

Rowan floated in a vast nothingness, just like most of his dreams have become: darkness and sound, and sometimes flashes of distorted memories of what things looked like from back when he could see. This started like any other regular dream, but it became very clear that it wasn't, when a deep velvety voice started speaking to him, urging him to come and face his destiny. Rowan could feel clawed hands ghosting across his skin, and faint breath on his ear, as the voice alternated between mocking him for his weakness, promising him power untold and eternal love, and begging him to end the suffering. And then he'd wake up, confused and frankly more than a little flustered. This was the case this time as Rowan shot up gasping in the bed, causing Tiernan to stir and grumble next to him. Rowan ran a hand through his damp hair, trying to calm his breath, and wondered just what Red Eagle wanted with him as he was getting increasingly mixed signals right now. Did Red Eagle want to fight? Fuck? Die? Some kind of an ancient Reach courtship combination of the first two? Rowan heard Tiernan sit up next to him, and a hand was on his back, rubbing it gently.

"Is everything alright?"

"No! Yes! I don't know... Red Eagle keeps talking to me in my dreams and I can't tell if he's trying to taunt or seduce me."

"But also he beat the shit out of you and your friends the last time you entered his tomb."

Tiernan scooted closer in the bed to wrap his arms around Rowan. Rowan nodded.

"He did. Which is why those dream visits are so strange. What does he want from me?"

"I don't know if things have changed that much since Red Eagle's time but that is surely not how one wins someone's affections."

"He got the pretty deep voice right, at least...That seems to always work on me."

Tiernan pressed a gentle kiss to Rowan's temple, then his breath was on Rowan's ear.

"Is that so?.." He purred, his already deep voice dropping even lower, sending pleasing shivers down Rowan's back. Rowan did have a weakness for nice voices, especially deep rich ones like Tiernan's. A weakness Tiernan was very much willing to exploit for mutual pleasure. He nibbled on the tiny point Rowan's ear had, drawing a whimper from him.

"Do you want me to chase your dreams away?" Tiernan rumbled. The sound of his voice alone was enough to make Rowan melt.

"Yes, please do..." He breathed, lowering himself back onto the bed. He wanted Tiernan on top of him, touching and kissing him, like in the old times. And then clawed hands were all over him again, this time gentle and real and familiar, stripping him of what little he wore to bed, and then wandering over his skin, stopping at unfamiliar new scars on his hips before moving on to rest on his chest, on the sides of the open wound with that held his briar. Tiernan stopped then, just staring. Rowan's poor scarred briar that held his gentle soul. Rowan found one of Tiernan's

hands, and moved it to rest over the wound, covering it with his own and smiling up at him. Trusting him with his very heart.

"You can touch it if you want." He paused, drawing a shaky breath. "In fact, I want you to."

Tiernan hesitated before gently, carefully placing his fingers over the briar, tracing the healing scales. They'd be smaller when they regrew, the healer had said. Still, Tiernan could tell that Rowan was doing much better now, he had more life in him and didn't tire so easily. Pride and love swelled within Tiernan, and he leaned in and placed a soft tender kiss onto the briar, feeling Rowan shudder underneath him, almost arching into the kiss. He sat up then, to gaze at his lover again. Rowan looked even more flustered than before, eyes almost closed and lips parted in a small smile.

"By the old gods, you're so beautiful..." Tiernan breathed, leaning in to kiss him again, on the lips this time. Rowan kissed him back hungrily, nibbling on his lower lip, grabbing fistfuls of his thick silky hair. Tiernan shifted, trailing kisses down Rowan's neck, drawing little whimpers and moans from him, then moved on to his collarbones, and then down to his chest, gently kissing his briar once more. By that time, Rowan was undone, writhing and panting under him, his strange dream seemingly forgotten.

"I need you." Rowan pleaded. His mind was addled with want, most of the blood gone down to fuel probably the most aching arousal he had experienced in a while. "Please, Tiernan, I need you..."

"I can see that." Tiernan growled, his glowing eyes traveling Rowan's body, and Rowan could swear he could hear the smirk in his voice. Tiernan enjoyed hearing Rowan beg, but he chose to relent quickly tonight, opening the nightstand and grabbing a bottle from it.

"Do you want me inside?"

It took Rowan a few moments to form a coherent response.

"As much as I want to, maybe not tonight," he paused, panting and trying to chase away memories of Tiernan pinning him to a trunk of a briar tree and plowing him so hard and well he had trouble walking afterwards. "I haven't been on the receiving end in a long time. And I want to be able to walk in the morning."

That much was true, Tiernan wasn't the most gentle of lovers, and right now Rowan needed a gentle touch. Which Tiernan was determined to provide. He set the oil aside, an idea forming in his head.

"Let me worship you some more then..." He growled, and Rowan squirmed in anticipation as he felt the bed shift under Tiernan's weight. Tiernan's lips were on his chest again, trailing down his

stomach and leaving kisses on his scarred hips, until he felt a warm tongue flick across the overly sensitive tip teasingly, making him buck his hips and cry out. Tiernan narrowly avoided getting a face full of dick, not that he minded much. Tiernan placed a hand on Rowan's stomach, keeping him still as he went down on him. One of Rowan's hands found its way into Tiernan's hair again, grabbing and pulling on it as Tiernan moved up and down.

Rowan didn't last long, the sensation of Tiernan's teeth dragging lightly along his length did him in. Rowan shuddered and cried out, pleasure coursing through his body, he clawed at the furs and at Tiernan's hair, holding him down in a vice grip as his hips thrust erratically, spilling into Tiernan's mouth. Tiernan swallowed all of it, revelling in Rowan's moans and the pleasure he was able to bring him. Tiernan forgot how loud Rowan could be, and just hoped that the muffle enchantments held up. The hand that held his head down untangled itself from Tiernan's hair, falling to the side, and Tiernan sat up to catch his breath. Rowan was draped over the bed dramatically, one arm covering his eyes, so Tiernan could only see the bottom half of his face and the dazed happy smile.

Tiernan stretched out next to him, hand resting over the briar. After a while of catching his breath, Rowan turned onto his side, facing Tiernan. He reached out and cupped the side of Tiernan's face, running his fingers through the soft beard.

"Thank you." Rowan finally caught his breath enough to speak.

"Anything for you, love." Tiernan purred, nuzzling into his hand. Rowan cuddled up to him and drifted off to sleep, peaceful for once.