Line Please

by RaeDMagdon

Summary

In an effort to be a better lover to Hawke, Merrill hides Isabela in the wardrobe to give her some verbal coaching. (Merrill/Hawke voyeur!Isabela)

Notes

I found this old file on my hard drive and decided to finish it up. I wrote about half of it years ago as a prompt for someone else, and thought it was worth reviving. Happy Inquisition Release Day, everyone! Please forgive any mistakes... I was pressed for time. Gotta go play more!

"Isabela, are you sure this is a good idea?" Merrill asked, wringing her hands.

"A good idea?" A sly grin curled across Isabela's face, and she laughed, leaning casually against the side of the wardrobe. "You're joking, aren't you? This is the best idea I've had in a long time!"

Merrill was not nearly so confident. She paced back and forth beside the bed, too nervous to enjoy the pleasant texture of the carpet on her bare feet. The hand wringing continued. "But the lessons didn't work! If I can't repeat what you say at The Hanged Man after a mug of ale, how am I supposed to do it here? Or anywhere? And she'll probably be naked – don't be silly, Merrill, of course she'll be naked – and I always get tongue-tied when she's naked, and why does this have to be so difficult? And–"

Isabela pushed herself off the wardrobe and pressed a finger over her lips. "Shhh..." She leaned in, and Merrill shuddered as warm breath caressed the side of her ear. A firm hand cupped possessively around her hip, drawing her even closer. "You talk too much. Shut up, get on your
knees, and put that mouth to better use, you naughty little knife-eared slut. It would be a crime to let such a sweet tongue go to waste, even if Hawke isn't here." Just as suddenly, Isabela pulled away, leaving her slightly dazed. "There, see? Not so hard."

It took several seconds for Merrill's glassy eyes to clear. Her face was burning, and she knew without even looking that she must be blushing redder than a freshly picked apple. "By the Dread Wolf, Isabela! You're horrible! I don't even like those words, but for a moment there... How do you do that?" She frowned, her posture slumping as she stared at her feet. "I could never do that..."

Isabela grinned. "Have a little faith, kitten. if not in yourself, then at least in me. Our other companions may have their uses, but when it comes to sex, I'm the only one that knows what they're doing."

Merrill's eyes darted nervously toward the wardrobe. Even though she and Isabela had come up with the plan together, she was already starting to have her doubts. "D'you think Hawke will be mad at me for hiding you in the wardrobe? I've never really seen her mad at me before... except for the time I swung on the chandelier and sent it crashing down to the first floor, and the time when she had to bribe the Viscount's guards to let me keep those flowers I picked, and the time you and I--"

Isabela shook her head. "She won't be mad, because she isn't going to find out. She'll be too distracted by all of the lines I'm feeding you to do anything but spread her legs, toss her head back, and beg for more."

Merrill rubbed awkwardly at the back of her neck. "Oh, I hope she doesn't crack her skull on the headboard. I do that a lot. I suppose that's because I'm still not used to having a headboard. Or a bed, really. And Isabela, are you sure this will work? Because I..."

"Shhh!" This time, Isabela's hush was urgent instead of seductive. "I think I hear that dog of hers barking." Both of them listened more intently and shared a single terrified, excited glance. "That's my cue. Good luck! The blindfold is on the nightstand next to the wrist restraints."

Merrill's eyes widened. "Wait... blindfold? Wrist restraints? Isabela!"

"I like the way you say 'restraints', Merrill. Have I ever told you that your accent is incredibly sexy? Anyway, Hawke has to be blindfolded. Otherwise, she'll see you talking to a wardrobe and think you're crazy... if she doesn't already."

"But I'm not sure about--"

Hawke's voice drifted up from the stairwell before she could finish. "Merrill? I'm home! Are you in the bedroom?"

Merrill squeaked in surprise and shoved Isabela toward the wardrobe, turning to call back over her shoulder. "Yes, vhen'ara. Ma nuvenin ar."

Isabela threw off her grip and opened the door, sliding one foot inside. "Why do you need my help again? I'm not sure what you just said, but it sounded sexy enough to me."

"Maybe the first part, but the second bit was just 'I need you to come here.'" Suddenly realizing what she had just said, Merrill gave Isabela another shove. "She's coming here! Get in, lethallan!"

