

The issue had started in the midst of a fight, seconds flying by faster than Talmage could keep up with them. There was a sharp pain and then blood, and he grasped at his arm where an arrow had sliced open the skin. It was a reflex and he sharply breathed in and grabbed a few components out of his bag, his mind racing as he weighed his next few options.

Suddenly in a rush of movement with an enormous sword in hand was Bishop. He leaned down and pressed a hand without a word to the injury. Immediately there was warmth from where Bishop's large hand was against him, covering most of Talmage's upper arm. He could feel the skin start to knit back together seamlessly under the big man's palm, and instantly he felt a feeling wash over him of protection, finding that he was leaning into the touch. There was something about it that was soft and made him want to give in to whatever it was that was flowing through him, and he wished he could feel that comfort encompassing all of him. It was over before Talmage realized it and Bishop had moved to support Talmage who had slumped further towards his healer.

"Are you alright?" the concern was thick and kind in Bishop's voice, teeth slightly poking out of his mouth as he spared the moment to frown down at Talmage's smaller form.

"Of course I fucking am," came the immediate response but his brain was chanting over and over, *Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck WHAT WAS THAT*. He turned back to the fight and dismissed the entire thing, just a weird complication of blood loss clearly. With a toss of his head he found an opening to land a blow back at the bastards who had hurt him in the first place and took his chance.

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Now the first time had to have been a fluke. Blood loss, right? So when he injured his hand helping Rocco with preparing dinner there really was no reason for him to feel any different when Bishop walked over to fix the cut. It wasn't that deep of a slice, he had mishandled one of the knives while peeling and burned with embarrassment. Mostly at his clumsy attempt and at the sharp prodding comment from Luci across the way who had most certainly seen it all happen.

"Fuck off," he yelled at Luci, prickling as Bishop took his hand without a word. And then, *oh...* He was thankful the flush across his face had already been preceded by embarrassment because Talmage slowly realized the warmth of Bishop's magic was also accompanied by a softness. Gods what the fuck? This was something the pink tiefling had not taken note of in the heat of battle, but it was so faint it could have been almost imperceptible at that time, but now it was glaringly obvious. Perhaps it was because Bishop was only using a little bit of his magic? Hm...

Bishop pulled his hand away and just like last time the injury had been healed perfectly. Talmage instinctively caught his previously injured hand with the other and pulled them close to his chest. He was staring at Bishop because he realized that his hand was...still warm.

“Talmage you really should be more careful!” Thank fucking gods for Rocco. Talmage turned quickly and picked the knife up from off the ground. He had dropped it after cutting himself. As he stood back up he met Raja’s slightly smug look and something about that was altogether so aggravating. He glared at her and then tore off with the excuse that he needed to go wash his hands at least since dinner was basically done anyway, and avoided looking at Bishop the entire time until he was sure he was out of view.

Crouching by the small stream Talmage pressed his hand against his chest, the warmth had nearly faded by now and his mind was racing. Ok...so, this was just a thing. That’s right. A little side effect of healing, just like with any medicine! That was the logical way to think about this. He dissected each part of what Bishop had done from what he remembered: there was touch, there had to be words, and then there was the glow. The next step was just to ask him how it was done. Perhaps he could write them on his own arm and the follow through would happen easily. Just like the Guidance spell. Determined in his newfound thoughts he collected himself, washed up and headed back.

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Of course Bishop had to be the one to intervene on Talmage’s studies of curing his own wounds. Of fucking course. Because his fucking life couldn’t go smoothly for once?

The time in the bookstore had proved enlightening and there was no fucking way Talmage was going to devote himself to a deity. Ok. More like, it was just...there had to be a work around. He had laid out all of his calligrapher’s tools just so in front of him on a small mat and picked up one of the pens, gritting his teeth. As the point of the pen pressed into his skin the pain was excruciating and he whimpered as quietly as he could.

He scrawled the words just so, Calendoran script jagged against his pink and inflamed skin. He was mumbling the incantation under his breath and holding his hand over the bleeding words carved into his skin, pressing down and feeling blood and pain with the motion. This was nothing like when Bishop had done it. Maybe he had said the words wrong or missed a character in the lettering? He picked up his pen and started again.

