

Second Mistake

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20545307) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20545307>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	The Arcana (Visual Novel)
Relationship:	Asra/Julian Devorak
Characters:	Asra (The Arcana) , Julian Devorak
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , PWP , Rough Sex , Dom/sub Undertones , Hair-pulling , Choking , Power Dynamics , Everything is consensual , Pre-Canon , The first time they hook up after THE scene
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-06 Words: 4,181 Chapters: 1/1

Second Mistake

by [DeathBelle](#)

Summary

The first time between them had been an accident. Asra hadn't meant for it to happen, and he told Julian it wouldn't happen again.

But when Julian shows up at the shop in the early hours of the morning, desperate and vulnerable, Asra can't turn him away.

Asra gripped Julian's jaw and pushed his face to the side. He leaned close, pushing up onto his toes, and exhaled in Julian's ear. "Down on your knees."

Last time, the force of Asra's spell had put Julian in that position. This time his words were enough.

Julian sank down, his knees hitting the floor so hard that they would surely bruise. He stared up at Asra with wide eyes and flushed cheeks, his breath already coming more quickly. He was desperate, and didn't even try to hide it.

"Well?" said Asra. "This is what you want, isn't it? I'm waiting."

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Asra knew, that at some point in his past, he'd gotten a decent night's sleep. It had just been so long ago that he couldn't remember what it felt like.

The candles had burned low, flickering at the ends of the wicks. Shadows danced so thickly on the pages of the gilded book he'd sneaked out of the palace library that he could barely even see the words. That didn't much matter, though. This book was just like all of the others. There was nothing relevant or helpful. It was a waste, just like everything else he did was a waste.

He sat back and stretched, and he'd been slumped over the book for so long that his spine crackled like a stoked fire. Faust was curled up at the end of the table near a pair of candles, wrapped around herself, sleeping peacefully. Rather than waking her, he flicked a hand at the candles and the flames fizzled out, creating a gentle darkness. The moon still bled through the windows, giving Asra enough light to guide him up the stairs. He didn't need it. He could have navigated the shop with his eyes closed.

Sleeping would have been the best course of action, considering the late hour. He was exhausted, but that had become his usual state of existence. He was always tired, always restless, no matter how he appeared on the outside. Everyone at the palace thought he was lax, carefree. They thought he wasn't taking anything seriously.

They could think what they wanted. Asra had never minded when others underestimated him.

He sat by the window and stared out at the moonlit street below. It was empty, and all the center city windows were dark. He looked on as the world slept, and felt like he wasn't a part of it.

There was a sound from downstairs, a quiet thud that could have been wind against the shutters, or the shifting of the wooden floors. It could have been, but it wasn't. Asra knew it wasn't.

Still, he didn't move. He remained there, with his elbows on the windowsill, as a cloud drifted by to cover the moon. Shadows pressed in, and though the approach was silent, Asra felt it. He felt the footsteps tiptoeing up the stairs, felt the tight, careful breaths as they drew nearer. Even if he hadn't known who was creeping up his stairs, he wouldn't have been worried. He'd layered protective spells over the shop. Anyone who wished him ill will wouldn't have made it inside.

But he did know. He knew, and it gave him a different sort of problem.

The presence came closer, making its way directly to Asra's room. It paused in the doorway, looking in at him.

Asra didn't look back. He flicked his wrist and the candles around the room flared to life, earning a low, startled sound from the intruder.

“What are you doing, Ilya?” said Asra, still staring out the window. It was easier than looking at him.

Julian didn’t immediately answer. He was struggling for an excuse. Even without turning around, Asra knew he’d gone red.

“I, umm... I was just passing by,” Julian finally said. “I was already here so I thought I’d just... stop.”

“You were just passing by,” repeated Asra. “At three in the morning.”

“I... couldn’t sleep.”

That was unsurprising. Asra had a difficult time sleeping, but Julian was perpetually awake. “Why does that give you a reason to break into my shop?”

“I didn’t break in. The door was unlocked.”

“No, it wasn’t.”

“It was *almost* unlocked. I just had to help it along a bit.”

“Ilya.”

“I don’t know.” Julian threw his hands up in the air. Asra’s back was still turned, but he pictured it clearly. “I was just checking in, I suppose. To see if you were awake.”

“Why would I be awake at this hour?”

“I don’t know, Asra. Why *are* you awake?”

