

Eyes On Me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29069859) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29069859>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Percival "Percy" Fredrickstein Von Musel Klossowski de Rolo III/Vax'ildan
Characters:	Percival "Percy" Fredrickstein Von Musel Klossowski de Rolo III , Vax'ildan (Critical Role) , (and very briefly) , Vex'ahlia (Critical Role)
Additional Tags:	First Time , First Kiss , Top Percy , bottom vax , secret feelings , except they might not be secret , a little bit of , Power Play , Hate Sex , (supposedly) , let me know if i should add anymore , no beta this is the hill i die on
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-29 Words: 5,196 Chapters: 1/1

Eyes On Me

by [Tulikettu](#)

Summary

Vax hates Percy. He hates everything Percy is.

That's what he tells himself, anyway.

Notes

What is up my lovely humans! Some of you might recognise me from the Fjorclay tag, if not hi! I have a whole pile of fics I'm going to throw at you all so hopefully you all enjoy my offerings.

Any extra tags needed let me know!

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

Vax'ildan will be the first to admit that he has a bit of a chip on his shoulder. He knows that he is more than just physically scarred from the past, *his* past, and he doesn't have things like healthy coping mechanisms. He lashes out. And the person he lashes out at the most is Percy.

Percy is easy to pick on because of his stupid long name and his stupid title and his stupid posh voice. It reminds Vax of all of the snotty little lords his father always wanted him to emulate. It's worse with Percy, though, because the other man has his charms, he is kind and selfless and clever. He's intelligent and creative and has drive and passion and a good heart, and Vax hates that he's so well rounded, hates that his bitterness towards Percy is unfounded because Percy knows his own flaws and has his demons and his darkness that colours him, but he's still funny and kind. And he's so good looking. He's handsome and he doesn't see it in himself. He's handsome in spite of his fancy clothes. In the way that he messes up his hair when he's thinking, when he gets soot on his pale skin from rubbing his face. The stubble that he gets on his jawline.

Vax hates him because he's beautiful and distracting and everything that Vax loathes but he's wrapped up in something glorious. It should be easy to focus on the things he hates, to channel that loathing into Percy, the epitome of what Vax has failed to be. It should be so easy because Vax has never had problems before mindlessly hating the aristocracy.

But he's in love with this one. *This fucking man* . And it's a struggle to not let that out, because he doesn't need Percy to know, and he doesn't want to admit to himself that he's let himself be seduced by a fucking Lord. Without Percy even putting in any effort. And not when he isn't going to be able to fuck Percy over afterwards, or use sex as leverage or blackmail material.

Percy is modest. Percy thinks of his people in Whitestone. Percy is unwilling to use a lot of Whitestone's money for their own endeavours.

And that's where they are right now.

"Percy, darling, it's not a lot of money," Vex'ahlia says, *implores* , as they sit around the dinner table. "And I can promise we'll bring it back. With interest. You know we always make a lot of gold."

“If it’s not a lot of money then we don’t need to borrow it,” Percy says. “What do we need to buy?” He takes his glasses off and rubs his hands over his face. There’s no soot on them, his lovely pale skin remains unmarked.

“We might just need it-”

“The castle isn’t our bank, Vex. Any money we take from there for any amount of time is money we’re taking from the people. They may need it for whatever reason and can’t have it because their wayward Lord has taken it to go adventuring-” Now Percy runs his fingers through his hair, making it stand up scruffily.

Vax hates how much he wants to pull it.

“Maybe the Lord of Whitestone should go back to just being the Lord of Whitestone instead of wandering the continent if he can’t afford it-” he snarks instead from a seat down from his sister, his arms crossed over his chest as though that will defend him from his feelings.

Percy turns to look at him and the hardness in his eyes thrills Vax.

“I was under the impression that *I* was the one being asked for money.”

He has a point, but Vax keeps their eyes locked, as though Percy might back down. He knows Percy better than that.

“We’re going without it,” Percy says, his voice firm in a way that warms Vax’s blood. In a way that he’s going to think about later. “If we need supplies I’ll go and buy them in the town.” He finally tears his eyes away from Vax as he stands up, smoothing out his shirt as though they have people to impress in the castle.

Vex sighs deeply but is resigned, giving Vax a shrug. Vax watches Percy go, annoyed at the way he holds himself, that posture that was no doubt forced onto him at a young age that grown up Percy still persists on.

