

Tea Time Invitations

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Summary

Erik decides to teach Charles a lesson after some heated teasing.

The kettle's continuous whistle on the stovetop was so loud that Erik didn't hear Raven until she stood directly behind him.

"Um. Cough," Raven literally said without actually coughing.

Erik, his back to her, jumped and immediately removed his hands from Charles' waist, holding them high in the air as a rather weak display of innocence. Charles, however, stayed sitting on the kitchen counter, his smirking lips still glistening with the evidence of Erik's wandering tongue.

"Lemon and honey for that cough, Raven, darling?" Charles drawled, his voice tinged in amusement.

Erik remained frozen. However, Charles began to rub his shoulders and biceps almost predatorily. Raven just rolled her eyes and retreated from the kitchen without a word. Before she reached the doorway she whipped round and winked in encouragement.

"*Good luck*," she sang inaudibly so only Charles could hear.

After the kitchen door had been shut and Raven was a safe distance away, Erik lowered his arms with a groan.

"Charles, this is inappropriate. What if it wasn't Raven, but one of the younger children who walked in on us?"

Erik attempted to back away but Charles locked his legs around him.

"My love, if I recall, this was all your doing." Charles murmured as he trailed a lazy finger along the bottom of Erik's jaw.

“Really, Charles?” Erik sighed.

“Yes,” he pondered, “if I recall, I was simply about to make a cup of tea!”

At the mention of tea Erik quickly used his abilities to remove the kettle from the stove; it’s whistle quickly receding.

“Yes, I was making a cup of tea, and it was *you* who pressed himself up against *me* .” Charles tightened his legs around Erik, drawing him even closer. “Yes,” he hummed, close enough that Erik could feel the gentle vibrations against his own lips, “now what was it you said to me?”

Charles leaned in closer and Erik lay a steadying hand on his hip, lest he pitch too far forward and take them both down. Charles sighed heavily and pressed a delicate kiss against Erik’s temple, replaying the events from the past half hour through the soft contact.

Charles stood at the kitchen counter and although his back was to Erik, he could still feel the obnoxious self satisfaction rolling of him; from the cocky jut of his hip, to his languid grip on a teaspoon.

“Something the matter, my friend?” Even his voice dripped with guile.

Erik stormed further into the kitchen.

“Don't play with me, you know what's the matter,” he snarled.

“I thought you'd be pleased,” Charles said offhandedly, checking on the kettle boiling on the stove.

“Pleased?! Look at me. You can't tease me like that, Charles, telepathically sending those...indecent images.”

“Teasing?” Charles pondered, turning his head slightly, and tapping the teaspoon against his bottom lip absentmindedly. “Why, Erik, I wouldn’t do that.”

Erik swallowed, tearing his attention away from the teaspoon, despite how, through his powers, he could feel such delectable pressure.

“What would you call it then?”

Charles threw a cat-like look over his shoulder. “An invitation.” And with that he plopped the spoon in his mouth and sucked.

A memory, no, a telepathic image swirled in the forefront of Erik’s mind; of that ridiculously plush mouth wrapped not around a spoon, but-

In the space of a breath, Erik had Charles pressed firmly between his body and the counter; Charles’ back flush against his chest.

*“Foul play, Charles. You better stop sending me these images or, my God, I **will** actually fuck your mouth .”*

The memory ended and Erik coughed, his hand gripping Charles’ hip tightened.

“That was you, no?” Charles smirked and licked Erik’s bottom lip.

Erik moaned an incoherent reply.

“Was that not you accepting my,” Charles searched for the word, “*invitation?*”

Erik's chest rose and fell rapidly as he stared back into Charles' watery blue eyes. His cock throbbed and he willed himself not to grind into the smaller man's lap; praying to God for any small measure of composure.

"Oh, if it wasn't you, then I guess I'll go back to making my tea." Charles said decisively as he unlocked his legs from around Erik.

He pushed Erik back slightly to allow himself barely enough room to slide off the kitchen counter. On the way down he made sure to drag his body ever so slowly against Erik's; giving his cock the friction it so desperately longed for. A groan loosed itself from Erik's lips.

Charles placed a hand delicately on Erik's chest and rose up onto his tiptoes, arching his back so his crotch and chest pressed themselves into Erik's body.

He brought his abused lips to Erik's ear and whispered heatedly, "If you'd be so kind and move, Erik. Water's getting cold."

