

The Elf and the Werewolf



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An Erotic Interlude

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It's About Time

I cannot imagine a sexier thing. Arnbjorn standing in front of me, naked and out of breath. Still covered in the blood of our enemies.

He is still half-animal. His body has changed back but the feral desire is radiating off of him in heavy waves. I drink it in—let my eyes wander across his powerful shoulders and sinewy chest. Down to his half-hard cock, already an impressive sight.

And getting bigger.

He doesn't say anything. Just looks at me and waits. The animal's way of asking permission.

I drop my dagger and start tearing at the leather laces of my breastplate with one hand. Ripping off my mask with the other and letting my sweaty black hair fall down around me.

He takes a step forward.

"You're sure?" he asks. His voice is hoarse and deep.

I pull my armor free—exposing my breasts to the cool air of the grotto. Feel my nipples harden and my pussy dampen.

"Don't be an idiot," I say. "Of course I'm sure."

Then he is on me. Lifting me up in his powerful arms and pressing his mouth to my neck. I feel a shudder down my spine and he moves to one of my nipples—sucking hard and then biting down gently, just enough to send a tingling wave of pleasure through my body.

"Mmmm," I sigh. "That's good."

We crash to the wooden floor. Me on top of him. His hands are all over me. Running through my hair and down my back. Squeezing my ass and shucking off my leather pants. I press my lips onto his and slide my tongue into his mouth—he has the metallic taste of blood and fury.

I can't get enough.

I move down, kissing his chest and then his stomach. I take his cock in one hand, stroke it a few times. It's thick and hard—so big I can barely get my fingers around it.

Then I put it in my mouth, sliding the length all the way down my throat. He groans with pleasure and puts a hand on the back of my head. He twists my hair into his fingers as I bob up and down slowly, running my tongue along the bottom of his cock.

After a while he pulls me off and pushes me onto my back. Spreads my legs apart with his powerful hands. Puts his face between my legs.

I shudder.

His tongue is everywhere. Lapping at my clit and then inside of me. Deep inside.

I moan and arch my back, digging into his head with my nails and sighing.

I come for the first time when he starts sucking on my clit and puts two fingers inside of me. Just as my pleasure starts to subside I feel his tongue move down and press against my ass.

It's soft and warm and strange.

"Oh," I whisper as I get used to it. "Oh, that's good..."

I rub my own clit while he licks me and come again, it's longer and sweeter than the first time.

He stops and leans back on his legs. Licks his lips and looks at me.

"What are you doing?" I gasp. "Don't stop."

I roll over onto all fours and stick my ass up in the air.

Words aren't necessary. It's pretty clear what I want.

I feel both of his hands on my shoulders, and then his cock going into my pussy. I'm so wet that he slides in easily. Waves of pleasure radiate through my pussy as he fills me. He puts it all the way inside, so deep I can hardly believe it, and then I feel his mouth on my ear.

"You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," he whispers.

Then he starts to fuck me. Slow at first, moving in and out in long strokes. Each one hammers pleasure through me. I feel my toes curl up and my muscles tense and I start coming on his cock again. Moaning and sighing and screaming for more.

He starts to go harder, faster. He grips me tight as he slams into me, one hand tangling into my hair and pulling just hard enough to arch my neck and back.

“That’s it, that’s right,” I whisper between sighs of pleasure. “Take me.”

His breathing mounts and he fucks me harder and harder.

It seems to go on forever. Feral and wild.

Eventually I feel his hands tense around me. Then he pushes his cock all the way inside and wraps his arms around me while he starts to come.

I feel his warm seed fill me deep inside. I shudder with one last, delicate orgasm.

I move forward so he drops out of me and then twist around to face him. Pull his face towards him and kiss him violently. We’re both covered in blood and sweat and the sweet smell of our own sex. I breathe it in and try to hold on to the moment. Hold on to the perfect way that it feels.

“It’s about time,” I whisper into his ear.

On the Edge of the Pine Forest

Narova squeezed down hard on the earth while she came, rocking her hips back and forth over Arnbjorn.

He was below her, sighing and running his hands along her back. Guiding her hips and looking into her eyes—smiling his crooked, weather-worn smile.

It was early morning and they were fucking on the forest floor. The scent of pine was everywhere and the sun was sneaking between the canopy, warming Narova's back as she moved. Up and down, back and forth. Arnbjorn's cock felt amazing inside of her—big and thick and hot.

His breathing grew fast and he shut his eyes. Close. So, close. Narova bucked up and down a few more times and then buried his entire cock inside of her as he came, filling her with his seed and squeezing down on her ass with both hands.