They still have a day before their planned departure, which gives Vax a whole day to stew. It's getting worse recently, his annoyance with Percy, his petty issues with nothing in particular. Perhaps it's because they're in Whitestone and he's being subjected to the place where Percy grew up, and although he's sure it's not true he feels as though Percy is more of a posh little prick here than anywhere else.

And they're the guests here. They're being accommodated without question, given everything they want, and Vax still finds it difficult to just be nice. Percy's house shows all the evidence of how happy this family was before the Briarwoods were here, how close and loving they were, family paintings of them smiling together, stories Cassandra tells of the things they all did together. It's such a far cry from his and Vex's childhood, and still Percy has that fucking frown on his face as though everything is so difficult for him.

Vax has explored every inch of the castle in Whitestone, poked in every cupboard, looked through every door. But even that has annoyed him. Percy found him in one of the bedrooms once, sprawled on the bed looking at the doodles on the bottom of the canopy, and he'd said quietly that this had been his oldest brother's room, that they'd often all bundled in here when they were little and drawn out the stories Vax can see on the canopy.

It annoys Vax because if he'd found anyone laying so disrespectfully on Vex's bed - particularly if she was dead - he would have killed them where they stood. Not only that, but these spoilt little kids had their own rooms and just slept in this one? But Percy had been softly reminiscing and not at all annoyed, as though enjoying sharing the story with Vax.

Vax wants to annoy him. Vax has seen Percy in fights, of course, but he wants to push his buttons and see what it takes to make the pretty prince snap.

He stalks around for a little while, passes by Scanlan's room and hears him singing to himself, passes by Grog's room and hears him and Pike talking softly. Then it's down, down he goes to where Percy's workshop is.

There isn't the sound of working that he expected, and there isn't the heat pouring out of the room as there usually is when Vax invades Percy's privacy at the Keep. He pokes his nose through and sees Percy drawing at his desk, shirt sleeves rolled up, that frown knitting his brow again.

Vax leans against the wall and allows himself just a few moments to watch, to push away all the loathing he's allowed to build up and to look at Percy, to drink him in. He's a beautiful man. And clever. Creative. Good with his hands. Vax smiles and then lets out a little sigh, but in the stillness that's enough to alert Percy to his presence.

The white-blond head lifts and his eyes fix on Vax, warmer than they had been upstairs.

"Hey, Vax. Did you need something?"

So fucking courteous. Vax rolls his eyes. "No. I just wanted to see where you'd scurried off to."

"There aren't many places I would be," Percy replies, beginning to draw again as though he isn't at all concerned by Vax being here.

Vax is just about to attempt something cutting when Percy continues.

"I'm working on some things for Vex," he says softly. "Some arrows, I should say. A few exciting things that should help us-"

"You seem to be quite taken with my sister," Vax says before he's even aware of the words. There's bitterness there, but at least he can pass that off as protectiveness of his sister rather than jealousy.

Percy's head shoots up again and Vax seriously thinks he's got him cornered, he's found his weakness, something he'll be able to rib him about endlessly to try and quash his own hurt at this realisation.

"What?" it's good feigned ignorance. Percy's eyebrows are raised, his eyes wide as though he's genuinely surprised at the accusation.

“You’re going to deny it?” Vax sneers, his anger easily bubbling up to the surface to wash away anything softer and more sentimental.

“Well, yes-” Percy says quite calmly. “I make her arrows because they’re fun and quite simple compared to anything else. I have been working on some dagger designs as well, so perhaps one could imagine I’m taken with you, too.”

Vax laughs bitterly as Percy unknowingly rubs salt into his wound. “Fuck off, Percival.”

“Did you just come down here to insult and accuse me?” Percy asks, rising from his desk.

Vax habitually reaches for one of his blades and Percy shakes his head, tutting infuriatingly. “Jumpy, are we?”

“Well, you can never tell with your type,” Vax spits.

“My type?” Percy inquires, leaning on the desk with one hand, the other on his slightly cocked hip, relaxed, unthreatened, as though he has nothing to fear in Vax. Arrogant. “I might need you to elaborate.”

“You fancy nobels. You’re so used to having things your way, skilled at hiding all of those skeletons in your closets, easy to flash your money around and get rid of your problems.”

Percy isn’t rising to his bait and just lifts an eyebrow. “In all the time you’ve known me have I ever behaved like that to your detriment?”

