A sudden intake of a breath makes Sooty's stomach tremble as he finally feels Indy lower himself between his legs. If he cranes his head up enough he can spy a set of intelligent optics peering back up at him, their glow dim against the candlelight. Behind the frosted glass sparks something mischievous, *hungry,* maybe, but all the sailor can do is fall back onto his shoulders when he feels the cool metal of his lover's palms skip up and along the insides of his thighs.

"Such a mess you've made," Indy purrs in a voice that's fringed with static. He applies ample pressure to mold the sensitive skin beneath his hands, drawing the corded muscle taut and in a way that's at odds with the warm kisses that flit ever-closer to the aching warmth between Sooty's legs.

It'd been another game of push-and-pull, some brand new day spent trading blows with words that tempted the blood to stir. They could only let their touches linger so much with each passing moment before it was a pain that could be suffered no longer. Here, away from prying eyes, Sooty is on his back and Indy's breath is against him, hot and impatient, tempting an entanglement, wanting, *aching.*

But *tides,* was the doctor taking his sweet time.

Time feels impossibly slow as Indy's hands explore the curves of Sooty's legs. Each kiss tarries longer than the last, lips sinking against his skin and leaving wet marks in their wake. It's careful, methodical, his attention drawing ever-closer to his core, enough to make Sooty's stomach tighten and breath hitch … before Indy flees again with a low, rumbling note of laughter just to start the devilish process all over again.

"So impatient."

Sooty grunts, popping up on his elbows and giving the man between his legs a pointed look. **"Yer makin' it awful hard t'be patient, love."** He can just barely spy the way Indy smiles over the curve of his thigh … and then he's illuminated to the full of his face when the mechagnome's strong hands pry Sooty apart as far as he's able.

"Can one blame me for dawdling? Why, I quite think your body a map of some uncharted water, fit for my study. Each new territory brings with it a myriad of new discoveries … and I quite like seeing where my explorations take me." Indy laughs, slitting his optics with a grin. He lowers himself onto his chest and breathes noisily against the twitching erection mere inches from his face.

"Especially when they draw such *lovely* sounds from you …"

Sooty's smile goes screwy and his shoulders slacken, making him slump deeper into the sheets. **"Heh … then study away, doc."**

“Good boy. I thought you’d see it my way.”

Indy sneaks a quick peck to Sooty’s thigh before he yanks his legs into his arms, hiking them up over his shoulders and pressing his face closer with a breathless growl of a laugh. *Stars, they were going to have fun.*

Sooty throws his head back with a startled moan as he feels Indy impatiently shove his head between his legs. There’s a breath caught in his throat. Sooty's trembling in the mechagnome’s arms, fingers tangling the sheets when Indy nuzzles into the fuzz of his pelvis. **“Sssh,”** His lover mumbles softly, and Sooty so desperately wishes he could look down to see the way he was breathing against his throbbing shaft.

A warmth alights against the crest of Sooty’s collarbone and fans back, smoothing up his neck and cradling his face with an arcane tenderness. *A mage hand.* It makes him smile, the nerves abating. Sooty's fingers move to twine with the projection’s. **“Indy …”**

“I’m here, starlight. Lay back for me.”

Sooty obliges, untensing and letting his partner roam as he tries his very best to stay still. It’d taken some coaxing, but the little pirate was finally at a point where it felt *good* to admit what he wanted … and with such freedom came impatience.

Conversely, Indy is happy to take his time, angling Sooty’s legs up in his arms and spreading him enough to dip his face beneath his sack, heavy against his thigh with a week’s worth of escalation. Indy laps at first, enough to draw a soft grumble from his partner. For the span of a minute this is the attention he’s happy to give, content to work at him with flat, firm licks … and then Indy presses his face closer.

Indy brings his tongue to a sharp point, pressing insistently against him as he feels where the skin has less give; where that wonderful bundle of nerves lay just beneath. It makes Sooty’s back arch a few inches off of the bedspread, a web of pleasure spidering from his center as the feeling penetrates him a few inches deep.

“*Hehh … fuck,*” Sooty’s laughing despite the quiver in his legs. Indy’s optics are shut, face buried against the blistering heat, lost in his presence and breathing Sooty in as he works a steady rhythm. All the while the mage hand at his face is a present spectre, squeezing Sooty’s fingers tightly. He thinks it an anchor against the crashing tide of his partner's tongue.

The moment feels too fleeting when Indy pulls away, his throat thick with a pant. The mechagnome might have come up for air, but there’s little time spent dallying before he swipes at his mouth with the back of a metal palm. The sight is just rude enough to make Sooty flush from where he lays beneath him. *Sea’s sake, he’s not sure how much more of this teasing he can handle.*

Little does Sooty know how *impatient* Indy is too.

