be enough.

But Anora was not easily dismissed. "You are aware that all of Ferelden hangs in the balance, yes? That we need to solve this conundrum before more blood is spilled. Or would you prefer to pass every ounce of requirement to your betters? If so, then Eamon's plans are even more ludicrous than I'd previously surmised."

"Andraste's ass," Alistair moaned in Lanny's ear. "She doesn't give up."

"Actually, that's my ass you're holding," Lanny answered back, but her fingers stopped their torturous dance. She seemed as aware as him of the queen's iron will now.

"You're not helping," he mouthed back. "Give me something, anything to get rid of her."

"I don't know, tell her the truth."

"That I'm naked in the bathtub with my fellow grey warden because we were about to mimic whatever's carved on the ceiling above us?" Alistair hissed, his voice growing more erratic as he spoke the truth of it. How had his life ever come to this?

Lanny twisted her head around to see the relief. Her finger traced through the air, trying to figure out where leg met leg and which was the arm. As realization dawned upon her, she smiled, "That works fine, but snip out the fellow warden part."
"Right," he nodded, then lifted his voice to a shout, "It's not a good time because I'm currently as naked as the day my bastard ass was born in the bathtub, so unless you feel the need to compare the Therin crown jewels, I think I'd prefer to pass." Lanny choked on a laugh and a growl from his crown jewels joke, but he only shrugged. He'd been working on it for awhile.

"You are an infuriating and idiotic man. Barely a man," Anora fumed from outside his door. "The sight of you naked...if dressing yourself is beyond you then I can send for a handmaid to solve it for you. Perhaps one of them could also teach you how to tie your laces and comb your hair while at it."

Alistair touched his hair and grimaced from her barb, but Lanny fluffed it back up from her splash attack earlier. At least she seemed to like it, and that was all that mattered. "Would it truly kill her highness to wait an hour or so until I've properly bathed and dressed, or will all of Ferelden crack in half from your father in that time?"

"By all the...yes, yes it will kill me. So, fish your wrinkled skin out of the water and open the door. Now!" Anora shrieked, her fist rattling the lock as if she could open it by pure rage.

"If she was a mage, I'd be afraid of her burning the door down," Lanny sighed.

"I'm expecting her to stomp off to a locksmith, or worse, tell Eamon," Alistair sighed. And then Eamon would ask why he didn't just let her in, which would lead to the full of Alistair's extra curricular activities with Lanny, and then it's all hair shirts and whipping himself while walking the streets of Denerim. No longer playing, Alistair pushed Lanny up off him.

"What are you doing?" she shook her head.

"Like the crowned pain in the ass said, answering the door naked and forcing her to talk to me. Which will be even more fun with...oh Maker," he banged the back of his head against the tub and did his best to think of the old prune-skinned brothers in the chantry sucking on candies with their toothless mouths. That usually worked, but having Lanny in the same room tended to wake him up. Her naked, inches away from him, and heaving in a suppressed rage had him more erect than Fort Drakon. Mercifully, she let him unearth himself from the tub, even more water splashing onto the floor as Alistair grabbed a towel off the pile and wrapped it around his waist. It helped but didn't fully hide his throbbing shame, so he tried a couple more.

"What am I supposed to do?" Lanny asked. For the first time her eyes drifted across her soaking wet robes. "If I slip out the window in those I'll freeze to death, or slide off the roof and break something."

Alistair shrugged, "Enjoy the tub, give yourself a good splashy clean." Lanny's eye narrowed further from his nonchalant response. "Maybe even giggle a few times from all the fun you're having."

Now she grinned at what he wanted, "You are good. You're very good."

If Anora wanted to make his life hell, he didn't see any reason to not give it back. Lanny twisted around and settled back into the tub, her head resting upon the rim. Alistair enjoyed one more kiss with her, his eyes sliding down her body, while he assured himself they'd all come together again later. Gently slipping the side room's door closed but not shut, he crossed through the main room leaving wet footprints in his wake. Unlocking the door, he faced down the Queen's wrath when Lanny began to sing.
Before the siege at Adamant, Cullen has the Warden training some of their recruits in how to repel Grey Warden magics. In the middle of the exercises, things take an unexpected turn for the exasperated Commander.

You can read the entire chapter from [My Hope here](#).

The side armory held a number of damaged but useable shields. Nodding at the recruits tumbling to the grass, their heavy heads in hands, Cullen yanked open the door. While the true armory held the anvils and a forge, this was little more than a storage closet for excess weapons not worth using but not worth tossing either. At barely enough space for one person to slide through the piles of broken armor, ripped leather, dented shields, and shattered swords, Cullen didn't expect anyone to follow him. Tossing the shields he smashed together in anger onto the ground, he started at the sound of the door closing behind him.

Lana smiled at his questioning eyes and jerked her chin in his direction, "You have my robe."

"Oh, right." He forgot he tossed it over his shoulder, all of Cullen's wrath focused on waking up his recruits. "It, uh..." pulling it off his body, he felt a cold draft ruffle up the sweat pouring down his back, "may be a bit wet now."

Those delicate fingers picked her robe out of his hand and she leaned closer, "I hadn't planned on putting it back on." Without a care, she tossed it behind her, the sapphire wool blanketing out over a pile of empty hilts. Cullen gulped, his mouth running dry from the hunger in her smirking eyes.

She slipped closer to him and her breasts skimmed across his own chest, but she didn't reach out to wrap her arms around him, only stood achingly near.

"Wh...What did you intend?" He gazed down past her grinning cheeks, her blooming birthmark, and right into that damning cleavage. Lana was blessed with her fair share which the white corset, by some miracle, added to. Cullen bit down on the wild idea to dip his hands down the front of the straining fabric and free her breasts.

"I..." Lana reached a hand out, placing her elbow upon his shoulder, "noticed you." She added the second to the other side and stretched up on her toes. A moan rattled in the back of his throat, probably in the back of his soul as well. Those enigmatic eyes bore into his, her nose glancing upon his cheek as she tipped her head to the side and brought their lips together. After a few hours drilling in the brutal sun she shouldn't taste so sweet, but Maker, Lana was perfect, the last vestiges of the fade sparking off her lips. He yearned to drink her dry, to lap up every inch of her and then hunger for more.

She slipped away from his lips and rose up to whisper in his ear, "Parading around in that thin shift of yours, it's downright scandalous." Cullen craned his head to meet her eyes and found them ogling his body. Disbelief washed over him from her blatant lust for him. That wasn't possible - there was little for anyone on him to find enticing. For years he accepted his place in the hierarchy of attractiveness, almost grateful for it in Kirkwall as he drew so little attention. Lana's interest in him was baffling, and yet, Sweet Andraste he was so grateful for it.

"I never expected anyone to care what I wore," Cullen whispered in his sonorous tone. His lips brushed against her ear and Lana sighed from the bottom of her chest.

Humming under her breath as her fingers pulsed against his back, she smiled, "Does this mean you intend to wear nothing from now on?"

"Ah..." he chuckled, "your mind is deceptively devious, Lady Amell."

She shrugged, "I only wish to give the people what they want."

"Blindness?" Cullen laughed to beat her to the self deprecation.

Gliding her head closer, Lana caught him in another kiss, her lips puckering against his lagging top lip and then sucking upon the bottom. How he wanted to do the same to hers, to lick both that outflanked his own. She broke away again before he could dare try and leaned back in his arms. When did he wrap them around her waist? Cullen couldn't even remember, the movement as natural to him as sheathing his sword.
"I want you," her husky voice was unflappable, as certain as the sunrise.

"That, uh, um..." Maker, he wanted her too; woke most mornings aching for her, spent his nights wishing for her to appear. "The door doesn't lock." Cullen gestured his head behind her at the armory where his soldiers waited for him to return.

He expected Lana to slide out of his grasp, pick up her robe, and leave him to try and deflate himself before they began drilling again. Instead, she turned a cursory glance over her shoulder, lifted a solitary arm off him, and waved her fingers over the door. Ice exploded off the floor, thickening by four, five, six inches until they'd need an ice pick and a few hours to get through. Smiling at it, Lana turned back to him, "It does now."

"You are..." was as far as he got before he cupped her jaw and pulled her lips to his. No longer teasing, Cullen's fingers dug into her waist, guiding her tighter to him. She had to feel his own engorging reaction pushing against her stomach, it taking all claim upon Cullen's brain. Sliding up higher on her tortured toes, Lana's body rippled against his as if she danced to her own tune. The pressure building up through his loins cried out for relief.

Cullen's fingers canvased the back of her corset, then around the front, searching for the way in. He stumbled across the first knot and moved to untie it, but Lana grabbed onto his hands. "Hm?" he broke from their kiss, confusion knocking through his lustful haze.

She didn't snarl at him, or bat his hands away, only smiled, "I don't think there's time to bother with that."

"I...uh...?" For the love of the Maker, why are you so tongue tied around her? Why does your mouth dry out and your palms sweat when she smiles with mischief in her lips and tugs you close? It's just sex.

Oh Maker, it's sex!

Cullen suffered that same momentary panic every time his brain accepted what Lana intended, what he himself wanted. Sometimes he could shake it off without her aware, other times he stumbled around all the placeholder words in existence hoping his mind would wake up and form something coherent. He wished he had enough presence to whisper those fabled sweet nothings in her ear, to tell her how his whole body burned with desire when he rested his palms on her hips, how the sight of her naked back glistening with sweat fresh from him driving her to the brink soothed and excited a part of him he never thought lived. But all that came out was a pitiful squeak like a newborn kitten. What if he never could tell her?

Unaware of his internal struggle, Lana's fingers lifted off his frozen in place against her hips and she grabbed onto his sword belt. The woman knew far too well how to unknot it, the blade crashing to the ground with the rest of its broken brethren. When her fingers worked around to the drawstring, Cullen spoke up.

"Wh- What are you doing?"

Smirking, she cupped her fingers down his bulging shaft hidden behind the breeches. "Evening the score."

"Oh?" It took a few heartbeats before his blood-less brain understood -- her mischievous eyes smiling at him. "Oh! I, uh..."

She hopped up onto her toes, trying to catch his lips, but having to settle for kissing his chin. Lips raked across his stubble, her tongue dipping into the divot. Maker, her tongue. Her wet, hot, slippery tongue gliding along his jaw. The same one she intended to, to...

A moan rolled off Cullen's own tongue from her palm cupping the shaft of his cock through his pants. Carefully, with a slowness he'd never seen Lana exhibit before, she twisted her fingers around the drawstring. "Hm..."

"What?! What...I mean, what?" he un-smoothly panicked from her pausing.

"It appears to be stuck. Not a problem, I'll use my teeth." Then Lana, the Hero of Ferelden, and some other fancy titles he couldn't remember in his fogged over mind dropped to her knees in front of him. Cullen reached out to grab onto her shoulder, steadying himself for fear that he'd die on his feet in shock or joy. Perhaps both. Unaware of his internal struggle, she unearthed the drawstring and, true to her promise, put her teeth to work unnoting the rope. As it fell apart in her grip, down came his breeches.

He should feel like a fool, bare assed standing in the armory closet while Maker knew how many
people waited for them outside, but Cullen was euphoric. She hadn't even done anything and he almost wanted to break out into laughter from the very idea. Things like this didn't happen to him. And yet... Maker end him if it turned out to be a dream.

Lana's nimble fingers hovered a hair's breadth away from his trembling body, as she stared face to face with his cock. Then she turned her head up, her doe eyes reaching his. "You okay?"

Terrified what would happen if he tried to speak, Cullen nodded, his head bobbing adrift. She smiled, "Good." Before he could steady himself, her lips wrapped around the head of his cock. Groaning from ten years of discipline and repression shattering in a second, both of Cullen's hands braced himself upon her shoulders as her mouth slightly opened and her tongue rolled around it.

Not about to be left out of the fun, Lana's fingers gripped at the bottom of his shaft and she rolled them upwards, counter to her tongue's circles. Cullen gasped, dragging breath into his mouth as he feared he might pass out on top of her. His toes dug in deep inside his boots, anchoring him as a white hot pleasure seared through his skin. A flush crawled up his stomach, red and jagged like the silhouette of mountains from his body slipping deeper into the abyss.

Upon pressing her fingers tight to her mouth, Lana's hand broke away along with her mouth but she didn't leave him waiting for long. Starting at the bottom, she licked up his cock like it was a piece of stretched taffy. Whenever she reached the head, she smiled and kissed it tenderly. It was so silly, Cullen nearly giggled, the pressure abating even as she tended to him. She didn't want it over and done with quickly, she was enjoying it - an exquisite torture.

Maker, watching her suck upon him, he wanted to kiss her, to put his lips against all of her. The thought of it pushed through her light hearted strokes and Cullen groaned. Sensing he couldn't take more, Lana's lips opened over his head and she swirled lower with her tongue while her fingers, slick in her saliva, jerked upward to him. Pounding against every rib, Cullen's heart raced while she glided him deeper then shallower down her throat, Lana handling all the thrusting. He bit into his cheek, his head thrown back, as he felt the rising tide swelling up through him about to burst.

Cullen pinched onto her shoulders, trying to warn her what was coming, but Lana didn't slow. She kept the same rhythmic rise and fall, pulling him inside of her until he lost his battle. Lights sparked across the back of his shut eyelids, every ounce of him firing deep into Lana's mouth. Instead of yanking her head away, she remained, taking it all and gently swallowing it, her tongue rolling across his still sputtering cock.

When the final vestiges fell to a drip, she slipped away, wiping off her mouth with her wrist. Cullen bent down to guide a hand under her elbow to help her to her feet. "I...that, I... Lana, you're, I..."

"Yes," she smiled, "You're I and I'm Lana." Leaning forward, she kissed him on the mouth, at first a peck, but he hungered for her lips and pulled her tighter to him. A hint of something foreign lingered in her mouth, biting and salty.

Still pantsless, Cullen wrapped his hands around the small of her back and pulled her tighter to him. "You didn't have to do that."

"I very much wanted to, if you couldn't tell," her warm body folded inside of his. In his euphoric state, he wanted to fully envelop her forever and never let this woman leave his sight for even a moment.

Pressing a kiss to the top of her head, he sighed, "That I can, well, I can pretend to understand. But I meant the, um..."

"Swallowing?" she smiled. "The warning was sweet, by the way."

He had no idea if he should but it seemed prudent either way. A few final drops of his sputtered out. He tried to wipe them onto his hand, but Lana slid it out the way as she hugged deeper into him. "What, uh, if you don't mind my asking, what does it taste like?"

Even with her cheek snuggled against his chest, he felt her eyebrows rise in surprise, "You've never tried your own before?"

"It seemed, I didn't think to, uh," Cullen stammered around, knowing the flush of desire ramped back to his usual blush of embarrassment. "No, I never have. Have you tasted yourself?"

"Of course," she shrugged, "how else would I know?" That thought ticked deep into the lustful part of his brain, and for a moment, he felt his cock stir as if it could go for seconds. "To answer your question, semen's a bit like a salty stew that's been overloaded in cooked bitters. Not the most interesting, kind of thick the way a chowder is, until this bite after. Can get a bit numbing too. And
I have effectively destroyed the mood." Her voice fell as if he hadn't been the one to ask.

Cullen's fingers skirted along her cheek, brushing the one not pressed against his chest. "You've done nothing of the sort. I am in a state of disbelief which will carry for the rest of the day, two days, perhaps a week, but...you are- I can scarcely believe you find me acceptable."

Her lashes fluttered against his thin shirt as she blinked her eyes rapidly, then Lana pulled her head away to look up at him. "Acceptable? There are women fainting in the street when you approach. Declarations of duels happen on the hour for your hand. I heard talk of a very devoted fan club operating in Skyhold."

"No, that's, you're being facetious," Cullen blushed.

"I believe they called themselves Cullen's Cuties, no Cullenites? Something of that nature. And they meet every Thursday at the tavern," Lana mused to herself. At his scoff she tapped her palm against his chest, "What about the ball? You had dozens of women almost literally hanging off you for the entire dance. That doesn't happen to men that are only deemed acceptable."

"It's not, that was," foolishness enveloped up his legs. How could he explain it to her? From the first moment he saw her, when she was only seventeen, Lana was achingly gorgeous. If she suffered an awkward stage, either it occurred long before, or most likely, she pirouetted through it with grace. "I know intellectually what I appear as now, but there are days when I'm that young man with hair like steel wool and a spotty complexion."

"Cullen," her fingers, one by one, drew across his cheek, down his nose, and along his jaw. "I was smitten with that young man, adored your curls, and cared not a whit for the spots of youth. You were..." Lana swallowed, her pupils wide in the dim light giving her eyes an enigmatic depth. "You've always been adorable. Anyone who says otherwise can soak their head in the lake."

He scooped her up for a kiss, lifting her as high as he could manage until the tips of her toes drifted past the floor. Lana's arms knotted around his neck so she could match his fervor with her lips. Maker, by all that was holy, he didn't deserve her. Knowing what he did, who he was for so many years -- what kind of creator would see fit to give him even a moment of Lana's attention? He wished he didn't have to let her go, but there was a party of recruits hoping to prove themselves outside. Cullen released her back to the floor and bent down to lift up his trousers. After tucking himself back safely, he knotted on the belt and nodded his head.

"We should return to our work."

"Of course," Lana smiled. She turned back to her ice wall that'd barely dripped throughout their moment. Before her hands lifted up, she spun back, pecked him on the lips, then yanked the entire structure apart. It wasn't ice chunks that shattered to the wood floor, but a gallon or two of water splashing across the floor towards their shoes.

"Cullen," she knotted her fingers through his, gripping tight, "you're a good man. I've always had faith in that."

He started from her frank words, but before he could respond, the door cracked open. Lana slipped her hand away and stepped further from him as one of the recruits poked his head inside. "Commander, and your Hero-ness. We're prepared to try again and fend off the sleep attack."

"That's good, because you won't be fighting a sleep spell," Cullen said. "Lady Amell will be whipping up something new. You have to learn how to think on your feet when fighting a mage. You all do," he lifted his voice so the others huddled around the door would hear.

"Right, right, uh," the soldier bobbed his head trying to not look terrified. Then a queer look twisted up his face and he peered downward, "Why is the floor covered in water?"

"You should be getting in line," Lana interrupted, covering for Cullen's stammering blush. She yanked up her robe and slipped it on quickly while walking back into the yard. After knotting her belt, she turned to him and asked, "Commander, after we are finished for the day, do you think you would have free time later in the evening?"

His eyes lingered over the eager recruits all waving their swords and shields in anticipation. "For, uh, what purpose...Lady Amell?"

Lana turned to face him with a delectable smirk, "To uneven the score."
After being trapped away from each other for two years, Lana and Cullen come back together and celebrate in a private hunting lodge. It's a pretty cute chapter before the spice begins. You can read it all here.

Struggling back a moan, Cullen asked, "How about we forget the book and head upstairs?"

With a flick of her wrist, Lana chucked it onto the rug almost startling Honor awake. Cullen wrapped her tight in his arms, rose to his feet, and carried her up the stairs while she kissed those tempting lips across his skin. Lost in her plying kisses, he ran shin first into the bed's baseboard. Pain burst up his leg, but Lana parted the veil and drew forth a numbing from the fade to wash it away as soon as it came. Bending over, Cullen placed her on the bed - her small form sinking deep into the folds of the furry duvet - and he gathered up her hands, kissing them both.

She raised an eyebrow at how he stopped her spell, but he whispered into her ear, "You might want to reserve your mana." Quivering from either his warm breath, or the promise, Lana's trembling hands rolled up his back. She dug her fingers in on the way up, pulling him down on top of her as she laid back - the two of them melding together on the rickety bed thick with trophies of someone else's life.

Cullen gently swooped his hand against her cheek, her skin entrancing him as his fingers trailed down across her to the birthmark. Lana's own exploring hands paused in their reach to try and sculpt his backside and she turned up at him, raising her chin to give him better access. But he didn't pause at those drooping petals of her birthmark, instead he drifted each step of his hand down under the sweater. Parting her lips, Lana's eyes slipped closed and her head lolled back, a moan rising through her chest as he cupped along the swell of her breast. Uncomfortableness rose up from his groin as he realized he'd trapped his rising erection tight against his pant leg. Watching her sigh in ecstasy as he teased her breast only exacerbated his hard rock and a tight place.

"Maker," she panted as Cullen freed his hands out from under the sweater so he could rise up and adjust himself. Her beguiling eyes popped open and she staggered up on her elbows to meet his retreating face. Lana snagged the back of his head, her lips pulling the breath from him as she kissed with fury, trying to drag him back down with her. Cullen caught himself with one hand, his arms straining against the dipping mattress while nearly all of her wrapped around him. Lithe legs enveloped his stomach, her heels knocking against his ass as she ground against him.

It was his turn to blaspheme, "Andraste's pyre!" tumbled out of him before he could try and regain his composure. "You are a trial by fire," he chuckled at the woman who'd rip off his clothes and ride him in that instant if she had her way.

Hot lips pressed against his jaw, her luscious bottom one nibbling against the stubble as she cooed, "As if you'd have it any other way."

No, he wouldn't. Against his better judgement, and the screaming for more from his cock, Cullen unknotted her crossed legs, letting her fall the inch or so back to the bed. Chuckling, Lana smiled while her arms tumbled back beside her head. Her eyes traversed over his chest, the ache for him evident, while she bit down on her thumb. The image of her coyly nipping herself in anticipation nearly pushed Cullen to climb on top of her right then and there. Sliding his fingers under the hem of his sweater, he began to lift the stolen garment off her body. Lana squirmed, as if she expected it to take time, but he couldn't hold himself back. Yanking quickly, she laughed whole heartedly as Cullen rolled the sweater across her chest and arms.

Maker's breath... He had to pinch himself every time he saw her, all of her like this. Laying back, her breasts slipped to the side, playfully heading in opposite directions - both of them swelling to full as she regained her lost weight. Those gorgeous freckles called to him, begging for his hand to stroke each one. Under the entertained eye of the beautiful woman, he ran his fingers up the curve of her waist - the beginnings of her soft stomach returning, bringing with it those glorious hips that'd hypnotized him since he was 18. Cullen's palm drifted across her upper thigh, when Lana gurgled in a dangerous chortle. Blinking, he broke away from watching her breasts jiggles with her laughter to her face. She found something hilarious for certain, but he had no idea...

"How in the Maker's seat did you manage that?" he exclaimed. Cut into her pubic hair was the emblem of the templars, the flames licking up the side beside her thighs while the sword's hilt
broke off at that hypnotizing separation of her lower lips.

Lana tipped her head, "With a razor, a mirror, and some artistic focus."

Unable to withstand the temptation, Cullen climbed on top of her, kissing with every ounce of heat in his body as Lana met him with her own fervor. Freed of the trap, his cock prodded against her soft stomach with only his pants separating them. Maker, sometimes they made for the best chaperone between the two. Dangling her hands behind her head, Lana matched his kisses as she asked, "Do you like it?"

"It's impressive," he admitted, "but the sword's upside down."

Chuckling at first, Lana sighed, "Everyone's a critic." As she tossed her head back, Cullen pressed his lips down her neck, for once taking the birthmarkless path. The change caused her to squirm below him, knocking against his already straining trousers. Wrapping his hands around one breast, then the other, he gently squeezed each, eliciting a moan from deep in Lana's chest. When he drifted his fingers across one plum colored nipple, drawing it further out, she arced her back. Going after the second, Lana lifted her entire back off the bed, her head rolling under her for leverage.

"Oh, Maker, do it," she moaned, begging as his tongue licked circles around her breast. Slowly antagonizing her, he drew her full breast into his mouth, breathing against her skin before sucking tenderly on her nipple. She rolled her head back and forth, humming under her breath, when he gently scraped his teeth across the tip of it. "Holy sweet Andraste!" she gasped, her hand slapping against the fur blanket below.

Hm... Cullen reached out to snatch her hand up. Her eyes lifted slowly to watch him grab her other hand. Scooting forward, he pinned both back above her head, savoring the stretch to her beautiful body. Using the sleeve of his borrowed sweater, he knotted the wool tight against one of her wrists and then the other. Lana squirmed below him, the ecstasy palpable, before she glanced up and concern broke through her bliss. "Is this okay?" she asked, trying to gesture to his half-hearted attempts at tying her down.

No revulsion crawled through his skin at the sight of her tied up in his sweater, only a burning desire to drive her to the brink and back for more. Lowering down to her, he whispered against her ear, "It is. I've never wanted you more."

Shuddering in a breath, she cried, "Then blighted take me."

He damn well intended to. His mouth traversed down her body, his fingers leading the charge to tantalize the skin before licking and sucking upon her. Each kiss caused Lana to squirm below him, gasps of pleasure and annoyance in equal measure as he took his time tasting her, teasing her. Gently, his fingers caressed down the shaved blade until he paused at the hilt begging for his attention. Cullen licked every flame, his tongue tracing the pattern of each before sliding down the sword to paradise. Moaning in anticipation, Lana wrapped her legs around the back of his head as his lips kissed against her lower ones. Digging into her inner thighs, he spread her open to lap up her excitement. The scent of her arousal, wet and warm, broke through every barrier Cullen threw up. He dove tongue first into her, licking and sucking first against her labia, then to her clit.

Lana's legs clenched tight against his head, muffling his ears, but he could feel her moans through her body. A few slow licks earned him a soft sigh, and a rapid thrumming of his tongue caused her to lift her lower half high off the bed, screaming for him to get closer. Slick with her arousal, Cullen drew his finger across her inner lips before plunging it inside. Those sumptuous inner muscles pulsed, straining to clench against first one finger then a second.

Raising away from his tempting work, Cullen whispered, his voice throaty with desire, "Do the spell."

"Really?" Lana squeaked, her eyelids flying open as she tried to look down at him. He only smiled wide and returned to work, chasing that perfect rhythm against her. Unable to taste anything but Lana, he could only feel the hair on his arms lift at the veil parting into their world. He didn't know what she was preparing on her hands knotted tight above her head, but judging by the building mana it was powerful. Maker, what did he get himself into?

Her clit throbbed under his tongue's lavish attentions as he drove his fingers inside of her - shallow at first, but reaching deeper and deeper. Even while she put her mental focus on casting a spell, Lana panted - her body trembling as she squirmed to try and thrust with him. It wasn't long now. Her vagina clamped tighter against him, trying to draw his fingers deeper in. Cullen kept the same lick, twist, suck motion up while he dipped down into the nothing of templars.

"M-m-m-maker," Lana moaned, her thighs straining beside his head as she walked ever closer to the end. Thrusting as deep inside as he could reach, Cullen blanketed her in a mana cleanse,
wiping away the spell. The hit was instantaneous, something in it pushing her right off the cliff. Her entire body snapped rigid, only the pulses of her ecstatic vagina responding as she rode it out as long as possible. When Lana's legs fell slack off his neck, Cullen drew his tongue back from her. "Sweet, damn, holy..." her words trembled in time with her body.

Sliding off his trousers, he climbed over top of her. Lana lay in rapture, her eyes slipped shut and a grin etched upon her face. He wished he could imprint that picture of her in euphoria onto his heart. Sensing the man hovering above, her eyes rolled open - a blissful sheen across them - and she smiled, "That was, holy beyond the void of...um, perfect."

Cullen squared his knees beside her hips and bent down, his fingers tracing her cheek, "I'm not finished yet."

With her hands still knotted in the sweater, Lana threw them behind his head, dragging his face towards her for a never ending kiss. While their lips mashed and sucked, he shifted his weight to be able to cup her breast, pinching her nipple between his fingers. Lana gasped, her bound hands digging into his skin in surprise. Quickly, she wrapped one leg then the other around his stomach, pulsing the hilt of her sword right above his own. Instinctively, he thrusted forward, his cock slipping right on up across her lips.

She paused in her kissing to shrug, "It's all on you. I'm afraid I'm tied up at the moment."

"You are," Cullen growled in hunger from the depths of his soul. With almost all of her hanging off him, he shifted his weight to the side to grab onto himself and guide the head of his cock inside her. Lana bore down, her wetness driving him deep through her. "Holy Maker!" he gasped, his hand flying out to the bed to catch himself.

"I'm the holy Maker?" Lana smirked. He froze above her while she drug her heels up and down his back, those mischievous eyes taunting him.

Cullen placed his forehead against hers, trying to ground himself, "In this moment, yes." Slowly, he drew himself out, savoring the cushion of every bump and turn inside of her. Lana groaned, her legs lifting higher as she tried to encourage him to bore out all of her, but he kept the thrusts shallow. Beads of sweat percolated off her collarbone, the shine drawing his lips to that birthmark. The moment he kissed it, tasted the petals of her sweet skin, he drove his cock deep.

Incoherent cries of pleasure erupted from Lana, her back arcing as she tried to push him further in while also exposing her neck. Maker, the woman was a challenge. Each touch of his lips was met with a thrust, the rhythm languid but gaining in speed while the woman he loved clenched with each one. She adored torturing him, watching him squirm above and below her.

"Ah ha," he paused, feeling sweat drip across his shoulders and down straining biceps. Swallowing back the urge to drive himself to the brink, Cullen slid out of her - the head of his cock bouncing against the warm perfection it yearned for.

Lana bunched up her lips in consternation, then her eyes traveled up to his. Yanking her hands off from behind his head, she sat up, Cullen following her for fear she might head-butt him off the bed. While perched on his knees near the edge of the bed, he watched slightly confused as Lana kissed him. Her lips ambushing his for a heated kiss, then she bent over. He caught on to her plans the breath before her tongue danced across his quivering cock.

"By all the..." Cullen groaned from the depths of his balls while she pried him with every trick she knew - her bound hand managing to slide up and down his shaft to trail that tantalizing tongue. Her fingers reached lower to cup his balls, gently rotating them in her palm before she pushed a finger against the skin directly behind them. Bending her finger over, she massaged his taint, the combo of tongue and digit stimulation drawing all discipline from Cullen's body. He couldn't stop her if he tried, but it was Lana who lifted her head, removed her fingers and smiled at him.

Wet with the juices from both her lips, Cullen shuddered to drag himself back from the explosion. In his state he barely noticed the smell of magic rising in the air until Lana tapped her fingers together and then touched herself. Watching her add that vibration spell to her own clitoris pushed him to the limits of desire. "I need you," he groaned, reaching out to cup her breast.

Lana lifted her eyebrows, rolled that captivating tongue in her cheek and shrugged, "Wanna go for mabari?"

"Are you, can you remain up long enough?"

She spun around the bed to place her hands before her. Lifting her voluptuous ass towards him she smiled, "That's what I was going to ask you."

"What am I...?" his train of thought evaporated as he curved his palm against her delectable
asscheeks. Rising up on his own knees to match her, Cullen bit down on a hungry growl from the vision before him of Lana's breasts skimming the bed while on all fours. Gripping tight to himself to try and calm the blood, he guided his cock into her. Maker, against all laws of nature, somehow this was even tighter. Lana began to pant instantly, her head tossed back as she begged for something. He couldn't make it out through the blood rushing out of his ears. In that moment he was nothing but his cock slipping deeper and deeper inside of her, drawing even more moaning as she pushed back.

He'd tried going slow, but there was nothing left now. He needed to fill all of her. Grabbing onto her hips, Cullen situated his knees, about to begin thrusting faster when Lana unleashed her spell. He could feel the vibrations rolling up from her clitoris, causing her to pant even more, her vagina clenching tighter into him. But another stronger vibration rolled up through his balls, the shaft of his cock, and the entirety of his lower body. Driving on pure instinct, he pumped into her, the back of his tongue falling numb as every nerve in his lower body screamed out in ecstasy. Lana clenched tighter around him, her head dropping to the bed as she cried out incoherently, and her orgasm finally let him tip over the edge.

His legs began to shake, trembling to match his cock spraying what felt like a month's worth inside her. Maker's breath! Lana collapsed onto the bed, her energy beyond spent, and he followed with, laying on top of her like a blanket. His body was spinning around, his skin sensitive to the slightest touch from the internal explosion, while Lana's warm body below draped pure bliss over him. He was at war with himself to leap up in joy or curl up in sleep.

Cullen settled for leaning close to her ear, "I didn't realize you slipped one of those onto me."

He felt her smile into the mattress, "Thought you might like it."

"Maker, beyond, it was. As if everything inside..." without words to explain he pressed his lips to the back of her neck, "There are definite perks to sleeping with a mage."

"And a templar," Lana added. Her hands remained bound up in his sweater below her, but he knew that wasn't what she meant.

"I'd never have thought a mana drain could cause such an impact," he said sliding back her hair and caressing her shoulders.

"It doesn't have that effect all the time," she lifted up on her hands and began to twist around. Regretfully, Cullen pulled himself out of her, and she flipped around to face him. At least he could get lost in her beautiful face. "Just, you know, during sex. Maker, be right embarrassing if it happened during a fight. Uh sorry, I know you're trying to kill me and all but I suddenly need to change my smalls."

Two years he'd grieved, blamed himself, blamed her, blamed Hawke, blamed the Inquisitor, blamed the Maker for taking her away. He never dreamed he could touch her skin again. Feel the rise and fall of her ample chest against his, watch her lips glisten as she wet them in anticipation, hear her sighs as she pulled herself back from euphoria. For the first time in his life, Cullen felt that everything was finally right, happiness a true possibility.

Lana reached up to run her bound hands down his chest, "You look a hundred miles away. What are you thinking?"

"How much I love you," he answered truthfully. He worried that he didn't have the right words to convince Lana he cared, how she rested deep in his heart and always would. From the way she looked at him, the way she smiled whenever he told her the stark truth, Cullen realized he didn't need to find the perfect answer - the fact it was his truth was enough.

"I love you too," she smiled, then her ornery eyes drifted lower, "and I especially love what you can do." Lana moved to lift her arms but they dropped against the bed, exhaustion evident. Cullen slid to her side to tenderly unknot his sweater off her.

"Too much?" he asked, concerned as always. She had a long road to walk to becoming her old self, if she ever reached it.

"No," Lana shook her head, her freed hands wrapping around his cheeks, "Just right." Kissing him, she managed a few more seconds before a yawn broke them apart. Lana flopped back onto the bed, her eyelids drooping. "Sleep sounds delightful right now."

Cullen lifted her body in his arms so he could pull back the blanket and drape it over her. With it tucked below her arms, he was drawn to the beautiful scoop of her shoulders, dewey with sweat. Lana yawned again and flipped onto her side, prepared to make good on her promise. Pulling up the edge of the blanket, Cullen slid in beside her, his hand gripping tight to her stomach.
"What are you doing?" Lana asked, struggling against the allure of sleep. "You can't be tired. You just rose from a nap."

"I'm not, but," he drew his body around hers, fitting tightly as if they were made for each other, "you shouldn't have to wake up alone."

A small sigh overlaid with a shudder escaped from her, he'd lay beside her as long as she needed it. Lana gripped onto his fingers and leaned back against him. Tears clinging to her words, she whispered, "I love you, my templar."

"And I you, my mage."
Birthday, Cullen x Amell

Chapter Notes

Cullen tries to buy Lana a birthday present only to learn it's not her birthday for months. In trying to overcome his failure, they break into a jar of fresh whipped cream when things get rather heated.

You can read all the build up and later aftermath here in the original chapter.

"Maker, a pie eaten by my dog meant for a birthday that actually occurs months later. I am ordained by Andraste herself to fail at every step of this."

His self deprecation only made Lana want to hug him more but he had his hands locked tight against his face as if that would somehow cure him of all of this. "Well," Lana said inching even closer to him. Cullen pulled down his hands to look upon her. "At least we have this," she held up the jar and popped the lid off with a quick turn of her fingers. "What is it again?"

"Whipped cream, fresh whipped cream for the pie resting in Honor's guts."

Chuckling at his grumbling growing more good natured with each return, Lana dipped a finger into the jar and dropped a dollop of the cream onto her tongue. Fresh as morning's dew and richer than the tapestries of the Grand Cathedral, Lana's tongue lit up along with her eyes as she licked off her finger. "This is wonderful all on its own."

"Thank the Maker for small miracles," Cullen grumbled.

Unable to take his grumpy turn, Lana dipped her finger back into the jar and drew forth a greater glob of whipped cream. Less than carefully she extended it towards Cullen who took her finger in his mouth, his tongue lightly trailing across her joint before she pulled it out.

"Not bad," he smiled, smacking his lips, "it's been too long since I've had real, farm fresh cream and..." His eyes darted down to her chest right above her dress' neckline, where her over exuberant dollop of whipped cream lost a small section. Before she could move her fingers to swipe it away Cullen bent over and lapped it off.

When he stood away, he swallowed, about to remark more upon the cream when he noticed Lana's slack mouth. "Oh, was that...should I not have...?"

Inching her finger deeper into the jar, she dropped a better dollop onto her collar bone upon the birthmark and smiled wickedly, "Do it again."

A hungry look rose in Cullen's eye and he dove for her birthmark. Lana gripped tight to the jar of whipped cream as she wrapped her arms around his back to steady herself. Throwing her head back, she gave him all the access he needed. After licking up half of the cream, Cullen pressed a whisper soft kiss against her skin, then another. His hands cupped around her waist, pinning her in place as he kissed towards the last of the cream, dotting her skin in his lips along the way.

"Mmm, I may have been wrong before. It's better than I thought," Cullen whispered as he gently lifted his head away from hers so as not to hit her chin. When his hungry, almost impish eyes met hers, all those silly fears inside of her washed free. He began to slide back, as if the game was done, but Lana gripped onto his arm and held him close to her. Uncertain, but happy to keep going, Cullen remained near her as she slid next to the table to place the jar down.

Slowly, Lana undid the first few buttons on her dress. She glanced up at Cullen from the edge of her brow and watched his entire face light up in an eagerness she wished could be framed. Scooping up a few plops of cream, Lana dropped them right where her giving cleavage pressed at the top to create the soft t. A moan rattled in Cullen's throat, but he seemed locked in place, either uncertain if this was right or so excited he couldn't move.

Grabbing onto his hair with her cream coated fingers, Lana pulled him down for a kiss, her tongue already slipping in with his. Awakened from his stupor, Cullen matched with her, his hands gripping onto her shoulders and sliding ever further down until the fingers curled at the sides of her breasts. Maker, she wanted to grab both as before and place them upon her chest and between her thighs. Before she could make good on that idea, Cullen's lips broke away from her. He nearly dropped to a knee to come face to face with her ample cleavage. With the softest of touches, his lips graced across the top of her canyon. The cream already began to melt from her body heat,
some of it sliding deeper in between, but that was no match to the man licking his way across her skin.

"Sweet Andraste," Lana gasped as his chin dug into her dress, dragging it lower to give him access. Instantly, she undid more of the buttons all the way down to reveal her puckered stomach and the start of her lime green smalls. Freed from its straining tackle, the dress hung against her breasts, uncovering the edge of her nipples on both sides. Cullen's kissing paused. He didn't rise from his lean, but he did look up at Lana waiting for her to give the go ahead.

She'd felt silly before, asking for him to touch this or that while keeping so much off limits. Now, she dipped into the cream, pushed off both sides of her dress and coated her hard nipples in it. The grin upon Cullen's face raced to her own, and she couldn't stop fluffing his hair as he kissed his way down her cleavage and towards the first temptation. When his lips sucked off the cream and pressed against her nipple, Lana threw her hands back against the table, rattling their dishes.

His eyes darted up a moment, making certain the table wasn't about to fall apart, before he returned to driving awake every inch of her body. When his teeth grazed across her nipple, she was pretty sure even her hair became aroused. Having finished with one, Cullen switched to the other, but his fingers kept throating over the licked clean nipple. The cool air in the apartment knocked against her wet skin, making more of her wet as she tried to claw against the woodgrain of the table. Not one to shirk his duty, Cullen took his time lapping up every freckle upon her breasts, those strong hands gently kneading them until Lana tipped her head back and groaned.

"May I?" he asked, pointing at the few remaining buttons.

Nodding while her mind buzzed in such a high pleasure stratosphere, he slowly undid each one, pausing to look up to see if she was still okay with it. She wanted to grab the last of the dress and yank it apart, but her legs began to tremble in an unexpected anticipation. It was silly, but she felt almost as if this was her first time with him, with anyone. As the last of the buttons fell away, Cullen rose and his lips fell into hers. While he caressed her cheek, his tongue wrapping around hers, Lana shook off her dress, exposing nearly all of herself to him. Every scar, every gaunt rib and ropy muscle. Her ashen and dull skin. She tried to bite down on the terror knotting at the back of her brain, but it was almost drowning out her panting arousal.

Rising away from kissing her, Cullen's eyes canvassed her body, all the divots, all the bumps and bruises. A satisfied smile rolled up his cheeks and with his lips pressed beside hers he whispered, "You are, Maker, beyond beautiful."

"I want you," Lana's mouth slipped the antagonizing thought free before the fear had time to catch up.

He blinked at that, his mouth working a few times before he could stutter out in a voice driven deep into his chest by lust, "Are you...you're certain?"

Was she? Her hands drifted down his stomach towards that bulge straining at attention, thick as she remembered, that waited for attention from behind only the thin fabric of his trousers. "Yes," Lana smiled, "all of you. So badly, I..."

"Should we move to the bedroom?" he pointed in the direction, but Lana hooked her arms around his shoulders and pulled him to her.

Shaking her head, afraid she'd lose her nerve if they moved, she breathed in his ear, "No, here. Now."

She expected him to refuse for the table's sake or out of a fear of some Mother or Sister overhearing, but Cullen smiled wider. Curling his hands under her ass, he heaved her up onto the table. The dishes rattled from her addition, and then slid back across the surface clanking together as she got her bearings. Wearing the same ecstatic grin, Cullen yanked his shirt off over his head. Lana had to bite down a yip in her throat as she watched his tempting pale skin flex while he undid his belt. Maker, should forearms and biceps flex so much when one tugged on a single strip of leather?

Who blighted cares?!

Even with his attention on trying to free himself of the trousers, Lana wrapped her fingers around the back of his neck and pulled him to her for a kiss. Cullen stumbled for a moment, his lips puckering at the side of her mouth but once he yanked down his trousers, he dove all in. His protective, callused palms rubbed up and down her shoulders, amping up the heat between both sets of her lips. When Lana bit down on his bottom lip, he in turn pinched both of her nipples. She couldn't tell which of them cried out in that pleasureful pain first, perhaps they both did at the same time.
Her fingers trailed down his side, trying to reach around to give a good grab of that taut ass that so often tempted her. Laughing at her attempts, Cullen rose up and leaned closer so she could dig in, the hard muscles tightening under her fingers driving awake every ounce of her libido. He pressed a kiss to her head, finding her fascination with his backside entertaining until she rolled her fingers around his hips, and gripped tight to his cock. She watched the groan roll up his throat, the adams apple darting high while Cullen’s head tipped backwards. Lana took her time reminding herself how much she missed all of his body.

Gasping for air, Cullen placed his wandering hands upon her shoulders to steady himself as she rolled her fingers up and down his cock. Her movements steady as a heartbeat, she could see his own blood pounding away from his neck as Cullen stretched higher. He looked as if he yearned to thrust away, but kept himself locked in place, wanting to savor every second of this.

Slowly, Lana released her hold upon him, her fingers trailing down his thighs and her eyes glanced up to find his gorgeous honey ones opening up. Sweat glistened upon his forehead and down his chest as he parted his lips upon her head. Whispering into her hair, he asked, "You...you’re certain?"

Snickering at that, Lana picked up his hand as she had before and guided his fingers towards her inner thigh. He swallowed deep as his palms caressed up and down, so achingly close to reach out and drive her home, but he kept darting them near the middle of her smalls before pulling away. Unable to handle it, Lana grabbed onto his head and whispered in his ear, "I’m so damn wet, you don’t need to tease."

Ravenous fingers knotted around her hips and, in one fell swoop, yanked her smalls off; the green fabric flying off through the room. She barely had time to laugh at his fervor before his fingers circled around her lower lips and then dove first one, then a second deep inside.

"Sweet bloody Maker," she exclaimed, tossing her head back along with her elbows and knocking over a glass. Mercifully it was empty, not that it would have mattered. Even if blood red wine soaked into a thousand year old rug there was no way she was stopping now.

Rumbling with a delectable gravel in his voice, Cullen cooed, "You were right." She hadn’t been this wet in a damn long time, as if every heated kiss, every touch of his skin, all the physical moments placed on the shelf for later roared awake inside her. When his thumb brushed across her clitoris, Lana leapt an inch off the table.

His fingers paused for a moment, concerned at her reaction, but she butted her forehead into his and breathed, "Don’t you dare stop."

Grinning with pride and excitement, he nodded his head with hers attached and began anew, throbbing his thumb against her buttons while pulsing the fingers inside her across every inch he could reach. She felt her toes curling while they dangled off the floor, her tongue falling slack in her mouth as her vision sparkled. He had her panting so hard, egging her body close to the promised land before sliding back, she had to swallow or risk passing out.

Lana sat up and snagged his cheeks, pulling him to her for a kiss. Even as their lips mashed, groans and exclamations slipped unbidden from her busy mouth, each of them scrawled across his flesh as her body begged for the end. Reaching almost blindly, Lana grabbed onto his waist and tugged him closer. Cullen glanced up at her with a small question, but he kept up his dutiful finger ballet.

"I..." she swallowed, trying to pluck the words from her ecstatic brain, "I need you inside of me. Now."

His fingers froze and slid across her inner thigh. For a moment she groaned, almost trying to follow, but there was better on the horizon. Cupping her breasts in both hands, Cullen drew his hips achingly close to hers. As his tongue twirled with hers, she could feel his cock glancing upon the skin of her thighs. So near, so achingly close, all she had to do... Unable to stand it, Lana’s fingers wrapped around him, circling up and down his girth. With a gentleness she was amazed to find in her state, she guided him to the entrance of her lips and let go.

Cullen paused in his kiss, the head of his eager cock pulsing right next to her as he ran his fingers down her cheek. It drew her attention right to those honey eyes, and with the two of them staring deep into the other, he thrusted himself inside.

"Holy Andraste!" she cried, her head snapping back as only the first inch of him bored out through her tight muscles.

He waited, panting above her while his eyes canvassed her body. Humming below her breath, Lana glanced up at him and a thread of mischief wove through her face. "More," she commanded, her lips twisted in an ornery smile.
With the titanium dedication of a templar, Cullen obliged, easing a bit more inside and stretching her out but holding still. Maker, it was a delightful torture, her brain begging for every inch while firing up all the nerve endings in her body. He shuddered, his eyes screwed tight to maintain concentration while slowly pushing deeper inside. When his cock glanced across that pleasure node knotted up in her core, Lana gasped. Her legs rose to wrap around his waist and, with her heels, she dug into the back of him.

By the power of her beleaguered legs, she guided him through the first thrust when Cullen's hands lashed out to grip onto her hips. Holding tight, he kneaded into her sparse flesh as he took over the thrusting, every push of his glorious cock back to driving Lana towards her cliff. She felt herself slipping and sliding in their exuberance, the plates rattling in anger as they abused the table.

With a single, sexy growl, Cullen batted at the plates -- scattering them in a porcelain cascade to the ground -- so he could lay her back. The cool wood of the table crawling up her back juxtaposed against the heat permeating the rest of her. Dragging her hips closer to him, Cullen's strong fingers plied her thighs, then traced across to her calves all while he maintained the perfect rhythm of his cock parting through her. Lana rolled her hips downward, struggling to meet him with everything inside of her. That perfect plateau, the moment when her body sat tingling in anticipation for the final push, enveloped her.

Sensing it, or reaching it himself, Cullen grabbed onto her ankles wrapped against his back and pulled her legs around to rest upon his shoulders. Digging in tight, he pressed his lips against her ankle, his moans mumbling into her skin as he drove harder and deeper, pushing both of them to an orgasm.

"Shiiiiit!" Lana cried, her body arching upward as it wrapped itself in the never ending pleasure only it could invoke. Cullen didn't swear but his hands shuddered upon her legs, his breath ragged as he struggled to remain upright while cumming inside of her. Laying fully naked upon the table, a laugh began in Lana's throat and refused to leave.

Chortling, she snorted once, and then again, the laughing fit taking full hold. Even with tears of joy in her eyes, she glanced up to find Cullen still inside her, with a question on his blotchy red face. She had to bite down on her hand to will back enough of the rushing joy and pleasure in her system to get a word out. "Ma-a-a-aker," Lana stuttered, the laugh punctuating her words, "why...why was I ever scared of that?"

A proud smile turned up Cullen's lips. Letting her legs fall back to the floor, he reached forward to wrap his hands against her back and pull her up to a sitting position. Caressing her cheek, he smiled, "I take it that means you enjoyed yourself."

Trying to not roll her eyes, she stretched higher and draped her arms around his neck. Not able to reach his mouth, she pressed her lips against his glistening chest instead, "As if you have to ask."

Gently, Cullen dropped his hips, sliding out of her. He only glanced once over the great mess they made. At some point the whipped cream bottle smacked to the floor, not broken, but enough spilled out over the stone ground. And there was his own created mess spilling out of her. Caring not a whit for what they'd solve later, he bent over to wrap his arms around her and pulled her tight for a hug.

"Andraste's grace, but I love you," he sighed, accentuating his endearments by bundling his arms tighter with the last three words.

"I...I love you, can't imagine being without you," Lana sighed, a sense of safety rising in her body from his arms and a satiety filling her soul.

Rolling his palms across her cheeks, Cullen stared into her eyes. "Was it too much?"

"Nope," Lana smiled.

"Good," he grinned, that ravenous hunger returning instantly in his eyes. "Because I have more planned." Scooping his hands under her butt, he pulled her tight into his arms. Lana yelped once in surprise, but knotted her own hands behind his neck as she rose into the air.

"What about the mess?" Lana asked, her voice laughing.

Cullen paused only a moment at the spilled plates and spoons, uneaten food drenching the chairs and floor. "Honor will get it," he pronounced before knocking open the door to the bedroom and carrying her inside.
The chill off the stones upon the wall did little to reach through her palms spread across it for support. Lana's body was an inferno bursting alive thanks to the man thrusting deeper inside her. She couldn't see him, but she knew those calluses cupping over and under her breasts as he steadied himself. Smelled that heady scent of his earthy sweat melded into the piquant musk that only sex could conjure. And was biting down a groan deep in her throat from how her entire lower half pulsed with pleasure; his magic and hers working in harmony.

"Dear Maker," Lana gasped, her hands flailing further apart to take the pressure. She sat on that cursed edge, begging for its end now in hopefully a spectacular fashion, but every time she almost reached it, a pain slithered up her legs. Feeling the flinch, Lana tried to shake it off before Cullen noticed, but of course he did.

"Do you need to stop?" he asked, each word broken up by a breath. Flames, his voice -- like wood crackling upon a bonfire -- lost in the depths of passion was almost enough to do her in.

Biting her lip and trying to turn her rising mana dump into healing instead of setting the room on fire, Lana shook her head madly. "Don't you fucking dare," she growled.

His voice breathed into her ear, tickling it awake as the warmth ran straight down through her core. "As you wish," he chuckled. Slowly, those indomitable fingers dropped off her breasts. She gasped at the pull upon them, now free to swing to their hearts content. Cullen gripped onto her hips and taking her weight into his hands, he thrusted far enough in to kick off her chain reaction.

"Maker's sake," Lana cried, her cracked fingernails digging into the mortar of the wall. Tremors pulsed from her vagina down her legs and up through her stomach. It was such a fast switch of pleasure claiming her body she wasn't certain if she was going to pass out or throw up.

