

Just A Magic Trick

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Just A Magic Trick

by [Rifa](#)

Summary

“Yes, god yes, please. Asra, I need you...” Ilya’s breathless, his pathetic begging trailing in between pleads and moans as Asra watched him behind white curls. It occurs distantly to Ilya that Asra is simply toying with him, as languidly as a cat batting at a mouse. The thought both fuels his arousal as it does tighten something in his chest, he just wants to prove himself to Asra. Ilya just wants to be worthy of him.
((An extended scene from (Asra) Chapter 6-2))

Notes

Hey y'all, this is a gift to a friend and their friend by proxy. I downloaded the game just to be able to fill this prompt so be kind on me, I haven't completed the game yet and did my best with the characterization. I was asked to fill in the rest of the scene presented to us in the flashback in chapter 6-2 on Asra's path and this is what I got.

A few quick notes/warnings - Julian is exclusively referred to as Ilya in this work as per request. Asra is distant/hesitant in the scene but not unwilling or unhappy. Ilya has a bit of an altered state due to the magic fog curling around, but it doesn't do much except spur on the feelings he already has. Please take note if any of this may affect your enjoyment of the story. Take care of yourself and thanks for reading!

“I’ll take what I can get.”

Ilya’s voice cracks on the last word but his gaze remains locked with Asra’s. From down here on his knees, Asra seems even more powerful, as if his lithe stature could tear through Ilya with little more than a thought. A titan in sheep’s clothes, his soft, steady gaze is impossibly distant and yet warm as he laughs.

Asra’s hand slips through Ilya’s hair and pulls. Ilya’s scalp lights with pain, aching beautifully as he gasps and follows its guidance. Asra leans closer, his lidded eyes dancing with a dangerous playfulness Ilya had never seen in the magician’s eyes before.

“You’ll take what I give you,” Asra whispers, his breath warm against Ilya’s parted lips. A shudder rolls through Ilya at his words, straining against Asra’s grasp to attempt to steal those lips.

The grip in his hair pulls him back, just out of reach as Ilya blinks up nervously into Asra’s face. He knew how he must look in this moment, desperate and pleading in the face of denial. But he isn’t disappointed by the correction, not one bit. His face burns as he stares into Asra’s amused face and wills the him to continue.

“Use me,” Ilya’s voice is a ghost, unable to taunt or draw any strength with Asra over him like this. But he means it. He means it more than anything. “Please.”

Asra smiles, “I already did,” Ilya’s hand stings as if in response, blood and saliva slick in his palm from when Asra licked his cut. “And you are still talking too much, don’t make me repeat myself.”

Ilya’s jaw snaps shut and he swallows thickly, each breath rattling through him as a dark fog trails around the floor, twisting around Asra’s ankles. The same as what greeted him upon entering the cramped shop. Against his better judgement, he breathes it in, the edges of his mind softening as it fills his lungs. It smells of Asra, why didn’t he notice that before? The

murky fog crawls about him, gliding up his thighs as if curious before dissipating in long twining swirls.

It laps against his palms, ghostly licks and Ilya cannot help but flush. He wants to ask Asra what it is, what he's doing, but instead he bites down on his lip to stop himself. He asked for this, didn't he? The trepidation mixes in with his flushed arousal easily, inseparable as he meets eyes with Asra again.

Ilya's shaking hands rise from the mist and find Asra's thighs, gripping to the fabric of his silky trousers as he licks his lower lip. He wants to beg, he wants to ask permission, but Asra watches him with a tilted look of curiosity and lessens the grip in his hair. Ilya stumbles forward, pressing his face eagerly against Asra's leg and nuzzles at him. A moan escapes him at the contact, feeling the warmth under Asra's pant leg as he roams towards his crotch. His hands caress the back of Asra's thighs, slowly creeping up as he moves to mouth along Asra-

Asra chuckles lowly as something grabs Ilya by the wrists. Ilya freezes, a gasp escaping him as the undeniable pressure against his wrists tightens. He is being restrained, but *how*? He shoots a look up at Asra to see him smiling gently down at him. Asra lifts one eyebrow behind the mess of white curls and Ilya's wrists are wrenched behind his back. Fluidly, the unseen force twists Ilya's wrists until his chest is presented and his trembling shoulders are pulled back.