He hadn’t noticed when Bishop had woken up. The pen was sternly wrenched from his grasp and the big man’s hands were on his cut up arm, blood and ink mixing in an unpleasant and unsanitary manner as the Calendoran words started to glow.

“Wha--what are you doing,” Talmage stuttered, and Bishop, understanding the strangeness of the entire situation made an unsure sound. Talmage continued, “Sorry, am I being too-”

“I was trying to stop you from-” as soon as the words left Bishop’s mouth Talmage shrunk away from him. Responding that he just wanted to know how to heal like Bishop did! There was no harm in trying and Talmage, frustrated, had the thought to continue despite Bishop’s words. He could just find a more secluded place to try again later.

“Stop cutting your arm,” the words fell like a stone. Stop. He tried to explain himself again to Bishop but the golden man just laid his hands over Talmage’s wound again. The words continued to glow and after speaking Talmage felt that same warmth wash over him again. He *shivered*. There was more to it this time, and the warmth crept up the length of his arm. It stopped at a point and Talmage had to wonder if Bishop had a level of control over it to make it go further up. *Or down*, he found himself adding absentmindedly. It had been soft and felt like this was a space to be in despite having just been scolded not moments before. He wanted to get closer to Bishop, to feel more of his warmth and glow but suddenly he was very aware of the room. Raja was staring, Luci had shoved his head underneath a pillow and Rocco was looking concerned from the other side of Luci.

He excused himself to bed but even when he ended up having to share a bed with Raja he couldn’t stop thinking about the magic leaping across his skin. Which lead to thoughts about the wielder of said magic and then more importantly about possibly what more Bishop could do with it to him. He buried his head against his pillow just at the time Raja turned in her sleep, knocking into his head with her horns and he cursed. The only thing he was thankful for was the darkness as he excused himself, embarrassed and frustrated to the bathroom.

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Since Bishop had told him to stop he soon discovered it was actually *impossible* to try what he was doing again. Every time he tried to find a way there was a harshness that prevented his limbs from completing the action. Not one to give up he had tried to find a workaround to that. However, it was very unfortunate for Talmage because all it really ended up doing was make him look like a clumsy fool. It took some time but eventually the perpetrator in question managed to catch Talmage in one of these “accidents” and pulled him aside so they could speak privately. From there he spoke plainly.

“Talmage, why do you keep doing this?” the exasperation was clear in Bishop’s voice and Talmage, sighing, considered his words carefully. They had already had the fucking sphynx conversation by this point and god if he wasn’t still absolutely aggravated by that entire fucking happenstance.

“Look we’ve had this fucking discussion before, I just want to be able to heal myself in case anything happens. That’s all,” they had argued about this already and Talmage was in no mood to cause a scene about it again.

Bishop frowned again, and carefully spoke, “But I don’t want you injuring yourself.”

Talmage thought for a moment and then it came to him, “Ok.” He grabbed Bishop’s hands in his own to start, the action making Bishop’s face change to confusion and Talmage realize yet again how short he was compared to the other man. “As a compromise why don’t you just...show me? Say the words and if I have a feeling for it maybe then I’ll understand better how to do it like you do.” It was a very good halfway point in Talmage’s opinion and for Bishop considering the alternatives this wasn’t a bad idea.

“Alright.” Confirmation never felt so sweet.

“Perfect, so do your healing thing.”

“What, right now?” Bishop blinked and Talmage, huffing, confirmed it again in a sharper tone. Well, he supposed Talmage had just run into something and probably did have bruises he could fix? Bishop could help with that. He had watched Talmage run “accidentally” into the corner of a table, and very poorly at that. Talmage had discovered that in order to injure himself anymore to practice the spell he had to put himself in these weird accidents. It required preparation and Bishop was glad he could stop the behavior with this compromise the more he thought about it. Talmage let go of Bishop’s hands then and turned around, presenting his back to the blond. The tiefling thought himself clever in this way. It was better if he didn’t have to look at Bishop, then he could focus more on the magic.