Catching on that she came, no doubt from how tight she was constricting around his cock, Cullen growled deep in his throat. Tugging her hips upright, Lana had to adjust her stance to the very edge of the footstool. She felt herself start to wobble, the soles of her feet clinging to the cushions. It was worth it. The widening was enough for him to thrust all of himself inside of her with a veracity she'd thought unthinkable a month ago. His hips smacked into her ass, causing Lana to hang her head down and suck in air through her mouth. Her body was trying to ramp up for another round, but she doubted she'd survive it.

Knocking closer and closer to the wall with each rapid thrust, she prayed she wasn't about to slip and fall or put her head through the stones. Flames, at the level of pleasure rampaging through her body a slight concussion might be worth it. She thought he'd pop off fast, but Cullen wanted to go for both distance and speed. Pinching her finger and thumb together, Lana braced herself on the wall with one arm while rolling the vibrating spell against her clit. Or so she planned.

Her own strumming knocked Cullen free. Nails digging into the flesh on her hips, he stuttered something, his thrusting slowing. She could feel him pulsing from orgasm through not only herself but her fingers as well. Her body began to slide back from the abyss, in no mood for round two, when Cullen -- still in throes of his own pleasure -- skimmed his teeth across the skin of her shoulder and bit down.

"Andraste's Ass!" Lana cursed, the pain transforming into instant pleasure which opened up the floodgates anew. Spiraling into the warm abyss, Lana felt her body slump down when a hand clasped against her stomach. Even with his body exhausted beyond reach, Cullen kept her held tight to him. Dipping his hips down, he slid out of her and then wrapped both arms tight to hug her back.

"That..." Lana panted, shaking her head to try and reach the sense part of her brain. At the moment all of it was sparkling in abject joy. "I forgot how good that felt."

"The right side of pain," he quoted. His lips brushed against the back of her neck, for once in
Chuckling, Lana's voice rasped, "Something like that. Did it..." she tried to glance at him over her shoulder but Cullen was hiding in the middle of her back. "Was it too strange for you?"

"No," hugging tight once more, he released his hold and slid back. Slowly Lana turned on the footstool to face him, while Cullen helped her maintain her balance. "I dare say I even enjoyed it."

"Really?" She was surprised. He'd been skeptical of the idea when she suggested it.

Shrugging, Cullen tried to wipe a hand through his matted curls but the sweat glistening across his body only smoothed them to the other side. "I suspect your reaction had much to do with it." Lana laughed at that, some of her blood finding its way up to rush to her cheeks. "Here," Cullen noticed her standing awkwardly on the footstool, "let me help you down."

Rather than offer a hand, he rolled his fingers across her back and dug each palm into an asscheek. She giggled madly as he lifted her higher into the air, barely able to palm her luscious backside. After placing her gently to the ground, Cullen's hands roamed upward, locking in tight around her waist to keep her weight.

Smiling, Lana reached both her arms out to snuggle her cheek against his chest when she paused and gasped, "Maker's breath, you're coated in sweat!"

"Imagine that," Cullen chuckled, swallowing to try and wash away the rasp in his voice. Lana didn't slide away from the sweat glistening across his chest, but she did slick some off before laying her head down. After cupping her shoulder, Cullen whispered near her ear, "It is all your doing; you have only yourself to blame."

"If so, then I do good work."

"The best," he sighed. They were being silly, it was the middle of the day, they were naked and standing beside the breakfast table where anyone could burst in on them. They should both dry off, clean up, and dress, but Lana wanted to melt into his arms. She felt a deep urge to spend the rest of winter hibernating on top of him.

Smiling wickedly, she glanced over at the footstool they'd kicked out of the sitting room. "I've never been able to do that standing before," she admitted, "the mechanics don't quite work out right." Lana tried to mime matching two joints together with an insurmountable height differential. Watching her, Cullen laughed and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

"A first then, for both of us."

"A good one," she said, then licked her finger and pretended to write something in the air, "I'm adding it to the list." After putting away her imaginary quill, Lana glanced down at the aid that made it all possible. "Do you think Leliana would mind if we sort of stole that footstool. It's the damn near perfect height..."

"Stole?" Cullen asked. "Do not tell me you intend to repeat that performance all across the Grand Cathedral. I fear the Mothers would have me walk the streets of Val Royeaux naked if they caught us."

"What about me?"

"You're the Divine's mistress, they're certain to go lenient on you."

Lana snorted at the idea, as if she wouldn't be boiled alive and her juices used to make a pudding for such an infraction. Sure, Leliana could use those rumors to her advantage but the moment anyone got a whiff of them being false, or worse -- assumed Lana's attentions turned elsewhere -- it would be a mess of epic proportions. People either marked her as Ferelden or those with a good ear, Marcher. The Divine's not-Orlesian mistress stepping out with a Ferelden man would probably mean war because Orlesians loved any excuse for it.

Maker, why was everything in Val Royeaux so damn hard?" Lana startled her from her thoughts, "I know we haven't spoken much of the future, of your plans, of even my plans, but..." he sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "This is not the time, not while we're both unclothed and undone."

"Are you sure...?" she ran her fingers across his chest. Something in his tone struck her; there was an edge hiding below the easy banter.

"Yes," Cullen forced up a smile.
"You promise we can talk later," she began, worried that this might become like the Alistair issue and blow up in their faces if left alone too long.

"Of course, always. I," he paused and wrapped his arms tighter against her, as if he was suddenly afraid she might disappear on him. "I fear my mind is on other things at the moment."

"So I noticed," she smiled, her fingers drifting down his stomach to curl around his wet cock.

Sighing in his throat, Cullen pressed another kiss to her head, "And you are about ready to pass out. Don't argue, I can tell when I have nearly all your weight in my arms."

"Are you calling me fat?" she said in mock outrage, but he deftly dodged it.

Digging into her ass, Cullen lifted Lana up off the floor. She yelped in surprise before knotting her fingers behind his head. Pressing a kiss to her lips, Cullen carted her towards the bedroom. At the threshold he paused and whispered, "I love you, you know."

"I do," she stared deep into a cauldron of joy and anguish bobbing in his eyes. Lana wanted to examine both, but Cullen turned on his smile and lifted her onto the bed.
Sexy Pics

Chapter Summary

These are all the sexy pictures of the boys that were kindly drawn by Space aged for my various stories. Click the link on her name to go to her tumblr to see all the pictures. ALL THE PICTURES!

During the events of My Future, Cullen tries to help Lana get her muscles working by taking a trip to a heated spa. Which is why he strips to his tiny whites and wades into a pool.

Turns out there's a rather *famous* sketch of the Commander circulating around all of Ferelden. Quite a few ladies and young gents rather enjoy sharing it, much to Cullen's dismay.
In *Guarded Love*, Alistair gets talked into helping to make dumplings with Reiss in the Alienage. Kitchens have a habit of getting hot but don't worry, he had an easy solution to the problem.
Lana and Alistair sharing a bath from a flashback sequence in My Hope

Cullen takes a spicy picture of himself in a story in my One Shots collection.
Alistair's attempt at a dick pic. If you click on the picture below you can see the WHOLE thing.
In Guarded Love, King Alistair hires an elven member of the city watch to act as his bodyguard when assassins threaten him and his family. Against all common sense, the two of them start to grow dangerously close. They share a momentary kiss but are interrupted before deciding whether anything can continue.

In this scene, Reiss is desperately searching for her cat in the palace kennels when Alistair stops by to open up the conversation they kept putting off. Lots more than kissing ensues.

"I...Maker's breath, you'd think this would get easier with time. Why's everyone else is so blasted good at it but me? I'm nothing but all thumbs and left feet. Sorry. Uh. Ahem. I have a passing, more than a passing interest in you. I find myself thinking about you, a lot. All the damn time it seems. And, I've been wondering, stewing about, jotting your name down a few hundred times while pretending to listen to Eamon's droning if... Well, uh, do you like me too?"

Her eyes darted down to the parchment crumpled in her fist holding the proof she could have gotten him killed if not for the Lady Amell, and he didn't care. No, he was asking in an endearing way if she could feel anything for him as if it wasn't obvious to any and all that she practically panted for him. Reiss stuttered, struggling to think of something poetic and romantic, or at least coherent, but as she lost herself in his pleading eyes all she could manage was an, "Uh huh," her head nodding his hand up and down.

A smile broke across that handsome jawline, his dimple indenting deep to the core and Reiss felt all common sense in her brain vanish into smoke. Dashing forward, she wrapped both hands back through his soft, strawberry hair and tugged those sunny lips to hers. Alistair was quick to follow her lead, his hand planted firmly on her cheek as she plied him with every burning kiss that'd been floating through her imagination. Moaning at her incessant lips needing and begging for him, he opened his mouth to let her tongue find his. While their mouths attempted their own idea of sparring, his hand lifted up from her cheek to gently cup her ear. Slowly, his fingers scaled the heights, almost tickling the tender flesh. When he was about to reach the tip, still covered in scar tissue, he paused.

Reiss froze, a million fears running through her mind. Did he just realize she was an elf? That this would be unheard of? Unseemly? Unwarranted? Or was it the realization that she was a bundle of scar tissue molded and healed into what managed to be a person before him.

Unaware of her mental torment, even as his lips slipped to her cheek, both of Alistair's hands reached behind her head to tousle through the bun. With a quick yank, he dislodged the dagger she kept pinned tight in there. It was enough to destroy the scaffolding and her hair collapsed across her shoulders, the waves easily blending in with the straw scattered beside them. His eyes shut, he softly combed his fingers through her hair, following it from the roots all the way to the tip, before returning again.

Reiss felt she should say something, maybe explain her choice in hair styles, but her tongue fell slack and the entirety of her body hummed just from the gentle tug of a man's fingers combing her hair. *Blessed Andraste!* Diving towards him, Reiss kissed with the ferocity building up through her loins. The force caught Alistair off guard and he tumbled backwards, landing with a pained chuckle at the woman attempting to devour him. She paused a moment, her hands spread out upon the ground from taking the fall, before quickly shifting her weight to splay out on top of him and returning for a kiss.

Not just any kiss, her lips darted down his chiseled jawline, savoring the scratch of the stubble against them as she worked her way up to his round ears. Nibbling the lobe gently against her teeth, Alistair moaned when her hot breath shot out through her nose -- amplifying the bulge she felt against her stomach, begging to be loosed from his trousers.

"Maker's sake, don't stop," his voice rumbled from deep in his chest, dropping like a rock down a well. While Reiss worked over him, nipping and cresting her teeth upon the outer ear, his hands climbed up to circle her waist. At first over her baggy tunic, he found the edge of the hem and let those smoldering fingers rake across her bare skin.

"Sweet Andraste," she groaned, lifting her head away so she didn't scream in his ear. Below her
thighs pinning tight to his abdomen, she felt Alistair laugh at her reaction. One hand broke out from under her shirt to lay against her cheek and guide her lips back to his.

Invigorated by the invitation, Reiss yearned to tug off the shirt clinging to his body, to dart her nails across the skin, fluff up that knot of chest hair and see if it was as soft as it looked. And, most important of all, to grip onto his naked shoulders, savoring every tug of muscle and tendon below while he... A low humming began in the back of her throat at the idea, at the thought of any and all of it.

It must have thrown him off, as Alistair opened an eye to watch her trying to not collapse and explode at the same time. "Are you okay?"

"Mhm," she nodded vigorously, trying to bite down on the humming. "It's, that noise is something I do when I'm...uh, enjoying myself," she was terrified that he'd laugh at her or find it disturbing enough to kick her off.

"That's good to know," an ecstatic smile filled his gorgeous face, "a goal to strive for."

Reiss couldn't shake the blush at him finding out, him knowing her weird quirk, and him...liking it? Wanting it? It was both embarrassing beyond measure and exhilarating. Would it kill her emotions to make sense just for once?

"Do you..." placing her weight onto one hand, she carefully trailed her fingers down his shirt fallen flat enough she could spot the taut silhouette of his body below, "do you wish to continue?"

"Here?" he started, lifting his head off the ground no doubt to check for any bystanders, but all that hounded them for once were sleeping mabari. Reiss' regret returned immediately, tendrils of shame snapping around her body like the linens for the undead. How dare she try to bed the King of Ferelden in a creaking and straw encrusted kennel. She began to slide away when Alistair grabbed both his hands around her cheeks and declared, "Maker's sake, yes!"

Having shouted his ecstatic consent loud enough a few dogs stirred in their sleep, he tugged Reiss down to resume the kissing. A pain knotted in her wrist from pushing against the wooden slats of the rickety floor while Alistair's hands embarked upon their climb up her midsection. He circled tantalizingly around her ribs, growing ever closer to her breasts but never quite reaching high enough. Suddenly, he reined in his kisses to focus his vision upon her chest -- in particular the top as his fingers worked to unknot the first button.

This was really happening. Right here, right now and not part of a dream. Probably. Hopefully. Maker, Reiss groaned to herself as those strong fingers worked apart one button and moved to the next, if this is a dream let it last to the end. By the third, Alistair stumbled, the edges of the shirt slipping away from his cautious grip when Reiss adjusted her knees.

"Forget it, I'm terrible at buttons anyway," he mused to himself while grabbing onto the collar of her tunic and tugging it upward. As Reiss slid out of the the shirt, she felt a warm summer breeze drift across her exposed shoulders and upper back, while Alistair's heady gaze darted across all her skin.

Welp, time for the moment of truth as it were. Rising up away from him, Reiss balanced upon her knees, straddling even closer to his hips. With both hands she grabbed onto the tighter undershirt and, closing her eyes, yanked it off in one quick go. Fully shirtless before the King of Ferelden, she feared to take a peek for what she'd find. It was impossible for her to not know that in the game of voluptuousness Reiss had at best half an apple to bring to the party. When they first sprouted the boys in the village would call them Forgets because they were so small as to be forgettable. In general, children aren't all that creative with their cruelty.

Trying to not tremble while so exposed, she opened one eye as a warm hand caressed the skin on her stomach. His eyes widened almost beyond the face, the knot in his throat bobbing as he glanced up and down her nakedness. "They're, uh..." she wanted to explain as if she had any control over it, or apologize as if she should, but he cut her off.

"Beautiful," he smiled. One set of fingers skirted under one breast, kneading the firm flesh and slowly bouncing the bit of it up. The minor movement drew a moan from the man when he grabbed onto the other. As if he was cupping a fragile trophy, Alistair's hands both outflanked her smaller bust size. Maker's blessing, Reiss shifted in ecstasy upon him, lost in the gentle swirl of his warm hands upon her as well as the rising dick prodding up below her.

A giggle erupted in Alistair's throat but not the cruel kind she came to expect from the other men who'd gotten this close. It was overflowing with an unbridled joy. When his thumbs brushed against her nipples, Reiss almost tumbled forward from the jolt though her body. She wanted him to never stop, to tease them, to kiss them, to tempt her with those powerful fingers forever.
No -- she stared down at the man still fully dressed -- what she wanted was to see him naked, to touch and feel all of him. Even as Alistair continued to caress up and down her breasts, she latched onto the edge of his tunic and began to shove it upward. It froze at his arms, revealing those abs she'd spied from below her embarrassed hand that first night. Reiss paused in trying to get him naked to reach towards them, as if she was trying to pet a powerful animal. The first hill trembled when she touched it, rolling down with a suppressed laugh at a tickle, when her fingers spilled over to the middle of his body. A thin line of blonde hair ran right down below the belly button, calling out for her fingers to follow it.

Biting into her lip to shore up confidence, she fluffed the hair up -- set in the knowledge it was even softer than she imagined. Slowly, Reiss dipped lower down that small trail, her finger sliding under the waistband until it landed for a moment upon the base of his dick. Alistair swallowed deep, his hands falling off her chest as a pair of almost bashful eyes tried to look and not look into hers.

"You uh, you want to? All with me, and...okay! I mean, good, good, and..."

Her finger paused as she struggled to find a proper response. Was she supposed to say something? Something sexy? Maker no, she was so bad at it. Nodding haphazardly, her hair slipped down over her eyes. That drew Alistair out of his small panic, the final good echoing through the summer air as his fingers drew up the errant hairs to return them back behind her ear. "You are so pretty," he murmured, his hand cupping her cheek, "beautiful, gorgeous, other words I can't think of right now."

A certainty bloomed through her veins unlike anything she'd felt before. She'd wanted him before and now she felt she could trust him with that want. Turning her lips to his hand, she pressed a kiss to the palm and whispered, "I need you."

It wasn't much, but Alistair's eyes lit up and he shuffled below her. Nodding with a great grin, he glanced down at the scrap of skin she exposed. "Might as well get rid of all this." Even while below her, he yanked his shirt off without a second thought and tossed it towards the straw creeping in the wind.

Blessed creators, she whimpered under her breath while honing in on those shoulders. She was wrong that first night. They weren't perfect, they were a god's set. Chiseled the only way a man created from the clay of the earth could be, she watched the ends bulge as he picked at his hair and gripped onto her waist. Each freckle darted along that fair acreage pleaded for her fingers and lips. Reiss wanted to scream, and squeal, and maybe pass out if she forgot to breathe. By all that she'd ever swore upon, she feared she might die if she touched them.

A soft thrum of his throat drew her to his eyes and she caught the last thing she ever expected in those soft brown eyes - doubt. Not at what they were doing but if she'd approve of what she saw. How can he be self conscious? Look at him, he's...

Reaching out tenderly, she traced her fingers starting at his clavicle and working outward, dipping into the delectable divot she yearned to bathe with her tongue and then out. "They're perfect," Reiss gasped, surprised to find she could talk at all.

That got a smile from the man as he tugged her down on top of him. She barely had time to register it, a squeal eking out of her throat before her hands were trapped between their bare chests. Alistair curled his fingers against her cheek, traced down her sides following the outer edge of her ribs, dipping into the waist, and landing upon her trousers. Kissing her with all the focus he could, he began to tug upon her waistband, probably trying to find a button. Luckily, the tie must have come loose as they expanded off her hips.

Scooping downward, his hands shoved her pants off enough to expose her ass -- which his palms caressed and gently squeezed. Each playful pinch drew a rush of excitement through her insides, Reiss lost in the thrrob between her legs that she yearned to be strokes. Biting down upon his lip, she tugged it into her mouth which caused him to pinch harder. It should hurt, why didn't it hurt instead of feeling so very right?

When she released her hold, so did Alistair, his fingers unearthing the waistband of her pants from between their bodies and doing his best to kick them off. Reiss helped, shaking the cursed things away until she lay fully naked upon the King of Ferelden. Did he have any idea how aroused she was? He must have had some inkling as his fingers skirted up the back of her thigh, the tips dipping down. How easily they could grace her lips, but he kept pulling up at the last second to curl under her ass instead.

"Good?" he asked, an eyebrow lifting as if he didn't already know.

"Yes, but..." she shuddered at the thought she was about to voice. Staring deep into his eyes she
whispered, "I want more."

"Me too," he smiled. Pushing her hips upward, Reiss gladly obeyed so his hands could knead her inner thigh. Maker, it was both intoxicating and infuriating as her body begged for him to touch her lips, to rub against her clitoris, to delve deep inside her.

Glancing up at her, he smiled so sweetly she returned to him for a kiss. While her lips pressed against his, his first two fingers circled against her lower ones. Slowly at first and uncertain in their caress, she hoped he knew about the best button at the top, when the back of his thumb rolled against her clitoris.

"Holy Andraste," Reiss gasped, her head colliding so quickly against his chest in shocking ecstasy Alistair began to chuckle.

"I do think I found the magic key," he said as his fingers brushed her nub with a pressure that teased but didn't overwhelm. Reiss felt the back of her head falling numb, her shoulders burning while the rest of her body lit itself anew. He was so gentle, those gorgeous eyes watching her face as she panted next to him.

Sweat glistened upon her chest, following the fire burning from her thighs and up her back. She felt as if one touch could combust the air from how he stroked her, tenderly dipping in an inch to swirl her wetness across his canvas. That was it, she was a masterpiece hiding in the marble waiting for the right hand to come along and discover her. And now that hand caused her throat to begin to hum like a bee hive.

That caught Alistair's attention, the sound making him smile wide as he whispered, "Did the magic key open up the extraordinary box?"

Maker's sake, it was stupid, but so adorable and she'd probably say worse if her entire throat wasn't too busy buzzing with the unending pleasure. She could hover there above him, letting him push her further and further along the journey, but that wasn't fair to him. Gasping in a deep breath, Reiss tried to ply her hair back as she sat up. Alistair retracted his hand, but almost regretfully, while she searched her brain for anything to say.

Something. Be an ingenue. Or seductive. Or...stare down at him as if you've never seen another man before. That's fine too.

While her brain stomped off, abandoning any hope, her fingers drew down the front of his trousers. Alistair groaned, tipping his head back as she curled her hand above the dick straining to be freed and join in the fun. Aware that she should feel silly, Reiss unhooked the buttons along his fly but kept the edges of the fabric held together trapping him tight against his stomach. He watched her with a curious quirk but didn't race to stop her.

Shaking off the blush rising up her shins, Reiss hopped up to her feet, yanked apart his pants and tugged them down to his knees. "Ta da!" she cried as if performing her own trick. The laugh thundered through Alistair's core, causing his dick to sway back and forth in a hypnotic fashion. Maker's sake, it was so enticing, Reiss stumbled to her knees and with an achingly slow reach she circled two fingers around the base. That drew a deep growl from Alistair's throat, her fingers drawing ever upward to lightly squeeze against the head.

"Frosted Maker's Sword!" he shouted incoherently, acting as if he hadn't been touched by another in almost as long as Reiss hadn't. A blush bloomed across his chest, turning the almost white hair a beautiful strawberry. Sliding forward on a knee, Reiss kept one hand sliding up and down his dick hardening beneath her fingers, while her lips trailed across that fine hair.

Alistair laughed and squirmed at both at first, until her lips pressed against his nipple. Gasping, his adorable eyes shut tight while her tongue flicked it awake bringing obvious pleasure across his entire body. A quick breath began to pant out of his mouth, and Reiss almost paused for fear that she may be undoing his work to get healthy. "Don't stop," he spat out between alternating groans and shoveling breaths into his mouth.

This next step Reiss knew well; it was all any of her few dalliances favored. Lifting herself up, she guided his cock right next to her lower lips. Making certain it was in place, Reiss thrust her legs down, sending the first couple of inches of him barreling through her. Sweet Andraste, the length pushed so far beyond what she anticipated, her insides felt the same vibrating thrill she only expected from outside. Alistair's hand lifted to cup her breasts as she began to bounce upon him, savoring every deep thrust she could manage and ending it with a slow swirl of her hips.

The last part caused him to toss his head back against the floor, groaning up through his hails every time she managed it. A warmth reverberated up through her core, knocking bits of her awake she'd thought were long dead, but that explosion remained illusive. Her only hope was from that "magical key" that kept obstinately brushing against his body but sliding away before it
could enjoy the contact. Putting her own wants aside, Reiss was happy to watch the man squirming below her, his fingers thrumming a beat against her breasts. Whether it was his way to match her rhythm or keep him lasting longer, she couldn’t tell. But judging by the perspiration dotting along his forehead, she suspected it wouldn't be much longer.

Wanting to make it as best as possible, if only for the memory, Reiss reached behind herself to cup his balls. Slowly she rotated them, the fine hair tickling the palm of her skin while Alistair moaned incoherent sentences.

Suddenly his eyes flew open and in a quick move he grabbed onto Reiss' hips and yanked her upward. His hard dick slipped out, red with rage at losing its warm partner. "What? I...?" she gasped, trying to understand what went wrong.

He released a hand off of her in order to wipe the sweat from his eyes, "Sorry, you're...wow, but there's something I've been burning to do for a long time."

Uncertain, Reiss gave into the man tugging her forward. She walked upon her knees, waiting for his hands to release her, but they didn't give up until she hovered right above his face. Even with her tiny breasts, she couldn't see anything of him but a poof of the blonde hair below. What was he doing?

Alistair's hands grabbed tight to her hips, tugging himself closer to her and she down to him. Reiss feared he was trying to smother himself, when...

"Sweet fucking Maker!" she screamed when his tongue slicked across her clitoris. An erratic rhythm at first, it lapped her lips before returning right back to the main event -- seeming to try any pattern he could think of. Reiss gasped, her hands splaying out on the floor to keep her upright as she came fully undone while he... He was?

She'd read about it, that kind of thing in books, but had never fully understood it. No man ever thought she was worth the effort and she convinced herself it couldn't be that good. Blessed Andraste how wrong she'd been. The humming increased tenfold when he found the perfect tongue flicker followed by a gentle kiss. It was silly, and sweet, but it was also driving her body beyond any sensible measure she'd thought possible.

Wanting it. Needing it. Enraptured with everything he was doing, Reiss began to thrust again, moving with his tempting tongue. It began as a flutter in the back of her throat, then spots bursting behind her eyes as her entire body began to tremble. So close, she hung suspended upon the edge of the knife, begging and pleading. "Keep going," she cried, willing her legs to not cramp up. Always dutiful, Alistair obeyed, his fingers curling around her ass while his tongue splayed her in twain.

The orgasm wallop her soul, barely bothering to finish off the already depleted body. This one lit every nerve in her body aflame. She didn't realize she was crying out for joy until his hands brushed against her stomach. Tugging himself out from under her, Reiss stared down at a genuine sparkle in his eyes, a song on his lips. She felt as if she should give him a medal, two medals, a parade.

"That's never, I..." Another shudder rapped against her muscles, causing her body to tighten as she hummed even louder to try and shake it off.

"Good?" he snickered. Wiggling out below her, Alistair's eyes gained a deadly focus. She doubted she could speak her name if pressed, but had enough focus to watch the man stagger up to his knees. With his dick harder than steel, his hungry eyes stared up and down her body. Before Reiss could think of anything to answer with, he cupped her shoulders and guided her down onto her back.

She couldn't stop kissing him, tangling with the tongue that...that worked miracles beyond her ken. Alistair's hands drew downward from her cheek, cupped a breast and slowly he massaged into her thigh. Following it to the knee and calf, when he reached her ankle, he suddenly yanked it up to curl back behind his waist.

That was all Reiss needed as she followed with the other. Lining up the prize winning shot, she thrust upon him, drawing his dick deep into her still shaking core. Alistair groaned as he hovered above her, a smile permanently stuck to his face. With a deep concentration he began to thrust faster. Harder. Reiss answered in kind, wanting to feel all of him as far as he could reach.

Lost in the pleasure, she grabbed onto his shoulders, digging her fingers deep into the flesh that triggered a thousand fantasies. Feeling them flexing beneath her while he balanced his weight upon his hands, she screamed a giddy laugh, having the best damn time she could ever remember. A moment of embarrassment and concern flipped her smile over, but Alistair grunted next to her ear, "$ Don't stop."

Laughing in joy, she kissed him, tugging those lips to hers as the final thrust pushed him into the warm abyss. His shoulders trembled under her fingers, his mouth breaking out of hers so he could gasp at his own orgasm coursing out of him and into her. "Maker's blighted, I... Oh, I think I'm seeing spots," he chuckled. "That was, and you, and what you with me, and I..."

Reiss grabbed onto his face and pulled it down to her, peppering him in even more kisses as he struggled to tell her how much he enjoyed it. A breath from hers, he whispered, "It's been a long time since anyone's made me feel like that, made me want to...do all that."

"Me too," she admitted. The tiny part of her brain that wasn't obliterated in pleasure clucked that it couldn't have been that long for him, he had a three month old. Reiss tried to smother it down while her fingers danced back and forth over those strapping shoulders.

"I'm getting the impression you like those," he said, turning his head to watch her hands.

"Shoulders have always been my, uh, undoing as it were," her proud blush paused and she focused fully on him, "What about you?"

She expected the obvious answers: a full breast, a round ass, plump lips -- all things she didn't have. Alistair curled a finger around her errant hairs and sighed, "I like a woman that's fun, and...I have to say I never looked much at legs, but these," he drew his fingers back to circle her thighs and strained for the calves still wrapped around him, "are divine."

"No, they're just the bits I walk around on," Reiss tried to wave away the compliment while blushing up a storm.

"And I damn near walked into a wall when you were wearing only that clinging under armor one day," he laughed at himself. She missed that, missed a lot of things it seemed, the elf so certain that a human like him wouldn't look twice at her. And now...

"Alistair," Reiss whispered, needing to tell him something, but a great smile bloomed upon his face at that. "What?" she asked, thrown by it.

"I like hearing my name in your voice." He was still inside her, his cheeks rusted from the exertion and glistening, but none of that seemed to matter as Alistair began to bend over to kiss her.

At that moment, a grey shadow bounded across the floor barely stirring a scrap of straw as it leaped high into the air and landed four paws upon Alistair's back. "Sylaise!" Reiss shrieked, trying to wave the cat off, but she was having none of it.

Padding around gently, the cat kneaded her paws against his flesh before unceremoniously curling up for a nap on the King's naked back. He strained to see what was happening over his shoulder, but couldn't quite reach. "Is there a cat sleeping on me?"

"I'm afraid so," Reiss admitted. She began to slide forward to try and wiggle out from underneath him. "I can shoo her off and..."

Alistair caught her lips in a deep kiss, pushing her head down to the floor and his body followed. Reiss' exhausted legs tumbled off him as the man stretched out over her like a living blanket. The warmth wrapped around her while he placed his tousled hair flecked with straw upon her chest. As the man lay there listening to her heartbeat and only partially crushing her, she tried to flit through his hair to pull out the straw. That was enough to draw Sylaise's attention. Upset at her treat being given to the dogs, the cat padded up to Reiss, collapsed both paws around Alistair's neck as if she expected a piggyback ride, and then mewled helplessly.

While Reiss scratched her cat's head and gently massaged the man trying to bury a smile against her skin, she felt a warm bliss for the first time in her life.
Happiness, Alistair x Reiss

Chapter Summary

Alistair and Reiss discuss the changes coming to their lives with the capture of the assassins. While Alistair's comforting her, some sexy times break out.

You can read the entire chapter here.

"Everything's changing," she whispered to herself.

"Things have a way of doing that. Unless you're rich enough people call you eccentric instead of crazy. Then you can make all your servants dress in the same clothes from a century back, have your dead relatives stuffed and mounted in place. Eat nothing but ham jelly every day while tickling a lute with a feather."

Even his babble was oddly soothing for Reiss, his words lapping over her like a cool wind to clear away the embarrassing heat. "This was never meant to last, to be permanent," she murmured.

"Oh," he tightened his arms around her, his eyes drifting away.

"With the assassins and all, I mean," she was quick to tack on. "My being a bodyguard with you, for you. I hadn't considered, uh..."

That brought a brighter smile to his face, his warm brown eyes searching for hers. When he was being in a strangely poetic mood while also being stark naked, Alistair declared that his eyes were the dirt that nurtured hers into vibrant, beautiful greens. It was so terrible, Reiss insisted he stop drinking koomtra lest he begin writing her love songs. Maker, how did she get a shem hooked on the stuff? Smiling at the memory, Reiss drew her fingers back across his cheeks, framing his face as she tried to memorize every line.

How long had they known each other? A season? It was barely enough time for fashions in Orlais to change and yet...somehow Reiss felt as if she knew him, knew his soul. It was baffling to find in a human that happened to be the most powerful man in Ferelden.

"Are you going to keep squishing my cheeks together?" Alistair asked. "I'm afraid no matter how hard you press it, it doesn't make my face look any better. I've tried. This thing," he placed a finger
to the tip of his nose, "is staying out long past its bedtime."

Reiss giggled, her hands quickly tugging his away. "It's a very handsome nose," she said before kissing it.

"You're just saying that because there are no other dashing rogue noses in this tower to distract you," he said. His face gleamed in mischief but there was a question bobbing in his eyes. He was concerned that his joke was true.

Butting her broken, and character giving nose next to his, Reiss' hot breath wafted across his skin, "Even if all the noses of thedas were lined up in order of handsomeness, yours is the only one I'd want."

His lips parted, about to make some smart ass response to her, when she beat him to the punch with a kiss. It began simple, even a bit chaste, but as Reiss' fingers climbed lower down Alistair's back -- skirting towards that steel ass she could barely dent -- the fire returned. Driving her body forward to mold to his, he staggered back at her forceful excitement. Alistair flattened against the wall in shock, his hands hanging limply while Reiss' were happy to become reacquainted with his body. Tugging on the back of his waistband, her fingers dipped down to curl up against each delectable cheek of his royal ass.

Just as he caught up to her fevered plans, Alistair's hands circling across the back of Reiss' armor, she gave a good squeeze to both. Gasping in shock, Alistair broke into giggles at her boldness. He slowly pecked kisses against her jaw, trailing them down her neck until his nose clanged against the edge of her metal armor.

"Damn," he staggered up, his hand falling away to rub at the poor bruised thing. "Told you it sticks out," he whined. Reiss watched him shrug, his puppy eyes skipping across the room as if he was aware he killed whatever mood roused without his doing. And yet, she kept both her hands down the back of his pants, still cupping that warm flesh that tightened against her palms.

Slowly, Reiss extracted out both her fingers, letting Alistair lean back against the wall. A dejected air floated around him, while he kept rubbing his nose vigorously. It couldn't have hurt that badly, but he seemed uncertain what to do now. Without saying a word, Reiss reached into the top of her armor and grabbed up the buckle connecting breastplate to back.

"What...what are you doing?" he gasped, watching as she undid the second, causing her armor to break apart and land at her feet.

With her eyes honed in on his, she stepped out of the metal casing and pressed her freed chest to his. "What's it look like?" she said, managing to get a single straight eyebrow to raise along with her smirk.

"That, uh..." Alistair began to give her a literal answer, but she was quick to cut him off. Her lips mashed against his while her hands cupped and swirled across every inch of his skin she could reach. Reiss grew so voracious, she tugged at his shirt, bypassing the ties and knot -- needing to see him, to feel all of him. She also forgot to slip away from kissing him, and in trying to take his shirt off, pulled it inside out onto herself.

His lips broke from hers, hot breath sliding up her cheek to her ear as his golden laughter echoed at the move. "I see how it is, you're going to steal all my clothes for yourself."

She felt the blush burning at her idiotic move, but an orneriness claimed her tongue. Grabbing onto his belt, she tugged his hips tight to hers and growled, "Try and stop me."

"Sweet Maker," he gasped, his hands landing upon her shoulders and digging downward. Reiss was quick to unhook the knot in his belt, but with a gleam in her eyes, slowly she pulled every inch of it through the loops. He was watching her, she could feel the burn against her hair, but her eyes were focused upon the belt and the bulge in his pants growing more pronounced as she yanked upon the leather.

As the last of the metal tip tugged free and Reiss moved to toss it aside, Alistair snatched onto the shoulders of both his shirt and hers, and yanked them skyward. She was fast to toss her hands up, but he pulled with such vigor her lost shirt tugged apart her bun. Half her hair tumbled across her shoulders in messy straw waves.

After wadding up both shirts and adding them to the floor, Alistair drew his fingers through her scattered hair. When that warm and vibrant skin lay flush against hers, Reiss' body lit up in a special agony. It begged for his fingers across every curve, every line, every anticipating bit he could reach in the way that only he seemed capable of.

"Touch me," she begged in between hot kisses.
"I, uh, thought I was," Alistair stuttered, even as his hands lay obstinately upon the hips of her greaves. Every foolish fear clinging in her brain rattled away when his fingers swept up her stomach. With the roll of his tongue, he drew his palms across her ribs until the fingers worked below the knotted band of her undertunic. While it usually required her to untie it, Alistair -- either unaware of that fact, or in such a state he forgot -- yanked it straight up over Reiss' head.

Both shirtless, Reiss held her breath as the last of her hair scattered like leaves down her naked back. He struggled in a breath, gasping like a fish freed from the river while those brown eyes darted up and down her body.

"Andraste's holy knickers, you're beautiful," Alistair begged, both hands plunging forward to envelope her breasts. His teeth nipped against her neck, playfully pinching awake her skin as she grabbed onto that pesky waistband and finally yanked off those damn trousers. With one hand gripping tight to his hips, her thumb falling into the deep v indent, Reiss circled her other fingers around the base of his cock and began to slowly move them upward.

"Please," she begged, snatching his other free hand and dropping it right to the straps holding her greaves up.

Alistair was quick to undo both, metal clattering to the floor in a cacophony. As he drew his palms in a circle around her hips, slowly digging under her thin leggings, he whispered, "I thought that was my line."

"Oh Maker!" Reiss cried, throwing her head back so fast she nearly beaned him in the chin. His royal fingers wasted no time sliding her free from the last stitch of clothing and parting down the golden hair to dive right inside of her.

With trembling legs, she widened her stance, ecstatic at how he swirled her own excitement back up to her "magic key." Maker save her, but she loved the stupid euphemism, in particular as his thumb knocked a perfect rhythm against it. Alistair knew far too well how to get her locked box open.

Biting into her tongue, Reiss tried to focus, her own fingers kneading into his steel back. Each muscle fought back against her, taut as stone while she kept pressing herself tighter and tighter to his fingers. This was too good for her. Too good for...

Her eyes popped open and she stared deep into his, a connection passing from her body to his without a word needing to be said. Reiss leaped into the air as Alistair scooped his hands under her ass. Spinning in place, he pinned her back to the wall while trading a never ending kiss.

Grunting in primal joy, Alistair lifted her ass high enough he could thrust his hips. His cock slid straight in, past every barrier her worry kept throwing up, obliterating each nibbling doubt with a new thrust. Maker, how could she question this? Her body whimpered and pleaded for it to never end.

"Grab my shoulders," he gasped, slowing his thrusts while staring at her. She blinked a moment in surprise, when a cheeky smile broke upon his face. "I thought that was my line."

"Maker's breath" Reiss' breath lolling slack as she kept butting up against him.

Barely able to do anything but groan and beg for more, Reiss butted her head up to his and kissed him with every desire burning through her body. The force flattened him tighter to the wall and his hands broke away in surprise. Before he had a chance to return them, she grabbed one and slowly guided it down her. His fingers trailed her skin the way one would part the surface of a still lake. Treading softly against her trembling stomach, she whimpered in anticipation as his palm slid down the gap between her greaves and he brushed the top of her pubic hair.

"Please," she begged, snatching his other free hand and dropping it right to the straps holding her greaves up.

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Nodding with a great grin, Reiss did as commanded. Her thumbs at first brushed across that strung muscle and tempting sinew. When she dug in with her fingers, he thrusted deep inside of her. The combination tripped off a cascade of euphoria, like a never ending case of giggles building to bursting. Even with the unfinished wall digging into her exposed spine, she felt nothing but a pulse pounding heat radiating through her body. Alistair's fingers dug into her back, his eyes shutting tight as he drew that delectable cock almost as far out as he could for one last deep thrust.
"Maker's something," he groaned, the orgasm wallop him fast. Sweat glistened across the entirety of his bright pale skin, encouraging Reiss to try and wipe it off. She expected him to drop her, but the man somehow shifted nearly all her weight onto his one arm and began to vibrate his fingers against her clitoris. Still inside her, his cock pulsing with the last of his cum, Alistair could only manage a few shallow thrusts, but his finger play drew a new heat through Reiss' belly.

Her breath escaped in quick gasps as she clung tight to him, trying to rub back and forth to match that perfect tempo bringing her closer to a state of bliss. "Don't. Stop," she pleaded, rocking with her hips against him while clenching tighter and tighter to the cock inside. With her entire body knotted up tight, when his thumb hit the exact right sequence, Reiss felt herself snap apart. More than pleasure flooded her body as she almost fell onto him, taking them both down.

"Whoa," Alistair tried to catch her but he was as exhausted as her waning body, his hands slipping off her hips. At least she had enough sense to land feet first upon the floor, even as her legs wobbled like jelly, slowly dragging Reiss to the wood. He watched her huddled naked to her chest, his fingers sifting through her fallen hair while she tried to pull air into her ecstatic and exasperated body.

Clinging to her cheeks, Reiss tried to bring herself back from the brink when she felt tears dripping down her palms. Her shoulders shook from the pent up emotions bursting out in the only form it knew to take.

"Are...?" Alistair staggered back from her, realizing quickly something wasn't right. "Are you okay?"

She bit down on her lip and nodded, but no words could come out. Lifting her face, she tried to smile through the never ending tears washing her cheeks. He frowned at her weird reaction and plummeted bare assed to the ground. "Reiss?" Alistair tried again, hovering near but not touching her.

A laugh gurgled in with her cries and all she could get out was, "It's stupid," before reaching over to plant her face to his chest. Scooting closer, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pinned her tight to him in a hug. Crying as if she wasn't happy, Reiss was rocked by Alistair back and forth in his arms until the spell passed.

Even while the tears faded it took her awhile to think of what to say and how to explain it. "I...it struck me suddenly that my sister's alive. Safe."

He smiled brightly at her explanation, his fingers picking up her fallen hair and stuffing it safely behind her ear.

"She's okay, and...it'll be okay. I never, I'd been prepared to say goodbye, to never see her or hear from her, and now..." Reiss tried to wipe away the salt drying to her cheeks and felt foolish for this display. "I'm sorry, this is deflty destroying the mood." Alistair pressed his lips to her forehead and whispered, "If you'll forgive my bean induced sonata, I think your breaking into tears of happiness is barely a blip on the 'Who can ruin the romance faster' meter."

Wrapping her arms further along his back, she buried her face into his warm chest. The hair waffled against her cheek as she whispered, "How are you so good?"

"A lot of push ups really maintains the upper body strength," Alistair said. She suspected he knew what she meant, that it had nothing to do with sex, but had no idea how to respond to her earnestness. Rubbing his hair, he tacked on, "and eggs."

"I've never seen you eat eggs."

"Not for eating, for throwing. Hurl a good dozen rotten ones at sketches of Banns you can't stand every day and you too will be blessed with biceps like these," he smiled, flexing his arms against her so those mentioned muscles pushed against her body.

"Alistair," she whispered, her fingers beginning at those shoulders that drove her wild and trailing down each curved, steel muscle until she could grip onto his hand. He didn't release his hug, his face buried into the top of her head, while she kept knocking her fingers over his knuckles. The metal ring rotated against her skin, the band always warm from the magic protecting him.

"I like being with you," he said. "I mean, this part too. It's rather obvious I really like the uh being to being with your bits and my bits getting all friendly like. But holding you," Alistair shifted slightly so he could tug her into his lap, "breathing you in, kissing your skin and...maybe leaving a small bruise on your shoulder. Damn."
Reiss glanced over at a red indent where his teeth pressed a bit too tightly and she laughed it off. "It'll probably go down and if not, it'd be hidden below my armor."

A grateful smile lifted his cheeks and warmed her heart. "I don't want this to end."

She understood what he was telling her. Even with everything changing, with her reason to be near him all the time slowly being interrogated and extinguished, he was going to do all he could to cling to what this was. Doubt wormed through her gut, but in her rapture it was toothless, the voice silenced. Snuggling against him, Reiss whispered what was in her heart. "Neither do I."
Rain, Alistair x Reiss

Chapter Summary

Reiss is pregnant and Alistair celebrates by taking her on a picnic when it starts raining. As their clothing soaks to their bodies, sexiness ensues. This is part of Miracle.

Don't even think about it!

Alistair glared at a dark cloud that went and gathered a good ten of its buddies together to crash what had been a very nice picnic he planned hard for. An elegant spread of cheeses once tucked inside the basket were now being slowly digested by the pair of them. He even snuck out the really good blanket off his bed, which -- considering the mess of grass stains and bugs -- may have not been such a wise idea. Ah, that's what washings were for.

Perched back on her elbows, this impossible woman stared down across the lonely hills. She'd wandered up them back when the sun was still able to hustle out the imposing clouds. Thanks to this gorgeous late-spring day, Reiss abandoned her fancy Solver coat and hat for little more than an old tunic that he swore was clinging tighter to certain parts of her anatomy he shouldn't speak of in polite company. Speaking of them in impolite company would cause Alistair to giggle like a gibbering nug and probably drool a little.

Reiss wiped a hand across her forehead and gazed over at him. "Tell me again, for the official record when Karelle or anyone else comes looking for you, why are we out here?"

Smiling, Alistair tipped back on his side to slide closer to her. He draped a hand down over her stomach -- still flat but give it time. "Because," he cupped his fingers up and down imagining them bulging with the baby inside of her. Catching her flash of verdant eyes, he melted, "I wanted to celebrate with you."

"That's..." Reiss began before Alistair caught her lips in a kiss. She tasted of the nutty brown cheese he snuck out that supposedly paired best with whatever wine was in your glass. As he pulled back, she hobbled herself onto one elbow to part her fingers down through his hair. "That's all we've been doing every time I see you."

"No, there's been other stuff. We, uh, we talked about...um," he blinked, his mind tumbling off a cliff. There had to have been more. Her casework, or whatever Lunet was up to, but somehow that all kept rolling back into baby things. How was she handling walking the streets while their little nub with limbs grew? What did Lunet think of it? Was she already on the line for babysitting?

Reiss roughed up the grey scruff along his jaw and she tugged him closer, "I know you're excited." As the kiss faded, Alistair let his forehead brush against hers. Skin so warm it drew him tighter, the very joy of spring radiating off of her. Reiss seemed to be wearing pregnancy well once the sickness part wound down. There was a glisten in her eyes, and whenever he caught her rubbing her stomach the apples of her cheeks would light up. She was excited too, even if she had to be the more practical one.

"Ooh, I know," Alistair scurried to the edge of the blanket and hefted up one of her boots. "I'll rub your feet."

"Why?" she lifted an eyebrow, but didn't stop him from unlacing her shoes to place to the side.

Digging in with the pads of his hand, Alistair shrugged, "That's what the father does, right? Rub feet, fetch weird foods in the middle of the night, and pass out little celebratory bottles of wine."

"You damn well better do more than..." Reiss' sentence trailed off as he pressed both thumbs hard against the ball of her foot. A groan and then a, "dear Maker" erupted instead, Alistair unable to shake the smile. "Okay, that's good. Keep doing that."

"As you command," he chuckled, grateful to be helping. It was a bit strange to be technically on his third impending child, but to never have really experienced pregnancy. At least not with the mother puking while he held her hair, or snuggled up to his chest while she regaled him with whatever freakish new thing her body did that day.

Switching to the other foot, Alistair expected Reiss to tip back, to lay down and gaze up at the tree
Switching to the other foot, Alistair expected Reiss to tip back, to lay down and gaze up at the tree branches above them, but she waved her fingers and snapped. "No, you give me your feet."

"What? Why?"

"Because I said so," a curious quirk twisted up her lips and he had to obey. Sliding in between her legs, Alistair stretched his celery stalks out beside her shoulders while he dug back in to his work. With determination, even as she groaned for more, Reiss undid the tight laces on his boots and, sure enough, began to massage his feet.

"Okay, now that's really pointless. I'm not even..." Alistair began before he felt the muscles in his ankle and his calf coming undone. The knot up half of his leg fell apart into a puddle of relaxation. "Sweet merciful Andraste," he gasped, "I had no idea you could do that."

She smirked, "You're telling me the King doesn't regularly have someone rub his feet? What about Charles?"

"No way, that man knows far too many secrets about my traitorous body to be reduced to foot rubber. He's probably paid the best of anyone in the castle just so he doesn't go blabbing."

"He knows more than me?" Reiss kept on digging in, both hands working through his toes while she pushed his ankles tighter against her chest. It caused her breasts to squish in, Alistair's brain clicking away at the bobbing and weaving.

"Huh? Uh, yeah, he knows what horrors can occur if I consume certain things. I want you to be able to look at me again without having to gouge your eyes out." He felt an awkward blush rising up his cheeks at that. It was rather foolish, not as if she hadn't seen him in varying stages due to illness, drink, or a dangerous case of idiocy. But he loved the way she stared at him, even when naked. No screaming, no running for the hills. Reiss always looked as if she was trying to chisel the view into her memory for all of eternity.

She paused in her massage and tapped her chin, "It's olives, isn't it?"

"By the void, how did you...?"

Shrugging, she pointed to her nonexistent hat. "My job."

Unable to take anymore, Alistair yanked his legs back in order to crawl over top of her. Reiss' uncertainty turned into a great smile as he cupped her jaw with one hand and yanked out the bun with the other. In the middle of the kiss, she leaned back to laugh, then shook her golden hair free.

"Maker's breath, I love you," Alistair whispered, his fingers free to part through her hair that seemed to be getting shinier. The baby's doing or perhaps it was the promise of summer? During official meetings it took all his control to not pull it apart, comb it with his fingers, or lay it against his upper lip to make a mustache. Here, alone, he could do whatever he wanted.

"I love you too," Reiss smiled, "which is good seeing as how we made a baby together."

"Can it be called a baby yet? Isn't it more like a nuglet?"

"Nuglet? Maker, no, you are not calling this a nuglet. I refuse for my sake, and Karelle's poor eyesight. She's liable to go blind from rolling her eyes so hard at that."

Alistair guffawed at her certainty, and the fact she was probably right about Karelle. He reached down to run his fingers over the back of her neck and tug her closer, when a drop of water landed upon her exposed collar. It took a moment for his brain to figure it out, two more water droplets splattering upon her chest, when he finally felt the rain land on his back. Tipping his head back, Alistair stared into the grey sky just as the downpour began.

"Maker's bloody nails," he cursed, water quickly drenching his eyes. He had to wipe it away, more of the rain making it through their minimal leafy cover as the clouds of doom finally doomed all over them. "I swear this wasn't supposed to happen," he cursed again, staring down at the hill overlooking Denerim. Somewhere way at the bottom was where shelter would be. He groaned, prepared to make a run for it, when the sweetest sound caught him. Reiss had her head tipped back, her mouth open as the fresh rain dripped down her throat. After every catch she'd laugh before returning for more.

"Should we, uh," he jerked a thumb back down the hill, when his eyes wandered down from her face to the wet shirt suckered to her chest. The cold rainwater drew her nipples out, the linen drenched enough to provide nearly the entire tempting outline of her beautiful breasts. Alistair stuttered around a few more ums and uhs, hoping that she wouldn't notice he was locked up on her chest bouncing with her laughter.

Reiss reached forward, her fingers snagging through the back of his hair. It was enough to draw
his eyes to hers and he nearly yelped from the lust burning inside them. "Should we what?" she purred before yanking him to her. Her rain splattered lips plied his apart, letting her tongue dip in to find his. It tasted even warmer than usual, Alistair sliding up to his knees to match her voracity. His hands cupped along her waist, slicking her soaked shirt tighter to that body he was aching to touch.

Seeming to have the same idea, Reiss began to unbutton his mud stained mess that was going to cause so much tongue clucking back at the palace. She refused to stop kissing him while yanking it down, his shirt snagging at the wrists, but all she wanted was to touch his bare shoulders. Fat, wet water drops plopped upon his exposed skin, one landing right into that clavicle crease. Moaning at it, Reiss dipped down to lap the rainwater off his shoulders, the warmth of her breath causing a noticeable strain to build in his pants.

"Are..." He should ask. He was an adult. It was chilly with the rain. And she was pregnant. Good to look out for her and all. "Are you sure...?" Alistair began again, when those mischievous green eyes snapped into his.

Fuck being the grown up.

Reiss yelped in surprise and joy as he dove with her back onto the blanket. A few drops plopped onto her face, one heading near her eye. She scrunched up her nose, the broken side crinkling even more than usual while trying to fend off the rain attack. At first Alistair tried waving his hands over her face to stop them, then he realized his fat head would serve as better cover. Rain dripped against the back of his skull as he kissed her with all the heat building up through the lower sections of his body. It moved from the loins section down his thighs and then up through his belly. He halfway expected to glance down and find his crotch glowing.

