

Us Times Us

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by [twoam](#)

Summary

After yet another mission where Blackadder manages to accidentally snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, the pining of one Kevin Darling comes to a deeply unexpected conclusion for both parties.

Darling wet his lips, ignored the twitch in his eye and tried to speak up once again.

"Look, I think if you just call General Melchett you'll find," the shout for him to shut up was angry, and most concerning of all, still in German despite the fact he'd addressed them in French. He wondered what exactly Blackadder had told them before he'd swanned off.

No, he didn't wonder. Darling had a pretty good idea of what he'd said. It was probably something along the line of 'I found the German spy you were looking for, if you give me a couple of francs I'll hand him over to you instead of to my commanders'. Bastard. It was exactly why he hadn't wanted Blackadder as the lead on this joint mission. It was why he'd insisted on being assigned too, despite Melchett's loud, jovial declaration that Blackadder was just the man he was looking for – for what exactly, he shuddered to think.

Despite the very pressing problem of being held prisoner by a group of very angry French soldiers, his mind unhelpfully suggested the various ways that Blackadder could be the man he was looking for. How he'd shuddered while thinking about Blackadder the night before, back in that heady, giddy time of yesterday where he hadn't considered that the thought of Blackadder pinning him to his desk and fucking him senseless might be the material for the very last wank he'd ever have. For once.

The thought made him pull a face, even if it made his heart do something worse. It ached. Even though Blackadder had left him here at the mercy of a group of angry soldiers wanting to kill him, a fact that along with their constant arguing and just how Blackadder was generally the most annoying git he'd ever had the misfortune to meet, should have put him off.

It hadn't. If there was a time where he could be put off, it had whizzed past him with the high pitch whine of a shell overhead and exploded on the dugout of his heart, causing a terrible cave-in which he was struggling to recover from.

Hmm. There was probably a reason that among all the endless, tedious poetry this war was inflicting on the world, love poetry wasn't among it. Not a single romantic metaphor was to be found in trench warfare. Not that Darling was prone to breaking out love poetry, and especially not for Blackadder. It was bad enough that he, in a perverse way, had grown fond of their arguing, the retorts and insults, found their bickering strangely arousing too. Adding poetry to it would be unforgivable. He was distracted enough as it was.

That thought shook him out of his moping about his stupid, schoolgirl crush and back to the reality of the situation. He needed to get out of here before anyone could display the famous French lack of discipline, set up an impromptu court martial and act as judge, jury and executor. The soldiers were huddled together, too far away for him to hear even as he craned his neck trying to. It sounded like plotting. That was a bad sign.

He wriggled against the rope that was tying his wrists together and his arms to his back. He was still as tightly bound as when they'd first tied him up. Damn it. Darling tried to shift, see if he could work his hand towards the pocket that had his knife in it. A noise behind him

made him freeze. In the corner of his vision, just creeping into view, was another man in blues. His fingers went to his lips, a sign for him to shush, before he dropped his hand again.

Darling was torn. His instinct was to immediately alert his captors and prove that he would be cooperative with their demands. However, the soldier sneaking towards him also had a rather large knife in his hand that he'd most likely use on Darling if he made a single sound. It made him hesitate before he shut his eyes, deciding to just see what happened and then make the best of it.

He didn't heard shouting. Instead he heard a thunk, the sound of something dropping to the ground. Darling slowly opened his eyes again, and there was Blackadder, lording it over the now unconscious soldier.

"There's your spy, you idiots." For a moment, Blackadder looked rather dashing in the leather coat he wasn't supposed to wear now he was out of the flying corps. The coat even blew dramatically in the wind as he casually stepped over the soldier to rescue him from peril. It'd be enough to make Darling swoon. If it wasn't for the fact it was Blackadder who'd put him in the peril in the first place of course.

"I'm going to have you shot for this." Blackadder sighed heavily, but his dark eyes danced with amusement as he reached him before crouching down in front of him.

"Of course you are, Darling." Perfectly aimed to get a reaction out of him, the light, teasing tone that almost sounded like flirting. It was enough to make his ears burn even as he sneered in response.

"That's Captain Darling to you!"

"Now, you're not being very nice, considering I could just leave you here." There was a long, lingering pause, their eyes locked on each other. It made a hot, tight feeling pass through Darling, nothing good. He wanted to win this round, make Blackadder untie him without having to ask for it. Blackadder didn't falter, tilted his head slightly to get a better look at him as he waited instead. The amusement grew in his eyes as Darling felt his own eye twitch again. As if he was giving himself away, foolishly, hopelessly.

"Just – just cut the ropes already!"

