

Perchance

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Perchance

by [Largishcat](#)

Summary

Geralt fails to find the djinn. Luckily, Jaskier knows an alternative cure for insomnia.

Notes

Thanks to [msdarkcircles](#) who listened to me whine about writer's block, sent me encouraging gifs, and busted her butt making this fic the best it could be.

The sun was setting over the treetops by the time Geralt gave up looking for the djinn.

He threw his net as far out into the lake as he could and watched it sink. The splash was unsatisfyingly small.

He sat down on the ground with his back to a tree, his arms on his knees. He leaned his head back against the rough bark, closing his eyes and letting the last fading beams of sunlight soak into his aching eyelids. It wasn't much comfort, but it was what he had.

Geralt heard Jaskier—who had refused to fuck off despite Geralt telling him to at increasing volume for several hours—approach. His footsteps crunched over the gravel and dry grass that edged the lake. Geralt didn't open his eyes, but he felt the cool of Jaskier's shadow falling over him. He smelled Jaskier now too, his scent layered and familiar. Orris root oil, faded and half-lost under the stronger scents of stale wine and end-of-day sweat. It was almost comforting, but Jaskier was blocking his sun.

Geralt thought about hooking his foot around Jaskier's ankle and sending him tumbling into the lake along with Geralt's net. He thought about leaning forward and pressing his face into Jaskier's stomach, to see if his body heat would sooth the throbbing in his skull.

"You look like hell," Jaskier said.

Geralt opened one eye to glare up at him. It opened reluctantly, sticky and full of grit. His eyes stung when he closed them, stung when he opened them, stung when it was too bright, and stung when he had to squint into the dark. He had been half considering taking his dagger and carving them both *out* when he'd heard the rumors of the djinn. That had been a reason to keep dragging his half-dead carcass forward.

But that was looking increasingly like a dead end. There was nothing more he could do tonight. He'd have to wait until morning, dive into the lake, and search the silty bottom one foot at a time.

The thought of it was about as appealing as kissing a wyvern, but even that wasn't as painful as the thought of spending another sleepless night staring at the moon.

Maybe he'd get lucky and there would be a drowner in the lake that would do him the favor of killing him quickly.

"So..." said Jaskier slowly, "it looks like you haven't found your genie. Perhaps we should entertain the notion," he sped up as Geralt's glare intensified and said the last bit all in a rush, "that you may have been misled as to the location of this particular djinn? Maybe?"

The same thought had occurred to Geralt. He scowled at Jaskier. "Can you get out of my light?"

"What, have you become a plant as well as unbearably rude since the last time I saw you?"

Geralt grunted. "My eyes hurt. The sun was helping." It was almost gone now, sunk behind the canopy of trees. The air temperature was already beginning to drop. Soon Geralt would have to decide if he wanted to walk back to the village and waste coin on a bed he wouldn't sleep in, or make camp by the lake and spend all night out in the open.

At the moment, they seemed like equally shitty options. He hadn't felt warm for days, every light breeze sent him shivering. And a threadbare blanket from some threadbare inn wasn't going to make a noticeable difference, so why spend the extra coin when he was going to be cold and miserable regardless?

"Right, because you can't sleep," Jaskier said. He shifted on his feet, frowning. "Are you ready to tell me about it, or do you plan on insulting me some more first?"

Geralt sighed. He couldn't hold on to his annoyance. It took too much energy and he had too little to spare.

He squinted up at Jaskier. Jaskier looked down at him, a little furrow between his eyebrows.

"I can't get my head quiet," he admitted, turning his gaze to stare across the flat surface of the lake, "but I can't pin down any one thought, either. They go around in circles and go *nowhere* at the same time, like a snake eating its own fucking tail." His fists clenched where they hung between his knees. "Nothing helps. Not meditating, not drinking, not working myself into a stupor. A week ago, I fought a swarm of necrophages until I was nearly puking with exhaustion. I still didn't sleep."

Jaskier moved to lean on the tree next to him. Geralt shifted to give him room.

"A snake eating its own tail," Jaskier said, contemplative. "That's quite poetic, actually. Maybe I should be worried, eh? If you learn to sing about your own deeds, I'll be out of a job."