Shaking off the thought, his hands traipsed down her chest, even while his unbuttoned shirt tugged tight across his back. She was wearing this enticing dip to the shirt, where the laces cut off just before there was a swell of her newfound cleavage. Alistair tugged the edge of the neckline further down and placed his hot mouth against her glistening skin.

"Oh Maker," Reiss moaned as first his one hand, then the other cupped under her breasts. So soaked, it was almost as if she was wearing nothing. Alistair could nearly feel the softness of her skin below. Walking his fingers higher, he circled around her nipples -- Reiss chuckling below him -- when he gently knocked one then the other up.

That set off her buzzing. She tried to stuff her fingers in her mouth as if to stop it, but Alistair was quick to reach out and catch them. He loved when she did that buzzing. Sometimes to the point if he wasn't careful around the beehives, he could face some very pointed questions from the keepers. Reiss let her hand fall from her mouth, the buzzing increasing as she gripped onto his shoulders instead.

He wanted her naked.

But that wasn't smart.

Oh, sod smart.

Digging his fingers under her shirt, his knuckles glanced across Reiss' warm stomach as he yanked the clinging garment off of her. Alistair was about to toss it to the side, when he noticed how muddy the ground got. After carefully placing it on the blanket, he turned over and his breath fully caught in his throat.

Lain back, rain drops glistening upon her skin making her look even dewier than usual, Reiss was a fairy. An ethereal being plucked from the fade itself, given the perfect form to taunt him beyond his wildest dreams. Her golden hair circled her head, the rain beading in it like dew drops upon rose petals. More rain dripped down her breasts, the freed nipples calling for him to ravage both in kisses. But he was spellbound, a single hand glancing across her scarred stomach as the rainy colors drew forth even more of her freckles.

"Alistair?" He had no idea how many times she had to say his name before he snapped free of the spell.

"I want you," he breathed and Reiss laughed.

"No kidding," she drew her fingers down his naked stomach to cup the obvious bulge in his pants.

He gasped, lost in the rising thrum of her fingers circling for his dick straining against water drenched trousers. "You're so...

Reiss unbuttoned the fly, quickly yanking his pants and anything else in the way down. With a
quirk to her lips, she ordered, "Just do me already."

Oh Maker!

Alistair made quick work tugging her pants down, Reiss' water kissed lips plundering his skin for fresh rain. Even with the chill in the air, he could feel himself growing harder, his balls tightening in anticipation as her warm mouth drifted down to press against his nipple. Stumbling from excitement, he yanked off the rest of his offending trousers, no longer caring if they were banished to the muddy hill.

His dick in full salute, Alistair stood upon his knees staring down at her. Rain beaded up in her tuft of blonde pubic hair, each drop seeming to whisper a quick hello before rolling down towards where he ached for. Too lost in the view, Alistair didn't realize Reiss hooked her legs back around his ass, until she sat up to kiss him.

"Fuck me," Alistair gasped in shock as he tumbled back to land on his butt, Reiss taking the high ground.

Groaning, she rolled her eyes, "That's what I'm trying to do,"

As his hands slid up to cover her breasts, she straddled his dick and slowly dropped down onto it. "Sweet merciful Andraste!" Alistair gasped, lost in every delectable twist and turn inside of her. Her very warm, so damn intoxicating inside bits.

Reiss smiled, her tongue lapping along her lips to lick up a raindrop as her eyes caught his. She was being daring, about to drive him wild, when Alistair softly pinched into her nipples. That threw his love off, her straining thighs shaking a moment as she almost tumbled forward. Her hot breath buffeted into his ear, gasping to come back, when she whispered, "Do it again."

Happy to oblige, Alistair gave into her wild whims as she rose up higher and began to thrust onto him. Maker's balls. Shit, his balls. It was slow at first, taking the time to enjoy every minute moment sliding deeper and shallower through this woman. His lips wandered, first to hers, then down her chest. When he kissed her nipple, she moaned.

Reiss gripped onto the nape of his neck and began to lean backwards. With her throat buzzing, her tempo increased dramatically, all that gorgeous flesh enveloping his. Alistair gripped onto her back with one hand and reached in between them with the other. Gently at first, he rubbed invigorating circles over the top of her clit.

"Dear Maker," Reiss moaned, her legs beginning to tremble on top of his. He dug his fingers into her spine, afraid she might suddenly slip while Alistair kept teasing her with his fingers. A breath caught in her throat, her eyelids fluttering as she rocked her hips back and forth over him. Gaping, her fingernails dug tight as he watched her face twist up into a joyous release. Her vagina pulsed around his dick, hugging it tighter as the orgasm wallop her body. When she began to pitch backwards, Alistair grabbed on with both arms.

Her eyes slid open and she had the goofiest smile on as if he told her the worst joke imaginable. Slowly, he tipped downward with her, making certain to not break anything. As her body touched down on the blanket, Alistair kissed the tip of her nose. Reiss wiggled it a bit, and with an envious dexterity tugged her leg up to her chest. The breath was about to pass out of his body from the visual, when she slid it in between his legs.

What was...? Oh shit.

When her other leg joined the first, Alistair braced himself and thrusted his hips to delve deep inside. It was so tight, her wet warmth suckered against his dick and he swore it was tightening with every thrust. He screwed his eyes up, struggling to keep going even as white spots burned at the edges. Reiss' wandering hands gripped onto his shoulders, her voice crying for something as she tried to yank him deeper inside.

With one final push, Alistair thrusted as far as he could when the cascade began. "Dear ss...nakes!" his brain was incoherent, words tumbling from his mouth while he was lost in the tremors ransacking his body, his cum pumping up through his dick into her.

Reiss' eyes popped open and she smiled, "Snakes?"

"Can't think, too...thing," he waved a hand through the air, but had to replace it fast for fear he'd fall on top of her.

"Ridden hard and put away wet?" she snickered, an eyebrow quirked up.

"Maker's breath," he unhitched himself from the deadly Snow Dragon trap and then cuddled
above her, "more than you can imagine." Her bright eyes stared up at him, Reiss' hair scattered across the blanket like a ball of golden thread the cat got into. Chuckling to himself at the idea, Alistair leaned down to kiss her when a shaft of sunlight illuminated the side of her face.

Sure enough, he twisted his head up to find the rain had not only stopped but those wicked clouds already blew on to ruin someone else's picnic. He was about to laugh, point out his terrible luck, when he stopped and sighed to himself. Maybe the rain was trying to do him a favor instead. Curling a hand along the beautiful and very naked woman's waist, Alistair smiled. It was a good favor.

"What's running through your mind, now?" Reiss asked, her eyebrows meeting in the middle.

"That I owe the rain my gratitude," he breathed before sliding onto his side. The blanket was soaked, as was the ground, and no doubt their clothes. He could, probably should hang them up to dry, but instead he cupped his body against Reiss'. She remained upon her back, her fingers flitting through his hair while Alistair wrapped one arm under her head and the other across her chest. It was tempting to bury his head in her chest but he settled for the shoulder instead.

They lay like that, silently breathing each other in, Reiss fingers tugging apart his hair, Alistair pressing his lips to the goosebumps rising up her skin. With the rains passed, the birds resumed their happy singing -- each one doing his best to find some lovely lady bird to settle down with and make a few cute eggs. Just as they had, just as they would.

"We're going to have a baby," Alistair whispered. He hated to admit it, but he kept pinching himself for fear this was all a trick of the fade. That it could vanish in the night if he wasn't careful. They hadn't told anyone, well, he hadn't. Which meant a lot of people in the castle would catch their King grinning stupidly while staring out the window and wonder if he'd finally lost what few marbles he began with.

His fingers skirted down past Reiss' cleavage to cup against her stomach that wasn't showing any signs save that she ate a good pile of cheese with him. A smile lifted up her cheeks and she cuddled her hand behind his. "Yup," she sighed, "it's in there doing whatever babies do at this stage."

"Eat, grow, eat some more," Alistair shrugged. "That's pretty much all they do for the first three months or so once they're out too." He felt her eye rolling towards him, and he smiled, "But they're cute while doing it."

Reiss settled back, her free hand cushioning her mess of hair, but the other clung to him holding her. "Are you at all worried about people stumbling across their King naked in the meadow with an elf?"

"Not really," he admitted. Maybe in his younger days he'd have scrabbled for pants, but as long as no swarm of angry hornets came for him, he didn't care. Alistair didn't want to leave this beautiful picture of his body wrapped around the woman he loved, fresh from rutting around in the wildflower strewn meadow, with skin dewey from rain.

Reiss snuggled closer, her cheek brushing up against his nose as she whispered, "Good. I suppose we should begin doing typical baby things. Weigh names and such?"

"Mordock the destroyer."

"Mordock...?"

"The destroyer, got to have the last bit otherwise what's the point?" Alistair said with dead certainty in his voice.

He could feel her eyes trying to peel away the sarcasm, but she merely shrugged, "Is this for a boy or...?"

"Doesn't matter. Boy or girl, destroying's rather universal."

"I guess I should start a list then," Reiss kept on playing with him, as if she considered his ramblings serious.

Sliding up to an elbow, Alistair stared down at her face. It took a moment before she opened her eyes, braving the sun to smile up at him. When Reiss drew her fingers against his cheek, a hint of a blush bloomed to turn his white whiskers rose colored. Alistair turned to try and hide the burst of emotion as he placed his lips against her palm.

"I love you," he murmured, feeling like a foolish twenty year old confessing things he barely understood.
Reiss lifted her head until their noses bounced into each other. Those vast green fields that never faded due to winter's touch danced across his face. Curling him to her, she whispered, "I love you too, Mordock the destroyer senior." Before he could laugh, she kissed him.
Kinloch, Cullen X Amell

Chapter Summary

Before the tower is about to be torn down, Cullen brings Lana on a surprise tour of where they first met. She asks him to show her where the templars used to sleep and she surprises him with a youthful fantasy of her own.

You can read the rest of the much larger chapter here.

"Where was your bed?" Lana asked, her fingers locking tighter to his.

It took a moment for her words to reach him, his free hand swiping dust off an old board that might have held duty rosters. "What? Oh, it was..." tugging her with, they zipped down a few lines of beds before coming to a stop beside a mattress set into a hard wood frame. There was no design to the frame beyond holding up a mattress, the bed achingly close to the floor. "This one," he said. Cullen glanced around and a sigh reverberated in his throat. "There were so many people here once."

"So you'd come here after a day of work?" Lana asked, drawing him from the darker past. He nodded as she touched the chest, "strip off your armor, say your prayers," she smiled at that, knowing all too well the ones he'd recite before bed. Cullen nodded along as her hand continued to crawl towards his lower back, "Then climb into bed and..."

"And...?" he tipped his head, at a loss.

Lana sidled up right before him, the cane abandoned to the chest as she hooked both her hands under the hem of his shirt. Nails sliding against his warm skin, she whispered, "And did your best to-not-not think about me."

"Ah," he gasped, his eyes shooting open wide. "Well, um...there were a few times that, uh," his adams apple shot up higher, the middle aged man struggling through this facet of young life, "Merciful Andraste."

"All those years, all those dances, that little swim suit," Lana's eyes flickered up to his and she caught the blush she expected, "and you never once imagined what it'd be like if I came to you here?"

"Perhaps, sometimes," he struggled, his hand trying to knead all the awkwardness out through the back of his neck.

With barely any force, Lana pushed Cullen towards the bed. He obeyed her fingers but the confusion seemed to have fully taken over his brain. Backed against the bed, his knees bent, causing him to sit down hard on where he'd spent so many nights aching for her.

"Would I pad softly around a dozen slumbering templars, barely making a noise like a cat?" she asked. With a grip to his shoulders, Lana leaned her face close to those stricken lips. He seemed to be teetering on the edge of admitting to the memory, those honey eyes staring past her as he tried to cling to what was once proper.

"I don't," Cullen struggled before she dipped lower on her weary knees.

Warm breath caressed his ear, causing the man to shiver. "Slide up onto your bed wearing nothing but a robe, which I'd tug apart while your hands are free to...explore everything?"

Swallowing deep, he tipped his head up to hers and the guilt of how well she knew him vanished in a heartbeat. Cullen read the ache and, yes, mischief in her eyes. Before she could whisper the next part of the young templar's fantasy, he gripped onto her jaw with those strong fingers, tugging her to him for a wet kiss. Lips lapped over top each other, the married couple devouring each other as if they'd never attempted it before.

Freed of the bonds of propriety, Cullen's hand cupped along her spreading hips and wound towards the same ass cheek he'd pinched earlier. His palm kneaded tighter against her flesh as if he wished to pull all her clothes off in one go, but something was holding him back.

Breaking the kiss, Cullen's hazy eyes honed back in on her as he murmured, "You know me too well."
"Lay down," she ordered.

"Wh...Lana, why should I...?"

"The Knight-Lieutenant asks too many questions," she purred, shoving his shoulder backwards to the dusty mattress. There were no blankets to cushion or provide warmth, but what she had planned wouldn't require them. Cullen obeyed, his legs sliding up to tuck into what had once been his bed, but his hands lay limply to the sides. Concern and uncertainty were obvious to read in his face, but a hint of lust lingered. Was it the same he'd try to wipe away after spotting her fresh from the bath or running through the tower halls in little clothing during summer heats?

Her occupied body made it difficult, but Lana reached in under her robes and managed to tug down the only scrap of clothing to get in the way. Perched upon the bed, she was able to snatch her pale blue panties off her swollen ankle. Amber eyes watched as if in fear he'd have to tackle her to stop this encroaching madness. Cullen hadn't been this on edge since before their first time together in the deep roads.

"Hold these," she ordered, placing her underwear into his grasp. The man who regularly hung up their laundry stared at her unmentionables as if they were some holy relic he just accidentally stole out of the chantry. Wadded into his fist, only a hint of the blue lace poked out of the edge as Lana undid the knot to her robe. Alas, they fell open to reveal, instead of bare flesh, her traveling clothes -- a light sweater with a knee high skirt, but she could make it work.

Gulping, and clearly trying to hang on to sanity with the edge of his nails, Cullen's free hand cupped against her side. "Lana?" he whispered.

"Shh..." she said, her voice following to his low level, "we should be quiet." Slowly she traced her fingers down his chest, all but tasting the excitement rising in his face, until she cupped against the growing erection straining his trousers. Cullen gasped at her impetuous move and Lana placed a finger to her lips, shushing him again.

There wasn't much room to work with, so she only undid the belt and unclasped the front of his pants. Maker bless that man for never letting any knickers get in the way.

Freed of the indignity of clothing, Lana's palm gently swooped from the head of his cock downward. Despite her orders to keep silent, Cullen groaned, his eyes flying shut while his nails dug into her blue lace. A stuttering breath responded as he staggered up to stare at her. Decades faded from her mind: the wear, the miles, even the concept of her pregnant belly -- she stared down at that young templar who caught her attentions from across the grand room. Maker, even as she tortured him about the idea she couldn't deny how often as a girl she wondered about finding him alone. Dragging him off to a back part of the library and savoring all those parts of theirs that were different but fit so deliciously together.

"Lana," he moaned, staring as if it was the first time they'd ever seen each other.

"Honey eyes," she whispered back, a smile flirting with his lips at the ache in her voice. Blessed Andraste, how she wanted him. Stretching upon her thighs, she straddled Cullen's waist, barely pausing to adjust for her stomach. Her fingers rolled around the bottom of his cock, extending it straight up.

Tipping down as far as her stomach would allow towards his face, Lana breathed, "I love you," as she thrust herself deep onto his hard erection.

"Dear Maker," Cullen groaned, his lips whiffling as he tried to remain motionless while the woman of his old fantasies rode him slow at first but gaining speed with every thrust.

"Tell me," she ordered, her body's desire driving his generous cock deeper with momentum. "Did you dream of this? Want it? Wrap your fingers around yourself while begging for me?"

He panted harder, his toes flexing to dig into the ancient mattress. His hips twisted higher, thrusting with her to drive right against her internal buttons. "Blessed Andraste, damn near every night!" Cullen cried.

The sheen of their little play snapped off, the man returning to devour her as he wished. Scooping up the hem of her sweater, Cullen's fingers cupped tight to her breasts. He shoved up everything in the way, allowing his warm skin to tease hers. Sweet Maker! Kneading into her breasts with all the skills of a master, Cullen drew forth such a throbbing heat between her legs she began to rock her hips. Guiding her to find the perfect rhythm, his fingers circled up and down her nipples, Lana matching it with herself wrapped around his cock.

Her husband and lover, the man that was once so young to barely be called that upon meeting
him, shut his eyes tight as he neared the abyss. Words of the chant dripped from his quivering lips. Was that what he'd do while he pleased himself to thoughts of her? Maker's breath, why was that such a turn on?

With as deep a thrust down as her thighs could manage, Lana felt the stirrings first within her when a deep grunt and then a louder, "Merciful Andraste," gasped from Cullen's lips. He dropped her breasts, the sweater falling back into place, in order to pin her hips down. Bucking his own, he clung to the last vestiges of his orgasm while Lana watched the pleasure play across his face.

Taking a shuddering breath, those honey eyes opened and he stared up at her. A giddy laugh broke free, which he tried to shake off. Trapped between the here and the past, he seemed uncertain what to do beyond being amazed. Staring over at his fist, Cullen muttered in seeming shock, "I still have your underwear."

Lana laughed at the sincerity in his voice, "Yes, you do." She should climb off him, try to mop the mess up that'd spill out of her, and pluck her underwear free to slip back on. But this wasn't some quick tryst to work off tension fast before the other templars caught on. He was hers, and they had all the time they wished. Cullen seemed to blink through the euphoric haze settling on his brain to reach the same conclusion.

Bending those stomach muscles trapped behind far too much cloth, he sat up. Fingers wrapping back through her hair, Cullen sighed in contentment as he brushed his forehead against hers. Lana pulled him tight to her for the kisses her stomach made impossible before. She felt the lingering ache in between her thighs crying out for more, but Maker, all she wanted was to kiss him the way she never could in the tower before.

Sweet lips slipped from hers, Cullen whispering, "That wasn't supposed to happen. I mean, I very much enjoyed it, but I wanted this to be for you. A day devoted to you and not the..."

Circling the scruffy cheek, Lana's thumb ran down the small cleft in his chin as she smiled, "You really think you were the only one dreaming for that to happen when I was an apprentice?"

"I..." he stuttered, blinking rapidly as the blush returned. Cullen moved to wrap his hand through the back of his neck, but Lana caught it to thread through her fingers.

"While I may have been good at following the rules, I wouldn't say that my mind was perfectly pure all the time," she snickered, her lips trailing up to softly nibble upon his earlobe.

"Maker's...beloved," Cullen trembled, those honey eyes slipping closed as his adams apple rolled upward. "Then," he coughed, "I feel it is my duty to fulfill all your fantasies."

"All of them?" Lana lifted an eyebrow, daring him.

"Within reason," Cullen tacked on, causing her to laugh. Nuzzling his lips to her neck, he began to press kisses to her birthmark. Sweet Maker, she'd been happy to leave it at 0 and 1, but the throbbing ache returned as his warm mouth caressed her skin. Dipping lower near the top of her breasts swaddled in the sweater, Cullen whispered, "There's always your bed, Apprentice."

The bunk beds they'd clambered on as children, sometimes building forts much to templar consternation, broken like shattered ribs. Blankets stripped free, mattresses exploded and drenched in blood. So much blood. Lana began to shake, and it took a moment before Cullen realized it wasn't due to anticipation. This was her home for so long, but it was taken from her. Barely a Grey Warden and she returned to the halls where she knew every stone, every notch, to find her friends without faces, her teachers broken into pieces.

A hand cupped her cheek, the warmth pulling her from the dark memory. Lana tried to shake it off, forcing a smile on, but he must have known. Maybe he felt the same too. Cullen's arms wrapped tight to her in a hug and slowly he pulled her down to rest on top of him.

Laying together, apprentice and templar; bodies wound up, legs beside legs, hands clinging to backs, it had seemed so impossible for so long. He smoothed his fingers up and down her arm, the sweater clinging tighter as he did. "So much time," Lana breathed, not even certain what she was saying.

"Many people lived here, good people," Cullen said, his voice stripped. He seemed to be staring through the ceiling. Could he see all the way to the fourth floor where he'd been trapped for...far too long?

"It's all gone," she buried her cheek tighter to his chest, needing the safety of her husband. "The circles, the templars, everything we ever knew... I thought the tower was immutable, that my life would be lived trapped between these stones. I'd grow, I'd study, and I'd die here. There was little else. And now..."
"I have you," Cullen insisted, perhaps feeling as crushed by the weight of time marching forward as she did.

Lana tipped her head up, her fingers wandering over his scratchy cheek, "And I have you, even if I never ever thought... Maker's sake," she gasped, "we're going to have a baby."

He laughed once at that, struggling to sit up higher so he could watch her caress her stomach. Placing his hand beside hers, Cullen breathed against the top of her head, "Yes, we are."

"A family. I never imagined. Forget the Grey Wardens, even being a mage it seemed impossible..." Her eyes drifted around the fading room. A few tapestries remained in tatters, moths chewing chunks off the ends until most of the sword of mercy that bore the templar crest disappeared. Soon there would be nothing remaining but the empty bar. It was all going to vanish.

"Lana," Cullen whispered, drawing her to him.

"Hm?"

"What about Agatha?" he asked and she curled her face.

"Maker, no. That's a hard pass. I thought you were set on Serena."

He shifted under her to denote a shrug, "It sounds far too close to the Orlesian empress and I'd rather not be reminded of her every time I gaze down at my daughter."

"You're gonna have to come up with a boy's name too. Just in case," she said. Together they snuggled back upon the bed, the soon-to-be father cuddling the weary soon-to-be mother close to his chest.

"Perhaps," he said, once again avoiding the fact there was a good chance it wasn't a girl inside her.

"Are you under the impression you can simply will what sex the child will be?" she snickered. Lips pressed to her forehead whispered, "Consider it blind faith."

"Cullen," her voice shattered through the air, the thought that clung to her tongue but never slipped past her teeth finally growing wings. "Do you think our baby could be a mage?"

"It is possible," he said, his voice low.

"Do you," Lana swallowed the lump in her throat and continued, "do you worry that our child will be?"

"Lana, I..."

"Mages hurt you, I understand, and they -- we -- are dangerous. To see that same potential threat in your child's eye is..." "Lana," he sat up, his hands keeping her held tight to his chest so she could look into his face. "I do worry, but only because of how the world views mages. How much more difficult life can be with magic. How cruel it is to have to fear possession. All the pain that comes with being a mage."

She snickered, her eyes darting down towards her stomach. "And yet, it doesn't stop us from being born." Maker only knew what was sleeping inside of there, growing bigger every day. The Maker only knew what would come of it.

"I thank Andraste every day that you were," he said.

Her watering vision darted up to the man who'd loved her for longer than seemed imaginable. "What if I was born without magic?"

"No, just the way you are," Cullen moved to place a kiss to her forehead, but she lifted up higher. Tears of both joy and fear dripped down her cheeks to land upon his while their lips melded.

"This, uh," Lana took a staggering breath to try and catch her bearings, "this probably wasn't your intentions for the day."

"You could say that," he smiled, his thumbs trying to wick away her tears. "Originally, I was going to lead up to the roof so we could have a picnic under the stars."
Her heart bloomed at the idea, "There's still time."

"I..." his smile dimmed as Cullen stared down at his hands, "I brought you here, back to Kinloch because they're going to tear the tower down."

"I know," she snuggled tighter to him. At his look of surprise, she added, "You think you're the only one who Arl Teagan talks to? I'm not surprised, the College has little use for it and the bandits have been a problem out here. It's...it makes sense."

"It's your home," he gasped, unable to shake off the shock at how she'd already moved on from the loss.

Lana knew every scratch in the floor, where the stone was broken and then carefully put back. Where a floorboard slid up to allow apprentices to stash secret letters and contraband. How to get across the library without making a sound. Exactly the pitch needed to rattle the windows in the atrium. She'd lived here for over 13 years. Grew here, learned how to read and write, cast spells, built friendships, met the man she loved. Had life snap back at her with the hard lesson that the world wasn't fair, that sometimes bad happened no matter how good one tried to be, and in the end, all you had was yourself to stand up against it.

Rubbing her hand across her husband's cheek, she smiled, "It was my home, but my home now is with you." Dragging his hand along her stomach, she added, "With both of you."
This takes place years after the events of Trespasser. After a decade or so of working in the Imperium, Dorian has a surprise when the Inquisitor drops by on his doorstep. When he goes to confront what seems to be a thieving Lavellan, Dorian’s in for a big surprise.

You can read the entire story here. It's a few shorts that follow the Dorian/Inky relationship as they fall for each other, then fall apart as he leaves.

His doors made an inescapable creak followed by a screeching whine as they closed. Most probably wouldn't even notice, going about their days from one end of his estate to the other, but Dorian paid attention when the whine rose above the imposing silence of someone attempting to sneak into or out of his home. Tapping a foot on the rug, he waited a moment while staring down at the second level as a party was commencing.

All in all it was a rather humdrum affair, and sadly he only had himself to blame for it. His heart wasn't in it, more a time marker to kill off the season before fall began than anything worthy of caring for. Then a face appeared at his door that he never could have anticipated. Trying to keep himself unperturbed, he flitted from arm to arm trading hilarious anecdotes and warning everyone about the subpar wine. But always at the corner of his eye he caught the white hair combed into something almost respectful, the lithe body swaddled in a tight silk doublet, and those eyes.

Blessed Andraste, he could never misplace those eyes.

After a count of twenty, Dorian padded towards the door to his office that he watched the naked heel of a foot vanish inside of. He could be sneaky about the whole matter, or raise his hands in ire and fire to banish the thief out a window. But all he really wanted were answers, though he remained uncertain just what questions were involved.

Lifting the latch for his study and occasional solarium if he despised whoever popped by too early, Dorian stepped fully into the lightened space. Columns of marble painted with the life story of Andraste held up the roof to his home and filled the overstuffed corners of the office. His desk was magnificent, nearly ten feet long with curved edges and gold inlaid into the top to form the symbol of his little gang of do-gooders. Secretly underneath he had silver poured into gouges to create the Inquisition’s eye, but few ever wound up under his desk to look.

And any in that position were too distracted to bother with scoping out his furniture.

A few bookcases lined the walls, mostly stuffed with stodgy reading on politics and law riddles that flourished in the Magisterium. All of his better tomes were in the library, but the ones he needed to have at hand for when yet another crisis arose in his beloved homeland circled around them. There were a few crystal display cases propping up some of Dorian's affects of a varied life
scratched out serving in the Magisterium. It was around one of these that he spotted the man, his hand literally stuck inside the proverbial cookie jar.

"Well," Dorian tipped his head, doing his best to swallow down the sting in his velvety voice, "now I have my answer."

"Dorian?" the unexpected guest and even less expected thief yanked his arm back and tried to hide it behind his back. The man need not bother trying to sequester his other hand as it was taken from him many years prior.

"I was curious what could have possibly brought Inquisitor Lavellan to my door after all this time," Dorian sighed while walking deeper into his study. As he moved, the candles all sputtered to life, casting the assailant in the harsh light of truth. "And it appears it was to burgle me."

"This isn't what..." the man looked shocked beyond counting, as if he truly thought there weren't a constant press of people attempting to raid Dorian's home -- if not to kill him outright -- to sneak away his relics for their own collections.

Tapping a finger on the buckle that kept his peacock feathered pauldrons in place, Dorian sighed. "Really? Gaerwn? You're going to throw out that old chestnut first? 'It isn't what it looks like. I tripped into your private room that was locked full on accident and righted myself upon this ancient gemstone.'" Dorian paused and tipped his head to his old lover. With pursed lips, he finished with, "'You're imagining things.'"

"I'm not denying my presence," Gaerwn began, always getting tripped up by that conscience of his. Lying was not in the dear Inquisitor's wheelhouse. "Only what you imagine my intentions to be."

"Truly? And what, pray tell, do you think your intentions appear to be? You materialize at my door unannounced, unexpected, when I happen to be ensconced in entertaining a few less than fine guests of the Imperium. And the moment my back is turn, you vanish away up here to touch my things."

Gaerwn bit down onto his lip, those hauntingly blue-white eyes dipping to the ground in thought. Or perhaps he really was coming to terms with his foolish plan.

"Oh Amatus," Dorian sighed to himself, causing the Inquisitor to whip his sight right at him, "if you wished to rifle through my drawers you need only ask."

"I was not attempting to... You think me a thief?" he placed his remaining hand to this chest, rifling up the minor bunching along his doublet that went out of fashion two years ago. It was a wonder the Inquisitor was allowed to any of high society's functions, but one could get away with the most egregious of slights after saving the world. The Marcher's champion of Kirkwall was proof enough of that.

Pacing closer, Dorian rifled through a few of his shelves checking to make certain his knickknacks remained where they should be. He found nothing amiss, save the gem that the Inquisitor once had his callused fingers around. When Dorian approached it, he caught a glint of his reflection in the multicolored facets. Time had been kind enough to him, his mustache growing more salty in the intervening years, and the wrinkles perched beside his eyes giving him a dignified look. But when he stared into that gem he saw the lie he was hiding behind, the ephemeral man who couldn't be touched much less scarred by anything of this world.

His eyes shut tight and the facade shattered. Dorian took in a deep breath as he whispered, "What hurts most is that you didn't even think to ask." When he looked over at Gaerwn the elf was shifting in place, clearly wishing to leap out a window to avoid this tongue lashing. "Amatus, there is nothing in my possession that I wouldn't hesitate to dedicate to your cause."

"Dorian," the man leaned forward a moment as if he intended to embrace the broken Magister, but he settled back on his heels.

"So," he shook his head, trying to focus on the matter at hand, "what do you need this for?" Dorian hefted up the gemstone some called the Eye of Marcoto. It was hard to say if the legend was true, but it was large and shiny. Sometimes that was enough to convince the drooling masses of an object's worth.

"Will it seal up another rift between this world and the fade?" Dorian asked while tipping the gem back and forth in his hand. "Perhaps banish one of those old Gods? End the darkspawn once and for all? I can keep guessing all night, Amatus."

"I didn't come here for the blighted stone!" Gaerwn suddenly erupted, causing Dorian to rear back a moment in surprise.
While the Inquisitor paced inside of his cage of choice, Dorian returned the glittering bauble to its stand. Time passed unyielding between the two, each beat of their hearts banging into another second stretching with thunderous silence. "Well," Dorian sighed, "it goes without saying then, what purpose drove you here?"

"Magister Erasmo," Gaerwn gasped out, his face twisted in agony as if he had to force his words through a mountain.

Dorian gripped tighter to his arms and tapped his toe. When no more seemed to be coming from that taciturn tongue, he picked up the thread, "Is the one who gifted me that gemstone. What? Is he under investigation by chantry forces? Do you fear the man might be part of whatever latest thedas shattering issue you've taken up cause for?"

"He..." The elf had never looked more perturbed in his life, as far as Dorian could remember. Even when standing upon the smoking ruins of Haven, Gaerwn could maintain an aloofness that served him surprisingly well inside the human spheres he tripped into. But here, trapped behind Dorian's stuffy door, he seemed to be coming fully undone. Sighing and shaking his head as if to clear the emotional burst, Gaerwn sputtered, "He's very handsome."

"That..." Dorian coughed a moment, not expecting that response at all, "there are some who bandy it about." In truth, he'd certainly noticed Erasmo's rather striking cheekbones and tight build -- especially when the man decided that bare shoulders were in. But looking at his old love practically crumbling to ash before him, Dorian thought better than to voice that observation.

Gaerwn shifted on his bare feet and sighed, "And he's a good ten years younger than I."

"I'd never thought to ask his age," Dorian said and the eyes that once softened to cream in Dorian's arms now hardened sharper than any gemstone he could have in his possession. Gaerwn didn't believe him. What was all this about Erasmo?

Scratching along his hair, the white-grey locks as thick and lush as Dorian remembered, Gaerwn stared around at anything that could serve as a distraction. Sadly, he didn't command a dragon to his whim anymore and there didn't appear to be anyone at the party stumbling in questioning where the host vanished to. With a deep sigh, Gaerwn sputtered out, "I came to find his letter to you that accompanied the gift."

"Letter?"

"To see if it...if it was true that you and he were..." Gaerwn waved his hand through the air, his tongue unable to conjure anymore words out of thin air.

Dorian eyed him up a moment, trying to find a laugh. While the Inquisitor was funnier than most assumed, it was only the driest of wits his Amatus bandied about in. A foolish prank seemed beyond him, unless he spent far too much time around Sera. "You are concerned that I am involved with Erasmo?"

The reaction was instantaneous, Gaerwn shaking his head like mad, the man slinking back further into the shadows. "No, no," he insisted even as he glanced towards the windows. Perhaps he was rethinking making his escape that way. "Your personal business is your own, I would never interfere in such matters. It was...I only wondered if..."

"Because he is handsome, and younger, and sent me that as a gift," Dorian continued, his voice and stance giving away nothing.

Gaerwn winced a moment as his heartbreaking eyes swung towards the bobble that his old love kept propped up on a pedestal in his personal study. Sucking in an acrid breath, the Inquisitor spat out, "It is not beyond the realm of belief."

"Amatus," Dorian reached over and caught Gaerwn's fluttering fingers in his hand. Still slightly cool to the touch, Gaerwn's palm didn't yank away from the grip. Instead he folded his fingers around Dorian's -- their first touch in years. "I'm afraid Erasmo takes his pleasure in another's bed, a few others if I interpret the rumors correctly."

"Fenheedis lasa," Gaerwn cursed to himself. He tugged his hand away in order to pull at his face. Time was less kind to the Inquisitor, the stress of all of thedas' problems guaranteed to wear upon him. But even with the blotchy bags pilled under his eyes, the creases folding beside his nose and at the top of the bridge, or the spots of age and too much sun forming new moles, he remained breathtaking.

The man was how Dorian pictured a spirit of duty. Eyes that shined with justice, a grit to his chiseled jaw that no enemy could sunder, hair that was thicker than a bear's. It was hard to work
hair into the equation but Dorian adored rummaging his hands through it and tried to include mention every chance he had. When Gaerwn moved it was as if he had control of every muscle in his body at all times, from the top of his forehead down to his bare pinkie toes. Every last inch of the man shifted, molded, hardened, and snapped at his command. And that would never age.

Unaware of the lecherous thoughts keeping Dorian's eyes, brain, and tongue busy, Gaerwn finished pawing at his face and he began to apologize. "Forgive me for impeding your social event. I should not have...I was foolishly led astray, and will never allow it to happen again."

"Amatus," he breathed, his head tipping to the side.

"Your life is...your own, and I have no right to interfere in such capacity as to..." Gaerwn shut his eyes up tight, "I am sorry."

The Inquisitor moved to step aside, to sweep off down the stairs and back into the night of the Imperium as if he were never here. But Dorian placed a hand to the man's taut stomach. Was it his imagination or was it quivering? "Amatus, I don't want your apologies. I don't want your blunder explained away with a flip of your hand."

Gaerwn's hot ice eyes burned up through Dorian's spine and he stepped closer to his old love. With lips parted, Dorian continued, "I do not want your amends, nor your explanation. And I don't want you begging for forgiveness..." He paused, his body a breath away from the elf's as both took in a deep drink of the other. With a smirk that lifted up his mustache, Dorian whispered, "unless you do it on your knees."

Gaerwn's hand dug through Dorian's hair, his wiry elf propping up onto his bare toes. Hunger piercing from the veil itself, Gaerwn's famished lips found succor on top of Dorian's. Kissing as if they'd both never attempted it together and had never stopped, both men curled tighter into each other. Dorian's palms wrapped tight to Gaerwn's chest, digging into the body he could feel straining below. And his Amatus kept a grip onto Dorian's head as if he feared that the wily magister might suddenly vanish into the ether.

"Fasta vaas," Dorian moaned, his tongue lapping out to lick his lips. Missing the kiss, Gaerwn risked a peek and the old magister smiled, "I forgot how much like sex you smell at all times."

Musk without the skunkiness, his love never reeked the way far too many of the southern barbarian's would. Burying his nose into Gaerwn's neck, Dorian took in a greater whiff to breathe him in deeper. His amatus groaned, greedily digging his fingers into Dorian's no longer well tamed hair as he elongated his neck.

Dorian needed no more introduction, but he wasn't in a particular mood to sample that. Those kisses were for loves that'd been parted a few weeks, or were attempting to rekindle something lost. Squaring his shoulders, Dorian drew his tongue up the eternally clean shaven jawline. In his hands, Gaerwn began to quiver as if he was yet as untouched as the day he was born.

Taking his time pressing a kiss here and there, Dorian lapped his way to the elf's slack lips and dipped his tongue straight in. Gaerwn roused from his stupor, that agile tongue of his tasting right back. And what a taste. Each lap brought in more of that heady sexual energy that enveloped his Amatus, and every lick pushed Dorian harder and harder in his trousers.

He blinked in surprise when a hand drew across his chest. Dorian had been so lost in his love's lips he failed to notice Gaerwn's fingers were finding their way down. Nails skittered against the exposed flesh right above Dorian's waist enflaming his already ecstatic body. Gasping into Gaerwn's mouth, when that steady hand that never faltered in duty circled over his thighs and cupped right against Dorian's bulge, the Magister chuckled a moment. His hot breath darted into Gaerwn's mouth, the elf's eyes smirking while he made himself familiar with the tightening package growing ever more impatient with each swipe. It was foolish, but he felt as if he was a young man being felt up in the back bench of a theater play by whoever was willing to sit beside him. Dorian's heart thundered about in his chest, flapping back and forth like a bird trapped inside a cage. It wanted release. He wanted release.

Gaerwn's lips puckered up, plunging in for more kisses while those questing fingers slipped to the side. It gave Dorian a moment to steady himself, when his Amatus' stump swung forward and pinned to the top of Dorian's rather stylish belt. Working as if he never even lost his hand, Gaerwn shed Dorian's trappings in record time. When the belt went, so did the trousers.

Cool air bounced against Dorian's pecker, which was having a bit of a look see from between the edges of his luxurious doublet. His Amatus paused in the kisses and those spine melting eyes burned into Dorian. How many times did he gaze upon them from across crowded battlefields, ballrooms, or a blustery chantry? How many times did he miss finding them?

With a smirk, Gaerwn began to descend to his knees. Dorian guffawed a moment, "That was only
"You jest," his love said, his voice clear as a bell. "But I choose to take it as an order." Parting his lips, Gaerwn’s hot mouth swiped against the head of Dorian’s reason for being. The touch was so light as to be comparable to a butterfly, but Dorian groaned from the bottom of his danglers. He was entrenched in the view of the man with salty waves lapping his tongue forward and encircling it around the knobby end.

As Gaerwn leaned in, Dorian wrapped both his arms around his Amatus’ head and held on for dear life. The elf’s lips pursed at the top like an impregnable dungeon, but as he drew them downward, Dorian’s pecker forced apart the warmth it craved. Folding his lips against his teeth, Gaerwn slid him in even deeper down his throat. That wily, wet tongue rifled up and down his shaft, Dorian’s hands beginning to tremble as he lost himself in the wiles of the gorgeous man at his crotch.

He wanted to pump his hips, to thrust himself in and out with Gaerwn’s ramping up machinations. To explode inside the man that stole into his home because of his burning jealousy.

No.

Dorian cupped a hand to Gaerwn’s cheeks and pulled the man back. As he extracted his pecker, it glistened in the orange candle light as if it’d been dipped in gold. His love’s haunting eyes tipped up, the man staring in confusion. Wrapping a hand under his chin, Dorian tried to help him to rise even as he had to calm the blood from boiling straight out of his veins.

When Gaerwn stood, Dorian leaned closer to whisper in his ear, "I’ve had a change of mind. Instead of you begging for forgiveness on your knees, I’d much prefer you spread eagle on the desk."

The smile rising upon Gaerwn’s cheeks made Dorian’s stomach lift up into his throat. Leaning forward, Gaerwn kissed him long and hard. Lips mashed into teeth, tongues battling for supremacy, the force so strong Dorian felt himself stumbling to meet it. When his back bumped into something, his eyes darted over to find it was the desk that his love shoved him to.

Drawing a hand against Gaerwn’s cheek, Dorian whispered in his ear, "Have I told you that I adore you?"

His elf shuddered, "Not recently enough."

"Hm, how about that I wish to ride your ass until you scream my name?"

The smile returned, lightening the stern man in an instant, "That’s what I was hoping to hear."

Gaerwn reached for his belt, but Dorian beat him to it. His hands cupped against the hip bones that never receded even after all this time. They prodded right above the trouser’s waistband, supported by a belt which he knotted off instead of using a buckle. Dalish.

While Gaerwn’s hot tongue lapped from Dorian’s mouth, down his jaw, and back to ruffle up the mustache, he worked upon the knot. It was a pain, but getting the leather free of its constrains was worth that effort. With nimble fingers, Dorian undid each of the buttons straining against Gaerwn’s own hungry todger. His arbor vitae as they’d call it in easier times.

Peeling the tight pants off of him, Dorian cupped his fingers to the penis that’d be the envy of many in the bath houses. Long but not to the point of being comical, it bore a crown that capped off the shaft with an extra inch of length and girth to what he was used to. This made Gaerwn highly reactive to every gentle swipe or harder tug. The stoic, taciturn Inquisitor was exceptionally sensitive in the right hands.

"Blessed Creators," Gaerwn gasped into Dorian’s mouth, his entire body shifting forward to try and lay his vitae inside Dorian’s hands. Hm, Dorian chuckled to himself while his fingers circled up and down paradise. He was very tempted to take to his own knees and taste that luxurious skin upon his tongue, but no. He did make a promise after all.

Kneading his hands into Gaerwn’s asscheeks, Dorian cupped underneath his love’s testicles. The skin tugged softly forward, causing Gaerwn to gasp while the exploring fingers inched their way backwards. At that little knot just below the surface between fun out and very fun in, he shifted his finger inward to dig the knuckle in.

"Yes, yes," Gaerwn cried, his hand grasping against Dorian’s shoulder. A few peacock feathers scattered to the floor, but it was worth it to watch his love with head thrown back sucking in air while he instinctively parted his legs. With a coxsure smile, which Dorian kept pressed against Gaerwn’s panting lips, his finger circled around the puckered flesh of the back door. Not that
Gaerwn's deserved such a moniker as it was quite lovely and well tended even at the most mundane of times.

The tip slid in, swirling with the folded skin which caused Gaerwn to stutter in elvish. Dorian was rather fluent in it at this point in his life, but his Amatus was so far gone it seemed to be gibberish. "Ma Vhenan," Gaerwn gasped, his haunting eyes snapping open wide as they circled around the room. His chest rose taut against the doublet, tugging upon the laces to try and suck in a breath. "Do you have any lubrication present?"

Unable to stand the wild abandon coupled with guarded concern in Gaerwn's eyes, Dorian gripped onto his chin and turned the man right to him. With a slow smile, he parted the veil, grease sliding from the fade down his fingers. Leaning forward with his lips glancing across Gaerwn's, Dorian slipped his finger deep inside. His amatus gasped, mouth cast wide, open lips slipping against Dorian's and a shave of teeth in ecstasy, while his eyes rolled back into his skull. Dorian worked him slowly, opening him up for so much more. So much better.

"Been awhile, Amatus?" he asked, savoring the slippery glide of two fingers wedging the man further apart.

Gaerwn shoveled air into his mouth, the wrinkles at the sides of his nose deepening in his throes. It took him a moment to realize that Dorian even spoke. With a slow twinkle, he said, "What do you always call me?"

"Oh, believe me, my love, I only refer to you as a tight ass in true adoration. And some fantastical daydreaming as well," Dorian grinned wide while he worked his finger past the second knuckle up inside his lover.

"Creators themselves!" Gaerwn shouted, "I can take no more!"

Dorian paused, his hand slipping free. His amatus lunged forward, teeth nipping upon the Magister's lip, tongue laying flat the white streaks in his mustache. Before Dorian could give in to the ploy, Gaerwn turned around and gripped white knuckle onto the desk. His glorious, plump and golden ass glistened by candle light. Maker, it was unfair that such a treasure was designed to be sat upon.

Skirting his hand over the crest, Dorian was held in awe a moment, when Gaerwn grunted, "As I said..."

"Inquisitor," Dorian chuckled while sliding in behind him. His hands swerved up to circle around Gaerwn's hips and hold taut to his stomach. "I am here to serve."

"Since when?" Gaerwn snorted before snapping into more gasps as Dorian's slick hand gripped onto that giving shaft and tugged skyward.

"Since always, Amatus," Dorian whispered, hot breath wafting against the steepled ear beside his lips.

While Gaerwn quivered in his arms, Dorian's lubed hand slid backwards from one pecker to grab another. More grease sprung from the fade, coating himself extra well to make the fit. It was true, it was going to be a tight one, but that made him dig his toes into his boots in anticipation. With his longest finger, he parted the hole prepared for him, a low groan tumbling off of Gaerwn's tongue. Certain in his choice, Dorian guided himself right to the edge of the abyss.

A breath passed between the two, Gaerwn biting his own lip in anticipation as Dorian clung tight to the elf's hips. The man's ass cheeks flexed tighter, trying to will him in, but Dorian enjoyed this moment far too much to wish it over so soon.

"Prepare yourself," Dorian whispered, his silky voice cracking in need. Gaerwn whimpered once, begging for the beginning of the end, when Dorian thrust his hips. His cock slid in an inch, boring through the man who'd been out of the game too long.

Gaerwn tumbled forward, his stump pressing against the desk as his head hung down. Giving very shallow pumps, Dorian tried to ease his way in while his Amatus grunted and shoveled in air. "More..." Gaerwn ordered, "Give me all of you."

"Gladly," Dorian chuckled and did as commanded. Blighted blood of Andraste, it was like thrusting into the fist of the Maker. Spots darted up Dorian's vision as he bore down and began the rhythmic pounding that Gaerwn begged for.

His stark, unflinching Inquisitor started to bang his stump into the desk -- each smack of the edge matching in kind with Dorian's thrust. When it began to increase in tempo so did Dorian, his cock rippling with pleasure as it gained in stature with each thrust. His skin crackled in the air, sparks
attempting to find purchase on anything real in this world as the energy of sex molded into the energy of the fade.

"Harder," Gaerwn commanded in the same voice that led armies, that shook nations, that drew an upset Tevinter revolutionary panting to his bed. Losing his mind with each thrust, Dorian wrapped an arm around Gaerwn's stomach and tugged the elf backwards.

He moaned, Dorian's cock parting deeper as the man greedily impaled himself. Panting in delicious agony, Dorian's lips nibbled upon Gaerwn's earlobe. His tongue lashed out, tracing the shell in its never ending climb. When he reached the sharp point, he bit down. Gaerwn trembled, his ass clenching tight and nearly pushing Dorian off the cliff.

His amatus gasped and squeaked, the slender throat blocking as breaths of pure ardor and bliss jammed up inside. Slowly, Dorian guided his hand back around the man's naked hips. He swooped his palm up to cup the jewels swaying in the thrusts before giving a good grip to the shaft and taking Gaerwn home. Every pump of Dorian's hips, bringing him untold pleasures, caused Gaerwn's to follow suit and his cock to slip and slide right through Dorian's hungry fingers.

"N-n-n..." Gaerwn stuttered, his head dipping lower as his entire body folded downward to allow Dorian full access. "Now!" he shouted as the vitae in Dorian's fingers hardened to a rock and shuddered. Cum spurted out, some of it squirting into the magister's palm but a lot of it finding its way to splatter on his desk. The feel of another man exploding in his arms drove Dorian right off his own cultivated edge.

With hot lips pressing against the back of Gaerwn's neck, Dorian drove his pecker one last time as deep as possible and the magic happened. He shuddered from the tips of his toes up to his eyebrows while every nerve in his body sparkled awake. Hands still coated in semen, Dorian dug tight into Gaerwn's hips while his own filled the man he loved. Even as the last of the soul lifting tremors faded away from the satiated man, Dorian didn't rise.

He didn't want Gaerwn to see the tears he was burying against the back of the man's head.

"Dor-i-an," Gaerwn stuttered, the man's body slumping further down as he couldn't take the pressure on his stump.

Shaking away his maudlin turn, Dorian excised himself and tried to assist the Inquisitor. But the man was shaking his head and refused to rise from the desk. Uncertain, Dorian fell in beside him, his hands flexing against the mahogany wood. Gaerwn smiled wide and sliding over on his stump, pressed a kiss to Dorian's lips.

"That was..." the man sucked in a breath again, his ice-blue eyes sparking in wonder, "magnificent."

Dorian shrugged, "You always were easily impressed."

"Don't," Gaerwn began, causing the easy manner to shatter like ice. "Don't hide it away, don't scamper back from...from all of that."

The man who'd remained alone, though not celibate, pursed his lips in consternation. It was wise to shake it off with a jolly laugh and handshake at the end. No more. He'd wished for more once, but even that...even that was doomed to failure. Yet he felt it still wafting through his heart like some sick joke. Hope cried out for more, growing increasingly insistent with every turn of Gaerwn's loving eyes.

"What shall we do then, Amatus?" Dorian sighed. "I'm not above riding you until you in turn ride back to Skyhold, but..."

His haunting eyes shut tight, the man who'd stood as the bastion against darkness for nigh on twenty years shuddering. "Ma Vehnan," he whispered as if to himself, "I am so very tired."

"I'd say that's rather normal. Sex does tend to make one wish to tip over into slumber. Probably why its preferred state is done around beds."

Gaerwn skirted his fingers against Dorian's shoulder, scattering the last of the pompous peacock feathers. The magister glanced over, feeling stripped by the move but not angry at it. Almost as if he too was exhausted of the station and all its trappings. Tugging into the bare skin, Gaerwn drew himself into his lover's arms. When his face nuzzled into Dorian's chest, the magister thought to wrap his arms around him too.

"I've attempted to do what's right," Gaerwn began. "To do what is asked of me. To do what is required of me. After all this time, all these struggles, all these scars," he paused and took in a
breath. Lifting his head, the chin digging into Dorian's buckle, Gaerwn smiled, "I wish to do what I want."

"Wh..." Dorian could feel all the old arguments they made for each other percolating behind his eyes. You belong in Skyhold. You do the best work there. I am needed here in Tevinter, so I can try somehow to save my homeland. And we...we'll consider a future as a potential retirement plan. Nothing more.

But he was tired of the waiting too. Tired of leaving his amatus as a pair of eyes flitting in the background, or a lingering scent in the doorway. He ached for the man's body to slumber beside his once again, for his dirty feet to leave prints across Dorian's best rugs, for those sparkling eyes to greet him only an inch away in the morning.

"Dorian?" Gaerwn prompted, his lips hanging slack while he eyed up his half naked love. They both sang the same song numerous times, backing up each other in a harmony that kept their lives from being entwined, their hearts separated by distance and duty.

He was sick of it all.

Turning in place, Dorian whispered, "Amatus." He smirked a moment, his eyes skirting down along the man's body before he landed right upon those lips. Wrapping a steadying cheek against them, Dorian dove in for a kiss that tasted different from all the others they'd covered each other in. Those were want, this was need.

As Dorian slid back, Gaerwn's eyes opened to half lids and he smiled, "Ma Vhenan."
He couldn't hide his body's betrayal while she curled so tight to him. It prodded into her lower belly, begging for any kind of release. He ached to touch her, but that was hardly new.

"Mmm," Lana purred into his chest, her head nuzzling against him, "been missing me?"

"You know I have," he whispered, his voice dipping lower to match the want in his blood.

She lifted her head enough he watched her little teeth press against her juicy bottom lip. "How many times have you thought about missing me?"