Ilya's cock thickens at that, his face burning as he blinks up at Asra. Asra watches him with idle interest, betraying nothing behind those shimmering eyes. Something dangerously close to love builds in Ilya's chest like a bubble. He would devote himself to Asra if he knew how, he would let Asra cross and bleed him dry if he asked. He is painfully aware of how hard his cock is, straining within his suddenly too-tight trousers. With a flush, he realizes that the bulge is on full display for Asra and grins despite himself.

"That's better," Asra says, as casually as if he were commenting on the weather. He tilts his head this way and that as he inspects Ilya up and down. Ilya is still wearing his coat, even though it has been pulled back by the invisible tethers. "Hmm, we should take this off you, since you'll be staying."

Ilya groans needily, every word that escapes Asra is as rich and intoxicating to him as honey wine. What's more, Asra is touching him now. Soft, agile fingers undo the brass buttons over Ilya's breast as he holds his breath. He doesn't dare move while the last button is undone, as

if Asra is merely an illusion. Asra's hands are warm as they slip under his jacket, brushing along the papery silk of Ilya's shirt. Ilya is frozen, the touch sending waves of shock down his spine as he forces himself to absorb the twitches of pleasure and oversensitivity. The coat is pushed off his shoulders, caught in his bound arms as Asra turns his attention to the side of Ilya's neck.

"Still," Asra breathes and Ilya obeys. There is nothing but the soft fall of white curls in Ilya's vision as he feels Asra's lips meet the thin skin at his neck.

Asra kisses him. Ilya's eyes roll back into his head, undone by the simple act. Asra's tongue flicks against his pulse, like a snake before sinking his teeth in. Ilya moans as his body convulses in need. He imagines Asra taking from him as his teeth knead and his lips suck at the sensitive skin. Draining him, of everything rotten and unlovable within him, of everything he would give Asra if he only allowed him.

Asra pulls away and rubs a thin thumb against the bite, pain shuddering beautifully through Ilya.

"That's it," Asra's voice is quiet under the ragged breaths puffing out from Ilya's heaving chest. Ilya's eyes almost roll at the scrap of praise before he can even place how he earned it. Asra's hands smooth over his chest as if to ease his breathing, "Relax and take it from me, let all of it out. I'm going to take my time with you, Ilya, so be *good*."

Asra's voice sharpens on the last word and Ilya moans greedily in response. It's as if the witch has carded through the pages of his mind, plucking every heated thought and fantasy and demanding desire within him. Could he be so lucky? Or was this all a dream? The words Asra said when Ilya first barged in clinging unwelcomingly to him, '*I can't give you everything you want*.' Was he lying? This is exactly what Ilya wanted.

Asra bites down on the center of Ilya's neck, his adam's apple bobbing anxiously under Asra's mouth as the moans pour from his own. His cock strains further, wetness already beading as Asra's hands slip up either side of his neck, cradling his face almost sweetly as his teeth grind against thin skin. Asra's hands are impossibly light upon him, turning Ilya to gooseflesh as his sensitive skin burns with a devilish tickle. He can feel gooseflesh raise on his thighs, blossoming in the nerves across his body as he stiffens and trembles.

“Sshh, relax,” Asra’s voice is a cold wind over the swollen wet spot on Ilya’s throat. Asra’s hands slip up into Ilya’s hair, nails scratching and grounding him suddenly as he meets his eyes with a coy smile. “What will they say at the palace, hmm? The good, dutiful doctor marked and debauched like this. What will they think...”

“‘Lucky doctor’,” Ilya can’t help but flash a groggy grin, acutely aware of how close Asra’s body is to his. Asra’s hands tighten in his hair and Ilya’s breath is cut from his chest.

“Ilya,” Asra smiles fondly and Ilya feels as if he will melt through the floor. He wants the reprimand, the punishment that Asra will dole out on him for speaking when he was told twice to be quiet. But instead, Asra’s eyes narrow as his smile grows wider, “Is your cock hard?”

Ilya feels as if he has been punched in the stomach. Did he just hear Asra say the word ‘*cock*’? It feels surreal, shock rolling through Ilya as he wonders if all of this is actually some hocus-pocus induced fever dream. It almost feels like it, with how hot and aroused he feels. Is his cock hard? His cock has never felt harder, thick with need as if all the blood in his body had rushed to it, as if he would die if he had to live another moment without touch.

“Yes,” He swallows hard, trembling under that dizzying purple gaze.