Isabela managed to slip into the wardrobe and close the door again just in time. Merrill whisked around, but before she could speak, she was swept off her feet and into Hawke's arms. Warm lips caught hers, and she nearly forgot that they were not alone as she sighed into the insistent kiss. If
Isabela's words could steal her breath, Hawke's kisses could drown her. At last, Hawke pulled back, and she had to draw in several shaking gasps before she could summon her words again. "Welcome home, ma vhenan. I missed you."

Hawke grinned. "Hmm, I can tell," she purred, and Merrill shuddered at the low pitch of her voice. It was a voice she was very familiar with, and it always meant good things. "Were you thinking about me while I was out with Varric, Anders, and Aveline? I wanted to take Isabela instead of Anders, but I couldn't find her anywhere. Do you know where she might have gone? I never know with her..."

Her eyes darted over toward the wardrobe before she could stop herself. There was a slight crack in the door, and she reached up to cup Hawke's cheek. Although she had only meant to block her lover's view, she couldn't resist stroking the smooth skin there. "I – I'm sure she's around somewhere," she stammered, "but let's not talk about her right now. There are other things that need your attention."

Hawke pulled back, and for a moment, Merrill feared that she and Isabela had been found out. But instead of heading to the wardrobe, Hawke sat on the edge of the bed and began pulling off her boots. "Oh? Like what?"

Desperately, Merrill searched her mind, running through some of the things Isabela had tried to teach her at The Hanged Man. Unfortunately, she lost her train of thought when Hawke removed her jacket. The cut of her undershirt put the broad muscles of her shoulders on even more prominent display, and the nervous knot in Merrill's stomach began to loosen as it was replaced with a deep, throbbing ache. She was still embarrassed – terrified, really – but she could not deny that she wanted to please Hawke. And if she needed Isabela's help to make that happen...

"Ma vhenan, there are – there are some things I want to try."

Hawke paused and looked up at her. "Oh? What sorts of things?"

"Sex things," Merrill blurted out. Her blush grew worse, but Hawke only laughed. "Sex things, is it? Well, how can I say no to that? I'm all yours for the next few hours." A disgruntled sigh came from inside the wardrobe, and Merrill's eyes shot open. Obviously, Isabela was not looking forward to being cramped in a small, dark space for that long. She cleared her throat to try and cover the noise, and Hawke gave her a strange look. "Is something wrong, Merrill? You don't have to be nervous, you know. It's only me."

Merrill bit her lip, unsure whether Hawke's words made her want to laugh or confess everything. "I didn't – oh! Oh, it's nothing. I'm just..." She took a steadying breath and added as much steel to her voice as she could. "Will you promise to do everything I ask for a little while?"

Hawke rested her elbows on her knees. "Of course I will."

Trying not to seem too obvious, Merrill leaned against the wardrobe, doing her best to imitate Isabela's earlier pose. She had no idea what to do next, but fortunately, Isabela began whispering through the crack in the door. "Tell her to strip for you, and make it an order. One piece of clothing at a time. Start with her shirt."

Merrill swallowed, studying Hawke's face intently, but she gave no sign that she had heard. Apparently, what the Dalish said about humans was true – they really couldn't hear anything. She let out a small sigh of relief, and the twisting ache in her stomach shifted into a deep, powerful throb much lower down. As enjoyable as the sight of Hawke in her undershirt was, she couldn't deny that she wanted to see everything that it was covering. "You're wearing too many clothes,"
she said, her confidence renewed by Isabela's encouragement. "Take off your shirt for me. I want to see–"

"–those gorgeous tits of yours, because later, I'm going to–"

"– all of the soft, warm skin I'm going to touch," Merrill said instead, too embarrassed to follow Isabela's instructions exactly. A few moments later, she forgot Isabela was there entirely as she watched Hawke drag her shirt over her head. She was able to keep silent as the muscles of Hawke's stomach came into view, but as soon as the edge of the shirt rose above her breasts, a needy whimper slipped out from between her lips. She did her best to recover, giving Hawke a heated look as she nodded her head in approval.

"Now the pants," Isabela whispered. "Or, wait, does she still have her smallclothes on? Balls, I can't see..."