Asra exhaled. His breath left a fog across the window. He turned slowly in his chair, sitting back to face Julian. He was still in Asra’s doorway, his arms folded across his chest, mouth twisted into a half-pout.

Asra chose not to answer that question. It would lead to too many more. “So I’m awake. What now?”

Julian glanced to the side, away from Asra. He didn’t answer.

“You came here for a reason, hoping I’d still be up,” said Asra. “What was it? What were you looking for?”

Julian continued watching the floor, his jaw working as he gnawed at the inside of his cheek. “Nothing. Like I said, I was just passing by, I didn’t-”

“*Ilya* .”

Julian raised his head, almost flinching as he met Asra’s eyes.

“I told you.” Asra spoke quietly, but that didn’t soften the force of the words. “I told you it was the last time. The *only* time. I told you I can’t give you anything else.”

“I know that.” Julian averted his stare again. “That’s not why I’m here. I was just-”

“Don’t lie to me.” It was almost a whisper, but it left Julian silent.

Asra rose, slowly, and crossed the room on bare feet. The wooden floor had been worn smooth over the years. He glided across it as he approached Julian, stopping just in front of him, trying to scald him with the heat of his stare.

“You must really hate yourself,” said Asra, “if this is where you want to be.”

Julian winced, seemed to shrink.

“Look at me,” said Asra.

He did so, with tangible reluctance.

“I told you I wouldn’t do this again,” said Asra.

“I know.”

“Then what are you doing here? I said *look at me* .”

Julian forced himself to do so, eyes darting off to the side before snapping back to Asra. “I just... I thought maybe one more time-”

“I already said-”

“I know what you said, okay?” Julian said it in a rush. “I remember it quite clearly. I know what you said, and I know you’ll make me leave, but I just... I don’t know what else to do, Asra. I can’t sleep, and I can’t think, and everything is just...” He pushed his hands through his hair, tipping his head back to stare up at the ceiling. “I’m a mess. Everything I do is wrong. I’m not making any progress, Lucio is getting more impatient, and I don’t know what to do. This won’t fix anything. I know that, but... That one night, the last time I was here... I didn’t have to think about that. I didn’t have to think about anything. I just...” His hands slipped out of his hair and fell to his sides. He looked like a man defeated. “I shouldn’t be here.”

“No, you shouldn’t.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll leave, I-” He started to turn away, but Asra reached out and seized a handful of his shirt, holding him there. Julian blinked, startled, but didn’t resist.

“You look for every reason to feel sorry for yourself,” said Asra. “This is just one more to add to the list.”

Julian said nothing. He was looking down at the floor again, a flush of shame burning across his face.

Asra reached past him and pulled the bedroom door shut. Before Julian could react, Asra shoved him against it, gripping his shirt more tightly and pinning him in place. Julian closed his eyes as his back hit the door, and the breath that huffed through his lips sounded like relief.

Julian had been right about one thing. He was a mess, the worst mess that Asra had ever seen.

But he'd also been right about the last time they'd been here like this. He said he didn't have to think, that he didn't *want* to think.

Asra thought that maybe he didn't want to think, either.

Asra gripped Julian's jaw and pushed his face to the side. He leaned close, pushing up onto his toes, and exhaled in Julian's ear. "Down on your knees."

Last time, the force of Asra's spell had put Julian in that position. This time his words were enough.

Julian sank down, his knees hitting the floor so hard that they would surely bruise. He stared up at Asra with wide eyes and flushed cheeks, his breath already coming more quickly. He was desperate, and didn't even try to hide it.

"Well?" said Asra. "This is what you want, isn't it? I'm waiting."

That was all the prompting that Julian needed. He fumbled with Asra's pants, clumsy in his eagerness. He loosened them, pulled them down past Asra's hips, and looked up at him, as if seeking permission. Asra raised his eyebrows, just slightly, and that seemed to be enough.

Julian dragged Asra's pants down further, spread long fingers into a solid grip on his bare thighs, and leaned in to take Asra into his mouth.

The sudden heat was like a punch to the gut. Asra braced a hand against the door at Julian's back, huffing a low breath as Julian's tongue worked at him. Julian went slowly, a little uncertain, almost as if he expected Asra to push him away.

Asra threaded a hand through thick hair and yanked, forcing Julian's head back, staring down at him through narrowed eyes. "You can do better than that."

Julian made a low, broken sound that was almost a moan. His eyes were wide, a little hazy. When Asra released him, he darted close and swallowed Asra's cock, making a small, choking noise when it hit the back of his throat.