"Mm."

Jaskier's hip was almost pressed into his shoulder, that little patch of body heat chasing away the chill of the evening air. Geralt found himself leaning closer.

"Still, as your friend," Jaskier went on, "I feel it's my duty to offer what help I can. Even if you have been saying terribly unfair things about my singing." Jaskier's voice was light, but there was a thread of tension running just under his words. Geralt wondered if he'd actually managed to hurt Jaskier's feelings.

Geralt snorted through his nose. "What can you do that I haven't already tried?"

"Well, it so happens that I know *just* the cure for an overactive mind," Jaskier said brightly, and Geralt closed his eyes, bracing himself for whatever horseshit was about to come next.

"Getting fucked."

Geralt opened his eyes, turning his head to look up at Jaskier, who was affecting to look entirely casual. Geralt stared at him. He pretended to be engrossed in flicking a piece of dried

grass off his sleeve. The effect was ruined by the fact that Geralt could *hear* the way Jaskier's heartbeat had sped up. Suddenly loud in the still, evening air.

Geralt had the vague feeling that this was one of those improprieties he shouldn't let Jaskier get away with, because it would only lead to bigger, more inconvenient ones somewhere down the road.

At the same time, he was already turning the idea over in his head. It wasn't a bad one. It probably should have occurred to him earlier, but he hadn't been feeling especially lustful lately, with the constant, low-grade headache. The queasy churn of his stomach whenever he tried to eat.

"I've been plagued by sleeplessness myself, before," Jaskier said defensively, apparently interpreting Geralt's silence as doubt, "when my muse is being fickle. Not to be crude," too late for that, "but, well, a bit of *vigorous* company has been my savior more than once?" He trailed off, sounding unsure.

Geralt stared at him some more, but in the back of his head, he was calculating how long it would take to get to the nearest decent sized city. You rarely found male whores in backwater towns. Osiny wasn't too far. He hoped he had enough coin left over from his last job.

"It's a tricky beast, sleeplessness," Jaskier said, softly. "I find that whatever problem is keeping me up seems much smaller after a night's rest. Yet, if someone told me that my insomnia would be cured if only I *got some sleep*, I'd be very tempted to hit them over the head with my lute."

Geralt snorted. He leaned his head more fully against the bark of the tree, studying Jaskier's familiar profile. He was often exasperating, and always turned up again like a bad copper, but Geralt appreciated that he was trying to help.

"Might be worth a try," Geralt said and was puzzled to hear Jaskier's heart speed up further. "Don't think any of the men around here are eager to touch a witcher, but Osiny isn't far. I'll find someone there. As long as I don't pass out on the way and fall out of my saddle."

Jaskier made a little noise in the back of his throat. "There's no need to travel so far?" he said, sounding oddly strangled.

"Hm?" Geralt frowned.

"Well," Jaskier fidgeted, "you know I can always be counted on to come to the aide of a friend in need." He said this with remarkable nonchalance for a man who's heart was trying its best to escape his chest. Geralt could *hear* it practically rattling around in his rib cage—

Ah. Lack of sleep really was making him slow. He needed to do something about that, or the next thing he missed would be important. Like the rustle of a beast following him through the woods, or the quiet crack of a ghoulish flexing its claws just before it pounced.

He pushed himself to his feet. Jaskier startled back a step.

“Thanks,” Geralt said, walking towards where Roach was tied, “but I doubt you could tire me out.”

It took Jaskier a moment to stumble into movement behind him. “I could so!” he said, sounding affronted. “In all my travels, I’ve never left anyone unsatisfied. Man or woman, I can assure you of that.”

Geralt rubbed Roach’s nose. She snorted at him. He began checking her saddle straps to make sure she was ready to ride back to town. “I’m not going to fuck you because you heard some rumors about Witcher’s and want to know if they’re true, Jaskier.”

“That’s not it at all!” Jaskier said. He’d come to a stop on the other side of Roach, and their eyes met over her back. His eyes were very wide and very blue. “That’s not it at all,” he said again. “I want to help.”

Geralt paused. He cocked his head at Jaskier, gauging how serious he was. It was hard to tell sometimes. Jaskier had a tendency to let the momentum of his words carry him forward, like a cart being dragged behind an unruly horse.