"Well, I haven't exactly kept count," he tried to play off the rising embarrassment with a joke. They had a newborn, she was walking through the darkness, there was still their half farm plus charges. He was far from being in a position to waste such time on frippery.

"You must have," she whispered, her hand sliding lower across his stomach, "some idea?" To finish, that cruel palm twisted around his erection growing harder with every breath.

"Sweet Maker," Cullen groaned, far too aware of how long it had been. He grew so busy there was a fear of a return of nocturnal emissions if he didn't take care of things soon. His sweet wife brushed her hot lips against his neck, that mischievous hand sliding his pants up and down his cock. "Why," he tried to shake away the buzzing in his ears, "why does that fascinate you so?"

Her fingers paused and she blinked a moment, staring up at him. "You, taking matters into your capable hands? Driving yourself to the brink so slowly you cry out for Andraste upon release? Yes, I can't imagine why that 'fascinates me' so."

"It..." Cullen gulped, trying to shake off the shame of how well his own wife knew about that.

"Tell me," Lana's nuzzling returned, though her fingers broke from his cock to rifle up and down his waist. "Do you ever imagine me seeking release on my own?"

"Sometimes," Cullen gasped, "And others I think of you with me, you finishing me, and...Maker's breath." He lost the ability to speak, the flush of embarrassment winning over. Sure, they had intimate moments, but this was even more private and not something to be discussed in his wood shop.

"Cullen?" Lana whispered his name in her dusky voice all but damning him to reveal every dirty thought he'd ever had in his lifetime. "What would you have of me?"

"Lana..." the worry erupted up his spine, concern over her well being, of him pushing her too hard curbing his lust.

"I want you," she breathed into his ear before licking along the lobe. "Now, how do you want
Every hunger roared to life, puncturing his waning attempts at chastity. Glancing once over his bench, Cullen scattered the tools to the side before scooping up his wife and placing her upon it. She laughed once, eyeing up how far her feet dangled off the floor upon the waist high counter, "I don't think this will quite work..."

Her words and fears of the height differential faded as he returned to kissing her, those lips nibbling upon his while his hands skirted apart her dress enough to dip down the front. She groaned in the back of her throat, no doubt matched by him as Cullen gently squeezed her full breasts. With each kneading, Lana began to pant harder, obliterating Cullen's control as he tugged and warped the collar of her dress. He shouldn't destroy her few clothes, but...

Seeming to rise back from her island of bliss, Lana reached inside and undid a few secret clasps. Her dress fell open, letting both of her breasts tumble free. "Nursing mother," she chuckled. "It's a bit like stripper in how quickly you can get your top off when the need arises."

"Maker's breath, I love you," Cullen muttered, diving back to her witty tongue. She wasn't a coy one either, despite giving him the reins. Perched within easy reach, her legs wrapped around his waist tugging him tighter to the bench. He gave in until those wily fingers went right back to his belt and all the parts underneath.

Her wrist knocked against the edge of the table struggling to make the distance. Shaking her head at it, the pedantic rose back up, "Seriously, how is this supposed to work?" She gestured to how much higher she was to his straining cock. "Do you have a box to stand on?"

Andraste preserve him, but he loved that. She was so dead certain on helping him live out his fantasies she couldn't stop focusing on how to make it happen. "Lana," Cullen whispered in her ear. His voice was so dusky her perturbations died down and she shuddered. "This is where I want you."

"Okay...?"

He heard the question of "what are you doing?" as he tugged her forward towards the edge. Slowly his fingers skirted down her waist, trailing the thick fabric that protected her sweet skin from the cold. She began to rotate back and forth on her glorious ass, wanting him to get a move on. That drew a laugh to the old, stodgy templar, who slid his fingers up her legs. Calves, once so strong to carry her across Ferelden, they now required his healing massage often. Her thighs, soft to the gentle touch, but rock hard when she flexed them. The muscle hid deep below her cushioning. His thumbs circled around the top of her thighs, following the crease that led down to the part he dreamed of while touching himself.

"What are you...?" she shifted a moment when he grabbed onto her smalls and yanked them downward. It was fast enough they didn't have a chance to snag against his less than refined woodworking table. Cullen moved to toss them to the side when he paused and bundled them into her hand.

"Keep them safe," he whispered to her confused eyes. She was still focused on the height differential and the fact he kept his pants on. It wasn't until he took to a knee, that Lana's lips fell open first in understanding, then desire.

"This is what you want? After so long?" she sputtered. He didn't answer, his fingers gently teasing the skin up and down her inner thighs. It'd been so long that simple touch caused her to shiver. Bunching up her dress at the front, Cullen slowly bundled it together until he was face to face with her mound, slit, folds, dwarven beard. He'd heard them all and often worse but despite all the intervening years and the trials together he'd always thought of it as her perfection. Maker take him, Lana'd probably groan, then take the piss out of him for it.

He parted his fingers through her pubic hair, knotting those ebony curls tight in his fist as he would with the ones sprouting from her head. Lana rolled her fingers through his hair, then grabbed onto her dress, giving him free access. Barely a finger glancing against her plump lower lips, she shuddered and placed her legs upon his shoulders. Opening up wider, Cullen dove tongue first into her.

The smell was pure Lana, the one he cherished through all their times apart. At first he lightly lapped against her clitoris, taking the time to softly suckle upon her inner lips before returning back to the main event. When the tempo increased, Lana slid her legs further along his shoulders, rolling her hips to match his rhythm. Rubbing a hand back along her leg, Cullen felt the rise of goosebumps against her skin, his wife muttering something incoherent above him.

She leaned back upon her elbows, giving fully in to his machinations which made him smile against her. Out of every possible position she could manage, this was what he missed most. The
others he could pretend to mimic on his own, but not this. Feeling her melt below his tongue and fingers, watching her tremble when the release hit, hearing her shriek gibberish because her taut brain unwound – that was what he loved and ached for.

"Cu-u-l..." his name faded to panting as she drove herself harder against his tongue, all but riding it. He moved to part her lips, ready to slide a finger in, when Lana knotted up tight around him. Her thighs clenched around his head and she sat up until her fingers gripped onto his hair. The wave of pleasure bore down hard through her, only a few grunts and the occasional curse slipping free until she released her hold and lay back upon the bench.

"That was quick," he remarked, wiping off his chin and rising up off his knees.

"Yeah," Lana gasped, a hand laying upon her bare bosom. "Real quick, been a while and you..." She sat up suddenly, snuggling his cheeks in her hands. "You're blighted amazing," she shouted as if for the whole world to hear. Tugging him to her for a kiss, she all but mimicked his tongue moves in his mouth.

Gasping in a breath, Cullen reached for her smalls while trying to shake off the tremble in his spine, "Here, let me help you put them back on." "Oh no, by the void, no," Lana shook her head wildly. "No, no, I don't care where, but you are sticking your cock in me." "That..." the blush was in full force at her brash certainty.

She grabbed his hands and tugged them tight around her back. That gave her enough room to part her hands down his shirt before reaching for the belt again. "I've been waking from so many dreams where you ravage me until I can't walk straight. I can't take it anymore." Her ferocity drove her to whip his belt off and expose the part of him Lana would always control. She circled her fingers up and down it, barely a whisper of a touch, but it burned away the lingering trepidation of hurting her.

"Okay," Cullen nodded, regretting he didn't have a step stool in place for him to stand on.

Lana smirked and slipped off the bench to land upon her feet. With one hand keeping his cock warm, she began to dip down to her knees when Cullen stopped her. She shot him a questioning look, but he had to fight through his mouth clogged with lust first to talk. "No, not that, I...I want inside you."

"Pretty sure that counts as..." she smiled, then eyed up the answer. Spinning in place, she gripped onto the bench, her beautiful ass hidden behind the dress bumping into him.

"You're a little bit short still," Cullen explained. Maybe if they put down a blanket or...

"Grab my legs," she instructed, bumping it into him and enflaming his erection even more.

"Um," he wasn't so certain about this, but Maker, he had to try. Tugging up her skirt, Cullen wrapped it tight around her waist and then knotted the ends together. His wife laughed at the ingenuity, until his hand skirted across her ass, as plump as ever. The moan huffed out of her lips as she tipped her head down to glance across the table. That was certainly promising.

Enjoying the leisurely pace, Cullen scooped his hands forward around her waist while Lana slid her legs further apart. She wanted him, begged for him. Taking care, he parted her inner lips and began to slide a finger inside when Cullen paused. There was some lubrication but nowhere near what he expected.

"Lana," he blinked, concerned that she was only pretending for his sake. "Do you wish to do this?"

"What?" she whipped her head over her shoulder. "Of blighted course I do! L...ah, right. I'm not very wet because," taking in a slow breath, she murmured as if it was a failing, "my body's still figuring itself back out after the birth and that hasn't flipped on yet."

"I don't want to hurt you," he muttered, a hand sliding against the crest of her ass.

Lana turned from her hold, cupping a palm to his cheek, "You never do." Kissing her, Cullen accepted that this would happen another day, when he tasted the veil splitting open. It wasn't much of a spell but as her hand slid up and down his cock, lubrication coated it.

"Grease spell," she laughed, "all the mages learn it, though boys seem far more interested for some reason."

Spinning back around, she gripped onto the table and spread her legs. Cullen ran his fingers over
her hips, trying to catch his breath. He hadn't lifted her like this in some time. Always impatient, his wife bumped her ass against his cock. Greased up, it slid between her cheeks and Cullen could take no more. Digging in tight, he tugged her legs clean off the ground, taking almost all her weight in his arms. Working his hips back, Cullen guided his greased up cock down across her taint until the head brushed upon the perfection it yearned for.

He meant to go slow, to be gentle with the woman who only a few months prior expelled a baby, but the grease and his eagerness slid him deep into Lana. A groan erupted from her as she tossed her head back, Cullen freezing in place, until she gasped out, "More!"

Weaving with his wife in his arms, he began to thrust into her. Was it different? He couldn't entirely tell, the pressure mounting so fast with every pump of his hips Cullen could only slow himself down by hoisting Lana higher or lower. The gasping gave way to deeper panting, Lana's legs struggling to wrap around his back as she drew herself to match his thrusts.

It was all over when she did that. The aching drove him to thrust as hard as he could, each slip of him against her internal bumps and turns pushing him closer and closer to the edge until...

"Blessed Maker, preserve me!" Cullen gasped, the orgasm burning from his aching balls up through his spine and beyond. He only kept a tight hold to Lana out of pure force of will, every ounce of strength in his body fleeing in an instant. The force struck so hard, he felt the urge to fall to his knees in praise of the woman who was chuckling at the mess dribbling down her thighs.

Tipping his hips back to disengage, and making even more of a mess in the process, he helped her legs back down. She was all smiles, unknotting her skirt so that it slipped back down to hide away her legs. Cullen kept a tight grip to himself to try and contain some of the mess as the final vestiges spurted free. Of course, his wife twisted around and threw her arms around him for a hug. She seemed to rarely care about the stains of sex, as if the spills were always the least of her concerns.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" he asked, one hand curling along her back and reaching upward to play with her hair.

"My Honey eyes," she snickered, her own bottomless ones staring up into his. "It takes a lot more than that to hurt me."

"Lana..." he breathed, tucking her tighter to him in a hug. She was the fist of the Maker, a controlled fury to cleanse thedas of a blight. Hero to all and Savior as well. She was also fragile, haunted by demons of her own make, with a body that could fail same as his, same as anyone's. He never wanted to be the cause of it. Not even in Kinloch, not even as he ranted about purging the mages, not her. Not ever.

"What's the matter?" she asked, tucking the far too long curls back behind his ear. Another matter he needed to take care of but kept putting off to spend time beside the fire with his wife and son.

"I love you," Cullen sputtered, burying his face into the top of her head.

She chuckled at that, "Yes, I'm well aware, but I don't think that's a problem."

"It's...sometimes I forget how much I do, and then it hits me and," Maker's sake, he sounded like a babbling idiot, "I'm overwhelmed."

Her chin tipped to the side as if she was trying to diagnose and study him. "Cullen," she breathed his name, her warm fingers curling up against his cheek, "you deserve love."

That was it. He chuckled a bit even as a weight lifted off his chest. "How do you know me so well? How can you pluck thoughts from my mind without me even knowing them?" It was meant as a compliment but for a brief moment he saw the old wall, the old fears rise. Blood magic. No, he never...

Lana laughed too, the threat fading before it even began, "Six years of marriage gives me a bit of a head start in such matters. You care for your son."

"I do," he confessed, feeling even more stupid with every word.

"It will come, in time. Yours is a well guarded heart, always has been."
Lady Love, Princess X Assassin F/F

Chapter Summary

This is the big love scene (F/F) between Alistair's daughter and an assassin she picks up on the road. It takes place in my story about the kids of Alistair and Cullen as they navigate this scary world of near adulthood.

Read A New Hero here.

Spinning in place, Anjali ran out of the tent and into the storm. Without thinking, Rosie gave chase after her. The moment she crossed into the storm, Rosie's body twisted towards the ground. Rain and winds hammered hard into her shoulders, nearly wiping the much shorter woman out. But Anjali, either with the power of her fury or being used to such weather, marched onward.

Gritting her teeth, Rosie dug a heel into the mud and staggered up. She chased after the woman trying to flee into the dark skies. "Wait!" her voice could barely echo about the crash of thunder. If Anjali heard her, she gave no signal, the woman stomping harder through the dirt and barely caring that the rain was hammering upon them both.

She was angry at her, the woman's head practically steaming from the chilled rain and it cut right to Rosie's tender heart. Anjali had the longer gait, even walking she was outpacing Rosie and would soon be gone. A foolish fear struck her that she might not see the woman ever again.

"Please," Rosie whimpered, rain dripping off of her forehead to pool on her cheeks. "Please, stop."

Something in her tone must have made it over the pounding weather, as Anjali froze in her tracks. Her head hung down a bit, eyes seeming to skim across the puddles, but she wouldn't turn around to face Rosie.

"Why? Tell me, princess?" Anjali's waterlogged face twisted to Rosie, rivulets streaming across her rich skin as she stared. "Why should I stop?"

Rosie took in a deep breath, struggling against the battering of the storm and the water already tightening her dress to her skin. Why did she come out here? Why did she chase after this assassin? Why did she care to stop her?

For a beat Anjali's glare shifted to one of confusion and hope. She wanted an answer, any answer beyond a dismissal. Rosie could feel it in the air, hear the answer in her heart, but she was frozen in place. Water drenched through Anjali's headscarf, flattening it tight to her curls which were already escaping. She looked so...so what?

Pure as rainwater, hot as an open fire, electric as the storm zapping overhead.

Why couldn't she stop staring at this impossibly striking other woman?

You know why.

Rosie clomped through the mud, not caring at how it erupted from the puddles to latch onto her dress. She lifted a hand, raindrops pelting a barrage into her palm's skin before it found sanctuary nestled against Anjali's cheek. "So I can do this," Rosie whispered before lifting off of her heels and pressing her lips to the ones she'd been aching for.

Steam sizzled through the air, Anjali's heat wafting to Rosie's waning body as for a brief second they melded in perfect harmony. Soft as a flower petal, her lips fell flush with another woman's and her entire body erupted in goosebumps. She moved to slide down, to step back and assess just what she did, when Anjali locked a hand around the back of Rosie's head and pulled her tighter. The assassin's pillowy lips softly nipped against Rosie's bottom one. For a brief moment, her tongue slipped into tune with hers, the heat, the taste, the feel of a woman melting from her touch doing the same to the princess.

With a moan rattling in her throat, Anjali slid back from the kiss, but her hands didn't leave Rosie's body. Her heavy lidded eyes slipped open to beam an amber surprise at the princess. "Sapheela," the assassin whispered, her voice softer than a ribbon.

"I want you," Rosie said, her green eyes only upon Anjali. She didn't care if anyone overheard, if
anyone knew. She'd wanted this for...too long.

The assassin snickered a moment, ran her teeth against her bottom lip, then pulled Rosamund to her for a toe curling kiss. Sweet Maker, it tasted better with each return, as if Anjali could soothe her soul with a simple touch of the lips. She broke from Rosie, her lips trailing a breath away from her supple cheek. Upon landing at her ear, Anjali whispered, "As you command."

Grabbing onto Rosie's hand, Anjali pulled the princess through the rain back towards the tactical tent. Her feet stumbled at first, Rosie's mind numb to the possibility of what was about to happen, when her body caught on fast. Greedily, it picked up speed, a laugh escaping from her throat as she and Anjali ran together into the freedom of the tent.

The canvas flap barely fell to the ground before their lips found each other again. Rosie stumbled backwards, Anjali bumping her into the tactics table, while her fingers threaded through Rosie's waterlogged hair. The princess' hands were busy too, both starting at the top of Anjali's shoulders and curling downward to follow the scoop of her outer ribs. She trailed them inward, savoring the bend to her waist before landing upon those feminine hips. The ones Rosie wanted to knead her palms over for weeks, that she dreamed of feeling sliding against hers.

Certain, Anjali's skilled hands began to undo the first two buttons upon Rosie's dress. Both fell apart, revealing her damp, pale skin rising in goosebumps. "Is my beautiful princess, cold?" Anjali mused. Before Rosie had a chance to respond, she dipped down to press a hot kiss to Rosie's décolletage.

Sweet Maker! She elongated her neck, her head practically dangling backwards as Anjali's tongue lapped a trail from the top of one breast to the other. With each kiss, the assassin undid another button, revealing more of Rosamund's body to her expert touch. Rosie bit down on her lip when she felt the cold dress's compression fall away from her breasts.

Anjali paused, rising up from where her chin had nestled in between Rosie's cleavage. Her palm cupped around the back of Rosie's head, gently pulling her up to stare into Anjali's striking eyes. "Your turn," she breathed against Rosamund's cheek before drawing a long kiss from her.

Confused, Rosie waited limply for an explanation, when Anjali picked up both of her hands and guided them to a hidden set of buttons at the back of her leathers. A breath caught in Rosie's throat, her fingers poised to strip the shirt off the woman who was staring right into her eyes. She ached to, but...

"Please," Anjali whispered, "be gentle."

It was said in such a lighthearted tone, Rosie snickered, her libido flaring alive twice as strong. Plunging her lips deep onto Anjali's inviting ones, she worked to undo an eternal line of tiny buttons. The whole time her breathtaking assassin kept cupping her fingers up and down Rosie's hips, tugging the opened dress further apart. Wet edges dragged against her straining nipples, both begging for something she could barely understand.

Maker's sake, it was hard to concentrate on such tiny buttons slipping below her trembling fingers. Half of the leathers opened from the side, splitting to reveal a swell of Anjali's tear-drop breast. An urge to place her lips against the soft, dark brown skin flared in Rosie's mind, but she had to get the cursed thing off first. And Anjali was drawing her fingers up and down the unbuttoned ends of Rosie's dress. At the bottom, she'd fan her fingers right under Rosie's bosom as if to support them, then dip in tight for a kiss.

"This is blighted impossible," Rosie snarled, barely making any progress.

With a laugh, Anjali's hands broke from their caress. "Okay, we can be a bit less gentle."

Grabbing onto both ends of her leathers, Anjali gave a great tug. The buttons popped apart from their snares, revealing a dark plum nipple prodding slightly downward from the swollen breast.

Carefully, Rosie reached over to tug away the still dangling side of Anjali's tunic. Her left breast was slightly smaller, that nipple pointing right at Rosie as if it wanted her ministrations first. At the bottom, she'd fan her fingers right under Rosie's bosom as if to support them, then dip in tight for a kiss.

"Do you like it?" Anjali asked in a dusky voice.

Rosie's head nodded dumbly, her hands frozen in place as she stared in rapture at this other woman's chest. This woman that wanted her to look, to share, to hopefully touch.

"Not a lot of people get to see this tattoo," she whispered, her fingers sliding off of Rosie to circle below her breasts.

The princess blinked in surprise. She'd been so lost in the other carnal delights, she failed to even notice the red ribbon coiled like a sunning snake across Anjali's torso. The next end began right at
the swell of her left breast, before curling twice across her stomach and sliding towards the back.

"Do they continue around your...?" Rosie began before blushing terribly. She tried to point towards Anjali's ass and the woman smiled at the princess' obvious pain.

"Would you like to find out?" Anjali asked. Dumbly, Rosie nodded her head. Needing no more, the woman tossed off her leather armor onto the ground, then unbuttoned her pants. It all wound up in a wet pile atop her boots, leaving Rosie gasping for air.

She wanted to run her nails up the thighs straining from Anjali's stance. To press her hot lips against the calves and down to the ankle. To drape her thumbs into the part where the thighs met and... Maker's sake, she was drawn to Anjali's pubic hair, hoping to trail her fingers through it and find so much better below.

"Sapheela," she curled her fingers over Rosie's jaw, the naked woman pressing into her with a deep kiss. Even with half of her dress in the way, Rosie could feel Anjali's tight body, the muscles of her legs knocking into hers. How her breasts molded and formed with Rosie's. The princess didn't even realize she was caressing Anjali's chest until the woman moaned in the back of her mouth.

"Andraste, keep going," she ordered, Rosie curling her palm over the fullness of her breasts. As each finger bone bumped over Anjali's nipple, the woman gasped, her body squirming over top of Rosie's. Far in the distance, she could feel the table grinding into her backside, but Rosie didn't care. There was no pain while she was wrapped around such perfection.

Even while Anjali's head was thrown back, her breasts both clutched in Rosie's fingers, the assassin managed to tug down Rosie's dress. First one end slid off her shoulder, revealing the divot of her collarbone. Anjali paused in her throes to press a kiss against Rosie's milky skin. Each petal touch burned through her body, ramping up Rosie's desire.

"Take it off," Rosie growled, her eyes whipping over to the remaining shoulder covered in her wet dress.

"As my lady commands," Anjali smiled. As with her tunic before, the assassin gripped onto Rosie's dress and yanked hard. This time, a few buttons popped free, springing through the tent to land upon dewy grass, but Rosie didn't care. While the dress tumbled to the ground, Anjali's warm fingers caressed first from the top of her shoulders down towards Rosie's straining breasts.

When both dipped along the sides, Rosie moaned from deep within her core. Anjali matched it, her fingers straining to fully envelop Rosie's bust. "Blessed Maker," both women gasped, Anjali circling her fingers to invigorate Rosie's nipples.

She felt as if her brain was on fire, the liquid heat dripping down her spine to spread through every limb, every finger and toe. Her heart throbbed harder, practically reaching up to her ribs to beg for more. With a slow trail, Anjali drew her lips down Rosie's pale skin. Upon reaching Rosie's breast, the woman smiled, "As red as your name." She was about to ask what that meant, when Anjali plunged her lips around Rosie's nipple.

Holy Andraste! Her spine arced, lifting Rosie's lower chest higher. She wanted Anjali to have access, to have it all, to draw as much of Rosie inside her mouth as she could. To see and savor all of her, as much as the assassin wanted.

Fingers hooked around Anjali's waist began to tremble, Rosie's toes foolishly tapping as she kept bouncing on her heels. It was too much. It wasn't enough. It was...she didn't know, but blighted hell she wanted more.

The assassin barely switched to lapping up her other nipple, when Rosie dared to let her fingers slide over the top of Anjali's thighs. Her fingers thrummed upon the taut muscle, gently kneading it the way she'd dreamed at night. With each swipe of her paws, Rosie's skinny fingers dipped deeper in. A thrush of downy soft pubic hair skirted over the top of her index finger and a breath caught in her throat.

Catching that something changed, Anjali lifted her head up to stare right into Rosie's emerald eyes. At the look, Rosie's fingers froze, her spine locking in tight. Somewhere in the back of her brain buzzed every half whispered thought on why this was idiotic, ill defined, not to be considered.

Then Anjali's toe curling smile lifted up her succulent lips and obliterated every fear locked inside Rosie's heart. Butting her head tight, Rosie kissed the deadly assassin with her lips, and gently thumbed down the middle of her opening. It caught the woman by such a surprise, Anjali gasped into Rosie's mouth. Her entire spine was buzzing like bubbles in champagne, Rosie's cheeks burning hotter as she was drawn to the same full, plush, inviting lips dangling outside the tight cropping of pubic hair.
"Mmm," Anjali murmured, her mouth darting close to Rosie's ear even as she widened her stance. "You approve?"

She gasped out a snort, barely capable of forming a thought. Like dipping a toe into the still water, uncertain if she wanted to dive in, Rosie kept skimming over Anjali. Her lubrication smoothed Rosie's clumsy attempt, trying to invite her to take the plunge, but she was uncertain what to do.

Anjali ran her fingers down Rosie's arm, her nails softly raising the skin and inviting more goosebumps. "I do believe it is customary that royalty is always served first."

Before Rosie could swivel her eyes, Anjali scooped her hands around the princess' bottom and hauled her up onto the table. Tacks, papers, reports -- all of it scattered to the damp ground while the dark assassin bent Rosie backwards. Anjali slotted in between her legs, using only her mouth to guide Rosie to lay upon the map of Ferelden. The Frostbacks graced her head, all of Ferelden proper supporting her back, while Denerim...wound up right in the middle of her thighs.

Anjali's fingers cupped against Rosie's cheek, her lips trailing hot kisses upon the princess' shoulders, breasts, her soft stomach, and even lower. When she reached nearly the end of her, Anjali dipped to a knee.

"Wh...what are you doing?" Rosie struggled to rise up on her elbows, but the woman smiled.

"Trust me," she winked and parted her hand down the middle of Rosie's pubic hair. The princess sat upon pins and needles, waiting for a finger much like her own to slip inside, to circle around her clitoris, or thrum until she exploded. But the assassin wasn't forging her trail with a finger, but her lips.

The first kiss began right above the top of Rosie's slit, barely a peck. The next caused her to buck her head back, her hand slapping into Orlais for leverage. "Red too," Anjali mused before her warm, wet tongue lapped against Rosie's lower lips. This other kind of kiss sent the princess reeling, her tongue lagging out and her chest heaving in a never ending pant.

Dragging her tongue in a circle, Anjali seemed to be tormenting Rosie with pleasure, each lap of her clitoris causing the princess to squeal. Her toes dangled behind Anjali's back, both digging into the woman's warm skin as she kept curling them. This was, this was how she wanted to die. With her body on fire, her breasts spilling and trembling as she struggled to shovel air in, and a woman lapping her lips and tongue against her most intimate parts.

Anjali dug her hands under Rosie's legs, lifting the princess higher. She dove in with more gusto, slurping and sucking her way around the princess' button. White spots burst upon the side's of Rosie's vision. She tried to stare down at the woman between her legs, but she could barely see anything. Her hearing vanished, the blood fully rushing in to fill the gap as waves washed away all sound. But in their wake the waves left a tingling pleasure growing stronger with each breath. It threatened to consume Rosie whole, to smother away her very being and she was grateful to lay down and allow it.
"Sweet fucking Maker!" Rosie shrieked at the top of her lungs, her hands slapping hard into the table as the orgasm knotted up her soul into a perfect bow. Her body writhed upon the table, Rosie attempting to take in a breath that didn't cause her lungs to sing in pleasure. Below her, she felt Anjali pause a beat, her fingers rubbing up and down Rosie's chunky calves.

"So that's what it takes to make you curse," the assassin whispered. "How about another?" She moved to press a kiss back upon her canvas, but Rosie hissed and scooted away. Her entire core was aflame, the tissue far too sensitive to be touched.

"Wait, wait, it's..." she gasped, shaking away the tears that sprung in her eyes, "too much right now." Rosie sat up, her eyes meeting with Anjali's. "You're too much."

A blush burned up her cheeks for saying such a foolish notion, but Anjali rose up off of her knees. She draped her hands around the back of Rosie, her palms rolling up and down her spine. "Your turn," Anjali snickered, plunging her lips that tasted of Rosie back onto herself.

The assassin climbed up onto the table, pinning Rosamund below her limber body. Her knees dug into the side of the princess' white thighs, Rosie tracing her nails up and down the muscle below. She wanted to kiss her the same, to undo this woman the same as she did to her, but...

"Anjali," her teeth bit into her bottom lip, Rosie's eyes darting up to her in concern. "I've never, um..."

The smile brought one to Rosie's worried face, Anjali dropping her elbows beside Rosie's head to cup her cheeks. "My Sapheela..." she murmured, taking another kiss from her unquenchable lips. "Here," Anjali drew her fingers along Rosie's, her palm curling up the back of Rosie's hand until she molded around it.

Tugging it forward, Anjali slid up higher and shifted her legs apart. "Together," she whispered before guiding Rosie's index finger deep inside of her. Anjali groaned, her hips rolling while Rosie's tongue lolled back in her mouth.

It was warm, silky smooth, powerful, inviting, wily -- everything she thought of the assassin that fell into her lap. She plunged their twinned fingers deeper inside, trying to memorize every bump and twist inside this other woman. "Blessed be," Anjali gasped. As she rode harder, her free hand cupped against Rosie's spilled over breast. That caused Rosie to suck in a breath, her body adoring how tightly the woman gripped onto her flesh, and how Anjali's body gripped onto her finger.

Lost in the moment, Rosie curled her thumb forward and gently traced a circle around Anjali's clit. "Faster," the woman commanded, her eyes shut tight as she kept moving with the rhythm. Happy to obey, Rosie picked up speed, gliding her thumb rapidly against the top of the nub.

"Holy shit," Anjali shouted, her entire body locking in while the woman below her wasn't going to give up for anything. "Gah ha ha!" she cried, her head snapping back when Rosie felt the pulses cinching up against their shared fingers. The orgasm flushed Anjali's entire body, her ribbon glowing like firelight against her glistening skin. Rosie wanted to trail her lips across every inch, but she had to settle for curling her free fingers instead. The others remained trapped inside Anjali, where they belonged.

"You..." Anjali's eyes opened wide a moment, before they dipped down into a sly look. "You take orders well for royalty."

Slowly, Anjali withdrew her hand and Rosie's, the woman needing both as she flopped on top of the princess. Exhausted, Rosie cupped her hand against the back of Anjali's hair and placed her flushed lips to her forehead. The woman nestled tighter to Rosie's naked chest, her nose bumping right into an old mole shaped like a book.

"It's not difficult when they come from you," Rosie whispered.

She expected a smart comeback, but Anjali only curled her hands tighter around Rosie's shoulders, both women fading together into a waking dream. Sweet Maker! Rosie's eyes shot open wide as she realized the princess of Ferelden just slept with a woman on top of a map of her future country.

What would her old tutors have said about that one?
This story is a one off where the Inquisitor talks Cullen into playing a sex game.

"Inquisitor...?"

He winced the moment the word left his mouth, spoken more on instinct than choice. But it flopped past Cullen's lips as if the title came with barbs attached. Her head lifted, a smokey eye burning through him a moment before she sighed.

"What did I say about titles in the bedroom?"

His gloved hand drew back to his neck, rubbing so tight into the skin he could feel the flush rising through the leather. The Inqu...Mira was stretched out on the floor beside her fireplace, her hip digging into a padded Orlesian rug. She took a sip of a crimson wine before placing the glass on the floor and cradling her head in her hand. The eyes beamed at him like mage fire flickering in the back of a crystal cave.

Cullen gulped again, feeling more fumbling than he had in an age -- though probably not as bad as when she plucked him up to the battlements and... His eyes traversed the exposed sliver of skin outlined by the edge of her grey leathers. She only popped open the first button, barely reaching past her clavicles, but Cullen felt his body warming. Though, it could be the fire that was burning through half a tree trunk.

He tried to focus his glare upon the hearth because it was preferable to the two stacks of cards sitting between them. While Mira lay almost coquettishly upon the floor, he sat straight as a board, his boots barely under him in the event he needed to leap into action. They'd been staring at the dreaded decks for a few minutes now, Mira slowly draining her wine while Cullen felt his soul draining itself.

You agreed to this, why? Because refusing without any good reason would have seemed cowardly. It was easier by light of day to find attempting this easy enough. Faced with the abyss directly before him now, it was taking a lot more of Cullen's courage practically rammed into the sticking place than he'd like to admit.

"Well..." she drew the tip of her finger around the edge of her lips, delicately dipping it into the adorable bow at the top before slicking away any excess wine. "Shall we?"

"Maybe..." Cullen shifted in place, his body twisting back and forth uncomfortably as if he intended to leap upward and bolt, "perhaps we should start at a table."

Wine stained lips lifted in a smile and for a moment the burning node of fear evaporated. He'd do anything for that smile, a fact that came into being sometime before Haven was destroyed. Twisting her head back and forth, Mira sighed, "This kind of game doesn't work well on tables."

"Right," he nodded, remembering far too well what little she'd explained of it.

"The bed however..." she jerked a thumb back and the color drained from his cheeks.

"Here's fine! I mean...we should, right. Go ahead," he gestured to the two piles of cards. The backs were rather nondescript, a bloody chocolate color with no text. It was what was on the face that had Cullen doing his best to not hyperventilate.

Mira drew a hand up her thigh, his eyes trailing the movement and the curve of her body. No doubt he looked dumbstruck by the simple reminder that her body bore certain topographical landmarks that his did not. Some of which he'd dream of so often it was starting to crowd out the nightmares.

Before she reached for the first card in her deck, she paused a moment. The light of the anchor cast over the small tableau she set up, giving a sickly pallor to the cards. Was she as uncertain as he? Mira shook it away, never one to let fear get in the way. With a steady hand, she flipped over the card to the middle between them.
The text faced her, but Cullen bent his head down towards it even as she read aloud, "Choose an article of clothing for your lover to remove and they in turn do the same to you." Still trying to force the script into focus, Cullen wasn't aware how close her face was until the full force of her eyes fell upon him. Maker's breath, she was beautiful.

"That's not so bad," Mira smiled, her nose crinkling at the top as she did. He had to nod in agreement. "Well, you go first. What do you want me to take off?" To emphasize it, she paraded her hands up and down her body.

Cullen took in a deep breath, weighing the options before him. There were a lot, but not too much when one considered the limitations of clothing upon the body. And she's staring at you in anticipation. Come up with an answer! "Your boots?" he tossed out.

"My..." her face fell into confusion as she whipped down to her shod feet. "You want me to take my boots off?"

"So you can be more comfortable while...reclining up here. On the rug. They can grow stale if worn for too...I'm not very good at this," he spat the last part out fast, aware his cheeks were burning.

Mira held up a hand, "No. Boots it is." There was no sexy way to remove boots, especially the shin high ones of the Inquisitor, but she did give a little sigh of contentment once her feet were free. "Oh, what about the socks?"

She pointed at the wool swaddling her feet safely save a hole where a toe poked through. Cullen had no idea if that was part of boots or not, so he shrugged. Returning it, Mira yanked off her socks fast and added them to the boots. If everything went well, there'd be more clothes tossed onto the pile. Maybe. Assuming he didn't muck it all up, which was highly likely to happen.

"My turn," she twisted around in place, crossing her legs under her. After setting her chin in her palm, her eyes canvassed up and down Cullen's armored body. Maybe he should have chosen less intimidating attire for this, but he feared that his walking through Skyhold in a simple tunic and trousers would arouse suspicion. The idea of anyone else under his command knowing what was occurring up in the Inquisitor's quarters drained his cheeks of all color.

After taking another sweep, she patted her finger against her lips and whispered, "Your shirt."

Cullen absently touched his breastplate, as if he forgot what a shirt was. At the clang of metal, Mira's eyes lifted up to his and she smiled. He could handle that part. It wasn't as if she hadn't seen him without the armor before. They were often moving through the hold in various states of dress when the weather turned warmer, and...

You're overthinking this. Shrugging off the surcoat, he breathed deep as the no longer smothering fur and velvet let cool air across the overheating skin. It took far more time for Cullen to take off his breastplate, the gauntlets going to join it as well as the gloves. By the time he paused in what would be a typical disrobing for the night, he was only in his tan shift. He waited, uncertain if he needed to do anything else to seem provocative -- Maker, please no dancing -- when Mira coughed.

"I said shirt, not armor."

A foolish blush erupted on his cheeks, but Cullen obediently grabbed both hands onto the collar of his shirt and yanked it clean over his head. She'd seen this state of him too, but usually with the candles low or by the fading moonlight to flit through the holes in his roof. With the fire so high and the snow reflecting back the fading dusk light it was practically high noon inside the room.

What if she...? It wasn't as if he was cut from some marble statue. There were plenty of scars, odd moles, his chest and body hair that seemed to grow in haphazard tufts, darkening in strange patterns where it felt like it.

"Mmm..." The sound of eternal satisfaction that erupted from her lips caused Cullen's head to snap up. Her eyes were swiping back and forth over his naked chest, as if she wished she could be doing it with her hand instead.

When she didn't respond for a few seconds, he called out, "Mira?"

"Huh?" she shook off her stupor, her face flush. "Oh, but uh, put on the surcoat." Reaching over towards the coat he abandoned, she pushed it towards his lap.
Cullen folded his eyebrows together in confusion. "Why?" Was not the point of this to become...unclothed?

"It's..." Mira stirred her finger along the floor, trailing the grout of the stones before she sighed, "Just a thing that I...always wanted to..." Whatever she was thinking faded to a few pops of her lips.

With an internal smile, Cullen shrugged the coat back onto his naked arms. The fur poked more than usual, but it was worth it to watch her entire being light up. For a breath her lip hung open in awe, practically crying out for Cullen to tug her mouth to his. Maker, how he wanted to suck her lip in between his, to taste the wine on her tongue on his own. But there were rules and he was nothing if not a stickler for rules.

After taking another gulp of the wine, Mira clapped her hands together, "Your turn."

On to the next step of this very slow dance. Cullen drew his fingers over the card pile, the callus on his pointer digging into the stack. With his eyes shut, he flipped the card over and lay it upon the ground. It took a moment before he found the courage to see what he walked himself into.

"Massage a part of your lover's body for one turn of the timer," Mira read to him before she reached for the tiny sand dial. It fit into the palm of a hand and probably lasted for 2-5 minutes. Hardly seemed worth bothering most times, but she looked excited to play with it.

Before she moved to turn it over, Mira glanced up at him, "Do you want to pick which part you massage or...?"

Maker's breath. Cullen's head shook no instantly. He was hanging on by a thread and wondering why he didn't think to bring mead or brandy. Something to loosen his spine before starting. Mira smiled, the edge of her lips lifting so high a dimple dug into her cheek.

"My back?" she pointed towards her shoulders and Cullen sighed. He could handle that.

Sliding out of the way of the cards, lest they be disturbed, Mira went to lay stretched upon her bed when she paused. Rubbing her hands together a moment, she shrugged. "I don't see a reason to keep this on." Quicker than a firefly darting over the fields, her fingers worked apart the buttons on her leather tunic.

Cullen's eyes obediently snapped off to anywhere else, even if other parts of him kept trying to drag them back. "It...it didn't say you should disrobe," he tried to vouch for the cards.

She tossed her black braid over a shoulder and the same mage fire eyes burned into him, "What's the point of a massage if you can't have skin to skin contact?" With that final bit of wisdom, she scurried onto her bed and lay waiting for him.

Not like that. Not...yet, anyway. Cullen stared down at the thick dual decks and sighed. Perhaps not ever.

Still, he wasn't about to turn down a chance to touch her warm skin. Climbing up over her, Cullen straddled her body on his knees, his ass bumping into hers. When his palms smoothed over her soft back, savoring in the tense play of muscle just below her inviting flesh, she suddenly sat up.

"Cold?" he asked, well aware that he could easily lose feeling in his hands.

"No, the timer," she jerked her head back to the game piece. Trying to not sigh in consternation at the collar, Cullen dutifully flipped the sand dial over then resumed his duty. At the first dig into a knot, she sighed. With the second she gasped, nearly the same way she would when he'd slip a finger...probably not best to have such thoughts yet.

Maker, parting over her silken skin made him ache to remove the few bits of clothing in the way. He could act fully professional around her even in more friendly down times, even if there'd been a touch too much drink in his veins and she was practically sparkling to him. Why was this proving impossible?

"Mmm," Mira moaned, her throaty voice starting to rev up his fantasies, "Cullen, you are really good at this."

"It's..." he blushed a moment, his fingers skirting up to cup her shoulder blades before taipping down against her spine. "I try."

"I can't believe I've never taken advantage of this before," she said before moaning in bliss
and curling her arms under her head.

"I suppose," he pulsed the tips of his fingers against her skin preparing to go deeper. Leaning far forward, his breath skimmed near her ear as he said, "we can always do this again."

"Sounds love--"

A great beam of blue light erupted off the tiny sand dial, causing Mira to wiggle out from under him. Cullen lifted his hands away, but was so thrown he was in the full line of sight to watch her breasts sway and tremble as she flipped around. "That's time," she declared, getting her legs under her. Mira dug a hand into her shoulder, seeming to stretch to match his attempt at a massage, while Cullen was lost.

He knew his name. He knew he was in Skyhold.

Everything else in his life was forfeit because there was a pair of breasts bounding about freely in the firelight air. "Do you..." he fumbled backwards, "want to put on your shirt?"

Mira shrugged, "I don't see much reason, since this is supposed to eventually end in both of us nude." Reaching across the gap, she lay her palm flush against his chest -- right overtop his heart which had to be beating like the drums of war.

The logical part of him wanted to argue with her because Cullen knew that there was no chance his brain could handle the difficult task of reading words and following them as long as she was shirtless. Being in the mere presence of such a perfect pair of breasts rendered him to goo. Mira's fingers pirouetted through his chest hair, twirling a tuft around a moment before the palm began to slide lower.

Did she want to end the game here? Call the 'organized fun' over and get to the more primal option?

Tongue darting over her lips, she smiled at him and in a breathy voice ordered, "Your turn."

To pull her remaining clothes off and...no, the cards. "Of course," he nodded, trying to will himself back.

Cullen was aware that he was not a romantic sort. Candles, flowers, dripping poetry from wine soaked lips. If he attempted any of that, he'd probably trip into a candle, causing a bouquet of half dead flower to catch on fire, and use the book of epic battle poems to quench the flames. He'd never cared before until he met her.

Well, not until he strolled by her side out towards the lake beside Haven speaking of nothing important. In those soft moments he stopped seeing her as a miracle of the Lady sent to them in their darkest hour, and instead as a woman. A very beautiful woman with eyes that'd shine from within the pits of the earth. One who deserved all of that wooing he was fully incapable of.

He shook away his navel gazing to notice her hand was fluffing about the fur collar at the back of his neck. Just get through this part and then maybe later he could ask Josephine for advice on how best to court someone. Not court, she'd taken the reins on that happily, as if there was anything in thedas the Inquisitor didn't command. No, what he wanted was whatever trick was needed to keep her. To prove himself worthy to be here, to be with her. Forever.

Just...did it have to involve a pile of cards?

Shuffling towards his spot, Cullen sat hard on the floor and prepared himself. He nearly had it until Mira plopped down on the rug across from him. Her naked breasts scooped together as she lay on her hip, the top slightly larger cup practically hiding away its fellow.

"Well..." she prompted, seeming to be fully unaware that Cullen's entire being was under her control and the gentle rocking of her bosom.

He willed his eyes up to hers, but she seemed to only find her breasts ensorceling him funny. The bright smile was slightly marred by a swipe of red wine against her two front teeth. He'd need but a moment to lap the wine away while their lips entwined, but this was not the time. Nodding his head, he watched as Mira turned over her card.

This time she kept it in her fingers, reading it silently to herself before laying it flush upon the ground. Before Cullen had a chance to contemplate it, she said, "Wash any part of your lover's body for one turn of the dial."
He scoffed a moment, glancing around at her bedroom. This was hardly the place to be sloshing around suds. Picking up the card, Cullen twisted it in his fingers before smiling, "I suppose this one will..." Before he could finish, Mira leapt to her feet. His brow crinkled, "Where are you going?"

"To get water!" she shouted, a laugh beginning to trail her.

"Mira, this doesn't seem..." he tried, but she was already halfway down the stairs. When the lone stair creaked, he suddenly remembered her breast freed state. "Wait!" he shouted loudly, his limbs thumping against the floor as he raced to stand.

"What is it?" she sounded slightly perturbed as if he might call off the whole thing.

Rounding towards the top of the staircase, Cullen looked down at her shadowed head before hurling his shirt. "You're half naked," he explained.

As his old shirt landed in her hands, a bright red blush burst on her cheeks. "Damn," she cursed to herself, "nearly forgot. That'd make for..." wiggling into his oversized tunic, so many of her tempting features vanished. While he was sad to see them go, at least it afforded him the opportunity to concentrate now, and he wouldn't have to share.

"Be back soon," she called before hauling on the door and vanishing deeper into the Keep.

Cullen had no idea what to do with himself. He wandered about her room like a bear that foolishly found itself at a campsite. His fingers would pick up book covers, eyes trail over a handful of knick knacks, but he didn't have anywhere that felt as if he belonged. Around a lap of her bed, he noticed a small wad of fabric stuck between the headboard and end table. Trying to be helpful he reached in for it, only to find instead of a sock unrolling in his grip it was a pair of soft pink smalls.

That sent him scampering to sit right on the edge of her bed, hands digging into his knees to find focus. Blessed Andraste, he wanted her in that less than wholesome way the chantry sometimes tried to train out of them. There weren't enough freezing cold baths in thedas to drain away that want.

Then why was he so terrible at asking for it? They'd stumble into bed almost seeming on accident, Cullen the one terrified to start it. He managed it once, his hunger overcoming all of the shortcomings built into his brain. He wanted to do better, to be better at sweeping her off her feet and into his bed...or desk. Or any available surface when the mood struck.

Still... His weary eyes swung towards the game cards barely spent when the door closed below him. Taking a deep breath, he watched as Mira scampered up the stairs, a wooden bucket clutched in her hands. "I got...what are you doing there? Come on," she jerked her head towards a pile of stones near the fireplace, "sit here."

With a slow lift of his body, Cullen trundled over towards her. She stood framed by the firelight, the flames caressing her features as she bent over to place the bucket safely on the ground. "I got...what are you doing there? Come on," she jerked her head towards a pile of stones near the fireplace, "sit here."

Dutifully, he sat down right at her feet. Behind, he felt Mira lower to her knees, her hand mussing about in the fur of his surcoat to steady herself, before it dipped across his chest. Her hand grabbed onto the coat and began to tug it back. For a beat Cullen didn't fight her, but he didn't help either. He craned his head back, confused.

"I thought..." his lips foolishly asked even as he finally slithered his arms out of the warm folds.

"Don't want it to get wet," Mira explained, bundling up the surcoat to lay atop his pile of armor and her boots. Cullen sat up higher, the primal parts of him wanting to ask her to take off the shirt she borrowed. Or to tug it off himself.

Was that right? Maybe it'd be best to let her choose if she wants to or not. Though, sweet Maker, he wanted to curl his palms over her chest. Instead they lay uselessly in his lap as Mira slid in behind him once again. She tugged the bucket closer, a bit of the water sloshing out.

That caught Cullen's eye. He glanced down into the dark water to find nary a bubble. Doubtful she intended to really wash him, just give it all a good rinse. Digging her fingers in deep, Mira wrung the sponge a moment before placing it to his back.
He'd anticipated a cool shock but warm water beaded down his skin, falling quickly in a
cascade when it found the spine. "This is warm," Cullen said as if she was unaware.

"Mm hmm," the voice whispered from behind his ear. Her breath wafting just against the tip
of his lobe caused Cullen to shiver. Sloshing the sponge into the bucket, Mira began to draw
the warm water back and forth over his lower back.

"How did you manage to get it heated so quickly?" he asked.

"What?" the soothing sway of the sponge paused at his question.

"It takes awhile to bring well water up to temperature, especially in this Keep. I was only
curious how...

With a hand clamped to his shoulder, Mira leaned over to stare him dead in the eye. "It was a
fire rune, and stop worrying about it. You're supposed to be enjoying this." Her voice pinged
a moment like ice about to crack, before she drew the sponge forward to circle his stomach.

It did feel delightful, the warm and wet sponge gliding up and down the peaks and valleys of
his body. Enjoy it. Close your eyes and let yourself just be in the moment. He did as he
himself ordered, taking a deep breath beforehand as if he were about to plunge into a lake.
Mira's sweet scent wafted near him, the press of her balancing hand sliding higher up his
thigh. She was working the sponge against his pecs, sopping his chest hair until it mushed all
to one side.

A beautiful woman was soaping up his body, a woman who could make him laugh, make
him feel calm, make him feel safe. A woman he loved more than he felt he deserved. Her
loving hands were caressing over his chest, the pecs expanding with not only each breath,
but a need to have more of her pressed to him. The smell of her body drifted under his nose
and he could taste her in the back of his tongue -- the sultry spice that'd haunt him at night
long after she retired to sleep.

When Mira began to reach over towards Cullen's right bicep, his eyes flew open. She must
have caught the change as she paused a moment, the sponge barely in her fingers. Lifting
both hands off the cold stone, Cullen cradled her face. Hungry in his soul, he pulled her to
him for a kiss. Mira melted in surprise, her lips barely puckered. Cullen took advantage,
gently nibbling at the slack bottom one and savoring the wine she sipped earlier.

As her fingers threaded into his hair for balance, Mira's tongue curled around with his. A
pressure began to grow near his groin, warmth spreading quickly across his entire loin.
Maker's breath, how did he wait this long in agony to kiss her? No longer caring about the
game, or whatever rules there were, or even what his brain kept trying to hold back, Cullen
gave into the kiss.

Needing a breath, Mira twisted her head to the side a moment, but he couldn't cease tasting
her. His lips pressed to the corner of her mouth and moved south. At her jaw, he grazed his
teeth, causing Mira to squirm and gasp. His hand that'd been keeping her propped up began
to swirl from the indent of her waist upward. It ached for her breast, to massage and cup it, to
thumb her nipples until she begged for more.

Grabbing onto the edge of his shirt, Cullen moved to yank it clean off and free her. He got as
far as lifting it above her belly button when a bright blue light erupted around them. With a
resigned pop, Mira disentangled from his lips. "That's time," she sighed to herself.

The game. Damn it. His hand fell away from the shirt, Mira slowly staggering away to a
respectable balance. She seemed to have a bit of trouble as if she was growing tipsy, but
she'd only had one glass of wine. "I forgot," she began to pat the back of her hair where
Cullen's fingers foraged into the braid, "how great of a kisser you are."

"Perhaps we should do it more often," he coughed out, his voice lodged deeper in his chest.

Her bright smile would light up a cathedral, "Oh yes. Damn near every chance we can
and..." Her eyes darted down towards his crotch. He wasn't certain what to expect, but Mira
gasping, "Oh no" and pulling away was not it.

"What?" Cullen asked before he began to feel a cool breeze seep in through his pants. A
massive wet stain emerged on his inner thigh where, in the throes of his kissing her, Mira
accidentally pressed the sponge. Even with the cold trying to douse his mood, the rise in the
middle of his trousers couldn't be denied.

"I'm so sorry. I guess maybe getting fully naked would have been smarter," she babbled a
moment to herself while wrapping her arms around in a self hug. Staggering to her feet, she stepped towards the cards and read over it as if it might have some suggestions.

Patting his hands on his thighs, Cullen stood up. She looked so concerned, as if she'd ruined what moment they'd had. Fingers digging into his belt buckle, Cullen quickly undid the clasp and began to worry his trousers off. At the sound of them hitting the floor, Mira glanced over. Dressed in nothing more than a tiny pair of off-white smalls, Cullen spread his arms wide.

"We were hoping to wind up without clothes in the way, after all."