Merrill wanted to turn and scold Isabela through the wardrobe door, but Hawke was still watching her, waiting for further instructions. "Your pants, too, ma vhenan." Hawke obediently began unfastening her pants, and for a moment, Merrill's eyes glazed over as she recalled all the things those powerful thigh muscles could do. "You have such strong legs..."

"That's good, a compliment! Tell her you want to spread them apart and push inside of her while her knee is hooked around your waist..."

"I can't –" Merrill began to say in response to Isabela, but Hawke's stare stopped her. "I can't wait to feel them wrapped around my hips... when I'm pushing inside of you." The last few words were difficult to get out, but she managed somehow, hoping that she hadn't completely butchered it. Somehow, dirty things always sounded better when Isabela was saying them.

"Oh, really? Then why don't you come over here and show me?" Hawke asked, leaning back on her elbows and putting her breasts on more prominent display. Her short, dark hair was a rumpled mess, and with her lopsided grin, Merrill was hard pressed to keep from hurrying over to the bed and kneeling between her legs as she had done so many times before.

"Not yet," Isabela hissed through the crack. "Make her wait for it. Keep talking."

I don't know what to say! Merrill thought desperately. Hopefully, Isabela would continue reading her mind.

"Don't panic. Just repeat everything I tell you, kitten. Say: not yet."

"Not yet."

"You still haven't taken off your pants."

"You still haven't taken off your pants."

"If you can't be obedient, I might have to punish you."

Merrill's heart nearly pounded out of her chest. She couldn't say something like that... Could she? It wasn't really that dirty. There were no naughty words. But if she threatened Hawke, she would have to go through with it, and she wasn't certain of her ability to deliver on the promise. "If you can't be obedient, I might have to punish you."

"Not much of a punishment if I want it, Merrill," Hawke teased, but she unbuttoned her pants and wriggled out of them, letting them pool on the floor.
"Oh, I'm sure you want it," Merrill said, surprising herself with her own boldness. Isabela made an approving sound from inside the wardrobe, and Hawke's brow furrowed.

"What was that? Is the dog in here?"

"No!" Merrill said. "I mean… I'm sure he's downstairs." She searched through her mind, trying to recall the 'lessons' Isabela had given her at The Hanged Man, but came up blank. Then, she remembered the props Isabela had mentioned. Her words might have deserted her, but she still had a few tools at her disposal. "Hold still," she ordered, relieved when her voice didn't shake as she strode over to the bed and picked up the blindfold Isabela had left for her.

Hawke's surprised expression melted into another sweet, indulgent smile as soon as she held it up, and for a moment, Merrill felt guilty for her deception. She reminded herself that this was for Hawke's benefit as she tied the black cloth around her eyes and pushed her firmly onto the mattress. "Good. Now raise your hands above your head and lie back with your wrists crossed."

Butterflies erupted in her stomach when Hawke obeyed. Apparently, giving orders was far easier than coming up with creative, naughty things to say. She reached for the cord on the nightstand and wound it around Hawke's wrists, tying the ends and slipping a finger beneath to make sure there was enough room. "There you are. Not too tight?"

Hawke began testing the bonds, but they remained in place. "No. You've always been good with knots. I'm impressed, but not surprised."

Merrill allowed herself a moment of pride. "I've picked up a few things here and there," she said cheerfully as she admired her handiwork. Suddenly, seeing Hawke stretched out on the bed, naked and vulnerable, brought home the fact that she still had no clue what to do next. The responsibility for their pleasure was entirely on her shoulders, and it was somewhat disconcerting. Normally, Hawke was the one who took control and made sure both of them were satisfied. She had never realized how much effort it took before.

"Psst," Isabela hissed from inside the wardrobe.

The sound made Merrill jump and whirl around, but fortunately, Hawke couldn't see her. At least, she hoped not. "Is that blindfold on properly?" she asked, trying to hide her nervousness.

"Mmhmm. I can't see anything," Hawke said. "You're such a tease. I'm lying here on the bed, all trussed up, and you still haven't touched me. It's not fair."

Sure that this was a violation of their adopted roles, Merrill stepped back toward the wardrobe. "What do I do now?"

"Tell her off, of course. Don't let her get away with that attitude. She's being playful, trying to get you to relax, but you want her to submit. Say: I decide when to touch you, so you had better learn your place, or I won't fuck you at all."