Jaskier looked back at him, his jaw set. There was the barest hint of a flush, beginning to rise under the skin of his cheeks.

“You should let me help you,” he said.

“Hm,” Geralt said, “all right.” He grabbed Roach’s reins and started back along the road to the town. It was almost a full minute before he heard Jaskier scrambling after him.

“What, really?” he said, catching up, coming to walk beside Geralt. “Half expected you to throw me into the lake, honestly,” he added under his breath.

“Yeah,” Geralt said. He watched Jaskier from the corner of his eye and noticed for the first time how little he was carrying. No bag, no lute, no coin purse. He must have been thrown out of his lady’s house very unceremoniously indeed. It wasn’t right to say that he seemed naked without his instrument, but he did seem smaller, like a portion of him was missing.

“What happened to your lute?” Geralt asked.

“Oh, that?” Jaskier grimaced. “The Countess de Stael threw it out a window, just before she threw me out the door. It didn’t survive the fall, I’m afraid.”

“It wasn’t the one the elf king gave you, was it?”

“No,” Jaskier smiled to himself, wistfully, “no, I haven’t had that lute for years.”

Geralt let the conversation trickle off and Jaskier didn’t pick it back up. The last light of day faded completely as they walked, whatever warmth that’d been left in the air leached out by the encroaching night.

Geralt’s shivers had returned by the time they saw the lights of the village, and he was so busy thinking about how much he wanted to sit in front of a fire that he didn’t notice how

quiet Jaskier had become.

He stabled Roach quickly at the inn, and threw the last of his coin at the innkeeper in exchange for a tiny, dingy room.

Jaskier trailed along in his wake, still uncharacteristically silent. He didn't even make any disparaging comments about the dirt ground into the inn's floors, which Geralt *did* notice, but the promise of a room with a fireplace was more pressing. Jaskier's silent tension was something he'd deal with once he'd stopped shaking hard enough to make his teeth rattle.

Once they made it up to the room, Geralt shut the door and slid the bolt home.

He stood for a moment facing the door, letting his eyes unfocus, the wood grain blurring. He took stock of his body. The stiffness in his muscles, the hollow ache in his bones, the twist of his guts. He rested his forehead against the door. He didn't remember letting his eyes slip shut, but they opened again when a warm hand rested on his shoulder.

"Here," Jaskier said, "I'll get those." He grabbed the saddle bags from where they had slipped through Geralt's loose fingers onto the floor, and crossed to set them on the wooden chair in the corner.

Geralt turned, letting his back rest against the door, watching Jaskier as he puttered about the room. There were the embers of a fire burning in a small grate. It was too warm to have a full fire going, but Jaskier glanced back over his shoulder to where Geralt was failing to hide his shivering, and poked the fire until it flared up. He toed off his boots and shrugged off his doublet to drape over the back of the chair.

He stretched his arms up over his head, his spine letting out a series of pops, and Geralt inhaled his scent. Stronger, more noticeable now that he was only in his shirtsleeves. Perfume and sweat mixed into something musky and floral.

Geralt felt an itch starting up under his skin. Something that had been hibernating finally waking up. It was still distant and muted through the haze of exhaustion, but familiar, and comforting in its familiarity.

He noticed Jaskier watching him from across the room. He seemed just on the cusp of speaking, or moving, but he did neither. He only watched Geralt, as if he was waiting for something, but Geralt didn't know what.

That was fine, though. Geralt knew the steps of this dance by heart. He could take it from here.

He leaned his head back against the door, tilting his head up. He cocked an eyebrow at Jaskier. "Hope you're not expecting a show," he said. "I haven't had a night's rest in three weeks. I'm not up to it."

"No—" Jaskier blinked. "No, you don't have to do anything." He looked as if he wanted to say more, but he just shook his head. He padded across the floor on bare feet, coming to a stop right in front of Geralt. Close enough that Geralt could feel his warmth, but not close

enough to touch. His eyes roved over Geralt's face, searching. Whatever he was looking for, he must have found it, because he took that last step forward, pressing himself up against Geralt's chest.