Asra fisted his hand in Julian's hair and held him there, Julian's nails scratching against his thighs as he struggled to breathe. Asra waited until Julian choked again, until there were tears beading in the corners of his eyes, before he let go.

Julian reeled back and gasped in a breath, looking up at Asra with a dribble of saliva leaking from the corner of his mouth. His eyes were wet, but there was fresh heat there, raw *need*.

Asra gripped Julian's chin, used a thumb to wipe the spit away, and tucked it into Julian's mouth. Julian sucked it clean, his teeth grazing Asra's skin as he pulled away.

"Still not good enough," said Asra. "Try again."

Julian bit his lip as he leaned in again, hands sliding around to cup the backs of Asra's thighs. He took Asra's cock all the way to the base, his tongue easing the slide. He pulled off slowly, cheeks hollowing, and then sucked him down again. Asra watched him, felt himself swell harder in Julian's mouth, felt a curl of arousal deep in his gut.

He shouldn't have enjoyed this. There was something wrong about it, something morally questionable that he should have shied away from.

Maybe that was the reason he enjoyed it.

Julian pushed too far and choked again, and the spasm of his throat gave Asra a dangerous jolt. He yanked Julian off by his hair and pressed his bare foot between Julian's legs, stepping down just enough to feel the solid heat straining against dark pants. Julian arched against him, a low whine in his throat.

Asra pressed harder, just to make Julian gasp, before moving back. He stepped out of the pants that had fallen to bunch around his ankles, smiling to himself as Julian's hips bucked against empty air.

"Get up," said Asra, as he unbuttoned his own shirt. "Take your clothes off."

"Right," said Julian, as he stumbled to his feet. He blinked as if he was in a daze, and if Asra hadn't known better, he would've thought Julian was drunk. "Whatever you say. I can help you with yours, if you'd like."

Asra shrugged his shirt off and let it fall to the floor. "I think I've got it."

Julian bit his lip and grappled with his own clothes, fumbling at the buttons. When he finally clawed his shirt open, Asra saw that his chest was just as flushed as his face.

Asra sat on the edge of his bed, leaning back on his palms, watching Julian struggle. "Looks like you're the one who needs help."

"I've got it," said Julian. His face was even redder now, with embarrassment layered over lust. He pulled at his pants so hard that the button popped off and went skittering across the floor. He either didn't notice or didn't care. He stripped down to nothing, leaving his clothes in a crumpled pile. He gravitated toward Asra, drawn in like a magnet, and sank down to his knees again. He reached out, but Asra moved away, sliding back until he reached the spread of pillows at the headboard. Julian followed him, crawling onto the bed, slinking closer on his hands and knees. He stretched out flat, his head between Asra's thighs, breath warm against the underside of Asra's cock. He dragged his tongue along the length of it, peering up at Asra as he reached the tip.

“While you’re doing that,” said Asra, “I suggest you do this, as well.” He stretched over to reach the table by his bed. He placed a round jar by his knee and lounged back again, his hands behind his head. “When I decide to take you, I’ll take you. Whether you’re ready or not.”

Julian pressed his forehead against Asra’s thigh, and the muffled state of his moan suggested he was biting hard on his lip. When he emerged, it was with that dazed, hazy look in his eyes. He swallowed Asra’s cock, nose nestling against the pale hair at the base. He felt his way to the jar, dipped his fingers in the oil, and reached behind himself. He kept his mouth on Asra, even as his body went stiff, even as he wrapped Asra’s cock in a low whine.

Asra watched, taking steady breaths to keep control of his own arousal. He had to admit that Julian had a skill for multitasking. He laved attention on Asra’s cock even as he stretched himself open, panting against Asra’s skin, squirming back against his own fingers.

Asra wondered how long Julian would do this, if he wasn’t stopped. Maybe exhaustion would eventually get to him, but somehow Asra doubted it. He thought that if he just laid there and didn’t interrupt, Julian would never stop. He would go on forever, because for some reason that spoke of self-hatred, Julian had decided to chase after Asra. He would do anything he was told. Asra knew that, even if he didn’t understand it. He knew he had Julian in the palm of his hand, even if he hadn’t wanted him there. It was something twisted between them, something that was unhealthy for the both of them.

Asra should have told him to leave. He shouldn’t have given in again, because now that he’d let Julian come back, he thought he would have even less resolve to turn him away the next time he came begging.

And there would be a next time. Of that he was certain.

