

Kisses Cold as Ice

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Kisses Cold as Ice

by [Rowan_of_Waterdeep](#)

Summary

I sat up, turned to face him. “Don't you know why I followed you out here?” I asked, wishing I could reach out and touch him. Run my fingers down those ridges on his neck. Kiss his scars. *This is the last time*, I told myself. *Shoot your arrow. Shoot it straight and true. If he ducks out of the way, you have your final answer.*

His face lightened. “Oh no!” he exclaimed with mock concern. “Don't tell me – Karlach got amorous and set the camp alight. You came down here to rescue me, but I distracted you with my witty repartee.”

I grinned at him and made a sudden decision. “Absolutely correct,” I said. “Now there's only one recourse left to us!” I knelt, slid one arm under his knees and the other round his shoulders, and heaved us both up, staggering slightly as I got my balance with his extra weight. Then ran into the river with him, gasping as the icy water stung me, stole the breath from my lungs.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The stars were out.

The party was going strong, with an abundance of wine and food. For tonight, everyone was determined to forget their troubles and just have fun.

Except one.

A distinctive silhouette down by the water, quiet, hidden from casual passersby. Slumped like the weight of the world was on his shoulders... or his head.

“Hey,” I said, walking down to sit next to him. “I missed you.”

He smiled, shy and sad. “I thought you were having fun!”

“It was no fun without you,” I said, leaning back on my hands, looking up at the stars above.

“Really? I'm honoured,” he said.

I laughed. “Honoured by my illustrious attention? So tell me, Mr Blade. What, out of the 99 things that are currently plaguing us, has you hiding out by the water tonight?”

He touched a horn.

“Ahh. Ironic that the horns should be a problem at a party full of tieflings.”

“They were born this way. I was made this way, by doing exactly what they were run out of Elturel on suspicion of – making a deal with a devil.”

“Oh,” I said thoughtfully. I'd been in Elturel as well, and then Avernus. But I'd seen everything happen with Karlach and Mizora, and hadn't quite made the same connection as this group of refugees. “So they look at you, and they see...”

“A living embodiment of everything that went wrong in their lives.”

“Ouch. Especially when you're used to being the one thing that goes right.”

He huffed a bitter-sounding laugh. “Exactly.”

“You know this doesn't change how the rest of us feel about you, though? Well. Karlach thinks you look even better now, and I find your new look pretty attractive, but you know what I mean.”

He gave me a sidelong look, a slight, shy smile growing on his face. “Pretty attractive?”

“I'd go so far as *extremely*, but only if you asked nicely,” I said, winking at him.

I was rewarded with a soft laugh, and seeing his shoulders straighten for the first time in days.

“Where's Luna?” he asked.

I'd left my wolf with Shadowheart. For a woman deathly afraid of wolves, she'd taken a startlingly short amount of time to decide that my companion was clearly an exception to the rule, and should be patted whenever possible.

“Up there,” I said, motioning to the party. “Doubtless being made much of. She and Scratch were making the rounds of our guests and demanding pats, earlier.”

“You should get back to the party, too,” he said. “You've cheered up the sad devil. Go back and enjoy being the hero. We'll be back to bloodshed and misery tomorrow, I have no doubt.”

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Wyll screamed as I stumbled on a stone and splashed him down into the water, flailing to get upright, laughing too hard and falling backwards, pulling me down with him.

“You utter, utter... *oaf!*” he said, still chuckling. “I suppose I brought that on myself.”

“Safety is important if a fire is raging out of control,” I agreed in mock sincerity.

“How the hells am I supposed to change my clothes with a camp full of people?” he demanded.

“On the beach with me,” I said, winking at him, then realised he was shaking. “Oh shit. You're shivering,” I said, a guilty feeling obscuring my amusement. “I'm sorry. Come on. I'll grab my blanket for you, and find you some spare clothes.”

Wyll's teeth were chattering a rapid rhythm by the time I got the blanket from my bed and wrapped it around him, sitting him down on the beach. I slunk around the party to snatch a bottle of fortified sweet wine, goblets, some firewood and kindling, and a lit taper. I started a fire for him, and went looking for a change of clothes.

All of his clothes were dirty. Clearly tomorrow was supposed to be wash day. Not even a clean pair of undies. I sighed. Fine. Beggars couldn't be choosers. I went to my tent instead, snagged a towel and two outfits of mine, including underwear, feeling my face flush.

When I returned, Wyll was huddling over the fire, shivering despite the thick blanket covering him neck to toe. Guilt stabbed me hard.

“Damn, I'm sorry, man,” I said, kneeling beside him. “I'm such a dick. Come on, let's get these wet clothes off.”

I helped him peel off the tight trousers and vest he usually wore in camp, let him handle the undies himself, noticed with worry that his lips seemed to have changed colour a little, gotten lighter.

“You know,” he said, standing in the cold night air utterly naked, “if you wanted to get me out of my clothes, all you had to do was ask.”

I knelt to rub his legs dry with the towel, hoping to get his blood flowing more strongly. It took a while for his words to sink in. “Really?” I asked, looking up, arching an eyebrow, trying to hide the thrill I felt. “If only I'd known that last week.”

A grin flashed across his face. “So this wasn't your way of turning me down cold?”

I snorted. “Cold, maybe. Turn you down? Never.” I finished chafing his legs, stood and moved up to his back, conveniently out of sight. That statement had held a little more emotion than I'd wanted to show.

“Hey,” he says, turning around to grasp my hands, eyes gentle. “Traive. Do you mean it? Are you fond of me?”

I threw all caution to the wind. “More than fond,” I confessed. “Rather smitten, in honesty. To the point that I make utterly ridiculous decisions, like throwing you in the water in an attempt to flirt. But hey, if you turn me down tonight, we can be *two* sad devils sitting on the beach, moping.”

Wyll laughed. “May I kiss you?” he asked, and our lips met in a gentle caress.

I pulled him close, wanting to deepen the kiss, feel his tongue against mine... and he jerked when his skin came in contact with my still-wet clothing.

“Shit, that's cold,” he spluttered, stepping away. “How are you not freezing right now?”

“Advantage of having an ancestor from the right plane of hell, I guess. I run hot.”

“Still. Get those wet clothes off, you silly galoot!”

“You don't have to ask me twice,” I said, grinning to hide my embarrassment as I stripped, feeling ungainly and awkward.

“Better,” he said, keeping his eyes carefully on my face. To my disappointment. “Now. Before that second cold shock, I believe you were kissing me?”

Arousal jolted through me. I stepped forward, sliding my arms around his waist, pulling him close as my mouth met his, all of my attention on the feel of his mouth, the taste of it, his skin

against mine, filling my senses, until I felt him growing hard against me.

I drew away just a little. “Maybe we should slow things down a little,” I suggested, despite wanting to trip him, cover his body with my own, kiss him as he arched against me under the stars, slide into him, gasp his name as bliss exploded within me.

“But you're so nice and warm,” he said, a little pout in his voice.

“And getting warmer every second,” I said, giving into temptation, sliding my lips over a ridge on his neck. “Probably due to the extremely hot man in my arms.”

I didn't need to see his face to hear the sudden intake of breath, to know that the extra flush of arousal was making his face – and other parts – tingle.

“You'd really want me as I am?” he asked. “Just a devil, with the soul of a hypocrite?”

“Don't be silly,” I said softly. “You're a man to be proud of. To find endearing, and sweet, and funny. And, in case I haven't humiliated myself already with the number of times I admitted this, be intensely attracted to.”

His mouth met mine again, and I groaned, letting my hands slide down to his arse to press myself against him, hard, desperate to be moving inside him. Wanting to feel these lean, tight muscles give way to me, let me shove inside him while I kissed him so hard I could barely breathe.

I wrenched myself away, just a little, feeling light-headed, and immediately found myself pulling him back, burying my face in his neck, taking in his scent, my lips caressing his neck. “Wyll,” I said unsteadily, pulling away again. “Please don't play with me just because I said nice things about you. I –”

He pulled away to see my face, looking up just a little in the moonlight. “I don't play like that,” he said, his voice earnest. “Especially not with you, Traive. I just thought... when you found out about Mizora, and the pact, you'd hate me. Or at least avoid me, like the people of the grove. You really don't care?”

“Oh, I care,” I said, a snarl in my voice. “I care enough to hunt down Mizora and rip her limb from limb. But in the sense you mean... no. I hate having Mizora pop up in camp. It brings back bad memories. But hate you? Blame you? Never. Hells, Wyll, I –” I bit back the *I love you* that had almost escaped me. “I could never hate you,” I said more softly. “How could you think it of me?”

His lips met mine again, and this time his hands were the ones wandering, sliding down to my arse, nails digging into the muscle as I made noises of arousal into his mouth, my breath coming hard and fast at the heady sensations of him in my arms, very naked, and apparently very willing.

He had to know that I wanted him, with my dick so hard and pressed so close against him. And we were both naked, and he felt so, so damned good against me. I let a hand slip down

to his hip, my thumb stroking slowly down the crease between leg and groin, and was rewarded with a frustrated sound, as though he wanted that hand on his dick.

I pulled away gently, dropped to my knees, looking up at him, marvelling at the way moonlight glinted off his horns and every scar and ridge, as though he'd been gilded with pure light. "May I?" I asked, my voice hoarse with desire.

He nodded, a hand tangling in my hair, his face difficult to read but intent, so I licked slowly over the very tip of his dick, watching him. His eyes closed, teeth sinking into his bottom lip as a small sigh escaped him. I bent to my task with a lightened heart, letting the scent, the taste of his groin, fill my senses. All else fell away – there was just Wyll, and then sliding my mouth over his dick, taking it in, hearing his breath stutter in his chest as my tongue explored the folds of foreskin. His hand tightened in my hair, a silent request, and I let him guide me to take in more, his dick pushing against every sensitive spot in my mouth, every textured surface giving a different sensation.

"Hells," he said, his voice rough. "Your mouth is so warm."