Geralt's eyes went half-lidded as Jaskier's heat soaked into him. He wanted this more than he wanted sex. Wanted to wrap around Jaskier like a vine and cling until the chill was chased from his bones.

Jaskier cupped his face in one palm, running his thumb over the corner of Geralt's mouth. Geralt smiled under the touch.

"Go on, then," he said, tasting the salt of Jaskier's skin, "kiss me. Or were you planning to inspect my teeth first?"

"Since you mentioned it," Jaskier said and actually *tugged his lower lip down* with an exaggerated squint.

Geralt shook his head out of Jaskier's grasp, snorting with surprised laughter.

Jaskier grinned and he looked a little bit more himself, whatever tension had been keeping him quiet easing a bit. "Well, that's one *rumor* disproven," he said. "Not a fang in sight."

Geralt's laugh got lost in his mouth.

His lips were soft, and he tasted like he hadn't eaten anything today, but had drunk plenty. There was a hint of end-of-day roughness on his cheeks, which it scrapped against Geralt's own stubble. He had a tiny chip in one of his eye teeth and Geralt's tongue kept getting caught on it. Geralt savored these sensory details, each one making him feel a little more grounded inside his own skin. A little less like he was about to fade away like a mirage.

He let his eyes slide all the way shut and leaned into Jaskier's mouth, running one hand up Jaskier's back to tangle in the thick hair at the nape of his neck.

Jaskier crowded in closer, so Geralt's back was pressed into the door. His hands raked down Geralt's sides. He tried to tug Geralt's shirt out of his pants, but with them pressed so closely together, there was nowhere for it to go.

Geralt slid a hand between them, planting it in the center of Jaskier's chest, and pushed Jaskier back. He resisted, but Jaskier wasn't a witcher, so back he went.

"Oh, come on, why?" Jaskier whined. Geralt ignored him, tugging his shirt over his head. The cloth blocked everything out for a moment, a little snatch of darkness. Geralt came back into the light of the room to the sight of Jaskier quiet and tense again. His gaze was fixed on Geralt's collarbones, his lip between his teeth, and there was something wild and manic behind his eyes. He appeared to be trying to have several facial expressions at once. His pupils were blown wide. Making the pale blue of his irises look deep and dark.

Geralt let his arms fall to his sides, his shirt slipping off his wrists onto the floor. He stood very still, watching the rise and fall of Jaskier's chest. The room was dim, with only a single

lamp lighting it, but a witcher's eyesight was keen even in the gloom. He could see every hair peeking through the open collar of Jaskier's shirt, dark against his pale skin. He could see the blood rising under the skin, almost a flush, but not yet. He knew if he pressed his hand between Jaskier's legs, he'd find him hard. He could hear the sound Jaskier would make in his mind. A breath, inhaled shakily.

Geralt took a step forward, pushing off the door. Jaskier's chin tilted up as he approached to keep his gaze. There was a tiny furrow between his brows. Geralt leaned forward, wanting to draw him out of whatever thoughts were making him frown.

"Here," Geralt said, "kiss me again."

The corner of Jaskier's mouth twitched up, a glint of mischief coming into his face. "I can't say that's the first time I've heard a man beg for the touch of my lips, but I never imagined I'd be able to count the great *White Wolf*, the witcher of legend, among their ranks," he said sardonically, as if he hadn't written all the legends himself.

"Oh, shut up," Geralt said and kissed Jaskier himself.

Jaskier laughed into his mouth; brought his hands up to cup Geralt's face. Geralt grabbed him by the waist, bringing their hips flush. He could feel how hard Jaskier was now, how his hips jerked under his hands, how he moaned into Geralt's mouth. Geralt *wanted* it now, even though his guts still twisted like eels—this was a sharper kind of ache, and Geralt wanted to drown himself in it until it chased away everything else. He wanted Jaskier to touch him and touch him and never stop.

He did stop, though. Jaskier was the one to break the kiss this time and Geralt the one swallowing down a whine.

Jaskier stroked his knuckles roughly down Geralt's stomach, making the muscles there twitch. "Get on the bed," he said, voice hoarse.