Asra drops one of his hands from the grip in Ilya’s hair to trace down his cheekbone, to part his lips. Ilya opens his mouth, poking his tongue eagerly out against his lower lip and Asra breathes a laugh. Asra’s thin fingers tease, slipping just over the swell of Ilya’s tongue to stroke it inside of his mouth. Teasing. Ilya closes his lips around the digits and sucks them eagerly, blinking up at Asra as his face warms under his steady gaze. The fingers tingle suddenly, a slight static sparking under Ilya’s tongue that gives him only a second of pause before he resumes suckling.

“So eager,” Asra says, his eyes betray nothing as he watches almost impartially. The near disinterest spurs Ilya to action, sucking messily. “I’m sure you would prefer something *else* in that needy mouth of yours, wouldn’t you?”

Ilya pulls himself off the glowing (glowing?) fingers immediately, spittle running down the side of his mouth as he begs, “Please, Asra, please. Let me suck your cock. Let me swallow you down. I need- I-”

The words fall away from him as he feels a sudden tug at his waist, his trousers undone as Asra's hand slips inside and parts the fly delicately. Ilya moans, both embarrassed and relieved as his cock bucks up from its confines. The cool air of the shop and the faint, dissipating mist brush the wetness at its head and Ilya is terrified for a moment that he might just come then and there.

Asra pulls away, lidded eyes settling on Ilya's exposed length as a demure smile pulls on his features. Ilya flexes against the binds on his wrists, forgetting all about them as he tried to close the distance, to press himself against Asra's lips. Asra's gaze flicks up to him, warningly, as he lowers himself to his knees on the obscured floor wrapping his delicate hand around Ilya and *tugging* .

It hurts and a strangled moan erupts from Ilya's lips. Asra chuckles darkly, twisting his wrist and pumping gently, as if he hadn't just pulled cruelly at him. Still, Ilya's eyes roll back as he sags against the magic restraints, marveling at the thick waves of pleasure rolling over him. His cock feels *slick* but he's sure he didn't see Asra apply any oil, but no matter, the feeling is divine. Ilya could die here like this and he would be happy. Hell, Asra could slit his throat and he would probably thank him. He would give him *anything* .

"Look at you," Ilya blinks through the fog to meet Asra's appraising gaze. His eyes are lidded lazily as he leans back on his free hand, pumping Ilya's cock with the other as he watches him as if he were a particularly interesting experiment. "Undone. Wrapped around my finger. Would you so willingly give yourself up like this? Is this all it would take?"

Ilya moans brokenly, his orgasm building painfully slowly within him, burning under his flesh as Asra slows. He groans sadly at the measured pace, maintaining his orgasm under the surface as he looks pleadingly up at Asra. His smile has faded just slightly, a faraway look in his eyes before he realizes Ilya's attention and the smile returns.

"Do you want more?" Asra asks, his eyes dancing in the low light. His hand stops altogether, ringing around the base of Ilya's throbbing length and holding it there. It's torturous and Ilya can't help but writhe under the gentle humiliation of it.

"Yes, god yes, please. Asra, I need you..." Ilya's breathless, his pathetic begging trailing in between pleads and moans as Asra watched him behind white curls. It occurs distantly to Ilya

that Asra is simply toying with him, as languidly as a cat batting at a mouse. The thought both fuels his arousal as it does tighten something in his chest, he just wants to prove himself to Asra.

Ilya just wants to be worthy of him.

“Good,” Asra purrs and Ilya’s heart races at his smile.

It falters, however, as Asra releases his tormented cock and stands briskly, swirls of the dark fog falling away from him. Ilya cranes his head to follow Asra’s unhurried pace until he vanishes behind him. Ilya whips his head from side to side, trying to find Asra as anticipation flutters within him. Before he can open his mouth to call out his hands are dragged from his back to the floor in front of him. A surprised cry escapes him as it drags him forward, elbows digging into the threadbare carpet under the thin layer of fog, his front forced forward, body arranged into an especially suggestive pose.

Ilya’s coat slowly falls thickly back in place, as much as it can at this angle at least, and the heat of it beads cold sweat along his spine. He wriggles his face free from the floor, breathing heavily as he testingly attempts to shift his ankles and knees.

Asra hums disapproval from somewhere behind him and suddenly Ilya’s calves and ankles are trembling under a tight grip. His knees are wrenched apart, almost painfully, and Ilya is suddenly even more exposed under Asra.