Narova slumped over on top of him, letting her hair drape across his face. For a few minutes there wasn't any noise except for the chatting birds and both of their breaths slowly returning to normal.

They'd been traveling for five days—taking their time with the carriage packed to the brim with Moon Sugar.

Taking their time with each other, too.

Arnbjorn had fucked like an animal for the first two days—still half-wild and full of fury after changing into The Beast. Narova had liked it, but she liked the way he fucked once the human regained power much more. Gentle and slow and deliberate—as if her skin was electric and burning.

But now they were on the edge of the Pine Forest, within a day's ride of the Falkreath Sanctuary. Neither of them had mentioned Astrid or the others or what the fuck they were going to do when they got back.

Narova didn't much want to, either.

Plus, she wasn't going back to the Sanctuary with the chests. Not quite yet.

Narova slid off of Arnbjorn and waded waded-deep into a small spring near their camp. She felt the Nord's eyes on her as she scooped up a few handfuls of water and splashed them on her neck and face. The water was ice-cold and refreshing.

She knew he was looking at her back—which was all mangled and butchered and covered in scars.

“Tell me,” he said, his voice still hoarse. “Were you hoping I would ask about all those scars, or hoping I wouldn’t.”

Narova thought it over. Splashed her face one more time.

“A bit of both, I guess. And somehow you managed to do neither.” She turned around and flicked a few drops of water in his direction. They fell short and sunk into the forest floor.

He met her eyes for a few moments and then sighed. “We’ll be home today,” he said. Arnbjorn wasn’t a deceptive person—too wild for the twisty ways of his Dark Brothers—but Narova couldn’t tell what he was feeling. Or thinking.

Doesn’t matter much either way, does it? You’ve got your own problems, the last thing you need is to get bogged down in his, too.

“Not me, I have a stop to make,” she said, turning away from his eyes and pulling on her leather pants.

“Oh?”

“To the West,” Narova motioned with her head to the road leading on to Markarth. “Call it a loose end.”

Arnbjorn was silent for a moment. “And you were figuring...what? You’d just wave to me at the crossroads and we’d go our separate ways?”

Narova pulled on her breastplate and grunted as she yanked the leather straps tight. “I figured just cause you put your cock in me doesn’t mean you get to put your nose in the rest of my business.”

“Hm. Fair enough I guess.”

More silence.

“I’d go with you, if you asked me to,” he said.

Where? To Markarth, or beyond that? Beyond all of this?

“Turns out I didn’t ask,” Narova said flatly.

She didn't want to leave Arnbjorn, but she didn't want to see him kiss Astrid and hold her in his arms when they returned, either. Didn't want to smell him in the hallways and not be able have him.

And even if all of that wasn't true, she needed to go to Markarth alone.

Arnbjorn rose from the ground and pulled on his own pants. Started gathering a few bits of wood for a fire. The man ate an unbelievable amount of food, and she knew he was preparing to eat his weight in salmon. He uncorked a bottle of mead, took a long drink, and offered it up to Narova.

She didn't move.

"I'll let Astrid know you did well, and that you'll be along later," he said, keeping the bottle out for her. "But you need do something for me."

"I'm not gonna lick your asshole if that's what you're after. That's your thing, I never asked for it."

He smiled. "But you like it."

She shrugged. "What do you want?"

"I want you to tell me who you were. Where you came from. How you got here."

Narova frowned. She didn't like those kinds of questions. Fucking him was one thing. Sharing secrets and sad stories was quite another. But, she figured Arnbjorn had earned a little more than her cold shoulder.

She stepped forward and took the bottle of mead. Drained half of it down her throat and swallowed.

"I'm from Vallenwood."

When she didn't elaborate, Arnbjorn snatched the bottle from her. "You and every other wood-elf. Not good enough."

Narova sighed. "I was a hunter. Mostly out of Falinesti, to the west, where the trees and the game are the most wild. For a long time, that was all I was."

Arnbjorn offered up the mead again, slowly. "And?"

"Things happen," she said, looking off towards Markarth. "You can't take them back. So why talk about it?" She looked back at Arnbjorn and frowned again. "I need one of the horses. And some food."

Arnbjorn gave her a hard look and then waved a resigned hand towards the carriage and the horses. "I won't stop you," he said.

He focused on cooking the fish while she packed and prepared the horse. He ignored her until she swung herself up on the saddle and moved the horse a few steps back towards the road.

"You are coming back, aren't you?" he asked. She turned around but he was looking at the fire. Prodding one of the fish gently.

"If I'm not dead, I'll come back." She prodded her horse forward a few more steps. Then stopped again. "I promise."

Arnbjorn didn't say anything else, so she kicked her horse into a gallop towards Markarth.

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