

that's part of the game

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that's part of the game

by Anonymous

Summary

Rob is not a shy man when it comes to sex. He's loud, rude and obscene; long story short, Rob Swire is a power bottom.

Notes

I'm not letting this get lost from the internet.

Silent. That's how Rob has been through the whole damn thing. Gareth knows interviews aren't his thing but this is just pathetic. He has spoken entirely in one word answers and avoided the questions completely where possible. By the time they get back to their flat, Gaz is fuming. Rob is clearly in a mood. He's seen something—probably on Twitter—that has upset him and as a result, is now giving everyone the silent treatment. Even Gaz. He hangs his coat up and heads toward the studio, intent on drowning himself in work. Rob knows Gaz is pissed, but figures it will pass.

They do this a lot. Gareth follows him into the studio to pester him, moving right next to him.

"What's wrong with you? You've barely said anything the whole day and you just made both of us look bad with that interview you just bombed."

"Fuck off," Rob grunts, shouldering by his friend. "We always look shitty when the questions are shitty. It doesn't make people listen to our music any less." Rob's refusing to make eye contact, attempting to settle himself into his rolling chair. Gareth continues to follow him.

"Yeah, but it makes us seem like assholes. You could at least try, you know. Act like you give a shit about our fans."

"Why?" Rob snaps. "They don't give a shit about US."

He's not entirely correct, of course, but the few caring fans are drowned in an endless sea of "make ur next song sound liek ____!" And it's getting to him. He looks haggard and miserable, unkempt and lacking sleep.

"I'm annoyed with you. I can't believe you think that. I... feel like I'm losing you sometimes." Gareth mutters, looking down and playing with his rings.

Rob can't believe they're having this conversation. He shakes his head and shrugs, unable to come up with a rebuttal. He's been withdrawn of late, from everyone including himself. It sucks, but that's how it is, how he operates, how it's been since they'd come together as a band almost ten years prior. Different band, different scene, same Rob.

"There you go, giving me the cold shoulder again. Why won't you to open up to me like you used to?" Gaz's plea is desperate. Rob runs long fingers through dark hair and squeezes his eyes shut. He doesn't know the answer to this; too many thoughts are buzzing around in his head and none of them are kind.

"I just...it's not like it used to be, Gaz; it's never going to be that way—"

The ginger cuts him off and kisses him hard, pressing him up against the wall of the studio. It's the only thing he can think of to do. Rob is completely taken aback by this, his thin body hitting the wall with a thud. It might have driven the air out of him if Gaz's mouth hadn't been on his with such force. Rob's first instinct is of course to struggle, grasping at Gaz's chest and trying to shove.

Gareth is aggressive, however, grabbing Rob's pale arms and holding them in place by his wrists, at his side and biting Rob's lower lip until there's a metallic taste on his tongue.

The vocalist grunts with disapproval and attempts wrenching his face away at least. Gaz is bigger than he is and stronger by design. The guy is fearsome when he's upset, clearly, but Rob has never seen him this angry. He pulls back and over to the side of Rob's face until plump, pierced lips are cruelly caressing a prominent, warm ear.

"I know you like this kind of stuff." Gareth growls. "Being pushed around like this, it gets you all hot doesn't it?"

Rob grunts, trying to hide a blush, but of course Gaz is right in front of him, holding and pinning and pressing into him. The ginger knows just how to push Rob's buttons and he's helpless. Rob gasps and bites his lower lip, tilting his head back. Gareth takes the opportunity to bite his exposed neck, leaving a sore red mark at the base of it. Rob grumbles, brows knitting together at the top of the bridge of his nose. He bites back a ragged moan and arches his back at the bite.

"I'm.... This isn't—"

"C'mon, spit it out. " Gareth says impatiently as he continues to vandalize the other man's pale neck.

"Those're gunna show up—!" Rob squawks, grasping at Gareth's shirt. Sure, he likes it; the guy craves this rough treatment. All the same, he's tired...

"You're... Hurting me."

"And you love it don't you? Does pain turn you on this much?" Gareth chuckles. He finally releases one of Rob's wrists and grabs his crotch instead. "What a slut you are."