“That’s enough,” said Asra.

Julian stopped immediately, looking up at him with breathless expectation. He licked his lips, swollen from sucking Asra’s cock.

Asra found a grip in Julian’s hair and pulled him up, face to face. Julian licked his lips again, glanced down at Asra’s.

He thought Asra was going to kiss him. He *wanted* Asra to kiss him.

Julian really must hate himself.

Asra pushed Julian flat, pinning him in place with a hand pressed against his spine. Julian turned his head to the side, trying to see Asra above him. His hips bucked back, seeking contact, desperate for it.

“Is this why you came here?” asked Asra. He moved his hand higher, curling it around the back of Julian’s neck. He nudged a knee between Julian’s thighs, spreading them wider. “Is this what you were looking for?”

“Yes,” said Julian. It was a gasp, and he tried to arch into Asra again. “Yes, it is. Please...”

Asra leaned over him, his cock rubbing against Julian in a way that made him moan. He bit Julian’s shoulder, felt a full-body shudder beneath him. “Tell me what you want.”

“Anything.” Julian rutted up against him. He tried to raise his head, but Asra kept him flat. “Everything. Anything you’ll give me, I’ll take *anything* .”

“Do you want it badly enough to beg for it?”

“Yes,” said Julian instantly. “If that’s what you want, I’ll do it. I’ll beg, I’ll do anything. Please, Asra, *please* ...”

It was infuriating, the way Julian said his name. He said it as if it was sacred, when he should have been spitting it with venom. He didn’t know anything about Asra, nothing that mattered. Julian thought he wanted him, but he had no idea.

“Please.” Julian writhed beneath him. “Asra... I’ll do anything you say. You know I will. Anything at all, just please... *Asra-*”

His voice choked off when Asra slammed into him in one fast, solid thrust. Julian clutched at the bedsheets, gasping, as Asra rammed into him again, and again. The jar of oil toppled, spilling into the floor, but it didn’t matter. Julian had taken Asra’s warning to heart. He was slick and open, ready for the bruising force of Asra’s thrusts.

Asra kept one hand on the back of Julian’s neck, holding him down. He hooked the other onto Julian’s hip for leverage as he fucked into him, fast and rough, dragging rasping moans from Julian’s throat.

Asra dug his nails into Julian’s hip. “Does it hurt?”

Julian gasped over his answer, and it took him a few tries to speak. “Yes.”

“Do you like it?”

Julian squeezed his eyes shut, fists digging into the sheets. “ *Yes* .”

Asra remembered the look on Julian’s face two weeks before, when Asra had sliced his palm open. He’d been desperate for the pain, thirsting for more. Something about Julian was wrong, twisted.

They had that in common, at least.

Asra thrust into him harder, throwing all of his strength into it. Julian moaned, low and needy, pushing his hips back to meet Asra.

“Yes,” said Julian, panting into Asra’s pillow. “Yes, please, *please* ...”

“Ask for it.”

“Please let me come.” Julian rocked his hips harder, shoving against Asra and grinding against the sheets.

“Convince me that you deserve it,” said Asra.

Julian writhed beneath him with a low whine of desperation. “Asra, please... *please* , I need to, I *need it* , Asra...”

Asra slammed into him and leaned forward, cupping a hand around Julian’s throat and wrenching his head back. He squeezed until Julian went rigid beneath him, gasping for air that was suddenly gone. “Come, Ilya.”

Julian twitched, spasmed, and clenched hard around Asra’s cock, hands digging into the sheets as he came. Asra released Julian’s throat, yanking at his hair instead, and a weak moan fell from Julian’s lips. Asra kept thrusting into him until Julian was spent, until he went completely limp.

Asra pulled out and rolled him aside. Julian flopped onto his back with no resistance. Asra straddled his chest, stroking himself with one hand, squeezing Julian’s chin with the other. “Open your mouth.”

Julian did, his jaw dropping immediately, tongue slipping out in invitation. There was a faraway look in his eyes, but his hands found Asra’s thighs.

Asra thought about the last time they’d done this, when he’d taken Julian on the floor and they’d both walked away with bruises. He thought about the way Julian had looked, with dried blood between his fingers and Asra’s come smeared on his skin.

He thought about the way Julian had said his name, with a sort of longing that was wholly undeserved.

As the thought crossed his mind, Julian blinked, eyes coming a little more into focus, and whispered, “ *Asra* .”

