Not all spice is from the spice trades

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by Blakartoffel

Summary

It's a day of office work for Freetown's Marshal and his Deputy. The work is boring, making Scott all the more needy for his new boyfriend.

Notes

Fell in love with a rarepair which I like, couldn't resist writing for. Like it only has 2 fics excluding mine (on ao3) so ofc I fell in love with it.

It was another long workday for Scott, new deputy in Freetown and Cobb Vanth, the Marshal of said town. They were both sitting in their shared office, normally most the work would include helping out outside, but as of now the boring, written side of the job was asking for their attention. Paperwork that needs filling in to get the town what they needed, and agreements that have to be made with the town’s companions. All in all it looked like this would become one of the boring days.

While working Scott couldn't help but look up from the documents he was reading just so he could watch Cobb. They've been together for a week now, and still he kept wanting to stare at him. Though he did hastily look back at the work any time Cobb's head moved up even slightly.

"Do you really think I haven't noticed?" Cobb said, it was suddenly as a smile appeared on his face and he gave Scott a side eye. Scott was still looking at him when he started talking, flinching and immediately putting his head back down.

"Hm?" Scott responded, trying to act as if nothing had happened. As if he hadn't spend most of the workday just staring at his colleague and boyfriend.

"You know what I'm talking about."

"No?" Scott tried to act confused, but was positive that it really wasn't that convincing. "Oh, no need to act oblivious." That silenced Scott, he didn't want to keep up the act forever.

Cobb stood up, making sure the door was locked and the blinds closed before turning to Scott. The acted confusion on Scott's face turned into genuine confusion when Cobb approached him and sat down right on his lap. One leg on either side of his. Now really unable to do anything but look at the man sitting in front, no, on him.

"You know Scott, if you want something you should just ask." Cobb whispered in Scott's ear. "Good boys just ask for what they want, you know."

Scott immediately turned red in the face, flustered. What did he want? Before, he might have had some coherent thought of his desires. Now? He wasn't able to even think straight, he felt like his brain was turned into mush.

"You" was what he ended up saying. The only thing that everything which seemed too nice to choose between had in common. All was surrounding Cobb.

"I think you will need to be a little bit more specific darling, because if just my presence is all you want. Well, you already have that if I'm not mistaken." Was what Cobb said to him in return. Acting like he didn't know more then well what his deputy meant, it had to be an act, Scott was vaguely aware of that, the voice in the back of his head that just wasn't loud enough to properly understand.

Kissing, Scott attempted to kiss Cobb, but both being shorter than Cobb, and with the Marshal in his lap to pierce him down. He just simply couldn't reach his head up far to kiss

him, not strong enough.

Luckily Cobb almost instantly leaned in, lips locked in against each other. Scott tried to get his tongue into Cobb's mouth, just feeling hungry, needy for every bit of Cobb he was able to get.

In the meantime Cobb started grinding his legs against Scott, whose legs in turn are also caused to grind against one another. Pushing a low moan out of Scott, as the friction shoots soft jolts of pleasure right up his body.

As their lips parted again they stared each other in the eyes.

"Last time I checked this wasn't what office work is supposed to be." Cobb said in a tone that seemed to speak more of mischief than actual annoyance or even judgement.

"I thought you made the rules around here." Were the words he threw back at him like a challenge. Like he wanted proof that Cobb's words when they first met weren't a lie, something to scare him with, make him obey.

"I do." He leans forward to whisper in Scott's ear, "Why don't you tell me exactly what you want, then I see if it fits my rules."

"Fuck me-" Scott mummbles under his breath. Pushing himself against Cobb as much as he was able to. Craving for every touch, every bit of friction he is able to get, "please"

"Ah, so you want my cock inside you. Am I getting that right?"

"Yess, please," Scott was now begging, pleading, "Deep inside... gentle, rough, on ground, in chair, over desk. Don't care, just need you."

"Somebody is desperate, over desk you say?" Cobb's interest had been piqued, in love with the idea. The way Scott would lay there, so easy to reach, all open and beautiful for him.

"Yes, please" Scott begged for one last time, as Cobb pulled him back to his feet right alongside himself. Scott leaning in his arms as to not loose touch.

Turning around Cobb swiped everything left on the desk straight onto a messy pile on the ground. Little care for the stacks of paperwork they were supposed to be reading.

Cobb first put his hands on the buckle of his lovers belt. "May I?"

"Yes, gods just do it." After Scott makes quick work of his belt, he pulls down his pants and takes his underwear along with it. Scott having already been hard underneath. Scott got put against the desk as Cobb reached into one of the few drawers attached to the desk, and

though Scott couldn't see what was going on, he could hear the click of a bottle opening, shortly after feeling a cold finger push at his entrance.