"I decide when to touch you, so you had better learn your place, or..." Merrill paused, her eyes darting nervously between the wardrobe and Hawke, who was still sprawled out across the bed. The strain in her muscular arms was beautiful as they remained stretched above her head, and the flat muscles along her stomach were tense with anticipation. She gathered every ounce of courage she could and finally managed, "Or I won't fuck you at all."

Merrill could not conceal her shock when she managed to say 'fuck' without stammering over it. Normally, she tripped over the first consonant and ended with a sheepish smile – on the two whole occasions that she'd used the word at all. She was rewarded for her efforts when Hawke
squirmed on top of the sheets, her hips rocking up to meet the empty air. She felt another flash of pride as well as a heavy pulse between her legs.

"She liked that. Quick, I need something else to say," she muttered into the crack of the wardrobe, hurriedly stripping out of her clothes at the same time. Hawke was waiting patiently on the bed, but she knew that her lover wouldn't stay complacent for long, even with the blindfold.

"Give me an action," Isabela whispered.

"A what?" She kicked off her leggings, nearly tripping over herself in her hurry.

"An action. A sexual action, or at least a body part... a position... something..."

"I – I don't know..." Merrill grasped frantically for an idea. "Her mouth. On me. Using it," she stuttered. "I mean –"

"Good enough." There was some brief rustling behind the doors. "Tell her to put her dirty shemlen whore tongue to work and lick you. She'll like that."

"El'garnan! What? I – I can't..."

Hawke sat up, reaching to remove the blindfold. "Merrill, are you sure you're all right? Is something wrong?"

"No!" Merrill said. "I'm fine. Don't take the blindfold off!"

"Yes," Isabela murmured, "now tell her to –"

"Be quiet!"

Hawke frowned. "But I didn't say anything."

"Be quiet," Merrill repeated, actually addressing her words to Hawke this time. "Because I haven't given you permission to speak yet."

"Ooh," Isabela crooned. "That's good. Tell her to get back in the position you left her in, and then say just what I told you."

Merrill left the wardrobe and walked back to the bed on shaking legs, trying to ignore the rapid pounding of her heart. She took a deep breath. "Lie back," she said, using her hand to press down on the center of Hawke's naked chest. She tweaked a nipple, smiling when Hawke shuddered beneath her. "You're going to put your talented tongue to work for me." It wasn't quite what Isabela had told her to say, but it was close enough. Gathering the rest of her courage, she climbed onto the mattress, ignoring the dip and swinging one leg over Hawke's torso.

"Talented, eh?" Hawke asked, forgetting her order to stay silent. "Scoot up here, then, so you and my tongue can get better acquainted."

Merrill hesitated for just a moment. She and Hawke had never been in this position before – not while she was on top, at least. Part of her was a little insecure, but she forced those thoughts to the back of her mind. Before she could move, however, she heard the faintest creak coming from the wardrobe. It was a good thing that Hawke was distracted and the bed was making a few groans and squeaks as well, because Isabela peeked her head out from behind the partially open door, and Merrill had to bite down hard on the inside of her cheek to keep from gasping in surprise.

'Get back!' she mouthed, gesturing frantically at the wardrobe and trying to shove Isabela back in
with sheer force of will. The pirate crossed her arms over her breasts and shook her head, motioning for Merrill to continue. Unfortunately, she didn't have many options. She could continue what she was doing and accept Isabela's unorthodox style of coaching while Hawke was blindfolded, or protest aloud and alert her lover to the embarrassing situation. Merrill looked back down at Hawke and noticed the way her Champion was twitching with anticipation. It would be rude, she thought, to leave Hawke like that. Aching, wanting, her desire unfulfilled… And she had been the one to ask Isabela here, after all...

Merrill lowered herself just below Hawke's breasts, making sure that she felt the warmth of her thighs and the wet heat between them. She cast another frantic, pleading glance at Isabela, and the pirate mouthed a word at her, exaggerating the motion of her lips. Merrill frowned, her thoughts and feelings too scattered to make sense of it even as she squinted with concentration. After a few failed tries, Isabela rolled her eyes and clasped her hands together as if in prayer, plastering an exaggerated pleading look on her face. The pantomiming helped, and the moment Merrill figured it out, she felt the edge of desire cut deep into her belly.

"Beg for it first," she said, blurting out the words slightly faster and louder than she had intended. "What?" Hawke asked. She seemed a little surprised, but she didn't sound opposed to the idea, however.