Indy doesn't warm the proverbial bench long before his arms surge out to snatch his lover by the legs, yanking him back and partially off the bed so that Indy could kneel between his thighs proper. *Oh,* Sooty can definitely see him now, a pretty face peering up through the candlelit haze with a look that reads *danger.*

"Hello, dearest."

Sooty feels his expression melt into a stupid, goofy grin. **"Hey, love."**

The minor cantrip is gone, abandoned in favor for the focus Indy would instead divert to his own set of hands. He uses them to smooth the insides of his thighs just like before, kneading the skin in an undulating motion that crawls ever closer to the long-neglected erection between his legs …

… And finally, *finally* his fingers flit up his shaft, skipping, silicone-padded tips smoothing the mess of precum back against his cockhead. The wetness brings with it a chill, prompting Sooty's shoulders to tremble as his fingers clench the sheets. He hadn't realized how *starved* he was for the contact.

"Mmf, sweetheart —"

Indy flashes a wolfish grin from between his legs, his optics kindling a lurid green in the dark of their bedroom when his hand twists down the length of Sooty's cock. The pressure tightens and it makes the little pirate rut impatiently against his palm, desperate.

"You've very little to say to me when you've made *such* a mess as it is. I'm scarcely touching you and yet you are little more than a victim to your own desires. Still your hips lest I still them *for you.*"

The unprecedented brusqueness makes Sooty flush. *How rude.* Peering down at the doctor's severe expression scatters a nest of butterflies from deep within his chest. He watches as Indy sinks lower, stroking him off close enough to his mouth that he could feel his breath and see the way his reflection caught in the frosted glass of his optics.

Sooty likes to think that the sense of presence and cunning on his lover's sharp features wasn't just his starved imagination.

Indy grins, lidding his gaze with a soft sigh. *Perfect, just where he wanted him.* He presses a soft kiss to his head first, bringing his palm to knead Sooty's shaft with a leisurely, twisting pump. It's a soft motion that segues into something firmer, cinching tighter whenever he pulls closer to the tip.

All the while Indy's mouth works, kissing, sinking and pressing against him to suckle firmly at the tip. He yanks back with a lewd pop to flick at the slit of his cockhead with the point of his tongue and delights at the gasp it earns him. A dark laugh follows every inappropriate movement. Any decorum is gone and Indy is more than happy to give into desire, mouth wide and breaths heavy. Sooty's eyes lid, his body as pliable as any instrument as the mechagnome makes him sing out with a soft moan.

Then a pair of hands come to brace against the captain's thighs, preparing to take some new plunge. The sight alone makes Sooty's heart quicken … but the warmth of his lover's mechanical palms makes the prospect of what was to come even more enticing. Sooty brings a pair of fingers to rest against Indy's own. They twine … and Indy sneaks a quick kiss to his knuckles before giving him a soft smile.

"You're doing great." Indy affirms, letting the act fall. He's pressed his cheek against his thigh, looking up to him the way one might look to the sun; afraid to make direct eye-contact, basking in his warmth. Sooty laughs. **"Aye, y'are too, love."** The little pirate fixes a few pieces of hair from Indy's forehead, and they let the gaze between them soften, lingering long enough to instill mutual understanding. Indy's optics flit back down to what lay before him … and he *grins.*

The mechagnome lowers his head and pushes his lips tightly over the crown of Sooty's cock, sinking down inch after inch. He takes him neatly to the base and buries his nose in the fuzz of his crotch with a delighted purr. Sooty scarcely has time to react as his back straightens like a spring. The unnatural hum of the mechagnome's systems thrum through every inch of him. It makes Sooty *whine*.

Fuck. *Fuck.* With Indy's lips wound as tight as they were it took every ounce of restraint in Sooty's body to keep from bucking his hips and riding his face like an animal. He's tempting the inevitable, growling like a beast in heat, a flickering ember of something *angry* kicking up in his stomach when Indy's hands keep him pinned. He's desperate. He wants it. He wants *him.*

Indy's tongue keeps a tight grip just behind his lips, and when he pulls back Sooty can feel every inch it drags up the length of his shaft, bringing him up to the tip before Indy takes him into his mouth all over again … and then pulls back at an even more agonizing pace. His optics glance up, something calculating just behind those eyes. He *knows* what he's doing.

There's only so much that Sooty can take. Without thinking he slams his hips forwards, rising to greet Indy when his head slinks down once more. The pirate cracks out a dark note of laughter when he meets the mechagnome's face with a smack.

