

End Racism in the OTW; whatever you do (do it for me, baby)

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by [mischiefseven](#)

Summary

"Vex opens her eyes and looks over at Percy, who has frozen, kneeling next to her pack, something from within it held in his two hands. 'What is it, darling?' she asks, sitting up.

Percy turns to her, eyebrows raised, and holds up a smooth, slender piece of glass. It was wrapped in several pieces of cloth, but they've fallen away, and it shines faintly in the light from the fireplace. It's seven or eight inches long, slightly curved, and flared at one end, then tapering until it flares again into a head at the tip.

'Ah,' Vex says.

'Quite,' Percy says."

Percy finds something that belongs to Vex. After testing, he takes it upon himself to make some improvements.

Notes

Someone on the critical kink tumblr made a post about Percy inventing the strap-on. This fic does not entail the exact scenario laid out in that prompt, but once the inspiration struck me, I couldn't resist.

Title from "Afterglow," by Flores.

Curious about the title of this fanwork? I'm joining an effort to call on AO3 to fulfill commitments they have already made to address harassment and racist abuse on the archive. Read more, boost, and get involved [link text!](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

They're in Scanlan's mansion when it happens.

Vex is lying on the bed in her room, watching Percy tinker with one of her arrows at the table beside her. It isn't much, just refining the mechanism on her grappling arrow after the day's adventures had left it dented, so Vex had persuaded him to bring his work to her room instead of hunching over it in his workshop.

Vex likes watching Percy work.

"Vex, dear?" Percy isn't looking at her, focused on his work, and his voice has that not quite distracted quality that means he's only seeing the project. She hums in reply. "Do you happen to know where my smaller hammer is? I can't seem to find it with my other tools."

Vex sighs. "It might've ended up with my things when we were gathering up to move this morning. Check my pack." She waves an arm in the vague direction of her pack, too relaxed to get up and retrieve it herself. Getting to sprawl out on an actual bed is a luxury she's gotten more of recently, since Scanlan started conjuring them a mansion practically every night, but it's one she never takes for granted.

Percy quirks a smile in her direction, eyes roaming over her body in a gaze that's appreciative and just this side of smug, before he stands and goes to rummage through her things. Vex closes her eyes, relishing the warmth of the room, the softness of the mattress, the quiet shuffling sounds of Percy at work...

Which have come to an abrupt stop. Vex opens her eyes and looks over at Percy, who has frozen, kneeling next to her pack, something from within it held in his two hands. "What is it, darling?" she asks, sitting up.

Percy turns to her, eyebrows raised, and holds up a smooth, slender piece of glass. It was wrapped in several pieces of cloth, but they've fallen away, and it shines faintly in the light from the fireplace. It's seven or eight inches long, slightly curved, and flared at one end, then tapering until it flares again into a head at the tip.

"Ah," Vex says.

"Quite," Percy says. He turns the dildo over in his hands, holding it up to inspect it more closely. "Where on earth did you get this?"

Vex leans back on her hands, her posture deliberately casual. "Little shop in Westruun, maybe a year or so before we met up with the rest of you."

She makes it sound like an afterthought. In truth, Vex had saved for three jobs in order to be able to afford this particular item. She could have stolen it, of course, but the woman who ran the shop had been so lovely to her when she first stumbled in, seeking only to escape a torrential downpour. She'd answered all of Vex's questions without a hint of judgement, explained her answers without Vex being talked down to, and somehow, despite the nature of her wares, kept their conversation from feeling awkward. So Vex's curiosity had been sparked, and she'd set aside her gold pieces religiously, and finally returned to the shop to pick out...

Well. It's not the most expensive thing Vex owns, to be sure, but it's definitely the most expensive thing she's ever paid for.

As far as Vex is concerned, it's worth its weight in gold.

She shrugs at Percy. "A lady has needs, after all, when she can get some time to herself." She grins slyly at him, noting the rising flush of pink in his cheeks and his ears. "And you should know by now, I'm very good with my hands."

Percy looks at her, tilts his head consideringly. "Show me."

Vex blinks. "What?"

He tosses the toy and she catches it reflexively, eyes narrowed as Percy crosses and sits on the end of the bed. "Show me how to use it. I've read about such things, of course-" Vex stifles a chuckle at the hint of indignant lordling creeping into his voice- "but knowing the theory will only take one so far. A practical demonstration would yield much more..." His voice lowers, gains a hint of growl that shoots through Vex and pulses between her legs. "Satisfactory. Results."

Vex purses her lips. Percy raises an eyebrow.

