

taste of a poison paradise

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30611279) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30611279>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Essek Thelyss/Lucien
Characters:	Essek Thelyss , Lucien (Critical Role)
Additional Tags:	Implied/Referenced Shadowgast , Eisselcross , lucien shows up at the outpost , and meets one disaster boi essek thelyss , Seduction , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , modest essek , shy essek , sexy consent giving? , Hand Jobs , Rimming , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , lucien says 'darling' way too much , Essek Week 2021 (Critical Role) , Essek Week (Critical Role) , forgive me Father for I have sinned
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Essek Week 2021
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-11 Words: 6,281 Chapters: 1/1

taste of a poison paradise

by [GammaRey](#)

Summary

“They aren’t very nice to you, are they?” Lucien hummed, shaking his head. “Such a shame... I can be nice.”

The tiefling's eyes flickered downwards and Essek felt his stomach flip.

“Oh...”

Lucien grinned, canines flashing sharply, and leaned forward slightly. “I can be very nice.”

Notes

[@JulDoodles](#) on Twitter was kind enough to let me use her Essek/Lucien piece as inspiration for this fic!! Please [go feast your eyes](#) upon this art. It’s truly magnificent.

Now it’s time for some complete and utter self-indulgence. God help me.

Originally written for Essek Week day four: guilt (before it got way out of hand)

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

Essek saw them in everything. Felt their absence with every action and every breath.

When the outpost kitchens overcooked a batch of biscuits, Essek thought of Jester and her seemingly endless supply of pastries. Of the wafers he'd attempted to feed the Mighty Nein that day in his home, the day he'd completed the Transmogrification spell with Caleb.

Every time he bathed, he thought of the hot tub the Mighty Nein had carved into one of the rooms of the Xhorhaus. The casual intimacy they expressed around each other, stripping off their clothes and bathing like it was nothing. He still blushed to the tips of his ears when he remembered how they asked him to join. When he remembered them staring at his bare feet, pants rolled up to his shins.

His men had decided it would be funny to attempt to grow a tree inside the outpost. Somehow, one of them had managed to transport a sapling through the Biting North and rig it to a pot of water. He thought of discouraging them, but it reminded him of the tree planted atop Xhorhaus, the garden that Caduceus kept, and the little twinkling lights he'd witnessed the Nein erecting, precariously balancing themselves from branches or levitating through the air.

The tree was dead now, its branches dried and twisted from the ever-present cold, tiny little leaves dried and discarded from lack of sunlight. It was not hard to see the irony.

And he could no longer enter the library without thinking of Caleb. Thinking of their study sessions together, sitting side by side, sometimes speaking, sometimes silent. The way his eyes glazed over as he copied equations into his spellbook. The way his muscles relaxed, tension whisked away when he casted a spell. The way he would smile softly to himself as he solved an equation or finished copying a particularly intricate spell.

Everywhere he turned, Essek saw the Nein and was reminded that he was well and truly alone. He could no longer enjoy solitude in a world where loneliness was the only safe option for him. In a world where a motley group of outcasts had turned all his plans and goals to dust with their kindness. Friendship.

And then they left him.

He couldn't blame them. He really couldn't. Why should they trust him after everything he did? He betrayed them before he even knew them, lied through his teeth as they only showed him trust.

Sometimes he wondered if it would've been better if he'd never met the Nein. Everything was empty now, even his magic, with the knowledge they may never trust him again, or even talk to him if the weeks of silence were any indication. But when he thought about returning to his tower in Rosohna, continuing on with his research like none of it had ever happened, he was overcome by a sense of hollowness.

He thought about never meeting Caleb, never seeing the wizard's eyes flash with excitement as he learned dunamancy, never watching the way he settled when he stroked Frumpkin's fur, or catching the way he smiled at his friends when he thought no one was watching.

Essek would start the war all over again just to keep those memories.

So when he received that first message from Jester in weeks, he almost collapsed, his heart pounding in-- excitement? Relief?

He replied telling them his location, that he would help if they needed him. He wanted them to need him. To want him.