Asra’s cock pulsed in his hand. He curled his fingers around Julian’s neck, squeezing lightly as he came into Julian’s open mouth. Julian swallowed it down, throat bobbing against Asra’s palm. When Asra released him and sat back, Julian sucked in a few deep breaths, but didn’t move. There was come on his face, painted across his cheek. Asra wiped it away and then slipped his fingers into Julian’s mouth. Julian sucked at them, licking at Asra’s fingertips until they were clean.

Asra took in the sight of him: spent, sloppy, *vulnerable* .

“We shouldn’t have done that,” said Asra. He slid off the edge of the bed, ignoring the weariness in his limbs as he knelt to collect his clothes.

Julian pushed himself up on his elbows, his eyes still smoky and not quite focused. “Why?”

Asra didn’t answer. He shouldn’t have to. It was obvious why they shouldn’t have done it. It had been obvious the first time.

“Get out,” said Asra. “We’re not doing this again.”

Julian slipped his legs over the edge of the bed and winced as he stood. “You said that last time, too.”

“This time I mean it.”

“You didn’t before?”

“Get out, Ilya.” Asra pulled his pants back on, but didn’t bother with his shirt. He slumped back into the chair by the window. The sky was still dark, but it wouldn’t be for long. Sunrise would come soon, and all of Asra’s problems would come with it.

Julian huffed as he gathered his clothes, haphazardly pulling them on. He was slow, clumsy, as if he’d just been woken from a deep sleep. He gracelessly pulled his shirt over his head and said, “You really know how to ruin the moment.”

“There is no moment. There’s nothing between us. There can’t be.”

“That’s not what I meant.” Julian tried to fasten his pants and realized the button was missing. He gave up on it and fumbled with his shirt instead. “I just mean you could relax for five minutes.”

Asra said nothing. It would do no good to argue. It was impossible to reason with Julian.

Julian opened the bedroom door, but hesitated. He turned back to Asra, who pointedly continued to stare out the window. “Say what you want,” said Julian, “but you needed that, too. You liked it.”

Asra’s jaw went tight, fingers curling into his palms. He didn’t answer.

“I think I can sleep now,” said Julian, quietly. “Maybe. I’m going back to the palace. I’ll see you in the morning.”

It was already morning, but Asra didn’t say that. He shouldn’t have said anything at all.

But as Julian stepped through the doorway, Asra said, “You can sleep downstairs.”

Julian paused, the wooden floor creaking beneath him.

“But I want you gone when I wake up,” said Asra, still not looking at him.

“So you are going to sleep, then,” said Julian, with the barest hint of smugness.

“Go, Ilya. Before I change my mind.”

“Sure, I’m going,” said Julian. If it hadn’t been for the huskiness of his voice, courtesy of Asra’s hand around his throat, Asra could have pretended that the last hour hadn’t happened at all. Julian sounded perfectly normal, as if he’d truly just stopped by for an innocent visit.

Asra didn't understand how he could do that, how he could snap back to normal like flipping a switch.

Asra looked over his shoulder and caught a glimpse of something in Julian's expression, just before he smoothed it over.

He realized Julian hadn't gone back to normal. He was just good at pretending.

Julian smiled, and it was a good effort, although it didn't reach his eyes. "Goodnight, Asra." He closed the door, and Asra listened to the thump of his footsteps as they descended the stairs, absent of the stealth with which he'd ascended them. He hoped Julian didn't wake Faust.

Asra sighed and looked out at the sky again, elbows braced on the windowsill. "Goodnight, Ilya," he murmured. There was a hollow pit in his gut, and it made him feel empty.

It was only a few hours later that Asra realized he'd fallen asleep right there at the window, with his head pillowed on his forearms. His stiff bones ached as he sat upright, and a blanket slid off of his shoulders and into the floor. Asra stared at it for a long while until he realized how it must have gotten there.

He rose and stripped his bedsheets, because he refused to sleep in them until they'd been washed. He didn't want any reminders left over from the night before.

When he made his way downstairs, it was with suspicion. He expected to find an unwanted guest.

But the shop was empty aside from Faust, who slithered up onto Asra's shoulders.

Asra told himself, as he prepared to make the walk to the palace, that this would never happen again. The first time was an accident, and the second time had been a mistake. He wouldn't make it again, wouldn't let Julian talk his way into Asra's bed.

He told himself that, but even as he left the shop, he knew it was a lie.

Julian would show up again, and Asra didn't think he was strong enough to turn him away.

End Notes

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