Rob lets out a panicked yelp. Now the ginger is name-calling and, though it's an absolute turn-on, Rob has never seen him like this, so fierce and dominant. It's moderately frightening.

"I swear to god, Gaz—" The threat goes unfinished.

He pulls away from Rob, out of breath. Reaching around, Gaz grabs his partner's bony hips, bringing them close to him so that they're touching and more, grinding into him, letting out a small noise of relief as he does so. There aren't many places for Rob's arms to go but up around Gaz's neck. He clings helplessly as the thick, red headed, bassist grinds against him like some animal in rut. Rob's face rests against Gareth's neck, his quiet, quick breaths heating the space between flesh. The sight of Rob so flushed and vulnerable-looking is one of the hottest things Gareth has even seen.

"This isn't the place to—" Gaz manages between panting and growling.

"No," Rob agrees, for once. He doesn't want to fuck in the studio for fear of messing up his precious instruments and setup. He is still grasping Gaz hard and holding their bodies close,

waiting for the other man to take control and decide what they're going to do, however. This mood of Gaz's is strange—he might want to go at it in the middle of the den.

As if in answer to the thin man's unvoiced fears, Gareth takes Rob's hand and drags him to the bedroom. Rob trails along behind Gaz, helpless to resist. The bassist isn't letting go, holding his friend's thin wrist tight. Upon entry, Gareth makes a beeline for the bed and then perches himself on the edge of it, Rob standing in front of him. When his partner sits down on the bed, Rob has a pretty good idea where this whole thing is headed.

"On your knees" Gaz commands, pressing down on Rob's shoulders.

The exhausted producer sinks to his knees, those big, oddly pathetic blue eyes of his made wider by the bags under them and the red veins threatening at the edges. Gareth admires the view of Rob kneeling in front of him, so willing and eager to please, or maybe just scared of this awful mood. Whatever. He fumbles with his belt buckle and finally manages to get it undone. The bassist unzips his notoriously tight pants and reaches out to push the back of Rob's head, forcing his mouth closer to the ginger's crotch. Rob fights the urge to swat Gareth's hand away, instead leaning in with very little resistance. He reaches up to grasp at Gaz's shirt. Rob knows how big the guy is. Gareth's cock is visible through his pants almost 99% of the time, anyway, so most people *do*. But Rob actually KNOWS, intimately. His mouth rests, breathing hot and heavy against the clothed dick. Gareth inhales sharply at the sensation.

"I love seeing you like this. You're not the same cold, dark, man that the fans see you as. You're so vulnerable and eager."

Rob grimaces, making that old, ugly sneering face. He's warning Gaz not to push it. His hand slides down, tugging at the waistband of the man's undergarments. He growls something under his breath. Gareth smirks at Rob's reaction. He enjoys pushing his luck with Rob.

"You'll gladly suck me off either way. Don't deny it." Growing more impatient, he gives Rob's head another nudge towards his crotch.

Dexterous hands go to work on Gareth's underwear and pull his cock free. Rob runs a tongue over his lips and looks up under thick, dark lashes. Leaning forward, he brings his lips to the head of Gareth's erection. As his mouth slides down, one of those powerful hands shoots up and latches firmly onto his partner's throat.

Gareth's so shocked by this action that he ignores Rob's mouth on his cock. He chokes out a noise of surprise, feeling especially vulnerable with his best friend's hand wrapped around his windpipe. "R-Rob... What are you doing?"

The dark-haired man goes all the way down, deepthroating like a pro. His lips are tight and Gaz's cock head hits the back of his throat. Rob's hand stays where it is, not squeezing too hard but definitely holding. That hand on his neck is making Gaz nervous, but he does his best to ignore it and put Rob in his place.

"You're so fucking eager. Look at you taking me all the way in, you don't even have a gag reflex you little slut." His hand cups the back of Rob's head, grabbing a handful of his dark

hair.

Rob feels that hand on the back of his head and knows that if Gaz wants to fuck his face, he will. Truthfully, Rob isn't sure that's not what *he* wants. He likes being used, it makes him feel alive and, bizarrely, loved. Their relationship is a healthy one and they fight like any other couple, but the make-up sex is where it's at, as far as Rob is concerned. He hums a little, his throat vibrating enough to pleasure the sensitive head, fingers closing a bit in tandem.

