Dinner table

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/507.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Arcane (2021)
Relationship:	Jayce Talis/Viktor (Arcane)
Characters:	Jayce Talis, Viktor (Arcane)
Additional Tags:	Rimming, Anal Sex, Oral Sex, Anal Fingering, Alternate Universe - Setting Change, Setting Change - Modern, Bottom Jayce Talis, Top Viktor (Arcane), Low/No Plot, Established Relationship(s)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-03 Words: 1,739 Chapters: 1/1

Dinner table

by pulledporknoods

Summary

The room is dim, lit only by the fading sun and the warm glow of the kitchen light. Two bodies occupy the dining table.

The two of them sit, Jayce on the table, Viktor on the chair in front of him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It's early in the evening when they finally give in. The sunset outside casts the sky in shades of pink and dusty orange, and inside, slashes of golden light stream through the patio blinds. They drape over the living room of their apartment in bright strips, highlighting dust motes and haphazard stacks of books. The room is dim, lit only by the fading sun and the warm glow of the kitchen light. Two bodies occupy the dining table.

The two of them sit, Jayce leaning back on the table, Viktor on the chair in front of him, his cock in Viktor's slender hand, Viktor’s own cock in his other hand. Next to Jayce sit the dishes from dinner, long forgotten. Viktor looks up at him slyly as he delicately traces his fingers up Jayce's shaft to gently massage the head.

“Viktor, please,” Jayce gasps. He grinds up into Viktor’s hand, desperate, only for Viktor to grip him too loosely to feel any friction.

“Patience,” Viktor murmurs.

Jayce wiggles his hips and makes what he hopes is an enticing noise. Instead, Viktor presses down on his hip with a firm hand. “Stay still, Jayce,” he says. He takes Jayce into his mouth once more. His tongue laves over the head, swirling around the tip and tracing the edge of the crown. Liquid beads up at the tip, and Viktor licks it up, moaning theatrically. He sucks Jayce back into his mouth, bobbing progressively farther down until the tip just breaches his throat. Viktor swallows, and Jayce's head bangs backward into the table. All the dishes rattle, and Viktor once more pulls off. “Jayce?”

“I'm fine, just keep *going*.”

There's a moment of silence, followed by a chuckle, before Viktor swallows him down to the hilt. Jayce bucks up with a yell. Viktor pulls off with a loud pop and a light smack to his hip. “The neighbor,” he hisses.

Jayce just looks at him and scoffs. That was entirely Viktor’s fault. “Fuck the neighbor,” he says, reaching for Viktor.

The man swats his hand away with a smile. “None of that.” There's rustling and the sound of the chair scraping against the floor. Then, thumbs spread his cheeks before something wet presses against his hole, and Jayce has to clap a hand over his own mouth in an attempt to muffle his moan.

He feels an amused hum against the skin under his balls before Viktor gives him another lick, this time from hole to sack. Cool fingers wrap around his cock again, jerking him off slowly as his lover wiggles the tip of his tongue into him.

“*Viktor*,” Jayce moans as he melts into the table.

He loses time like that, those lips and that tongue sloppily kissing away his ability to think. Obscene noises fill the air, wet smacking sounds that would make Jayce combust were he of sound mind. As it is, he barely remembers to spread his legs enough to give Viktor room to

work. It doesn't take long before he starts humping his lover’s face, wordlessly begging for something inside. Viktor indulges him, petting his hole with a finger before gently pushing in.

Jayce moans quietly as the intrusion makes its way deeper, settling into a leisurely rhythm. Viktor's tongue returns, massaging his rim and helping to slick the way. It flicks around and at the edge of his hole as the finger pets along his walls. Jayce finds himself rolling his hips back and forth, unsure whether to chase the hand pumping him or the mouth making his brain melt out his ears.

One finger turns to two, and before Jayce knows it, he's shuddering as three fingers press repeatedly against his prostate. “Vik, I, I'll…” Jayce pants, trying to gather enough brain power to be coherent. “I'm gonna come…”

Viktor immediately pulls his fingers out. Jayce pouts and chases them with his hips before Viktor stops him with a hand on his hip. He slowly rubs the underside of his dick with a finger before withdrawing altogether, ignoring Jayce’s offended noises. He settles himself back in his chair. “Come here,” he says, patting his lap.

Jayce shuffles off the table clumsily and arranges himself to hover in Viktor’s lap. “Is this okay?” he asks nervously.

Viktor makes a little *tsk*, grabs Jayce by his hips, and pulls downward. “How many times do I have to tell you, sit down all the way.”

Jayce snaps his mouth shut, all thoughts about crushing his partner flying out of his head. Viktor’s generous length bumps along his crack, the hot, silky skin tracing along the curve of his cheek like a second lover. He shifts a little just to feel the head smear liquid across his skin.