"Fine," she says.

Percy, the shit, scoots until his back is pressed against the wall and crosses his arms. When she doesn't immediately move, he lifts a hand and waves it a little, the same "come along, hurry up" gesture he uses when one of the party is walking too slowly for his taste.

Well. If he wants to play it like *that* .

Vex rolls to sit up on her knees and pulls her shirt off in one swift motion, tossing it off the side of the bed. She sits back on her heels and pulls the tie off her braid, running her fingers through her hair until it hangs loose around her shoulders. She still has her breastband and leggings on, but Percy's focus has already locked onto her, and she takes a moment to smirk at him. She tosses her hair over one shoulder, a little theatrical about it, just to watch his pupils blow a little wider.

It's so sweet how he thinks he's in control of this part of their relationship.

“You know,” she says, settling back against the headboard, “it took me a while to figure out how to use this.”

“Really?” Percy says, light and casual. His hands have come to rest on his thighs, posture perfect even now. “I should think it was fairly intuitive.”

Vex laughs. “Use it *well*, I mean. The first few times, I just rushed right through, skipped straight to the good bits.”

Percy wets his lips. “And now?”

Vex grins. “Now,” she says, reaching over and picking the toy back up, “I’ve learnt to appreciate the anticipation.”

She holds the toy in one hand, loosely, just enough to keep it from falling to the bed. With her other hand, she begins trailing her fingers over her breast. Her breathing has slowed, grown shallow, and she lets her thumb flick just over her nipple through the cloth of her breastband. The small spark of pleasure sets a hitch in her breathing, and she watches Percy’s eyes drop from her face to her hand, mouth falling ever so slightly slack.

“Hard and fast can be good of course,” she says, voice throaty. She breaks off to pinch at her nipple, twisting a little, and her eyes flutter shut for a moment. “But,” she gasps a little, cups her breast fully and squeezes, “drawing it out is ever so much fun.”

“Is it indeed?” Percy’s voice is tight, and she lets her gaze trail down to the growing bulge in the front of his breeches.

Vex chuckles. “I’ve always thought so.” Still holding the toy, she brings her hands to the bindings on her breastband. Slowly she begins to pull at them, until the breastband joins her shirt on the floor.

Percy swallows. “Is this how you... you’ve used it, before?”

She smiles. “It’s how I used to do it, yeah.”

The hand on his thigh twitches, grip tightening on the muscle. “And what would you do next?”

Vex leans back against the headboard again. “Draw it out some more,” she says, and brings her free hand to her mouth. She closes her lips around her first two fingers, sucking them into the second knuckle, working them with her tongue until they’re nice and wet.

Percy groans. His hand slides from his thigh to press against the hardness between his legs, and his eyes flutter shut as his mouth falls open.

Vex pulls her fingers free. “Are you jumping ahead of me, Percival?”

His eyes snap open. “Of course not, darling,” he says, a little hoarse. “Please, continue.”

She smirks. "Very well." Her slick fingers return to her breast, pulling and stroking in earnest, and she can't help moaning, each tug seeming to go directly to her clit. At last she lets go and takes the toy in that hand, bringing it to her pebbled nipple. The room is warm, but the glass is still cold against her skin, and she groans at the contrast in sensation. "Feels so good," she pants, and hears Percy gasp in response.

Vex could draw this part out more, but she decides to take pity on her lover, currently grinding the heel of his hand against himself and breathing heavily. "Ok," she says, sitting up, "time to get naked."

There's a bit of shuffling (Vex has yet to discover a sexy way to remove one's leggings) and judging by Percy's face when her hand brushes against him while trying to help him get his trousers off, this whole endeavour is very nearly over before it begins, but finally they're back on the bed, Percy sitting against the backboard with one hand on his cock, Vex sprawled out in front of him. "Where were we," she says, picking the toy back up from the mattress.

"I believe," Percy says, hand working his cock slowly, the muscles in his stomach twitching with each stroke, "that you were extolling the virtues of anticipation."

Vex laughs, breathy. "So I was. Still, I think it's about time we got to the main event, don't you?" With that, she lowers the toy between her legs and slides it along her cunt. She's so wet already, it slips between her folds with little resistance, and she and Percy groan in unison as it spreads her open. She moves it over herself, coating it in her slickness, letting it brush over her clit with every other stroke or so. The glass isn't cool any longer, her heat warming it, and she lines the head up with her entrance.