Geralt grabbed him by the front of the shirt, dragging Jaskier along with him as he backed across the room. A bit of fancy footwork allowed Geralt to toe off his boots and get his trousers unlaced before the back of his knees. And from there, it was nothing to let himself fall back, pulling Jaskier down on top of him.

"Oh, *fuck*," Jaskier said as Geralt pulled his shirt untucked and shoved it over his head.

"This was your idea," Geralt reminded him and set his teeth into the flesh of Jaskier's chest, biting down around his nipple. Jaskier made a strangled noise and grabbed a fistful of Geralt's hair. Geralt sucked a series of red marks across Jaskier's chest, savoring the salt taste of his skin, the sting of his fingers gripped too tight in Geralt's hair, the noises he made.

"Enough, enough," Jaskier gasped, smacking at Geralt's head, "*off*. Geralt—fuck, I swear—I want to suck your cock and you're making this *very* hard for me right now!"

That was enough to convince Geralt to let him go. He leaned back on his elbows and watched Jaskier scramble down the bed. His eyes caught on the red marks he'd left on Jaskier's chest

and neck, the sheen of sweat on his skin. Jaskier had seen him naked more than once, but he rarely saw Jaskier in anything less than three layers.

He wasn't slim underneath the silk and brocade, but neither did he have the hard muscle that came from doing hard labor for a living. From swinging an axe or a sword.

Geralt had seen Jaskier skinny with hunger before, but that had been years ago. He didn't lack for hot meals these days, and that was evident with the healthy layer of fat over his ribs, the soft plane of his stomach. It was appealing in a way that Geralt would not have been able to verbalize. It made him want to see the way that flesh would dent under his fingers. Made him want to drag Jaskier back up the bed and hold it between his teeth.

Jaskier hesitated for a long moment, crouched over him, his fingers hovering over the loose laces of his pants. Geralt hooked a thumb in the waist of his pants, pushing one side down, exposing his hip bone, and the base of his cock. Jaskier's eyes followed the movement.

"Oh, that's completely white, isn't it," Jaskier said. Geralt rolled his eyes, even as Jaskier's fingers scratched down his stomach, pressing briefly into his—white—pubic hair, before tugging his pants down his hips, finally freeing his cock.

"You've seen it before," Geralt said, mildly annoyed at the hitch in his own voice.

"It's never never been in my *face* like this before."

He proceeded to bury his face in Geralt's crotch. He mouthed his way across the crease of Geralt's hip, across his pubic bone, until he was pressing a series of wet kisses from the base of Geralt's cock to the tip.

Geralt stopped breathing as Jaskier's eyes flicked up to meet his.

"Jaskier," Geralt said, but he didn't know what to say next.

Jaskier grinned wickedly, his tongue flicking out to press flat against the underside of Geralt's cock, and Geralt was forced to consider the possibility that Jaskier had been some kind of succubus this entire time and he was only now falling into his trap. Then Jaskier's smile parted around the head of his cock and every thought was driven out of his head by the wet heat.

He only got to enjoy it for a few precious moments, though, before Jaskier pulled off with a pop. Geralt was about to protest, but Jaskier replaced his mouth with a hand, and it turned out his palms were wonderfully soft, and the tips of each of his fingers were rough with musicians calluses. He stroked once up and down, and those calluses dragged against the head of Geralt's cock, startling a ragged breath out of him.

"Don't be cross with me," Jaskier said, twisting his wrist in a way designed to make it impossible for Geralt to think, "but possibly I *have* been listening to some rumors." His hand stilled and Geralt had to bite back a curse. "If you could just confirm or deny one really quick before we get any further along—I've heard it said that witchers aren't limited like normal men, and can achieve the peaks of pleasure many—"

“*Jaskier*,” Geralt said.

“Right, sorry,” Jaskier said. “If I make you come now, how long until you can go again?”

“Not long. Now, will you *please* move your hand?”

Instead of doing that, Jaskier took Geralt back into his mouth. Sliding down almost to the hilt then back up again in one, fluid motion.

His tongue flattened against the sensitive spot just under the head of Geralt’s cock. Geralt exhaled explosively, and thought he felt Jaskier’s lips twitch around him.