I nodded in agreement, caressing him with my tongue, my hands on his hips, thumbs stroking the skin absent-mindedly as I focused back on how he felt in my mouth. I pushed forward, exhaling carefully, his dick sliding slowly down my throat, Wyll gasping as I let my claws dig into him a little, his fingers stroking my hair as though even in this moment, he couldn't entirely let go and just be selfish for a while. I let his quiet, breathy sounds guide me, my throat closing around him at the end of every stroke, until I tasted salt and he held my head still.

"Wait," he said, his voice strained. "Wait. I want..."

I froze, cast my eyes upwards, heart thrilling to hear the desire and desperation filling his voice. I watched uncertainty flash across his face, and embarrassment.

"Would you... Traive, would you fuck me?"

I withdrew carefully, the salty taste of him still on my tongue, and stood, wiping the saliva from around my mouth and pulling him back into my arms. "You're sure?" I asked, my heart in my mouth. "Wyll... dear," I dared to call him, "I don't want to take advantage of a low mood."

"That ceased to be a concern a while ago," he said, eyes creasing in amusement. "In case you didn't notice... you chased away my sadness rather thoroughly. I can barely remember what I was moping over."

I slid my hands down to his arse, my hands full of his muscle, squeezing, exploring that utopia he'd asked me to sink myself into. Lust rose up, filled me, and I growled as Wyll plastered himself against me, his mouth on my neck, wanting to shove him down on the sand, fold his legs against his chest, push myself deep inside him, pound into him as though I could exorcise every demon from my head by losing myself in him.

I drew away, hands on his shoulders. “We need... stuff,” I said awkwardly, turning away to rummage through my wet clothes, finding the little pot with a thrill of relief. I hadn't been looking forward to trying to sneak through a party in such an aroused state, just to get to my tent and back.

“You just had it on hand?” Wyll asked, his voice light but his eyes showing a little hurt. At the idea of me planning this?

“It's a multi-use item,” I said, stroking his cheek with my thumb, exploring the irregularities of an old scar until his breath caught again. “You never know when you might need to grease a bowstring.”

He chuckled, face lightening. “Is that what they call it these days?”

“Oh no. Far more sword-oriented wordplay,” I teased. “Mr Blade of Frontiers. As if you didn't know.”

His cheeks darkened a little in the moonlight, I thought, as he laughed. I moved away to spread out my blanket by the little fire, placing the pot in a convenient spot, and turned back to bend into my best approximation of a courtly bow. “Your bed awaits, dear saer,” I said, extending a hand to him. “May I show you to your exquisitely-appointed lodgings?”

A bright smile graced his face as he took my hand, let me lead him to the blanket, lay down with me, pressing against me. The reality of the situation crashed down on me. He was here. Next to me. Naked, watching me with a desperate desire shining in his eyes. “By all the hells, you're beautiful,” I said, all playfulness gone as my dick hardened again, chest aching with lust and love. “How do you like it? Guide me.”

“Put it on,” he said, his voice rough. “And get the fuck inside me, Traive.”

A wave of pure lust connected us through the tadpoles in our heads, and his desire flooded into me, merging with my own, stoking it to fever pitch as my hand moved frantically to coat my dick in the mixture, desperate to be moving inside him.

“Now,” he said, and I pushed his knees to his chest, barely pausing to appreciate the sight before his need overwhelmed me and I pushed into him. I bit my lip to take my attention from his desire roaring through me, so I could be gentle, make sure I wasn't hurting...

“Stop it,” he said, his voice strained. “Traive, stop being the kind hero and just... fuck me. Hard. Dirty. Everything you just imagined. *Do it.*”

I stared at him, eyes wide, and then... let go. The connection would tell me if I was hurting him, I realised, so I shoved into him, watched his face turn peaceful, as though he had perfect faith that I'd give him exactly what he needed now. He was tight, constant fighting keeping his muscles hard, but I didn't need to force my way in. Right now he was *mine*, I realised with a flare of exultation. Wyll answered it, matched it, and for a dizzying moment I saw myself above me, pleasure pulsing through me with the dick pushing into my arse, the thrill of being wanted so desperately, and... identifying *love* with a shock, then an upwelling of gratitude

and warm feelings. Not quite love, not yet, but... I pulled back to myself as I realised I'd shown him the depth of my feelings, our rhythm faltering as I fought deep embarrassment.

Wyll wriggled beneath me, moving his legs out of my grasp, wrapping them around my hips instead so he could pull me closer, kiss my lips while I was buried inside him. "I've known you a month," he murmured, fingers stroking the skin around my horns. "Give me a while to get used to the idea that someone might love me. This is new to me."

My eyes filled as I took the meaning of his words, but his lust filled me again, drove me to push into him with new energy, new desire, his breathy moans in my ear encouraging me to let loose, fuck him with all of the pent-up longing I had for him. A switch of perspective again, and I felt how close he was to the orgasm he sought, just needed a hand on him to coax it forth, so I fumbled for the pot with one hand, awkwardly smeared balm over my fingers and palm. I sat back on my heels, legs spread, and pulled his hips up so I could get deeper inside him. I took his dick in my slippery hand, letting our rhythm guide me stroking it. I thrust into him, hard and fast, just as I'd imagined... but good gods, the reality was so much sweeter.

Wyll's arms flung out at his side, grasping for something to hold onto, finding only sand and rocks, flailing as I pushed him ever closer to that shining moment, and then he was there, ecstasy pulsing through him, through me, as I felt his seed spurt over my fingers, felt every sensation coursing through his body, realised that I was close too, needed to pull back, pull out, so I could spill myself and my pleasure over his skin. I watched myself from his eyes, face taut with control, felt the sudden emptiness and sense of loss as I withdrew, and the sudden thrill of my fluid trickling across his belly. Felt, from myself, the bliss of the orgasm, that pleasure so close to pain as my body convulsed over him, moving beyond my control to express its pleasure, its need fulfilled, in a joyful jitter and jump of muscles.

I fought to catch my breath, letting him settle back onto the blanket, my fingers caressing his thigh absently, as though I couldn't bear to let go entirely. More true than I wanted to admit, I realised, grateful that the tadpole connection had dwindled away now that our emotions had calmed. I gave way to the temptation filling me and lay down beside him, propped on an elbow, on the side away from the fire, so I didn't block the heat.

"That was amazing," I said, annoyed to find my voice shaky. "Wyll, I promise I won't follow you around like a lost pup. I understand if this is just a one-off."

"What happened to *don't toy with me?*" he asked, moving closer, so that his side pressed against my chest.

I opened my mouth to reply, and stopped, confused. What *had* happened to my sense of self-preservation?

"I don't love you *yet*," he said, watching me. "That doesn't mean I'm not very, very fond of you. But I don't take the word lightly."

"Neither do I," I said, stung.

“You're forgetting I felt exactly what you feel,” he said, a hand moving up to a horn to stroke the skin around it. “That was no accusation.”

I felt a rush of chagrin. “I'm sorry.”

“No need for apologies. Just... give me a chance to get to know you better? Find out if this could really be something? If I can fall in love with you as I suspect I will?”

My heart warmed within me, and I reached out to pull him into my arms. “Of course,” I said, thrilling at the way his horn slid against mine as he nestled himself against me. “Wyll, I... I would like that.”

He chuckled, and a shiver ran through him.

I felt his back with one hand – his skin was cold. “How soon the heat disappears,” I said, reverting to the joking that usually filled our interactions. “Less than a candlemark, and your ardour has cooled.”

“Never,” he said, drawing back to share a grin. “But I'll admit, there's only so much of you to cuddle against, and the rest of me is chilly.”

“Hmm. I'll endeavour to take your feedback on board and increase my bulk,” I said, sitting up, prompting a quiet sound of complaint. I reached out, grabbed a bundle of clothes, and handed them to him. “Get dressed, before everyone realises what a shameless hussy you are.”

“These aren't mine,” he said, sounding confused. “Did you fall and hit your head on the way to my tent?”

“You need to do your laundry, lazy man,” I said, relaxing now that we were back to our usual camaraderie. “Those are mine. I figured I owed them to you, given the precipitate dunking.”

“Precipitate dunking?” he asked, raising an eyebrow. “And here I thought I was with Traive, not Gale.” He stood, placing the clothes carefully on the blanket.

“Where do you think you're going?” I demanded.

“Into the water to wash,” he said, his voice patient. “I'm covered in... well. Sticky stuff.”

“Don't be ridiculous!” I said. “I've already half-drowned you tonight. Don't you dare finish the job.”

He grinned and ran to the water, jumping in with a gasp and a howl at the iciness of the water.

I sighed and followed him in, the shock of the cold water stealing the breath from my lungs. “You're impossible,” I told him, dunking myself under the water, hoping it would wash away the scent of our activities. The others would tease us, and I was still feeling raw from the revelations of the evening.

“A dozen impossible –”

I splashed him.

“Argh! ... deeds before breakfast,” he said, laughing, holding his fist to his chest as though saluting a fencing opponent. “I see my fancy declamations are no match for your skill with –” his teeth chattered.

“*Foolish*, stubborn man,” I chided. “Will you get out of the water that's trying to kill you now?”

“I Wylln't,” he said through the shivering, still chuckling, but waded towards the shore.

I followed, feeling more like an anxious mother hen with an errant duckling than a new-forged lover. I chivvied him into drying off by the fire, and dressing in my clothes, feeling an odd surge of happiness as he pulled on my underwear.

“How do I look?” he asked, turning to give me a view of his arse in my undies.

“Like a goose that's been plucked, you ridiculous creature,” I said, having difficulty moving my gaze from that piece of his anatomy, knowing now how it felt to be inside it. “Oh, fine,” realising he was still posing for me, his face full of mischief. “The red suits you, far better than it does me. You look delectable. Alright? Now dress.”

“Take your own advice,” he suggested, shrugging my shirt onto his shoulders. “Oh! Buttons. Why did I never think of that? So much easier than avoiding horns.”

“Humans don't seem to like them,” I observed, doing the same. The air *was* getting crisp, even to my senses.