Ilya moans deeply, his cock nearly dripping where it stands thickly under him, the rough, thin fabric of his loose shirt grazing over it teasingly. He wants to wriggle his hips invitingly, to purr an invitation to Asra at his back but the smoke is so thick down here on the floor. It fills his airways and it’s not unlike the heady, stinging sensation the herbs in his mask give him. And it still smells of *Asra*. It smells of his soft hair, his warm skin, it fills Ilya’s mouth and he could swear its phantom tendrils are actually a deep kiss from the Asra himself.

It's all so much and all Ilya wants is *more*. Drunk on Asra, his presence, his magic as it envelopes him. He feels a weight on his shoulders and sinks under it, head swimming as he feels it slither heavy and thick across him. A hand tosses the tails of his coat backwards over his back, its smooth leather falling over Ilya’s face with a soft slap.

“God, yes, please, Asra,” He moans, his words unravelling from somewhere deep within him as he feels hands at his waist. They smooth over the small of his back and the tail of his spine before fingers pry under the lip of his waistband and pulls.

They slip over the swell of Ilya’s ass and he moans brokenly at the vulnerability. The feeling is sweet, freeing, making his heart flutter. The trousers only fall so far, tight between his spread knees and he can’t help but feel a bit like a whore spread out like this. The thought huffs hotly from his lips, eyes lidding heavy with the thought of Asra having him like this. Taking him apart piece by piece, displaying and punishing and keeping him locked up tight to his own heart.

Asra’s hands fall gently over his cheeks and Ilya groans low, craning his gaze to try and catch a peek of the Asra touching him. He can’t see but he can feel as Asra rakes the swell of his flesh with his nails, sweetly scratching a trembled sound from his lips.

“Please,” Ilya whispers against the carpet.

“No,” Asra’s voice is firm, punctuated with a gentle squeeze. “Not today. Don’t give me reason to punish you, I promise you wouldn’t enjoy it. Just relax for me, let me in.”

Ilya’s head spins lazily in the fog, a roulette wheel spinning a thousand responses that won’t reach his lips. He could take it, whatever Asra saw fit to inflict upon him. He *wanted* it. But the thought doesn’t stay, not under the promise of those last three words.

Cool, wetness slips against Ilya’s entrance and he stiffens, arching back like an animal in heat. Asra’s slight fingers trace the slick around his hole and it suddenly feels too real, as if the fog clinging inside of Ilya’s mind parted to feel the truth of the moment in intense detail. Asra’s fingertips trace his exposed hole, Ilya’s body twisted and held in position by invisible bonds. Pleasure bursts deep inside of Ilya, his balls tightening unexpectedly as orgasm trembles just within the threshold.

“ *Don’t* ,” Asra orders and Ilya makes an undignified noise as his orgasm bows under what must be the witch’s magic. The orgasm is contained and Ilya feels as if he will burst.

“Please!” Ilya doesn’t recognize his voice, urgent and wild in his tight throat.

Asra laughs softly, slipping a finger slowly inside of Ilya. The rest of Ilya’s body vanishes from his mind, his entire existence focused in on the lazy, explorative strokes inside of him. His own panting breath is loud in his ears, the carpet under his face damp from the needy wetness of his mouth, his body trembling and impossibly hot under his clothes.

But he dares not beg again, even if just to keep listening for the quiet, sweet sounds escaping Asra now. Ilya holds his breath as another finger slides inside of him, his teeth breaking the skin of his lower lip as Asra gasps at the tight heat of his entrance.

“That’s it, Ilya, you feel amazing,” Asra coos softly and Ilya softens further under the praise. This is all he wants, for Asra to approve, to find pleasure in his body and drain him of it.

Asra’s fingers slip out and tease at his puckered entrance, tracing it and pushing in to spread it open. Sweat beads on Ilya’s forehead as he tries yet again to catch a glimpse of Asra as he plays with his ass, but once again the effort is in vain.

“Please, Asra…” Ilya’s voice is broken.

“Of course, you’ve been so good,” Asra says and Ilya feels something wet and blunt at his hole.

Ilya stills himself, breath held as Asra’s cock slowly pushes inside of him. Asra’s breath hitches and Ilya moans, using what little purchase he has to push back against Asra’s length, seating it further inside of him. Almost fully sheathed, Asra strokes a long, heavy hand up and down Ilya’s back as he moans again. His hole is tight against Asra, gripping him so tightly it almost hurts before he breathes tightly through his nose and allows himself to adjust to Asra’s length.