"Vex..." Percy's voice is a groan, and his head tips back. His hand moves faster, and she can see him spreading the precome from the tip of his cock, getting himself wet. His eyes are shut, and his breath is hitching in the way that she knows means he's close to coming.

"Percival." Her voice rings out against the walls of the room. Percy's eyes snap open, and he drops his head forward to look at her, panting. "There you are," she says, smile spreading across her face. "Didn't think you'd want to miss the best part."

And with that, she pushes the toy into her cunt in one smooth stroke.

"Oh, *fuck*." Vex gasps. The glass is hard, harder than fingers or a cock, and she groans at the stretching, too-full feel of it. The hand not on the toy grasps at the sheet, and her hips buck up as her body wars between pulling away from the intrusion and pulling it deeper within herself. Her legs fall open, and she hears Percy moan, long and low, as she spreads herself in front of him, the slick rhythm of him touching himself building faster and faster.

Slowly, Vex begins to work the toy in and out of herself. It's mostly smooth, but the flared head drags against her inner walls deliciously, and she struggles to keep her eyes open against the onslaught of sensation. The toy is curved in such a way as to brush against the spot inside her that always lights her up with pleasure, and she adjusts the angle until she's hitting that spot on every stroke. "Oh, gods, Percy," she breathes, forcing her eyes to focus on him.

He's so close, her Percy, and she can tell he's trying to hold back. He's such a gentleman about some things, always reluctant to seek his pleasure until she's found hers. She's still working on getting him to accept that making him feel good makes her feel good, too. "Go on, Percy" she says, gasping as she thrusts the toy deeper inside, "go on, I want to watch you, you're so beautiful when you come, please-"

Percy groans. His hips buck up into his hand and he throws his head back, the long line of his jaw and neck tensing as he writhes, striping his belly and chest with long strings of come. He pants, the tension draining, and his hand flops down to the mattress beside him. "Oh, fuck," he breathes, closing his eyes, chest heaving. "Oh, shit."

He really is gorgeous, boneless and blissed out, and Vex takes a second to drink in the sight before returning her focus to her own pleasure. The hand with the toy grinds inside her, and she slips her other hand between her folds. "Oh, oh gods," she's barely even aware of what's coming out of her mouth, her fingers sliding over her wetness to rub hard circles against her clit. She's so close, she can feel it building in her belly and the base of her spine, she whines in frustration, she's so *close* -

A hand covers hers. "Your turn, darling." Percy's breath is hot against her ear, and she keens as he works the toy even deeper into her cunt, pressing relentlessly against that spot inside her over and over again. "Come for me, Vex." He's draped himself along her body, and he leans down to suck the sharp point of her ear into his mouth, worrying it with his teeth as he drives her towards completion. "Come for me."

Vex surges up to kiss him, letting him swallow her scream as she bears down on the toy in their hands. Her thighs shake and her hips jerk as wave after wave of pleasure engulfs her, and for one blistering second, she thinks she might actually pass out.

Then the waves break and Vex collapses back to the bed, cunt twitching around the toy as aftershocks flood through her. She takes a moment, letting her breathing even out. Percy kisses her again, presses his mouth to her lips, her nose, her cheek, her jaw. Slowly, he pulls the toy out of her, and she fights down the urge to clamp her thighs together and keep him there for the next several hours.

"Were those results satisfactory?" she asks, voice rough with exertion.

Percy, the utter, *utter* bastard, actually brings the toy to his lips and licks it clean. Vex groans again, feels a throb between her legs as her poor, fucked-out body tries to muster up the energy for a second round. "They were," he says, putting the toy aside and pulling her close, wrapping his arms around her and dropping a tender kiss to her shoulder. "However, I do have some ideas for some improvements."

Vex cackles. "Of course you do." She laughs harder at his startled, slightly offended expression, and pulls him down to kiss him. "Tomorrow, though, yeah?"

Percy smiles. "Tomorrow."

Vex smiles back, then scoots until she can tuck her head beneath his chin. Warm and sated, she falls asleep within minutes.

Percy stays awake for a little while longer, gears in his head already turning. When morning comes, he's got some sketching to do...

Chapter End Notes

oh my god, this is the filthiest thing i've ever written, and i'm not done yet
someone needs to take my ass to church

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

After the events of that evening, Percy spends rather a lot of time with his sketchbook.

This isn't unusual. He likes to sketch out new ideas and modifications whenever he gets the chance, as a way to help him focus and settle his mind at the end of the day. He's often worked on preliminary project ideas before turning in for the night, on a couch in front of the fire with Keyleth reading beside him.

He doesn't work on this... *particular* project when Keyleth is around.