Dressed, he twirled in front of me. Despite my best intentions, my blood heated at the sight of him dressed in my clothes, the fit not quite right, but close. Something about the sight stirred something primitive within me, something that whispered *mine* with a twinge of pure possessiveness.

“Oh, it's a fashion show?” I taunted. “I think you need a bit more strut for that.”

He turned and strode away from me, and my heart sank, thinking I'd finally offended him with my over-familiar sass. Then he turned and sashayed back to me, his movements full of a grace that reminded me suddenly of Luna. Predatory.

“That was... hot,” I admitted. “Damn. Give me some time to recover, already.”

He smiled, eyes crinkling in the way that made me want to kiss him, and I realised with a start that perhaps now I just... could. Kiss him, that is, instead of just thinking about it.

“Come sit by the fire,” I said, setting an example, stretching to nab the wine and goblets from the place I'd dropped my bundle of supplies. I poured two generous serves, handing one to Wyll as he sat beside me, leaning companionably against me. At the contact, I cautiously wrapped an arm around his shoulders, waiting for a reproof, receiving only a contented murmur as he sipped the wine. “Feeling alright?” I asked.

“Mmm. Better,” he said, his face soft as he looked out over the water. “Thank you. For looking after me. For giving me what I asked for.”

I spluttered. “Oh yeah. I was just being helpful.”

He turned to me, his face alight with amusement. “I like the way you tease me.”

“You didn't when we met. I thought you were going to challenge me to a duel to defend your honour.”

He chuckled. “I thought you were being nasty, that's all. A lot of people... they see my good nature, or hear my reputation, and decide I'd make a good verbal punching bag. I do not.”

“Good for you,” I said, daring to lean and kiss his cheek, my horn clunking against his as I misjudged the angle. “Shit. Sorry.”

His hand covered mine. “Stop apologising. You're fine. I'd tolerate much worse for one of your kisses.”

My cheeks burned. “Why tonight?” I asked suddenly. “You only just found out that I had feelings for you. Not that I'm complaining, I'm definitely not... it just seems an oddly fast turnaround for you.”

Wyll rested his cheek on my shoulder. “Not exactly,” he confessed. “I uhh... have a rather good nose. And every time we played with Luna, she'd knock us over at some point, and... let's just say I've had a while to get used to the idea you might think of me as more than a friend and ally.”

“Shit.” My face was hot with embarrassment now. All those tendays, thinking I was keeping my desire firmly under wraps. And he'd sniffed it out long ago.

“Hey,” he said, fingers on my chin, turning my face to his. “Don't be embarrassed for wanting something. Someone. Especially when the someone would rather you kiss them instead.”

I shook off the mood and let him pull me down to the blanket, my mouth on his, revelling in being able to kiss him, finding him so agreeable, so willing when my fingers slid down his side. “By Selune's white arse,” I said, moving away just enough to talk. “I don't think I have the capacity to go again. Much though I'd like to.”

“I'm fine with you kissing me,” he said, eyes still half-closed. “If you like it, that is.”

I huffed out a disbelieving laugh. “*Like* it? Wyll, have you ever drunk from a canteen, expecting water, and found a fine wine?”

“Usually the other way around,” he said, mouth smiling but eyes puzzled.

“That's what kissing you is like,” I said, throwing caution to the wind. He already knew the depth of my feelings. More honesty would hardly hurt at this point. “A sudden, deeply pleasant shock. My breath taken away. Then a lightheaded sensation, and a need to lie down.”

He chuckled. "That's the most flattering comparison anyone's ever made. Convenient that you're already lying down, don't you think?"

I took the broad hint, pressing my lips to his, letting him fill my senses again.

I woke feeling overheated and crowded. Not an unfamiliar sensation for a ranger, granted. I roused and started to ask Luna to move off me, when I realised that my arms were around Wyll, not a wolf. Luna whimpered slightly in her sleep, and my brain slowly started to work. Luna was pressed against one side of me, her bulk warming me. Wyll was cuddled against me, his head on my bicep, one leg and one arm over me. I was thoroughly hemmed in. If it hadn't been for my arm threatening pins and needles at any second, I'd have been disinclined to move at all.

"Well WELL!" Karlach boomed. "Wondered where you got to last night. Have fun?"

I grinned at her, fully aware that my face was darkening with a blush, and that I had no defence or alternate explanation to offer. The situation was *exactly* as it looked. "Morning," I said. "It was a nice night. Yours?"

"Not as good as yours," she said, keen eyes noticing the way Wyll stirred in his sleep, clutching me possessively, lapsing back into slumber. "Want me to rustle up some chow for the furry one?"

"Please."

"I'll try to head off the others," she said. "Should be a late start... there'll be a few sore heads and sensitive stomachs this morning. Looks like you chose the sensible celebratory option."

I carefully didn't comment, and Karlach left with a laugh, clicking her fingers to encourage Luna to follow. The wolf didn't need much convincing; she already associated Karlach with juicy bones and tasty leftovers. The two bounded away, and I relaxed, watching the man in my arms, marvelling at the night just past.

"Mmm," he said, his hand twitching and patting my chest, looking up at me through bleary eyes. I watched him remember the night past, my heart in my mouth, as he blinked, then stretched up to kiss my cheek. "I shan't inflict my morning breath on you," he said. "Good morning."

"The best," I said quietly. "You hungry?"

"Starving. I seem to have worked up an appetite. Somehow."

"*You make hungry where most you satisfy,*" I quoted, smiling at him.

"Mmm. That too. But I'm also hungry."

I bounced to my feet and offered him a hand to rise.

“You are perturbingly energetic in the morning,” he said, his crinkling eyes contradicting the cross words. “What’s your secret?”

“Luna. She likes her breakfast early, and some days, I had to go hunt it first,” I explained, yawning. “Camp is rather luxurious.”

“You’re the only person I know who’d call this camp luxurious,” Wyll said, slipping an arm around my waist as we headed back to the others, and hopefully breakfast. Hmm. So we weren’t going to pretend this hadn’t happened, *and* we were making it public, were we? I was dreading the teasing, but... not nearly enough to be willing to disengage from Wyll, or do anything but enjoy the simple affection and the ease of walking in step with him.

“Ohhh,” Astarion drawled, watching us approach. “Someone enjoyed last night, I see. You *did* enjoy it? I heard some sounds that implied bloody murder, so I stayed well clear. I hope Wyll’s Blade of Frontiers was all you hoped it would be.”

“He is an expert swordsman,” I said, my face bland, and kissed Wyll’s cheek as I moved out of his embrace. Gale handed me two bowls of porridge with honey drizzled on top, and I took one to Wyll – who was sitting with ducked head, cheeks suspiciously dark. “Alright?” I asked quietly.

He looked up, smiling. “Fine. Thanks.” He patted the ground next to him, and I sat, his knee immediately touching mine.

I ate my breakfast with a glow of happiness that Shadowheart’s and Astarion’s teasing couldn’t dent. Wyll might not be madly in love with me, but it looked like he was sincere in wanting the chance to fall. And me? I was very willing to let him try. Anything for more of those intoxicating kisses.

End Notes

Soooo, this was supposed to be a simple smutty one-shot. Except then I pictured Traive reacting to Wyll's Act 2 romance scene, and... welp. Now there's a follow-up. Sigh.

Love, Rowan

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!

Dances in the Light

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/56465467) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/56465467>.

Rating:	Explicit
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Category:	M/M
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Characters:	Wyll (Baldur's Gate) , Shadowheart (Baldur's Gate) , Traive , Astarion (Baldur's Gate)
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Dances in the Light

by [Rowan_of_Waterdeep](#)

Summary

Traive wants to see Wyll dance. See his body move in those elegant lines, in time with the music.

He doesn't want to join in. Traive can't dance. Won't dance. Except Wyll is looking at him with pleading eyes, and he can't say no to this man. Not about something as trivial as this. Besides: what could possibly go wrong?

We walked into the shadow curse, and stopped dead. My wolf Luna whined, her tail tucked tight between her legs.

“I know, honey,” I said, a hand on her shoulder in reassurance. “I’m here. We’ll be alright.”

“This place,” Wyll said, frowning. “I can feel it stealing all my joy. Taking the very breath from my lungs. We need torches.”

We lit some of the numerous torches at a brazier, each of the party taking one, but I paused. “Hang on,” I said. “I have an idea.”

I found a short length of rope in my pack, tied each end to a torch, then swung the rope experimentally. The torches moved in neat parabolas, and I grinned. Two more torches, another length of rope, tied the same way. I twisted the rope in a figure 8 around the torches, until I was holding twin torches in each hand. I nodded, satisfied, and lit them at the brazier. They flared into light, chasing back the darkness just a little more.

“That seems wasteful,” Wyll said, looking intrigued.

I grinned at him. “Wait and see.”

We moved forward into the unnatural dark, faintly lit with luminous patches of green fungus.

“It’s beautiful,” Shadowheart said, her voice hushed in reverence, her eyes shining. “This feels wonderful. As though I’ve come home.”

I stared at her and shook my head. Sharrans were the weirdest bunch.

A low moan sounded off the path, to the side.

“I don’t think that’s someone discovering the joys of making love,” Gale muttered. “Trouble coming?”

I nodded grimly and let the ropes between my torches unwind. When the shambling undead creatures approached, I grabbed the rope sections, letting the lit torches dangle, and jumped into battle, Luna at my side, torches whirling.

Like many undead, these shadow-cursed things didn’t like fire. Especially when it was flaming in circles, always moving, near-impossible to extinguish. I went to work, setting them aflame, calling out thanks for blasts and missiles sliding through to bolster the holes in my defences. Until eventually, we were the only things moving in the murky twilight.

“That was one of the most amazing things I’ve ever seen,” Wyll said. “That fire swirling in wheels? Pretty and effective!”

I grinned at him. “What I’m hearing is you thought that was hot.”

He chuckled. “Absolutely correct.”

“In all seriousness, though: I learnt fire-twirling for ranger ceremonies. Always thought it could be applicable to battle, given the right circumstances.” I gestured around us. “It seemed an appropriate time to experiment.”