Geralt threw his head back into the hard mattress. He stared hazily up at the ceiling as pleasure suffused his body. He wasn’t sure this would put him to sleep, but right now it didn’t matter. Nothing mattered except for Jaskier’s mouth, his hands on his thighs, the tiny sounds he made as he sucked Geralt. The smell of his arousal, pungent and tangy in the air.

Geralt felt his orgasm coming as if from a long way away, but it was on him before he could warn Jaskier.

Jaskier jerked back, spluttering. Geralt raised his head to see his own seed dripping down Jaskier’s chin and *that* was enough to make his spent cock twitch, another dribble of seed leaking out the tip.

“I would have *appreciated*,” Jaskier said, leaning back on his heels and wiping the back of his hand over his mouth, “a *warning*.”

“Sorry,” Geralt said, not feeling especially sorry.

Jaskier rolled his eyes, but he didn’t seem to be really angry. “Hold still for a moment,” he said and slid off the bed. He crossed to the chair in the corner and began rooting through the inner pockets of his doublet.

Geralt propped himself on his elbows, watching. Jaskier looked a little ridiculous, with his hair mussed and his unlaced britches slipping down off his hips. Geralt’s eyes kept catching on the trail of dark hair that ran down his stomach.

“Aha!” Jaskier said, triumphantly brandishing a little jar.

He twisted off the top as he walked back to the bed. Geralt caught the scent of lavender and wool fat.

Jaskier paused to kick his britches all the way off and then climbed back on the bed. He stroked one hand up Geralt’s calf, ruffling the hair there, his fingers leaving trails of grease on Geralt’s skin. He stroked his knuckles up the underside of Geralt’s cock, which was still hard, flushed a deep red. Almost purple at the tip.

“You know,” Jaskier said, “I’ve never seen a man’s cock that color. It looks like it’s angry at me.”

Geralt snorted through his nose. Jaskier grinned at him, looking punch-drunk and a little dazed.

Geralt sat upright, watching Jaskier's eyes widen as his shadow fell over him. He leaned in and caught Jaskier's mouth, swallowing the sound he made. He bit Jaskier's lower lip so he'd make it again.

When he pulled back, Jaskier tried to follow him. His eyes were unfocused, pupils blown wide and dark.

He lingered a moment, inhaling Jaskier's scent, listening to rapid-fire stutter of his heart, but then he rolled away, onto his stomach in the center of the bed. He crossed his arms in front of him, making a rest for his head. He looked back over his shoulder to where Jaskier knelt, naked and hard and still clutching his little jar of slick. He had an expression on his face like he had just been hit over the head with a bag of gold. A bit concussed, but happy about it. It made something terribly like fondness curl in Geralt's gut.

"Well?" Geralt prompted. "Did you plan on fucking me sometime tonight?"

"Uh," Jaskier said, startling out of his reverie. "Right, yes. Spread your legs for me a little?"

Geralt obliged and Jaskier knelt between his spread thighs. His skin pressed against the inside of Geralt's thighs, hot and electric.

Jaskier pressed his thumb against Geralt's hole, rubbing grease into the twitching muscle. Slowly, it breached him. Shallowly, but enough to send sparks through flesh that was still sensitive from his orgasm. He clenched around it.

"Oh," Jaskier said, very quietly. Quiet enough that without enhanced hearing, Geralt wouldn't have heard it over the rush of his own pulse.

Jaskier pulled back his thumb, and pressed in with a slick finger. Geralt made a low sound in the back of his throat.

He pressed his forehead into the mattress as Jaskier pushed in a second finger, twisting his hand to press in deep.

It had been a while since anyone had touched Geralt like this. It didn't hurt, but he wasn't used to it anymore. His muscles complained, even as his cock drooled into the sheets.

Jaskier grabbed a handful of Geralt's ass with his free hand, kneading it with his fingers as he thrust his fingers into Geralt's body, coaxing the reluctant muscle loose.

"Enough," Geralt gasped into his arms, "*enough*." He waved a hand over his shoulder at Jaskier. "If you don't fuck me soon it'll be morning."

Jaskier laughed, breathlessly, then he was bracing himself over Geralt's back, his hand hot on his hip, his cock dragging wetly across his skin.