Bishop moved his hand to press against Talmage’s waist where he assumed a small bruise was and stepped behind him, close enough to provide support. Hearing the man behind him now speaking the familiar words into the air, Talmage hyper fixated on the feeling this time. It was warm and relaxing. That was clear, and it appeared to loosen and wash over him, but this time he was well aware of Bishop’s hand. He moved closer to the feeling, and Bishop in his intention to help brought his other hand up to catch the other side of Talmage. He stopped the flow of magic out of concern for the smaller man since it looked like he was about to fall over. Talmage on the other hand, snapped, “Don’t *stop* Bishop.” He hadn’t nearly gotten the feeling nailed down yet.

Bishop cleared his throat, suddenly unsure but Talmage seemed fine? Perhaps he just wasn’t used to it and that’s what it was. He spoke a few words and the familiar heat came back. It was around this time that Talmage had started to get a little bossy, “Can you move your hands? Just anywhere,” it was absent and the tone came out much more lilted than Talmage had intended but, he needed to know. Bishop, for all of this and wanting to help Talmage,

obliged and brushed his hands upwards, guiding them slowly until they settled just under the tiefling's arms. It was a very short motion but he figured it was safe enough.

The tiefling felt every movement under the large man's hands and in focusing on how soft and smooth the motion was. This was intoxicating, like being drunk but he felt airy and light. He pressed his back into Bishop and the large man was like a wall of support behind him and now that he was flush against him he started to get it. Oh. Oh...this was... Aw fuck.

It wasn't like Talmage didn't know what it was like to have another man's hands on him, but this was purely for learning the spell... It was becoming a little clearer though that the feeling of Bishop's fingers brushing his chest was definitely causing a much different heat elsewhere to start. He was suddenly glad he had decided to face away from the blond man, and he could ignore the ache that was starting to form in his lower half. And it was true he couldn't stop thinking about the magic, how it felt on his skin and seemed to sink into him.

"*Mmh*," the sound came out before Talmage could catch it as the large man's fingers brushed his clothed nipple by accident, warm and sharp and pleasurable. And Bishop, idiot Bishop, relaxed his fingers, moving his hands away, but the shorter man managed to catch one in his own. "It's fine, don't worry. I think I'm just starting to get the idea of it..." He made the suggestion, placing Bishop's hand back over his chest. "And," he added, perhaps a bit too manipulative, "You *do* want to help me out, right?"

Having Talmage under his hands was nice to say the least. And he was certain there was a little bit of a line here, somewhere, but he *did* want to help the smaller man. The sound certainly had embarrassed him, but getting the direction from Talmage made it easier. He sighed, his breath ruffling Talmage's hair as his fingers, still warm with radiant magic caressed over the tiefling's chest, and he felt the tiefling stifle a sound, leaning back into him. It wasn't hard to cover Talmage's chest or body at all, and experimentally slipped his hands under Talmage's shirt and then under his crop top, fingers grasping at both of his nipples. He gave them a gentle tweak and Talmage gasped, rocking his hips back into Bishop who flushed darkly.

The magic was addicting and tingled over his skin. The attention that was being played to his upper half was very satisfying, but Talmage found himself growing more and more impatient. Hoping to speed the process along a little he angled his hips back, grinding back up against the large man behind him with more intent. He could tell that Bishop was certainly interested. Talmage could feel something hard behind him and it was something he took advantage of. There was a low rumble behind him, something almost similar to a purr.

But gods was he moving so slow. Too slow that it was almost teasing at this point and Talmage's hands moved up to grasp at Bishops, shivering as soon as contact was made as his hands started to feel the radiance creeping up and into them. "Fuck, yes," he hissed, his head falling back against Bishop's chest.

"Is this- are you sure," Bishop's voice came out cracked with concern and heat.

"Yes I'm fucking sure," his voice terse in trying to be patient but also just wanting Bishop's hands all over him and shoved the large man's hand down to his crotch, "Just- fuckin' touch me ahead-*ahhh*," he let out a moan at the contact the final word drawn out, but it wasn't *enough*. Bishop seemed to take the hint at this point and palmed him through his clothes but Talmage wanted contact. Thankfully Bishop had had enough sense to pull them aside somewhere and secluded that Talmage didn't mind shoving his pants down, breaking contact enough to finally realize the skin on skin feeling that he craved. He needed that feeling everywhere, and was prepared to aggressively take it.