A shape loomed up out of the shadows, and Gale swallowed a yelp. I was tempted to join in when I saw it more clearly: a drider. Half drow; half spider. You’d think they’d be beloved of the spider queen herself, Lolth, wouldn’t you? No; driders were those who had offended the demon goddess. They were cursed in every way. But more importantly, I hated spiders with a passion.

Wyll? I said silently, reaching out with the parasite, grateful when he simply let me in. *I’m terrified of spiders. Help?*

He stepped forward to talk to the drider, convinced it to hand over the lantern and depart with a faked blessing to take its place.

“Oh, thank all the gods,” I said, slumping. “And you, for that matter. But why did you get the lantern?”

“Pixie, I think,” he said, pointing to the gently swaying light within the lantern. It certainly didn’t seem to be a flame. He opened a panel on the side, and sure enough, a tiny pixie flew out, doing a circuit of his head in a dizzying display of joy.

“About time!” she piped. “I been in there with nothing but a mad drider and my own farts for company!”

Wyll grinned, his face curious. He held out his hand, and the pixie landed on it, her wings slowing. “Well, aren’t you the cutest thing this side of Elturel!” he said. “What’s your name?”

“Dolly thrice,” she said, tilting her head to stare at him. “Why’d you let me out?”

He shrugged. “Why not?”

“Because they used me to get them through this curse, of course! Why else?”

“Oh,” I said, suddenly grateful for Wyll’s foresight. “Pixie lanterns. That’s... shit. That’s appalling.”

“Thanks for the concern, but my freedom is more important,” she said, glancing at me before turning back to Wyll. “You did me a good turn. How can I repay it?”

I raised an eyebrow. Fae creatures took debts seriously. Did Wyll know how much power he held in his hands?

“Is there anything you can do to help us get through this curse?” Wyll asked. “If your presence protected the drider, can you cast something over us?”

She nodded. “Sure I can! Will I, though? Ahh, fine. Here you go –” She gestured as though she was throwing invisible rice over the group.

I straightened and sighed. “By all the hells. That feels *much* better.”

“You’re welcome!” she said, baring sharp, tiny fangs. “See you never.” She disappeared.

“Psst.”

I woke with a start, Luna growling softly beside me, then dropping her head to her paws with a sigh. Not a threat, then, my exhaustion-addled brain assumed.

I sat up to find Wyll crouched nearby, his red eye glowing in the flicker of the campfire behind me.

“What’s wrong?” I whispered. “Did Astarion finally bite Shadowheart?”

Wyll snorted softly. “Come with me?” he asked. “I want to show you something.”

I smiled and bounced to my feet, prompting another quiet growl from Luna. Disturbing her sleep was the stuff of emergencies and people with death wishes, in the wolf’s opinion.

He held out his hand, and I took it. So the day had been wearying beyond belief. So the night was unnaturally dark and foreboding. In a tenday of travel through the Underdark, my feelings for this man hadn’t changed a smidge. Whatever he wanted, with very few exceptions, I’d hand over with delight.

Wyll led me down to the river bank, to a circle of torches surrounding a large, flat area of sand. As though it had been carefully raked smooth, for...

I frowned. What exactly was this *for*?

Wyll crouched down, picked up a small box, and wound a key. A tinny, slow dance tune flowed from it. “You asked once if I’d dance for you,” he said, straightening. “I thought... I might do that. I don’t know about you, but I could appreciate a bit of cheer after the darkness out there.”

“Oh... Wyll,” I said, overcome. “This is perfect. Very worth losing sleep for.”

“Say that again after you’ve seen me dance,” he said, striking a pose, his confident grin belying the humble words.

I admired his elegant lines of leg and arm – he’d had lessons, alright. And unlike me, *his* lessons had clearly been successful. I watched as he moved slowly through the steps of an unfamiliar dance, enjoying the simple choreography that perfectly matched the simple tune. As the music box wound down, he slowed, then bowed in front of me, holding out a hand.

“May I have this dance?” he asked.

My heart sank. “Wyll, I’m a terrible at this. And you’re... you’re a beautiful dancer. I’ll trip over my own feet.”

“It’s not about skill,” he said, straightening, looking at me with soft, pleading eyes. “It’s about who you’re dancing with. And I want to dance with *you*. ”

I sighed, disarmed by those eyes and the uncertainty in his face. “Fine,” I said, smiling despite myself, giving him my hand. “I’d love to dance with you.”

He bent to rewind the music box, and led me out to the middle of the circle, torches flaming all around us, the firelight glinting off the scars and ridges of his face.

“How do you always manage to look as though you’ve been gilded by the gods?” I asked, smiling at him. “You’re beautiful.”

His answering smile was wide as he moved into the first pose, holding up a hand. I recognised the opening sequence of an old, familiar courting dance – one that every child in Elturel with the means tended to learn. I arranged my body in the matching pose, wincing at my ungainliness, and rested my hand up against his.

As we moved in the steps of the old dance, I started to relax. This was familiar! I was succeeding! I could do this. Then Wyll stepped to his right and forward as I moved to my left and forward, and I landed heavily on his bare foot.

“Ow,” he said, grinning. “Well, as the poets say, you always hurt the one you love. Again?”

I flushed with embarrassment. “I’m sorry. You’re sure you want to risk it?”

“Of course,” he said, moving back into the starting pose. “Come on.”

I pushed down the panic rising inside me. *Come on, stop being weird and just do this! It’ll make him happy.*

We moved through the first measures of the dance, but my focus was gone. Instead of remembering the dance, I was fixated on the chance of failing this dance, messing things up. So I wasn’t at all surprised when Wyll moved forward, and I knew I should be stepping backwards with him, but instead I was moving forwards into him. I tried to self-correct, but turned awkwardly as my ankle twisted beneath me, and fell into Wyll, one horn smacking into his face, the two of us falling to the ground in a tangle of limbs.

“Shit,” I said, sitting up, my ankle twinging distantly. “Sorry. I’m so sorry, I –”

“It’s fine,” Wyll said, holding his nose. “Argh. Give me a moment.” He fished a handkerchief out of a pocket with one hand and shoved it firmly under his nose. In the light from the torches, I saw bright red blood stain the cloth.

“Shit, you’re bleeding.”

“I’m fine,” he said, laughing. “Oh hells. What a dance. We could perform at the circus with that act. Two tumbling clowns.”

I buried my face in my hands, hunched over, mortification filling my heart. What an uncoordinated, hopeless doofus I was. “I’m so sorry,” I said, my voice muffled, tears

springing to my eyes despite my best efforts. Here he was injured, and *I* was getting upset.

“Hey,” Wyll said softly, moving to kneel beside me. “I’m sorry. I thought you’d enjoy this. You’re so graceful out there amongst the trees, and you asked to see me dance, and... well, I wanted to dance with you. I didn’t mean to embarrass you by laughing. I’m sorry.”

I kept my head in my hands, hiding my face. I didn’t want to meet his gaze, see the disappointment and the pity in his face. “I suck so badly at this,” I said, willing my mouth back to a straight line. “And you’re so beautiful when you dance. I was like a lumbering rothe out there. Gale would dance with you. So would Astarion. And they’d do it beautifully. They could be *partners* with you. Not break your toes and face in turn.”

“Oh,” Wyll said, disappointment laced through his words. “Would you rather not... I thought we had... I’m sorry. I misunderstood something.” He rose and backed away, and I heard him stumble into the forest around the rough camp.

“Luna,” I called quietly, and the wolf padded to my side, leaning against me and licking the tears from my cheek. I wrapped my arms around her, rested my head on the fur of her shoulder, which she tolerated patiently. I sighed. I’d made an utter jackass of myself. Wyll hadn’t come back to my bedroll since the night of the tiefling party, and I’d thought this was going to be a step forward in whatever there was between us. Instead... why would he even want to be with me? He’d been testing me for suitability, and I’d failed miserably. Embarrassment and mortification coiled inside me like a nest of young snakes.

I sighed, staring out over the water, reflections of the torches rippling as the river flowed past. This darkness was getting on my nerves. It was bad enough during the day. Now, at night, it would be even – *fuck*. I’d let Wyll walk into the woods by himself, with that impenetrable darkness and shadow-cursed creatures all around us. What the hells had I been thinking?

“Luna, search?” I asked. She sighed, as though fed up with the vagaries and odd demands of her human, but lurched to her feet without further urging from me. She cast around for a scent, nose to the ground, and slowly moved away into the trees. I took a standing torch from the circle, feeling my heart sink a little at the reminder of the night’s fiasco, and followed her. The flames would utterly ruin my night vision, but they might also keep the shadows at bay. I’d rather trip and fall than succumb to the curse on this land.

We moved quietly through the silent, ominous forest. No rodents scurried from our path; no bats moved in the trees overhead. The place was eerie, and it sent cold shivers down my spine at every step.

Luna paused and crouched, growling deep in her throat, poised to leap. Wyll stood in a small clearing, his back to a spruce tree, his face brave but hopeless. Three shadow things surrounded him, their vague, undefined forms pools of blackness against the light from my torch. He had nothing to defend himself from those things. Nothing but me.

“Shit,” I whispered, and leapt into the clearing, wielding the torch like a staff, Luna snarling and snapping at my side.

A quick fight later, I knelt, more tired than I'd known was possible. One of the creatures had touched me, and I felt an odd, icy sensation crawling under my skin, slowly spreading out from the contact point. "I'm sorry," I said, looking up at Wyll. "I shouldn't have..." I trailed off as the words seemed to triple in size, squeezing them through my throat seemed all too difficult, with the darkness closing back in around me.

I opened my eyes to firelight and Shadowheart's face, intent.

"You're back," she said, her voice light, but her eyes worried. "We thought the shadow curse took you for a while there. Wyll was frantic with worry."

"He was?" I asked, then thought it through. Of course he'd been worried. I'd been fighting on his side when I... shit. Fucked up for the second time that night, and got myself cursed. What a clumsy chump.