Vax ignores him. “You’re like every other stuck up little lord I knew growing up. The people I was never as good as, the people who looked down on me, that I was supposed to emulate but who were full of nothing but scorn. You’ve got your posh accent and your fancy house and your poncy fucking clothes,” Vax pulls out one of his daggers, though he has no intention

of doing anything with it. At least it makes Percy standup straight. “Even when we’re on the road, when we’re moving from one dirty place to the other you still wear those fucking clothes like you’re so much better than the rest of us. Well you’re not, Percival. Underneath that you’re nothing but flesh and bone, and you’re no better than me.”

Percy eyes him, working something out in his head as he watches Vax stand there, dagger drawn and teeth clenched together like a cornered animal. Then he reaches his hand up, over his shoulder, pulling off his shirt in one smooth movement. He tosses it to the ground, even though it is immediately covered in soot.

Shirtless Percy is absolutely a sight to behold, and Vax wants to maintain his righteous anger, but it wavers, his cheeks flush.

“Just flesh and bone, just a man,” Percy says, shrugging his shoulders. “I don’t think I’m better than you, Vax’ildan. Does this help? Does it quell your anger?” He opens an arm, gestures to himself, to his bare chest, his pale, scarred skin.

It doesn’t. Vax wonders if Percy knows what it’s doing to him, wonders if the ‘does this help?’ is a dig at the feelings Vax is constantly trying to hide.

He strides forward, turning his blade to put the sharp end beneath Percy’s chin “You’re always fucking with me. Always.”

Percy doesn’t flinch. Vax hates him.

Vax loves him.

“I don’t understand why you think that,” Percy says softly. “I’m never trying to do anything to hurt you. Not intentionally. If I am then- I’m sorry.”

Vax narrows his eyes, his free hand pressing against Percy’s naked hip, feeling the warmth of his skin, the curve of the bone.

“It’s not my intention to make you feel less than me, Vax. I don’t know what I can do to-”

“Shut up,” Vax whispers, pressing the blade firmer, though not hard enough to draw blood, and gripping Percy’s hip. “Shut up. Fucking, shut up, Percy.”

Percy does, but he raises his eyebrow again questioningly, and Vax just wants to wipe that smug look off of his face.

Then Percy’s hands are on his hips too. Vax swallows, clenching his jaw, the hand holding his blade shaking.

“I hate you,” he whispers, his voice tight.

A breath later the dagger is on the floor and his lips are on Percy’s. It’s rough and dirty and Percy gives as good as he gets, letting out the sweetest gasp when Vax bites his lower lip, the sound melting into a moan when their tongues then slide across each other.

Vax’s fingers fist in Percy’s hair, tugging it just to hurt, though Percy seems more than happy with the pain, moaning once more. His own hands push their way beneath Vax’s cloak and shirt, making contact with his skin. Fingers calloused from work make Vax shiver as they run over his back before his nails rake their way down again.

This time Vax gasps, but he doesn’t pull away, and he’s unable to keep the smile from his face.

“Little Lord de Rolo knows how to play rough, I am surprised,” he whispers, tugging Percy’s hair again to tip the other man’s head back, allowing their eyes to meet.

Percy’s pupils are blown, his cheeks are flushed. Vax gets caught up in the moment, caught up in enjoying the view, and with his guard down Percy takes advantage. His hands move to

Vax's backside and lift him, almost throwing him down on his workbench. He pushes Vax's legs roughly apart, standing between them, fingers back to roaming hungrily over Vax's body. His skin is radiating heat, Vax can feel it before he even makes contact with him again, one arm winding around his shoulder, his fingers returning to Percy's hair, drawing him back in for a kiss, still rough, needy, teeth nipping at lips and tongues slighding against each other.

"Are you going to fuck me on your workbench, Freddy?" Vax pants, pulling back fractionally to speak.

"I've thought about it," Percy replies, his hands now braced either side of Vax's body for balance.

Thought about it . Vax's eyes widen fractionally.

"Oh, darling," Percy coos. "Did you think I was blind as well as stupid, stuck up, snobby-"

"I know you're not stupid," Vax teases, hovering their mouths over each other. "I would never say that."

"It's in the way you look at me," Percy grins, one hand working it's way beneath Vax's shirt again, over his belly and his ribs.

Vax watches the muscles in Percy's shoulder flex as he moves, stroking his own fingers across them.

"You like to be treated mean, then?"