"I –" Merrill looked at Isabela again, who stuck out her tongue between the 'v' of her fingers and then adopted the begging hands again. "I won't let you lick me until you've begged me for it," she said, hoping that she didn't sound too ridiculous.

Obviously, Hawke didn't think so, because Merrill could feel her hips arch behind her. "Maker, Merrill... Yes, I want to lick you. Feel you slide against my tongue, spilling over my mouth and chin... Please, let me?"

For a moment, Merrill was jealous. Why did such salacious words come so easily to Hawke when they were so difficult for her? But then her brain actually sorted out what Hawke had said, and she felt an insistent tug between her legs. She couldn't refuse an offer like that.

"Since you asked so nicely," she murmured, scooting up until her knees were on either side of Hawke's head. Trying to ignore the fact that Isabela was waving her on from the other side of the room, she lowered her hips until she felt the first touch of Hawke's warm tongue. It sent sparks shooting beneath her skin, and the low throb ripped open into a shuddering surge of desire. For a moment, everything else disappeared – the wardrobe, the room, even Isabela – everything except for Hawke's lips as they sealed around the point of her clit and started to suck.

Eventually, she was dragged back into reality by the needs of her body. The soft heat pulling at her, painting circles over her, was simply too much to bear. Her inner muscles rippled with each stroke, and it felt like a flood was already pouring from her and dripping over Hawke's chin. Her face flushed with embarrassment, and she turned to give Isabela a pleading look, valiantly trying to ignore Hawke's eager attention. She realized that she needed to say something, do something, come up with some kind of encouraging response for Hawke, but her mind was blank.

Isabela rolled her eyes and held out both hands, bringing them in front of her pelvis and pretending to push, as though she were guiding an invisible head. Merrill took the hint and threaded her fingers through Hawke's hair, gripping the back of her neck. She gasped as Hawke's tongue moved lower, trying to cover every inch of her at once.

She shot Isabela another cautious glance, and was surprised to see her hand wandering toward her belt. She wasn't entirely sure why Isabela wore a belt in the first place, since she seemed to consistently reject the concept of pants, but it was too late to question it now. Isabela must have
seen her confused look, because she snatched her hands away and gave her a sheepish grin, mouthing an insincere ‘Sorry, habit,’ as she shrugged her shoulders.

But then Hawke began pulling at her again, folding her in the tight, heated velvet of her mouth, and Merrill couldn't find it in her to worry about Isabela anymore. A groan rumbled in her chest, and the pressure she had felt before doubled. Something was starting to swell within her, familiar and terrifying at the same time, and she could barely breathe as it filled her to the brim and threatened to spill over.

Isabela began mouthing at her, offering more suggestions, but she couldn't make them out. She was too near the edge. Instead, she summoned the only words she could. "Oh – oh, Hawke, make me come…” At least it was something like a command, she thought in the split second before her body surrendered. That had to count for something.

Her clit twitched in the seal of Hawke's lips, and she shouted as her entire body seized up and shivered. The rest came a moment later, a rush of heat that she couldn't stop even as Hawke's tongue kept lashing over her and Isabela's eyes burned into her. All she could do was clutch desperately at the back of Hawke's head and let it happen, unable to stop the frantic rocking of her hips.

The next thing she knew, Hawke's tongue was inside her, thrusting lazily through the aftershocks as her grip finally went slack. She groaned and clutched the headboard, sagging forward to hide her face. Every inch of her was still tingling, and as good as Hawke's attention felt, it suddenly seemed like too much. She swung her leg over, gasping a little when she saw how wet the lower half of Hawke's face was. "You're beautiful, covered like that," she blurted out before she could think better of it.

Another noise of approval came from behind her, and she cast a surprised glance over her shoulder. She had swung wildly between being hyperaware of Isabela's presence and forgetting she was there, but suddenly, the full implication of what her friend had witnessed punched her straight through the gut. This had not been part of the plan, but she couldn't deny that there was something... appealing... about it.

She did not have time to dwell on it long. Isabela leaned against the wardrobe again and nodded her head, eyebrows raised expectantly to meet the edge of her bandana. Merrill suddenly realized that her lover was still shifting beneath her, tense and unsatisfied. She quickly checked to make sure Hawke's blindfold was still in place before sliding back down along her body, trailing her mouth across the curve of her throat.