He eagerly let it in as Cobb started to move his finger around, a second following not long after. It did have a bit of a stingy feeling to it as well, but he didn't care, it was finally getting

good. Scissoring, circling, pushing as deep as he could reach, all to push a long moan out of him.

Cobb continued like that for a while, and pretty quickly Scott felt like he was loosened up enough, but Cobb didn't seem to be taking his fingers out any time soon to make place for his cock.

"Cobb-" He brought out, breathing heavily.

"Yes," Cobb responded as he bowed forward to be closer to his head. Scott could feel through the fabric of Cobb's trousers and against his bare ass that Cobb was hard as well. "something wrong darling."

"Need you." He begged, getting more desperate with the second, like he might just take it from Cobb if he didn't speed the hell up.

"I'm just making sure my darling is well prepped." He said innocently. Teasing Scott a little longer before pulling his fingers out. Reaching for his belt and slowly opening in the buckle, standing really close to Scott. He was able to hear the belt being pulled out of each loop as the leather bumps against his thigh before dropping to the ground. The same bottle as before being opened again as Cobb lubed up his dick, letting out a soft groan from between his teeth.

Cobb didn't warn him this time, didn't ask if he was ready. Only took his hips in both hands, guided them as he slowly pushed his cock inside. No pauses along the way, letting him take it all at once as he clenched around Cobb's dick, gasping softly. He was full, so full.

At first Cobb didn't move, Scott whimpering with even the slightest of movement. Every twitch of their bodies as there was being pushed right against his prostate.

"You're taking me so well," Cobb says while trying to keep in a moan, instead letting out a pleased hum. "So well, such a treat."

Scott couldn't bring out a word, his brain unwilling to create sentences as he tried to move his hips back and forth. Pushing against Cobb before attempting to throw himself forward. Letting out a loud whine after accidentally having smacked his dick right between his body and the edge of the desk, dropping onto the desk like dead weight, hands trying to grip onto the wood.

"Careful darling!" Cobb yells out in between a moan. "Don't do that." He followed as he caught his breath.

When Cobb started thrusting into him, finding a rhythm, he left Scott speechless laying over the table. All he did was moan and squirm slightly at his cold touch, certain he wouldn't last long.

"Faster, I'm about to-" His words were interrupted when another one of those moans Cobb seemed to be aiming to push out of Scott interrupted his sentence, escaping from his mouth. Loud, like he didn't care if anyone heard them, which he actually didn't. It was just to kriffin’

good, how he seemed to push against his prostate dead on every thrust. It felt like they were made for eachother, meant to be. Barely left with time to breath.

"Don't worry darling, you're being taken care of." Cobb was able to get out. One hand reaching out and closing around Scotts dick, stroking along the shaft alongside his thrusts and teasing the head with his thumb.

Scott was the first to cum, spraying against Cobb's thumb, coating his hand, the desk, and getting it smeared over his belly. Body lying limp on the desk, unwilling to move while being engulfed by the pleasure that shot throughout.

Shortly after —not giving Scott any time to take a breather— Cobb started chasing after his own orgasm. Picking up the pace even faster than before, both hands clutching onto Scott's thighs and digging in so tightly he was sure it would leave behind the necessary marks.

Because as Scott had learned quite early on, when it regarded Cobb's own needs, his own wants, he did not have nearly the same patience. He would take it from Scott as long as Scott let him, allowed him.

When Cobb came, he folded double right on top of Scott. Too possessed by the pleasure to do something as simple as breathing as he filled Scott right up, making Scott feel warm inside.

Once he went soft again Cobb pulled out again, clearing his throat to try and regain posture as he put his pants back on, yet leaving the belt on the ground as it was.

"Stay there darling." He told Scott as he unlocked the door and disappeared, leaving Scott behind alone trying to comprehend all that just went down as his thoughts started to clear up again. He didn't get a lot of time for that however, Cobb reappearing not long after with a wet cloth and big towel.

Cobb helped Scott to stand again, letting him lean against his shoulder so he could carefully clean him off in the front. When he wanted to clean his behind Scott mumbled a soft "No, leave it". The cloth was slightly warm, so while Cobb was busy Scott did hum pleased.

Afterwards, Cobb sat down on the floor against the back wall. Right below the window where he was sure nobody would be able to see either of them. He put the towel across his legs and let Scott sit on his lap. Scott still leaking his cum out of the ass.

Scott looked Cobb in the eyes and said "Thank you, that was just..." It took him a bit to find a word, nothing seemed to do the feelings he wanted to express right. "Amazing"

"Everything for my darling," Cobb responded, putting one arm around Scott while the other reached into his hair. Scott laying down his head against the Marshal's shoulder in response.

Both fell asleep for a nap not long after, they were tired, the work could wait. Because those papers? They were left forgotten on the floor, reports of the annoying spice traders surely could wait for another day.

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