Mira bobbed her head, her cheeks burning as her eyes darted down towards the wetly outlined erection nearly tugging the waistband of his underthings off. And there was she, still fully dressed. It seemed unfair. Cullen began to march towards her, his arms reaching for the hem of his shirt, when he nearly kicked into the game.

The belt buckle fanned his deck out on accident, drawing both their eyes to it. For a moment, Mira's lips opened, then she shrugged. "It's your turn."

"Right, I..." he fluffed up the back of his hair, "I suppose it is."

Plopping to the ground he realized was freezing, Cullen struggled to get his boots off and finally remove the last of the trousers. His feet were proving uncooperative, wishing to remain warm and dry, but with a bit of sneering Cullen managed to pop them off. Not caring, he hurled his boots to the side along with his pants. It wasn't until he heard a snicker that he glanced over first at the pile of clothing, then Mira.

"It's just...our boots are knocking into each other," she laughed a moment again before hiding it away behind her hand.

Next card. How long until he could find the one that said bed your partner until neither of you can see straight? That was all he wanted now. But she seemed curious and...who was he to ruin the game for her. Trying to not sigh, while also attempting to will back his straining girth with thoughts of the Chant, Cullen picked up the next card on his stack.

And then promptly hurled it to the ground. "No!" he thundered, popping to his bare feet, "I will not. Not under any circumstances. No!"

Quietly, Mira picked up the cruel card and read its instructions, "Strip naked and run through the halls declaring your love for one and all to hear."

Cullen sneered harder at her giving breath to the outlandish idea. "Never. No. There is no way that you can get me to...to be seen naked by everyone under my command. It would..."

Reaching forward, Mira caught his hand that'd been cutting through the air in vengeance to try and obliterate the words themselves. "You can skip one," she explained, causing Cullen to pause.

"I can?"

"Yes, at any time, but if you do then you must do whatever the next draw says."

Rustling his palm over his forehead, Cullen sighed. Do whatever came next regardless. What if it was worse? What could possibly be worse than eternal humiliation mixed in with frostbite? Maker's sake, who knew with this contrivance. No, best to risk it.

With his heart beating erratically from the flush of anger, and his entire face red, Cullen slammed down to the ground. "I'll take the next one," he announced as if this was being refereed. Maker's breath, please don't let the next card be about bringing someone else into this private affair.

Trying to not let his cruel imagination get the better of him, Cullen picked up the card and turned it over. He didn't realize he'd squeezed his eyes shut in a panic until trying to read through the blackness. "Kiss your lover on three different parts of the body. None on the lips."

Mira looked up after he finished reading, her face mere inches from him. Her eyes darted to the side before softening to uncertainty. "That doesn't sound so bad?"

She was blushing under her cold Inquisitor exterior. Same as on the battlements when he took a chance and kissed her, before fearing in an instant if it was wrong. Same as at the Winter Palace, staring out over the cold Orlesian fields before he asked her to dance. On his
knees, Cullen walked through the cards, not caring what scattered in his wake as he got closer to her.

"No," he smiled, one hand sliding up her waist, trailing the curve until it flared out with her hips. His famished lips landed upon hers, pressing kisses while the hunger stirred deep in his belly. The heat enveloped them both, whipping around like a circling dragon. "No it's not," Cullen finished, sliding back so that his amber eyes burned into hers.

Their noses glanced over each other, Mira smiling. She placed her hands behind his head, her forearms snuggling closer to his jaw. "I thought you weren't supposed to kiss my lips."

"I have...better ideas in mind for the three," Cullen said, "but couldn't help myself." He circled his thumb and forefinger along her jaw, wanting to pull her back for more. But there were the rules.

As he was about to tug his hand away, Mira caught it and pressed it tighter, "You don't have to hold yourself back either. I...I want you to..." Whatever she was going to say faded in the flickering light of the fire.

Lapping his tongue over his lips, Cullen brushed his forehead over hers. He felt the fool for worrying about following some protocol that didn't even exist. Tucking his palm against the nape of her neck, he whispered, "Understood," and savored one last kiss from her lips.

Mira tried to follow him, not wanting to let go as he pulled his head back, but Cullen had much better ideas of where to kiss her. Placing his palm at the top, dead center of her chest, he began to slowly trail his fingers down as if cresting over the surface of a still pond. Below his shirt he could feel her warm skin trembling as he placed more of his flesh to hers. Mira took in a deep breath, lifting her chest higher for his palm, but he continued downward.

At the hemline, he tugged his shirt up until it rested right under her breasts. The shadow of both hung above him, begging for his attentions, but it was to her stomach he placed his lips. She giggled a moment at the touch, not expecting it, and causing the gentle roll of her flesh to bound against his mouth. With a bit more force, Cullen placed both of his hands flush under her breasts, pinning the shirt in place. He drew his hungry lips from the center of her stomach down towards the belly button. A trail of kisses followed, Mira no longer giggling.

Her fingers nested in his hair, the tips pulsing against his scalp to match each kiss. Upon reaching her belly button, Cullen pressed his lips tight against the divot. Before breaking contact, he let his teeth scrape a moment. Nowhere near enough to leave a mark on her beautiful skin, but it caused Mira to gasp and draw her fingers tight to his skull.

Lifting his head up, Cullen caught her eye and she smiled, nodding her head that it was good. That ache he had to kiss her soft stomach, to suck and nip upon it was okay. Now for the next part.

"Can I..." he released his grip on the shirt, letting it fall back from his small red line of kisses upon her stomach. Gripping onto the waistband of her trousers, Cullen continued, "take these off?"

She responded by hooking her hands along the top, struggling to try and wiggle them off while on her knees. Laughing at her determination, Cullen tried to help as Mira tumbled to her ass and yanked harder on her pants. They wound up around her shins, Mira doing her damndest to tug them off, when he slid his first two fingers from her wrist upward.

Her struggling stilled in an instant, a line of goosepimples trailing his soft touch before he rounded her elbow. After taking another lap, Cullen smiled, "Allow me." His hands worried up and down her calf, following the smooth flow of her skin as he lightly massaged her. Upon reaching the ankle, he freed it from its trap then moved to the other leg.

Smiling from her eyebrows down to her chin, Mira -- now pantsless -- planted her heels into the stone floor. She glanced over at her trousers, which joined with the pile, before checking on Cullen. "Um," she coughed a moment, "second kiss?"

He was lost in the thrum of his knuckles dragging up and down her calves, how the muscle bent and swayed at his attentions. There was a second place he wanted to kiss her, but he'd never found the words to explain it. To ask for it. His soul smiled as he flattened his palm against her knee and began to lean closer.

Beginning with a peck, Cullen drew his warmed lips up Mira's inner thigh. She shifted a moment, and at first he paused afraid that it was not right. But her leg moved even closer to him, Mira having to adjust to match the stretch. Curling both palms under her thigh, he puckered tighter, pressing a trail of kisses higher towards the crease.
A few hairs poked out of the edge of her panties, the reminder tormenting him that an amazing treat lay hidden below. Cullen brushed his cheek right against the warm fabric and her temptation. That caused Mira to wrap a hand around his forehead, her lips parting a moment. Nuzzling his cheek tighter to her smalls, he felt a glance of wetness upon his jaw.

With the reminder her body was enjoying this, he plunged his lips deep onto her thigh and kissed with voracity. Teeth and tongue both plied into her skin, his nose rampant with her arousal but a thin strip of fabric away. Mira gasped at his force, and dug her fingers into his curls. Concerned, Cullen moved away, though he planted one final soft kiss to the red spot he left behind.

Perhaps it was too much. Perhaps he should not have...

Before he could even rise, Mira's head shot up and her eyes caught him. She looked wild, as if she'd been running alone through the hills for a week. "What are you doing?" she cried at him, her voice raw. He tried to find the words to explain his odd obsession when her eyes gleamed, "Do it to the other one."

The smile nearly shattered his cheeks, Cullen's heart leaping in joy as he swept his fingers to her left leg. Above him he heard her say, "Not fair to leave the other out. Sweet Maker!"

His love bites were a bit stronger, which he sandwiched with petal soft kisses. After each one he'd glance up at her, but Mira was smiling widely, her head swaying too and fro. "Do you..." Cullen coughed out, swiping his lips back and forth over her thigh as if they were a brush attempting to paint a dawn's skyline. "Like this?"

"Yeah, yes, um..." she began to sit up, her legs sliding away as he remained perched upon his hands watching. The blush burned against her cheeks, Mira pursing her lips a moment before she nodded, "I do. More than I would have thought before, uh..."

Her train of thought faded as she caught him in the eye and both smiled at each other. Only the crackle of the fire filled the air, Cullen's hands raising from the ground to caress her naked knees. "Where...?" she swallowed a moment, her lips flushed red as she flexed them back and forth. Were there parts of his body she wanted to kiss as forcefully? "Where do you want to do the last one?"

That took no thought. Bypassing all of the rules he put in his brain, all of the concerns of impropriety, Cullen drew both of his index fingers down the swoop of her thighs. Mira's lips parted, her head tipping down to watch even as she felt him slip past where he tasted her. His fingers continued on, trailing over from her thighs to the panties.

Right at the center he paused and smiled, "Here."

Her eyes flared a moment, white teeth nibbling on her lip. She opened her mouth, but no sound save a small squeaking erupted. Bobbing her head, Mira moved to tug off her smalls, when Cullen smiled, "I have this."

Sliding around on his stomach, the cold stones trying to tamp down the burn rising in his body, Cullen drew both of his fingers against the side of her smalls. They weren't very tight and rather easy to tug out of the way, which was what he did. Mira gulped as he drew back the curtains on the show to take it all in.

He'd thought of it often, of tossing the other advisors out of the war room, hurling her onto the map, sliding away her underwear because there was no time to remove them, and lapping her up. How she'd squirm about, knocking over hours worth of work while he brought her such pleasure. It was a fantasy of his he never thought he could mention.

Smiling in his gut, he kissed against her inner lips. It was innocent and almost pure, the chastest kiss one could manage next to such an intimate place. At least until he rolled his tongue from the bottom of her slit up to the top and back, bathing both lips and paying special attention to the longer one. Mira groaned in ecstasy and Cullen lost all pretense of being coy or collected.

One hand dug under her leg to snatch onto her ass and pull her tighter. His tongue circled incessantly, pirouetting and twisting against her clitoris and up the hood. Above him, he could feel Mira digging into his hair, then backing off. She'd nearly pull it a few times before flexing her fingers, her body trembling when he'd increase the pressure.

The edge of her panties grew wetter from their combined lubrication. Perhaps he should stop before he made sitting in them uncomfortable. Cullen began to slip back, prepared for whatever next card she had to turn over, when her hands formed a barricade behind his head.
She didn't tug him back to work, but he heard a whimper rise out of her throat.

"Don't stop," Mira begged, her fingers fanning out over his shoulders. Her forcefulness faded a moment as she paddled against his flesh and tacked on a, "please?"

How in the Maker's name could he ever say no? Scrambling forward, Cullen dived back to the warmth he never wished to leave. The breath in Mira's body began to puff out like smoke signals, her chest weaving with each lap of his tongue. "That feels...mmmm, good. Great. Fucking fantastic," she babbled.

Cullen dug his cheek against the edge of her panties, freeing up his hand. While the tongue remained pressed to her clitoris, he circled a finger down against her inner lip. The folds curved and danced with him before he rested right outside. He was about to thrust it in, when Mira slammed down on his wrist.

"No. Wait, I am...so damn close," she cried, her toes digging into the stones.

Abandoning his plan, Cullen returned to the same trio of licks, his bottom lip nibbling up against her at the end of each. Around him, her thighs began to close, Mira raising her body higher to try and grind tighter to the pleasure he was bringing. When they locked against his ears, he could hear the ocean pounding through his body. But it was no calm crush of waves. This one was beating fast, aching for its chance to swell in a crescendo.

Maker, just hold out a little longer. Jaw, don't fail me...

Her heels dug into his back, Mira's entire body snapping rigid and rising off the stone floor as she tipped onto her head. "Fucking Andraste," her raw voice cried from the bottom of her chest. The pulses were strong enough from inside, he could feel her clitoris bouncing against his still tongue -- as if it was sending him a message. She rolled around more, her toes sliding up and down his back while her words became more garbled.

"That..." Mira gasped. Struggling to sit up, Cullen wrapped an arm around her back and helped her to rise. "Was some kiss," she finished with, her eyes sparkling. Not caring about the game or rules, she caught his jaw in her palm and took him in a deep kiss of her own.

Her forehead looked almost feverish, the hair twisted about as she shook her head a moment and guzzled in more air. "You are...full of surprises. I had no idea that...just, damn."

Cullen snorted at her praise, feeling both foolish for waiting so long and proud beyond reason. "I have wanted to try that, all of that, for some time."

The smile was not one he expected. Cullen was preparing for one of pity, or perhaps marred concern, but she seemed to sparkle at his admission. Her arms wrapped tighter around his neck, her cheek nuzzling against his. It buffeted the edges of his scruff upward, awakening the nerves below.

For a moment, he hung there -- his hands glancing under the shirt to envelope her back, the beautiful woman's bare legs sliding back and forth over his. It was perfect. "Should we..." he muttered, glancing down at her hooded eyes.

Coughing a moment, Cullen struggled to speak the right words, "play the next card?"

Mira's hungry vision drifted towards the two decks and her empty wine glass. Firelight flickered back and forth over them, lengthening the decks until their shadows grew like towers. "What do you want to do?" she asked, her head quirking to the side.

Control. Maintaining it in any situation, at any possible point, regardless of whatever foolish flights of fancy darted through his mind. That'd been the life he signed up for at thirteen. The life he begged to have. To let go, even for a moment, even if everything in his soul told him he was safe was...

His fingernails pulled against the flesh of her back, the intimate scratch causing Mira to sigh a moment. Both hands coming forward, he paused, his palms resting safe upon her hips. The naked hips of the woman that asked him to be so much more with her. To let go for once and see what happened next.

Brushing his cheek beside hers, his hot breath bounded towards her ear, "This." In a quick tug, he yanked his shirt off of her body. Not caring where it landed in his blind throw, Cullen's palms found their proper place around her breasts as his lips descended upon hers.

When he cupped both palms under them, Mira gurgled a moment. And when he drew first the right, then left palm upward -- knocking into her hard nipples -- she gasped inside his
mouth. Cullen began to smile, accidentally tugging away from the kiss while his hands lavished all the attention upon her breasts. First with her bottom lip, Mira began to scrape up from the dent of his chin towards his mouth. Before returning to the kiss, she added her teeth.

Whatever was in that twist of magic, Cullen's eyes shut tight and he moaned. His fingers squeezed around her breasts, the flesh giving in to his demands while he turned to putty from hers. "You're not the only one," Mira whispered, her hand starting at the tuft of his chest hair. After batting the wet mass around, the fingers walked one by one down towards the fold of his stomach.

"Who's wanted..." she spoke before kissing hard against his mouth. Cullen was about to return it when her hand glanced at the top of his cock. Like a flower closing its bloom at sunset, her fingers curled around and slid lower. Cullen gasped into her mouth, Mira smiling as her face pulled away to finish, "to do this."

Eyes burning into each other, her fingers pumped up and down his cock hidden behind a tissue thin scrap of fabric. The sponge induced wet-spot tugged over in the excitement, and Mira's fingers circled it right against the crown of him. Blighted Maker! It felt almost as if she was touching the bare flesh.


"Faster?" she quirked her head, about to do what he asked, but he shook it all away.

Bundling his arms around her, Cullen twisted Mira in a circle fast. Her warm, naked, perfect body folded against his as Cullen spun her about on the stones. With the hunger driving him, he lay her upon the rug -- the cards flying through the air as her shoulder shoved into them. "No," he shook his head again, staring down at the impossible woman below him.

She walked through the fade. She survived what no one else did. She saved all of them at Haven against a dragon and would-be god. She was the woman he loved.

There was nothing in her life that wasn't impossible.

Yanking off his smalls, Cullen pulled her legs up. He pressed one devouring kiss to her knee, then the other. Never ignore the other. Drawing his hands to circle her thighs, he slid closer to her -- aching for the body his mind kept out of reach.

With both hands splayed beside her waist, Cullen bent down to her. A whisper beside her ear, he declared for both Mira and the world, "More."

She gasped at the conviction in his voice, how he'd torn away the old locks and chains, and cracked open another part of his life he'd once thought ruined. Running a hand down her calf, Cullen guided the right leg to circle around his waist. Mira added her other almost immediately on her own, her smile threatening to engulf her face. It already had his heart.

Fingers digging into her thighs, Cullen positioned himself right before her and thrust in. Blessed Maker, this was true perfection. Her body shifted, molded, welcomed him in deeper. Every twist and turn cried out for more, for him and only him.

His need took control, the thrusting increasing in speed. Mira began with her hands digging into his biceps, but when he plunged deep at a new angle they fell to the floor beside her head. A great gasp lifted her chest as she struggled in a breath.

"More?" Cullen asked, his voice strained even as his body intended to carry him to the seas and back.

"Never end," she cried.

He dipped his head down, willing the strength inside of himself to flow freely. Each pump increased in speed, Cullen tipping back when he felt her ankles lock right above his bottom. That brought a fresh panting to Mira's hungry lips, her breasts bobbing with each one.

In the throes of ecstasy, her hands began to thrash about her head. One suddenly whipped too far to the right and smacked straight into the bucket. Warm water poured over the stones and into her hair. Cullen grunted, about to stop and tug her away from the mess, but her legs locked in tighter and those mage fire eyes warned him to keep going.

More.

More than survival. More than the order. More than rising every dawn in a cold bed and returning to it at sunset. So much more.
Gripping onto one of her ankles, he pulled her leg up and rested it upon his flushed chest. His thrusting paused but a moment in the shift while Cullen grazed the edge of his teeth against the fine skin around her ankle.

"Fucking Maker," Mira gasped, her voice whimpering after each vowel.

Lashing onto her other leg, Cullen brought it forward, his teeth biting harder into her calf and causing Mira to squirm in pleasure. The position tightened her beyond belief, his vision starting to swirl. "This is..." Cullen spat out, ready to give in to the rising tide inside of him.

He thrust himself thrice more, each one raising the bar higher and higher until the mountain erupted underneath him. Digging his fingers deep into her calves, he continued to lightly thrust even as his balls constricted high to pump everything inside of him into her.

When the spray slowed knocking away the pressure built up through his spine, his neck gave out, his forehead brushing lovingly against her ankle while Mira began to laugh. Cullen had to take a moment, his breath erratic in his lungs, before he could look up at her. She was smiling wide, her head surrounded in a halo of bathwater.

"That was..." she began while sliding off of him and then suckering her naked body to his. Cullen's greedy arms entwined around her chest, his head burying into her neck. Whatever she wanted to say remained hidden in the wind. He didn't mind. He could tell by how tight she was holding him, how her heart was throbbing as erratically as his what she meant.

Cullen's arms wrapped around her face, Cullen tried to pull back all the hairs his exertions tugged from the braid. "I love you," he whispered.

Mira smiled, her lips turning towards his palm before she said, "You know I love you too."

The foolish pair kissed deeply, their naked and spent bodies circled by a moat of warm soapy water. Some of the erotic cards floated in the makeshift river, drawing Cullen's eye as they danced by the firelight. He returned to the safety of her neck, breathing in the calm scent before saying, "I was worried about this night."

"You don't say," she laughed causing him to join in.

"But," he wiped a hand over her sweet cheek, "I need not be. I...I never need be."

"Cullen, I," she blew air up her face a moment before sighing, "I want you to feel safe with me."

"There is no one I," he spat out fast before her great eyes turned to him. Snorting to himself, he leaned back on his haunches. Mira remained in his arms, cuddling to his chest. He placed a kiss in her hair while speaking, "I will do my best to be more open. With my wants. With my..." he drew his fingers down her arms, watching the dip and swell of her muscles, "desires."

"Good," she smiled, her lips fanning out over his before he could kiss her properly. The way he adored. The way he never wanted to stop doing.

Opening himself up so was a struggle, but so was leaving the order, forming the backbone of the Inquisition. Falling in love. Wrapping her tight to him, heart beating beside heart, flesh warming flesh, Cullen felt peace swell out of the marrow of his bones. All it took was some silly little cards to shake the fear out of him.

"Mira?" he whispered, his voice heavy even as his soul grew lighter than air.

"Hm...?" she too sounded wiped, no doubt wanting to slip into her big bed. One with enough room for him to cuddle in behind her.

Fishing up one of the floating scraps, Cullen held up the soggy card to the light, "Where did you get this game from, exactly?"

"Oh," she shrugged, her voice nonchalant, but he was quick to notice a blush rising on her cheeks. "Varric printed them up."

He'd feared as such, the dwarf was known to have ties to nearly every printing press in thedas. Cullen nodded his head at the thought before realizing she left out one other vital piece of information. "And who came up with them?"

At first he assumed it was her, or perhaps her and the other women. Not Cassandra. Though the running around naked screamed of Sera. But as her eyes darted around the room, Cullen's color drained. Mira popped her lips a moment, then snuggled tighter to him. With her sweet
mouth brushing against his ear, her legs wrapped over his, and her arms cradling his weary body, she whispered, “Dorian.”
Finally, Gavin X Myra

Chapter Summary

This is the end of my My Love series where Cullen's son and Alistair's daughter finally admit they love each other. Lots of sexy times ensue.

Read the whole story here.

Diving forward, Myra fell straight into Gavin's perfect lips. Maker's sake, how many times did she practically squeal while trying to describe them to her friends? Pillowy but the firm kind, like a really good mattress that you knew would support you for years.

As the heat increased, she straddled on her knees across his lap -- her blanket knocked off the side to land in the rooftop snow. Gavin whispered something into her mouth that sounded like a prayer while his free hands moved down her back to cup her waist. Without any of the frills of the mage robes in the way, she could practically feel his naked fingers tempting her skin through the thin shirt. Blessed Andraste, what she wouldn't give for him to...

When Gavin reached the hem of her tunic, he didn't politely lift his hands up to her back, or pause the kissing and start reading. Digging right under, he drew his powerful fingers up the naked flesh of her waist.

"Dear Maker," Myra cursed, breaking away from the kiss as her spine arced to meet with his hands. She slammed her eyes tight while he scratched alive the skin that burned in its wake.

His amber eyes snapped open, the man reading to see how she reacted to his actions. Chuckling at the ever present concern, Myra gripped onto his chin, pressed her chest into his, and dove right back into kissing him.

With each draw of his hands against her, Myra's mouth opened, giving Gavin the perfect opportunity to dip his masterful tongue in. Long and lean, it twisted with hers in a haphazard ballet, Myra tasting him in a way she never thought would be possible again.

Dipping away from his chin, Myra's hand started at the top of his chest. The fold of muscle, those pillowed but flat as a cliff pecs, tempted her for years. She'd see them outlined under shirts, by the sweat of his body, or the rain he'd work in. Never being allowed to touch no matter how much she wanted to.

Now, Gavin squirmed to press his chest tighter to her hand while she worked her palm further down the pop of power he carried. There was a soft curve to his stomach muscles, the abs bent from his sit, but that lit her hotter. She wanted to lap up that soft fold, to dip her tongue in and out of the bend in his skin and warm flesh, to give a gentle tug while rubbing back and forth on his thighs.

In trailing lower to find the bottom of his abs, Myra's wrist knocked right into that illusive part of him she'd probably burnt nearly all of her imagination on over the years. Just the head skittered across her palm before she shifted away, but the touch caused Gavin's mouth to drop open in a gasp of pleasure.

Fear swarmed her stomach, Myra terrified that she'd just shoved him into something he wasn't ready for. In all their times making out when they were teenagers, she'd never gotten close to feeling him up even over pants. And now...

Gavin's fingers curled off her back to land on her stomach pooch. He seemed as fascinated with her softer flesh as she did his. Leaning closer, his hot breath wafted through her ear -- Myra shuddering as a result. "I want you," he breathed before those amber eyes burned with ferocity into hers.

A gulp lifted up Myra's throat, her spine trembling at both the hunger in his voice and the want boiling in her veins. "I'm...you know I'm not a virgin," she said, wincing even as it fell out. The fact she wasn't good enough to wait.

Those perfect lips lifted and Gavin snickered, "You are with me."

Blighted hell!
Wrapping her arms around the back of his head, Myra pulled his face to hers for more kissing. She couldn't stop thumbing his thick curls up and down in her fingers, getting a good grip while softly tugging. Each pull made him gasp a bit longer, letting her tongue slip in to play with his. His hands were busy too, rising up outside her tunic. She expected him to chastely caress her stomach, but they both lifted straight up her ribs to swirl over her breasts.

"Oh, yes," Myra moaned, tipping her head back as those great hands expertly coddled her chest. He began at the bottom, lifting what sparse flesh there was and making Myra squirm even harder on his thighs. They may be tiny things, but she adored having them touched.

It took almost nothing for her nipples to both announce themselves dramatically, Gavin switching from massaging her whole breast to lightly circling them instead. Gasping, Myra's forehead smacked into his as she prayed, "Blessed be the...fuuck."

The damn man playing her like a flute smiled, "I've ached to for so long."

Those amber eyes welled up in sincerity right beside hers, Myra gulping at how he wasn't just getting her good and wet, but driving her heart more open than it'd been in years. Cupping his jaw, she kissed him sweetly on the lips, almost as if they were 13 and sneaking away to that magical pond. Then she dipped down, her lips lapping along his. With her tongue, she skirted along the scar etched deep into his bottom lip. Gavin shifted in his seat, letting her suck his lip into her mouth, her teeth grazing across it.

Wanting more, Myra slipped lower, her lips trailing into his forest of scruff. It scratched against her, waking her skin the way his nails did while she worked along that square jaw. How many girls tittered over it? How many nearly walked into a door while staring at it? And how in the Maker's name was she the one kissing it?

At his ear, Myra playfully lapped her tongue against the dangling lobe. The man sucked in a breath, his arms trembling from her move as she raised her face higher. After licking along the shell, she paused right beside his ear and whispered, "For years, I've been dreaming of you climbing on top of me, knocking open my legs, and screwing me until the sun rises."

Gavin's breath hitched in his throat, his mouth hanging open while her filthy but true words rolled around in his brain. She couldn't hold it back anymore. Myra was never a good girl, whatever that looked like, and if he wanted to wait until some mythical wedding day then...

Amber eyes burned into hers, Gavin's face dead certain, "I want that too."

A yelp erupted from her throat at the drive in his voice. With her legs straddled so far apart, Myra's whole cave of wonders was flashing a bunch of brilliant ideas to her brain. Every single one involved Gavin as naked as she'd dare dream, in a field of sunflowers with a book in his hands. Maker's breath, she flexed her thighs together while his hands curled around her waist and played with her shirt.

It's not a dream. It's not a dream. This is real. Please, let this be real because if I wake up in bed next to a snoring Joss...

Gavin's slippery, hot lips pressed a deep kiss to Myra's before he began to tug on her shirt. She ached to have it off, to feel his skin crushed against as much of hers as he could, but... The last time she took her shirt off around him, he dumped her. He had a good reason and all, but that wasn't a fear that vanished easily.

Sliding back a bit, Myra took control, her hands slowly lifting up the old tunic with an embroidered bear on the front. Real sexy, for certain. Why not add a few pompoms while at it. Ooh, they could go over her chest like fuzzy nipples. She raised the hem to just under her breasts and paused. If she ruined this again with the power of her naked chest what option was left for her other than fleeing to the chantry and taking a vow of chastity?

Her eyes darted over to find Gavin staring directly at her bare flesh, his teeth biting down on his lip while his still clothed chest heaved in a breath. Blessed Maker... Myra prayed to herself while yanking the shirt off over her head.

She barely had a chance to drop it to the side, when Gavin's warm hands cupped both of her breasts. No tunic in the way, no matter how thin, felt incredible. He was so gentle, teasing and not pinching, while firm and certain. Myra's internal temperature threatened to explode.

"It's, uh..." she risked an eye to stare down at the man keeping her boobs warm. "It's okay?"

His silky voice purred, "You're beautiful." She hadn't been fishing for a compliment, but that answered her question too. Tipping forward, Myra got in a few more kisses while Gavin explored her nipples. He was a quick learner, figuring out that corkscrew his thumb and forefinger over
her nips nearly caused Myra to black out in pleasure.

No, no, no! This isn't fair. Here she was braving the cold winter (while ignoring it thanks to magic) naked, and he got to sit there in his shirt. Not gonna happen.

Quickly, Myra snagged onto the neckline of his tunic, bunched it in her fist and dragged him to her lips. Gavin laughed at the move and leaned forward. That gave Myra the perfect opportunity to yank up the back of his shirt over his head. His noddy hair all piled forward until Gavin tipped that chiseled face back and smiled.

For a brief second his hands fell off her breasts, leaving them feeling all lonely, to tug himself free of his shirt. While bundling it up and tossing it to the side, Myra got to watch a true miracle of the Maker. Gavin's forearms popped just from him knotting his shirt into a ball, the dark arm hair wafting in the breeze. Her fingers cupped at his square wrist and worked their way higher until landing at his elbow and freezing.

"You can touch more," he whispered, a laugh in his voice.

Myra blinked, her heart stopped dead. She was stuck on his biceps. Sure, he'd occasionally roll his sleeves up revealing those forearm muscles as he dug into work, but sweet blighted Maker those arms should be outlawed. Or at least people warned that staring directly at them could cause blindness and fainting. Even with his hands just holding her, she could see that one vein rising over the top. What would it take to make it prod higher, his biceps straining from the load? Blessed Andraste, how could she be the one to watch that?

"It's, you're...give me a minute here, there's a lot to take in," she gasped, finally letting her eyes travel to that chest. Maybe it was absence clouding her memory, but she could swear it looked stronger than when they were seventeen. Prouder. Braver. It'd been lean before, almost too lean, but the years had put a small layer of softness overtop -- the cuddle layer -- while leaving all that jaw dropping muscle intact.

Gavin picked up her frozen hand by the wrist. Her fingers hung limply a moment until, by the back of her hand, he pressed her palm against his chest. Myra probably made some stupid sound, like a druffalo that just found a crate of carrots or similar, but she couldn't hear it. Her ears were jammed with crushing waves as she let herself live the impossible fantasy.

With Gavin guiding her, her hand traipsed down the mountainous terrain of his body. By the veillfire, his luxurious brown skin took on an otherworldly glow -- almost as if he was a spirit himself.

A spirit of sex!

Focus, Myra. Don't be that stupid.

At his stomach, the abs playing a round of peekaboo from his sit, Myra dipped her pinkie into his bellybutton. That caused him to smile a moment, seeming to enjoy her antics, when he bundled her hand in his. With thumb and pinkie holding her palm, he pulled her lower towards his whole, uh thunderous area, until she glanced across the crown of his cock.

Moaning, Gavin let go and dug his hands into the ground. He let Myra take control, her hand gently wafting over the prodding feature as she cupped it into her palm. Even with the trousers in the way, she could feel the foreskin slipping further back to reveal as much of the head as it dared.
She tried to glide it around, but those cursed pajama pants kept tenting up and sliding away.

Myra grabbed onto the hem and tried to work them down, when she paused and looked up at Gavin. He seemed lost in his own sea of pleasure, but without her hands pumping away, he cracked open an eye to look at her. A smile of realization rose and he raised up on his hips to worry his trousers downward.

She tried to lean over to catch a view of his naked ass, but he landed on it too quick. Next time, Myra promised herself, while fully forgetting that there was a main event right before her. He only worked his trousers down to his thighs before Gavin had to abandon ship, but it left more than enough room for his cock to raise high through the night air.

"I, uh," Gavin flushed and the long buried dork returned. He pawed at the back of his neck and gazed heavenward, "it's not anything great..."

Myra snorted, her lips salivating for a taste. Forming a circle between her thumb and forefinger, she twisted around the above average thickness. While bringing the rest of her fingers around and sliding upwards, she whispered, "It's fantastic."

Grabbing onto her cheek, Gavin pulled her to his lips while she began to work him over good. Every other tug on that ol' trouser snake, he'd gasp in her mouth. The hot blast of air drove her wilder, Myra aching to bring him all the way, to feel him explode in her. She gave him one last kiss, her tongue twirling around with his as a preview, before she began to scrunch down.

Gavin's hand curled down her naked back, resting as he waited. When she drew her face near his cock, Myra dangled her tongue out and gave one slow lick from the straights on the cap up to the top. She anticipated a groan, and there was one as the ecstatic audience in her hands twitched, but Gavin suddenly tensed up under her.

It was quick, his legs locking tight and arms, yes, bulging. She pulled away in concern, her eyes meeting his closed lids while a flinch played over his face. Myra reached out to cup his cheek, when he risked looking at her. Sweat rose upon his brow as he stuttered, "Not...uh, not yet. Not with that. Please?"

"Ookay," she was fully lost. That was practically demanded as the appetizer in her other relationships, but he seemed very uncomfortable with the whole concept. "We don't have to do anything below the belt," Myra said. Though after getting this worked up she'd have to get herself off alone or be curled up with cramps for awhile.

Gavin smiled through the strain and pulled her to him for a kiss. She expected it to be the innocent one, a sign off for later, but he dove fully in. His hands plied through her shorter hair, tugging just right as he pushed harder against her. Myra scrambled to try and keep upright, her body bending backwards from the force while he started pressing hot kisses against the skin of her neck. Soft as a whisper, he began to nip with the edge of his teeth, causing Myra to moan while her thighs clenched tighter wanting anything hard to ride.

Abandoning her neck, which felt as if a desire demon curled its taunting fingers upon her, Gavin's lips sucked upon the top of her breasts. A silly giggle rose in her throat, Myra growing ticklish at the whisper kisses -- until he found her nipple.

Her hands knotted into his curls, practically pinning the man to her breast as he swirled his tongue with her nipple. The two were performing some magical dance that had her teeth sparking and her bottom squirming for joy. Not about to leave another out, Gavin switched sides, taking his time to cause Myra to whimper in so much exquisite torture it was a wonder she could still breathe.

"My..." he coughed a moment, his voice thick with lust, "Myra, may I?" Gavin gestured towards her own in the way trousers. Blighted hell, why was his adorable asking such a turn on? He was all but blushing as if she wasn't half naked already, his body trembling in anticipation.

Grabbing onto the waistband, Myra yanked her damn pants off in one quick go. Her boots plopped off her feet while she waved her cursed long legs about. Shifting and scrunching up, she tried to paw at her ankle which wouldn't give up its hold on her trousers without a fight. "Damn things are too long," she muttered, when brown fingers caught above hers.

Slowly, Gavin curled his hand against her ankle and like those princes in fairytales about shoes, he helped to guide her trousers off her feet. She'd definitely have paid more attention if the stories involved the prince yanking off the fair maiden's trousers. Fully naked, Myra sat her bare ass on her blanket, her feet planting firmly into the ground while she watched her knees knocking into each other.

Are you really going to do this?
There was no regret. At all. In everything in Myra's life this was probably one of the least trepidatious choices ever. Up there with always getting a large order of cinnamon rolls instead of only one.

But it seemed impossible. Five years, she'd moved away, he became this great hero knight savior, her love life wasn't liable to kickstart any fantasies, and he...blighted hell, look at him!

The him in that equation tugged off the last of his trousers as well, leaving them both as naked as the Maker intended. She tried to hone in on his biceps, or the thighs, but her eyes kept skipping right down to that penis wafting back and forth as he moved. Sweet Andraste, she wanted that thing.

Not like in a jar or anything. That'd be morbid and weird.

Just to borrow for a few bone melting minutes.

And Gavin was trying to kill the awkward time by folding up their clothing. He must be terrified of how to start what comes next. Sliding around, Myra scooped her legs around his middle. The socks of all things slipped from his fingers as her straining thighs tugged him closer. On the walk over, Gavin's hands caressed up her hip, trailed the barely there divot of her waist, and landed right beside her shoulder.

Sitting up, Myra curled both her arms around the back of his neck and pulled his forehead against hers. "I really, really want you," she breathed. To plow me into next Sunday, preferably, but baby steps and all.

Gavin's heartbreaking smile, the one that she wished she could preserve in a locket over her heart, beamed over his entire handsome face. "And I you."

Cupping his cheek, Myra kissed him slowly, sweetly. As Gavin began to melt in her grip, her hand traveled down his taut body. The back muscles were so tight it was a wonder they didn't snap at her invasion. Sliding her hand under, Myra traced along his stomach -- which was fluttering. Was she his first since...?

Maker's breath, My, you know you are. This is Gavin.

Tenderly, she reached between his legs, her fingers skirting up and down the shaft of his cock. Those amber eyes opened a moment as he stared hard into hers. When he nodded his head, Myra opened up her thighs and guided him into her. The pressure of his cock bumping up into her lips made her bite down in anticipation, but Gavin seemed to be waiting.

She let her hand fall away and curled both around his back. Her eyes darted around a moment to try and get her bearings, when she looked deep into his. Five years, five hair pulling years while she kept falling into horrible or boring guy's beds and he...he kept on. It was a long time to fantasize, a long time to...

"Sweet merciful Maker!" Myra cried. Gavin thrust in, filling her faster than she ever anticipated. He didn't move quick, and he was thicker than she expected, but blessed Andraste it was wonderful.

"Are you...?" he whispered, his eyes closed as if he too was hanging upon this moment.

Myra dug her nails into his back, hoisted her head closer, and whispered in his ear, "Do it again."

The smile was instantaneous and Gavin did as commanded. The thrusts were shallow at first, Myra savoring every time he filled her, but when the man grunted from deep in his chest she lifted her legs higher. His cock slid so far in, Myra shrieked in giddy delight.

"Faster," she ordered, trying to stagger her ass up in order to meet him. Grunting, Gavin increased his speed, every perfect thrust bringing more soul rocking reverberations through Myra. She matched him in kind, her thighs straining to pull herself onto him and he thrusted up into her. They moved as one, even their breath falling into the same pattern as together they merged into one fucking person.

"Holy Maker!" Gavin cried, his hips stopping dead. And then she felt the tell tale sign of why warming and squishing up inside her. The spent man buried his face against Myra's neck, in comprehensible words dripping from his lips while he held her tight. She wrapped around him, his dripping cock still inside her. Myra's arms hugged him tight while he kept talking adorable gibberish.

As he pulled back, Myra almost smacked her head into the ground in shock to find tears in his eyes. "Gavin?" she reached towards his cheeks, her heart compressed into an ice cube from the
pain on his face.

"It's..." he didn't shake her off, or stagger away, but remained close to her embrace. Myra tugged him on top of her, his head nestling near her breast. With one hand drawing up and down her arm he sighed, "This year has been awful." She pursed her lips but couldn't argue. "I feared that...that I was cursed and confessing to you the truth you'd, not this. I never dreamed this would..."

He lifted his head to look right into her concerned eyes, "Thank you."

Smiling at his damn sincerity, Myra cupped his cheeks in her hands and pulled him in for a kiss. She should get up, clean up, get dressed, cast a certain 'keep babies away' spell. But he was so warm, and tender. How could a man that looked like he could walk through a mountain be more tender than a basket of kittens?

Gavin broke away a moment, his amber eyes burning in hers. "I, uh," he licked his lips, "I want you to...um, enjoy yourself too."

"Oh, I did," Myra said with a knowing smile. Maker did she ever.

"No, I mean...ya know. All the, um, wow parts."

"Oh," she was speechless. It shouldn't be surprising he cared, but based upon her sampling of men when it came to that hard of work after they got theirs, it was. Big time.

"I'm not, um, I haven't really got much experience in any of that, and..."

Myra curled her hands with his, "Follow my lead."

A smile lifted on his cheeks as he let her pull his strong fingers downward, "Always."

She started him off slow, the tip of his forefinger swirling over the top of her clit. Myra bucked to match the rising swell, her tongue falling slack in her mouth while Gavin kept pressing petal soft kisses to her body. Unable to take anymore of the torture, Myra shifted his fingers down. The middle got right to the heart of the action while the first kept on its slow tease above.

After all that amazing buildup with him, she was so close she wanted to scream and bite something. Her hand fell away, leaving Gavin fully in control. "Don't. Stop." Myra gasped, her breath lodging tight in her throat while he did exactly that. Not faster, no moving, just the absolute perfect swirl of fingers exactly where she needed them.

Her body hung on that delicious cliff for what felt an eternity, Myra clinging to it with every clench inside of her. And when she released, the orgasm walloped her so hard, her ears popped. She gasped, not expecting that, nor how her body was curling in on itself to try and preserve every tremor of pleasure ratcheting through her.

When breath was able to drip from her lips, she whispered a prayer of thanks to whoever was listening. In this case Gavin, who was smiling widely at her reaction. Tears sprung up in Myra's eyes as well, small ones of joy, as she grabbed both of his cheeks. In her loudest voice, she shouted, "I love you," then tugged him to her lips for a kiss.

Oh Maker.

Myra.

You did not just tell a man you loved him right after sex.

Shit.

Her eyes darted towards Gavin, the man curled up on his side from watching her writhe around in the pleasure he created. "So, uh..." she began, the warmth that threatened to burn her soul like the birth of a phoenix fading fast as she surveyed her big error. "I said that thing..."

"You were excited," he laughed, "very excited. I understand."

"Yeah," Myra dug into her neck and sighed. "About that. Well...um." Closing her eyes, she took in a deep breath, "I love you. I love you a lot. I mean, you always love someone a lot otherwise it's not love. And I wanted to say it somewhere special instead of...then. But I didn't because I'm stupid and--"

Gavin kissed the tip of her nose, then her slack lips. "Myra, I love you, and you telling me while your naked body was pressed against mine will be far more memorable than you painting it on a wall."
"I was thinking of getting a bunch of turtles together and spelling it out. Though, the turtles might start to walk away and then it'd spell something like I levy you. Then we're stuck looking for a dam to save face, and it's a big old mess."

He didn't sigh, didn't tell her to shut up or that she was being stupid. Gavin snickered at her babbling and kissed her again. "It's the little moments," he said.

"Hmm?"

"Those are what I want most with you," he curled on his back and pulled her onto his chest. The warmth between them was greater than her spell, greater than the round of sex they shared. She could feel it practically seeping out of the fade, as if something wanted them to remain like this. A spirit of love?

Myra snickered, trying to shake away her cheesy thoughts, "After that performance, I hope you want some big moments too, because...that bears a repeat."

Smiling, Gavin pressed a loving kiss to her forehead, "I'm glad, because...I happen to agree with you."

"Seven years bad luck anytime someone says that," Myra said, unable to stop the laughter jangling about in her chest. She was so stupidly happy, happier than she thought she could be. "Though, I have to say, I never thought our first time would be on a roof in winter."

Gavin peered out over the slumbering city, barely anything save a few puffs of grey smoke breaking through the night's cloak. "I don't know, Denerim's rather beautiful up here."

"Yes," Myra nodded, staring only at his perfect face, "it is."

A great sigh raised up Gavin's chest as he cuddled Myra tighter to him. His fingers began to playfully dart up and down her nose and across her cheeks as they listened to each other's heartbeats. He wanted her. She wanted him. They were a thing. More than a thing, they were in love. They were...

By the void, what came next?

"Hmm," he mused, breaking Myra from her turn, "your freckles are not as obvious as I remember."

"Oh yeah, they tend to vanish when I'm trapped inside all the time staring at runes and reading tomes thicker than your head," she laughed it off, not thinking much of her fields of freckles.

But Gavin dotted the tip of his pinkie upon her cheeks and he sighed, "Do you think they might return?"

If she stepped away from the college, if she returned to running about in the sunlight her face would look like someone splattered her in brown paint once again. If she found a good reason to stay in Denerim, to set up a shop of her own, to finally do something with her one day plans. Gripping onto Gavin's hand and willing a beat of her warmth to him, Myra smiled, "Count on it."
Backalley Action; Gavin X Myra

Chapter Summary

Myra and Gavin are having a bit of fun in Denerim. Taken from my Epilogue story.

Breath hitched tight in her throat, eyes peeled across the darkened tiles, Myra leapt out of her hiding place and ran for it. The cool air of rising night plastered against her cheeks and tugged her hair back. For a moment she risked glancing back into the shadows, but it looked as if he was gone.

Right. Just got to make it to the city gates and she'd win. That was easy. Squirrelled away up high on the city roofs where almost no one bothered to look, Myra could spot the archway and the massive doors thrown open. It was in the distance, framed by the purples and oranges of the dimming sun, but still visible. She'd gotten a lot more closer than she thought she could.

Taking a quick glance around, Myra spotted her next landing spot. She dropped into a full on run, both of her bare feet paddling upon the roof's slanted edge. All of Denerim faded away while she focused dead center on the leap. There was a house an alley's jump away, doable. 100%. No way she'd miss.

With her heels rising up from the roof, Myra began to fly into the air when a black spot stepped right into her path. Fuck! Cat! The kitty mewled in consternation at the human trying to correct her falling path from landing right onto the hissing ball of fur and claws. Shit, shit, shit!

Twisting her body as far to the side as she could manage, Myra's toes clung to the gutter of the roof but couldn't dig in. The kitty's yellow eyes drifted over hers a moment, the pair locking in a challenge, then it yawned just as Myra began to plummet.

Fuck you, cat!

Her hands dug out fast, fingers locking onto a windowsill. It stopped her from falling to the ground and breaking something, but her shoulders screamed at the stretch. Tipping her head back, Myra watched as the cat rose to its paws and sauntered off the roof as if it did nothing wrong. She could try and climb back up...though there weren't any good handholds here. Why didn't people leave ladders attached to their houses anymore?

No. At this point, down was her only option. She prayed that he got hung up somewhere too. Maybe in that little overturned apple cart she spotted towards the north section. Working her way down quickly, when Myra's bare feet touched the sticky and crisp street she wiped her sweaty palms down her blouse. This may work out even better, no way he'd expect her to be taking the street. She'd walk on past leaving him none the wiser while he scoured the rooftops. Ha!

With a bit of swagger in her step, Myra walked towards the back of the house. She may be reckless but she wasn't an idiot -- taking the main road was instant doom no matter what. A little alleyway wound its way through here splitting apart a bunch of shared gardens where flocks of chickens glared at her for trespassing.

"Sorry ladies," Myra tried to soothe the ruffled feathers, but the hens were having none of it. More than a few puffed up like they were going to go right for her legs and Myra cursed, "What is it with the damn animals today?" She hefted up her shirt and took a whiff. The scent of sweat was there, but no death or blood. Certainly not fear.

"Yeah, yeah," she skirted around the back of the gardens while giving a wide berth to the chickens, "you watch it or I'll eat you."

"Sorry ladies," Myra tried to soothe the ruffled feathers, but the hens were having none of it. More than a few puffed up like they were going to go right for her legs and Myra cursed, "What is it with the damn animals today?" She hefted up her shirt and took a whiff. The scent of sweat was there, but no death or blood. Certainly not fear.

Right ahead she could see her salvation -- the wall circling around Denerim. Get there, flatten against it into the shadows, and she was home free. There was a damn river in the way though. Less a river, more a moat of shit and piss which she really didn't want to wade. The only way to get to the wall was to swing past the last house on the block.

Before she turned to the right and an easy freedom, Myra glanced back towards the palace where they began. He had to be out there somewhere in the city, probably snorting in a huff while digging in hay to find her. Ha! With a silly twist of her hand, she saluted up towards the rising moon in the sky and took a step into the shadows of the house.

Fingers latched onto her upper arm and dug in without being too tight to hurt, but strong enough
to keep her from breaking away. *Damn it!*" Found you," a voice whispered from the dark edge of the house. He pulled her body with a swivel of his legs to jam her back right up against the old wooden wall.

His eyes burned even in the darkness, brighter than any flame. Myra squirmed as he placed both hands astride her head, effectively capturing her. She could still win this, though. Throw him off, dodge, maybe go for a feint and...

The wind stirred behind, wafting his scent into her straining nostrils: oak, steel, and a hint of juniper. He had to have been running all the way from the palace without stop to beat her here and he still smelled amazing. Myra ceased squirming in her pen and she stared defiantly into Gavin's eyes.

"You win," she declared before bundling his shirt into her grasping fingers and pulling him in for a kiss. The chase drove her blood wild, heat from the run transforming to the lustful ache that begged to be stroked and kneaded until it burned white. He was clearly feeling it too, the gentle hands replaced by hungry ones that scooped down the wall and grabbed onto her waist.

Practically growling in her mouth, Gavin hefted Myra up into his arms. She greedily swept her legs up around his body, her spine sliding higher against the back of the house while his tongue danced in and out of her mouth. With all the fervor in his blood, the champion of their little game dug his lips into Myra's neck.

She moaned at the forceful kisses, squirming in his grip while his hard stomach knocked right against her engorging bits. When Gavin bit down, Myra squealed loud enough a flock of pigeons erupted into the air. He broke away a moment; the concern returned in an instant. But Myra latched onto his head and pulled him right back to work.

*Blighted blood of Andraste!* Gavin's fingers dug into her bony ass, his teeth nipping a line along the exposed collar of her blouse she specifically left partially unbuttoned for the night. A whimper of need burbled up Myra's throat and out her mouth. She tried to swallow it down, afraid he'd once again panic and worry, but his burning fire eyes whipped up to hers.

In those amber fields flashed his rampaging desire to rip all her clothes off. Biting on her lip, she attempted to send back the same, when Gavin hefted her away from the wall. Myra was about to ask where he was taking her, when his lips plunged deep onto hers. Not caring a whit where the man was carrying her, she greedily dove back, lapping up his far too pretty lips before nipping against the bottom one.

With Myra devouring him, Gavin steadily walked the pair along the alleyway towards the main road. Suddenly, he shifted her higher, his foot lashing out to strike against a door. The thing ripped off its latch and shattered open against the far wall. Myra trembled a moment at the force of will, her eyes darting over to the still rattling door, before Gavin marched her right through the hole he made and inside some stranger's house.

Bit odd, but maybe it was a shortcut back to their place. She trusted him because who wouldn't? The famous Knight carried her through the dusty room she just realized was duskily lit with candles. Flames danced in the darkened room, softening her husband's skin to a gorgeous sheen. Unable to take the temptation any longer, Myra grabbed onto his shirt and yanked on the buttons in her reach. It fell apart revealing the chiseled frame of the man carrying her around like a sack of flour. His mop of dark chest hair called to her hands first, but she couldn't stop drawing her fingers right across his pecs -- both flexing as hard as stone to keep her upright.

"Daamn," Myra muttered, in shock she was allowed to touch such a thing. Lips burned against her neck, her mouth falling slack as Gavin sucked harder on her tender skin. Double damn! Her veins were in flames, every inch of her skin sparking from a small touch. A big one and she was liable to fully combust.

Gavin lifted his head from her neck, the air striking against her enflamed skin. She wanted him right back there, nipping his way lower, but he locked his lips on hers. Myra moved to curl her palms up to his hair when he opened his hands. Gasping in shock, Myra let out a little shriek as she fell through the air.

It wasn't more than a breath before her ass landed right onto a mattress she couldn't see, but that fear, that feeling of floating before the plummet, awoke the sleeping dragon inside. Gavin stood in place, his eyes beaming down while he shrugged off the shirt Myra started to free. Blessed Andraste, he was beyond belief. With his chest heaving from the run, carrying her ass, kicking open a door, or just delicious lust, he seemed to be flexing every muscle in his body. The biceps that'd been locked tight to her hips were both begging for her hands to dig into their rock hard curves.
Grabbing onto the bottom of her blouse, Myra tugged it right over her head. It wasn't until one of the buttons snagged on her hair that she remembered those damn things clasped it. She'd wanted to be all coy, maybe slowly undo each one while he waited in torment, but she was the one incapable of lasting for one second more. Gavin's burning eyes shifted down across her breasts, his tongue darting out to lick his lips. Bloody hell, that made her squirm harder, Myra aching for her damn trousers to get out of the way.