To her surprise, words began slipping out in between each frantic, open-mouthed kiss. "How..." Kiss. "Do you..." Kiss. "Want me..." Another kiss, followed by the briefest hesitation. But then she remembered how much Hawke had seemed to like it earlier when she followed Isabella's advice, and she murmured the last few words into her warm neck. "To fuck you?"

Hawke's chest hitched beneath her. "Don't care. Just do it. Please?"

That please was enough. Merrill didn't have the heart to really draw it out. She slid her palm down along Hawke's shivering stomach and gasped at the wetness she found. Hawke's clit was already swollen past its hood, firm and slick against her fingers. She rubbed over it in fast circles, keeping her face buried in Hawke's shoulder because she was too embarrassed to meet Isabela's dark eyes. "To fuck you?"

When Hawke's hips lifted into her hand, she slipped inside, unable to resist. It only took a few thrusts. The clinging heat around her fingers began shivering, and Hawke stiffened beneath her, arching and thrashing as she tugged at the bindings around her wrists. Merrill felt herself clench in sympathy, and this time, she did find enough courage to glance at Isabela. The pirate winked and
gave her a thumbs-up, grinning with approval.

All too soon, it was over. Hawke went limp and let out a low sigh, tilting her chin up and seeking out her lips for a kiss. Merrill gladly returned it, slipping her tongue into Hawke's mouth for a brief taste before her burning lungs forced her to pull away. She tried to pull back her fingers, but Hawke groaned and flung one knee around her hip, urging to her to stay. It was a familiar request, although usually one she made instead of the other way around. The words that followed, however, made her squeak in surprise. "You can come out of the wardrobe now, Isabela."

"Too late. I came out as soon as she put on the blindfold."

Merrill's face burned as she rolled away from Hawke and reached for the covers. Her nakedness had been embarrassing enough before, but now, it was simply too much. "How did you know?" she asked, searching Hawke's face for any traces of anger. She was relieved to find none, and when Hawke pulled the blindfold away from her eyes, they were bright and cheerful.

Isabela laughed. "Kitten, you didn't really think Hawke wouldn't notice you talking to a wardrobe, did you? Of course she figured it out. I knew she would."

Merrill stared at her in shock. Her mouth moved, but no sound came out.

"Oh, don't be upset," Hawke teased, folding an arm around her shoulder, "We didn't plan it in advance or anything, but once I knew you'd smuggled her in there, well…" She grinned. "I didn't want to ruin your fun."

"And fun it was," Isabela purred. "Although next time, I'd prefer the bed to the wardrobe." Merrill tucked her face into Hawke's shoulder and refused to meet her eyes. Part of her wanted to disappear beneath the sheets and never return, but her lips remained pulled in a smile anyway. "I think I'll leave you to it then. Good job, kitten. You did better than I thought you would for your first time. I'll see you later, Hawke." And with that, she was gone, swaying out the door and blowing a kiss goodbye over her shoulder.

Hawke and Merrill looked at each other, and then at the partially open door, which was still swinging slightly on its hinges. Both of them burst out laughing at the same time. They fell backwards onto the mattress, clutching their bare stomachs and squeezing tears from their eyes. It took them several minutes to catch their breath.

"She wasn't supposed to come out, you know," Merrill said in between gasping giggles. "I just needed to borrow her words…"

"And so you had her hide in the wardrobe?" Hawke laughed and took a few more deep breaths before steadying her voice. "You didn't need her, you know. Your own words would have been just fine, Merrill."

"I just wanted it to be exciting for you," Merrill admitted. "Sometimes I worry that I'm not, you know, experienced enough."

Hawke's smile was equal parts reassurance and love. "You're more than enough, ma vhenan." Merrill smiled at the term of endearment, badly-accented though it was. She appreciated the thought. "Hmm. So now that our, um, audience is gone, do you have any ideas of your own that you'd like to share?"

"Plenty," Merrill said, bubbling over with excitement again. She bounced slightly on her knees, moving the mattress up and down as she positioned herself between Hawke's legs. "Although I think I would like to take a break from talking and do something else with my mouth for a while."
Hawke sighed and leaned back on the mattress. "That sounds like a wonderful idea."

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The End

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