In theory, it shouldn't be difficult. He made a record of all the measurements he needed to construct the seat for Vex's broom (and what an evening *that* had been, wrapping a measuring tape around her hips and legs, blushing furiously and trying to stay objective while she cracked lewd jokes) and it's a simple enough matter to adapt them to the demands of this creation.

Adjusting for the... centerpiece, as it were, poses a tad bit more of a problem. Vex would give it to him if he asked, of course, but he doesn't want to let her know what he's doing if he turns out he can't get it to work. In the end, he takes the toy out of her pack, leaving a similarly sized hunk of wood in its place, and makes sure to keep her too occupied to suggest introducing it into any more of their... activities.

It takes an afternoon of locking himself in the mansion workshop with scissors, a heavy duty sewing kit, and several of Scanlan's conjured servants being unsettlingly non-judgemental at him, but Percy thinks he's really got something workable.

That is, if Vex even want to work with it.

He knocks on her door that evening, after the others have gone to bed. "Vex?"

She opens it, already in the oversized shirt she wears for sleeping, and smiles at him. "What is it, darling?"

He shifts his weight, pushes his glasses up his nose. "May I come in?"

"Of course." She steps back to let him through, closing the door behind him.

Percy crosses to sit on the bed. "I have something for you."

"Oh?" Vex sits next to him, feet tucked up under her. "Is it another exploding arrow?"

He chuckles. "Not quite."

He sets the bundle of fabric in her lap. She raises an eyebrow at him, but unfolds it slowly, until it's fully spread before her.

On the fabric lies a series of leather straps connected to a central harness. At the center of the harness is slotted Vex's glass dildo.

Her eyes widen. "Percival."

He flushes. "After that evening, I- Well, I couldn't stop thinking about it, so I- It's just the first design, so obviously there might be problems that need to be worked out."

She looks back up at him. "For you?"

He shakes his head. "For *you* ." Then pauses, nods slowly. "And- and for me, too I suppose."

She bites her lip. "Not that I'm not- *intrigued* by the idea, but, Percy. Where did you even-" She looks from him to the harness and back. "Why?"

Percy sighs, takes off his glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Despite what you and the others may think of me, I do have some knowledge of worldly affairs. I've heard of... similar things, from various sources, and I have, at certain points been..." He trails off, struggling to find the right word.

"Curious?" Vex supplies.

He nods. "Yes. I thought this might be something we could... explore, together." He puts his glasses back on. "If the idea has any appeal to you of course."

"Appeal?" Vex huffs, and before it quite registers, she's kissing him, hot and slick, already half in his lap. "Percival," she says, pitched low, "if you're asking me to fuck you-" he lets out a low groan at that- "that idea is *very* appealing." She shifts back, enough to look down at the harness again. "Where did you even get the idea for this?"

Percy swallows, shrugs. "Ah, well, spend enough time in taverns, you hear a few things. And I've read books."

Vex's head cocks. "Books?"

He flushes. "In the library at Whitestone. Kept for their historical value, but of course, my father forbade any of us from reading them. Said they were far too lewd and perverse for people of our noble standing."

Vex smirks. "You read them all, didn't you?"

Percy grins. "When I was sixteen. Very informative."

They chuckle together for a moment. Vex fiddles with one of the leather pieces in her lap. "Percival." She looks up at him, and he lets her. Whatever she's looking for from him, he wants her to find it. "I just want- You're doing this because you want to? Not just because you think it's something that I want? Because, really, darling," she takes his hand, earnestness

in her eyes that would seem sincere if he didn't know her so well, "if you're worried about my level of physical satisfaction, I can assure you, *I'm fine*."

That gets a full body laugh from him, which was the goal, judging by the smile on Vex's face. "Well, that's a relief." He turns his hand over in hers, lacing their fingers. "Honestly, dear, I'm..." He purses his lips. He always chooses his words carefully, was born and raised into diplomacy and tact, but just as often as he has the perfect rejoinder, he has moments like this, where all of his intellect fails to produce the words he needs to convey what he means.

"I want this," he says finally. "I think it could be good."

Vex looks back down at the bundle in her lap. "You really want me to fuck you?"

Percy swallows hard. "From everything I've heard, it has the potential to be... a thoroughly enjoyable experience." He nudges her shoulder with his own. "You've certainly not had any complaints."

She rolls her eyes. "There's some slightly different equipment involved in this proposed scenario, darling."