"What's the magic word?" Darling refused. He wasn't going to say it, refused to beg any further. It was humiliating enough to be here, fully at Blackadder's mercy, without having to say 'please' too. He narrowed his eyes, tightened his expression to convey silently that he wouldn't do it. Blackadder read it, loud and clear, and still refused to budge. Instead he leaned in closer, let his breath ghost against his neck in a way that made a spark run down Darling's spine. It felt intentional. Darling desperately hoped that it was not, because if Blackadder worked out that he was yearning for him, he would use it to ruin his life. "I'm a very busy man, Darling."

"Please." Blackadder backed off but the grin on his face made Darling's face hot with a confusing mixture of both rage and arousal.

"Now that wasn't so hard, was it?" The smugness and certainty in his voice made him fume and ache. He focused on the fuming as Blackadder cut the ropes off. Blackadder had won this round, and made him reel from his close proximity in the process too. It made Darling determined that next time, he'd win. He'd show Blackadder who was boss.

It turned out that the soldier Blackadder knocked unconscious was not, in fact, a German spy. Instead he was the son of a high ranking French General who'd taken exception at his son's honour being besmirched by some British captains and was calling for their heads.

Darling narrowly escaped getting sent back to the trenches as punishment. Mostly because he managed to dump the blame on Blackadder, who'd been thrown out of the office after being yelled to stay out of Melchett's sight or he'd have him shot. Not exactly how he'd planned to get revenge on Blackadder, but he wasn't that picky. A couple of days and Melchett would forget the whole thing anyway. He would enjoy his victory while he could.

Even if he was still doing the paperwork for the mission hours later as the night drew in. It wasn't the forms that were the problems, they were all completed in triplicate and stacked neatly on his desk. No, it was the letter of apology that Melchett was insisting he write and send to the General post-haste that was causing the trouble. Darling's French wasn't up to it, but he was blown if he was going to admit it. Instead he screwed up the fifth draft that he'd just spoilt and threw it into the bin. With a sigh he leaned back in his chair, rubbed at his eyes.

He could get Blackadder to do it. The thought made him sigh again, this time with a wistful edge to it. He'd heard Blackadder's French and it was a lot better than his, as much as it pained him to admit it. It even sounded romantic and elegant, despite the fact he'd been threatening a farmer with some sort of graphic torture involving a very blunt butter knife the last time he'd heard it. Blackadder could probably toss off this letter easily. God, that was a bad choice of words. It sent his mind spiralling in the direction of imagining Blackadder tossing him off, a thought that made him swallow heavily before picking his pen back up again.

The knock on the door was a welcomed distraction, giving him a perfect excuse to put his pen back down again and to stop thinking about Blackadder.

"Enter." The doors opened carefully. It felt considerate of the late hour and of Melchett's bad mood, until he finally saw who was opening them in the low light of the room. Obviously the universe had decided that instead of giving him a break from thinking about Blackadder, it would be far more amusing to throw him at him again. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"What do you mean, 'what am I doing here?'" Blackadder stalked over to his desk, voice low and incredulous. "You're the one who called me here."

"Me?" For one panicky moment, Darling wondered if he had. As if he'd somehow managed to give off some sort of signal by thinking about Blackadder that brought him here, his longing travelling across the cold night all the way to the trench Blackadder had been standing in. He squashed the thought. Blackadder was smart, but as far as he knew, not actually psychic. He'd never been more grateful for that fact.

"Yes, you! Why would I be here otherwise? It'd hardly be for the scintillating company." Blackadder's fists rested on the top of his desk, knuckles pressed against the wood of his desk, as he leaned over it to show his contempt. Darling leaned back to get some space between them. It was too close, made his heart hammer in his chest. It felt loud enough that he was afraid Blackadder would hear it.

"I didn't ask for you." He would never ask for Blackadder unless he had to. It was the only way to deal with this madness, with how strongly he wanted to reach out, touch Blackadder's face as he leaned in closer over the desk, almost pushing himself over it with a mixture of exasperation and anger. His eyes were dangerously focused on him, trying to use that ruthless intelligence to ruin his life.

"Yes you did! You sent me a very urgent telegram because apparently Melchett not only has the charm and intelligence of a goldfish but the memory of one too. Perhaps it's contagious." Darling bristled at the implication, even with how close Blackadder was to him now leaning over the desk, so close that he could probably kiss him if he wanted to.

He wanted to. He refused to act on that urge.

"I haven't sent you any telegrams!"

"Oh, really? Then why did I get a telegram from one Captain Darling as soon as I got back to the dugout, asking me back here for a very urgent, important mission?"