Then Jester kept messaging, and while the sound of her voice eased his loneliness slightly, her words brought with them a creeping sense of dread. Every new message was more desperate and scared. Essek didn't know if they were coming or not -- every time they talked, Jester seemed more and more uncertain. He got the feeling he was a last resort. It was fine. Expected -- why should they trust him? But it still stung. He tried to express his concern, his willingness to help if they would just *come to him*.

He wanted to prove himself worthy to them, worthy of their-- if not friendship, if not trust, then at least their association. Because after spending weeks alone at the outpost, drifting through the dark hallways and staring out at the white emptiness of Eisselcross, Essek recognized that he didn't want to be alone anymore.

When they finally came, he felt at home, at least for a moment. Jester flew into his arms and hugged him, and for a second he thought *maybe not all is lost. Maybe I am not broken* .

He listened attentively. He said he would help -- he'd already said it, over and over and over, but he needed to get it across. *I want to help you. I want to be with you. I don't want to be alone* .

Still, they seemed reluctant to let him, reluctant to even sit in his presence. He got the sense they had only come because they were being chased. They were on their last legs, willing to go to the traitor for help as a last resort.

And Caleb's words stung him. He knew he deserved them -- *changing fate won't change what's on the inside* . The derision in his voice, the pity. He felt his eyes sting and his throat close, but he just took them like punches to the gut. Then Caleb had the gall to grab him by the arm, cup his face so softly, and say in a voice heavy with sadness that *it takes time* .

Time. *Time* when they would barely even let him help. *Time* when any day could be his last. Could be the day the Empire decides he's too much of a liability and sticks a crossbow bolt through his chest. Or the day the Bright Queen discovers his betrayal and has him dragged back to Rosohna to be tortured and executed.

Caleb left him with *time*, and then the group left in the night with no warning and Essek didn't know if they would come back or not.

He felt like a fool -- a feeling that came all too frequently since he met the Nein. They left him alone *again* and the walls of the outpost seemed to cave in around him, trapping him in his mind where his every action, every mistake was played on repeat.

He didn't know how much time he spent alone in his room. He vaguely remembered handing control over to his second before he stowed himself away.

He tried reading to pass the time, but found he kept getting distracted. It was always the same thoughts. Remembering chains being clasped around his wrists. The soft rocking of a boat as a red-haired wizard kissed his forehead as if casting Fortune's Favor.

It takes time.

He tried making a new spell, going back to some of his old dunamantic research. But he found the prospect no longer held the same bleary excitement that it did before. He could barely get himself through one basic equation before putting his quill down and sighing in defeat.

Mostly, Essek watched the stars. On clear nights, when the snow wasn't pouring out of the sky in white blankets, the stars were the brightest he'd ever seen. It was almost as if the fabric of the universe was laid before him in the sky, and if he focused hard enough, he could pretend he was inside a beacon, watching the strings of fate merge and fade before his eyes.

He sat at his desk, the book in front of him long abandoned, looking up at the stars from his window when his door burst open, an outpost guard stumbling inside.

Essek stood quickly.

"Shadowhand! The ones you warned us about, they're--"

The man froze suddenly, his muscles locked in paralysis, before blood trickled from his nose, his mouth, his eyes, and he fell to the ground. Essek stared, wide eyed, before snapping himself out of it and falling into a defensive stance. This was it. They'd found him.

He was out of time.

But it was not an agent of the Empire standing in the doorway when the guard crumpled to the ground. It was a purple tiefling with red eyes and long hair, his tail lashing behind him. He had one hand outstretched, the palm tattooed with a glowing red eye.

Slowly, he lowered the hand and cocked his head to the side.

“You must be Essek Thelyss. You’re even prettier in person.” The tiefling smiled widely, his sharp canines flashing in the light, and all that flashed through Essek’s mind was *this is him, this is him, this is him*.

Essek’s hand flashed up quickly, instinctively tracing the sigils for gravity sinkhole, but he felt himself lose his grasp on the magic just as quickly as he’d drawn it out. He looked at his hands in shock. He hadn’t flubbed a spell like that since he was a child.

It was a dispel -- but the other man hadn’t moved a muscle.

Essek moved quicker this time, tracing the sigils for misty step. When he felt his magic start to fade again, he counterspelled, his heart pounding at his ribs. The tiefling just rolled his eyes and Essek’s grip on his magic disappeared completely. He tried to draw it up -- nothing. He couldn’t even manage a cantrip.

