

Wet

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Relationship:	Asra/Julian Devorak
Characters:	Asra (The Arcana) , Julian Devorak
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Wet

by [Slippery13oy_\(Gandalfgirl579\)](#).

Summary

Julian's voice was little more than a desperate whimper when he managed to ask, "Come closer?"

Asra did no such thing. "Is that how you ask?"

Licking his lips, Julian managed to rasp, "*Please*, Asra." His eyes were impossibly dark, the patch tossed aside. "Come closer."

Notes

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

"I can't breathe."

Softly, breathily, Asra asked, "Oh?"

Really, he couldn't. It was magic, Julian knew. Asra had cast some spell on him to weight him down, to leaden his limbs. He couldn't even lift his head to lick at the gorgeous pussy mere inches away from his mouth. His voice was little more than a desperate whimper when he managed to ask, "Come closer?"

Asra did no such thing. "Is that how you ask?"

Licking his lips, Julian managed to rasp, "*Please*, Asra." His eyes were impossibly dark, the patch tossed aside. "Come closer."

"Mm, I don't think I will." Asra smiled prettily when Julian pouted. "How about this instead?" He leaned in to press his palms to Julian's shoulders, then trailed them up to his neck, eventually threading into his hair and pulling just hard enough to hurt.

This, as it turned out, must have been a reversal to whatever magic he had set in place earlier, as Julian found that his arms and his neck were suddenly no longer weighed down. With his hands finally free, he pulled Asra closer to him, mouthing along the silken skin of his thighs, reveling in the feeling of a needy little shiver it earned him. Julian could taste himself in that wet, familiar heat, flickering his tongue over flushed, quivering flesh. This was his punishment, he knew, for cumming before Asra had been satisfied. The hand in his hair tightened a bit when he turned his head to the side, sucking a bruise onto Asra's inner thigh, maroon against the pretty bronze of his skin.

"Don't tease me, Julian."

It was a true warning, and Julian obeyed, sliding his tongue through the slick mess he'd left dripping from inside him, darting up over Asra's clit. The hand that wasn't gripping Asra's thigh slid up his waist to thumb at a perky nipple, and Asra's hips bucked against Julian's mouth.

It wouldn't be long, Julian could tell, and he pulled Asra closer still, plunging his tongue deep, the taste of his own cum mingling with Asra's, white-hot on his tongue.

Asra's voice was a soft, shaky thing when he asked, "Do you like tasting yourself, Ilya?"

Julian shuddered hard in response, squeezing his eyes shut and pulling back enough to lap at the underside of Asra's clit again. He hissed when the hand in his hair dug bitten-down nails into his scalp. Though it took all the willpower he had, he managed, "I do."

There was a soft gasp above him, and Asra ground down on him again, sliding his clit against Julian's tongue, tugging hard at Julian's hair, thighs trembling as he moved. The taste of him was addictive, and Julian's hand slipped downwards again, sliding into the wet heat of him, deft fingers working hard and fast and insistent against that one special spot that had Asra keening and eagerly reaching down to spread his pussy lips wide to give Julian easier access.

All it took was a bit of suction to his clit, and a strangled hiss pulled itself from Asra's throat, hips working against Julian's mouth as he rode out his orgasm, Julian's name on his lips all the while, a soft litany of, "Ilya, *Ilya*, ***Ilya***..."

Asra's hand was still in Julian's hair when he came down, scooting back to straddle his hips once more, leaning in to press a kiss to his lips, soft and deep, tasting himself and Julian both on Julian's tongue. "Good boy." His voice was wrecked, shredded. "You're such a good boy, Ilya."

End Notes

This was a Tumblr request, and I'm always open to those! ;) I'm Slipperyl3oy there, too!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!