

A house call, after-hours

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A house call, after-hours

by [knottedprince](#)

Summary

Shameless self-indulgent smut: Asra and Julian have sex in bed next to the "sleeping" apprentice who is secretly awake and getting off to it.
That's it. That's the whole fic.

Notes

Reader insert is ambiguously gendered and their genitals are not specified

** due to the ambiguity of the terms "top/bottom" I'd like to specify that asra is on top in the sense that he's being dominant. Julian's dick is inside of Asra. As a trans guy who uses the term "top" very vaguely to avoid dysphoria, I hadn't thought of that while originally tagging, especially since in this fic, Asra has a vagina and is using it.

Edit: changed insert from first to second person

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

He's visiting again.

You lie as still as you possibly can, lightheaded and almost shaking with the effort to breathe steadily against your heartbeat filling your whole body, from where it pounds in your chest to where it throbs between your legs. You're facing the wall, aching to turn around and steal a glance, to see your master debauched and disrobed, but know that your doing something like that would frighten them off of each other for sure, and one precious glance may permanently cost you the rare treat of being the secret voyeur to whatever the two of them pretend not to have.

A few feet away, in the very same bed, Asra makes a distorted sound, trying his hardest not to wake you. Doctor Jules, a stranger to you but no stranger to your master, makes a desperate sound in the back of his throat and you hear a wet thudding noise. The bed bounces slightly, and it takes all your willpower to fight the urge to turn around and see it.

Hoping that they're both distracted, you slowly inch one of your arms down, just to press against yourself, in a vain attempt to relieve your desperate need to be a part of this. You stifle a sigh of relief when your hand finally reaches its destination, discretely dancing your fingers over yourself where you're hot and aching, just enough to tease.

"Ilya, just move your - " Asra says in a low voice, interrupting himself with a whine as the bed dips again and Julian moans, loudly this time. You hear a "shhh," followed by a light slap; they both go dead quiet, and you can feel eyes on your back. It's so hard not to shake.

"... still asleep?" Julian whispers in his lilting accent. You flush cold with stress as you feel Asra gently pry with his magic - and he remains quiet. There's no way now that he doesn't know you're awake. For a few painstaking seconds it's completely silent, save for the doctor's ragged breathing, and then relief washes over you when you hear Asra murmur reassurance to the doctor that his escaped vocalisation didn't wake you.

Time seems to unfreeze as the two of them resume, and you start slowly grinding the heel of your hand against yourself, moving your wrist only, staying as still as possible. Your muscles twitch against you holding your body still as you listen to Asra and Julian's hushed conversation of sounds; Julian's desperate whines answered by Asra's hushed groans. The bed is bouncing unmistakably now, and if you strain your ears you can hear the wet sounds of fucking.

Your mind helpfully recalls the many brief moments you've seen of Asra in various states of undress - it's easy with the close quarters. Your imagination pieces them together along with some things you haven't exactly seen, putting together mental collages of the seams of his body, the places where he's hot, raw, and - Your imagination is interrupted and one-upped as Julian makes some even more desperate noises, obviously struggling to stay quiet as he compliments the deepest parts of Asra's body; "so warm and soft, so wet, fuck, you're too good for me."

"Ilya, you..." Asra breathes, and their rhythm shifts to something more frantic, far too

reckless for someone who should be genuinely trying not to wake their sleeping apprentice. At this point, Julian seems to have completely lost the last of his (already weak) control over his throat, as their fucking is punctuated now not only by the dipping of the bed, but also by his frequent, breathy moans.

You hear a shuffling, followed by a light slap and Asra hissing, "did I say you could move your hands?"

Julian stammers, followed by Asra repeating in a quiet, but stern voice; "Did I??"

"Nn - no, I'm sorry," comes Julian's reply - quieter, and unmistakably submissive. Another shuffle, and the two of them start to move again, becoming even more frantic than before, until there's a final, defined moan from Julian, followed by the slowing of their pace.

Julian's breath is still harsh and heavy, and your ears burn in second-hand embarrassment as Asra keeps up his dominant side, under his breath he scolds Julian for coming so soon. Julian stammers out an apology, but Asra ignores it and the movement resumes. Your imagination lights up once again as you realise this means Asra is probably the one doing the moving - maybe he's riding Julian?

Julian is whimpering again, no doubt from overstimulation, by the time you hear Asra's breath catch, and you dutifully commit every sound to memory - the sound of Asra, your Master Asra, losing his breath and stifling the softest of groans as his thrusts, which you still feel vicariously through the mattress, become slower and more firm, more deliberate, and then crumble into cascades of shudders.

Then there is almost silence - no sound but the ragged breaths of the two of them, and your blood rushing in your ears. It is at this point you realise you've also come - you were so focused on Asra that you hardly noticed it, but there's no doubting how sensitive you suddenly feel, or the excess of wetness.

After moments of the false silence of their breathing, you hear yet another of Julian's muffled moans, cut off by a new sound; the slow, breathy sound of kissing - hungry, open-mouthed, dirty kissing. You ache with jealousy, longing to be lying underneath your master with his tongue filling your mouth, instead of hunched over on your side, uncomfortable and damp, pretending to be asleep while someone else has him.

After minutes that feel like hours of hearing the two trading deep, wet kisses, they finally part and you feel the bed shift as they get up, fumbling around in the dark for a few seconds before they slink downstairs together. You finally shift from the uncomfortable position you were hunched on your side in, and consider quickly changing out of your damp shorts, but immediately have no time as the back door clicks shut and Asra return to the stairs.

He goes into the washroom, and you close your eyes and begin coaxing yourself to sleep, but aren't halfway there by the time he returns to the bedroom, and sits down on the side of the bed.

He takes a breath, like he's going to say something, and you feel a knot in your chest at the

idea that you've been caught, that he'll be more careful to hide this from now on, that you've imposed, but then he lets his breath out and slips under the sheets.

You drift into a vivid dream, then, and in the dream it's you instead of the Doctor: you on your back, you looking up into Asra's eyes as he straddles your hips, feeling the heat of his body, it's your mouth that tastes his smooth tongue, and you're finally telling him everything you're too afraid to say when you're awake. He says little in reply, only smiling softly down at you and eventually silencing you with your own pleasure. By the time you awake it's already late morning, you're shuddering through the hazy, sweet aftershocks of a dream orgasm, and you open your eyes to see Asra standing across the room; making tea.

He turns around with a smile, and your face goes hot as he asks "Good dreams?"

End Notes

In case i was too vague about it, the ending is supposed to be asra doing his astral travelling thing and he actually comes and fucks you in your dream aagdjsjgd

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