The tiefling stalked forward, smiling widely.

“Now, now. Is that any way to treat a guest?”

Essek took a step back. He was in some sort of antimagic field -- and he was useless without his magic.

Before he knew it, his back pressed up against the bookcase on the back wall, the wood digging painfully into his spine as he tried to disappear within it, shrinking away from the purple tiefling now close enough to touch. Essek balled his hands into fists, preparing to fight this-- Lucien.

He felt silly in a fighting stance -- his center of gravity was definitely all wrong, seeing as he was currently half pressed in between a bookshelf. He had no idea what to do, and he felt like a fool once more. The last time he had physically fought someone was when he and Verin were children, playing pretend as soldiers or adventurers. Suddenly, he wished he had asked Beau for some pointers while he'd had the chance.

Lucien just smiled in apparent amusement, and Essek had never wished for his magic more in his life.

“No need for that, darling.”

Essek felt the wave of magic hit him, pushing his limbs behind his back and freezing him in place. He strained against the spell, but it was no use -- his muscles locked against his will, putting him at the mercy of the man before him.

Lucien took a final step toward him, so close Essek could feel the heat radiating from his skin. One gloved hand came up to tilt his chin upward, making Essek meet his gaze.

“That’s better,” he said, red eyes seeming to gleam in the torch light. “Now, I’m going to release the magic holding that pretty little mouth of yours closed, and I hope we can have a serious conversation. Does that sound good, *Shadowhand*?”

Essek just glared daggers, unable to move a muscle.

“Good.” The tiefling patted his cheek and he felt the magic lift slightly, freeing the muscles of his face.

Essek opened his mouth to speak, but Lucien pressed a thumb against his mouth before he could utter a syllable. If Essek could move, he would have jumped in shock. He couldn’t remember the last time someone had--

He wiped that thought from his brain, trying to school his features, but his surprise had already flashed across his eyes, and the tiefling smiled wider.

“I’ll be asking the questions here, if you don’t mind. You don’t mind, do you, Shadowhand?”

Lucien’s red eyes bore into him, and Essek scowled against his hand, shaking his head minutely to the side -- as much as his muscles would allow.

“Wonderful. Don’t worry -- I have but one question, and it’s a simple one. *Where are your so-called friends?* The... Mighty Nein, as they like to call themselves.”

Essek bristled. He had seen it coming, but he was still unprepared. He’d always thought that if he was going to be tortured for information, it would be done by one of the two nations he’d happened to wrong in his pursuit of research. Not some cultist mercenary.

Lucien grazed his lips with his thumb as he moved it away, settling at the corner of his mouth. Essek drew a sharp breath.

“I don’t know,” he bit out. “They left last night. I have no idea where they went.”

Lucien cocked his head again. He resembled a panther when he did that, with his predatory gaze and sharp smile. Essek would have shivered if he could.

“Is that so?” He drawled. “You know, they talked about you a lot when we travelled together. Always wondering if they should trust you, ask you for help. They debated about it, on and on. It was rather tiresome, honestly.” He narrowed his eyes. “I guess they didn’t really trust you in the end. Shame.”

It shouldn’t have hurt as much as it did. He should have believed Lucien was lying, trying to rile him up -- well, riling up may very well have been his intention, but he didn’t have to lie to do it. Just tell a particularly harsh, if suspected, truth -- they didn’t trust him. Why would they? Still, he couldn’t get it out of his head.

“You know, out of all of them,” Lucien mused, “The wizard *agonized* over it. Truly. Essek this and Essek that. Even called you power hungry at one point, which-- ouch. Rather ironic, though, doncha think?”

Essek closed his eyes. “What do you mean?”

“Those little eyes he no doubt showed you? Well, he was rather quick to grasp for the same power he condemned me for possessing. I find it to be a smidge hypocritical.”

Essek breathed out. “You’re lying,” he whispered. Caleb wouldn't do that. The man who told him *we can make the world better* wouldn't do that.

“Afraid not. I don’t know what you did to earn their mistrust, but it seems they don’t have much ground to stand on, either.”

Essek just frowned, looking away. Stared behind Lucien at the body on the floor.

“Well, I am of no use to you,” he said numbly. “Are you going to kill me?”