"As soon as you got back? So you didn't even respond to it in a timely manner when it was marked urgent? You do know that's disobeying direct orders, don't you." Blackadder's nostrils flared and he couldn't help smirking in response. He was right and they both knew it. If he had sent an urgent telegram and Blackadder ignored it, that was a court martial worthy offence. Blackadder slammed his hands on the desk, his palms spreading out onto the wood.

"One day, Darling, I'm going to get you." It was a threat. It was clearly framed as one, Darling understood it as one, but with Blackadder practically climbing onto his desk to get into his face, it felt like something else.

"Really. How, exactly? Your plans always fall apart. You're not nearly as smart as you think you are, Blackadder." There was a widening of Blackadder's eyes and Darling wondered if he was going to leap over the desk to hit him. Despite that threat, he couldn't help needling him. Their arguing always was the most exciting part of his day.

"You think you're untouchable behind that desk of yours? I'll show you exactly how,"

"Darling!" The two of them froze at the bellow from the adjoining room. They both glanced over at the door and heard the thump of Melchett getting out of bed.

Bugger. For all of Melchett's idiocy, he was still furious at Blackadder. There hadn't been enough time since their earlier disastrous meeting for him to forget about it yet. If he caught him here, it'd be a firing squad by dawn for Blackadder. From the look in Blackadder's eyes, he was making the same calculation. That long suffering look that he recognised so well flashed on Blackadder's face, before he finally leapt over the desk.

It was only a second. It felt much, much longer as Darling scrambled back in his chair, expecting a smack in the face, pushed it back far enough from the desk that Blackadder landed comfortably in his lap. The sudden weight of Blackadder in his lap, not in fact hitting him like he expected but instead pressing down on him like some sort of novel form of torture, made him splutter before he found himself pulled off the chair. Blackadder shoved himself into his chair and then reached out for him, warm hands on his arms. The hands on him cut off any fast retorts he could think of. The hands felt hot on him, like they would burn through his uniform. It sent a humiliating twinge of lust through him that stopped him from resisting as Blackadder pulled him onto his lap. His thoughts were mostly incoherent noises anyway with the realisation that he was now sitting in Blackadder's lap. He could feel his chest pressed against his back and his hands moving to hold onto his thighs.

Why his thighs? Around his waist might have helped his cunning disguise as a chair. There was no sensible reason for Blackadder's hands to be lingering on the inside of his thighs, apart from if he wanted to get him hard. Darling screwed up his face and willed himself not to get hard. It would be a crowning humiliation that he'd never live down. He hated how right they felt there and how badly he wanted them to move upwards. Blackadder leaned in, pressed up tight against his back and a breath ghosted against his ear.

"That idiot won't be able to see me like this in this light. If you rat me out, I'll make your life even more miserable than it already is." Darling couldn't help wondering how more miserable he could get than sitting in Blackadder's lap, with Blackadder's hands holding onto him tightly and breathing against his ear. The universe was having an excellent time at his expense.

"Darling, are you there?" Darling wetted his lips again, and swallowed thickly. The heat of Blackadder behind him, his body warmth seeping into him, the whiff of his cologne, made his head spin.

"Yes sir."

"What on earth are you doing?" The question made him shut his eyes in despair. Oh, he wasn't doing much. Just sitting in the lap of the man he had a huge crush on, despite it being the least sensible thing he could ever have wanted. He could explain his cowardice, his sucking up to idiots, it kept him alive. His longing for Blackadder had the potential to do the very opposite of that. The thump of Melchett moving around in the next room, the furious whisper of Blackadder in his ear to say he wasn't doing anything, reminded him that there was a question he had to answer.

He could have said Blackadder was there and got rid of him for good. He didn't. It wasn't what he wanted at all. He opened his eyes again and glanced over at the door, trying to assess if Melchett was about to come in or not. He studiously avoided meeting Blackadder's eyes, didn't trust what his own expression said.

"I was just – just taking a phone call."

"Well keep it down then! I'm trying to sleep!"

"Of course sir." His voice cracked on the 'sir' as Blackadder let out a sigh of relief behind him and slumped against his back. His hands were still holding on tight to his thighs, fingers digging into the soft inner skin. The ache inside him was growing and starting to make his cock swell. It felt tortuous. He had to get out of Blackadder's lap, but he couldn't be sure that Melchett wasn't about to come storming into the room. He was trapped. They waited, Blackadder still holding onto him and Darling wondering exactly what he'd done to deserve this. Even with the silence from the adjoining room, none of the banging around Melchett always did, Blackadder held on, and despite how terrible an idea it was, Darling stayed right in his lap.