She in turn glanced down to find his own pants raised in a big way. Locked in his arms, she could feel the start of it but had no idea how ready to go he already was. Myra began to reach for his bulge, when Gavin dropped down fast. His hands pinned her to the bed, both landing right next to her hips and she met his insatiable eyes.

Blighted Maker, her heart thudded like war drums in her chest, how much more of this could she take?

That pink and powerful tongue lapped out to wrap around with hers while his fingers yanked off her trousers in one go. One hand skirted up her thigh, his fingers worrying the muscle on the rise skyward until he glanced across her pubic hair. A chuckle from his lips broke into her mouth, "No underthings?"

"Something told me they'd get in the way," Myra smiled, her feet locked around the back of Gavin. She dug her heels into his ass, slightly squealing at all the cushion she wanted to get her hands on next.

His smile turned fully devious as he eyed her up, "Good plan." Leaping up onto the bed, Gavin pinned her back fully, one hand massaging her breast while the other...

"Blighted Ass Bites!" Myra cursed in bliss as he drew a finger deep inside of her. At the touch of her wetness, which reached near historic levels after all this teasing, Gavin moaned deep in his throat.

"You are so..." he began.

"I can tell," Myra said, a whimpering rising in her chest as she tried to bear down on his finger. This was more than just a prolonged bit of foreplay, she was raring to go right this second.

He nuzzled his mouth against her throat, a kiss here, a lick there, a nip upon her earlobe, before Gavin whispered, "I want to screw you into next Sunday."

Unable to hide the laugh even while she clenched down on the fingers inside her, Myra sighed, "Well, you did win."

Gavin moved to stand, sadly pulling his fingers out of her. Struggling to sit up, Myra watched as he yanked off his trousers revealing he had the same thought as her to go small-less tonight. By the void, his cock swayed a moment at the force of his disrobing, seeming to call to her lips, or hands, or vagina. She didn't care, really. It was his choice, but damn did she hunger for it in any of the menu options.

Bending over, Gavin reached for Myra. She moved to lay back, assuming he wished to be on top, when his hands both skirted under her. With that same ease he used to get her in here, he lifted her body off the mattress. His eyes shifted down her trembling body before landing right back on her face.

With a roll of his tongue, he ordered, "Turn around."

Oh Maker. Fully shaking in anticipation, Myra spun on her feet to find she did land on a bed stripped of any sheets or blankets. Her hands wrapped around the post as she shifted her stance wider in delectable anticipation.

For a breath, nothing happened. No hand touched her, no leg slid hers further apart, no cock pressed tight to her ass. She was left hanging upon the ledge, wondering when she'd either fall or be pulled to an unending bliss. And he was doing it on purpose. Damn him! Myra dug her nails in, goosebumps rising across her body while her mind threw out every possible touch, kiss, lick, and fuck before her. This was better than being blindfolded because there was little chance of the strap getting caught on a ring.

Fingers curled against her stomach, slowly tugging her back. When his hot lips landed beside her ear, she felt his ecstatic cock slipping against her butt. "You know what to do," Gavin whispered. Unable to hide her smile, as if she wanted to, Myra raised up on her tiptoes and spread herself further apart. His fingers drifted first outside her thighs then inside, kneading her muscles and tempting to drive her through the roof with all this teasing.
She was about to tell him to get a move on, when his palm landed flush upon her pubic hair and the tip of his cock pushed against her lips. It stumbled too far forward a moment, his cock slicking right up to her clt. Gavin had to readjust, and when he thrust his hips forward he bored right through her. Gasping in ecstatic joy, Myra began to meet him thrust for thrust.

His hands raised up from her stomach to cup her breasts, both teasing her nipples until they were as beyond aroused as she was. A grunting rose in the lips nibbling at her ear, Gavin thrusting with a steady beat. Each push deeper inside of Myra brought her closer and closer, her entire body aching for a release. They'd played too long this time. Maker, if she was in this much agony...

"Mmm," her husband groaned, the warm breath lapping against the nape of her neck causing Myra to tremble. Or maybe it was the cock inside of her. Probably both. He slowed a moment in his thrusting and whispered, "Touch yourself."

"I'm liable to fall over," Myra gasped, her eyes darting to the bedpost she was clinging to.

"Don't worry," his hands released from her breasts to land upon her hips and dig in, "I've got you."

With her husband holding her tight, Myra drew her finger between her legs and rubbed her clt up and down. The moan was instantaneous, Myra seeing spots as she knew just how to jump that final hurdle. Gavin picked up his pace, his cock thrumming through her at the perfect speed. Her entire body began to sway with his force, Myra's clt swiping past her finger instead of the other way around, but she didn't fall. All of his remaining strength was devoted to keeping her upright and hanging on this edge.

"Harder," Myra ordered, gritting her teeth to keep herself from exploding. Always quick to do as commanded, Gavin's cock parted fast through her, slamming against her insides that enflamed to push back against her finger. Another swipe and she fell into that blissful pool where her entire body hummed in harmony. If a state of perfection was ever possible, it was that moment right before...

Another thrust and Myra's entire being imploded. "Sweet fucking Maker," she gasped as the orgasm took full control of her brain. Digging her nails tighter into the bedpost to focus on something, she shuddered while squeezing with the vaginal contractions right against his cock.

"You came?" he asked, pausing a moment while Myra trembled in rapture to try and remember her name or how to speak.

Shaking her head, she laughed, "You have to ask?"

A shudder reverberated in his throat, no doubt as he kept pulling himself back from the brink. "Bend over more," Gavin said. He didn't tug or shove her down, but as Myra gladly worked her hands down the bedpost until she was staring at her filthy toes, his hands slid across her back. "Blessed Andraste," her husband cursed, his legs shifting as he seemed to widen his stance to drive himself as deep as ever.

Myra's entire body wiggled, her breasts flapping about from the force parting through her. She bit into her cheek, clinging tight to the waves of euphoria still casting out of her vagina. Maker, it felt so damn good, his cock barreling through and bumping into parts never before explored.

Wanting more, she raised her toes a bit higher. When Gavin thrust, his fingernails dug into her hips and he gasped, "Blighted hell!" A smirk rose on Myra's lips as she internally clung to the trembling cock, already her insides growing wetter and stickier than they had been. As Gavin pulled out of her, the force of nature that swept her up and fucked her brains out vanished.

He wrapped his arms around her bent over back and tugged Myra into a hug. Laughing, she spun to face him and kissed his lips. Sweat dotted his brow, his face wiped in exhaustion, but a great smile on his face. "I love you," Gavin whispered, barely able to swallow the grateful sigh.

Myra drew her fingers along his jaw, messing with the scruff he never shaved anymore. At the chin, she gave it a tug and said, "Damn straight you do."

Laughing, he buried his face into the top of her head, his naked chest cradling her face. Myra took in a deep whiff of her husband, who smelled so damn delectable she could almost talk herself into having another go. But...she had business to get back to. Damn that whole adult shit.

Wiping a hand against her forehead to try and get her hair back into place, Myra said, "We should probably get dressed quickly before whoever owns this dump comes home and finds us both here, naked as all get out."

Her husband smiled but didn't release her from his hug, "I don't think that will be an issue."
"Why? Wait..." She cast an eye around, noticing the candles that were all lit inside the boarded up apartment with nothing but a bed and no other furniture. "Did you set this up?"

Gavin shrugged and tried to glance away. He would have rubbed the back of his neck, but his hands were cupping her naked ass. Myra's mouth dropped open, "How in the void...? How did you know I'd come this way?"

"A lucky guess. Even if I'd caught you elsewhere, I'd have carried you here," he explained.

"But we always, ya know, kiss a bunch then make it back to our place for the real fun."

Gavin's hungry grin, the one that could make her squirm in her chair from across the room, beamed at her. "I couldn't wait that long."

"You are..." Myra chuckled at all the work he put in for her foolish plans. Her love of playing -- so many others would have called her childish for it, but not him. Curling her hands through his hair, Myra sighed, "You are amazing. And I love you."

"I love you too," he said back instantly, his lips pressing the same sweet as a peach pie kiss against hers. Holding hands sex was nice, but sometimes Myra wanted the thrill of the chase and then banging quick in a back alley. Lucky for her, she could get both with him.

"But I do need to get dressed," she sighed, sliding out of his warm arms. While she wiggled back into her blouse, Myra continued, "I left a few runes baking that I need to check on. Not literally, of course."

"Good," he nodded, "because after the last explosion I had 'concerned neighbors' tracking me down at the palace for weeks."

She yanked on her pants and buttoned up the fly fast. "A few minor sparks and they all think I'm going to burn down the whole block. Don't worry, I think I figured out what went wrong last time."

"Myra..." he shook his head slowly.

"I'll keep it to the table outside the city until I get it perfected," she sighed, "I promise. Spoilsport."

"You knew what I was when you married me," Gavin leaned forward to peck her on the lips. He'd managed into his own pants, but kept the shirt off. Blighted Maker, it almost seemed a crime at times that she was the only person he felt comfortable to disrobe around. His was a body that was gifted to thedas by the Maker personally. But Myra liked being rather selfish about it all too. Like one of those Kings of legend who hoarded all of the treasures of the world into his private collection to never be seen by another naked eye.

Taking one more kiss before she stepped back, Myra ran her fingers through her hair to get the knots out. "Shouldn't be more than an hour getting everything in shape."

"I'll keep a candle lit for you," her husband nodded.

Myra made it towards the door that he no doubt was going to nail back up after dousing all the candles and cleaning up. For a moment, her hand curled up against her stomach and she smiled to herself. The pause was enough to draw Gavin's attention.

When his eyes landed upon her, she said, "Oh, before I forget to tell you again, I'm pregnant."

"You...? What?!"

Giving a little wave, Myra said, "See you back at home." With her husband left dumbstruck, she dashed out into the night, already climbing her way back up to the roofs of Denerim. The unobservant city slept on.
"This is it," he explained on the long walk down the hallway. It was a middling building, not the most decrepit by any standards, but not one that came with its own footman and onsite gym. The fact his neighbors remained out of his business and the bugs were kept to a minimum was all Cullen really needed.

Her sparkling eyes kept focused on him as she walked on her squishy wet heels, her purse clutched safe in her hands. Cullen watched the swish of her dress a moment, drawn to the hips buried below before he remembered he needed to get his damn keys out. Wincing at the folly, he jabbed through the huge ring, suddenly unable to remember what he could managed even after a twelve hour shift.

"Ah," after trying the key to lockup, and a storage shed he owned, he finally got the right one in there and cranked it open. "Here it is," he waved inside and reached towards the wall to turn on a switch.

The old fan over the living room lit up, casting a bit of light into his very humble abode. Kristen stepped past, her warm body sliding closer as she smiled to eye up his one bedroom apartment. At the kitchen table, she dropped her purse and stared into the living room with the cramped two seater couch and a tv across from it. Beside was a cheap ass student desk holding up an old computer tower and monitor.

"Here," Cullen dashed inside after, barely remembering to close and lock his damn front door. "Here's the kitchen," he flicked on the light over a small smattering of counters, a tiny range, and a fridge that was a foot shorter than him. "It's not much, but I think I've got the coffee maker stored in..."

Arms wrapped around behind him, the hands flattening against his fluttering stomach. Hot breath darted against his neck, lifting the hairs, "I wasn't really interested in coffee.

Spinning in place, when Cullen caught sight of her, Kristen launched up on her toes to devour him. It was so sudden, he stumbled back into the counter, his wet ass splatting against the dishwasher. Not caring about the countertop digging into his spine, he cupped his hungry hands against her waist while she sucked upon his lips. Maker's breath, she tasted divine -- her heat warming the cold embers of his gut.

Roused by her enthusiasm, Cullen broke from her lips to plant a kiss to her jawline. Kristen's hands guided around his back, her head tilting to the side to encourage him onward. Lightly, he scraped his teeth while sucking on her rain kissed skin and traveling ever lower. The woman in his arms started to pant, her eyes shut tight as he nipped his way down the side of her neck.

"Maker's sake," she squirmed while extending her neck longer, her hands both digging into his hair to keep his head in place.

Dropping off her neck, Cullen's tongue dipped out and lapped a taste of the rainwater off her collarbone. Squealing at the move, Kirsten's hands drew down his back, her nails trying to scratch through the sopping two layers of his shirts. Maker, he wanted to feel them on his flesh.

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Dropping off her neck, Cullen's tongue dipped out and lapped a taste of the rainwater off her collarbone. Squealing at the move, Kirsten's hands drew down his back, her nails trying to scratch through the sopping two layers of his shirts. Maker, he wanted to feel them on his flesh.

With a gentle kiss, he pressed his lips upon the top of her breast. She moaned at the attention, her eyes shut tight while she buffeted his hair back and forth. Enjoying himself beyond imagination, Cullen kissed away the last of the raindrops until his tongue dipped down inside that taunting cleavage. Blighted Maker. It'd been so long since he tasted anything so warm and soft, to dip further, to try and take all of it in was...

Kristen shifted below him and he stepped back, afraid that he'd pushed too far or done something unwanted. But when he rose up to stare into her beguiling eyes, she smirked. There was no coquettish ingenue smile, no playing coy for the hopes he'd take the lead. Lifting her chest higher, she reached behind her back. Cullen hung uncertain of what she was trying to accomplish, until
the sides of her dress began to bend towards him.

Only the zipper and his impatient panting filled the air as she finished and delicately graced her hands to her shoulders to tug down the dress' straps. He wished he could claim that he behaved with cool clarity, but as the dress hit the floor so did Cullen's jaw. Maker's breath, he was undone by the full flesh bulging over her black bra. The cups cut so low an edge of her nipples were visible, adding more data to his mental picture of her naked.

Kristen placed a hand to her hip, drawing his eye down to her panties. The same ebony night as her bra, cut low across her...uh, lower part, they had an extra strap higher up on the hip. Unlike in all the airbrushed media that had been his source of naked women in awhile, the white flesh between the two slightly bulged. Deep inside his animal brain, he ached to run his lips over it. To nibble on the soft skin protruding out from her panties, and lick his tongue around the strap.

He swallowed hard, struggling to look anywhere beyond the nearly naked body right before him. A hand lifting towards his face drew him away and she smiled. But there was a concern cut inside. "Well..." she shrugged, "uh, there's this," a hand gestured towards her nakedness, "or... actually drinking coffee."

"Fuck me," Cullen gasped, hands wrapping around her waist. Sweet Maker, the skin was as soft as silk, her muscles flexing as she followed suit. How were women so soft and elegant to touch? With lips pressed together in devouring kisses, Kristen grabbed onto the edge of his flannel and tugged it off his shoulders. She was so determined to get it off him, her hands skimmed back towards the cuffs to yank it off his wrist.

With a small laugh at her gentle force, Cullen broke away to finish the job himself. His old, red flannel date shirt landed with a thud on the counter, while her eyes drew across his chest. They looked as if they were sweeping the entire area for defects, her tongue pinched in between her teeth. A niggling fear that she'd turn around and run struck him, and he was barely even naked. Blighted hell, should he do something? Say something to...

A palm cupped right against his pec, soothing away his worry as her fingers clenched and teased the muscle, before the second joined on the other side. Kristen teetered up on her toes, aiming for a kiss, while her fingers trailed down his soaking wet t-shirt. They dipped into his stomach, rounding against the handful of muscles too many donuts hadn't obliterated yet. At the hem, she dug in tight, her fingers tugging back and forth as if she really wanted to rid the scrap of fabric between their skin.

Cullen broke from her lips, his eyes screwed up while he breathed to assure himself. It'd been a long time since anyone saw him naked. What if...? Leaning near her ear, he whispered, "Take it off."

She whipped his shirt off over his head in an instant, the grey flashing before his eyes before it too hit the floor beside her dress. The fear tried to return to him, but the half naked woman standing in his kitchen swept her hungry hands over every square inch of his naked chest while her lips parted against the growing bulge in his rain soaked jeans, her tongue lapping around with his, all while he tried to remember how this went. Flattening him back against the wall, the woman leaped higher on her feet. He snatched one hand under her ass, keeping her pinned tight to him. With his palm, he kneaded into the cheek barely covered by her tiny underwear.

"Fucking void did he want to see it naked. All of her naked. Right now."

Snarling at himself, he bunched a fist around the clasp of her bra and tugged both ends together. It must have worked as the elastic gave way and it began to slide off her skin when he let go. Kristen hopped down, her ass sadly leaving his questing hands, but she drew off her bra making it all worth it. Her impish eyes darted up at him, but Cullen was only vaguely aware of them as he stared dead center at her breasts. Both nipples were a rosy tan, one more aroused than the other. He drew the tips of his fingers up the side of her breast, lightly trailing the firm flesh as it swelled to a full cup.

Kristen's lips parted, her eyes shutting and head lolling back as he softly swerved his finger against her nipple. A moan broke from those tempting lips, and he cupped his entire hand around her
breast. It was a tight fit, the tender and pillowy flesh prodding over the top of his thumb. And he always thought he had large hands.

Blighted Maker, he gasped inside while adding his hand to the other. She twisted in his grip, her breath scattering like a drumroll as she knocked her pointed nipples against his palms. "That feels..." Kristen whispered, a moan of satisfaction finishing for her.

It'd been a long time since he was a high schooler fumbling around to second base in the flatbed of a truck. But watching her skin flush and her lips suckle the air while he teased her breasts brought back the thrill of that first little dip into sex. He could almost hear the crickets chirping in the fields, smell the cornstalks trampled under tires.

Fingers broke him from his thoughts, her hands digging into the waistband of his jeans. Cullen sucked in a gulp as the flat of her hand curled first down his hip, then swung front and center. She had to feel his bulge, even buried under thick denim. But what would she think? Too thin? Too small? Too...

"Blighted void," he moaned, lost in the tug of himself against the fabric and her hungry hands. Kristen smirked, both hands lancing onto his belt. She tugged the leather strap, working it apart fast, and moved on to unzipping his jeans before he had a chance to think.

Cullen staggered backwards into his bedroom, only the blue light from his charging pad casting against them. She kept close, her fingers dancing up and down his waist, but he was the one to bite the bullet. Worrying the wet jeans off his ass, Cullen groaned when they stuck on his thighs. He had no choice but to sit down on his bed, struggling to get the damn things off him. Along the way, he wrenched off his shoes and socks. Women hated that stuff. Socks. During sex. They were probably okay with socks other times. Maybe.

You're stalling. You're bent over because there's no way she can see your crotch in this position. No way she can...

Hands ruffled in his hair, tugging Cullen's head up until his worried eyes met hers. Nothing but unmitigated hunger burned inside of them. She inched closer to him, Kristen planting a knee onto the bed, then another.

Cullen tumbled backwards, scrabbling to get fully onto the bed while she continued to trail above him. Maker's breath, those thick, soft thighs clenched against his sides while his chin nearly bounced against her swaying pair. His tongue gave a quick lap along her nipples, trying to will her breast in deeper, but she kept walking him backwards until his head bumped into the wadded up pillow.

At that she paused, her taunting lips dangling above his. He swept his famishing fingers against her arms, well aware of how her breasts pressed and expanded across his trembling chest. When her eyes beamed into his, Cullen gasped at the laser focus glimmering even in this low light. She was a woman who'd brook no failure, forge on until the bitter end, and was staring at his face as if she'd been aching for him for a long time.

With a quir of her lips, she pressed a kiss to his, her tongue roughing up the few missed hairs in his scruff before she sat up. In doing so, her ass caressed right over his erection. Sweet Maker, the heat from her body pressing into his crotch drove him wilder.

Cullen sat up fast, catching her by surprise. Her eyes opened wide a moment as he snatched onto the strings of her panties. He was about to yank them down, when concern wiggled into the rampaging lust. Maker's breath. Was that right? Should he...? A hand landed on his shoulder, then another. Kristen wiggled herself higher above him and she smiled wickedly with a wink.

He placed a kiss to her stomach, his fingers worrying the first string of the panties back and forth like testing fishing line. Above him, her arms wrapped around the crown of his head, her breasts crushing into his forehead. Slowly, he worked his way down, lips pressing and tongue sucking her skin until he reached that soft line of tender flesh.

Her hips rolled under his fingers, Kristen trying to balance herself while the man below made it hard. But that only drove him wilder, watching her skin bulge out as the string dug in tighter. Drawing a comforting hand up the side of her thigh, Cullen's lips suckered against the sliver of skin. It tasted better than he could have imagined, his teeth skimming against the top.

"Maker's blighted hell," she gasped in ecstasy, her fingernails digging up and down his back.

Like a giddy fool, Cullen lapped up the panties hems with his tongue and began to tug them down using his teeth. He didn't manage far, maybe an inch or two, but a glimpse of her trimmed pubic hair and a shadow of what rested deep within were enough to set him off. Hooking a finger over the top of her panties, he yanked them down to make enough room. Ecstatic, he began sliding a
finger back and forth through her lower lips. The strong outer ones shifted further apart as she widened her stance, and when he touched those satin-like inner ones Kristen shuddered.

By the void was she wet, his finger slipping deeper into that merciful void than he intended. He tried to inch back, but the woman above him leaned closer, pulling him further into herself. Her warm breath wafted near his ear as she whispered, "Please tell me you have protection."

"Uh," his brain struggled to conjure up the answer because it knew that requiring condoms could only mean one thing. "Ye...yeah," Cullen began to crawl back up his bed, leaving the beautiful nearly naked woman alone. He flipped away to fumble around in the end table drawer by his headboard. Good thing it was dark so she couldn't see any of the really incriminating stuff. When a small packet of four landed in his fingers, he sat up to prove that there were condoms.

They were good to go. To...to have-- Blighted hell, he was thirty three years old. He should be able to think it at least.

Kristen smiled while eyeing up the sampling, before she blinked a moment then sighed. "Afraid they're long expired," she said while turning over the foil wrappers to show a date that passed a good ten months ago. Fuck. Actually, no fuck. The back of his head slapped to the bed in defeat even as the silver packet that betrayed him lay scattered upon his chest.

"Give me a minute," she said, the woman scurrying off him. Cullen was sad to see her go, but watching her breasts sway while she walked was almost enough to make up for the loss. So she knows how pathetic you are out of the gate. Great going. Good job. Would she slip on her dress, dash back home in the rain and delete his number? Awkwardly lay beside him, then rush out the door by dawn's light? Try to...

"Ah..." her voice caused him to sit up. With purse in hand, she was digging inside until she fished out an unopened box of condoms. "Here," Kristen crowed while dropping them into Cullen's shocked hand, "pick out whatever you like. I got the sampler pack."

She...she bought a box before tonight? Or did she always carry them around in the off chance...? Maker's blighted sake, stop looking a gift horse in the mouth. Barely bothering to read the labels, Cullen selected one with crimson packaging. He twisted the little latex donut around in his fingers hoping he could still remember how to put it on, when she coughed above him.

A sly smile curled up her cheeks, one shoulder lifted to the side. Knotting both hands around her panties, she tugged them down until the tiny black pair landed on his floor. There was a naked woman in his bedroom. A naked woman who was crawling across his bed, her eyes devouring him. At his underwear, she paused and smiled.

"Your turn," she yanked so fast, Cullen didn't have time to blink or worry. His boxer briefs vanished off the end of his toes to join hers on the floor. Slowly, she worked her way back towards him, her hands worrying the muscles of his thighs. Cullen was drawn to not only the hunger in her eyes but the sway of her breasts with each climb forward towards his erection.

Warm wind wafted against the head of his cock, her breath whispering out of those soft lips and stirring him harder just as her tongue circled around the full crown. Maker's balls. He shifted in place, fingers digging tighter into the condom while he lavished in the wet feel of her mouth pressing kisses against his cock. The heat of her tongue coiled around him, her fingers curling up around his balls. Gently, she swirled his jewels back and forth while her mouth parted up and down the head of his cock.

He wanted to go deeper, to thrust as far as possible, but his entire spine was jelly. Never before had Cullen felt so weak while also so deep into exquisite joy. Laying there in an endless bliss sounded like the perfect torment for his soul.

No. He blinked the thought away. The index finger of his hand that was clinging to the condom curled against Kirsten's jaw. She broke from her ministrations, Cullen shuddering at the drop off of spine melting pleasure but he was set. When those sharp eyes cut into his, he whispered, "I want inside of you. As deep as...as I can fit."

He winced at his pathetic dirty talk but Kristen grinned madly. Picking up the condom he'd been clutching like a talisman, she ripped it open and made quick work of sheathing him safely. She even remembered to pinch off the top, a fact Cullen forgot about until watching her do it.

Thank the Maker someone here knew what they were doing. He laughed at himself while she drew herself higher up his body. Should he take charge? Flip her on her back or...?

Those bountiful breasts skirted right across his chest, her nipples bounding against him and
causing her lips to part. Both of his hands wrapped around the sides of her breasts, massaging her firm flesh with a tender care. Below him, he could feel her hips sliding into place, her legs parting wide as a wet heat wafted against his cock. She waited, her face an inch or two from his while he gave a little tug on her nipples.

"Blighted hell," she cried, encouraging Cullen to tug harder. Kristen shifted on her thighs, bending him and the bed this way and that to her whims. Maker, he could watch her gasp and writhe in pleasure all night. He was about to reach towards her clit, when her eyes snapped open.

Her lips plunged to his lips, while her hips dropped down onto him. "Damn!" he cried against her mouth as his cock bored right inside of her. She chuckled a moment at the reaction, Cullen's eyes screwed up tight as he savored the feel of being inside a woman. The heat. The wetness. The satiny slide of every internal cushion that rocked his cock.

"We're not done yet," she smiled, her hips rising as she began to thrust onto him. Blessed Andraste! He kept kissing her lips while she pushed him further and further along the edge. Those beguiling hips swirled against him, practically corkscrewing with his cock as she increased the pace.

A whimper began in the back of Cullen's throat, the shock of how far this evening managed to reach striking hard and fast. He couldn't believe it was happening, he couldn't believe it could end so soon. Kristen rose from his lips, her hands digging into the bed as she sat at a 90 degree angle off him. Her head tipped back as she seemed to be losing herself in pleasure. Those tempting breasts bobbed just out of reach, Cullen lost in the undulation only such a magnificent pair were capable of.

At least he could keep a grip onto her hips, worrying the padding back and forth as he tried to dig into the thrusts shattering him apart. Suddenly Kristen's lips parted and she gasped, "Cullen."

He frowned at that. That wasn't a real orgasm. Not even getting close. You should be so incoherent you were babbling in tongues, not shouting out a person's name on command. Cullen scrunched tighter into his stomach and lashed onto the back of her ass. At the move, Kristen's eyes opened wide in shock. She watched as he adjusted his body until he could dip a finger right in between their bodies and began to vibrate against her clit.

"Hold still," he ordered, swirling around the hood. She did as told, her thrusting paused as she clenched onto him, but a patch of red splotches began to break out across her chest. Kristen's lips hung slack and the breath in her throat kept catching as if she couldn't take them in fast enough.

Cullen dipped his finger lower a moment, circling right over the pearl proper. At that move she spat out, "Fuckin' chicken." There was the incoherency he hoped for. Slipping from the full of the clit up to the hood and back, he rolled his finger into the right rhythm while watching her. Teeth bit down into her lip, her hands clenching tight to the bed while her eyes rolled into the back of her skull.

On cue, Kirsten's hips began to rock again. Maker's sake, the burn growing in his gut was even stronger than he remembered, but she looked beyond reproach now. Her thighs trembled and her nose crinkled inward. The thrusting increased dramatically, Cullen having to dig his free hand into her ass to hang on. The sight of her so close to coming was doing him in.

Suddenly, her entire body froze, the sway of her hips anchored tight and her jaw falling slack. "Blighted void of the summer," she cursed as goosebumps rose all along her skin. With his finger against her clit he felt it tremble, her vagina clenching tight to his cock as if it wanted to drag him inside of herself for an eternity.

She savored in the pleasure flooding her body, fists pounding into the bed while her hips swirled around him. Fuck! He couldn't escape the heat building along his spine. Cullen dug his fingers into her hips, the flesh bulging from his tight grip, and began to thrust into her. His drive, his hunger, his need increased the tempo, Kristen quick to catch up and match it until...

Stars sparkled against the sides of his eyes as he collapsed onto the bed, breaths jammed inside his babbling throat. Her still trembling vagina clenching tighter against his spurting cock, driving home the feel of his cum spilling into the latex. Blighted hell. He gasped, struggling to see after he felt his entire being be inverted and scrubbed clean.

A nest of ransacked brown hair nuzzled against the side of his chest, Kristen curling up beside him. Her lips pressed a few kisses to his chest, her hand cuddling her tighter against his side. "That was...pardon my Orlesian, fucking amazing."

He smiled, glancing down at the beautiful woman perched upon his naked skin. It was obvious in her glowing eyes he'd surprised her with that move. And he was coming to realize he really loved surprising her. What? That's foolish. You barely know her. Swallowing down the thought, Cullen
tipped his head back onto his pillow while gripping to the last vestiges of his cum filling the condom.

"Yes," he whispered for once not to the empty darkness, "it was."
"I'm so sweaty," Lana kicked at the blanket that'd been smothering her, sending the last of it tumbling off the bed. The man beside her, who'd been partially swaddled in the thick fabric, twisted onto his back and groaned.

She tried to turn, hoping for a miracle in the form of a breeze breaking through their open windows, but nothing. The night was still as death, and the air sticky as honey. "Why is it so hot?" she whined, swiping her hands over her forehead to try and clear away the beads of sweat, then against her chest. There was even more hidden below her cotton nightie, her skin so coated it wasn't glowing but radiating.

"Yes, hot in summer," Cullen grumped, fully flipping onto his stomach and burying his words into the pillow, "Who would have thought it?"

A cool eye cut over to the man -- the husband no less -- sassing her back, but she let him fall back into his own sweat-soaked sheets. Twisting her left hand around, Lana raised a cool orb in her palm. Cold as a winter's day, she pressed the edge of it to her chest, then back around her neck.

"Merciful Maker," she sighed, the heat that'd been omnipresent for days finally breaking from her skin.

"Are you...?" the man she thought rolled over back to sleep, rose up on his palms. His head twisted, all the curls mashed to one side from the humidity clinging to his strands. Cullen eyed up the blue and white orb pulsing light and relief against her fevered skin. "Using magic to deal with a simple summer night?"

"Hmph," Lana snorted, drawing the orb over the top of her cleavage. There was no subtlety in how Cullen's gaze trailed the cooling touch wafting over her décolletage. "See if I'll offer you any," she finished with before skirting her orb down her arms. Her moans turned nearly orgasmic as the permeating heat was finally chased away. The chill swept so quickly across her body, the sweat drops froze into tiny icicles.

Her unimpressed husband reached out to skirt his fingers over her bare arm. With his touch, the icicles melted to a gentle rain slicking down her skin. Cullen watched each drop beading down as it raced to tumble into the crook of her elbow. "I don't," he whispered, his amber eyes aflame while traversing across her sienna skin glittering with icicle stars. Two fingers reached through the space between them, both landing upon her collar bone.

As he drew them lower, serpentine sliding towards the swelling breast below, Lana gasped. From the pressing fever of summer, to the chill of winter, his body heat transformed her cooled skin into the perfect caress of spring. Those two fingers became three, then four, and finally all as he dipped down the lacy edge of her nightie and curled a palm around her breast.

Swooping under it, Cullen lifted the weary cup higher, his thumb brushing against a dark plum nipple that ached more from his ministrations than the chill. Lana tried to play coy with her husband, rising up into a sit to draw her palm down her legs. He watched her tug on the almost knee-high hemline, exposing her thigh and the top band of her smalls.

Amber burned through the blue light of magic, daring her to keep touching herself. With a smirk, Lana pressed her palm directly onto the top of her thigh. Her head snapped back and she groaned from her cooling core.

Famished fingers swept down under her bodice and, without a care, lifted both her breasts free from the nightie. They barely tasted the stifling air before Cullen's lips lapped around one and honed in on the nipple. He wasn't about to leave the other alone for long, his palm caressing it, playfully melting the icicles until they dribbled down Lana's ample bosom.

"Maker's sake!" she groaned, shifting back and forth on the bed. It creaked from her light thrashing, the posts bouncing into the wall behind them.

With his tongue extended, Cullen circled from the bottom of her breast up to the top, lapping away...
the last of the chill and leaving her core flaming hot. Lana couldn't catch a breath, her lips panting even as she kept drawing her hand up and down her thighs. Crystals of frost formed over her kneecap, the chill trying to claim her, but it didn't matter. Her body ached for him to melt every darn inch of her.

"What about here?" he asked, his lips breaking from her skin. With a tender caress he drew his palm against her pubic bone and let his fingers tap just against her lower lips. Blighted void! He curled the tips up enough to thrum one after the other against her clit. "Why aren't you cooling here?"

"Because," she was losing this battle fast, the man expertly pinching her nipples in just the right way. Not too hard to cause pain, but hard enough to dance close to the line and erupt a volcano of pleasure. Swallowing down another gasp of ecstasy, Lana said, "Only warmth touches there.

Amber burned in her eyes -- a dusky, primal need rising in her husband's shadowed face. He stared with an unending hunger into her eyes, into her soul. She barely nodded before his strong hand lashed onto the bottom of her panties. Knuckles swung inward, bounding against her lower lips and causing Lana to cry in surprise and pleasure. With a feral yank, Cullen tugged the smalls straight off of her. She watched their tumbling trail off the bed, when the roaring heat of a man launched over her body. The knees bounced in tight against her thighs, Cullen fast to straddle her.

"Andraste's grace!" she cried, so glad her husband preferred to sleep in the nude.

She reached back with her hand, trying to palm his taut ass, when Cullen's fingers snapped out of nowhere to wrap around her wrist. He grabbed the other holding the spell and stretched both down to the bed astride Lana's head. She stared into the unspoken abyss burning in his eyes, her lips quivering to take a taste, but he had her fully under his control and she loved it.

Squirming to get him to tighten his grip, when those fingers formed a vice, she gasped in ecstasy. Lana moved to close off the cold spell, when her husband's husky voice breathed, "No, keep it on.

He bent to her, his cock laying flush against her stomach as his lips molded around hers. Heat from their mouths, more inflamed than anything the weather could imagine, drew her deeper into his abyss. She tipped back, Cullen brushing the edge of his teeth against her jawline, down her neck. He scrunched up his abs to lap one more taste of her breasts.

The ice was gone, all of it shattered from her body begging for more heat. For more fire rising up her spine from between her legs. A knee knocked into her thigh, sending the leg wide. She was about to move the other, when Cullen did it for her. Before she could catch a breath, he straddled himself in the perfect position and thrust in fast.

"Blighted Maker!" Lana cried, her core liquid fire as it greedily embraced her husband. The hands clamped to her wrists shoved her deeper into the bed as he began to thrust. There was no gentleness of slipping off during a spring rain, no tenderness of a session while the leaves tumbled from the treas. It was primal, pure heat of the sun burning through his loins into her. And she loved it.

Her ankles wrapped back around his ass, the heels digging into the muscles flexing with each thrust. The bed began to bounce into the wall, rocking their famished bodies harder with each pulse. Cullen's body lay even lower, the sweat of his chest sticking over hers, the smell of him overpowering her. Hunger, need, the sharp musky scent of man. She tried to bury her nose into his neck to take a deeper whiff, but he held her tighter.

"Maker's balls," she cried, trying to hang on. Her wrist pulsed as the ice spell began to shift to fire. The fade knew what she wanted, that her body was in a fevered state of ache. How it'd do anything for a release.

He smirked, the bastard actually smirked, his lip scar lifting to highlight it as he stared down at the woman he loved crumbling to dust. Shoving forward with his knees, he raised her ass off the bed and his cock found purchase against the best buttons inside. Whatever grip she had on reality shattered, Lana crying incoherently as her inner core erupted into sparks.

Lightning crackled on her fingers, threatening to strike the man still inside her. The man savored her vagina clamping tight to what brought her such pleasure and refused to let go. A moan rolled around in his throat sounding of a tiger's roar just before it pounced. His eyes darted over to watch the purple snapping electricity.

"I take it that's good?" he asked, his voice rumbling like distant thunder.
"Ye...yeah," she gasped, surprised she could talk.

"Good," Cullen repeated. He let go of her wrists and slid himself out. But before Lana could ask a question, he hefted up her body and spun her around until she sat on her knees. Pressing her back flush against his chest, Cullen once again bundled her hands behind her. His great palm was able to pinch both her wrists together in one hand as he guided his cock right back to where it belonged.

"Oh fuck," Lana cried, the back of her head bouncing against his chest as he thrust into a far tighter grip than before. Her dangling fingers bounced between her ass and Cullen's stomach, the tips nearly touching the shaft thrusting in and out of her.

Digging his knees into the back of hers, Cullen leaned back, taking her with. They tipped to 45°, his hips not pausing for a second as his free hand curled up to her breast and pinched the nipple tight. With every scream of joy from Lana, he'd tug on her arms and thrust himself deeper. Orgasms pinged inside of her at an unstoppable rate. The moment one would dissipate, he'd drive another from her.

All the while, he remained obstinately silent, tugging and stretching her to his whims as she hung on for the ride. When he pulled her hands lower, she reached with all her might to grab onto his balls. "Blighted hell," Cullen gasped, Lana massaging them in her grip.

"I..." his breath came out in spurts, the thrusting ramping up to an inescapable speed. The hand fell from her breast to cup her stomach, keeping her pinned in place as he bored her out while his jewels bounced in her palm.

"I...can't...any longer!" Cullen cried, the fury slowing to a flicker, as he finally let himself tumble into an orgasmic bliss. This tight she could feel his semen washing up inside her, the throb of his happy cock pulsing with each shot. It was warm as lava.

Gasping for air, Cullen released his grip upon her and staggered back, looking dumbstruck. She rubbed her wrists and spun to stare into his eyes. The wild abandon was replaced with a shocked serenity, his overpowering glare now a slap-happy smile. She nuzzled under his arms, Cullen locking both around to hold her tight.

"Bet you won't make fun of me for using magic ever again," she laughed, her body safely swaddled in his sticky embrace.

"N-n-no," he gulped, "I don't think I will."

She laughed again, nuzzling her cheek against his tuft of chest hair. Wrinkling her nose, Lana complained, "You're so sweaty."
Kristen drew her fingers up the side of Cullen's arm, trailing the dip and swell of the muscles that raced to her unnecessary rescue, before bundling into the shoulder of his shirt. With barely a yank, she tugged him to her lips. Their mouths bounced off each other a moment, struggling to find the right starting point, but when they did...

A loud bang broke from the floor and she looked down quickly to find his toolbox clattered onto the tile. Cullen stared as well, his cheeks pinking at the foolish move and a hand ruffling towards the back of his neck. Grabbing onto it, Kristen guided his palm away from his awkward tic right to her breast.

"Blessed Maker," he moaned, his forehead skirting against hers while those fingers... Andraste save her, those fingers would be her undoing. He tucked in tight, scooping against the edge of her breast into the armpit and trailing down. Forming a shelf under her breast with his palm, Cullen curled his other hand back to cup her ass.

She broke from the kiss to press deeper against him, her lips darting near his ear. At first the touch was soft and sweet, cradling her from behind. But when he began to increase the pressure a bit, she lapped her tongue against his earlobe and squirmed. "Harder," she begged in a whisper.

It seemed to take a moment to filter through his brain, the man more gentle giant than pillaging crusader. She clung to him, uncertain if he'd... "Blighted hell!"

The pinch was deep into her ass cheek, his nails scraping against the skin under her panties. For a moment those amber eyes whipped towards her face in concern and she smiled wickedly, "Do it again."

A smile lifted that succulent scar up higher and the man ignored her breasts in order to grab both hands on her ass. The pinches were slow coming, often followed up by tender caressing while she'd be either kissing his lips or panting in an exquisite torture against him. Maker, she wanted to feel his teeth biting down next. Or a quick slap of a... Bit slower there. No reason to scare him off.

Cullen buried his face into her neck, his nose breathing in the shirt while his lips pressed kisses to her clavicle and his teeth nibbled on her skin. A whimper started up in her throat, the origins of which began sometime when she ran into him in the park. She knew she was wet in the shower, hoping the cold water would calm her blood. Now it all came roaring back because that libido couldn't be put in a corner.

His fingers stopped their pinching and flattened against her ass. She drew his face up to stare into those eyes that were aching for more, for her. Burying her lips into his, when a grunt of focus erupted below that adams apple, Kristen was lifted into the air. She gasped in surprise while he hefted her up and placed her on top of the thumping dryer.

Extra heat clung to her naked legs and rose up to join with the one increasing inside of her. She wiggled back and forth to try and savor it, becoming more aware of how raring to go she was. Cullen's fingers drifted back to her breasts, less teasing the nipples and more promising them a house in the country with a white picket fence. By the void. He was too good at that. Far too good. Someone had been training him, on a monastery in a remote mountaintop. Nipple monks.

She wanted to feel his lips on them, have his teeth graze against the tips before trying to swallow her breast whole. When his hands moved towards the hem of her shirt and started to lift, she twisted away and instantly yanked it back down. "Uh," she blinked at the move, shame rising up her stomach at how he looked so shocked and concerned at her sudden betrayal. "I...I don't want you to see me with, ya know, big ugly bruise all over there."

Because it's twice the size of what I lied could have caused it. And ugly. Very ugly.

"I think you're beautiful," he whispered, as if that was the problem.

Shit. What if he insisted? Maybe he'd be so lust mad he wouldn't notice? Boobs could be a good distraction, naked ones doubly so, so...
"We don't have to do anything more," Cullen added, causing her jaw to drop. "Not if you're in pain."

_Uh no. No, you are fucking me now. Especially after you said that._

Kristen lashed her hands out and grabbed onto his shirt. She tugged him closer, his hips knocking so tight into hers she felt the bulge in his jeans glance against her hot labia. "I want to beg for you to never stop pounding into me," she pleaded into his ear.

"That," he licked his tongue against his lips as if they suddenly dried out, "can be arranged."

Cullen shifted closer, his hands resuming their loving canvas of her body while she began to unbutton his shirt. Andraste's mercy, after this she was guaranteed to have a thing for flannel.

Midway down his chest, she felt him pause and look a question at her. Kristen lay her hand upon the tuft of golden chest hair peeking out of the edges and sighed, "Not like you have a bruise to hide."

His forehead brushed against the side of hers, a small chuckle erupting from those satiating lips. "I suppose not," he admitted before beginning to disrobe himself. When the shirt landed somewhere near his toolbox, Kristen yelped to herself. By the dark glow of a kitchen and then an even darker bedroom she'd seen hints of what was under there, a flash of pale skin or curve where muscle bulged below. Now, with the unforgiving laundry room fluorescent highlighting everything in its wake it was impossible to look away.

She wasn't the kind to go for the no body fat, eats only egg whites for breakfast, noon, and dinner, can't stop talking about Crossfit types. It was obvious that Cullen enjoyed exercising, those strong muscles that'd no doubt wrestle criminals to the ground on display. But they were cushioned and sanctified by a layer of fluff. Not much, just a little around his stomach and on the sides that she wanted to dig her fingernails into. To lay her head against his pillowy pecs and follow that treasure trail of hair down under his pants.

"Is," his voice threw her from her lusty fugue. "Is that..." he couldn't get the rest out, a hand digging into his hair as if he had no idea that the man was beyond handsome. Beyond built for everything she wanted. Beyond perfect.

Kristen wrinkled her nose at that thought popping into her head, but threw it away just as quickly. Wiggling her hips back and forth, she yanked off her panties as an answer. As they fell to the ground, landing right on top of the toolbox, she bunched her knees up a bit, dug her heels into the dryer, and opened her thighs.

That little peek was enough to cause Cullen's jaw to descend, his eyes bulging as if he'd never seen anything of its like in a long time. Shrugging, even as her cheeks lit up from embarrassment pride, she waved her finger at him. "Your turn."

He didn't undo his pants but leapt forward to her. One hand slipped back around her waist, while the other massaged into her calf and began to work up. She tried to focus on kissing him, on rolling her tongue with his, but all her attention was on that hand kneading into her calf, then thigh. Like a well practiced move, Cullen swung the palm of his hand under her ass -- slightly tickling the uppermost thigh crease -- before a finger circled around the outside of her labia.

Instinctively, Kristen bit down on his lip. Not too hard, but she flinched at the move. Cullen seemed to understand and, instead of rearing back or checking for blood, he plunged one finger deep inside of her. "Maker's breath," he gasped into her mouth, "how are you so wet?"

"Special talent," Kristen grinned wickedly. Her fingers circled down his stomach, sure enough dancing through the golden fields before landing upon the waistband and digging in. Without being able to see it, she undid his belt and button on the jeans. As the zipper tugged down, she felt his cock slide into her hungry palm. It rested there a moment, happy to be tenting up Cullen's underwear, but clearly hoping to see more of this big, wide world.

"Protection?" he whispered in her ear and she froze.

In truth, she had two kinds of birth control inside her. Both a copper IUD and the use of pills to keep all those pesky menstruations out of the way of work. But it was always good to play it safe with contacts, both in the event they are carrying who knew what and because you wouldn't see them again. "It's uh..." she began, trying to remember where she tossed that barely touched box of condoms thinking she'd never need them again.

His lips spread a smile against her cheek and he reached towards his back pocket. While cracking open his wallet, Kristen watched in confusion. Was he going to give her money to run down to the store? When he tugged a square foil wrapper out of it, she sighed. Right. That made some
"Came prepared, did you?" she asked while brushing her lips against his jawline. She couldn’t entirely blame him. He did come over to fix something of hers, it wasn’t a complete shock they’d wind up naked.

Cullen shrugged. "Thought to update the stocks again and have a backup just in case." He paused, both hands fumbling around with the condom as if he had no idea how to get into it. Was he feeling shame? Or regret at thinking ahead?

"Well," Kristen smiled while plucking up the condom, "I am one lucky girl." She broke it open while Cullen worried down the last of those pesky clothes in the way. As she guided sheathing latex onto engorging cock, he cupped a hand around her jaw and kissed her long and hard. Maker, may the fuck be the same.

Sliding her legs along his hips, she savored in the glide of his cock right against her lips. Just the hint of it right there, ready to plunge deep was driving her mad. Cullen glanced down a moment, getting a feel for the distance, when he suddenly whipped his head up and those amber eyes burned in hers. She shuddered at the base of her spine from a look in them she could scarcely understand.

"Sweet Maker," she gasped as he thrust himself inside of her. Shallow at first, Cullen grabbed onto her calves and hefted them higher. That gave him better access, his cock sliding deeper until it glanced against her g-spot. Or what she assumed was the g-spot. It made her tongue spark and eyes roll into the back of her head so it was a something spot.

"Do it," Kristen ordered.

Fuck me. The thrusts began slow, as if he was trying to make a penis based map of her vag. But as she dug her heels tighter into his spine and pulled him closer, Cullen got the hint. Those amber candles shut tight as he sucked in a breath, his cock digging deeper and deeper to electrify her. A small twinge of pain erupted on her side, but Kristen shook it off. She could ride out a bit of pain in order to keep riding this fun.

"Tell me how you want it," slipped from his lips. He didn't slow a moment in his thrusts, but his eyes burned in hers.

"Harder," she commanded.

"Granted." Her ass began to knock back against the dryer, the warm tremors from below nothing compared to what was ratcheting up her body. By the void! She inched higher up, her breasts bobbing as the thrusting drilled into her. Suddenly, Cullen's hands slipped off her legs and slammed into the dryer beside her.

She jumped at the sound, but it drew his cock so deep she wanted to scream in ecstasy. Too bad her side was also being pulverized by his body. But, that body was doing amazing things to hers. She could handle it. Ignore the pain spidering up the side of your torso, focus only on the heat pooling in your loins and making its way up your stomach. Not a problem, not a problem at...

"Wait," she gasped, her vision growing spotty for once not due to a world bending orgasm. He froze in an instant even as sweat beaded up on his brow. "Sorry," Kristen winced, knowing how badly this would go. "I...my bruise is..."

Tipping her head towards it, Cullen followed suit before wincing. A shaking hand ran back through his hair as he slid himself out of her, "Maker's breath, I'm so sorry for..."

She wasn’t listening to his unnecessary apology, her eyes were all on that cock. It looked a good inch greater in diameter than when it slipped inside of her. Be a shame to watch it wither away without getting a proper finish. Kristen slid off the dryer, Cullen stepping back to give her room. But she didn’t rise to her feet, instead she dropped to her knees.

"What are...?" he asked as if he had no idea what a blow job was.

Curling her palm under his balls, she let both of them sway back and forth in her hand while gently tugging on the skin. The soft hair wafted against her lifelines and Cullen gulped in more air. He had to have been so close before she called it off. With a large O, she circled her finger and thumb around the base of his cock. Large enough it barely glanced against the skin pulsing for more, she shrunk up her grip until nestling it tight, right under the head.

Ignoring the latex smell and taste, she lapped her tongue around the crown taking extra care to give a little bit of special attention to the frenulum. A hand dug into her shoulder, gripping tighter to steady himself while he tipped his head back. Kristen smiled a moment to herself before she
opened her mouth wide and plunged him deep. Okay, it was a little hard to ignore the chemical
taste, but feeling him quiver was worth it. Her tongue swiveled in a back and forth pattern, curling
its way back up towards the head while her hand went the opposite direction.

Clearly not expecting such a double whammy, Cullen was gasping for air and muttering
something under his breath. It almost sounded like "please." Probably enough torturing there, I.
Best finish him off. Tucking her teeth in safely behind her lips, she plunged as deep as she could.
Her hand made up the rest of that stretch, both locked together as they began the necessary friction
up and down his cock.

It shuddered a moment, or maybe the man holding tight to her did. She increased the motion, her
grip and lips locking in tighter until...

"Blighted void," Cullen cursed above her as his wet cum splattered into the tip of the condom.
Kristen held on a bit longer, her lips forming a softer kiss goodbye before she popped off and
landed on her ass.

Maker's breath, that was always hell on the knees. She moved to try and rub away the red marks
the linoleum dug into her skin, when a voice rumbled above her. "How do you...? I don't even, I
can't..." Cullen's praise or damnation froze as he began to work the condom off. Tying it up, he
held onto the little baggie, his eyes quickly turning uncertain.

"Here," she hefted a hand out to him and he happily helped her up. "I do have a trashcan, at
least." She moved to take it away, but Cullen locked a hand around the side of her waist and
pulled her in for a kiss. No doubt she tasted of latex and herself now, but he didn't seem to care.
His tongue swirled around with hers, his fingers kneading into her asscheek but the pain that
erupted in her side pretty much made that orgasm dead on arrival.

Well, there's always next time.

After dropping off the proof she let herself make another contact, she turned to find him still
standing naked with his underwear and pants around his ankles. It was so damn adorable,
honestly. Hot too. That was an ass you could bounce a bolt off.

"You, um," he gulped, his eyes looking slightly frosted over from the sex. "Your bruise?"

"It's okay," she lied, back to gritting her teeth. "Just a, bodies being bodies."

"Your body is..." Whatever he was going to say he swallowed down fast as he realized he was
still naked. While grabbing up his pants, he noticed her underwear and tossed them to her.

"Such a gentleman," Kristen didn't entirely joke. It was a shame most gentlemen weren't like him.

After buttoning his jeans and trying to stuff his still happy at the world cock into place, Cullen
sighed, "I try, at least."