Lucien tsked, maneuvering his chin once more to look into his eyes. “My eyes are over here, Shadowhand. And don’t sell yourself short! I would never call you useless.”

That accent grated on his spine, sending shivers through his body, though his muscles couldn't move. The result was a tingling sensation not unlike being zapped with electricity.

“You didn’t answer my question,” he breathed.

Lucien stroked Essek’s lower lip with his thumb again, and he tried to hold back a sharp intake of breath. Evidently, he failed, because the other man grinned widely, eyes sparkling

with amusement.

“I don’t want to kill you. As long as you don’t get in my way, Shadowhand, I can promise your safety. In fact, as a gesture of good will--”

The spell holding him in place dropped suddenly, and Essek promptly fell forward, the tiefling catching him by the forearms, holding him in place. Essek stood quickly and took a step back as if burned by his touch. His head smacked against the bookshelf and he hissed, hand coming up to cradle the injury.

Lucien chuckled lightly, cocking his head to the side. The tiefling watched him like he was the most fascinating thing he’d ever seen -- an exotic animal in a cage. Essek shivered.

“My apologies, I should have given more warning.”

Essek glared at him, suspicious. The tiefling stood two paces away, making no move to step back into his space.

He didn’t know if he should be relieved or concerned.

“If-- If you don’t want to kill me then what do you want?”

The other man hummed. “Well, you see, your... *friends* took something of mine, and I have an inkling they’re coming back here. I merely ask for some accommodations as I wait for their return.”

Essek scowled. “You expect me to stand by while you lay an ambush--”

The other man stepped forward and Essek felt his voice stop as his stomach dropped to the floor.

“Darling, I would never ask such a thing. I merely want to have a conversation, as you and I are having now. Is that too much to ask?”

“I--ah...”

Essek’s mind raced, his heart slamming against his ribcage. He needed to get out of this room, out of this outpost, but his magic was gone, a dead body blocked the doorway, and Lucien was looking at him like *that* .

Like he was a piece of meat he wanted too--

He quashed that train of thought. *Focus* .

“Look, I can see your apprehension. I get it, I really do. But I’m not being unreasonable--”

Essek made a break for the doorway, his feet kicking off the ground faster than he thought possible. He heard Lucien growl behind him and suddenly he was being yanked back. He barely registered his back hitting the ground before the other man crawled over him, straddling his hips, one arm to the side of Essek’s head, propping himself up, and one pressed lightly to his throat.

Essek swallowed.

“What. Did I say. About getting in my way?” The tiefling growled.

His heart raced in his chest, his breath coming in quick, shallow puffs. All he could do was stare up at Lucien, eyes wide.

The tiefling raised an eyebrow, his hand tightening ever so slightly around his neck, and Essek closed his eyes.

“Don’t,” he breathed.

“Good.” Lucien’s grip around his throat loosened, though his hand remained, sharp fingernails resting lightly against his skin. “I admire your loyalty, truly, though they don’t deserve it. It’s an admirable trait.”

Essek laughed, raising himself onto his elbows. Lucien narrowed his eyes, but didn’t stop him. “I don’t think many people would consider me a loyal person.”

“Is that so?” Lucien cocked his head. Those fingernails began stroking his throat lightly, sending tiny shocks through his nerves. His words ghosted across Essek’s face, breath heating his skin, mere inches away. “Well, now I’m curious. What did they do to earn the devotion of a self-proclaimed disloyal individual?”

“They--ah...”

They had saved him. Made him confront his mistakes, his foolishness. They had-- *he* had kissed him on the forehead and told him he was not lost. That he could find his way back.

Then they had left him all alone.

“They aren’t very nice to you, are they?” Lucien hummed, shaking his head. “Such a shame... I can be nice.”

The tiefling’s eyes flickered downwards and Essek felt his stomach flip.

“Oh...”

Lucien grinned, canines flashing sharply, and leaned forward slightly. “I can be very nice.”

A thousand thoughts flashed through Essek's mind in an instant. He should run. He should bring up his knee, throw the tiefling off of him and make a break for it. He should get out of this antimagic field and destroy the man with a gravity sinkhole. But then Lucien's lips pressed to his, softly, *tenderly*, and Essek's brain ceased functioning.