Gaz chokes out a noise, both one of shock as he feels the pressure on his throat become more painful and one of pleasure as Rob hums around him. At this point, thoughts of trying to fuck Rob's face have left his head, replaced with the bewilderment of his best friend's hand wrapped tightly around his throat. He still cannot believe Rob is bold enough to try something like this; it is a departure from his usual shy and sulky demeanor and even from his wild tendencies between the sheets. Feeling Rob's thumb dig deeper into his throat, Gaz tries to swallow, only to find that it is painful to do. He is at Rob's mercy, a power dynamic to which he is unaccustomed. Rob has found his confidence—and perhaps his second wind—and is fighting back.

Rob is not a shy man when it comes to sex. He's loud, rude and obscene. Long story short, Rob Swire is a power bottom. He *will* suck Gareth's dick, but the dude is going to pay for it. Slowly, he begins to lift his head, sliding off the shaft torturously, gradually. His grip loosens on Gaz's neck, but only a little. Rob looks up under those thick lashes, blue eyes flashing, daring Gaz to test him. Gareth's grip on Rob's hair tightens, and the frustration Rob is causing him is obvious. He continues to stare Rob right in the eyes, seeing if he'll back down. He narrows his eyes a little before attempting to push Rob back down. Rob has neither the strength nor the leverage to fight against this and is forced down on Gaz's cock once more. He does, however, have zero gag reflex and a grip on his friend's throat. As he chokes, the man squeezes on Gareth's windpipe, reasoning that if he can't breathe, neither should Gaz.

Gareth lets go of Rob's head and opens his mouth as if to let out a noise but nothing comes out. His hands fly to his neck, trying to release the death grip Rob has on his throat. After a few panicked seconds of attempting to pry him off, he just gives up, slumping over. Rob has won this round. The man on his knees hums and loosens his grip a little, since Gaz's hand is off the back of his head. Fair is fair. His mouth slides up and down on Gareth's cock, slicking it up with his saliva. He wants to finger himself and he can feel his cock getting hard in his not-as-tight pants. This is going to be a great, painful, fuck. He's made Gaz sufficiently angry, he thinks. Gareth tilts back his head and lets out a small moan, the vibration from his vocal chords going through Rob's finger tips. He nudges the growing bulge in Rob's pants with his foot

"Excited, are we?" Gareth smirks. Rob squeezes his eyes shut as a silent response. Gareth yanks Rob up by the collar of his shirt and kisses him, arms wrapping around his waist and guiding him into his lap. Not expecting that last movement, Rob loses his grip on Gaz's throat as the man pulls him up. Gareth's cock is trapped between their groins as their mouths meet. The dark-haired DJ feels the hardness of the cock he's just been sucking as Gaz traps him in a bear hug. Gareth pulls away from Rob, pulling his head back so they meet eye to eye.

"You pissed me off so much with that little stunt of yours back there. I can't believe you had to nerve to try and choke me." Gareth hisses. He starts grinding into Rob's crotch again, grabbing tight around his bony hips, pushing them down onto his own, intent on teasing him for a while before giving him what he wants.

"Serves you right, fucking animal," Rob growls, groaning as his hips are forced against Gareth's. Gareth ignores the insult. The guy has Rob at a complete disadvantage. Rob's hot and bothered and still trapped in his pants... And he is beautiful. His pale face is flushed and his eyes are half-lidded, splotches of pink on his cheeks and ears.

"I love seeing you like this." Gareth says into Rob's neck as he works his way up to his ear. "You're such a control freak normally; doesn't it feel nice to just let someone else take charge?" He continues to dry hump him then realizes that Rob probably doesn't want to cum in his pants like some teenager. So he stops, and leans back onto the bed with his hands still on Rob's hips.

Rob's on top of Gaz for only a moment before he's pushed onto his back and Gareth's face is above him. The man is round of features, gentle eyes and smiling cheeks rather pleasing to the eyes. Rob marvels at it for a moment before responding.