"Now who's talking too much?" Percy retorts, moving forward to press their lips together once more. There's more finesse to this kiss, accompanied by Vax shrugging out of his cloak and tossing it away with as little care as Percy did his shirt. Percy leans himself back so that he can use both hands to divest Vax of his own shirt, similarly discarded on the floor, before

bracing his arms either side of the other man again. Their kiss only breaks to allow Vax to undress, then they're back on each other hungrily.

Dropping one hand, Vax reaches between them to press between Percy's legs, feeling his cock hard and tenting his trousers. Their lips part for both of them to moan, and Vax's hand follows the shape of him, checking his size and finding himself impressed. And wanting.

"You want me to fuck you like this, or you want to turn around?" Percy asks breathlessly, his eyes half-lidded, lips swollen, cheeks pink.

Vax thinks about it, about being taken roughly from behind by Percy, the animalistic, thoughtless rutting, just sex, just fucking.

But then he wants to see Percy's face when he comes. He may never get the chance again. He wants to be able to commit it to memory.

"I want you to look me in the eye," Vax purrs, pushing his hand beneath Percy's waistband and feeling the wet head of his cock, watching the deep flush creep up the other man's throat.

Percy's gaze is smoldering when they meet again, his fingers pressing between Vax's legs. Vax's hips cant up, out of his control, aching for the touch. Percy undoes the button, then the ties, pulling at them slowly for the maximum friction against his erection.

Vax lets out a breath, resting his forehead against Percy's in a moment of tenderness, watching pale fingers ease his cock out and his thumb rub over the tip.

It's been some time since he was last in this position. Since there was anyone else involved.

Percy hums softly, apparently pleased with what he sees, though when he tips his head to look at Vax their noses brush and Vax feels a swoop in his stomach. He can't allow that.

Shifting back he lifts himself up slightly, removing his trousers and the underwear beneath, pushing them down his legs.

Percy does nothing to disguise his desire, and that makes Vax preen. Good. Now he has something over Percy. Now he knows something he can hold against him.

“Like what you see?” he teases, just as Percy’s fingers stroke up the inside of his thigh and make goosebumps break out over Vax’s skin, betraying him.

“You know you’re beautiful,” the other man says softly, much to Vax’s frustration. There’s nothing satisfying in having Percy embrace his attraction to him. Enjoying himself. “Do you really need me to tell you?”

Vax narrows his eyes, prepared to say no, of course not, but his cheeks are flushing and his jaw is clenched in an unsuccessful effort to appear aloof.

Percy smiles at him softly as his touch wanders up to the junction of Vax’s thigh and hip. “You’re beautiful, Vax.”

“Fuck off,” Vax whispers, no bite to his words, and Percy chuckles. That infuriating arsehole. “So you do fancy my sister?”

He thinks Percy will fluster, but of course he doesn’t. Of course not. Instead he grabs Vax’s hips and pulls him forward, towards the edge of the bench, close enough that their chests are almost touching.

“The two of you are very different, you know,” Percy says quietly as he undoes the fastenings of his own pants just enough to take his cock out, stroking it slowly. “The way you act, the way you speak, the way you look. It doesn’t take a lot of mental gymnastics to desire one of you and not the other.”

Vax growls, hating Percy's obstinance and his calm. He reaches up to fist his fingers in his hair again, twisting it and pulling Percy in for a kiss that is back to being messy and rough and a fight for control.

Percy kisses back with just as much ferocity, caging Vax in with his arms and pushing forward enough that Vax has to lean backwards a little, close to sprawling on the desk.

They break to breathe and Percy moves away. Vax's fingers pull his hair but he pays it no mind.

"Wait there," Percy says, his voice rough and commanding in a way that Vax shouldn't enjoy. He absolutely shouldn't. He tells himself he doesn't even as he watches Percy move away, leaving him naked and alone where he sits whilst the other man, stroking himself slowly, goes over to one of his drawers, poking through until he finds what he needs.

Vax knows what's in that vial. He has enough of his own.

"You spend a lot of time jerking off down here?" he asks, his hands reaching for Percy of their own volition as he gets closer, mentally scolding himself for the weakness.

Percy moves into the touch though, leaning in and pressing their lips together softly, sweetly.

"Only when you've been particularly infuriating," he replies, his hands on Vax's thighs spreading them apart so that he can stand between them again.

His cock is grazing his belly, flushed and thick, and Vax can't help but stare, knowing he's going to be feeling every inch of it soon.