Lucien kissed him like a lover, slow and soft and *hot*. He kissed him in a way he hadn't been kissed in decades, and Essek felt himself sigh as the tiefling pulled away a sliver, his lips just grazing Essek's as he spoke.

"Do you like that, Shadowhand?"

Essek frowned, his breath shaky. Blood rushed from his head, rushed *downwards*, and he licked his lips.

Lucien's hand came up to his chin once more, tipping his head ever so slightly upwards, thumb smoothing over his lower lip.

"Do you?" He whispered.

Essek closed his eyes and nodded. He felt Lucien's breath graze his lips, but then it was gone, and Essek felt his stomach drop.

Then something warm and *wet* enveloped his earlobe and he heard himself cry out softly.

Lucien's chuckle seemed to reverberate through his skin, lips grazing the side of his face as he purred, "I'd like to hear you say it."

"Yes," Essek breathed, the word heating his cheeks with shame.

“Yes what?”

“Yes I-- I like it.”

“Like. What?” Lucien rose back up to meet his gaze, eyes flickering down to his lips.

Essek groaned. “I like it when you kiss me.”

“See?” The other man smiled. “That wasn’t so hard, now was it?”

This time when their lips met, the kiss was more heated. Essek rose up to meet him, opening his mouth to Lucien’s tongue. He sighed against his lips as warmth spread through his entire body for the first time in weeks. Lucien’s hand rested at his jaw, and when his thumb moved down, nail scraping against his Adam's apple, Essek groaned into the tiefling’s mouth.

When Lucien broke the kiss, moving back to Essek’s ear, he was left panting.

“Would you like it if I fucked you?”

Essek sucked in a breath sharply.

The tiefling chuckled. “Or would you like me to taste you first? I’m very nice, Shadowhand, I assure you.” He hooked a finger around Essek’s chin and turned him to meet the gaze of those piercing red eyes. “I will do whatever you ask of me.”

“... *Oh* .”

Essek panted, open mouthed, and thought distantly that he should want to escape. He should want to leave and warn his friends, help them save the world, *atone* , but as he stared into

Lucien's eyes, down at his slightly swollen lips, the things he should want fell away.

"I..." He whispered. "I don't know..."

Lucien raised his eyebrows. "Really? You and the wizard never--"

Essek shrunk down at the mention of Caleb, closing his eyes. Shame flashed white hot in his chest, and he wanted to disappear.

"Oh, but you wanted to, didn't you?"

Essek frowned, turning his head away, but Lucien brought it back gently with that finger at his chin.

"It's okay," he murmured softly. "You can say it."

"I... I wanted him."

"Good."

Essek kept his eyes glued shut, that feeling of guilt still swimming in his chest. So many months of unrequited feelings. So many months of longing, of imagining that kiss to his forehead over and over in his head, each time being able to feel it so clearly that it could have happened only moments before.

"*Darling*, look at me."

Something in Essek's chest jumped at the pet name, and Essek opened his eyes, expecting to see disgust or amusement written over the tiefling's face. Instead, he saw only tenderness --

concern -- and EsseK nearly looked away again, only Lucien's light grip on his chin stopping him.

"You are allowed to let yourself feel desire."

He laughed bitterly. "My desires always seem to end in destruction."

"Well," the other man smiled softly, "I don't think you'll end up destroying me anytime soon."

Essek snorted.

"Now... I want you to tell me something you desire -- only this once, if you wish -- and I will do it. Without hesitation."

"I--I don't..."

"Nothing?" He said with mock innocence. The finger at his chin moved, scraping downward, over his throat and to his chest, stopping at the first button of his shirt. "Nothing at all?"

Essek sucked in a breath. "I..." He closed his eyes. "I want you to kiss my neck."

Lucien hummed. "See? Was that so hard?"

Then Lucien's lips pressed hotly against his pulse point and EsseK moaned, hand tangling in the tiefling's long hair. He kissed it lightly, lips lingering as if feeling the beat of his heart, the way his blood raced madly through his body, before *dragging* his lips slowly downward and stopping where his neck met his shoulder. He bit down, canines sinking into flesh, and EsseK sucked in a breath, hand tightening in the man's hair as he sucked. Then he released, soothing the wound with his tongue and EsseK sighed, arching into his mouth.