"Do what you want—"

He has to act like he doesn't want it; that's part of the game. And Gareth loves it. It's the power exchange between them, and after all these years it still send tingles down his spine, settling between his legs. Gaz begins to undo Rob's belt buckle, before realizing that he had forgotten to locate the lube and condoms in the mess that was their nightstand. Slightly embarrassed, he crawls off Rob to rummage through the drawer. Rob almost chuckles, but that would ruin the illusion, so he resists, waiting patiently for Gaz to return. Gareth gives Rob a quick kiss as he returns and straddles him again, undoing his belt for real this time.

Rob arches his hips into Gaz's touch, bringing his hands up to either side of his friend's scratchy face, stubble causing a picky sensation on Rob's palms. Gareth stops what he's doing briefly and his face softens at Rob's gentle fingertips. The corners of his lips turn up a little before his face becomes stony once more and he focuses on unbuckling Rob's belt. Once he's slid Rob's not-so-tight pants completely off, he takes off his rings, setting them on the nightstand and reaches for the bottle of lube, pouring a small amount on his index finger. He moves off to the side, lifting one of Rob's thin legs, gently pushing the finger in. The entrance of the singular digit is cool and sudden. Rob gasps and writhes, arching his back and keeping his eyes on Gaz. He isn't sure what Gareth is planning; all he knows is he hasn't gotten any in a week or more and that shit is a crying shame.

Gareth doesn't want to hurt him, well not too much anyway, so he tries to go slowly as he preps Rob with more fingers but he's getting impatient and if they're gonna fuck they need to do it soon or else he won't be hard anymore—or he'll explode; Gaz isn't sure which. With little ceremony, then, the ginger flips Rob over on to his stomach and pours more of the cool liquid into his palm before stroking his cock with it and positioning himself on his knees behind and lining up with Rob. Giving no warning, he shoves his way in, nails digging into Rob's hips. Rob grasps the sheets underneath his body and bites back a gasp. Gaz's fingers

are digging into his bony hips; those fingers will leave bruises, but at least Gareth removed his skull rings.

"G-gaz—!" Rob gasps, whining helplessly.

The sound of Rob whimpering in pain is wonderful to Gareth but he doesn't want to actually wreck the guy, so he runs the palm of his hand down Rob's spine, feeling how much each bone protrudes. He leans down by Rob's ear and tells him how lovely his panicked noises sound, and how much he enjoys having Rob at his mercy. Rob arches away from the touch, much like a cat, but cannot escape Gareth's mouth near his ear. The ginger is getting dirty about this—like before.

"Y-yeah... Remind me."

Rob groans and in answer, Gaz grabs his hips again and gives a few experimental thrusts, arching his back and tilting his head backwards to moan a little before coming back down to Rob's ear.

"Y'know what I like about this position? You can't fucking touch me. You can't strangle me or give me that fucking death glare. I can't even see that pathetic needy face of yours. I have complete control over you and you love it."

Rob hates that Gaz is right. Gareth bites into the back of Rob's shoulder, hard enough that he thinks he might be tasting a little blood; there's definitely going to be an imprint of his teeth in the morning. Rob can't defend himself against Gareth's bite, his hands are pinned by the position and he is forced to simply grip the sheets. Rob cries out and cranes his neck to look over his shoulder.

"You've gotta—be kidding me...!" But there's more his eyes are communicating which his mouth is not. He enjoys this, being dominated completely, held down and fucked like a cheap toy. He feels the bruises forming on his hips and the painful bite mark where Gaz has just dug into him, "fucking animal."

Gareth stops moving. As soon as the words leave, Rob knows he's in for a world of hurt. He's played his part well, just right and now Gaz is going to oblige him.

"What did you just call me? Say that again I fucking dare you. You want to see an animal?" His nails dig deeper, piercing the skin and drawing blood, "I'll show you an animal."