Percy uncaps his vial, which is about half full, much to Vax's amusement, and dips the tips of two fingers in before changing his mind, resuming manhandling Vax into a satisfactory position before he moves on. He pulls him forward more - a show of strength that is always surprising despite Vax looking at the muscles that would be more than capable - so that his

arse is on the edge of the bench, then presses a hand firmly to Vax's chest, forcing him back onto his elbows.

They both know that Vax wouldn't be spread out like this if he didn't want it, it wouldn't be easy for Percy to hold him down, and he draws his knees up to give the other man more access.

"Mm, how lovely," Percy murmurs, running his hands down the inside of Vax's thighs, down towards his backside. He breaks away to dip his fingers in his lubricant again, replacing them immediately against Vax's entrance, making the elf draw a sharp breath at the intimacy and the coldness of the touch.

Percy doesn't apologise, doesn't say anything else, just begins to circle and press with his finger with the same expression on his face as when he's designing or making or thinking. As though Vax is just a tool, an immaterial thing. And Vax would love to feel that hatred well up in him again but for Percy's other hand still resting on his thigh, the thumb stroking soft circles on his skin. Of course Percy would think of that, of course he'd take care to keep an emotional connection in place even as he looks so cold, even as he pushes one finger in, slow but unyielding.

Vax tries to keep his breathing steady, tries to relax despite being overwhelmed by how long Percy's finger is, how deep he's pressing, how it curls and touches Vax right where he needs it. He lets out a shuddering gasp, arching his back and willing himself to relax more, wanting more, another finger, Percy's cock.

It's just that one finger for now though, moving in and out, in and out methodically, curling with every other thrust so that Vax falls into a wonderful stupor. The addition of a second finger takes him by surprise, pulling a loud moan from him as he's stretched in that same slow way. He tenses up, muscles tightening around Percy's fingers, and he hears the other man groan softly.

Percy's imagining what that's going to feel like around him. Vax knows it.

The fingers inside him spread and Vax moans again, lifting his head so that he can watch Percy's face, watch that unwavering mask of disinterest. He doesn't know why that works for

him, why the thought of being nothing but a plaything for a spoilt little rich boy turns him on so much when it's also everything he hates-

He isn't going to tell Percy to stop stroking his thigh, though.

The breath is dragged from him when Percy's fingers slide from his body completely, leaving him empty and clenching around nothing. The hand on his thigh leaves as well, and for a moment Vax has a wave of panic and despair roll through him, stung by his own vulnerability even as he watches Percy lubricate his length, knowing the lack of contact is briefly necessary.

It's only a few seconds at most but the time stretches out, yawning like a void before him until there's contact again, until Percy's hand is running up his thigh and resting on his hip, until he's moving forward close enough that his own thighs touch the workbench and his hand can guide his cock between Vax's legs.

It's thicker than Percy's fingers were and Vax has to look away again so that he can focus on relaxing and breathing and the blissfully painful stretch as Percy's head slips inside him. Both of them gasp in pleasure, and Percy's now free hand comes to rest on the opposite hip, gripping Vax, holding him down.

When Vax looks back Percy's attention is fixed on him, watching, making sure he isn't hurting him. His expression is still carefully schooled, but Vax knows him well enough to see the concern and the warmth in his eyes. Percy pushes forward another inch, the flush on his chest deepening, a few beads of sweat pricking between his pecs.

"I'm not made of glass, Percival," Vax whispers, surprised at the roughness in his voice. One lovely eyebrow raises at him, but Percy's grip on his hips increases and he pushes all the way in in one smooth motion.

Vax moans, his back arching at the fullness and the stretch and the sensation he hasn't felt for so long. He doesn't know what to do with his own hands, fingers scratching at the desk beneath him unable to grip anything.

Percy pauses only briefly, and Vax imagines he's waiting for protest or a request to stop, but on getting none he starts to move again, taking Vax's words to heart and going hard and steady, drawing back and pushing in with a purr that goes straight to Vax's cock where it lays against his belly, aching and leaking. Through half-lidded eyes he looks up at Percy, whose own eyes are closed, his head tipped back slightly, each thrust in accompanied by a groan as though Vax isn't even here. Just a warm body he can fuck.

He wonders how many other warm bodies Percy has just fucked.

Vax is loving it, managing soft gasps each time he's filled. The grip on his hips is hard enough that it might bruise, and he hopes it does.