He rose after one final lick, looking down into Essek's eyes.

"Did you like that?" He purred.

"I-- yes..." Essek breathed.

"And what else do you desire?"

"I, ah..."

"Ask of me anything, Shadowhand, and I will give it to you."

Essek felt his cheeks heat up, and he ducked his head. "Take off your shirt."

Lucien's hand came up, tipping his head back once more. "Look into my eyes this time, darling."

After a moment of gathering himself, Essek complied, blue eyes meeting red.

"Take off. Your shirt."

Lucien grinned. "Gladly."

He sat back onto his haunches, hands slowly moving up to undo the buttons of his shirt. He didn't look away from Essek once. The drow sat transfixed, mouth going dry as Lucien revealed the tattoos and scars mapped across his torso.

“Like what you see?” He asked, shrugging the garment from his shoulders and tossing it to the side.

Essek could only nod.

Lucien surged forward and claimed his mouth once more, nibbling lightly on his lower lip before sucking it into his mouth to sooth the swollen area. Essek pulled his hair at the sensation, arching up into the other man, hips grazing hips.

“Want something else, darling?” Lucien whispered into his lips.

Essek nodded again.

“Name it,” he purred.

“I want you to touch me.”

“ *Where?* ”

“I-- my...”

“Your *cock* , Shadowhand?”

“Yes,” he choked.

Lucien cupped his cheek lightly and kissed him, almost chastely. His lips were soft against Essek’s, leisurely, taking their time with him. Then his hand moved down, fingers tracing his

cheek, his jaw, his neck. They moved over his shirt, tracing his chest, scraping a nipple before moving down and down and *down* , stopping at the waistband of his pants. Lucien broke the kiss, leaving Essek gasping for air.

“Over or under the clothes?”

“I-- Over-- For now.”

Lucien hummed before capturing Essek’s lips once more, kissing him softly, hand still resting at his lower stomach. Once Essek relaxed into the kiss, Lucien’s hand trailed down, just skirting where Essek wanted it to be.

He whined into the tiefling’s mouth.

Lucien grinned. “Patience, darling.”

The tiefling seemed to kiss him for ages, hand never quite brushing where he most needed tension released, and soon Essek was fully panting into his mouth. Finally, with a bite to the lip, Lucien palmed him and *stroked* .

Essek cried out loud enough, he clamped a hand over his own mouth to muffle the sound.

The other man smirked, stroking him again, and Essek threw his head back. It had been so long -- the feeling of someone else touching him like *that* was nearly too much.

Lucien lightly knocked his hand away, replacing it with his lips, and Essek moaned loudly into his mouth as he set a pace, bringing him quickly toward the edge.

He broke the kiss to mumble, “I-- I want you under the clothes now.”

“As you wish.”

The tiefling quickly undid the clasps of his pants, his bare hand slipping in and wrapping around his cock, surrounding him with the heat of his skin. Essek bit back a cry, his cheeks heating as he fell onto his back, arching his spine as the man increased the pace.

“That’s it, darling,” the tiefling purred. He bent over, sucking another bruise into Essek’s neck as his other hand continued relentlessly. Essek covered his mouth, moaning loudly as Lucien brought him closer and closer to his release.

“I-- Lucien, I--”

“That’s it,” he murmured, his mouth moving up to purr into his ear. “Come for me, Shadowhand.”

The sensation of his breath ghosting the inside of Essek’s ear was enough to send him over the edge, spilling onto the shirt still covering his upper body. He panted, throwing an arm over his eyes, squeezing them shut.

White hot shame flashed through him. He had betrayed his friends again, he had consorted with the enemy again -- more than consorted. No wonder they didn’t feel like they could trust him -- they knew him better than he knew himself. He was a traitor. A liar.

And the worst part was he had--

A finger stroked his cheek, ever so lightly.

“Darling, look at me,” his voice whispered.

Slowly, Essek removed the arm from his face. He could feel the wetness around his eyes.

Lucien wiped a tear away from his eyes and Essek nearly sobbed.

“ *Why?* ” He asked instead, nearly choking on the word.

“They don’t deserve you, Essek.”

He blinked at the use of his first name, frowning.

“You can’t let your own perceived guilt trump your desires. You’ll never get anywhere with that.”