"I trust you." He says it almost as a quip, but Vex's breath hitches, and he knows she's heard the weight behind his words. He raises their entwined hands to his lips, brushes a kiss across the back of her knuckles. "I trust you," he says again, barely above a whisper, and feels Vex take a shaky inhale.

"Well," she says, dropping her shoulders back and sitting up straight. She lifts the cloth out, placing it to the side, then turns and lifts herself into Percy's lap, settling with her knees bracketing his thighs. "Alright then." And she kisses him, hard.

The next steps to this dance, Percy knows well. That doesn't stop him from burying his face in Vex's shoulder, letting out a shuddering moan as she grinds down on his hardening cock, feeling the heat of her even through layers of cloth. He retaliates, kissing his way up her neck and jaw until he can take her earlobe in his mouth, biting and sucking at it as she gasps and swears above him. His hands slide under her shirt, up the already sweat-slick skin of her back, then around to pull her breastband down enough to expose her breasts.

Percy has... Well, Vex would call it a *thing*. For her breasts. She's teased him about it, the fastidiousness with which he lavishes attention on them, although that doesn't stop her from pulling her clothes off now, baring herself to the waist and tipping her head back as he ducks to take a nipple in his mouth. He knows she thinks he's self-conscious about receiving attention of this kind from her, and that is true, to a degree. But tonight, with what they have planned, he's not interested in redirecting her focus from his pleasure. He's well aware that a generous portion of the evening will be dedicated to him.

He just wants to make sure Vex gets hers, first.

To that end, he pulls her nipple between his teeth, sucking and licking at the pebbled flesh. Every tug elicits a sound, a gasp or moan, and an accompanying jerk of Vex's hips against his own. He slides his hands down her back and under her leggings, taking handfuls of her ass to

pull her more firmly against him. That gets a proper groan, and Vex grabs his head with both hands, hauling him up to kiss him. “Lovely,” she says against his lips, “but I’ve got a better idea.”

She plants her hands on his shoulders and *shoves*, send them both toppling back to the bed. They bounce a bit from the impact, and Percy takes a brief moment to appreciate the effect the abrupt movement has on Vex’s breasts. As if sensing his distraction, Vex cups his cheek and draws him up to look at her. “Get naked,” she says solemnly, then, just as suddenly as she’d pushed him back, pushes of him and darts to the door.

Percy lays there for a moment, processing. Dimly, he hears Vex open the door to her room and say something. He looks over and sees her, head poking out of the cracked door. She glances back at him and raises an eyebrow, looking him over pointedly from head to still thoroughly clothed toe.

He grins. “Yes, dear.” He gets off the bed and begins stripping. Vex, minx, leans back against the door and crosses her arms, a posture that both conveys her affected disinterest at his progressing nudity and does fantastic things for her tits.

Like he said. Minx.

Percy doesn’t make a show of removing his clothing. He has no gift for that kind of performance when it comes to sex, and anyway, he learned early on that just getting naked got Vex hot and bothered all on its own. He takes his time removing and setting aside each article, watching Vex out of the corner of his eye. She doesn’t move, but he can see her breath getting shallower, the rise and fall of her chest more evident.

Just as Percy kicks aside the last of his layers, there’s a knock at the door. Percy, now completely naked, freezes, but Vex, still topless, sticks her head out, takes something from someone, and spins back, closing the door behind her. “Here,” she says, tossing the something to Percy, “we’ll need this.”

He catches it. It’s a small vial, which, upon brief inspection, seems to be filled with some form of unscented oil. He looks back up at Vex. “*Please* tell me you didn’t send Scanlan to get this.”

She shrugs. “Nah. Just one of his servants.” Off his raised eyebrow, she crosses to him and takes the vial, patting him on the shoulder. “Don’t worry, they’re very discreet.”

Shaking his head, Percy sits on the bed, shifting until he can lean against the headboard. “If you say so,” he says, or starts to say. He’s interrupted by straddling his thighs and running a finger along his cock from root to tip. He breaks off with a very undignified grunt, hands jerking to clench in the sheets beside him.

Vex huffs a laugh. “Oooh, this will be fun.” Percy has a brief moment to be very, very worried about the wicked grin on her face before she’s sliding down his body to take him in her mouth.

Percy is always a little reluctant when it comes to Vex going down on him. She loves it, has told him so multiple times, in very expressive and colorful terms, but he can't help feeling that it's a little unfair to her, to have him being the only one receiving pleasure. He's said this to her, of course, and she's explained that being in control of making him come apart underneath her gives her a *great deal* of pleasure, which.

Given his enjoyment of having their positions reversed in this, he thinks he can understand.