"You'll be fine," she said, touching my shoulder. "But rest up, alright? No more midnight adventures for a bit. This place is difficult enough for the rest of you, without this nonsense."

She stood and walked away to her tent, and Luna resumed her usual position against my side, settling in with a sigh of contentment.

"Well, I've made an utter, utter fool of myself, girl," I said to her, and she huffed, caring nothing for silly human emotional storms.

"I owe you thanks," Wyll said, sitting down near me. "I did something ridiculously ill-thought-out, and it would have ended me if you hadn't come after me."

I smiled a little and reached out to him, and my heart twisted when he didn't take my hand. *Oh. I failed the test badly, then.* I felt my face drop into lines of grief, though I tried to get control back, show less of myself. I hated this vulnerability.

"Hey, what's wrong? Is the curse still lingering?" Wyll asked, his eyes worried. "I feel terrible. You got hurt saving me from my own impulsivity."

I shook my head, turning my face away, pretending to be intensely interested in Luna's fur. "I messed up so much tonight. I'm sorry. I'm sure you thought you had someone more... on your level, I suppose."

Wyll sighed. "I'll admit, I thought we had something. But I'd much rather have you as a friend than have never met you. I won't cavill at you. Just... appreciate what we have."

I felt my heart break quietly into shards, each one slicing into my chest, stealing my breath. With the burst of emotion came the tadpole connection, my illithid trespasser reaching out to his. "Shit," I said fiercely, shutting it down fast with an act of will, but not before a wave of misery came from... Wyll?

"What's wrong?" we asked each other in concert.

"I don't understand," Wyll confessed, reaching out to touch my shoulder. "I'll be alright. You don't need to rip yourself apart over breaking this off."

Shit. He was going to make me do this, wasn't he? I sighed and sat up, turning away from Luna to Wyll. "I'm sorry," I said. "You know how I feel about you. I don't blame you. I just... it's going to take a while for me to heal. I won't be a pain, I promise. I just... it's going to hurt for a while. Disappointing you like that."

His brows knit. "I don't understand," he said again. "What you're feeling... it wasn't guilt, was it? You're torn up over this, but... was it me? I don't want to talk you into staying with me if you don't want to. But you seem so heartbroken over it, and I don't... well, I don't understand."

I shook my head, confused. "I don't blame you for breaking this off. But please, don't tease me like this."

"Wait," he said, leaning forward. "Wait. Why do you think *I* broke things off? Why would you think that of me?"

"Because I'm hopeless," I said. "I get it. I do. I just... I'd hoped for something different."

His shoulders relaxed, and his face softened. "Oh, by all the hells," he said. "Both of us. We're both utter twits, aren't we? Traive, I thought you were telling me to go court someone else. Because you didn't want me anymore."

I huffed an incredulous laugh. "Are you seriously telling me..." I reviewed our conversation so far and frowned.

"I think we almost miscommunicated our way into mutual heartbreak," Wyll confessed, as the corners of his mouth turned up in the start of a smile.

"Well, fuck."

He chuckled. "I'm sorry. For laughing, for hurting your feelings. For this whole ill-planned venture. I just wanted to do something nice and romantic with you, and it turned into a disaster. Almost a fatal one."

"I'm sorry for being terrible at dancing. My childhood dancing tutor gave up in disgust. I've always been such a klutz."

"You're not a klutz," he said, voice warm now. "And if you were, why in the hells do you think I'd care?"

I shrugged. "I know it's important to you. You've talked about dancing, and dancing *with* someone, so often."

"You realise those were hints that I wanted to go on a date with you when the time was right?"

"Wait, what?"

"Oh, hells," he said. "I'm such a fool. All I needed to do was talk to you. Be direct, as you have been with me. But no, I had to literally dance around the topic!"

I stared at him, confusion and slowly-increasing comfort warring within me. I was still trying to process the idea that I didn't need to be lost in misery – just a little embarrassed.

“I wanted to court you,” he said, his face uncertain. “I screwed it up. I'm sorry. I wanted to woo you, and I ended up nearly breaking your heart.”

“Court me? Woo me?” I asked. “But... you know my heart's already yours.”

“And is that a reason not to court you? To not win you anew every tenday?” Wyll asked, his eyes soft.

I opened my mouth to reply and paused, realising I had no idea how to respond.

“I'm fond of you,” he said, scooching closer to me, holding out an arm. “I think... I might be more than fond of you. I wanted to show you that in some sweet, loving way. Instead... well.”

I blinked as I slowly absorbed the extent of the near-calamity. “Oh shit. We're utter nincompoops,” I said, my sense of humour starting to return. “Oh gods. How on Toril did we blunder our way into a farce play?”

Wyll chuckled as I pulled him into a hug, wrapping an arm around my waist. “Perhaps we should stick to horizontal dances until I've given you a few lessons,” he said, resting his head on my shoulder.

“Oh? Is that back on the menu?” I asked.

“It left the menu?” he asked, lifting his head to stare at me. “I thought you just didn't want to.”

I closed my eyes and tightened my arms around him. “We,” I said firmly, “have been making *far* too many assumptions.”

“Oh? I'm not the only one who's been lying in their tent feeling horny?”

I let one horn bump and rub against his, smiling now in sheer relief. “I think we're both equally horny, dear.”

He snorted, then laughed quietly. “Will you kiss me?” he asked. “I know you're probably feeling rather worse for wear. I won't ask for more tonight. But... I'd like you to kiss me.”

I lifted his chin with a finger, looking into his dear face. “I could be on my very deathbed, dear, and still want you.” I bent my head to fit my lips against his, thrilling at the feel of him in my arms again, loving the sensations of his mouth on mine.

A while later, he drew away, and I suppressed the urge to reach for him, pull him back into my arms.

“Come to my tent?” he asked. “We can just sleep, if you need to. Or if you want...” he trailed off, uncertainty in his voice.

“Gods,” I said, my voice rough with desire. “How do you not realise how much I want you? Isn’t it obvious every time our eyes meet?”

He shook his head, standing and holding out a hand. “I’m not the most aware individual, I’m starting to realise.”

I chuckled, pushing myself to my feet with my hand in his, grateful for the guidance when I got fully upright and my head swam. “Oh, hells. That thing hit me harder than I thought.”

Wyll led me to his tent, pulled me down onto the bedroll, and grabbed me into a tight hug. “That *thing* almost killed you,” he said, his face filled with sudden grief. “And it would have been my fault. I’m so sorry. I was such a fool, rushing off like that. For not stopping to check my assumptions. Hells, I was so sad, I just wanted to be alone. I didn’t think. Thank you for the rescue, but I’m *so sorry*. ”

I pulled away just a little, enough to rearrange limbs and get myself comfortable against him. “I think we can agree we were both utter fools tonight, love. It all balances out.”

“Love?” he asked, eyes softening, mouth upturning.

“Shit,” I said, sighing. “I’d be terrible at playing hard to get, wouldn’t I? I keep blurting out pet names and admitting that I’m head over heels for you.”

“And demonstrating it rather physically,” he said, a sly tone to his voice.

Embarrassment and my sense of humour warred within me for a moment, then I laughed. “Well, I suppose you’ve seen the worst of me.”

“That? That’s your *worst*? ” Wyll asked. “Seriously? I’m pacted to a devil and might have killed multiple innocents at her behest. And your *worst* is that you dance like a drunk ogre?”

“Drunk ogre?” I said, feigning outrage. “Saer. How *dare* you! I shall have to call you out for such an egregious, heinous insult!”

“Would you like to break my nose again?” he asked, his face utterly contrite, if you ignored the smirk twitching over his mouth.

“Hmm. Seems I might have already defended my own honour,” I said, finally letting go of the embarrassment and allowing myself to laugh over the ridiculous experience. “Oh gods. What a night. How *is* your nose, though? Are you alright?”

“Perfectly fine,” he said, grinning now that we were back to clowning around together. “Shadowheart fixed me up once she removed the shadow curse on you and convinced me to stop howling about my own stupidity.”

I gave into temptation and kissed him, letting the feel of him overwhelm my senses, fill my awareness until the camp and the rest of the world fell away. He made aroused sounds into my mouth as my hand roamed down his chest, so I untucked his shirt from his trousers, slid my hand underneath to caress his belly, loving the feel of his skin on my fingertips as his

breath came faster and he shoved himself against me, throwing his leg over mine to rub against me.

I groaned and rolled on top of him, my mouth on his, my tongue sliding against his, my dick hardening, as he panted underneath me, pushing up against me. I pulled off my shirt, heedless of buttons popping off, and pushed his shirt up, desperate to feel skin against skin, my ardour rising and pulsing as his hands slipped down to my arse and sank nails into the muscle.

“You’re sure?” I asked, my voice husky. “Love, you don’t have to do this for me.”

Wyll’s only answer was to pull my head back down to kiss my mouth, his fingers tangling in my hair, pulling it, oblivious to my horn clashing against his, his other hand still caressing my arse.

I let myself go, then, filling myself with the scent and feel and taste of him, the sensation of his dick pushing against his trousers, moving against him, hearing him gasp. “I want to fuck you,” I murmured in his ear. “Dearest, I want you naked under me. Tell me what you want.”

His breath was coming hard and fast, his eyes glazed as he looked up at me. “Please?” he said. “Traive, just... that.”

I shifted a little to the side, moved a hand to the ties of his trousers, and he lifted his hips to me. “Faster,” he said, and stroked a hand over the bulge in my trousers as I untied the knot, loosened the laces, pulled his trousers off one hip with a shaking hand, my attention split between realising he wore no undies beneath the trousers, and his hand softly stroking me, demanding.

“Oh hells,” I groaned, pulling away with an effort of pure willpower, wanting to thrust into his hand like a rutting bull, insensible to anything but satiating the ferocious desire roaring inside me. I pulled his trousers down, yanking them off his legs, throwing them in a corner, heedless of where they landed, and stood to do the same with my own, then my briefs.

“Come back,” he said, reaching out with one hand, the other fumbling under his pillows. “Here. Use this. Traive, please?”