After a few minutes, Blackadder shifted underneath him. His first thought was that he was trying to get away. He couldn't blame him, not when they were enemies. If he had someone he thought hated him in his lap, he wouldn't want them to linger either. That wasn't quite right, though. Something was brushing against his arse. Something hard. The realisation made his breathing go funny, like he was about to faint. It couldn't be, but the proof was in the pudding, and in this case, the pudding was the cock he could feel against his arse.

It could just be a physical reaction, after spending months in the trenches without anyone touching him, with someone pressed down in his lap. That was the reasonable explanation. The reasonable response would be for Darling to get up, to pretend he hadn't noticed so they could act like this had never happened. The way his cock was aching in response to Blackadder's cock pressed against his arse made him not want to be reasonable in the slightest. It made him incredibly reckless instead.

"Are you hard?" It was a whisper but the way it made Blackadder freeze behind him it felt like a shout. For one, glorious moment, he felt like he'd got one over on Blackadder. Until his hand moved up from holding onto his thigh and squeezed his cock instead. His breath stuttered as his cock twitched against Blackadder's hand, and he wondered if he was about to faint.

"Looks like you are, Darling," Blackadder's voice was low against his ear, teasing. "I can't blame you, though, I am devastatingly attractive. You know, I've been wondering what it'd be like to fuck you on your desk for a while now. Fancy trying it out?" The words were completely infuriating – Blackadder just assuming instead of answering his question – and intensely sexy. It was a heady combination, particularly with the follow-up squeeze that Blackadder gave to his cock. His confidence in this most unexpected of situations was maddening and attractive in equal measure.

"You want to,"

"Don't make me say it again. Yes or no?"

"Yes," of course it was yes. He'd imagined it, never thought it could actually happen, that Blackadder's hand would be touching him like this, stroking his cock through his trousers. Now he had a chance, he wasn't going to say no. Blackadder made a soft, incredibly smug noise against his ear, slid his hands up from his thigh and cock to his waist. The move would have made Darling object, not how he wanted to be touched, if Blackadder hadn't pushed him forward off his lap and prone onto his desk. His arse pointing up, ready for whatever Blackadder wanted to do to it as he clung onto the wood of the desk. Blackadder's weight

pressed up against his back as he got up off the chair and pushed himself down against him, pinning him down against the desk.

"I'm going to enjoy messing up your paperwork like this." Darling hesitated for a moment, despite the cock pressed up and rubbing against his arse. He glanced to the tidy stack of forms next to him. He thought of trying to explain what happened if it got messed up. It was safer to just get them off the desk now.

"Push them off." The weight on his back increased as Blackadder leaned over and pushed the forms off the desk.

"I never thought you'd put me over your paperwork."

"Shut up." Blackadder did but not like he expected, leaning over to meet his lips and kissing him instead. Darling kissed back, a little desperate as he rolled his hips back against Blackadder as he started to work his trousers and pants down with his hands.

With a tug, they were down. Blackadder pulled back from the kiss as he felt the cool of the night air. He felt exposed, trembled as Blackadder's hands caressed his arse. A mixture of nerves and lust that only got worse as he felt Blackadder pull his cheeks apart. It felt even more exposing, his face pressed against the cool grain of the wood to hide his embarrassment as he felt the air on his hole.

A slick finger pressed against the edge of it. It made him jump, made Blackadder grab onto his hips and pull him down onto his finger to stop him from getting away. The finger pressed inside him.

"Calm down, you'll like this." He hadn't heard Blackadder talk like this before, his voice heavy with lust. It made him burn as the finger pressed deeper inside of him, pushing upwards inside of him until a burst of something made him gasp against the wood, his hips twitching. It made his vision swim, whatever Blackadder had just done, made his cock twitch as it rested between his thighs.

The little smug noise Blackadder made in response should have been infuriating, instead made him ache even more as Blackadder did it again. His vision went white as his cock jumped, a hand wrapping around it to toss him off as Blackadder kept pressing that same spot inside of him. It was too much, too overwhelming, but Blackadder held on even as he tried to back off. A light kiss on his ear, but no other reassurance as Blackadder pushed on, his finger relentlessly pressing into him and his freed cock rubbing against his arse. It was more reassurance than he ever could have expected, though it didn't stop how overwhelming the press felt inside of him, how desperate he felt as Blackadder reached for his cock and started tossing him off.