He's still holding himself back, at first. Vex closes her lips around the head of his cock and sucks lightly, causing his hips to buck up, and he groans. "Vex..."

She pulls off and looks up at him, devilish delight sparkling in her eyes. "I hope you're not thinking of coming already, Percival," she says, her mock reproach shooting directly to his cock. "We're only just getting started."

And she ducks her head again, and it's all sort of a blur for Percy after that: Vex licking up the vein on the side of his cock, using her thumb to smear the fluid leaking from the tip, taking him as deep as she can, using her hand to stroke what doesn't fit in her mouth. This isn't the first time she's done this for him (to him), but it still takes Percy's breath away, how much she loves this.

How good she makes him feel.

He comes back to focus when Vex's fingers move from his cock to his balls. She rolls them gently in one hand, then shifts to press a firm finger against the soft skin behind them. Percy jerks, full-body, only barely keeping himself from thrusting into Vex's throat. She sits up then, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, and picks up the discarded vial of oil. "You ready?" she asks.

Percy wets his lips, nods. "I'm ready."

Vex settles back between his legs. "I'm gonna make you feel-" she presses a kiss against his hipbone- "so-" another kiss to the crease of his thigh- "fucking-" to the inside of his leg- "good." One last kiss, right at the base of his cock, and Percy shudders at the sensation.

He's still shuddering when he feels the first touch of Vex's oil-slick finger against him. He can't help but tense, the cool oil strange against his tender skin. Vex is speaking, murmuring reassurances as she presses her finger against the ring of muscle. He can't make out her words, but the tenderness in her voice is enough for him to relax, ever so slightly. This was his idea, he *wants* this. He wants Vex in every way possible, and the thought that they're inching closer to her being able to take him, fill him up, make him *hers*, sends another shudder along his spine.

Vex lingers for what seems an eternity, rubbing at him but never quite pressing ahead. He's about to sit up and ask when exactly she plans on *getting on with it* when, as if sensing his impatience, she pushes the first finger inside him.

He inhales sharply at the intrusion, the sudden fullness, and Vex lifts her head up to catch his eye, a question in her face. He nods, shakily, which reassures her enough to turn her attention

back between his legs.

It's... strange. That's the only way he can think to describe it. Not unpleasant, by any means, but not immediately pleasurable, nothing to prompt the kind of bliss he's heard described by others. Still, it's satisfying, in its way, allowing Vex to open him up, spread him out underneath her as she slips first one, then two slender fingers inside him, stretching him with every slick push.

After several minutes of this, little sound between them but his gasps, her murmurs, the soft wet noises she's making between his legs, Percy props himself up on his elbows. "I think-" he says, stutters as her fingers press deep into him, "there should be- if you- I've heard people talk about something-"

"Oh, you mean this?" Vex twists her fingers, and Percy yelps, honest-to-gods *yelps*, as she brushes against something inside him that sends white-hot pleasure shooting through him like one of her lightning arrow. He falls back to the bed, hips bucking up into her instinctively, and he lets out a choked-off moan as he shakes against the overwhelming intensity.

Vex grins. "You're not the only one who listens to tavern talk, darling."

Percy groans. He groans louder when she strokes over that place again, and then again, and oh, is this what it's like for Vex, having his fingers inside her? This rush of stretched-out pleasure, full up with heat and wanting? She presses a third finger inside him and he moans at the burning goodness of it, tossing his head back against the mattress, back arching as his body chases its release.

"Fuck, *Percy* ." He lifts his head. Vex has one hand pressing against him, the other, as best he can tell from this angle, shoved down the front of her leggings. As he watches, she bites her lip, arm moving in time with the fingers inside him. "You're beautiful, Percy, gods, you're so beautiful like this," she pants, stretching him open and working her fingers over the bundle of nerves. "I should've known you'd love it, losing control like this, I should've *known*- " The last word is cut off by a cry as Vex bucks against her hand, sending her fingers even deeper into Percy, and he keens loud enough that the small part of him still capable of thought hopes no one else in the mansion can hear them. But that moment of rationality quickly gives way once more to sensation, and his heels dig into the mattress as Vex takes him apart.

By now, his cock is hard enough to be just this side of painful, smearing fluid against his belly with every stroke of Vex's fingers. He can feel his release beginning to build, heat curling in the pit of his stomach, and he reaches down to grab Vex's shoulder. "Stop, stop-"

She does, immediately, fingers stilling inside him, and looks up, brows snapping together. "Are you alright?"