I looked at the small pot in my hand, wanting to fuck him here and now, but also wanting to slow down, make him cry out in desperate pleasure before I sank myself into the elysium of his embrace. “Should we slow down a little? There’s plenty of time,” I said, torn between my desires.

“I swear, if you don’t sink that cock into me, I’m going to cry and run out into the shadows all over again,” Wyll said hoarsely. “There’ll be time for sweet, slow lovemaking. I want you. Damn it, Traive!”

The threat decided me. I stroked the balm over my dick, closing my eyes as the pleasure started to build, and lay down, pulling him on top of me. “Come here, you insatiable devil,” I told him. “Ride me like you mean it.”

His arse slid against my dick, warm and soft, muscles moving, and I groaned and let myself slide into him, bliss immediately blossoming within me. Slippery, warm, muscles tensing and caressing my dick on all sides as he shoved down onto me, sheathing my dick inside him, his face intent.

“Fuck,” he said hoarsely. “Fuck, your dick feels wonderful, darling. Oh, hells!”

I watched him move as I thrust up into him, all self-control falling by the wayside as his face showed only pleasure, his eyes glazed as he moved with me, pushing down to take as much of me as possible, his dick hard and bobbing as he moved, leaking a little colourless fluid. I couldn't resist the temptation – I moved a hand from his hip to swipe a finger over the tip of his dick, lifting it to my mouth to taste his cum as I thrust inside him, over and over. Salty, sweet... hells. He tasted like the heavens themselves.

He made a muffled noise as my fingers touched his dick, so I pressed a thumb against the underside as I moved inside him, rubbing gently at that tender spot, pleasure cresting within me.

“I'm close,” I said softly. “Darling. Dearest. Slow down, before I –”

He shook his head and shoved down again. “Don't stop,” he said. “Perfect. Keep going.”

“But I'll –”

He nodded and thrust forward against my hand, down onto my dick, and my baser instincts took over. I took hold of his hip more firmly with one hand, pushing up into him with hard, merciless thrusts as my oily fingers closed around his dick, watching him starting to shake and shudder with the sensations, the orgasm he chased, until his seed spurted out onto my fingers and I felt the orgasm in the play of his muscles, the jerking of his hips on top of me, heard his quiet moans of pleasure.

I rolled us over, off the bedroll, and shoved back inside him, his back arching, my dick aching with need, my balls tight with seed. I kissed him, hard, as desire raged inside me, shaking him with rough thrusts, his cries muffled in my mouth as I fucked him, claws sinking into his shoulders, my tongue shoving into his mouth in unison with my thrusts, until I hit that golden crest and spilled my seed deep inside him, buried in that delectable arse, wanting to scream my pleasure to the skies, knowing I had to restrain myself or wake the whole camp. The pleasure-pain took me over, and I lost myself in the pulses of sensation running through me, cresting, crashing, then slowly ebbing. I collapsed on top of him, my forehead on his shoulder, panting.

“Shit, that was rougher than I meant to get,” I said, sudden awareness flooding me. “Wyll, was that too much? I'm sorry; I got carried away.”

He stirred, lifted a languid hand to my cheek. “It was perfect,” he said. “You're perfect. Stay right here. Don't move an inch.”

“You're sure?” I asked, relaxing a little, nuzzling his neck. “I'm not too heavy? Not too much?”

“What part of *perfect* did you not grasp?” he said, his voice amused now. “I feel wonderfully sated. Thank you.”

A laugh burst from me. “You have wonderful manners.”

“And yours are terrible,” he said, chuckling. “So uncouth.”

“My sincere apologies,” I said, drawing back to watch him, delight coiling within me despite the supposed reproof. “My deepest thanks and appreciation for your excellent hospitality.”

He dissolved into laughter, and I rolled off him to give him more room to wheeze with his amusement.

“You are the silliest creature,” he said, moving back to press against me, an arm snaking around my waist. “No wonder I’m falling for you. You’re utterly charming.”

I grinned at him, then the import of his words filtered into my awareness. “Wait. You’re falling for me?”

He rolled his eyes. “No, I’m just trying to seduce you for fun and profit.”

I snorted.

“You’re sweet, and kind, and... well, usually gentle,” he said, watching my face. “I’m smitten. I’m sorry if I gave you any other impression. I’m a little too self-possessed at times, I know.”

“Whereas I’m a chaotic hot mess who’s as transparent as a glass flask?”

“The last bit, perhaps,” he admitted. “Well. Tonight excepted.” He pulled my head down to kiss me.

I woke to a slightly lighter gloom, and Wyll creeping out of the tent. Luna had found her way back to me, and was snoring gently beside me. “Everything alright?” I asked, keeping my voice down.

“Call of nature,” he said, flashing me a quick grin over his shoulder. “I might start breakfast. Stay there. You’ve earned a sleep-in.”

My legs twitched, restless, but he was right. Tiredness washed back over me, pulled me down into sleep again.

When I woke for the second time, Luna was gone, and cold air slid against me where Wyll and Luna had provided warmth and weight. I sat up, pulled on my trousers, and crawled out of the tent, standing to yawn and stretch.

A dozen eyes regarded me from around the campfire, and I realised, belatedly, that I was publicly emerging from Wyll’s tent, looking like a rothe bull that had been thoroughly bred. I felt the blood rushing to my face. “Morning?” I offered.

Shadowheart snickered. “I see you’re recovering rather well,” she said. “Good morning. May the darkness bless you.”

“The darkness seems to prefer strangling me,” I pointed out, sitting on a log next to Wyll, slipping an arm loosely around his waist. *In for a copper, in for a fortune*, I told myself, and kissed his cheek. “Morning, dear.”

He leant against me, his head on my shoulder, horn rubbing against my cheek in a rough caress.

“Well. Another night full of odd noises,” Astarion said, his eyes unreadable above the smirk. “I take it you two are... what? Dating, now?”

I flushed again, realising that I had no idea what Wyll and I actually *were* to each other.

“He’s mine, if that’s what you’re asking,” Wyll said, fingers lightly caressing my leg. How red could my face actually *get*, I found myself wondering?

“Hmm. Well, as long as you’re both happy, I say have at it,” Astarion said. “There’s little enough joy in this land of the beaten and the broken.”

I smiled gratefully at him. Of all the group, I’d expected Astarion to tease the hardest and give the least quarter. “Is there breakfast?” I asked, desperately hoping they’d all take the hint to change the subject. “Or did I miss it?”

Gale stood, brought over a plate of greens, bacon, and eggs. “Wyll assures me that these leafy things are edible,” he said, regarding the plate with a dubious eye. “I trust him, I think.”

I laughed. “Thank you, Gale,” I said, taking the plate, resting it on my knee and starting to eat, greens first. They were bitter, but full of flavour, at least. “Thanks for cooking, Wyll.” I kept my hold on his waist, oddly reluctant to let him go. Wyll, for his part, seemed content to stay nestled against me, as though staking his claim. As though anyone else had ever had designs on me.

After breakfast, I led Wyll down to the river, for a smidgeon of privacy.

“Perhaps we should talk,” I said, hesitant. “It seems most of last night might have been avoidable if we had.”

“What would you like to talk about?” Wyll asked, reaching for my hand, smiling when I gave it happily.

“What is this, to you?” I asked. “I’m confused. You seem to treat me as more than a fling, but you don’t... love me? But then you said you were smitten. Is it just a carnal thing? Is that what you mean?”

He squeezed my hand, sat down, tugged gently on my arm until I settled beside him. He leant against me, and I found my arm wrapping around his shoulders before I thought about it. “You’re my light,” he said, his voice soft. “I stepped out into the darkness, and my heart sank, along with my spirits. And then you came to my side, and you made me laugh. This place

doesn't seem anywhere near as bad with you nearby. Every time I see you, my heart lifts. You always bring me laughter and joy. But you're also kind, and gentle. I like that about you. You're the only light I need. The only light I want."

"Oh," I said, my heart overflowing. "And here I was hoping for more talk of fondness."

Wyll let his head fall back as he laughed. "See? This is exactly what I meant. But how about you, Traive? What is this to you?"

I watched him, letting down my guard so he could see the emotion in my face. "You're my heaven," I said quietly. "When you're near, I'm happy. When you touch me, I'm in paradise. You're smart, and sweet, and unrelentingly kind. The sound of your laugh makes my spirit soar on angel wings."

Wyll's grin faded, and he turned to bring his face close to mine, wordlessly inviting a kiss.

I turned to face him, lips meeting his in a feather-light caress, letting the thrill of his words shiver through me, before I growled and pulled him into my lap so I could hold him close, plastered against me as my lips explored his, hungry for the taste of his mouth. He urged me on, hands tangling in my hair, mouth open to me, pressing close, so I slid a hand down his side to his hip, caressed it gently, feeling the fabric of his trousers draw tight before he turned his hips, his dick touching my hand. I ran my fingers slowly down the bulge as I stroked his tongue with mine, feeling his breath quicken as he pushed up against my palm. He whimpered a breathy plea, then brought his mouth back to mine as I fumbled with the knot of his laces, loosened them, set his dick free so I could touch it, skin to skin as he moaned.

I drew away from his mouth. "I want to suck you," I said. "Taste you. I want you to cum in my mouth."

"Oh, hells. Please," he said, so I pushed him onto his back on the ground, took his dick in my mouth, caressed it with my tongue, let it slide to the back of my throat, loving the quiet, breathy sounds of enjoyment he was making. I pushed forward so it started to slide down my throat, and he convulsed. "I'm not going to last long if you do that," he said. "Despite... oh hells."

His fingers combed through my hair, took hold, and I let him guide my movements as he thrust upwards into my mouth, his face alight with pleasure. "Oh, darling." A few more strokes and he started to shake, his back bowing, and I tasted salt. "Hells. Yes... gods, Traive. So good. So... ahhh!" His seed spurted in my mouth, and elation ran through me at the chance to taste him, the salt and musk and a slight sweetness all in one.