“But... they trusted me,” he whispered.

“Did they?”

Essek closed his eyes, tears leaking from the corners.

“... No. They left me.”

“I’m sorry, darling.”

“Are you?” Essek opened his eyes to stare up at the other man, preparing to see some sort of mask or ruse, or some sort of joke playing across his face. Instead he saw openness, and that was, in a way, even worse.

“I am. Truly. But they didn’t deserve you.”

“And you do?”

“No... but I can be nice.” The tiefling grinned.

Essek scoffed, rolling his eyes.

“Prove it, then.”

The tiefling raised his eyebrows. “Again? Gladly.”

Lucien kissed him softly, so softly, like he was made of the thinnest glass, like he was the most precious thing in the world, and Essek felt more tears fall from his eyes. His cheeks heated, and he moved to wipe them away, embarrassed, but the other man beat him to it, kissing them away from his cheeks. The tenderness in his kisses was too much for Essek -- the last time someone was this tender was on a boat in--

But that didn't matter right now. They had left him.

He tore away and kissed Lucien hotly, frantically, like they had only minutes left to live. The tiefling responded in kind, letting out a small moan of surprise into Essek's mouth. He savored the reverberations of that small gasp, heat pooling in his stomach once again.

Lucien's hands came up to the buttons of his shirt.

“Can I?” He asked between kisses.

“I-- Yes.” Essek breathed.

He undid them slowly, allowing his fingers to graze over each new patch of skin they met. Soon, Essek's shirt was crumpled in a corner and Lucien stared down at his body with his piercing red eyes.

Essek fought the urge to cover himself, unused to the attention.

"You are beautiful, darling," the other man murmured. "The wizard doesn't deserve you."

Then Lucien's mouth closed around his nipple, and any retort that had been forming in his mouth was quickly forgotten to the sharp sensation.

"*Oh...*" He moaned, fisting his hand in Lucien's hair once more.

The tiefling licked him there, grazed his teeth lightly over the tip, and *sucked*, and Essek nearly lost his mind. He suspected he couldn't recall a single detail from his rudimentary dunamancy studies, even if he tried.

When Lucien pulled away, Essek was panting quickly, already hard, and the tiefling grinned.

"Turn around for me," he purred.

"I, ah-- What?"

"Do you trust me?"

Tentatively, Essek nodded.

"Turn around," he said softly.

Essek complied, slowly shifting himself around so that Lucien nearly lay across his back, breath tickling the side of his ear. He kissed it softly, and Essek sighed.

Slowly, his lips moved down Essek's body. First paying attention to his neck, sucking bruises into the skin before soothing them with his tongue. Then, moving progressively lower down his back, over his spine, across his shoulder blades, down to the small of his back, paying particular attention to the divots there. When the tip of his tongue dragged along the line of his trousers, Essek shivered.

"Yes," he moaned, not needing to be asked.

Lucien pushed his trousers down over his thighs, exposing him to the cool air and Essek buried his face in the crook of his elbow, fighting off self-consciousness.

"Spread your legs for me, darling."

Essek bit back a moan at the words, shifting his tights apart as far as his legs would allow. Lucien spread his cheeks apart and the first touch of his tongue was like fire. He bit into his forearm to muffle the cry of pleasure as Lucien's tongue swiped thickly over his hole.

Essek ground his hips painfully into the floor with every swipe, every *thrust* of Lucien's tongue, near whining with pleasure into his arm.

"Don't hold back, Shadowhand. I want the whole outpost to hear me eat you out."

He moaned loudly, but complied, slowly moving his elbow away from his mouth. The next thrust of Lucien's tongue into him had him screaming the tiefling's name to open air, everyone on that floor likely hearing the noises he made.

When Lucien had him panting and writhing with pleasure, shocks coursing through his legs, he pulled up, smoothing a thumb over his hole.

“Do you want me to fuck you, Essek?”

He sighed shakily. “Oh, Light, *yes* .”

“... Do you have any lube?”

“I--” Essek sighed. “I can make some... if you drop the antimagic field.”

Lucien was silent for a moment. Essek couldn't see his face, but he could practically feel the tiefling's eyes boring into him, calculating. Then, all at once, he had access to his magic back. He could do anything he wanted -- cast a gravity sinkhole and tear Lucien to oblivion. He should *want* to do that. But he didn't.