A snap of the fingers is all it takes for Indy to conjure a blazing purple mage hand. It slams into Sooty's chest, hard enough to bowl him over and back onto the bed, pinning him on his back so the doctor could fix his legs spread-eagle. Sooty wheezes out an intoxicated laugh, erect and pliant under Indy's hands.

"Down*. I won't ask nicely next time.*"

Sooty's breath catches with a stutter, his eyes skyward, glimmering with a waning arcane fire. Even from beneath him Indy can see the way his lips can't form the words, and he can *certainly* feel the way the little pirate is gripping his fingers until his knuckles are bone-white. All the while Indy's happy to keep his pace, tantalizing, slow … and then Sooty *begs.*

"Nnh, please, darlin' …"

"Such a good boy. So *polite.*" Indy purrs with all of him still in his mouth, the luxury of a voice-box allowing him to call in a robotic tone that rumbles against the thickened shaft sitting past his tight lips. It doesn't help things, and Sooty's starting to pitch his hips forwards with a whine. **"Say my name, darling. Beg for *me.*"**

"Indy — Intamin, *please,*"

Sooty doesn't have much of a chance to get another word in edgewise before Indy sinks down against him with a dizzying swiftness. He tightens his jaw and throat with a wet moan, bobbing his head at a steady pace and reveling in the sound of Sooty panting against him. Two hands are yanked up and pressed to Indy's face, clutching his knuckles tight, a silent demand.

The pirate needs no further instruction. Clapping his hands against Indy's cheeks, Sooty pops up and rolls his hips forwards to ride his face. A stream of frustrated smoke snorts from Sooty's nostrils as he watches his lover lid his eyes and relax his throat. Indy's head is up, his neck straight, arms at his side, drool pooling and dribbling down his chin. All the while he gazes up in adoration as Sooty uses him. Him. *His.* Fit to ruin. He *wants* it to be rough. With a mechanized face Indy finds there's the burning desire to *feel,* to be reminded what it was to *live.* Indy wants Sooty to show him how much he alone made him *ache*.

The doctor's face is flush, optics sparking and hair matted with the stress of consummation. Every labored breath brings with it a note of static reverb. Sooty thinks him beautiful, a thought he holds onto even as he feels Indy's jaw go slack against each desperate thrust. Once Sooty feels that he's had enough he strains his hips back, freeing his cock from Indy's mouth with a wet pop.

"Had enough yet, love~?" Such words are spoken in a tone that's dark and foreboding, most at home on the high seas and befitting the role of the sultry scoundrel that fronted behind closed doors.

Indy gives a low, wet cough for effect, smiling a perfectly bleary smile. Collecting himself, Indy loops his arms around his lover's waist and rests his head against the inside of his thigh, spent. Despite it all, he can't help but look up at Sooty, twitterpated and ceaselessly enamoured in a way so blood-deep. **"With you? Never …"**

Their eyes finally meet and it's as if they're eclipsed in another's presence. They are as the sun and the moon, holding their distance, made only to embrace once every century, always just a *small* measure apart even when they occupied the same sky. The moment's vulnerability gives way to an infallible warmth as Indy pants against him. It's a sight as rare as it is intoxicating; for the doctor to have so preciously allowed Sooty some measure of control.

"Gerlix." Indy's voice is impossibly quiet when he finds it. It makes Sooty rouse, eyes trailing down between them both in alarm. What greets him is an imploring expression, the mechagnome propped on one knee, hands on his thighs as he beseeches his lover in a tremulous voice.

"Will you …"

"Nu-uh. Nope. No-way." The words tumble forth before Sooty has the good sense to stop himself, and it's a good thing that Indy has already thrown his head back with a cackle, losing himself to laughter as the pirate waves his hands exuberantly. **"We ain't playin' that game. I'm drawin' th'line at fakin' a damn proposal b'tween m'legs!"**

Indy has to bury his head in his hands and let his shoulders shake a few more measures before he can speak. **"*Stars,* how are you so sure that I was going to ask such a thing? Why …"** His words are left to trail and followed up with a cheeky grin. Lifting himself to his full height, Indy hoists himself into Sooty's lap and straddles his waist, looking to the twitching length he boasts between his own legs.

"I can think of a few better questions to ask …"

Indy adjusts his weight as Sooty's fingers trail lazy patterns against his flametouched skin. An insistent twitch frots up against him and the sensation of skin-against-silicone makes Sooty close that gap, embracing Indy so tightly that they slot together like some long-unfinished puzzle.

He whispers with the full of himself, begging to be regaled in a voice he never tired of.

"Aye? I'm all ears, doc ..."