It moves, though, suddenly. One hand and then the other are on Vax's thighs, pushing them back, changing the angle so that when Percy thrusts in it nails Vax's prostate, a loud moan punched from him at the blinding pleasure it causes. Percy keeps at it, the same spot, his hips working hard, every other breath carrying a deep groan as though it's an effort, as though he's putting all of his energy into fucking Vax into his table. The table he works at.

Vax trembles, the pleasure building up like a fire stoked in his belly. Percy's thrusts stutter slightly, and Vax is sure he feels the same, he's getting close. Vax wants to feel him come, to know he made him come.

"Vax'ildan-" Percy growls out his name and Vax thinks this is it, but Percy stops, releasing his thighs and moving his hands back to his hips, sliding them up his ribs and, with that (un)surprising strength, gathers Vax up into his arms. Vax's hands move to Percy's shoulders for balance before he even thinks about it.

"Wha-?"

"Put your legs around me," Percy orders, and Vax does without further question, trying to focus on the other man and work out what he wants, what they're doing, but there's no time before he's lifted, carried two steps, and then brought to rest in Percy's lap as he sits in his chair.

Vax gasps at how deep Percy suddenly is, his eyes rolling back and his muscles clenching hard enough to make the other man moan, too. He feels his hands cupping Percy's neck, feels

him swallow as their gazes meet.

“You wanted me to look you in the eye,” Percy whispers, rolling his hips, lifting Vax slightly to get the movement going again. Vax helps, grinding down, moving up, their faces close, their eyes locked.

Percy bites his lip in a way that stokes the flames in Vax’s belly all the more, unable to stop himself from leaning in and claiming them as his own, forcing his way into Percy’s mouth to taste him. The pace picks up, the sound of their skin meeting rapidly echoing around the room with their moans.

Moving a hand from Percy’s neck, Vax seeks the other man’s at his hip, guiding it around to his cock.

“Touch me, Freddy.”

Percy’s fingers wrap around him obediently and stroke, and instantly the intensity escalates, pulling a long, loud cry from Vax. It’s not going to be long, the end is rushing towards him, and with every thrust comes another sound of pleasure until it’s impossible to kiss. Percy’s breath is hot against his lips, fast and hard too, and then Vax can’t hold back anymore. He wants to last longer, he wants to go on longer, wants it to never end, but it crests and breaks and washes over him. He cries out, the sound almost a sob, trembling as Percy continues to move, strokes him through it, draws out the pleasure as long as possible before he tenses up, a silent, open mouthed groan against Vax’s cheek that is hotter than it has any right to be.

They slow together, their lips finding each other again in a gentle, languid kiss. Percy’s hand leaves Vax’s cock and moves to his hip again before both slide around to his back, up his spine. Vax’s migrate into Percy’s hair, far more gentle than before.

“Hm, I didn’t look you in the eye,” Percy whispers between their lips. “I got a little distracted.”

“Tut tut, Percival. I’m disappointed,” Vax replies, sounding anything but. “Try harder next time.”

“I promise I will,” Percy says soberly, lifting his hands once more to cup Vax’s face, to keep their gazes locked. “Vax’ildan, you are an amazing man. It has never been my intention to make you feel any less. You are not any less. You are better than me in every way-”

“Freddy, no-”

“Yes. I admire you as much as I desire you, and that is a lot.”

Vax breathes in slowly, then exhales, searching Percy’s face for any insincerity he knows he won’t find.

“Then have me, Percy. Just- have me. Take me to bed now,” he sighs, his shoulders lifting in a shrug as he leans forward and rests their heads together. “Take me to bed.”

Percy smiles, pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth. “You’ll have to get up if you want me to do that.”

Vax grumbles, though he knows it’s true, touching their lips together properly before slowly rising, groaning at the sensation of Percy’s cock leaving him empty. Only for a while, he reminds himself, smirking as he finds his clothes, pulling them on and watching Percy do the same, admiring his body again even as it’s covered up.

“Come along, Percival. I want you to make me scream so loudly even Scanlan blushes,” Vax grins as he makes his way towards the door.

Percy rolls his eyes as he follows, dimming the lights in his workshop and closing the door behind him.

End Notes

Happy Friday, Critters!

If you want me you can find me on ~hey-tulli on tumblr where I cry in bisexual and ~Tulli#0322 on Discord where I just cry.

Take care of yourselves and be kind to each other.

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