She didn't know why, but she swept across the floor and wrapped her arms around him in a side
hug. Maybe it was the defeat in his voice, or the lingering effects of a burst of oxytocin, or just
wanting to be normal for a moment. Kristen buried her head into his chest, lost in the smell of him
while he began to comb through her hair.

"Thank you," she said. His fingers paused a moment, head cocking in confusion. "For coming
here." For remembering me. "And fixing the evil ironing board."

"I don't know that it's evil," Cullen mused before he buried his face into her cheek, "just a
miscreant who needs to be scared straight."

She could stay like this for an eternity.

No, you can't.

Why not?

You know you. Your life is action, constant movement, never settling, never staying in place, and
saving the damn world. Staying means others suffer. Others watch their parents burn before their
eyes.

Damn.

Sliding out of the hug, Kristen smiled. "That was...wonderful, but if I'm keeping you from
anything important."

He parted a finger down her mussed up hair, sliding the tendril back to where it belonged, "Not
particularly. What of you? I'm certain you are busy with other matters." Now he glanced around at her empty apartment, no doubt wondering what was taking a woman so long to move in.

"Yes," she sighed, well aware of the looming schedule about to fill her days.

"When does that job of yours start? Which, I'm sorry I forgot what it was."

Kristen smiled, she hadn't told him because there had been no new job. "In two days, at DW enterprises."

"That's...fancy," his tone shifted subtly as if he wasn't certain what to make of that.

"Not really. More paper to push, less politicians to deal with, more business pricks in fancy suits."

Cullen chuckled, his hands sliding back around to hug her. Just a bit longer here. It's so warm and safe. Safe? Did she ever really know what safe was? "Well, I wish you the best of luck dealing with such pricks."

_I rather enjoyed dealing with yours_, she thought to herself. Her eyes darted around the place. There was a lot to set up yet. Not just in the pseudo-apartment but in building bugs to slip around the office. Still...

"Hey," Kristen looked up at him, "I have a delivery crew coming in an hour, but want to get some food quick?"

She knew that even if this mission ended in disaster or triumph, even if she walked away and her existence faded as quickly from Cullen's memory as it did everyone else, there was one burning fact: all her life she would never forget that smile. "Yes," he placed a quick kiss to her forehead, "I'd love to."
Chapter Summary

Taken from my Modern AU story Dragon Beat where the Inquisitor tries to teach Cullen how to cook.

“An hour?” Cullen gasped, shaking his head at that new twist. “What if I’m hungry now?”

The woman tempting him shrugged, her shoulder pulling down the wide neckline. His eyes trailed down the exposed collarbone, following the line of the shirt above her skin until it tragically coupled with the other side and hid away her body. “Order pizza before?” Kristen threw out, her eyes staring past the kitchen.

“Hm…” Cullen mused, his hands that no longer needed to dice or stir sauce, free to slide along her waist. He rested the edge of his palms up against her hips, gently gliding up and down the turn of the bone and meat below. “What if…” he whispered, his lips nuzzling against her neck, “I don’t want pizza?”

A gentle moan broke in her throat and her hands landed on his back. Nails skittered against the skin, driving Cullen to press the kisses deeper and deeper down her stretched neck. “Sushi?” she mumbled.

“Nope,” he whispered, his teeth scraping against the tender flesh right above her breasts. Kristen whimpered, her body sliding closer against his. She hooked her leg outside of his and began to lightly grind on his thigh. Sweet Maker.

Cullen could take no more. Dropping both hands under her ass, he cupped deep into the delectable cheeks. Kristen’s panting froze and she wiggled her head around to look him right in the eye. As a wicked grin lifted on her lips, she dug in tight and pinched. She yelped, the grin rising higher. Locking her arms around the back of his head, she scooted closer to give him better range.

Gently, he curled his palm against the cotton panties, the lacy edge of them folding into his lifelines. His fingers pulsed under her ass, dancing into the crease where it became thigh and she hefted herself higher. Hot breath whispered into his ear, “Again.”

Twisting his hands fast, Cullen pinched deep into the meat. Kristen swung her head back so fast, she nearly collided with the cabinet above. He winced from the near miss, worried about her beaning herself, but she was too busy humming in her throat to notice.

Right. He glanced over his shoulder. There was a much better answer. Flexing his palms over her ass, Cullen hefted Kristen up into his arms. She laughed a moment, her eyebrows bending in confusion. Before she could ask what he was doing, his lips bounded into hers, the heat that’d flooded his entire lower half lashing out to fill hers. A ravenous roar rumbled in his gut, begging for more. Happy to provide, her head twisted back and forth as she began to nip and nibble against his chin.

Such a tiny spot on his body, but when she did that he felt as if his heart was going to explode. With his arms full of her, he crashed about the kitchen like a drunk bear. A ravenous roar roared in his gut, begging for more. Happy to provide, her head twisted back and forth as she began to nip and nibble against his chin.

Sweet Andraste! His legs were shaking, and he had to get her somewhere safe before he dropped her on the floor. Stumbling against the chairs, one tipped over and landed with an unceremonious crash, but Cullen didn’t give a shit. He eased Kristen onto the table, his hands sliding away from her ass and down her thighs.

She looked down a moment to see where she wound up, which was when Cullen bent over. Starting at her knee, he’d press a whisper kiss to her soft skin, then a rasp of his tongue, before tucking a crease of her flesh into his teeth and biting down.

“Oh fuck!” Kristen groaned, her grasping hands reaching out for his hair. As Cullen moved upward, repeating the steps to drive her wild, she’d tug on him for encouragement. Her outer thighs began to tremble, goosebumps lifting before he even had a chance to bite down.

Cullen pressed a wet kiss right on top, his hands framing her leg, before he blew warm air over the skin. Bucking on the table, Kristen shifted so hard another chair bit the dust. Sweet Maker, how
he wanted her. His stomach growled but not for food. No, these orders were all coming from much further south.

Working towards her inner thigh, his bites softened though her reaction did not. Kristen stretched back on her elbows, her legs fanning out to give him all the access he wanted. He glanced up quick to see her eyes were shut in ecstasy and a big grin on her face. She was loving it.

Leading with his tongue, Cullen sucked his way closer towards the line of blue cotton that thwarted him the entire night. Her whimpers slowed him a moment and he moved to slide back, when one of her hands grabbed onto his head. She tugged him back towards her sparkling skin and Cullen laughed at the insistence. Maker, she was strong when she wanted to be.

And how badly she wanted his touch was enflaming him.

At the lacy elastic edge of her panties, Cullen drew his teeth upon them and tugged. He could barely press a kiss before they slipped and snapped back into place. Above him, he felt her laugh a moment at the move and failure. Cullen glanced up and was drawn into her untethered breasts tumbling in her laughter.

It was such a perfect view that he fully forgot he snapped her on accident, until she whispered, “Do you want me to take them off?” Kristen hooked her fingers into the sides of her panties, but Cullen shook his head.

They had an hour after all. No reason to not take his time.

Settling onto his knees, he began to unbutton the bottom of the shirt she borrowed. Her fingers kneaded back and forth in his hair, coaxing the waves back into curls while he pressed a kiss against her round stomach. Right above him, he felt her breasts pass. The bottom cupfuls both drifted against the back of his hands while he wrestled with his own buttons, and Maker how he wanted to grab both. Kristen wiggled in place, waiting for his hands to work up and undo one of the buttons straining from her far more ample chest.

But he didn’t. Drawing both palms down her warm stomach, Cullen scooted closer to the table. His hands circled around the outside of her thighs, guiding her legs to rest upon his shoulders as he pressed a kiss right to the top of her panties. A great gulp broke above him, her fingers pulsing against his scalp as if she feared to do anything to distract him.

As if she could.

Nuzzling deep, Cullen’s nose pushed against her panties and slipped inward. The scent of her more than eager for his touch and the moisture wicking up from within erupted the hunger from simmer to boil. Ravenous fingers wrapped around the hips of her underwear and yanked them down. Cullen had to dip his head to get them out of the way and down to her knees. And when he looked up, he too gulped in anticipation.

His famished tongue led him straight to her vulva, lapping along the buffet on display unable to decide upon any of the options. The longer of her lips invited his kisses, Cullen sucking it into his mouth but keeping his teeth tucked safely away. She tasted tangy, but he rather doubted any amount of sugar would sweeten it away — which was what he liked. The woman who stormed into his life, clung on despite his myriad of issues, and insisted he finally learn how to cook didn’t strike him as the sweet and obedient type.

“Sweet fucking Maker,” Kristen gasped above him and he smiled against her lips. Her cursing during sex was one hell of a turn on too.

Happy to take his time, Cullen lapped slowly against her clitoris using, of all things, the morse code alphabet. A dot dot line dash, especially when he drew his tongue up the entire hood of her clit before stamping one quick dot up top caused the panting to begin. Kristen shoved air into her mouth, her fingers flat on his shoulders while she strained to stretch her thighs wide. She wanted him so badly, the strain was starting to show as the muscles in her legs trembled.

His fingers, which had been kneading into her thighs to keep them in place began to slide first under her ass. Cullen gave a quick pinch while he licked a message against her clit. That sent Kristen reeling, the panting switching to a moaning.

“Andraste’s…shit,” Kristen mumbled, her hands pawing at his shoulders with her pads as if to keep herself from clawing down.

Slowly, he drew his fingers up from her ass, barely sliding along the crack in order to glance over her lips. Kristen rocked her hips on his tongue, tugging him in tighter, when Cullen thrust two fingers inside.
Instantly her moaning became a never ending plea. “Please, shit, please, oh please…” she begged while he bounced the tips of his fingers deeper into her, the twists and turns of her vagina guiding him right towards whatever made her eyes bug out. “Don’t stop!”

Happy to obey, his tongue lapped its dots and dashes to synchronize with the thrusts of his fingers. Maker! Her thighs started to close around his head; the shaking as she bucked from the pleasure flowing through her caused Cullen to nearly gasp. All he could hear was a muffled order, her fingers swiping at his shoulders when suddenly, both hands dug in deep and her entire body snapped rigid around him.

Her heels slid up, flexing into his collarbone as Kristen wound up tight into a ball before collapsing back onto the table. “Fuuuuck…” she whispered to herself, a hand pawing at her face as he rose up off his knees to watch her rolling around in her orgasm.

A great grin stretched her cheeks, her tongue darting in and out as if she could scarcely catch a breath after all of that. “Just…damn.” Her eyes honed in on his and Cullen bent over, his lips still not satiated. This time she greedily wrapped around him, her arms enveloping his head to keep him against her mouth while her still shaking legs knotted back around his waist.

Cullen felt his cock siding up against his jeans, growing more and more impatient at the heat it knew was just beyond reach. Maker’s breath, how he wanted her. In every damn way. Forever.

Wait. What?

Forever?

Her arms tugged Cullen’s head to the side, distracting him from the sudden gear shift in his brain. Hot breath whispered in his ear, “Fuck me. Hard.”

Andraste, yes. Please.

Cupping both palms around her breasts, Cullen teased out her nipples while lost in the fullness she entrusted to him. Kristen kept kissing him even as she began to unbutton the shirt herself. Quickly, it fell off her breasts, revealing both of the bountiful pair looking so very happy to see him. In their happenstance disrobing, one button remained stuck, the shirt tucking under her chest and lifting them higher.

He wanted to suck on them, to pinch her nipples tight. To tie her up to the door and… A wave of warning bucked up through his groin and he tried to shake away all the dirty thoughts at once. It didn’t matter what he wanted, what he needed was inside of her. Now.

Staggering back, Cullen hefted off his shirt and dropped his jeans in record time. The clothing landed in a pile, Cullen giving a quick glance down at his cock and he blinked in surprise. He couldn’t remember the last time it looked that hard. Kristen was eyeing it up too, her greedy hands curling under his balls and fingers parting up and down the shaft.

Sweet Maker himself! The incessant need pressing into the back of Cullen’s skull caused him to buck his hips once. That was enough to send him gasping, Kristen’s thumb landing right in the perfect sweet spot on the crown.

“P…please,” he begged, his forehead crashing into hers.

She didn’t smirk, didn’t continue to torture him. Wrapping her legs around his waist, Kristen hooked her hands around his elbows and she began to lay back upon the table. Feeling like he was floating on a cloud, Cullen followed with her. His palms skirted over her breasts flattening out against her chest, while his cock trembled right beside all that he licked up.

Her leg lifted slightly and Cullen slipped in, just the tip welcomed into the warm abyss of eternity. Maker’s breath.

His fingers flexed against her thighs while he tipped his head to the ceiling. Prayers dribbled from his lips when he felt her looking at him. As he glanced down, he found himself worried to find any question or fault on her face. Her eyes glimmered the same as when he first saw her on the side of the road, the certainty of what she wanted knocking right into his skull.

Ripping off all the fear, Cullen let the hunger inside of him free. His hips thrust deep, sending his cock spiraling into oblivion. Kristen’s head wrenched back, her mouth cursing again, but he couldn’t understand it. The all consuming need took over, his thrusting increasing in tempo while heat wrapped itself from the bottom of his heels up to his shoulders. Sweat and a bright blush both bloomed over his chest, Cullen somehow growing aware of every hair on his body. As if he could tap into every cell and fill it all with this unending pleasure.

Please. Don’t stop.
Bucking hard, he cried out incoherently as the orgasm won out over his willpower. The peak ripped through him, his cock pumping away all of its last, while Cullen tried to hang on to the final thrums before it all drained away. The change hit him so hard, he stumbled, an elbow slamming into the table. Hands wrapped around him, keeping him safe.

He looked up into her warm brown eyes and began to laugh at the absurdity of her having to save him from himself. “Careful there,” Kristen whispered before nuzzling her lips against his neck. Together, they hauled his naked ass onto the table and she slid into his arms.

Maker, he was making such a mess all over the place.

And there’s a naked woman in your arms. Focus on that instead.

“Mmm,” she mumbled against him. “If I knew that was going to happen, I’d have brought over a recipe booklet on the first week.”

Cullen chuckled a moment at the thought. Placing a kiss into her hair, he breathed in the same champagne scent, though now he could smell himself in there. The more down-to-earth musk muted the champagne twang. “Well, it’s not every day a woman has me make her dinner.”

Against his chest, he could feel her smile too, her fingers circling all the naked skin and playing with his chest hair. Blessed Andraste, this felt good. Wonderful really. Exactly what he needed.

Kristen’s fingers paused a moment and she seemed to be hanging in limbo. Just before Cullen was about to ask, she said, “You deserve it. To…” she looked up and her eyes fractured into a million thoughts. He’d never before wished to be more of a mind reader, every thought inside of her flitting away fast as she seemed to slam down upon them. “To be able to cook at home. To have good food. Is all.”

“That’s sweet,” he said, bundling her tighter to himself. She must be cold as her body started to shake. “Maybe next time I’ll cook you up something all by myself.”

“Yes,” her voice drifted low, “that would be nice.”

It’d only been a few months, but it was growing harder and harder for Cullen to remember his life without her. And, in truth, he didn’t want to.

“So,” he whispered into her ear, Kristen lifting her head from off his chest, “is it time to eat yet?”

She swung her sight back towards the clock on the cable box and groaned, “About ten minutes.”

“That’s not so bad a wait, maybe get in a shower…” he began to cuddle her, when she shook her head.

“No, I just realized, the pasta part takes a good 20-30 minutes. And we should have started it before.” She winced and shrugged just before her stomach growled in hunger.

Cullen laughed, pressing a kiss to her lips. “We can always order pizza.”
“Hey…” Cullen answered the door with a sweet smile. Leaping forward, Kristen greedily planted her lips onto his. It was no nice greeting, her force sent him stumbling backwards from the hallway. Hungry hands scooped up around his waist, down his chest, back up to his shoulders — all while her lips and tongue melded with his.

Cullen slipped back, a breath panting in his throat as he looked at her in surprise. “Hello?” he asked, his amber eyes in shock at her forcefulness.

She smiled, then pivoted her foot backwards to kick the door closed. It landed hard, the tremors rattling up the wall. Concerned, Cullen trailed it, as if he feared something might fall, but she grabbed onto his chin and tugged him back to her. This time, when she fell back to kissing him, his hands roamed too, around her waist, toying with the waistband of her leggings. Skirting under her breasts, he molded the cups of her bra up against her nipples.

Dragging her fingers behind, she managed under his shirt. At first, she scraped the nails over his skin, Cullen’s tongue panting against hers. Maker, she wanted more. She wanted…to live. Even if it was just for an hour, to really live. Certain in her hunger, she dug her hands straight under his jeans and cupped that hard ass.

His lips rolled away from hers while climbing to her ear, “Is it my turn?”

To elucidate, he drifted his palm over her butt cheek. No pinching yet, no light slapping, just a calm swirl to get her excited. She wanted that. She wanted to rip all his clothes off right here. She wanted to go hard and fast until her brains rattled to goo.

She wanted to take it slow. To hold his hands while they kissed tenderly. To spoon, Cullen panting in her ear as he thrust from behind, his hands free to caress every inch of her.

She wanted both, everything, but that wasn’t an option anymore. Just this one time. The last time. To fully be herself.

“I want to chain you up and climb you like a tree,” she lashed out, her eyes burning with hunger.

His hand slid higher off her ass and she worried for a moment that he might back off. Might not want for her to take charge. How often had she played the damsel? To turn around and be the dragon would…

“Maker’s breath,” Cullen cupped his hand around the back of hers and guided it to his belt, “yes.”

Kissing with everything inside of her, Kristen managed to shove the far larger man back towards his bedroom. She wasn’t playing anymore, well…not pretending. She was certainly happy to play, at least. Somewhere between the tiny hallway and his bedroom, his shirt hit the floor. Her foot snagged against it, sending it rolling across the carpet, but she barely noticed.

Her hands were too busy sculpting his body one last time. Brushing the tips of her fingers through the sandy chest hair over his pecs, when she moved towards the thicker waves above his sternum she gripped. The tug was light, just a taste, but Cullen’s eyes bulged as he gasped in her mouth.

Good reaction? Bad? Kristen let her hand still, even as she felt his erection thickening through his jeans against her stomach. “That…” he blushed a moment, his eyelids fluttering as he tried to figure out if he liked it or not. Maybe he hated it, maybe he ached for it. Either way, it was doubtful he was ready and she’d never find out.

“You said something about, um…” now he danced on his toes, the excitement growing in his voice, “chaining me up?”

The tip of her lips lifted in a smirk and, with both hands placed to his bare chest, she gave a hard shove. Cullen tumbled backwards onto his bed, a cautious laugh rumbling in his throat. Kristen scurried on top of him, her knees bending into the bed as she reached behind to the back of her
Fishing out a glint of silver, she snatched up his wrist and locked it up tight in the metal hook. Thinner than normal handcuffs, they were much easier to carry on a person in the event one needed to say secure a risk but not deem it worth killing them. Cullen turned to watch his extended arm caught in the old hardware of his job. When he turned back to her, the absolute glee in his eyes brought a smile to her face.

The man tried to lift up, his lips aiming for hers, but she was in charge now. Scurrying faster, Cullen using his free arm as leverage to follow, she dragged the man further and further up his bed. Metal bars for a headboard, who did that anymore? Unless, you were secretly hoping to be tied up to it.

Around one of the smaller black iron bars, she wrapped the cuffs before snagging his free hand and trapping him tight. The cuffs weren’t in any danger of cutting off his circulation, but he couldn’t slip them either. The cop was fully under her control, and judging by the burn in his amber eyes he was very much into the idea.

Cullen jangled the cuffs, testing them against the headboard. It caused the entire bed to shudder, which made her smile. Yes, tug. Struggling was the best part about it. He moved to try and sit up far enough to kiss her, but Kristen slid off the bed. Slightly perturbed, Cullen fell back to his pillow watching as she stepped towards the foot of the bed.

With his eyes burning over her body, imprinting every inch of the forgettable woman, she started to undo her blouse buttons. One by one, they shuffled apart, Cullen knocking the cuffs around while she kept herself away from his touch. Made him watch and nothing more. Her shirt slipped to the ground, the man’s all consuming sight trailing the fall before he honed right in on her nearly naked chest.

Slowly, Kristen cupped her hands against that which he could not touch. She squished her breasts together to amplify the cleavage and her captive squealed. Brushing over her stomach, she unbuttoned her trousers and slid them off. Hm, she stepped back into her modest heels after losing the pants, thinking it might be fun.

By the unforgiving glow of an overhead light, she stood dressed in the same black bra and underwear from their first night together. When he was just a job, when she thought she’d never see him again and cared little one way or another. It seemed a fitting cap to this short story of her life.

“Turn…” Cullen gasped like a parched man in the desert, “turn around.”

Trying to not blush at the thought, Kristen slowly sauntered in a circle, treading all over her shed clothing. Not that it mattered. They’d be worn once more, and never again.

“Sweet Maker,” Cullen moaned as she paused with her back to him and gave a little shake, “you’re killing me.”

Kristen whipped her head over her shoulder, darted her tongue against her teeth and whispered, “You have no idea.”

The man began to laugh while tugging on the inescapable bonds. It was obvious how badly he wanted to touch her, to rip the last stitch of clothing off of her and drive her wild. Right. He still had to lose his damn pants.

Pawing over the bed like a cat, her breasts nearly tumbling over the low cut bodice of the bra, Kristen curled her way towards him. Cullen strained his neck, watching as her body skimmed against his — in particular her boobs which she pressed into the fine tuft of chest hair. For a moment, she paused, languidly laying against him as if she could nap here. Torture the poor man for a half hour while she slept upon his body.

No. As tempting as that might be, there was far better ahead.

Unhitching the belt, she wriggled his pants off, his buckle clinking and clacking all the way. It was a bit harder to get pants off a man already laying down, but judging by the gasping going on from his end, he was enjoying the sight of her chest as she struggled. Once both pants lay in a pile, their legs knotted together on the floor, Kristen eyed up the obvious bulge tenting up the final scrap of clothing left on him.

Cullen glanced down at his own cock, as if to make certain it was really there and really ready. Or perhaps he was concerned she didn’t know that part came off too. One step at a time.

Crawling back onto the bed, Kristen stretched over his body and gave into the temptation of his
lips. The kisses burned through her heart, brighter than butane as each dripped down her spine and towards the growing wet spot between her legs. Cullen’s tongue darted over her teeth before letting her get a proper taste of him. A long, delectable lap of the uncertain but intriguing man.

Even with her knees pinning tight to his hips, he lifted his bare legs in order to draw one up against her inner thigh. It couldn’t have been more than an accident, but when his shin glanced directly between her legs the wetness building in her panties swiped right across her lips. Kristen gasped in shock, her hips moving of their own accord as they wanted more. She wanted more.

For a breath, she let her hips dip downward, knowing what waited for her tucked safely inside the underwear. But no. Be steady. This isn’t over yet.

Cullen’s kisses slipped to her jawline and down her chest as she reached past him. At first he was happy to kiss and lick her breast, but when he heard the drawer open, he craned his head back.

“What are you…?”

“Trust me,” she soothed while rooting around in the nightstand. Slipping past the usual for a bachelor of his age — some of the old condoms they need not bother with, a stroker, and a cock ring — she found what she wanted. When Kristen pulled back from him, his worried eyes honed in on her until she extended the blue bottle.

“Oh,” Cullen smiled, “lube. Right. There wasn’t anything else that…?”

Catching on to the concern in his voice, though Maker he was the tamest one she’d ever seen, Kristen bent over to whisper in his ear, “You have no idea how badly I want to fuck you.”

“That’s because I’m chained up,” his eyes rolled back towards his hands and the delectable stretch to his arms.

She smiled, her teeth nibbling onto her lip as she wiggled her nose. “Let me show you.” Dribbling a good coating of the lube onto her index finger and middle one, Kristen made a loud show of closing the bottle, catching his eye, and skirting her fingers under her panties. When she touched herself — a whisper of a swirl over the hood — she threw her head back, but the moan came from below her.

While she teased herself, fluttering her clit back and forth with a twist of her fingers, Cullen began to buck under her. His stomach would rise up, jostling into her wrist which would send her fingers flying off in a new random direction. The change was enough, she’d sputter in surprise and delight, causing him to pant as well.

The handcuffs rattled like a storm door in the wind. He ached to rip them apart and touch her, to caress what was just beyond his reach, but she wouldn’t let him. Though, she did enjoy leaning her ass back just enough to glide against his erection.

“M-m-maker,” Cullen blubbered, his eyes tight for a moment as her breath drew more shallow. Blessed Andraste, she’d never favored her own hand so much before. She risked a finger dipping inside of herself, her own lube merging with the store bought. Her plan hadn’t involved her cumming right on top of him, but shit this felt good.

“Pull it,” he begged, his voice cracking from the strain. Kristen paused in surprise, her eyes questioning exactly what he meant. “My…uh, hair, again. While you, you know.”

Well well. Bucking her hips back and forth with a twist of her fingers, Kristen reached forward, got a good knot of chest hair, and pulled. The man attached to it gasped in shock and she felt his cock dance behind her. Poor thing was begging for attention and she could hardly blame it.

After giving another tug of his hair, a bit softer, Kristen flipped her hands around. She made a show of it, waiting for Cullen to note that the one coated in her own wetness was sliding under the waistband of his underwear. When her fingers circled along the crown like turning a radio knob, he threw his head back deep into the pillow.

“Dear…fucking,” whatever he was cursing faded as she began to slowly pump up and down his shaft. She tried to ignore the head, wanting to prolong his torture while her free hand slipped back under her panties.

She’d been close before, but watching the man tug on his restraints, and a blush burn under the chest hair, her body rampaged right up that cliff like a determined Sisyphus. “Shit.” Kristen hissed to herself, her straining thighs starting to tremble. The cock in her hand hardened tighter as she squeezed a pulse against it.

One more swirl over her clit and the explosion came. Her entire body rocked with the throb echoing out of her vagina, which she pulsed back against the penis in her fist. “Fuuuuck,” Kristen
groaned, her head flopping forward to her chest. It was not supposed to hit that hard, or fast.

But watching the man with his arms stretched high over his head, his muscles trembling to try and break himself free, and his cock ensconced in her hand — she lost control. And she wanted more.

Kristen unearthed her hand that’d been taunting him and dug both into the mattress. She guzzled in air to make certain she didn’t grow light headed and tip over. Above her, she heard Cullen whisper, “I want to touch you with everything inside of me.”

Maker, but she wanted him to as well. To hold her, to tell her that…that everything would be okay, as cheesy as it sounded. But it wouldn’t. And you know that. You knew it the moment you met, you just never thought it’d hurt.

Summoning the imaginary woman who wasn’t facing a death sentence, Kristen lifted her head and smiled, “I plan to fuck your brains out.”

With as much ladylike dexterity as she had, Kristen yanked off her panties and tossed them onto Cullen’s chest. His eyes bulged a moment at the image, no doubt the smell of her unending arousal filling his nose. Sauntering around a bit while half naked, she grabbed onto his underwear and tugged the boxer briefs down. Rather than bother all the way off, she left them around his knees — essentially cuffing his legs tighter together as well.

His adams apple pivoted in his throat, Cullen gulping at the image of her straddling his stomach. Kristen kept herself up high, her knees flexing into his hips and across the tuft of blonde fluff that formed the start of his pubic hair. A whimper reverberated in his mouth, Cullen’s eyes shut tight while he kept flexing his hands as if he wished to fill them with something warm and soft.

Smiling at the thought, she slid her ass lower and cupped his cock in her fingers. With a slow swirl, she dipped and twirled it back and forth over her saturated vagina. Cullen watched in finger clenching agony, the throb of his knob pulsing as it begged to be let loose. There was no denying that she wanted that too.

Kristen took a deep breath — this was it, the final fuck. Sliding her thighs apart, she guided his cock right into the edge of her lips and thrust down. Sweet blood of Andraste! He slipped so deep inside so fast, her entire lower half quivered. It wanted so much more, and so much faster, but this was supposed to be a tease to the edge.

Closing her eyes, she began to rotate her hips, the swivel moving counter clockwise as she worked her way back up. Counter cockwise, come to think of it. A few moans were all that pierced the darkness, Kristen honing in on the pleasure once again flooding her system. It was softer than before, like a gentle rain to the typhoon of the first orgasm, but it turned her entire body to warm jelly.

The clink of chains drew her eyes open, and she watched Cullen with his head tipped backwards into the pillow, his entire body stretched higher in order to meet her. His thrusts were bouncing against her, the man’s legs turning rigid as he fought to keep hanging on.

“Take it off,” his ragged voice gasped. Amber eyes burned into her chest, then up to her face. Slowly, she drew her fingers against the edge of the bra, the question lingering in her look. His head bobbed madly that that was what he wanted more than anything.

Smiling, Kristen undid the clasp and, as if moving through molasses, she tugged the straps down off her shoulders. She coyly let her hand and forearm slide over her nipples to obscure them, while the other dropped the bra onto the floor. That had his full attention, both from his eyes and his cock. The latter bucked deeper inside of her, and Kristen shook.

Her hands splayed out on his chest, giving Cullen a full view of her tumbling free breasts. The picture sent shockwaves trembling up his chest and right to his salivating lips. Growling in the back of her throat, Kristen started to thrust again. Her speed increased faster than any of the swirling, her breasts bounding freely from the action.

Maker, it felt good, but it could be better.

Spreading her legs a bit apart, she tipped backwards. Her hands gripped tight to his calves for support as she flashed him the full sight of her vagina taking him on. That position pushed his cock right up against all the best hot buttons. Together they moaned, Kristen rocking her body faster and faster. Even with the rising strain in her arms and thighs, she felt none of it as the glow burst from inside.

It enveloped her, strangling out any of the darkness and leaving her giddy in its wake. She flexed with the pulses in her vagina, gripping tighter to his cock. Cullen began to thrash with his arms, jangling the chains back and forth when, suddenly, he pulled both as far as possible. His biceps
flexed hard, the veins practically bulging free as his body turned to stone.

Kristen was about to ask if he was okay, when a “Maker’s breath,” slipped from his lips and it grew much warmer inside of her. His orgasm must have knocked him for a loop as he kept bucking his hips into her, a few curses bursting from his parted lips. By the time he finished flexing, it felt as if five minutes of his coming passed, Kristen given a front row seat to the entire proceedings.

“That…” Cullen gasped, his curls fully smooshed from the rolling, sweat percolating all over his fresh skin. “That was amazing. I never…”

Smoothly, Kristen slid off of him and cuddled right against the unopposed chest. Cullen moved to put his arm around her, when the handcuffs once again clinked. Both looked up and sighed.

“Please tell me you have the key, and not that you locked it in your car.”

They shared a quick laugh at that and she reached over towards the end table. In truth, she never had the key for those cuffs having had them used on her once for other reasons. But they were damn easy to pick. It was a small wire she picked up and quickly undid both while Cullen had her breasts dangling in his face. Not that he seemed to mind much.

As the cuffs fell away, he took a moment to try to rub away the wear on his wrist before locking both around around her. “Mmm,” he moaned while hugging her tight. “Maker, I don’t know what came over you, but…”

Kristen frowned against his warm skin knowing what came next. “But I want to do it again.” Too bad there could never be an again. She had this one chance, this one moment to savor something all her own before doing her duty. She should leave, wait by the door for the call and prepare.

“I owe you ten pasta dinners now,” he laughed, the smile never leaving his face.

Her fingers skirted over the stubbled on his cheek. “I’ve wanted to do that for a long time.”

“Handcuff me and ride me like a bronto?” Cullen summarized, an eyebrow raising.

“Make you happy,” she said, the last of the mask cracking away. For the first time she was naked before him, whatever falsities she wore as Kristen stripped clean away. She was her, and nothing more.

His lips brushed over her forehead, Cullen sensing something was off, but it was also obvious he had no idea how to go about asking. Instead he said, “You have, you…Maker, you always have. It’s…” Curling his arms tighter around her, he whispered, “I’m so glad I stopped that day.”

She should leave. Gather up her things. Give him one last kiss before the end. Kristen snuggled tighter into his embrace and whispered, “So am I.”
First Time, Alistair x Warden

Chapter Summary

Alistair’s first time with the Warden after he admits to being a virgin. Taken from the story First Time.

This was it.

Alistair moved to smash his useless sausages for fingers together, as if a clap would prove him to be valuable, but in his state he missed completely. One hand sailed through the air while the other clanged against the metal bit strapped to his cuirass. Its call rang out over the campsite, beckoning everyone to look over at the man who went from bouncing nervously on his toes to breaking out in a rash.

Gulping and waving that errant hand which was probably going to bruise tomorrow, Alistair tried to ignore the concerned looks from Leliana and Wynne, the snake glare from the witch, and a… disturbingly smug one out of the elf. What did he know?

“Ali…”

Forgetting Zevran instantly, Alistair turned to the reason he could feel a river of sweat sliding down his back. With a smile forming from his lips down to his toes, he turned to the person he really wanted and feared to speak with.

It'd been forever since they last saw each other. Three days to be precise, Talia saying that she’d need Sten in their trek through the forest. Something about requiring someone really tall so they didn’t get lost. And also that Alistair needed to rest a minor stab wound from a genlock. He’d thought it a nice break…for all of about thirty minutes until his heart lodged in his throat and refused to get down.

What if she was injured? What if she was distracted and didn’t feel darkspawn creeping up on them? What if…?

The fretting was all for naught, Talia and the others rolling back into camp by a late afternoon sun little worse for the wear. Okay, Morrigan looked as if she got into a fight with a bear, but that seemed to be her preferred attire style. And, Alistair would only feel sorry for the bear. The moment his eyes locked upon Talia’s return, he shook away every damn fear that’d been clogging his tongue and vowed to march over to her.

It only took him an hour of the others busying themselves for dinner to get as close as banging his knuckles into his belt buckle.

Talia had her hair all bunched up at the top of her head in one of those round things girls do. Maker, he wanted to rustle it apart and dive his fingers through her ebony locks. Instead, Alistair settled for limply digging his bruised knuckles into a hip and jutting one out in an attempt to appear collected. It was clearly not working, judging by the snickering from the assassin.

“What was there…something you wanted to tell me?” Her beguiling eyes darted across his chest before tumbling into his sight. Achingly slow, she drew the wet, pink tip of her tongue against her rosy lips, leaving Alistair even more dumbfounded than before. Which was bad since he started dumb and couldn’t get much further down.

“I missed you,” he blubbered, his foolish hand trying to cut through the gap between them. Brush up the side of her leathers, tousle in her hair, cup the nape of her neck and tug her to him for a kiss.

“It was three days,” she laughed, glancing around at their fellow companions who could hear the star-struck ex-Templar with ease. Alistair had trouble with his indoor voice. Talia took one step closer to him, her chin brushing near his sternum as she whispered, “I missed you too.”

“I want to,” fell out of his foolish lips so fast he moved to smash his forehead.

“You want to…?” Talia bounded on her toes, tucking her hands behind her back as if she feared to touch him. Or feared others watching.

Oh Maker. Alistair’s wild eyes shot to the entire set of them gathered around, listening to his
bumbling, probably about to weigh in suggestions and… No. You’re trying to get out of this.

“I’ve been thinking,” he began before scoffing, “I know, warn the fire brigade. Surely something’s about to spit flames. I mean…after everything we’ve been through, every…”

Andraste’s pretty toenails, this shouldn’t be so hard!

Okay, it should be hard in the right places.

“From all of this, what we were tossed into. Having an entire blight thrust upon our heads.” Damn it, why did everything he say sound dirty? “I just wanted to say that I’m so happy that the Maker made you you.”

“That’s, um…” Talia’s lips twisted up in thought before she finished, “sweet?”

“There’s more. Which, maybe I should have written down,” Alistair took one last glance around the group, praying none of them were listening in. Forget the others, forget the chantry, forget whatever foolish fears were chewing through your brain. Say it!

“I want to be with you.”

Her eyes widened in surprise, along with a soft, “Oh,” escaping her beautiful lips.

“In the tent, together. Doing the…tent things one does.” Maker’s breath, were his palms sweating? And he couldn’t stop bouncing hisdamn leg either. Alistair looked as if he was about to launch into a jig. Stop fidgeting, stop panicking. Stop it now!

When her hand caressed up his arm, Alistair’s body froze, his head swiveling up to meet her gaze. She’d turn him down. She’d have to after that…was it even a question?

“Are you sure?” Talia whispered, her body pressing closer to his.

The scent of the forest was almost palpable on her. Honeysuckle and juniper wafted off her knotted hair, the heat of her taut body that was straining at its full reach upended his vocal cords. Stricken fully numb, all Alistair could do was nod. He did his best to nod decisively though.

Skirting her hand into his, Talia enveloped her fingers around his and began to tug towards his tent. “Then, come on,” she smiled guiding him towards the place he slept every night. It was a good thing too because Alistair’s mind leapt off a cliff and would have taken his body with.

This was it. The thing he’d been mulling over, fretting about, fearing, then aching for for the past three weeks. Maker take him, he’d even tried to get Zevran’s advice. That got as far as the elf narrowing his eyes and saying in that flippant accent, “Are you asking how one goes about wooing someone?”

He swore to never ask anyone anything after that. Which left him at such an abysmal starting place, he was starting to question how pants worked never mind the bits inside of them and the joining there of.

Talia lifted his tent flap, still not a euphemism, and with her warmth holding him guided Alistair inside. As the door dropped behind with a thud, he heard his heartbeat bounding about like a fireball trapped in a chimney. Slowly, Talia reached her delicate fingers up to her hair, plucked a few pins out, and the ebony tumbled to her shoulders.

It was instinct that caused Alistair to reach out and catch it in his fingers. Maker’s breath, it was softer than a kitten’s belly, shinier than onyx. His fingers climbed higher, gently parting her downed hair to the tip before starting anew.

“Ali,” Talia whispered, drawing him to look up, which was when she pounced. Both arms locked around the back of his neck, her sultry lips smashing into his. He almost cried out in exaggerated pain, when her tongue rolled around his bottom lip and tugged it between hers. Strawberries, a hoppy ale, and serenity floated on her tongue. The drumbeat in his blood surged to war as he tasted what he missed. From behind, he felt her fingers rustling through his hair, electricity charging his scalp and bringing a moan up his throat.

Breathing in deeper, he smelled something new on Talia, a sharp note he couldn’t place. Sweet but also impatient, it grabbed his groggy libido and shook it awake. His fingers fumbled for her breasts, hungry for the perfect scoops that molded to his needy palms. At the brush of a nipple, it was Alistair who moaned, and Talia popped away from their slovenly kisses.

She brushed her forehead against his and whispered, “We can take it slow.”

“I thought we were, what with me taking days to figure out how my co…undercarriage rattles.”
Her hand locked tighter to the back of his head, pulling him closer as she smiled, “I meant tonight.” Those sharp eyes that ensnared him from across a battlefield melted as she stared up at him, “We have all the time in Thedas.”

Alistair kissed her, his famished tongue happy to plumb her mouth and lick her lips. They fell into what he knew best, kissing across her beautiful neck, a few pecks to the half moon of skin she displayed above the collar of her armor. His hands found their way to her breasts, Talia moaning whenever he did something she liked. Seemed she was really fond of him cupping underneath, that bringing out such gasps he felt his little soldier swiping against his trousers. It wanted to get in on the action.

Oh Maker, it could.

“May I?” Talia spoke, startling Alistair from licking her collarbone. He had no idea what she wanted to do. Compose a love ballad? Borrow one of his socks? Fart? It wasn’t until his eyes darted to her hands which were placed to the front of her leathers that it kicked in.

She wanted to get naked.

Sweet Andraste did he want her naked. To touch her satiny skin and…

Gulping, Alistair nodded, his eyes filling to the brim as she quickly undid a thousand clasps he’d have panicked and gotten his hair stuck in. He was enthralled, mesmerized into being, until he caught a sliver of naked, tan flesh and instinctively turned away.

Damn it, she wanted you to see. You don’t have to…to… At the sound of her leathers flopping to the ground, Alistair swallowed deep. Okay, he wasn’t ready to watch her undress. Somehow that seemed more erotic than her simply being naked. Not that he’d ever seen her naked and, damn it, brain. Make sense!

His numb fingers bounded into the mess of armor he wore, trying to unhook all the metal bits. As each one clanged to the ground, he held his breath, somehow fearing that Talia might suddenly sober up and rush out the door. When the final landed, leaving him in nothing more than a linen undershirt, he felt her palm trace over his shoulder. It dipped lower, following the curve of the muscles. Goosebumps erupted down his arms from the whisper touch.

He wanted more, wanted to feel it on his bare skin and…

Without a second thought, Alistair yanked his shirt off his head. Slowly, he pivoted in place, growing concerned about what she’d think. What if she didn’t…? Was as far as he got before his brain filled with one thought — her. Naked. Beautiful. The brown on her arms burned from weeks in the sun contrasted to the lighter olive shade of her breasts, bringing them into a tantalizing spotlight. He stared in awe at the soft, inviting curves dangling from her chest. Both nipples of a rosy tan pointed slightly downward, the image replacing whatever Alistair concocted in his fantasies.

His eyes traveled down from the breasts, not that it was easy, towards her stomach. A stark white scar broke up the tans, calling for Alistair’s fingers. That was what he touched first on her shirtless body. Not those tempting breasts, but a scar still healing from their fight. He kept trailing it downward even as his fingers bumped into the waist of her trousers.

“Well?” Talia coughed out, her beautiful brown eyes widening by the dimming light.

“You’re the most beautiful I’ve ever seen,” Alistair whispered in awe.

“Beautiful what?” she laughed, a rosy blush claiming her cheeks. Was she nervous too? Couldn’t possibly be as nervous as him. Alistair feared he might melt into an explosion…because he’d find a way to make that work.

Curling his palm to her burning cheek, her elegant black waves caressing the back of his hand, Alistair whispered, “Beautiful everything.” Never weary lips found each other, the kisses sloppy but neither caring as they tasted each other. Talia’s hand gripped onto his bicep, fingers digging into his muscle. He moved to flex it, to prove that he wasn’t a bag of jelly, when her curious tips trailed down his chest.

With a flitter, she twirled her fingers through his mop of chest hair, finding the more patchy sections fun to scrape her nails over. Alistair gasped at the attention, his leg trembling as it strained behind him. He couldn’t say if it was out of fear of the unknown or excitement of what was to come.

Ha. Come.
“Mmm,” Talia murmured, her wily lips slipping up to his ear. That wandering hand paused just below his belly button, her warm palm falling flush to his stomach. “You’re shaking.”

“I,” Alistair flinched, his head swiveling back to take stock of the cursed leg that wouldn’t cease. “I must be cold. Very cold. Shivering.”

“I see,” she nodded, her tongue making another lap of her lips. Alistair took that as an invitation and moved closer for a kiss, when her fingers slid off his bare skin and down to the proud tent pole trapped in his trousers. Sweet merciful Maker, he wanted to cry out in joy. To push his hips forward so she’d wrap more of her delicate fingers around him. Didn’t matter that there were knickers in the way, this felt…

“Let me help you warm up,” Talia purred, her fingers quickly undoing the mess of buttons he had for a fly. Two were notorious for sticking, sometimes requiring Alistair to yank the whole thing down to take a piss. Hilarity often ensued. He should warn her, help her, but he was frozen in place. All he could do was stretch his torso higher, hoping to give her all the room she could to…

Cool air stung his backside first, proving to Alistair that she’d gotten his pants off. He clenched those appley cheeks tight, eyes locked up, as he waited for her warm hand to cup his twig and berries. No, branch. Oak tree, really, and…something large that was also round.

When her hand landed on his shoulder, Alistair gulped in shock, nearly tumbling back on his ass. The move drew him to open his eyes into hers, Talia pursing her lips in thought, “You’re all tensed up.”

He forced out a laugh, the smile trying to assure her he was fine. The fact his leg was still shaking didn’t really give him much backup. Come on, body, get it together. You want this, right?

A quick glance down to his ol’ third handshake told him that yes, and it was getting rather impatient and veiny about the delay.

“Here,” Talia gripped onto his chest and slowly spun him about as if he were on wheels. When he faced away from her, his view no longer a beautiful naked woman but the tent flap, Alistair tumbled to his butt. A cramp tried to wiggle through his legs but after the shit they kept pulling he wouldn’t hear of it.

Forlorn and uncertain, Alistair tugged the last of his trousers off. The pants skittered over the mess in his tent, which he just realized he should have picked up before asking Talia to join him. Maybe put out a candle…though the likelihood of him setting his pubic hair on fire would have gone up exponentially.

As if it was all going swimmingly now. He’d made a fool of himself a hundred times over, babbled incoherently when she got naked, and hadn’t even touched her goodies yet. Slumping forward, Alistair let his legs fall into a cross. He was about to engage in full on pout mode, when warm hands soothed over his shoulders.

“You need to relax,” her alto voice hummed in his ear. Thumbs dug into the knots popping up along his shoulders, causing Alistair to moan as she tried to work the stress free. It’d take a week and a battalion of qunari walking on his back, but he was grateful she was trying.

Talia’s massage slipped lower, cupping along the higher back muscles. Taking in a deep breath, Alistair tried to obey her suggestion, when she grazed her teeth against his earlobe. Her hand slid forward, cupping his pec.

Hot breath burst into his ear, “You’ll live longer.” Sliding up, her fingers bumped against his little dot of a nipple. A fire sparked along Alistair’s spine, his body folding tighter to hers. Talia caught on quickly, her voice sensuous, “Do you like that?”

“More than I’d have…” Alistair gulped. “Here I assumed mine were only ornamental pulled out for really fancy parties or when greeting the Divine.”

The giggle behind him didn’t stall the flames churning in his veins, but it did bring a smile to his lips. She was still Talia, even while having sex. Why did he think she’d be someone else?

Legs enveloped outside of Alistair’s, naked legs. She must have removed her knickers when he was panicking. Which meant that…? Yup. He could feel a soft prickle of hair bounding into his tailbone. Hair that was hiding away her, um, secluded grotto? The thought of a woman’s muff bouncing against him nearly brought a moan to Alistair’s overworked throat, when Talia’s right hand slid up to dig into his thigh.

“How do you feel about…?” she danced her finger tips like waltzers skipping up his leg, down
the inner thigh, and then... “This?”

Bare skin, warm as a summer day and softer than silk curled around his dick. She started at the base, guiding his little friend further out for attention, while Alistair’s vision exploded. “Th-th-that’s...” He tried to assure her how wonderful it felt, perhaps with hand embossed stationery, when her pulsing grip slipped up to the head.

“Hm,” she whispered, her palm swooping over the knob in thought, “I’ve never been with anyone intact before.”

“Oh?” Alistair sputtered, trying to find anything he could cling to. His mouth was drying out fast, his toes clenching in the dirt, and all she did was give him a little tug. How was he supposed to go for... Maker, he didn’t even know how long one was meant to last.

“Elves tend to...never mind.” Despite her lack of one-on-one time with the foreskin prior, she picked it up quick. Closing her fist tight above him, as she drew it down over his dick she’d open just enough to provide the perfect fit. As if his crown was made for her palm.

Talia scooted closer, her hand increasing in speed and sending Alistair careening for the cliff. Her own breath broke into a spattering pant, allowing him to feel her stiff nipples bounding against his back. The thought made him even stiffer, causing all sense to flee his brain. Sparks flickered across his vision, his thighs clenching tighter and tighter as he tried to hang on.

In his own hands, he’d have popped off and rolled over to sleep by now. In hers, he didn’t want it to end. To have her determination, her passion, her compassion jacking him off was... it was... Alistair spun so fast in place, he nearly bashed his jaw into her teeth. Talia reared back, her rogue instincts protecting her lip from being smacked, but she stared up at him in confusion. “I... I want to do that to you. The massage and stuff part.”

She smiled and nodded, “Okay.” Rolling her mass of hair into one long twist and piling it over her shoulder, Talia turned away from the blubbering man. Without her watching, he tried to tamp down the explosion that was a mere centimeter from hitting the gauntlet barrel. It took quite a bit of squeezing to redirect the blood and even then, he hadn’t seen his dick that excited to be in this world since he was fifteen.

Think unsexy thoughts.

Alistair repeated the mantra to himself as he brushed his fingers over a beautiful woman’s hair and prepared to massage her naked back. Yup. So unsexy there. Nothing to get excited about whatso —

A moan erupted from Talia when he dug into the first knot. At the second, she threw her head back until it bounded against his chest. He’d remained on his knees, uncertain if folding around her would help anything with his problem. Staring down at her glistening skin, her hooded eyes closed in rapture, succulent lips parted in ecstasy, and both her nipples ready for action, Alistair lost every stupid concern in his head.

He dipped to her, his mouth pressing a kiss upside down to her fluttering lips. As she pulsed her top lip against his bit of a soul patch, their tongues glancing against one another, he drew his hands forward and cupped her breasts. Maker, this was the softest thing in Thedas. Each gentle knead of his pads brought a silly giggle to him. He was touching her breasts, her naked breasts. And they were more amazing than anything he could have dreamed of.

Talia grazed a hand through his scruff, tugging him deeper into the kiss, when he felt her other palm brush against the back of his hand. He was about to pull away from her breast, but she guided him from the curve of giving flesh to the nipple.

“Like this,” she instructed, teaching him how to thrum his fingers over them. Nodding to try and show he understood, Alistair followed her movement, the budded nipple bending as he lightly tapped into it. A hum reverberated up Talia’s throat, her tongue stilling from their kisses.

Hungry to hear more satisfying sounds, Alistair threaded his fingers around both nipples. Each light knock from his thick hands caused her to sway. A thought struck him, and curious what she’d think, Alistair cuffed his first and middle finger between her nipple and rotated them in a circle.

“Oh Maker,” Talia gasped.

“Bad?” he sputtered, prepared to scamper off of her.

“No. Good. So damn good. Don’t you stop.”
Pleased with himself, Alistair went full in, his lips pressing kisses to her throat that was warbling with gulps and gasps. His fingers were the nimblest they’d ever been, drawing her taut nips out then sliding back to curl around all of her breasts.

Talia’s hand rustled through his hair, her head thrust back as she mumbled, “Sweet blood of the Maker,” before chewing on her lip. She kept rising on her haunches, swaying herself back and forth as if…

Like the siren song it was, Alistair’s eyes broke from the moaning woman’s ecstatic smile straight down those bounding hills to her mysterious cavern of wonders. A black forest guarded the entrance, obscuring his view, but he needed to know more. His fingers — rapscallions that they were — smoothed down Talia’s stomach. They curved with the little pooch from her sit, dipped into her bellybutton which caused her to laugh, and landed right on the edge of the ebony fluff.

The certainty in his veins evaporated, leaving Alistair circling through the top of her pubic hair like a knight riding before the castle gates. Oh, he wanted in there, beyond measure, but he wasn’t certain he knew the trick to slipping inside. Was there a password? If so, it was probably swordfish.

Her squirming ceased as Talia realized he wasn’t thrumming her breasts to a slow dance. Reaching across her hips, she enveloped her small hand above his. At first, she cupped it in her palm, Alistair concerned she’d pull him away because he picked the wrong move, when Talia slid her thighs open wider.

Guiding his hand as if she was trying to summon a spirit, Alistair gulped at the soft curlies caressing his fingers. Only two tips were on point, the most experienced and daring who stood above the precipice to the abyss. What was down through that darkness? Who knew? Gold? Dragons? A gold dragon?

Alistair was about to suggest such a thing, but Talia cut him off. Curling her thumb and pinkie around his palm, she drew the tip of his finger against the reason for being. Warm folds invited him in for a cuppa, maybe a little looksee. Giddy, Alistair skirted his fingers around the tender skin, his chest bounding into Talia’s back as she squirmed in place.