I sucked his dick clean, making him jerk in reaction, and licked him slowly. "By the hellfathers," I said, sitting back on my heels. "You... exceed my expectations at every turn."

He grinned, still breathing hard, and held out his arms. Instead of lying down with him, I pulled him upright and sat with a leg either side of him. "We should put you to rights," I said, grazing his neck with my teeth. "No knowing when someone will decide to wander down to ask some inane question or another."

“I doubt it,” he said, head back on my shoulder, sighing with satisfaction. “I’m fairly sure they assumed we were sneaking off to make love, not to talk. So they’ll probably leave us be, for fear of your arse being the only moon they see for tendays on end.”

I guffawed, then realised that he was saying everyone knew exactly what we’d been doing. “Shit. That’s a little embarrassing.”

“You’re embarrassed by me?” he asked.

I tilted and turned my head to see his face better, reassured by the hint of mischief in it. “Gremlin. Of course not. Wildly confused that you prefer me over everyone else, perhaps. Embarrassed that everyone knows exactly what we’re doing because I keep forgetting how little privacy there is in camp. But never embarrassed by *you*. Well. Unless you’re shooting arrows at a target.”

He huffed, but couldn’t keep up the pretence of offence, the haughty look dissolving into chuckles. “You’re so mean.”

“Oh well. You can always pay me back by asking me to dance, I suppose.”

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Tails Hot as Fire

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/56686933) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/56686933>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Baldur's Gate (Video Games)
Relationship:	Tav/Wyll (Baldur's Gate)
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Tails Hot as Fire

by [Rowan_of_Waterdeep](#)

Summary

Wyll thinks he knows why Traive struggles to dance, when he's so graceful and coordinated tracking prey with his wolf. He suspects it's all to do with the tail. But even though he looks a little like one these days, there are a few things Wyll doesn't know about tieflings. Like what happens when you touch their tails.

Notes

Hey folks,

This is a shorter one, but I hope you enjoy reading about these silly horny guys regardless.



Love, Rowan

Wyll and I sat by the campfire, exhausted, bruised and beaten... but alive and together, with the stars shining above us.

“Oh. Respite,” I said. “I can barely believe it.”

“That shadow curse was starting to wear me thin, too,” Wyll said. “I’m so glad Halsin could finally break it. He looks as though he’s finally shed a great weight from his shoulders. Shrugged it off.”

I nodded. “We couldn’t rescue your father, though,” I said softly. “I’m sorry, Wyll.”

“We know where they’re taking him, and we know they need him alive,” he said, his mouth set in sad but stubborn lines. “We can do it. We killed the Chosen of a god. What’s one more? With all of you by my side, we can prevail.”

“That’s the spirit,” I said, throwing an arm around his shoulders. “Well said. We’ll do our best.”

“I know. But for now, I’d kill for a distraction.”

I raised an eyebrow at him. “Are you inviting me to your tent, you horny creature?”

“Not this time,” he said, face lightening into a smile. “I wanted to talk about dancing. If you don’t mind?”

I shuddered as I remembered a disastrous lesson, but the look on his face decided me. “Sure,” I said. “What do you want to say?”

“I think I might understand why you think you’re a terrible dancer,” Wyll said, his fingers sliding slowly up and down my side. “Do you mind if I have a guess or two?”

I shrugged. “Make as many guesses as you’d like, love. As long as I hear your voice, I’m happy.”

His eyes crinkled. “Your instructor wasn’t a tiefling, were they?”

“No, there aren’t many tiefling dancing tutors in Elturel. Well. There weren’t. There probably aren’t any now,” I said, sadness and anger twisting through me. It had been so unfair – the pogroms, the hatred, the *exile*. All for something we didn’t even do.

Wyll moved closer, his arm tightening around my waist. “I’m sorry – I hit a bad memory, didn’t I?”

I twitched my mouth upwards into an attempt at a smile. “You did. It’s hard not to, some days. It’s alright. Why is my dance tutor relevant to me being a terrible dancer? He tried his best with me. Poor man got so frustrated he broke things, most lessons.”

Wyll frowned. “You know that’s not normal behaviour for children’s tutors, right? That sounds so scary for a kid.”

I shrugged. “I was an infuriating child. And he had a rather artistic temperament. You know the sort – all passion and fire.”

“Then he shouldn’t have been allowed anywhere near children,” Wyll said, his jaw set, eyes steely.

“So you think being yelled at made me clumsy?” I asked, trying to keep up.

“Well. That might have something to do with it, yes. But... that wasn’t my original thought.”

“Oh?”

“He didn’t have a tail or horns, did he?”

“Obviously not.”

“So he had no idea how to get you correctly balanced.”

I blinked.

“I don’t think you’re a klutz,” he said softly. “I’ve seen you out in the forest. You’re one of the quietest, most graceful movers I’ve ever seen out there. And I’ve met quite a few adventurers, druids, rangers... all sorts. That’s why I was confused when you said you’re a terrible dancer. Even when we were dancing... you were clearly flustered and nervous, but you were moving quite well. Just not as well as you usually do.”

“You’ve been watching me scout ahead?” I asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

He grinned. “You have no idea how attractive you are, do you? That little crinkle of your nose when you catch a scent. The sheer joy when you take off in a run with Luna. I love watching you scout. At least, until you disappear from view. Then I just look forward to seeing you return.”

I ducked my head, wanting to hide my face, forgetting how close he was, only succeeding in clunking my horns against his, hearing him chuckle.

“Making you blush is one of my favourite activities,” he said, lifting my chin to plant a kiss on my lips. “Gorgeous man.”

“And you say I’m not a klutz,” I said, handling the compliments the best way I knew how – with humour. “Here I am almost goring you to death by pure accident. Are you sure you’re not just desperate for a messy death?”

“Oh, I can think of much more enjoyable ways to go out,” he said, grinning. “Most of them you could help with.”

“Hmm. As we’ve discovered,” I said drily. “I’m starting to understand my appeal for you.”

“I have enjoyed the murder attempts so far,” he said, a finger stroking the tip of my ear. “Very creative. Drowning, death by dancing...”

“Oh look. We’re back at the dancing. I’m beginning to think you’re holding a grudge.”

“You wound me!”

I laughed, watching him, feeling affection well up inside me. “I’ve laughed so much since I met you,” I said, suddenly serious. “My love.”

“Me too,” he said, his smile fading. “You bring me joy. You know that, don’t you?”

I kissed his forehead, between his horns. “So, you think my ghastly dancing is simply caused by my being a tiefling?”

He shook his head. “No, I think it’s because you’re a tiefling taught by a... human?”

I nodded. “I fail to see the difference.”

“One is a problem inherent in who and what you are. The other is simply misunderstanding and prejudice causing your teacher to be ineffective.”

I frowned. “I don’t understand your point.”

“The problem isn’t that you’re a tiefling, honey. The problem is that you’re a tiefling taught by someone who had no idea how to teach a tiefling.”

I took a moment to think over this. “So you think my teacher was terrible?”

“In an acorn shell, yes.”

“I think you’re grasping at straws, desperately hoping that your paramore is less klutzy than he seems.”

“I think you have no idea what you’re talking about, you silly creature.”

“Those are fighting words!” I rolled on top of him and tickled his ribs as he squirmed underneath me, his face alight with laughter.

“So,” he eventually said, capturing my hands. “Can we have a lesson?”

“Hmm. What sort of lesson do you have in mind? A cooking lesson? Would you like Gale to teach us to make a lemon cream sauce, perhaps?”

“A dancing lesson,” he said with a beseeching look.

I sighed. I really didn't want to blunder around a makeshift dance floor again. But to distract Wyll from thoughts of his father? A little clumsiness was worth it. “Of course, love,” I said, kissing him quickly before I bounced to my feet. “Let’s do it.”

“Let’s start with some basics,” Wyll said. “Here, try this pose.” He fell into a deceptively simple dancing position, torso turned at a right angle from his legs, one arm bent upwards behind him, the other stretched out in front of him. His shoulders were straight, weight on his back leg, his front foot pointed.

I arranged my errant limbs in the posture, wobbling. “Shit. I just can’t keep my balance properly. I’m hopelessly uncoordinated.”

Wyll walked around me, frowning. I withered internally. This was so embarrassing.

“I think I see the problem,” he said from behind me. “May I?”

“Whatever you feel necessary,” I said, glancing behind me and nearly falling.

I felt his fingers stroking my tail, and bit my lip, the sensation sending shockwaves through me, my cock swelling immediately. “Here,” he said. “Your teacher taught you to keep your tail down next to your leg, didn’t they?”

I nodded, trying to ignore the way it felt to have his hand on me so intimately. “To keep it from spoiling my lines, he said.”

Wyll snorted. “You have the perfect tool to create wonderful lines, and he utterly hamstrung you.”

“What?” I asked, startled out of my fascination with his fingers on my tail.

“Here,” he said, moving my tail to curve gently behind my back leg. “Move your weight to your front leg, then back the way you were, but with your tail like this.”

I did as I was told, pretending the arousal I felt wasn’t happening. “Oh!” I said, wondering. “That’s so much easier.”

“Looks even better, too,” Wyll said, grinning at me. “You just need to treat *all* your appendages as tools for creating balance and lines, not something to hide or be embarrassed by.”

I flicked my eyes to the baggy hat he wore.

“Shush. Next pose?”

“Umm. Can we take a break?” I asked. “I need to... I need a rest.”

“What? We’ve only just begun!”

I felt blood rushing to my face.

Wyll’s eyes flicked downwards, and he grinned. Then he looked at my face and frowned. “I feel as though I’ve done something wrong or insensitive,” he said slowly. “Hey, sit down with me? Talk to me.”

We sat down by the fire, and he rested his head on my shoulder. “What exactly happened there?” he asked.

I sighed. “My tail is sensitive, that’s all. And you touched the most sensitive part of it. Repeatedly. I’m sorry, I know it’s silly to get turned on when we’re doing something serious.”

Wyll laughed softly. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

I shifted uncomfortably.