"I'm going to," Blackadder angled his finger and dug in, cut him off. A choked noise escaped him. Darling couldn't think, it was too much, the finger in his arse, the hand around his cock wanking him off. He was close, so close to coming when Blackadder pulled out of his arse and let go of his cock. It left him stunned for a moment, before his need caught up with him. He couldn't just pull out! Even in his desperate, needy state, it felt like taunting. Darling looked over his shoulder, shot Blackadder the kind of filthy look that he usually reserved for

when he was being particularly annoying. It was a little too heated to work like it normally did. Blackadder didn't even flinch.

"Is something the matter?"

"Are you going to fuck me or not?" The words were bolder than they sounded, his face still bearing the red marks from the grain of the wood of his desk, from the need in his voice. His cock ached, his body ached to have Blackadder inside him, but he didn't give in. His eyes met Blackadder's, determined even with his ass ready to be fucked. It wasn't dignified. Darling didn't care.

"If you insist." The brief slide of the head of Blackadder's cock against his entrance, and then pushing in. He groaned as Blackadder filled him up, his cock sinking in deep into him, his weight pressing him down into his desk. He knew it would be impossible to not think of this afterwards, of being fucked into his desk while he was working and he didn't care. In fact the thought sent a shock of excitement through him. It made him squirm on his dick, before Blackadder pulled him deeper onto it and started pounding into him.

The sound of flesh against flesh, of Blackadder fucking his arse, filled the room. It made Darling flush even with how desperate he was for it, made his cock twitch against Blackadder's hand as he reached around to wank him off. His hips stuttered, squirmed against the hand holding onto his cock, against the hand pinning him down to the desk as Blackadder fucked him into it. Too needy to resist how good it felt, too close to stop the small noises that escaped him even as Blackadder leaned over and kissed him again to stop them. Darling didn't want him to stop, didn't want him to keep going because it was too overwhelming.

One more thrust and he came, spilt onto his desk as Blackadder fucked him through it, mind going completely blank as he clawed against the wood. It was too much but Blackadder didn't stop, fucked him through his orgasm, squirming and overwhelmed, until he came inside him.

Slowly, Blackadder pulled out. Darling tried to catch his breath, tried to remember how to talk after receiving such a fucking. Blackadder turned him over onto his back to face him. In the dim light of the room, he could still see enough on Blackadder's face. Enough to keep his high, keep his thighs open around him even as Blackadder pulled out, to not regret letting Blackadder shag him like he'd wanted him to for so long.

"Darling." It didn't sound like a taunt or like teasing. It sounded almost affectionate. It sounded like how his surname was meant to be said. The call of his name made him smile, just a little dazed from how he'd been fucked.

"Blackadder." He swallowed again, his voice still wavering from his orgasm. "Are we going to do this again?" It was a dangerous question to ask, something that he might not like the answer to. Blackadder frowned at it but didn't back off either.

"Maybe." That didn't feel satisfactory and it made him reach up to press his hand onto Blackadder's chest. That made him waver, a very rare thing to see from Blackadder, if only for a moment. "This is a terrible idea." At this point, from how he was still floating, experiencing a rare break from the anxiety of his entire existence, it hardly bothered him. It probably was a terrible idea, but he'd been pining over Blackadder for so long that it felt like

a relief to at least be here. He could consider the problems that a relationship between them would cause later.

"Perhaps. Kiss me anyway." Blackadder rolled his eyes, and Darling heard him call him a pillock under his breath, but despite that, he kissed him. Darling kissed him back, his fingers going through Blackadder's hair before reaching the base of his skull and holding on there. For all his prior disapproval, convinced that it was a terrible idea, Blackadder didn't pull back from his touch. In fact it made him deepen the kiss parting his lips and tilting his head to get a better angle as his hands slid up his sides, holding him closer. It wasn't how someone absolutely desperate for a shag with anyone who was up for it would kiss him. The buttering up would have been at the start, for one thing, not once he'd got what he wanted. For all their sparring, some things were easier said without words.

"That's very funny, you know."

"What's funny?"

"See, this telegram that Captain Blackadder got, the one you read out to him and made him go charging off post-haste. You remember that?" Baldrick looked at him blankly like he'd never remembered anything in his whole life. Despite that, George pushed on. "It's funny because it's just like the previous one he received before that terribly top secret mission." George waved the telegram at Baldrick, before reading it again. "How strange. It's exactly the same message too." Baldrick joined him to look at the telegram and squinted at the message, slowly reading it again. The light of recognition grew in his eyes, and George felt like a proud parent, watching his child read for the first time. The pride only grew when Baldrick pointed to the date.

"Look sir, it's even got the same date."

"Oh, yes! You're quite right. I must say, it's all a little lazy of Captain Darling, really. Still, I'm sure it all worked out fine."

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