Asra sighs, takes a handful of Ilya’s coat and fucks him. The pace is measured at first, slow purposeful rolls of Asra’s hips hitting Ilya’s ass as he lays claim to him. There is no mistaking

it for anything but *fucking* as Asra's free hand claws around Ilya's hip tightly. Ilya groans, having lost control of his voice completely at this point, his cock aching desperately as he struggles against Asra's grip, wanting him to go *faster* and *harder* .

Asra thrusts deep into Ilya, forcing further than before and Ilya can feel the distinct brush of hair against his ass, the warm swell of Asra's balls. Ilya's head spins even faster, his eyes craning wildly to try and get just a single glimpse of the mysterious magician's cock, his exposed skin. But Asra fucks harder and all thought tumbles from Ilya as he rocks against the invisible bindings holding him in place as Asra uses him.

"Oooh, Asra, Asra, *Asra* ," Ilya's groans out against the damp carpet, tongue hanging from him as Asra ruthlessly pumps himself in and out of his quickly stretching hole. God, he wants this. He wants all of this. Everything Asra would be willing to give him. Ilya would eat from his hand, lick the juices from his fingers and savor every drop if it meant he could be graced with even a morsel of *this* .

Asra breathes an airy laugh, pounding directly against Ilya as he moans wetly at every thrust, "Go ahead, Ilya, come for me."

It happens instantly. Ilya has no space in his being to question whether it was the permission or something else that unleashes his orgasm so violently upon him, but he comes. He trembles, hips thrusting blindly as Asra fucks him through it, his cock emptying in blinding spurts of pure euphoria. By the time rational thought even begins to trickle back, Ilya's cock is dripping, spent as his body twitches and trembles in the aftershock.

Ilya sinks heavy against the floor, the sweet fog absent as exhaustion pulls upon him, his body overly sensitive and almost pained with pleasure as Asra finishes with him. Distantly Ilya feels Asra slow, dragging his cock with a finality before gasping softly. He slips away and before Ilya can revel in his wanton pose with his slicked, fucked-out hole, his trousers are pulled back up, his cock gently tucked away.

The bonds loosen slowly, uncoiling from Ilya's wrists and ankles and almost guide him down to the floor proper. He curls as he retrieves control, rolling sleepily on his side, coat tangled as he drearly blinks up.

Asra is crouching over him already, fully dressed and unhampered, as if it had all just been a dream Ilya had woken from. Ilya frowns slightly, disappointed, but the feeling slips away like water as he reaches up and finds Asra's forearm.

"Asra," The word yawns out of him, dragging as sleep tugs heavily upon him.

Asra smiles, timid almost, but Ilya is too spent to search him further.

"I'll get you a blanket." Asra slips from Ilya's grasp and glides from view. Ilya whines at his absence, the sound cut off as a slithering weight crosses his side heavily, the white spectre of Asra's snake twisting to his side to stare at him curiously, tongue flicking before turning and following Asra's footsteps.

Asra returns with a patchwork blanket and drapes it over Ilya's curled body, Ilya's hand touches his calf.

"Lie with me?" He whispers, almost hating how vulnerable he sounds.

Asra wide eyes blink at him before he averting his gaze, eyes darting around as if some unseen persons might be watching.

"Ilya..." He purses his lips, just slightly.

"Please," Ilya blinks heavily, sleep nipping at his heels.

Asra is still for a long moment as sleep dances over Ilya's eyes, but he drops to his knees and carefully arranges himself on the floor. There is a short distance between them, the smallest of buffers as Asra lies his head next to Ilya's. His soft white hair falls like clouds around his face, eyes blinking to Ilya's nervously.

Ilya considers wrapping an arm around Asra, dragging his slightly smaller form to his chest so that Ilya might drape over protectively. But the hesitation is still plain in Asra's gaze, even as he pulls the blanket to cover them both. Ilya can't help but imagine Asra as some rare evasive forest creature that would skitter from rest at the first sign of danger.

Sleep is so close, running its fingertips over Ilya's eyelids and washing over his spent body. And yet he cannot help but yearn for more of Asra's warmth, more of his attention even as sleep claims him. His thoughts are broken by a soft kiss at his forehead, Asra's hand petting his hair gently as he tucks Ilya under his chin. The unexpected affection and protection makes something in Ilya's chest tremble, a flutter that slows only when sleep pulls Ilya under. And everything fades away.

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