

# Keeping Warm

By C. Jade Wyton

*During a cold winter's night, Blathe and one of his companions lay together to try and keep warm.... And their closeness of bodies becomes a temptation they cannot resist.*

***Contains explicit sexual content.***

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It was a cold, winter's night. Clouds hung in the sky overhead, hiding the stars and making the night seem even darker than it usually did.

The campfire had burnt out hours ago, and its dark ashes were speckled with tiny white flecks of snow blown on the wind; not enough to blanket the damp ground, but just enough to bite skin as it fell into place on exposed faces and hands.

Blathe was wrapped tight in his coat, trying to conserve what little warmth he could without his tent— Half the party's supplies (and almost half the party) had been lost while trying to cross a not-so-frozen river earlier that day, and amongst those things had been their sleeping gear, and their dinner.

They hadn't managed to make it to town before dark, and instead had to set up with what little they could. Cras had been kind enough to share his personal rations; meaning that, while everyone still went to bed *hungry*, nobody went to bed *starving*.

Blathe sniffed, wiping the cold from his face as he heard gentle snores from around him. Kzaskza was especially loud, tonight— But Blathe could still hear one, tiny sound over the leonin's rumbles.

'Dorn?' he whispered, rolling over so he could peer at the lizardfolk by the burnt-out fire. He could barely make her out in the night; just a faint shadow curled in upon itself for warmth. 'Dorndaroth, are you alright?'

'I-I-I'm s-s-s-so c-c-cold!' was the reply.

Blathe immediately unwrapped himself from his jacket and hurried to her side.

She'd been given the only blanket they'd managed to save from the lost kit— But even then, it clearly wasn't enough to keep the chill air from stinging at her scales as she shivered and shook from head to toe.

Blathe threw his coat over her and, when she still trembled, quickly slipped under the blanket with her, running his hand up and down her ice-cold arms to help generate some heat.

She pressed against him, her teeth chattering as she tried to pull his warmth into herself, and buried her face into the top of his head.

She still shivered. No matter how much Blathe tried to warm her; the bite of the cold still sliced through to her.

She wrapped a leg around him in her effort to hold him as close as possible, and Blathe felt himself blushing as their hips met and her skirt was pulled up at

an angle.

He wondered if he should say something. But then she pressed tighter against him, her arms wrapping around him to hug him like a hot water bottle, and he realised there was no longer a need to tell Dorndaroth what exactly she had pressed herself against: as it had just decided to make it very, *very* clear on its own.

There was a catch in Dorndaroth's breathing as she froze and looked down at him.

'*Sorry,*' Blathe whispered.

For a moment, Dorndaroth just stared. Then, she glanced around; the grip her legs had around the man tightening as she gently shifted against him.

'*I-If we're qu-quiet...*' she began, trailing off.

'*Quiet,*' Blathe echoed, Dorndaroth's words sinking in as he met her eye. Slowly, he let his hand run down her body until it rested at her hip. He didn't say anything else as another moment hung between them.

Then, everything suddenly felt *very* fast.

Dorndaroth's snout pressed tight against his lips and she let out a pant as Blathe's hips bucked against her.

He undid his belt, the quiet *click* of it hidden by a snore of their sleeping companions, and silently adjusted himself as Dorndaroth hiked up her skirt another inch and shifted her underclothes to the side.

They tried to be as quiet as possible; though he felt Dorndaroth whimpering through their kisses as he thrust himself into her.

*Gods, it had been far too long since he'd laid a woman!*

He practically flipped his companion over as he rolled on top of her in his enthusiasm.

'*N-Not so deep!*' Dorndaroth panted into his ear, her voice barely a breath as he shifted to accommodate her.

'*Sorry,*' he whispered as she wrapped her legs back around him. He went to mumble something else, but her lips pressed back against his and he didn't bother; instead letting his urges take him over.

He almost moaned, but held it back as he heard Krok give a sleepy sniff. And then he saw Dorndaroth hold her breath as Kzaska snorted and took in a loud snore and rolled over.

A grin making its way to his face, Blathe gave a very firm thrust that made her squeak out her breath.

And in return she gave him an embarrassed look that begged him to do it again.

And again.

And again.

She covered her mouth as Blathe's rhythmic grunts pressed into the curve of her neck, and several heavy moan-like pants escaped her.

Blathe grabbed Dorndaroth's legs and hefted them up; almost folding her in half as he tried to find a better angle.

Then a boot hit him in the side of the head and he fell sideways off Dorndaroth in surprise as Beth's annoyed voice snapped at the pair:

'Oh my gods will you two stop *moaning* I am *trying* to *sleep!* If you're going to

do that at *least* leave the damn campsite first!

Dorndaroth gave a nervous grimace. 'I... I th-thought y-you were asl-asl-asleep—'

'Well you thought *wrong*,' Beth snapped in reply. 'You're both *disgusting*.'

'Sorry,' was all Blathe could manage as he fixed his pants and hurriedly rejoined Dorndaroth under the blanket. 'We uh.... We got carried away.'

'No shit!'

Beth's annoyed scoff was followed by Twan's humoured snort as the dwarf sat up and made a playfully rude gesture.

'Aw, come on! It's not like there's anything else to keep us all entertained!'

Blathe and Dorndaroth both blushed; curling up together and sheepishly clearing their throats.

Then, Cras spoke up; 'I wasn't going to say anything,' he mumbled into his pillow. 'But I could hear you, too. *Please* don't do that again.'

Blathe wanted to sink into the earth and never return to the surface world, as Twan laughed and Beth flopped back over and grumbled herself to sleep.

Dorndaroth lay with him for a long, long moment, before giving a nervous chuckle. 'Well... uh... th-that really *did* warm me u-up, so.... Th-Thanks? I g-guess?'

'Uh... yeah,' Blathe mumbled as she snuggled down and curled into the curve of his arm. 'You're... welcome?'

—END—

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