A pat to Jayce’s thigh tells him to lift up, and he does, hovering until he can feel the thick head of Viktor’s dick press against his hole. The head pushes, almost making it inside before it slides away. He shivers. Viktor takes that as an opportunity to tease, rubbing against his rim while the hand still on his thigh silently forbids him from sitting down.

“Viktor,” Jayce whines. He makes to move upward, away from Viktor’s torture, but the hand on his leg tightens.

“Ah, okay, I'm sorry.” Viktor pats his thigh again and leans back in the chair. “Go ahead.”

Jayce leans forward to brace himself on the back of the chair, boxing in the man and bringing their faces close. Their eyes meet and their breathing mingles as he reaches behind, positions Viktor, and slowly starts to sit down.

Twin gasps sound out as Viktor breaches him, and Jayce fights to keep his descent slow as he's filled with his partner's thick length. It fills him, pushing at his walls, the heat and uncompromising girth making him clench frantically.

“Jayce,” Viktor grits out.

Jayce grunts in reply, but he goes ahead and does his best to hurry, thighs burning. Finally, he's fully seated in Viktor's lap, both of them panting a little. There’s barely any light left in the room, the sunset faded into twilight. Jayce can barely make out the shape of his lover in the gloom.

There's a moment of silence in which neither of them move, before Jayce speaks. “We should probably turn on the light.” Both of them look in the direction of the light switch, rendered invisible in the dark. Part of Jayce wants to be able to see Viktor, but part of him doesn't want to move.

“Eh, it will be fine.” The legs under Jayce's tense, and he's caught off guard by a light thrust from below. *Get on with it*, he almost hears.

He gasps. “Okay. Okay, alright.”

The first rise is maddening. Firm heat drags against his walls, and it's all Jayce can do to not immediately and gracelessly drop back down. As it is, the descent is hot enough to drag a loud moan from him.

“So loud,” Viktor teases.

“Shut up,” Jayce grits out. He rises again, establishing a slow rhythm.

The room fills with the sounds of panting and skin slapping against skin. Jayce thinks he's making noises, but that's not something he’ll admit to. He’s too lost in the push and pull, in the process of angling that cock right into the spot that makes his eyes roll back in his head.

Suddenly, car headlights shine through the blinds, illuminating the entire room and startling Jayce out of his rhythm. For a second, Jayce sees Viktor again—the jut of his brow, the severe cheekbones, and a flash of those captivating golden eyes. Entranced, Jayce slowly drops his head until their foreheads touch. Viktor's eyes are a decadent dark gold, pupils blown wide as he stares back.

They stay like that for a moment, breathing each other's air, slightly sticky with sweat. Viktor's hard enough that Jayce feels when he twitches inside him.

The room plunges into darkness as the neighbor outside turns off their car.

“Move,” Viktor whispers.

Jayce shudders and obeys.

Once more, he lifts himself up, thighs slapping against Viktor's, his hole stretching deliciously around that length. Each stroke sends pleasure flashing through him, but it's not enough. Jayce starts shifting, angling hips, leaning back towards the table, trying to reach—

He moans loudly as he succeeds in grazing his prostate.

Mere seconds afterwards, there's thumping on the wall that adjoins the neighboring apartment.

Jayce stops.

Viktor snickers. “I told you.”

Jayce sputters. “I haven't even gotten *loud* yet!” He straightens, about to rant on, only to slump over onto Viktor's shoulder and groan when his movements drive Viktor deeper into him.

Viktor laughs again, a soft huff against his ear. “Well, try to be quiet…if you can.”

Jayce gasps in offense. He draws back and looks down in the general direction of Viktor’s face. “Are you *doubting* me?”

Viktor looks back at him with a mischievous glint in his eye. “So you think you can do it?”

Before Jayce can answer, Viktor braces his feet against the floor and drives himself up. Jayce is too slow to muffle the noise that leaves his mouth, somewhere between a whine and a wheeze.

Viktor snickers again, but doesn’t stop at that. He grabs Jayce by the hips and starts moving him back and forth with a startling amount of strength, forcing the man in his lap to *grind*. Jayce obeys, clutching at the chair back desperately as his brain starts to leak out of his ears. Distantly, he’s aware that his noises are rising in volume, but he can’t bring himself to care as Viktor angles his hips to press against his prostate over and over.

“Vik,” Jayce gasps. “Vik, I—I’m gonna—” He scrabbles against his lover’s shoulders, trying to convey that he needs to stop or he’s going to *come*.

“So do it,” Viktor grunts. He lets go of Jayce's hips to take Jayce in hand, stroking quickly and firmly.

Jayce shudders and lets out a short yell as he comes, painting both himself and his partner with his mess. Viktor once more seizes control of his hips, moving Jayce in his lap before coming shortly after.

They lean on each other, out of breath, panting in each other’s ears. There's only about a minute of silence before another round of furious knocking comes from their neighbor. Viktor bursts out into quiet laughter while Jayce rolls his eyes.

End Notes

I uh…I just realized I forgot to write in any mention of lube…

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