Composure be damned. Erik suddenly slammed Charles back against the counter, boxing the smaller man in with strong arms. Charles' eyes widened in surprise, a small gasp issuing from his lips, yet his pupils grew round with *want*.

"Forget the bloody tea and stop running your mouth," Erik growled, "it's got better things to do."

Erik silenced Charles' retort by crashing his mouth into Charles'. The kiss wasn't gentle, it was wild and persistent and needing, yet Charles swooned and melted as if Erik were kissing him good morning rather than biting down hard on his lower lip. Charles slung his arms over Erik's shoulders and moulded his body against Erik. Erik groaned and roughly cradled the smaller man in his arms, simultaneously pulling his plush body into Erik's, and pushing it harder into the counter.

Charles could feel Erik's persistent cock against his hip and he practically purred into Erik's mouth; gaping slightly at the sheer length of him. Erik used this as an opportunity to plunge his tongue inside and claim that silver-tongued mouth as his own. Erik, distracted by the taste

of Charles and his filthy gasps, failed to notice a hand detach itself from around Erik's neck and drop down between them.

When that hand stroked his cock over loose trousers, Erik swore under his breath and rutted into Charles' palm. Charles responded eagerly and his hand continued to roam. Erik shuddered and broke their kiss, staring down at Charles. His face was flush, his pupils blown, his fucking damned luscious mouth was slightly slack in the most delicious way, and Erik wanted, no, *needed*, to bury his cock inside it and to examine how much more watery those blue eyes could get when he was choking on the taste of him.

Erik broke away quickly and backed up against the kitchen island. Erik watched in breathless amusement as Charles' liquid body staggered slightly; weak with desire and wobbly without Erik's support. The grandiose control Charles had been asserting since that first "invitation" had been wrested away, leaving a desperate man with desperate desires. He lurched towards Erik.

Erik halted his pursuit with a lazily pointed finger; no powers, just a simple gesture that had Charles falter. Charles flushed deeply with the realization that Erik now had the authority, and Erik flushed with the knowledge that Charles was *letting him have it*.

Erik took the opportunity to breathe deeply and slowly stretch his neck; feeling more assertive the longer Charles waited. With a final crack of his neck he leaned back domineeringly against the island and watched Charles' desperation grow.

Drunk with lust, Charles eyed Erik's trousers straining against the pressure of his cock. A whine escaped from the back of his throat, and he squirmed impatiently, his body longing to press back up against Erik.

"Knees," Erik demanded, and Charles dropped, tearing his eyes away from Erik's cock to behold his authoritative command.

Charles didn't hold Erik's gaze for long, the clinking of his belt drew Charles' attention back to his crotch. Charles groaned and crawled forward while Erik used his abilities to remove his belt from the loops and undo his zip.

At Erik's feet, Charles dragged Erik's trousers down and snuggled his face against Erik's underwear; breathing the scent of him in deeply and savouring the heavy warmth of Erik's cock through the soft cotton. Erik swore in a low rumble and gripped the edge of the island. Charles used his nose to edge Erik's legs further apart before gently sucking the tip of Erik's cock over his underwear.

"More," Erik panted, his knuckles turning white as he strained against the island

Charles looked up into Erik's eyes, never once removing them from his gaze as he slowly pulled down his underwear and freed his leaking cock. Erik's cock bounced as it was liberated and precum landed on Charles's flushed cheek. Erik gripped the kneeling man's chin tightly and used his thumb to drag the droplet down to press it into the corner of Charles' mouth. Charles moaned and chased the contact; angling his chin slightly to taste Erik. Charles' breath rushed out of him in jagged moan, and Erik felt the warmth of his breath flutter over his agonizing cock.

Erik watched mesmerized as Charles' licked his red red lips to taste more of him. In an effort to oblige, Erik slid his thumb inside Charles' mouth. Charles groaned as he sucked down on it, his tongue flickering over worn callouses. Erik was fascinated. With his other hand he stroked Charles' smooth, pale cheek; running his thumb across the freckles that dusted his skin, admiring the rosy blush that blossomed under Erik's scrutiny.

Charles stopped; releasing Erik's thumb with a final lick.

"What is it?" Charles asked curiously.

Erik smoothed Charles' curls back, quickly cherishing his pink ears, before murmuring, "you're beautiful."

Charles smirked at the praise, before glibly whispering, "romantic fool". His haughtiness was returning as he grew impatient with lust.