He thrust, once, against Geralt's ass, then pressed the head of his cock to Geralt's entrance. Not pushing in yet, just rubbing against Geralt's hole. The tease set Geralt's teeth on edge, even as he appreciated the chance to brace himself.

He inhaled, slowly, and made a beckoning gesture over his shoulder. Jaskier pressed inside on his exhale.

It was always a little too much, from behind like this. The angle made Jaskier feel huge, so that Geralt was hissing air out through his teeth, even slick and stretched out as he was. It hovered on the edge of too intense. Geralt pillowed his head on his arms and breathed into it. Jaskier curled over his back, rocking deeper with each of Geralt's breaths.

Geralt's body slowly relaxed into it until Jaskier was deep, *deep* enough that the last of Geralt's air was pushed from his lungs with a little *hah*. Jaskier gasped with him, his breath warm and wet on the back of his neck.

The twinge of overstretched muscle faded and Geralt relaxed fully into the bed. He let himself sink into the sensations of his body. The heavy warmth of Jaskier pressed along his back, all the places where his slick skin touched Geralt's. The hard heat of his cock buried deep inside him, the way every tiny movement shifted him deeper.

Jaskier shifted. His hands braced on the bed to either side of Geralt, and he rocked forward into him. Geralt closed his eyes and felt his whole body move with Jaskier's thrusts.

Jaskier's breath came harshly as he fucked into Geralt, but his strokes were even and controlled. Each one angled perfectly to drag across his prostate and coming to rest so deeply inside him that he could feel it in his stomach.

Geralt sank further, almost into a meditative state. The push and pull of Jaskier's cock inside him was something solid and physical to fix his mind on, and let all other thoughts fade away. He didn't even bother to try and wriggle a hand under himself to get at his cock. The idea of coming again seemed nice, but not urgent. He could happily have stayed like this for hours, in this pleasure-filled half doze, feeling Jaskier's heat soak into him, listening to the breathy noises he made. Quiet, but loud enough in the silent room.

"Geralt—" Jaskier said, voice cracking. "Fuck. Lift your hips a little." He slid one hand under Geralt's stomach, urging him up. Geralt arched his back, letting Jaskier move him where he wanted him.

The new angle let Jaskier slide just a hairsbreadth deeper, even as he wrapped his hand around Geralt's cock. Geralt made a strangled noise in the back of his throat, and pushed back into Jaskier's next thrust. And the one after that. Urging Jaskier faster and harder until every snap of his hips jolted into Geralt like a blow.

"Oh, *fuck*," Jaskier said, his fingers digging into the flesh of Geralt's hips. "Geralt, are you close, because I am *really* not going to last much longer."

Geralt smacked Jaskier's hand away from his cock, balancing himself awkwardly on one elbow so he could strip himself hard and fast. "Not yet," he grunted. "Hold on. I'm close."

Keep doing that.”

Jaskier made a despairing sound and kept moving. His hands were slipping on Geralt’s hips, unable to keep a grip on sweat-slick skin. His hands skidded. Geralt heard him say something that sounded like “fuck it” under his breath, and then one of his hands was buried in Geralt’s hair. He grabbed a fistful and pulled, forcing Geralt’s head back, and his back into a deeper arch.

Geralt surprised himself by coming almost immediately. The orgasm shuddered through him, and he almost fell on his face as his elbow buckled. Luckily, Jaskier had the sense to let go of his hair before he collapsed completely.

“Oh, thank the gods,” Jaskier said and seconds later Geralt felt him pulsing inside him.

Jaskier slid off him, flopping down on his back beside Geralt. His harsh breathing was loud in the still air.

Geralt drifted on a wave of contentment, enjoying the way his muscles felt like they were melting off his bones. He listened to the sound of Jaskier’s heart as it slowly settled back to its resting beat.

“Are you awake?” Jaskier whispered, after a while. So quiet as to almost make no sound at all.

Yes, Geralt meant to say, but couldn’t seem to muster up the will to open his mouth. He thought about it, but it kept not happening. And then gradually, thinking about it transitioned into dreaming about it.

If he had dreams, they weren’t important enough to remember.

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