He nods, letting out a shuddering breath. "Yes, I'm- it's- I just, not yet." He shifts to cup her face in one hand. "I don't want to finish just yet."

Vex smiles. "Alright." Gently, she pulls her fingers away, and Percy lets out what, under other circumstances, would be an embarrassing whimper, feeling himself clench and flutter at

the loss. Vex gets to her feet and shucks her leggings and smallclothes, then picks up the harness from where she'd dropped it earlier. She looks at it for a moment.

"Um. Percy?"

"Yes?"

She holds it in front of her. "How do I..." She looks back to him and holds the harness out, not quite accusingly. "How?"

There follows several minutes of placement and adjustment, which involves a lot of Percy with his hands between Vex's legs in a way that ought to be sexy but isn't, and a lot of Vex twisting to watch what he's doing and nearly falling over, which ought not to be funny but is. It's awkward and not at all titillating, but Percy can't help but feel his customary satisfaction once he's gotten all of the straps (buttery smooth leather; never let it be said that Percival can't design with comfort in mind) set to rights and his invention is functioning just as he designed it to.

Vex stands in front of him, hands on her hips, looking down at the curved glass jutting out from between her legs. "Is this what it's like for you all the time?" She asks, shifting side-to-side experimentally, watching the artificial cock bob slightly in front of her.

Percy steps forward. "A little, perhaps." He trails a finger along the glass. "Less sensation, in some ways." Leaning down, he kisses Vex softly. "More, in others." He wraps his hand around the glass and strokes once, hard, and Vex jerks against him, a harsh cry of pleasure falling from her lips.

Percy grins. He'd shaped the harness with the intention that, once it was properly fitted, the flared base of the toy would press directly against Vex's clit. Judging by the sounds she was making, he guessed he'd found his mark.

"Enough," she says, pushing at his chest until his knees hit the mattress, "enough." She pushes until he's spread out on the bed and she can clamber on top of him, straddling his thighs and leaning over so that her belly just brushes against his cock. "I want to fuck you now."

She slips two fingers back inside him, but where before she was gentle, now she fucks into him in earnest, scissoring her fingers and reducing him back to a quivering mess in a matter of minutes. "Yes, Vex, yes, *please* -"

"Please what, darling?" she asks, face the picture of perfect innocence as she presses deep inside him, dragging her fingers deliberately over that little bump of nerves.

Percy nearly chokes. "Please- Vex, please, fuck me, please-"

Vex smiles. "If you insist." Her fingers slip out of him, he gasps, and there's a moment of pause as Vex smears oil on one hand and spreads it over her cock. Her breath hitches with every stroke, and Percy grins despite himself, flush with the thrill of having built something that worked.

At last, Vex shifts, lifting herself up until she can settle with Percy's legs bracketing her hips. Her cock bumps against Percy's, sliding against him and he gives a choked cry. Vex closes a hand around her cock, tilting her hips until the head of it presses against him. Pushing herself up on her arms, she lowers to drop a kiss to Percy's collarbone. "Still alright?"

Percy whimpers. "Vex, *please*."

"I'll take that as a yes." And slowly, achingly slowly, Vex pushes inside him. Percy's fairly sure neither of them breathes until she's seated fully in him, their hips flush together. Vex drops her forehead to press against his, taking a shaking breath. "Still alright?"

Percy leans up to kiss her, letting a groan escape into her mouth as the change in angle shifts her cock inside him. "Vex," he says. "*Fuck me.*"

And she does.

She starts slow. He wonders briefly if she's copying him, or one of her previous lovers, someone else who knew how to set a pace designed to slowly drive their partner mad. Whatever her inspiration, it's working. She times each slow glide perfectly, the hard curve of glass stretching him open on each thrust and dragging deliciously on each retreat. Neither of them is touching his cock, Vex presumably because she's a bit occupied, Percy because he knows that he'll come as soon as he does, and he doesn't want to. He wants to stay in this moment for as long as he can, wants to feel Vex's warmth above him, wants to hear her grunts and gasps, as expressive as if her cock were flesh and blood. The noise she makes as she moves inside him is obscene, both of them so wet, and when she tilts her hips to glance against that spot inside him, he wraps his legs around her waist and *yells*.