However, Charles' telepathy betrayed him. As desire sabotaged his mental control, *love* poured into Erik; contradicting his cruel torment. It was warm and sweet and good and made

Erik's heart ache and his eyes sting.

“ Now now, my dear,” Charles interrupted inaudibly, “ Of course I love you, but would you please hurry up and fuc- ”

Charles was silenced as Erik traded the affectionate petting to fist Charles' hair and pull. Charles gasped as the slight pain tingled his scalp.

“Oh, you have such a filthy mouth,” Erik growled before pulling his hair further, angling his head back and with one hand sliding his heavy cock into his mouth. He glided it in until it hit the back of Charles' throat.

Erik held his head still and Charles' eyes widened as he adjusted his mouth around Erik's cock. His breath was coming fast through his nose and he quickly gripped Erik's thighs to steady himself. His thoughts were rampant; red hot desire splintered with shaky images of Erik ravishing his mouth, Erik hadn't even begun moving and he almost came from the mental image combined with the wet warmth of Charles' mouth alone.

Erik released Charles' hair with a final tug and resumed his lecherous lean on the island. Charles, still immobile, looked up at him and that was a sin in itself. His hair was tousled and wild from Erik's roaming hands, the blue of his eyes had nearly been consumed by his lust-blown pupils, his skin was a deep crimson, and every minute twitch of his luscious lips sent a jolt through Erik.

Charles just watched him, letting Erik's dick rest in Charles' mouth; his eyes wide and *wait? Was he waiting for permission?!*

Erik raised an eyebrow, then gave a slight upwards nod.

“ Do your worst, lieblich. ”

Charles practically purred and ever so slowly pulled out, maintaining hot, tight pressure the whole way. Erik shuddered violently as Charles began to suck on the head; his tongue swirling over the smooth surface, seeking precum. He slowly dove back down until his nose nestled into thick curls and Erik could feel the back of Charles' throat. Charles choked slightly and Erik's blood turned molten. He ached to cant his hips, to plummet himself even deeper inside, to hear Charles gag on the size of him. But he held strong, willing himself still, despite the begging in the back of his mind.

Always the tease, Charles did two more devastatingly slow passes and Erik's hands found their way back into Charles' hair of their own accord; not to force things along per se... *but some guidance wouldn't hurt*. He gently smoothed the hair off Charles' forehead before pushing his fingers into his crown and massaging down to his nape.

Erik's fingers, gentle yet firm, always in control, massaged the burden of telepathy away. With each stroke, the heavy thoughts that did not belong to him were freed. Gone were his sister's dramatic inner monologue, and Darwin's all consuming pining and devotion. He was finally free of humanity's arduous inner workings. Only Erik remained, filling his head, heart and mouth with love and overpowering lust.

Charles moaned, deep and needy, and Erik's toes curled at the feel of it against his cock. Charles was sloppy and loose, all wet lips and scandalous breaths, and Erik wasn't faring any better. While pleasure alleviated Charles of his abilities, it exacerbated Erik's. A myriad of metallic kitchen utensils creaked and warped, and the strength of the light fixtures were being pushed to breaking point.

Charles sucked faster, swallowing him down like it was a privilege. And, *Gott in Himmel*, Erik came undone. The grip on Charles' hair tightened and he curled over Charles as he spilled into his mouth. He groaned as if he were in pain as Charles lapped and swallowed him down; an ambrosia far sweeter than tea.

Charles held Erik in his mouth until he was soft and peaceful. When Erik could finally breathe, he straightened and reluctantly pulled away from that wicked, ungodly mouth. Charles peered up at him, eyes bright and needing, lashes wet with the tears of desire. Charles pressed his knees together and writhed in impatient want.

“*Please,*” Charles begged telepathically.

Erik ran the back of his fingers down his temple to his jaw; so gentle.

“Oh, *mein Schatz*, not for you, not today.”

Charles let out a helpless whimper, “please!”

Erik gripped his chin, tight and strong, and looked him dead in the eyes, “*nein.*”

He released his chin with such force that Charles was made to look down. Erik tutted and sauntered past him towards the kitchen door, leaving Charles kneeling on the kitchen floor, radiating with fervid longing.

He paused before he exited, and, with a deliberate show of intent, crushed the kettle.

“No tea either. Now *that*, Charles, is how you tease.”

And with that, Erik left. *Checkmate.*

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