Bishop, his face now fully darkened by the act, followed Talmage's lead. He wanted to take care of him in these moments and his hand encompassed all of the small tiefling's dick, still glowing white and brilliant. He wasn't sure how it felt for Talmage, but pouring that familiar glow of healing into the other's seemed to really be affecting him.

*Aedith, Adrith, some other god, the fucking nine hells, whatever else holy FUCK,* Talmage's vision blurred at the feeling as he was sure the last part of that was a loud curse to which Bishop halted his movements slightly. Talmage cursed himself and hushed his voice. He was so achingly hard in Bishop's hand as the large man stroked him. He was nearing the edge, he could feel it but he wasn't ready to be done yet.

His hands reached for Bishop, for once actually grateful the bigger man chose to wear little to no fucking clothes. It was easy to push things aside and get at what he wanted. Bishop himself seemed a little surprised, having been in control up until this moment. "Holy fuck," Talmage said as his hand barely closed around the other man's length. He was fucking huge. I mean, he should have expected that, Bishop was fucking enormous as it was, but damn. And then he had a thought and knelt. His mouth moved forward, he knew exactly what he wanted and that was to make this larger man fall apart, his lips rested briefly against the tip before he was pulled off.

"What," he growled and glared at Bishop, whose hands then came up to rest in his hair and it felt like the floor was giving out a little, oh god that feeling was making him heady. "I'm not going to fucking bite you, asshole."

"I know-" the comment came out tense, "I just know I'm- well-" He was struggling for words, "I don't want you to hurt yourself." His meaning made Talmage's eyes narrow again.

"I can fucking handle it, Bishop," and as if to prove a point pushed forward again, tongue flicking out and tasting salt. The blond shivered and Talmage brought a hand up to steady himself, grasping Bishop by the base and stroked, adjusting his knees to get at the right angle. Taking the other's dick into his mouth was, a challenge to say the least, but there was no fucking

way Talmage was going to back down after he had just declared he could. His teeth did scrape against him but Bishop didn't seem to mind all that much.

Instead he felt the grip on his head tighten in his hair which urged Talmage to try and push further forward. A little too much and he choked slightly, pulling off for a moment. Bishop, concerned, tried to ask if he was ok and Talmage retorted, "I'm *fine*, just let me do this." He inched forward again but this time he felt Bishop's warm hands lower on his face. He was bent over at his point, and the warmth eased any stretching he felt this time.

Testing this theory Talmage took him further, the ache easing into a dullness with the magic, mixing into a fever. That was when he started to move, taking him in long but deliberate motions, sucking him off as he felt Bishop shudder and shake above him. He was damn good at this.

It was when Talmage made a heavy lidded glance upwards that he was taken a little aback at what he saw. Bishop was so holy in that moment, a man of radiance and the way the power in his hands wavered when he saw Talmage looking at him was enough to get drunk off of. Especially with all of that magic literally going to his head. Talmage was aching at this point and reached a hand down to grasp at himself, stroking with a need as he pushed himself further than his body normally would have been able to take. Accepting the fraction of pain and the immediate relief of being healed through it in a dizzying heat.

It was when Bishop began to thrust forward the pain became more than expected, the healing wavered as the blond's focus drifted in and out as he fucked the smaller man's mouth. Talmage moaned in pain and exhilaration. *Fuck* that was good. The white hot pain and pleasure mixed in a way Talmage had not expected and he craved release. He felt Bishop's now claw-like grasp in his hair, Bishop's almost primal growl of reaching that edge and *pulling*. It was then that Talmage found it as well, not even recognizing the taste in his mouth as he pulled away, dizzy and filthy.

Even wavering on his feet, Bishop caught him from falling forward and steadied him. Still a caring presence as he knelt beside Talmage who was still shaking through his orgasm and soon found himself clutching at the other man. With a wave of his hand and a few more Calendoran words the stickiness lifted and Bishop helped Talmage to his feet. The pink tiefling was flushed but altogether satisfied as he allowed himself to lean again into the warm man's stomach. Bishop in turn, seeing this vulnerability and feeling comfortable couldn't fight down the rumble in his chest as he let them stay close for a little longer.