The experimental pace is gone, instead Gareth going fast and hard, not really caring about the pain he's causing Rob or how sore he'll be in the morning. He angles himself downwards a little, trying to hit Rob's prostate. The bottoming DJ can feel himself being stretched savagely, maybe even torn. Gareth's hips change their angle as he drives his partner into the mattress, hoarsely squealing. It really does hurt and, though it's what Rob asked for, in a way, the younger man is just a little scared of the beast that has mounted him. Gaz has begun to hump him like a wild thing, heedless of his pain. The angle of his partner's hips allows the tip of Gareth's cock to brush and tease, and eventually slam Rob's most sensitive bundle of nerves. Through the pain, his cock is hard and dripping precum on the sheets underneath his

raised hips. Gareth's panting at this point and knows he should slow down if he wants to last longer.

"You look so fucking hot when you're pinned underneath me and writhing in pain, all spread and begging..." Gareth pants into Rob's ear. "You're just a little slut who gets off on pain. I can't believe how desperate you are for a fuck." He nips and licks the shell of Rob's ear. "How much longer can you last like this?"

Not long, is the honest answer. Rob groans, his lovely voice cracking painfully as Gaz's hips piston into him, the sound of flesh slapping flesh the only thing other than Rob making much noise. The man underneath Gaz gasps and whimpers, turning his head enough to catch Gaz's eye. It hurts, part of him wants to make it stop, but there is the occasional brush of his prostate and stars explode behind blue eyes. Tears have gathered at the edges of already watery eyes and those, at least, Rob is hard-pressed to disguise.

Gareth cranes his neck around to kiss Rob; it tastes of salt and a little blood. The position is uncomfortable but he keeps kissing him for a while, almost like he's reassuring him. He pulls back and wipes the tears from Rob's eyes. The gesture is oddly comforting. It also forces Gaz to slow down a little, letting up on the pounding pain in Rob's backside. Rob gladly opens himself to the kiss, sloppy though it is, hoping he's not bleeding anywhere else.

Gareth starts moving more quickly again, though less savagely, groaning as he feels a familiar warm knot forming in the bottom of his stomach. He's saying something, it's probably filthy but it's incoherent, and soon he's gasping and trying to warn Rob but it's too late because he's already felt himself pass that point of no return, so he bites hard into the back of Rob's neck instead, letting out a small sigh into his skin as he rides it out. Rob knows that sound, those warnings. Rob pities every girl who has ever agreed to let their boy use the "pull out" method, because it doesn't fucking work. He recognizes the frantic thrusting, feels the warm, hot liquid fill him and knows he will go soon after, accompanied by whatever filth is spewing from his spent friend's mouth.

He half-gasps, half-whines as Gaz climaxes savagely and he is left hard and wanting. Gareth pulls out and wraps his arms around Rob's waist and rolls to the side so Rob's back is pressed to his stomach. He takes Rob's hands and guides them with his own hands to his cock, and begins to jerk him off. He gently presses his lips to the side of Rob's neck, not biting or anything, just kissing it.

Rob's so close and so painfully hard that the mere touch of his own and Gareth's hands pull an orgasm from him, yanking it out of the deepest pits of his stomach. He stiffens, spasms and bucks into their hands, hissing and turning a sidelong glance over his shoulder. There will be time to inspect the damage later. Gareth rolls away from him, still breathing heavily. He haphazardly wipes his hands on the sheets, he can clean them later too, and pulls pack of cigarettes and a lighter out of his pants pocket. He lights up and tosses the pack to Rob. Gaz knows he's not supposed to smoke in bed but after that ordeal he really needs one. Rob eyes the pack. He's still in pain, so while he hasn't smoked in years, he really wants one. The vocalist decides not to, though, setting it on the side table and levering himself upward. He moves to roll off their bed to go clean himself.

"You're a fucking asshole," Rob grunts, sitting up and grabbing his gut as it pinches a little. He's bruised everywhere and bleeding in some places. Gareth smiles, admiring his work and relishing the afterglow. He takes a drag on his cigarette.

"You love it, though."

Rob shoots him a dagger-like glare and hobbles to the bathroom. His inner thighs are slick with Gaz and a dark red substance. He's got a pretty pronounced limp, too. Gareth was going to say something rude about Rob not being able to walk correctly in the morning but he's already out of earshot so he just sits there and continues to smoke.

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