“Oh. Shit. You don’t like that it’s sensitive?”

“I don’t like that it’s there.”

“But it’s beautiful! And it gives you such an edge when you’re forest-running. I’ve never seen someone run like that before. You’re amazing.”

“You’re nice to try to make me feel better about being a freak.”

“Hey! You stop saying that sort of thing right now.”

“It’s true. I’m half person, half beast.”

Wyll took my hand and kissed it. “I like everything about you,” he said quietly. “I like your horns. I like the ridges on your chest and back. I like your tail.”

I smiled at him. “You’re sweet.”

He shook his head. “Not sweet, just enamoured.”

I felt heat returning to my face. “Come off it.”

“You said it’s sensitive?” Wyll asked. “It’s fine if you don’t want to, but... would you let me, sometime? You know... in my tent?”

I stared at him. “You want to...”

“Stroke your tail until you beg for relief?” he finished, a mischievous look on his face. “I might be having thoughts that way.”

I opened my mouth to share some witty repartee, and choked.

“May I kiss you?” he asked.

“No! We’re out in the open, and I’m about to explode!” I said indignantly.

Wyll dissolved into giggles, and I found myself joining in.

“Gremlin,” I said, stroking his face, affection welling in my heart. “Thank you. You make me feel better about myself.”

“I’d say I’m returning the favour, but you’d be sexy regardless,” he said, rubbing his cheek against my shoulder, one horn sliding against my neck. “Would you like to? Go to my tent, I mean?”

“Are you propositioning me, you hussy?”

His answering smile had a touch of the devil about it. “I’m far too goody-two-shoes for such a thing.”

I snorted, stood, and bent my knees to gather him into my arms, one around his shoulders, one under his knees. “You absolutely are. I’ll have to just turn ogre and misbehave instead,” I said, striding to his tent, gently dumping him on his bedroll as he laughed.

“You just pick me up like I weigh nothing,” he said. “If I were less secure…”

I raised an eyebrow at him. “You could always try picking me up, you know.”

“Hmmp. I’m not sure we need more injuries between us.”

I threw myself down beside him. “True,” I granted. “Although maybe you should get your own back. Give me some bruises to rival the ones I’ve given you.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Lae’zel? You can shapeshift now?”

I cackled. We’d all heard her aggressive propositions when someone interested her, and seen the aftermath the next day.

Wyll pulled me closer to kiss me, his tongue pushing into my mouth, and my heart warmed. Was he bothered that his lover was a klutz and more infernal beast than man? Apparently not.

His hand slid down to my hip, then hesitated. “May I touch your tail?” he asked, his eyes uncertain. “I don’t want to make you uncomfortable. Just… when I saw how turned on it made you, I wanted to do it again. Deliberately, this time.”

Uncertainty and hesitation warred within me, a hefty dose of arousal muddying the waters. “It can send me a little overboard,” I said, watching his face carefully. “Sometimes… it sets off different urges. Leaves me wanting to receive, not… give?”

“Will that bother you?” he asked.

“Well… it can get a little confusing. When I want different things depending on how I get there, you know? Others have found it upsetting, so I did too.”

“I can’t promise I’ll be up for anything, but I can promise to understand… or ask, if I’m confused,” he said, fingers stroking my hip lightly. “I feel as though I’m asking something I don’t quite grasp the significance of. Is this… are you sure you’re alright with it?”

“Just worried you’ll kick me out of your tent and break up with me,” I said, lips caressing his neck, my face conveniently out of view. It wouldn’t be the first time that a lover had

conveniently disappeared after getting what they thought they wanted.

“Hey. I'm here for all of you. Even if part of you is strange to me.”

“Tails aren't the weirdest thing you've encountered, I suppose.”

“Oh,” he said, fingers moving ever so slowly across my arse, “I didn't mean your tail, darling. I meant your stubborn belief that you're not the most beautiful creature in all the realms. Utterly baffling.”

“Such a smooth talker,” I said, letting the blushes overtake me.

“How do you like to be touched?” he asked, his voice soft, his fingers lightly brushing against the base of my tail. “May I kiss you there?”

I drew away from kissing his shoulder, startled.

“Turn over,” he said. “Let me admire you.”

I frowned.

“Turn over. Now.”

The authority in his voice startled me over again, and I rolled over meekly. “You're turning rather bossy these days,” I said, trying to keep my tone light-hearted.

“And you are surprisingly well-behaved,” he said, moving to lay his lips on the back of my neck. “Where is my take-charge darling?”

“Breathless to see what this bossy man is going to do next,” I shot over my shoulder.

His answering chuckle sounded in my ear as his hand slid down my back, one finger either side of my spine, to my tail. His hand curled around it about halfway down, fingers lightly caressing the underside.

I stiffened, shocks of arousal shooting through me, my dick hardening. “Oh hells and hellbeasts,” I said. “Love, this... *oh*...”

He pushed up my shirt, kissed slowly down my back, his fingers drawing whorls that coiled and spiralled torturously upwards. Every movement sent tingles through me, but the way he touched my tail electrified me, desire spreading through me in a demanding wave. “What?” he murmured, his lips at the base of my spine, stilling. “Is this alright?”

“Alright?” I gasped. “You ridiculous man, I'm about to explode.”

“That's a yes, then?” he asked, laughter in his voice.

“Of course it's a yes,” I said, my voice strained, desperate for his fingers to keep up the beguiling rhythm, for his lips to reach more sensitive places. “Wyll...”

“Enough teasing?”

I breathed hard, and he took pity on me, lowering his lips to my tail just as his fingers moved up a small amount, and fireworks went off within me, a wild eruption of explosions and shocks of pure pleasure. I shook in his grasp, part of me mortified to be reaching orgasm so quickly, with so little ceremony, a much larger part simply thrilled by the euphoria surging through me.

I cried out, my voice loud in the otherwise quiet camp, over and over, as the surges of pleasure kept on going, as Wyll’s lips and tongue moved over one side of my tail, his fingers on the other, until he slid a wet finger into my arsehole as I screamed in pleasure, utterly lost to propriety. Not that Wyll stopped to reprimand me, a throaty chuckle his only response.

“Oh, by the hells,” I whispered, collapsing onto my belly on his bedroll.

“I see what you meant,” he said, his voice amused, his body fitting back against my side, lips moving to my shoulder. “You liked that?”

I gritted my teeth, need flooding me while the aftershocks of the orgasm still lingered, making my muscles twitch in reaction. “I want your dick,” I said abruptly. “Now. Fuck me.”

“Already?”

“Desperately. If... you want to, obviously.”

He pushed himself against my hip, the hardness jutting into my flesh, leaving no doubt in my mind as to his willingness.

I gasped. “Fuck. Wyll. That. By all the hells.”

He stood up, cool air flowing in against my side where he’d been lying, emphasising his absence.

I squirmed, impatient, knowing he had preparations to make, my body caring not a thing for such excuses. It just wanted to be serviced – and *now*.

After what felt like an age, he knelt beside me. “You still want this?” he asked, a hand lightly sliding down my back. At my fevered nod, he pulled down my trousers, kissing my tail, as I quivered beneath him. His mind touched mine, tentatively offering a connection as his dick slid over me, slick and ridged.

In my desperation, I pulled him into my head as I wanted him in my arse. I let him feel the sensations and the hunger pulsing through me, consuming me, ravenous now for him.

“Hells,” he said roughly and shoved into me, my hunger and passion overwhelming him. “Traive, you feel... oh by Grazzt’s cock.”

I urged him on with mind and body, inside and out, pushing back against him with every stroke, encouraging him to go faster, harder, as the desire surged and sparked between us. As

the pleasure and pressure built, our cries grew louder, until we were shouting our orgasms to the skies, both of us jerking with the strength of the heady urges driving us.

I could feel Wyll's pleasure spilling out within me, feel the bliss spreading through him, too, as a similar sensation spread through me, making him cry out again as we shared every last drop of the cup of euphoria we drank.

“Traive, all the gods in their heavens could not... fuck... rival that,” he said, his voice hoarse, going limp on top of me.

“Mmm. It was adequate,” I said, turning my head to grin at him, still breathing hard from our exertions.

“Adequate? *Adequate?* You brat!”

I giggled as he slid off me to the side and pulled me into his arms. “In seriousness, love, that felt wonderful,” I said, wrapping an arm around him, lips seeking his, relaxing into feeling his mouth on mine, ignoring the anxiety curling within me.

“Hmm,” he said, eventually drawing away. “I’ve never felt such a passion, a thirst, for lovemaking. I understand now why you were hesitant. That was... strong. Insistent.”

“I’m sorry. I should have had more self-control. Pulling you into my desires like that... it wasn’t right.”

Wyll frowned. “Wait. What? I initiated our connection, did I not?”

“But I knew better,” I said, shame twisting through me.

“Wait,” Wyll said, pulling away to sit up. He grabbed my hand as I started to shrink in on myself. “You gave me every warning I needed. I walked into that with my eyes wide open. Well, one of them.” He grinned, but the humour bypassed me entirely in the moment. “You told me your passions would be aflame, and... well. I wanted to find out what it was like.”

“You’re not upset?”

“What the *hells* gave you that impression? *Who* gave you that impression?”

I let my brow furrow as I tried to work my way through the conversation. “I...”

“You have a bad habit of assuming you’ve done something wrong,” he said, squeezing my hand. “I’m sorry if I contributed to it, darling. But that... that was wonderful. You did nothing wrong. In fact, I was worried *I* should have stayed in control better. In case I hurt you.”

“Oh.”

“Although,” he said with a sly grin, “I think we might owe the rest of our group an apology in the morning.”

Memories of screaming our passion to the skies returned to me. “Oh. By all the hells,” I said, laughing, feeling my cheeks warm. “Oh, no.”

Wyll kissed my hand, lips lingering on my fingers. “So,” he said. “Now that we’ve fucked so very satisfyingly... would you like to dance?”

“Bloody hells, Wyll. Is there only one thing on your mind?”

He shrugged. “I’m insatiable.”

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