“Hold out your hand,” he murmured.

Lucien complied, if slightly hesitant, and Essek muttered a few words, making the clear liquid appear in his hand.

“Oh,” Lucien said, as if pleasantly surprised.

“Afraid I would kill you?” Essek asked.

“Only slightly. Here--”

Lucien sat back onto his knees and pulled Essek's ass into his lap. He bit back a groan as one lubed finger circled his hole.

“Lucien--” he breathed.

“Patience, darling.”

That same finger kept circling, agonizingly slow, teasing, until Essek was throbbing with his arousal.

“Lucien, please...”

“Please what?”

Essek closed his eyes, snorting softly. “Please *fuck me* with you fingers.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely...”

A single digit entered him quickly and Essek held back a moan. Lucien fingered him slowly, dragging his finger in and out at the speed of trickling molasses, the pad of his finger just barely brushing *that* spot. He continued at the same excruciating pace until Essek was bucking up against his hand.

Lucien grabbed him by the waist to hold him still.

“Remember what we said about patience, Shadowhand?”

Essek just groaned into the floor, straining against the hold at his waist.

The other man hummed. “Alright...”

Lucien inserted another finger and fucked him faster, the width already stretching him out. Essek widened his legs, whining at the sensation, wanting him, *needing* him deeper.

“Lucien, please, I can take it now--”

The tiefling just shushed him and slowed his pace, fucked him deeply, every brush of his fingers against Essek’s prostate like pure electricity. He bucked and writhed against Lucien’s hold, begging incoherently.

Finally, he added a third finger and Essek sighed at the stretch, moaning his encouragement. Lucien finished opening him up slowly, increasing the pace bit by bit until Essek felt like he’d been there for hours, whimpering into the floor with his ass in the air.

Lucien hummed. “What do you think, Shadowhand, should I fuck you now?”

“By the Light, *yes* .”

He chuckled, pulling his fingers out suddenly, and Essek lamented the loss.

Then Lucien pushed into him and he bit back a cry. He felt stretched to the brink, suddenly grateful the other man had insisted on taking so long. The line between pain and pleasure blended exquisitely and Essek keened, arching his back as Lucien slowly thrust further and further inside.

When he was fully sheathed, he waited for Essek to adjust, hands gripping his hips tightly as he breathed heavily.

“Lucien,” Essek cried, bucking his hips against the tiefling.

The other man groaned, needing no further instruction before he pulled almost all the way out and thrust back in, deep and slow. As he continued, Essek keened in pleasure, bucking his hips to make the tiefling go faster, but he didn't waver.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he increased his pace, shortening the thrusts, breathing heavily all the while. Essek let out a moan at every thrust in, his forehead pressed to the floor.

Finally, the man thrust into him rapidly, hitting his prostate over and over and over in what seemed like a building wave of blinding heat. Essek sobbed incoherently as Lucien pushed him closer and closer to the edge, no longer conscious of who could be listening. When he finally reached his climax, Lucien fucked him roughly through it and Essek wailed into his arm, the sensation as intense as lightning shooting through his veins.

Then Lucien came inside him, filling him with warmth, before collapsing onto his back with a groan.

Essek felt boneless and... satisfied. For the first time in years, he didn't feel the need to look over his shoulder, didn't feel the creeping worry of death and destruction lingering in the back of his mind. He just felt--

"Is that proof enough for you, darling?" Lucien asked lightly, tracing a nail over the skin of his arm.

Essek snorted, turning his head to face the man with red eyes. "Yes, you can be very nice."

The tiefling flashed him a sharp grin, then kissed him softly. Essek sighed into his mouth, content.

End Notes

Once again, this fic was inspired by this beautiful, amazing, fantastic art by [@JulDoodles](#) on Twitter. [Go look at it!!!](#)

HOOOO BOY... so this was supposed to be a ~2,000 word fic and then... this happened.
Sorry not sorry 🍆 *yeets at ao3* *screeches incoherently*

Comments and kudos will purchase my ticket out of hell 💜

And as always, I'm [@gammareyart](#) on Twitter if you want to scream at me about our favorite war criminal.

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