While the warmth and satiny touch drew him in, it was when she dipped his finger deep into herself that Alistair lost control. Wet heat tugged him further and further inside, his tips bounding into each cushioned pocket which caused Talia to groan. This was it. The big secret girls kept hidden between their legs.

Maker, no wonder. It was exhilarating, not only watching her slip further into the throes of pleasure but to feel it clenching back against him. She was both thrusting his fingers deeper in while her whole wet frock was trying to drag him in too. And that could be his cock in there.

Andraste’s blood. He buried his face into her shoulder, trying to shake off the thought, but the anticipation wouldn’t leave him. Nor did the gleam of sweat rising off of Talia’s sculpted shoulder help distract him. Mouthing all the blasphemes he could think of against her perfumed skin, Alistair tried to ground himself. But in doing that, his teeth scraped and nibbled up her shoulder and down her back.

That sent off Talia’s moaning, her breath so hitched it wasn’t breaking wild without a hacksaw. She left Alistair in charge of thrumming her inner workings, but wrapped her slick fingers around his thumb. Uncertain where she wanted it, he waited until Talia plopped it upon a secret pea hidden within.

Absently, Alistair swiped his smooth thumb against it, not expecting much from such a tiny node. It nearly sent him tumbling on his ass when Talia threw her entire head back and cried incoherently. Okay, that was a good button to remember. Very important. Touch that little pea. He tried to find a rhythm, swishing his thumb back and forth over the node that he’d swear was getting bigger.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she panted, trying to swallow in order to get a word out. “Like that. Please, dear Maker, like that!”

With all that envious dexterity in her body, she rose up on her haunches and began to thrust herself onto Alistair’s fingers. It was beautiful to watch, her naked skin flushed with exertion, her breasts bounding from the force. By the void, he wanted it to last forever. He just made one minor miscalculation.

Somehow, between Talia’s throes of passion and Alistair having to shift around to keep his fingers in place, that sneaky ol’ trouser snake found its way right against her bountiful backside. And with every thrust of her body onto him, she was riling it up more.
Think about darkspawn. That rotten meat smell on their breath. A rancid heat that’d wipe over his face along with a pile of slobber. Warmth. Slicked up heat. Not helping!

Hats. The chantry. A withered old Mother glaring down at his penis and clucking.

“Fuck, Maker, yes!” Talia shouted, ripping away whatever delusion of control Alistair had. He was thrown back into the truth — a gorgeous naked woman was riding him, pleasure seeping from every pore on her perfect skin as she cried out for him.

There was no stopping it now.

Hips swinging forward twice, his engorged and enraged cock slicked against her warm back. It was Talia that thrust down, catching the crown perfectly and setting off the cascade inside him. It burned hotter than the sun, erupting from his loins out to his toes and up his chest. By the time it reached his brain, leaving him crying incoherently, Alistair glanced down at the sticky mess building up on her back.

Oh Maker. He grimaced, trying to catch the rest in his hand to stymie both the embarrassment and his cum. It seemed nothing could stop either, his entire chest bright red while he had to blow one of the greatest loads of his life onto her spine.

“I’m sorry,” Alistair mumbled. “I’m sorry, I’m...” He couldn’t think of an excuse, so he just kept repeating it over and over. Beyond ashamed, his eyes found the floor and locked in place.

The heaving breaths slowed from Talia and she turned in place. No doubt one hand was trying to wipe away his mess, while she weighed her options. He did warn her before. Sort of. Why did it have to be her he tried with first? Why wasn’t he already experienced so...?

“Hey,” warm palms slid up his scruff, trying to lift Alistair’s heavy head. His neck gave in to her attempt, but his eyes remained downcast. Talia pulled him closer, his forehead not just brushing but nearly beaming against hers. From the edge of his eyes, he caught her lips now cherry red and still whiffing to catch a breath.

She swallowed once more, seeming to have trouble, when she brushed both of her thumbs up under his cheekbones. “Ali,” she whispered.

“Sorry for, uh, cutting the festivities short,” he gulped, his toes curling inward.

“I told you,” her voice breathed against his reddened cheeks. Hooking her fingers under his jawline, she finally lifted him up so high he met her eyes. A twinkle sparkled inside those bottomless depths. Leaning closer, she whispered, “we have all night.”

“Really?” Alistair gasped, trying to search her face for a lie.

A smirk rose on those lips he could kiss a million times. Talia straddled up higher on her haunches and snagged her hands around Alistair’s chest. Before he could even move to return the hug, she suddenly dug her knee into the ground. With all the force in her lithe body, she spun the two of them around. Her back landed on the ground while he, and his still dripping cock, ended up above her.

Twisting her head up, the smile not dimming for a moment, Talia parted her fingers down his chest, “Have I ever told you that I prefer seconds?” She drew her foot higher, the toes almost tickling his inner thigh. With a little fanfare flicker, she nudged into his balls, sending Alistair gasping. It may not take her that long to wait.

Maker, she was beautiful and writhing under him, caressing him, begging for him. Balancing on one hand, he cupped her breast and started to wind his fingers down her glistening skin. There was no hesitation as he reached her forest of intrigue. After dipping his finger into her pulsing gap, Talia greedily opened her legs wider.

“Have I ever told you that I really love...” Alistair circled around those juicy lips once more before pausing at the top. “Peas,” he laughed.

Talia’s face pinched up in confusion, but not for long as he began to thrum against her magical pea. She arched her back higher into the air, begging for him to thrust his fingers inside of her. Happy to oblige, Alistair did as ordered, free to delight in the pleasure wracking her body. One of her legs lifted higher until it wrapped around his waist, Talia trying to grind against him. She didn’t care that his cock took a little nap after its first show, and neither did he. No, Alistair was far too enthralled with testing every twist and turn of his fingers, every touch to her glistening skin, every pant and gasp from the woman he loved, to even notice.

“Ah-h-h,” her mouth parted, tongue dropping low as the breaths pinged out like crossbow bolts.
Alistair watched as her eyes seemed to roll into the back of her skull, her head twisting under her as she heaved her lower half higher. A tremor ran up her body, Talia’s limbs locking in tight as she moaned.

Oh Maker, he didn’t kill her, did he?

Worried, he froze in his finger ballet only to feel Talia pulsing against him. “What…?” Alistair gulped, partially praying that she’d move or say something. Blessed Andraste, how could he explain that injury to Wynne? “What was that?” he mumbled out, wincing at what was probably the obvious.

“Hm?” Talia seemed lost, a limp hand brushing over her sweat-soaked hair. A frill of ebony clung to her forehead as she staggered back on her elbows to stare up at him. Blinking slowly, her tongue rolling through her mouth, she smiled wide. “That was my turn.”

“Your turn?” Alistair scowled, trying to remember if there were any rules to this game. He glared at his arm, the wrist in particular mentioning how it was tired of supporting his weight, when he caught Talia’s wicked grin. “Oh! You’re…” he coughed out, chuckling to himself.

“I didn’t know that girls, I mean that was how it went for them. You?”

Her warm snicker wiped away his clinging concern as she guided her hands up his slick back and pulled him on top of her. “It is,” Talia lavished him in kisses while her nails scratched along his spine, “for me.”

“Excellent to know. Adding it to the…” Alistair began, when she once again hooked both her arms and legs around his torso in order to flip him over. He helped a bit better this time, sliding onto his back while the beautiful and satisfied woman stood on her knees above him. With graceful moves, she drew both her hands back over her forehead through her hair, trying to knot it out of the way.

While he could happily watch her do the most mundane of tasks, it was the bouncing breasts that beckoned to the man trapped between her thighs. Both hands, ecstatic to be free, enveloped her accretions. Still just as firm and cushiony as he remembered all of whenever this started. Five hours ago? Alistair pushed both breasts up higher, causing Talia to tip her head back in a laugh.

As she turned back to him, her palms kneading against his chest, she asked, “Enjoying yourself?”

“Mm-hm,” he nodded, as if it wasn’t obvious.

She slid further down his body until a charge bounded through his veins. A sly smile reverberated over Talia’s smile as she purred, “Feels like someone’s ready for the main event.”

“I…” Alistair swallowed, trying to keep his soul jammed inside his body. At the moment it was highly focused on his whole fruitful loin area, every sway of her boundless backside shaking him to the core.

This was it. Cast off the last illusions of purity and dive right in. He’d been afraid that she’d laugh at him. Foolish, she only laughed with him. That he’d fumble and hurt her, but Talia writhed around in such pleasure from his touch he couldn’t contain himself. One more hurdle to get to the fabled finish line.

Licking his scorched lips, Alistair smiled while his eyes burned into hers, “More than anything.”

Talia bent down, her hair falling in curtains around their faces as she kissed him. Alistair raised his chin to try and kiss her back, but she was already on the move. Those wily fingers circled around his cock, Alistair bracing himself for more of before, but when she slid lower and opened her legs, his vision blanked.

Toes digging into the mottled dirt, as Talia flanked his sword at every turn, he happily thrusted deeper into her trap. Maker, what a trap it was. Warm, soft, sweet, it beckoned his cock home, enveloping him into its embrace. He could lay there forever, staring into his love’s eyes as she accepted him in a way no one ever had.

“Are you chanting?” Talia laughed, her chin pivoted quizzically.

Alistair clacked his jaws and tried to replay back what his tongue had been up to. “Was I?” he admitted.

“Sounded like, ‘Yes, please, yes, now,’” she was relentless, her fingers pawing at his chest hair and then nibbling around his nipples.

“Big moment,” Alistair gulped, “want to remember it forever.”
Her hot tongue lapped around her lips, those beguiling eyes shifting to the ceiling. “The best part’s yet to…” Talia raised up on her thighs, Alistair feeling himself sucker out of her. With a chuckle, she plunged him back in, her words finishing with, “come.”

Sweet blood of Andraste! He thought her hand was a miracle, this was…he had no comparison. Alistair’s fingers flexed against her breasts, his body slipping further from his control. “What do I do?” he gasped, his heels flailing in the dirt while Talia began to moan.

“Whatever feels good,” was her answer.

Whatever felt good? It all did. From the tips of his rusty hair down to his chipped toenails, his body was an inferno and she fed the flames. What felt good, what he wanted was…

His hands fell from her breasts to grip onto her flush hips. With a groan, Alistair thrust himself deeper in while pulling Talia lower. “Maker’s balls!” one of them groaned, maybe both. He couldn’t tell as her panting sped up along with his thrusting.

One more. One more. Just one more second!

His danglers all but slammed up into his crotch, kicking off a chain reaction that sent Alistair flopping to the ground. When his ass hit, he somehow thrust himself further into Talia, inviting her to give his crown one good squeeze. Every hair on his body rose, the pleasure overload screaming up to his brain. It knocked about, bringing both a gasp of a shock and a chuckle from his lips.

Exhausted more than he’d ever been in his life, Alistair flopped back like a jellyfish. It seemed fitting, that orgasm melted his bones. He was certain. No way he survived that one intact. Something had to pay for that kind of body ransacking pleasure. Worth it, though.

Talia slid off of him, the last few dribbles of his goo plopping onto his stomach. It didn’t matter. He certainly wasn’t going to leap up and clean it off. For starters, he was without bones. Also, there was a beautiful, perfect, body-breaking woman sliding in beside him. She curled up on her side, and by a true miracle of the Maker, Alistair was able to cup her hip.

As he heaved himself up onto his side to stare into her gorgeous eyes, Talia leaned forward and pecked a kiss to the tip of his nose. “Well? Was it worth the wait?”

Maker’s sake. Alistair chuckled at how he’d been such a fool before. To put it off so long in the hopes that… He sobered up, one hand drawing over her downed hair so he could stare at her face before clasping to her back to pull her flush, heart to heart. It had to be her. It couldn’t have been anyone else. No one would have taken her time, guided him, given him the resolve to see it through to the end.

“It was beyond anything I could have dreamed. Which I mean in a good way, not a ‘Ah everyone’s belching fire and has eight eyes now’ type of dream.”

Her sweet laugh enveloped him. Like a protection spell, Alistair knew as long as he had that at his side nothing could hurt him. Talia’s eyes drifted around his face, her warm, spent body cuddling tighter to him.

From the depths of their conjoined limbs, her fingers rose to cup his chin as she whispered, “Maybe it’s too soon, but…I love you.”

“Have I not mentioned it before?” Alistair laughed, “Because I love you, adore you, would worship you if the chantry allowed it and I had any sculpting skills. An epic statue of you right over there would really liven the campsite up.”

“To think, if not for the blight,” she circled her fingers down his chest, fluffing the hair caught between his folded pecs, “we never would have met. If I hadn’t left with that strange human I’d… Who knows where I’d be.”

Alistair huddled her tighter to his chest, needing to feel her warm, alive breath on his skin. There was so much riding on their success, and the likelihood of either of them surviving — never mind both — seemed impossible. Still… She was there, at the right time, in the right place, picking him up, saving him from his own despair. Guiding him. If not for her, what would he be?

Brushing his nose against the top of her hair, breathing in her woodsy scent, Alistair swore to both Talia and the Maker, “It had to be you.”
Motes of dust struck the golden light streaking through autumnal leaves. I watched each one’s sparkling fall as they came to rest upon the log pile beside the door. My focus should have been upon the book in my fingers, my body stretched across a divan to get into the perfect reading position. A cup of cinnamon tea cooled behind my head, masked by the leather throw pillow. While the creeping chill of oncoming winter circled the floorboards of the cabin, I ignored it. The cashmere sweater snuggling against my skin and piling at my wrists was certainly helping.

Licking my thumb, I moved to turn the page before realizing I once again failed to read it. Maker take me, but this cursed tome was dense. Squaring my shoulders, I prepared to dive in deep when the heavenly scent of the forest wafted on the breeze. An earthy but sweet musk, it sang of summer’s overgrowth entering its next stage of slumber. Ripping through the senescence of the rust-colored sky came the piquant acrid smoke of leaves burning to ash.

He’d been at it most of the morning, dressed in his thick cotton shirt to stave off the early dew. I gulped at the thought of Cullen having to break open the buttons in the autumn sun to reveal his white undershirt clinging to the hard-wrought sweat drenching his muscles. No doubt some would scoff at the Commander of the Inquisition breaking his back to try and tame the excess foliage, but Cullen seemed content.

At least until a crow flitted into the trees and seemed determined to harass him. I could hear the caws breaking from outside, and on occasion, Cullen shouting at the ‘Blighted thing’ to ‘shove off.’ Stretching my legs, the hem of the oversized sweater rose to display my lower thigh. Scandalous for the Inquisitor, but she was left behind at Skyhold. Hung up on the rack along with the armor bearing the eye. Here, it was simply me, a golden cabin creaking with fall’s perfect winds, and a man.

Also, a damn book I needed to finish. Digging deeper into the throng of gerunds and participles, I barely looked up at the whine of the screen door. It slammed back into place, trying to distract me, but nothing would. I was determined in my course. I would see this…

“What are you reading?”

Sigh. I wanted to be cross, but — slipping a finger between the pages — I glanced up and couldn’t be. His bullheaded yard work turned the golden lion of Skyhold dewey, the man nearly glistening head to toe. His sandy hair was adrift and mussed to one side, leaving my fingers aching to wrestle it back in place. The scruff that delighted damn near every woman who saw him was nearing a beard. While some would probably laugh at it, Cullen’s lighter hair leaning towards the splotchy look, I found myself enthralled with the barbaric feel of the fur scratching against my skin.

Here, in the woods, there was no political grandstanding, no ruffs, no corsets. Just a man, a
woman, and no one around for miles to hear what that combination could get up to.

Cullen drew the back of his hand over his forehead, trying to wipe away the soot built up from the cremated leaves. It sort of worked, smearing off his face at least, and I had a better concept of what he’d look like as a brunette. Not my ideal. Those amber eyes that flickered through my mind like a candle in the dark honed in. He really wanted an answer.

“A book,” I said, causing him to pout. I shouldn’t pick but watching that chewable bottom lip jut free drew out the worst in me. “One on Tevinter History. I thought I’d catch up before the big meeting.”

A thud broke through the easy air, a reminder that this was ephemeral and real life waited beyond the cloyingly quaint meadow lane. But Cullen drew past that, his body sidling closer to inspect the title. While he perused the cover, I inhaled his woodsy aroma. The man’s natural musk amplified as he put his body to work, bringing a rush to my slumbering blood. Layered overtop the raw, magnetic scent was one of juniper and the forest after a hard rain. I wanted to dig my nose into his neck and take a deep whiff, but he pulled back to look up into my eyes.

“I read this one.”

My lips were pursing for his, when his words struck me. Blinking madly, I glanced down at the gobbledegook of words and sputtered, “You did?”

“Yep. Back in…” His thoughts trailed off as he stared down at my legs trying to dig under a knitted blanket. “Are you not wearing any trousers?”

I shrugged, unable to hide the fact.

Cullen groaned, “You’re going to get sick. You can’t… It’s cold in here. That fire is…” His half-finished sentences snapped away as he glanced to the hearth I’d sort of failed to tend to, now nothing but ash. “Merciful Maker, you cannot get ill.”

“I’m fine,” I tried to insist, burrowing my legs under the blanket so he wouldn’t catch the goosepimples. But no, that damn lion saw all. His eyes were more of an eagle’s.

“Get up,” he insisted as if I was a stubborn child, or one of his soldiers.

Crossing my arms and burrowing them into the sweater, I glared at him, “No. I’m comfortable here.”

“You need pants! And socks.” His massive paws wrapped around one of my feet causing Cullen to gasp, “They’re icicles.”

“I’m content here, burrowed under a blanket.” I rolled my eyes, assuming that would be the end of it, but my personal worry-wart launched his unbendable arms out. Without a by-your-leave, he scooped me up off the couch.

“What are you doing?” I shrieked even as the man heaved me through the air and placed me up on his shoulder like a bag of feed.

“Getting you properly dressed. Last thing I need is Josephine hollering at me for letting the Inquisitor draw ill,” he huffed, not because I was a heavy burden but in his dead-set pout.

My stomach pinched to the powerful shoulder I was hoisted upon. I could feel my cold toes dangling against Cullen’s abs as he turned on his heel and marched me towards the bedroom. This whole thing was preposterous. I wanted to say as such, when his hand landed upon my ass. The wide spread of fingers and palm easily cupped both cheeks, while the other palm worried up and down my frosty calves. He was enjoying this, and to be perfectly frank, it was nice to be carried around with a free view of his backside.

Arriving in the loft, Cullen paused to take in a breath. It was a charming getaway, the ceiling A-framed so the roof met in a point above us. Soft, oak-colored wood polished to a shine filled both
the floor and walls. A single window allowed the hazy autumn light to glance upon the bed. Gnarled trees stood in for the posts, each guarding a great mattress garnished with a multi-colored quilt. Plush, with enough space to fit three people, the only downside to the bed was it tended to squeak. Not that that was much of a problem with the nearest person a good twenty miles and counting.

I smirked, waiting for him to put me down on my feet, when the air upended itself. Cullen heaved me off his shoulder with a shrug, sending my well-coddled ass diving to the bed. The entire structure shuddered from the addition, my bare knees nearly banging into my chest at how deep I sank. I whipped my head up from the surprise, but he was already wandering off to the chest of drawers to find suitable attire for the vacationing Inquisitor.

With a grump at such indignity, I spun onto my stomach and cracked open the book. Beyond the rich history of Archons I heard Cullen rustling about in a festoon of stockings he couldn’t wrap his mind around. “What about these?”

He must have offered up a selection, but I was too enthralled with the Treatise of Archon Someone-or-other in the Blessed Age. My bare leg lifted through the air, foot pointed to a tip to emphasize the calf dangling near the man’s eyesight as I deliberately turned a page.

“Are you going to lay there, barely dressed, reading that book?”

The familiar exasperation caused me to twist on my side, though I didn’t dare clasp the pages shut. I eyed up the bull of a man who found brute force to be the answer nine times out of ten. Drawing my thumb to my lip, I graced it against the thin skin, eyes boring into his. As it pressed against my bottom lip, dragging the tempting treat out, the tip of my tongue lapped against it. With a smirk, I turned the page and rolled back onto my stomach.

“Blessed Andraste,” he groaned, forgetting the leggings and collapsing onto the bed beside me. The mattress collapsed so my legs buckled to his hip. Cullen — even while exasperated with me — began to rub his calloused palm over them.

Maker, it felt divine, his fingers moving of their own accord to wrench all the stress off of my legs. As they abandoned their work to slide first over the back of my knee and skirt under the hem of the sweater, my thighs spread. But all he offered was a thrum of his fingertips rolling a beat over my lower thigh. There was better above, already. Grab it!

“Why are you so void-sent on getting me dressed? I’d have thought you’d prefer the other state.”

Spiced breath, warm as an afternoon sunbeam, caressed the back of my ear. “Believe me, there is nothing I fantasize about more.” That soothing hand rose higher, stubby nails glancing in a hypnotic rhythm over my flushed flesh. When he reached the crease of my thigh, I clenched my toes, hoping and praying for him to delve deep.

The fool rose away, leaving me spinning in place at the loss. As Cullen’s wandering palm settled in his lap, he said, “But I know you. You’ll spend the entire day freezing while pages deep into a book. Come tomorrow it’ll be sniffles, and in three days time a full on flu.”

I grimaced at his assessment, even if it was accurate. Twisting on my hip, I moved to finagle my cold legs around him, but Cullen caught a foot and once again cupped it in his hands. This time, he blew upon the icicle toes, manically rubbing his palms over it to bring forth heat.

“I’ll have you know,” I was losing the high ground in this fight, the warming grip rising to my ankles, “that this is a very fascinating book.”

“Oh?” He quirked up an eyebrow and that scar upon his lip rose as well. Most didn’t catch on that despite all of the Commander’s terrifying snarls and growls, when that scar rose it meant he was in a sardonic mood. It allowed him to get away with damn near murder around the Orlesian Court, many finding the Ferelden as adorable as a mabari pup.

Collapsing the book into my palm, I told him, “A rich, vibrant tapestry of the Archons and how they led to the current Imperium.”

His eagle eyes drifted from my palm trying to slam the book back and forth as if that’d shake out its secrets, up to my steel gaze. Rolling his tongue over his lips, Cullen said, “You know it ends with…”

I lashed forward, my palm slapping over his gossipy mouth. Hot breath danced through my lifelines, the delectable lips nibbling on the tender flesh but I wouldn’t be charmed. “No spoilers!” I cried. “If I know how it ends I won’t get through another page.”

Amber flames burned at me, his nose prodding just above my finger. The devastating glare
winnowing off his whiskey eyes was enough to cause any woman to quiver in her knickers. I may be the Inquisitor, vanquisher of Corypheus, but even I’m not immune to his power. My palm plummeted from his cheeks, his lips glistening from his hot breath dewing upon them.

Cullen lapped up the moisture, those eyes that pinned me in place abetting so I could take in a breath. Just as I was reaching for the book to begin again, he said, “Archon Nomaran was the first magi…”

“Damn you!” I shouted, fingers lashing forward to try and stopper any more secrets he spat out. But that wily Commander snagged my hand and entrapped it in his. A mischievous glow brandished deep in his eyes as he focused on me.

That cursed mouth opened, about to render futile any hope I had of forcing myself through the book’s quagmire. Thinking fast, I dove forward, my lips silencing his. Maker’s breath, he tasted of meandering walks under an autumn canopy. Of leaping into leaf piles with wild abandon. Of bubbling apple pie smothered in whipped cream. A moan reverberated up my throat, rolling my lascivious tongue to straddle his ravenous lips.

Cullen allowed me passage, my tongue lapping up not only the nutty flavor of his mouth but the heat. Robust fingers dug into my shoulder blades, bunching the ivory sweater as he pressed me to him. My personal bodyguard, protector from all manner of threat, nipped his teeth against my lip. I gasped, wiggling up off my bent knees in shock, and those hands swooped right in to cup my ass. He did it on purpose!

“Do,” I sputtered, my panting breasts bunching against his own heaving chest, “do you still want me to put on pants?”

Burning amber swung to me, shadows lengthening his chiseled face. Cullen walked one knee forward, his palms digging into my scoops of derriere. I scuttled back with him, uncertainty rising as the man who plucked me off the couch graced his nose beside mine. A growl of a dragon defending its horde rose from his gullet as he said, “No.”

I worked lighting quick, struggling to rip the button-up shirt off his tantalizing shoulders. Cullen’s lips smothered mine, his palms sliding up to pad against the small of my back. The cable-knit wool of the sweater kept me from savoring the thrill of his skin upon mine. No doubt he’d wrench it off me soon enough. I had bigger concerns.

The ravenous Commander kept walking me backwards, my body teetering as I clung white-knuckled to the ends of his shirt to keep from falling. He swept a solitary hand nearly fully across my back, keeping me pinned upright, even as his kisses grew fervid. Teeth scraped over my chin and down the jaw, my neck extending in a cry for attention. He was happy to deliver, my body hanging upon a precipice at his full mercy. Granted, the fall was a foot at most to a feather mattress, but the thrill was undeniable.

A swathe of beard hairs scratched down my throat, heralding the triumphant arrival of lips to soothe away the burn. I squirmed at each balmy kiss, a pleading whine dribbling from my lips. “Tell me…” Cullen breathed, punctuating each break with a kiss, “you want it.”

I gnawed on my lip, squirming at the ache between my thighs. A sleeping dragon was awake and in need of proper attention.

He switched to the other side, his lips now proceeding the rash of beard. Maker’s sake, how was that making me wetter? “Tell me…” The edge of his incisors scraped my jaw, bringing a wanton pant to my tongue. Those inscrutable, sometimes cross eyes flared into mine, Cullen waiting for me to fall into his abyss as he whispered, “Tell me you need it.”

“For the love of the void!” I wrapped both hands to his shoulders and yanked him down on top of me. We both tumbled to the bed, his forehead nearly careening mine. I crushed his palm to my back, trapping it, but was incapable of caring as my body lit up. Writhing against him, I hooked my leg around his waist and gurgled at the glance of his bulge against the wet spot in my knickers.

Cullen tipped his head back at the move, exposing the struggling Adam’s apple. Never one to turn down a treat, I lapped my tongue around that masculine accouterment, the tip of my nose brushing through his scraggly beard. As he gushed down his excitement, well aware he just showed his hand, I tugged his forehead to mine. His eyelashes rested upon his cheeks, the man listening to the thrum of his body rocking against mine.

“I often want it,” I whispered, my free hand canvassing down the skin-tight shirt clinging to his mountainous terrain. “And…” I paused, raising my head off the mattress to breathe in his ear. As my hand cinched around his cock, I said, “I always need it.”
Lips plunged to mine, Cullen alternating between kissing the life out of me while also struggling to rip his button-up off. When the cuff snagged on the wrist, exposing his knot of shoulder muscle, I pulled his shoulder down to my lips. Three sweet kisses ended in a bite, Cullen squirming as a prayer dribbled from his tongue. Rising away, his face flushed to a rosy hue, he glanced over to find I’d undone the cuff button for him.

A chuckle broke from his throat as he finally made off with the button-up. I worked off the undershirt, palms soothing up his abs, nails skirting down his back. It was slow, laborious work to take a measure of his chest but I felt up to the task.

All the while, he kept pressing words to my lips. “Please.” “Yes.” “Be with me.” “Trust Me.” Each I answered with a kiss, my voice melted into my chest. When I wrenched the tight undershirt free, Cullen rose up allowing me free rein of his delectable body. Certainly, it could have been so he could un hitch his belt, but I knew where a delectable show was to be found.

He wore his strength the way an Orlesian would a ruffle; delineated pecs, abs, biceps, and more flexing in pride as he bobbed on his knees. A fine line of hair speckled out in a t-shape from his pink nipples down towards the pinkie-sized belly button. Staggering up to my elbows, I hooked my hands against the small of his back. Cullen paused in tugging off his pants, allowing my lips the freedom to ruffle up the start of his enchanting treasure trail.

With great strain, he lowered his trousers to match my probing tongue. I flicked the fluffy hairs back and forth, the tip of my nose bouncing into his belly button. My lips snacked a kiss, drawing further and further towards the real excitement. It was trembling within its knicker snare, trying to tap its way to freedom. Poor thing, it simply needed a helping hand.

Flattening my fingers to the sinewy hip, I slid them between skin and trousers, quickly filling my grasp with that famished cock. “Blighted Maker,” Cullen gasped from the tug of my palm slicking his skin up against the proud core. I gave another one, watching the flesh pile up under the crown, before flicking my thumb against the pleasureful passage.

He babbled at that, those pesky trousers remaining barely below his narrow hips, but I didn’t mind. With my tongue as a guide, I traipsed through the lower belly hair as if on a mission. At the crease, where cock conjoined with body, I lapped the prickly skin into my lips and mashed them together. Cullen’s cock bounded higher up at the move, knocking against the underside of my jaw.

With only my lips, I worried the tender flesh enveloped around his cock. Each micro-kiss carried me higher towards the crown. The symbol of rule, power. It wasn’t who owned the crown that had the power, but the person controlling it. Circling my tongue, I slicked down his cock, my lips pursed tight at the first touch. With each gain by millimeters, I opened my mouth wider, guiding the gasping man deeper into my sway.

He yet had one hand hooked to the waistband of his pants, trying to tug them lower to give me all the access I wanted. The other kneaded into my shoulder, fingers digging and scraping as he struggled to wrench himself back from the brink. I need not pull him clear down my throat, the cup of my hand making delectable work on the lower half of his being. It was the head that had my full attention anyway, every circle of my swirling tongue wrenching forth a moan.

The flesh in my hand plumped tighter against the seal, my fingers scrabbling to keep up. I moved to unhinge my jaw wider, when Cullen graced the back of his hand to the side of my cheek. When I looked up I discovered a man fully undone, his chest sparkling from sweat, the blush of excitement burning across his flesh.

“You,” he gulped, his fingers gliding from my cheek towards the sweater. As his bottom lip tumbled out, a gasp puttering free, his palm circled around my breast. Blessed Maker! I squirmed in place, thrusting my chest out for more of his ministrations. Each swirl graced the soft sweater against my nipple, my eyes crushing tight as I marinated in the pleasure.

When no hand found my other breast, nor did he finish his statement, I risked a peek. Those amber eyes stared hungrily through the ivory wool, finding the dark shadow of a nipple below. “I what?” I asked, rising higher on my knees to try and meet him face to face.

His teeth bit down on his bottom lip, hard, candle-flame eyes honing from my panting chest up to my face. With a snarl, he said, “You are a pain.” Gripping onto my shoulders, he heaved me backward. The mattress bent from my addition, prepared to rebound, when Cullen’s hands slammed in beside me.

I laughed, locking the bare legs that drove him to such babbling pains around his waist. Another matter strained against my lower belly, the lubrication I left behind slicking it upon my skin. The motion brought forth yet another groan from the man.
Cullen dug his forehead to mine, his eyes tight while he pulled in a breath to inflate his body. As
the chest pushed me deeper to the mattress, words dripped from his lips. “You are impossible to
keep safe. To protect. To predict.”

Chuckling, I rifled the heel of my palm through his beard, starting at the jaw. As it drew closer to
his lips, he turned to plant a kiss. I asked, “Would you have it any other way?”

Those always cautious, always guarded eyes whipped up to mine. The breath froze in my throat,
tension shattering the cozy autumn air. Cullen leaned deeper into the mattress, all of his weight
dragging us down until I felt the box frame bounce into my spine. Still, he kept on, his nose
burrowing into my cheek, the fire in his eyes blinding me.

A breath’s distance from my lips, he whispered, “No.” Ravenous kisses resumed, my hunger
puckering his bottom lip between mine, rolling in the firm flesh that pouted to try to match me. But
he couldn’t compete with my ferocity. I could kiss every inch of his body morning, noon, and
night. Rake my nails across the scarred skin dotted with freckles. Flex my thighs against his ropey
hips.

Gasping, Cullen rounded up my wrists, yanking both back off his body and bundled them in his
fists. “You are impossible,” he sputtered, even while skirting his lips over my jaw. The kisses rose
higher, his tongue lapping over my earlobe as I smiled.

I caught his eyes dusted over with lust. Popping my eyebrows, with all the hubris in my stable, I
answered, “I know.”

His hands released mine, both quickly knotting around the hips of my knickers. He twisted the
grip around his fingers, winding it the way a drowning sailor would a rope, and yanked them
straight down. I barely had a chance to bend my knees before they flew away through the golden
light.

We both eyed up their final flight, Cullen’s shaggy head whipping back to me. I watched the fire
rise from his gullet as he swirled his palm up my thigh. It wrung out the muscle, the temptation
parting my legs wider even as I straddled up on my knees.

“Well,” I dug my hands to the hem of the sweater, “I won’t be needing this.” Before I could free
myself, his unbreakable grip snagged my elbow and held my crossed arms in place.

“No, keep it on,” his breath bounced against me.

“Why?” I glanced down at my breasts, both aching to savor in his naked skin flush against them.

“So whenever I see you wearing it,” he whispered, hot breath trickling down my throat. His lips
sought out mine, a hand rolling over my spine. Suddenly, he lowered me back, his naked thighs
spreading mine wider. With a smile, he said, “I’ll remember this.”

Cullen thrust that stalwart crown inside of me, my body arcing to drag it deeper inside. I dug my
head back into the rumpled quilt, my hands scrabbling to clutch at an anchor. Sparks darted
through my vision, like the final vestiges of the lightning bugs as summer’s warmth faded to fall’s
chill. His hips rocked gently against me, his body pleading for more as I did the same.

Give it to me. All of it.

He scooped a hand under my back, lifting it higher through the air until… Sweet blood of
Andraste! Pleasure arced from my begging loins to the tips of my toes and down my fingers.

“Yes,” he crowed, pleased with my reaction as I fumbled deeper into the abyss. The thrusting
amped from a rhythmic flutter to a flurry. I lashed out, wrapping my hand around his forearm to
keep my back upright, to keep his cock bounding right against that perfect node.

Yes.

Yes!

That’s perfect.

Don’t stop!

Warmth swarmed my body, a tingling heralding the oncoming storm. I waded into the shallow
pool of pleasure, clinging with all my might to the volatile perfection. Another thrust sent me
rumbling over the edge, the orgasm walloping my soul. I crammed the heel of my hand between
my jaws, biting down to try and compensate from the overload pulsing from my vagina. It barely
made a dent, Cullen still stroking every pounding ache of joy like the maestro he was.

“Gah,” fluttered from my lips, my flitting brain incapable of forming words.
Cullen released his hold, allowing my limp spine to meld to the bed. I shifted, prepared to switch up the position, when he bent over while still inside of me. Both hands locked to my wrists, pinning me down like a butterfly to a board. Helpless, I stared up into his hooded eyes, my vagina clamping tighter to his cock to siphon off every ebb of pleasure.

Gulping, I moistened my panted throat enough to speak. “Do you want it?”

His face twisted to the side, a ghost of a smile rising. Even with my hands splayed out, I lifted my head off the bed. Cullen met me, our foreheads nearly colliding as I whispered, “Do you need it?”

Lips stole away my breath, Cullen needing it as his thrusting increased ten-fold. I cried in a perfect agony as the already primed explosions continued to rock my body. The shockwaves lessened with each pass, but they were worth the ride.

“I….” His weary head bent down, Cullen pushing me down with his forehead. As I collapsed, he lifted his own knees, his hips rolling to match the wave rising through us. Pinned to his will, I watched as the golden lion tipped his head to the sky and let out a roar, “I love you!” As went the words so did his orgasm, warmth spreading between my legs. The man collapsed atop of me, his sandy hair seeking refuge in the folds of the creamy sweater he would never forget.

Extinguished lips pressed fluttering kisses to my shoulder, Cullen’s slack leg curling over my hips as he clung to me. We panted together in ecstasy, savoring in the soft coo of doves flitting through the sparse branches. The scent of a forest turning in for a long sleep wafted through the breeze. It fluttered harvest gold curtains towards us, my eyes struggling to shake off the pleasure-induced blur to see beyond the golden haze.

“Do…?” His lips rose up from my shoulder, bounding against my throat. Despite his earlier protestations, a palm curled under the sweater. It traipsed from my stomach up to a breast, delighting in the bounce of flesh. “Do you want to get back to your book?” He asked, his voice as fresh as if we were speaking on the battlements in Skyhold instead of the man’s naked form enveloping me.

A smile consumed my face, and I spun on my side. Curling a hand down his arm, canvassing his stomach, and rounding back to pinch those fresh buns which could use a hard nibble, I answered, “It can wait ’til tomorrow.”

“Here.” He locked his leg fully around me, his naked flesh molding around mine. “So you don’t get cold.”

My worrier, always hurling himself in the way so I needn’t fret about a puddle. As he worked his magic, my body shaking off the chill of autumn, I murmured, “You know, winter will be arriving soon.”

Cullen butted his forehead to mine, his scar rising in a grin. “I’ll work even harder to keep you warm.” As we found each other again, from the windowsill a crow called out one last herald of winter’s arrival. It flitted freely into the darkening sun, shaking acorns for the squirrels rustling through fallen leaves. Smoke twisted from the chimney, the only proof of a small cabin hidden deep in the woods where the Commander and the Inquisitor enjoyed a cozy fall day.
Despite the freezing cold weather, the Warden-Commander has work to do, but someone in her bed doesn't want her to leave the warmth of his arms.

Sunbeams peeked through the frost-spattered windows, light dashing from the battlements of the Vigil directly into my eye. With a groan, I accepted that morning had once again returned to thedas and the Warden Commander was required in full regalia before her troops. Lifting a hand, I picked up the edge of the wool duvet, exposing my naked skin to the frozen air swirling around the fireless room.

Well, clothes would solve that problem at least.

Set in my duty, I shifted to inch across the bed when a hand wrapped tight to my stomach. It hung there a moment, limp as if it were thrown purely on accident. I stared at the wide grip caressing my nude curve, the bones flexing under the taut skin as he seemed to slip back to sleep. After taking a breath, I resumed my slide to work and the fingers dug in. There was no pain, but I couldn’t easily escape either.

Drowsy lips mumbled near the tuft of my hair yet clinging to the pillow, “It’s cold outside.”

“It’s cold everywhere,” I sighed to Alistair. It’d take nothing for me to pick his palm off, but I smiled at the gentle massage he worked against my lower belly.

“That’s not true,” his voice rose barely over a whisper as he wormed his body higher up our shared bed, “it’s warm here.” A naked leg swung over my hip, Alistair’s enviable strength enveloping his body around the back of mine. He was fast to tuck me into his embrace, the swipe of his chest hair — swaying with his breaths — tickled my back. His chin nestled into my knotted hair as he slid above me.

I smiled at the sinewy thigh pressing into mine, his taut muscle in stark relief even as he pretended to slumber. Though, the pronounced prick pulsing awake at the top of my buttocks gave away his ruse. But no. No, I had a duty to the people, the Wardens.
Shaking my head deeper into the pillow, I said, “I really can’t stay.”

The palm that’d guarded my stomach slid lower, his pad swooping over my piled curves as Alistair circled his fingers up to my hip. Gripping to the tender flesh, he pulled his lips to my ear and breathed, “Why not?”

“There’s a hundred things I need to do,” I sighed. The moment my lips opened for an explanation, his palm began to worry up and down my thigh, each stretch of his arm reminding me of the cock pressing against my spine.

“What could possibly be more important than this nice warm bed?” he murmured, his hot breath darting into my ear. The leg over my hip shifted, knotting around my own right leg and he turned his hips to pull me partially onto him. His exploring hand finished digging into my thigh muscle. With only two fingers barely touching my attentive skin, he graced them upward over the path of my inner thigh.

When they reached the crease, my lips parted and a sigh escaped, encouraging him to run his fingers clear down to grip onto an asscheek. No. I couldn’t let him win. Not like this. Maker, I’d never get anything done.

Spinning on my hip, I slid off the man who nearly had me splayed upon his body and begging for more. His soft brown eyes followed me, looking the perfect picture of innocence as I wagged a finger. “There’s plenty that requires my attention.”

“Such as?”

Maker’s breath, he was in a mood this morning. Despite my insistence I would leave the bed, a chill swarmed up my naked back and I tugged the comforter around while doling out my list. “Meeting with the Wardens, the Treasurer, going over the armory stocks, attending a tea with Bann…”

Alistair wormed a hand under me. Before I could ask what he was doing, he grabbed my hips and pulled my body right over top of his. The coverlet knotted in the manic burst, slipping off my backside to expose it to the frozen elements. I moved to yank it back down, even as I found myself with knees astride his hips, when Alistair beat me to it.

Certain in our cozy tent of sorts, those dangerous hands roamed over my waist, sliding down to my hips and back up as he stared deep into my eyes. His hair was flattened, the usually tall wisps collapsed against his forehead, and sleep clung to the rising crow’s feet. But the smile was the same one I met in the Kokari Wilds that feared I’d turn him into a toad. Absently, my sight darted down his heaving chest, delighted in the freckles that rose from within his splotchy sea of dark-blond chest hair like stars in the sky.

“They’ll talk,” I sighed, lost in his warm skin pressing to mine. A flush of heat curled off his flexing legs directly between my parted thighs. It was clear he was enjoying the gap in my legs as well, his wandering fingers constantly finding their way just near the tuft of hair.

Not about to give up in his game, Alistair wrapped a hand around the nape of my neck. His fingers tousled through my hair, guiding my mouth down to his. A chill hung upon his lip, as if the morning dew left a single icicle upon the snoring warden’s mouth. But when he lapped his tongue out, tasting both himself and me, heat tempted me to remain.

“You know how much of a gossip the Seneschal is,” I gasped, breaking before he pulled me into his trap. I twisted my head to the side as if to take in a cleansing air to clear my head, but that damn sultry fog knew too well how to ensnare me.

“So?” Alistair purred, his hot breath tickling from my ear down the line of my neck.

“So,” I gulped, struggling to remember what we were even arguing about. Right. My duty. “It’s not proper for everyone to gossip about the Warden Commander and her, um…”

Those strawberry blonde eyebrows shot up, his dusky eyes lightening as a joke came upon him, “Sword bringer?”

“Maker’s sake,” I groaned even while laughing. The proud length of said sword was nestled against my inner thigh adding to the long list of distractions I should be above. “You’re such a goof,” I smiled, tipping down to press a gentle kiss to his lips. “But I need to get ready.”

Before I could even slip away, he wrapped both hands tight to the small of my back. “Ready? In this terrible weather! It’s so cold out pigeons are ice blocks, you could skate across the Amaranthine ocean, all the golems have turned into frosty snow people!”
“Really?” I tried to be strict, but it was impossible with his impish grin on. Instead I had to settle for a small sigh and failing to tug away from his grip.

“If I let you leave this warm, toasty, oh so comfortable bed…” He shifted under me, the tip of his cock swiping for a beat over my spread loins. Andraste’s breath, why was he such a challenge? “You could freeze to death? Lose these perfect fingers, or your slightly weird looking toes.”

“Hey,” I called, staring down under the comforter at my ‘slightly-weird toes.’ “They have character.”

“Oh,” he sat up, his puckered lips placing a kiss to the tip of my nose, “your cute little nose. I mean, it’s not as if I want to keep you all naked and sexy here in this bed with me the whole day. I’m doing it for your benefit.”

“Is that so?”

“It is a burden I must bear,” he sighed, a hand wiggling between our bodies to clasp to his chest. Leaning forward, the bed buckling inward from all my weight, I glanced the tip of my nose against Alistair’s longer beak. “Then I shall alleviate you of that burden and rise for work.”

I meant to only give him a quick peck to table the conversation for later, but Alistair’s ability to play fool and also fox doomed me. Lightning quick, he scooped a hand to my cheek and parted his lips. They all but called for my tongue to taste him, to revel in the sunshine and sugar that accompanied Alistair even in the bleakest of winters. And I was too weak to resist. Below, I felt his hand resume kneading into the muscles of my back, each twist softening a knot and causing me to groan. “Is there really something better out there in that frozen wasteland you call a throne room? Stay here in my warm arms and help heat up the bed. There’s nothing more important for you than that.”

“Tea with the Bann?” I sighed even while leaning into his machinations.

“Okay, sure, there’s tea with some snooty ‘I’m tenth generation floppity-gibbert and you must kiss my gentrified arse!’” His impression caused me to snort, Alistair returning the chuckle, when those wandering hands broke from their massage. “Or this?” he smirked. His palms swerved down from my shoulders, dancing against the fleshy ribs.

I wasn’t certain where he was going until both suckled around my breasts. He backed off on the pressure instantly, but the memory of the first time I let him under my armor brought both a chuckle and thrill through my body. It ached to remain on top of him, and as he swirled over my nipples amplifying the heat between my thighs, my brain was tempted to let him.

“Inspecting the troops,” my tongue tossed out, sparks rolling across my eyes as Alistair corkscrewed around my nipples. Every soft tug, he’d flex his hips upward, his cock pulsing in time with my gasp of pleasure.

“Mmm,” he murmured, a hand gliding off of breast duty to scratch awake the skin along my flexing back. Planting his lips to the side of my neck, he began to pepper kisses up it, down, and into my collarbone. “Are you sure there isn’t something else in this bed you want to inspect? Give it a good once or twice over?”

As if I missed the innuendo, he thrust his hips once more just as he dug his fingers into my buttock. I gasped into his chest hair, my face tumbling to his flushed skin as I struggled to keep any semblance of balance. “I do believe that is in working order,” I assured him even as my foolish lips pressed kisses through his strands of strawberry hair.

Lolling my tongue in a wide circle, I knocked the tip of it against his own nipple causing Alistair to groan. He slipped deeper into the bed, his body relaxing as he gave into my thorough ministrations. After licking and sucking upon the left, I turned my attention to right, when Alistair caught my chin in his hand.

Sweet brown eyes stared into mine, sweat already percolating upon his brow from the temptation. “It is so nice and warm,” he breathed. “Stay.”

“I really can’t. There’s so much to…to…” I licked my lips in thought, a pant stuttering from my lungs as my hips rocked against his. I wanted to stay, to fall into his arms for an hour, two, the entire day. To forget the cold, bleak midwinter while hiding under the covers with his naked body wrapped around mine.
Alistair staggered up to an elbow. He curled his fingertips back behind my ear, steadying himself until he pulled my forehead to his. We were both panting, our bodies a sheen of perspiration. His thumb swiped under my cheekbone as if I had a blotch of chocolate there and he whispered, “Please stay.”

I kissed him with all the ferocity at my disposal, Alistair stumbling back into his pillow. My tongue twisted around his bottom lip, pulling it into my mouth so I could suck upon it. The groan from the man below me was so primal and perfect, I felt my own lungs ache to respond in kind.

Rising up, I sat away from his lips, his hungry hands tumbling to the bed. I kept a grip to the duvet trying to scatter from my shoulders to let the cold air in even while watching Alistair stare up at me. He was absentmindedly licking his lips as if he wanted me back there snogging his face off.

“If you really have to go,” he shrugged piling his hands upon his chest, “I won’t stop you.”

I glanced towards the door, well aware there had to be an entire Keep’s worth of people rising to stoke fires and prepare breakfast. When I whipped my head back, a great smirk twisted up my lips. Alistair’s confusion set in deeper until I parted my legs and slid up.

“Oh sweet Maker,” he gasped at the promise.

When I pulled him into me, the first inch burrowing through every resolve I had to leave, he cried, “Blessed something of someplace!”

My hands cupped to my shoulders, pinning the covers over us as I began to thrust hard onto his more-than-prepared soldier. He glided inward, Alistair shifting his hips so that each pierce drove his happy crown straight against my G-spot. The spine tingling pleasure erupted into an inferno, my body taking control as it set its mission for the big explosion.

Alistair was lost himself, the thighs under me stone as he dug his toes in and clutched. “Andraste!” he gasped, his palms scrabbling at first for my free-flying breasts. But when I moaned, my very being lit up like a barrel of gaaatlock, he grabbed onto my hips instead.

His biceps flexed as he pulled me onto him, both of us begging for air as if we were drowning together. I started to swivel clockwise on each rise off him, and he had to throw a hand into his mouth. Teeth biting down on the heel of his palm, he cried something through the pleasure rampaging his own body.

Suddenly, he cupped both palms to my hips and hoisted me fully off him. I blinked in surprise, risking a glance down at his cock swerving through the air as if angry at its loss. Before I could voice a question, Alistair wiggled between my legs down the bed. With half of his body hanging off the mattress, he nestled his face under me and said, “Okay, bring ‘er down.”

Chuckling, I began to lower slowly, when lips suckled against my vulva and a tongue licked the length of my clitoris. “So,” I cried in surprise, a hand lashing out backwards to keep me steady. It slapped against his chest, my head buried under the cover as Alistair fully unwound me. “So impatient,” I sputtered even while moaning in ecstasy.

He wisely didn’t answer in words, letting his tongue do all the talking. And Maker, how it swerved back and forth, up and down, all while his lips would suck me deep into his hot mouth. My thighs began to tremble, both hands smacking to his chest to keep myself upright while I leaned back as my body slipped into the serenity of the abyss. A warmth unknowable outside this bed consumed me. I tried to cling to it, to keep it enveloped over me for as long as possible, but the spark was striking fast.

One more lick and the entire barrel exploded.

“Merciful…!” I shouted, forgetting the Maker part as the orgasm nearly sent me tumbling on top of him. Hands cupped to my spine, holding me up even as he continued a gentle licking against the pulsing pearl of wisdom.

When he was proud of his work, Alistair excised himself out from under me and spun onto his knees. Both trapped under the covers like kids at a sleepover, he bounced his nose covered in my lubrication against mine. “Does this mean you’ll stay?”

“Oh for…” I groaned and in one quick move spun and dropped onto my back. Before he could even think to make another cheesy remark, I wrapped my legs around his hips and pulled him to me.
The hunger took control, Alistair thrusting at the invitation. When he plunged as deep as possible, his body swiping against my clitoris, we both gasped in pleasure. Swiping a hand under the small of my back, he raised me off of the bed into an arch and picked up speed. Each thrust was punctuated with a breath and his unending confession, “I. Love. You.”

He clacked his teeth next to mine, our lips trying to smother each other even as he ramped up the unending orgasms through my hair-trigger body. “Oh,” he gulped, hips pausing as he perched upon the cliff. His eyes burned in mine, Alistair making certain I stared deep into his soul when he gave one last thrust and came undone.

“Sweet bloody…” whatever he was going to finish with buried against my shoulder as he collapsed on top of me. We both tumbled back against the mattress, the trusty blanket hiding us away in our cocoon of sex. Heat welled up between my thighs, some of it dripping down the curve of my buttock to the sheet below. But before I could even worry about such a problem, the spent man curled a hand to my jaw and kissed me.

At that moment, while swaddled together in bliss, a knock broke against my door. Alistair paused in his kissing, his body raising off of mine as I turned to hear one of my assistants call out, “Warden Commander? Will you be attending to the throne room soon?”

I glanced up at the glistening sheen over his face, the smile that’d been perched upon his lips dipping down into one of apology. Turning my head to the side, I called out, “No.”

That caused both Alistair to rear back in surprise and the helpful assistant to repeat my answer in confusion. Wrapping my arms around Alistair’s body, I tugged him down fully on top of me as I shouted, “Everything is cancelled on account of the cold.”

“Uh…okay. As you say. It’s not even that cold out,” the servant complained, footsteps vanishing down the hall.

Alistair took a quick look towards the door, as if to make certain it wouldn’t open, before he draped his hard body over mine. Placing a thumb to my chin, he circled his fingers up the side of my cheek as he whispered, “We don’t have to stay.”

Grabbing the edge of the blanket, I yanked it clean over our heads. As we vanished below the emerald light into our private refuge, I said, “Yes we do. It’s cold outside.”

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