Vex laughs, high and clear, and lifts higher onto her knees to thrust even deeper into him. She drops down to her forearms, braced on either side of his head, and snaps her hips. "Fuck, Percy, oh—" She drives in and out of him, and he brings his hands to her hips, pulling her even tighter against him. "Percy, it's so—"

"I know, I know—" He groans as she strikes deep inside him again, that place that makes him scrabble against her back, clinging to her with hands and legs. He arcs his back and his cock presses up into her belly, both of them crying out as it slides, wet, against her skin. "I know, Vex, please—"

Her thrusts are getting more sporadic now, as she grinds herself against the hardness pressing on her clit. He lets one hand drop to her ass, giving her more leverage to push into him, the slap of skin against skin even louder than the sound of their fevered breathing. Vex slams into him, once, twice, then shudders as her release washes over her, still pushing into him weakly as she chases her pleasure against the glass.

He smiles, watching her eyes roll back and her mouth fall open, soft little moans escaping in time to each grinding thrust of her hips. He skates his hands in gentle circles over her back, working her through until she drops her head down with a sigh, burying her face in his shoulder. "Shit," she breathes, arms trembling. He brings a hand up to brush through her hair, presses a kiss to her temple. He aches with wanting, cock throbbing with every heartbeat, but he waits for her. He thinks he'll always wait for her.

After a moment, Vex lifts up, turns to kiss him. It starts soft, relatively chaste, but while Percy is more than happy to let Vex catch her breath, he can't help but press his tongue to the seam of her lips, and once she opens to him, the kiss turns hot and slick. He sinks his fingers into her hair and chases after her mouth, groaning into her as she sits back and shifts her hips. "Don't worry, darling," she says, lips kiss-bruised and swollen, raising up until she's sitting on her knees, Percy's hips lifted almost clean off the bed. "I've got you."

Percy forgets, sometimes, the amount of strength it takes work a bow the way Vex does. He's reminded of it now as Vex grips his hips, using her arms for leverage as she sets a punishing rhythm. He thinks dimly that he might bruise in the shape of her fingers, and the thought causes him to jerk even harder against her. She's catching that place inside him nearly every other stroke, and he doesn't know whether to pull away from the intensity or chase after it. His body is making the decisions for him now, hips grinding up to meet Vex's with every thrust. His hands, he barely knows what to with his hands, sliding to grasp at her hips, her shoulders, his own hair, the headboard behind him, which shakes in time to Vex fucking into him. He's lost all control over his voice, cracking grunts and moans being punched out every time Vex's hips meet his, keening when she slams deep, gasping at the drag of her cock against his insides when she pulls out. She's fucking him hard now, pulling out almost completely before she pistons back in, and oh, if this is what being fucked is like, Percy understands why she loves it, wants nothing more than to give this pleasure back to her, and oh, oh, oh.

Abruptly, Vex releases him. One hand slams flat onto the mattress next to him, supporting her weight as she moves. The other, still slick with oil, reaches down and wraps around his cock. "Come on, Percy," Vex grunts, stroking him in time to the movement of her hips. "Come on, you've done so good, you're so good, please--"

She swipes her thumb over the head and Percy *screams*. His whole body shakes with the force of his climax and his cock jerks in Vex's hand, coating it and his belly and chest in his come. Blindly, he reaches out for her, wrapping his arm around hers as it braces her above him, feeling her tremble with exertion as he trembles with the shock of his pleasure. He writhes underneath her, head tossing and back arching, and she guides him through it, milking every last drop from his cock until he has to pull her hand away, too sensitive for even the lightest touch.

Slowly, Vex pulls out of him, and Percy winces, the hard glass almost too much against his tender flesh. "Sorry, sorry," Vex says, standing so she can unbuckle and step out of the harness.

She leans over and drops a tender kiss to his forehead. "I'll be right back," she murmurs. He watches, breathing slowly settling, as she crosses to the small wash basin and soaks a cloth. She sits on the bed next to him and begins to wipe away the mess he's made of himself, taking care not to drag the cloth too roughly over his softening cock.

"I don't deserve you." The words escape without his realizing, too fucked-out to maintain his usual filter.

Vex pauses in her work and looks down at him. Slowly, she cleans the last of the tacky fluid from his chest and tosses the cloth over towards the basin. Then, still so gently he can barely

breathe for it, she stretches out next to him and raises herself on an elbow, brushing his sweat soaked hair back from his face.

“Maybe not,” she says. “But you’ve got me.”

And she kisses him, hard.

Chapter End Notes

this is longer than any of my fics except here in the end is home, when did i achieve this level of Filth

and hey, if you like what we do here, and you want to read more about percy being Really Into butt stuff, check out griftings' fic [take a step that is new](#) which, while not a direct inspiration for this fic, is certainly one of the reasons it got written.

happy sinning!

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