

The Beginning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15090809) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15090809>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Brooklyn Nine-Nine (TV)
Characters:	Jake Peralta , Terry Jeffords , Ray Holt , Detective Pembroke , The Vulture , Sharon Jeffords , Charles Boyle
Additional Tags:	Spanking , Discipline , Punishment
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Consequences
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-29 Completed: 2018-12-20 Words: 6,915 Chapters: 6/6

The Beginning

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Summary

Jake makes another mistake, but he regrets this one more than usual. Because this time, there are actually consequences.

Notes

This is the first part of a series where Jake is disciplined by members of the Nine-Nine for his many, many transgressions. I don't condone any sort of physical punishment in the workplace in real life. I'll make this as consensual as possible, but again, I don't approve of it actually occurring in the real world. Just let me have this fantasy, okay?

Actual lines from Season 1, Episode 5, The Vulture, are used in this fic.

Chapter 1

After solving the murder case (courtesy of Boyle, who had been so willing to sacrifice his dignity down that trash chute to find the weapon), Jake should have been happy. His plan was perfect; to out-Vulture the Vulture was an unimaginable feat. Consequences be damned, Jake was going to have the sweetest revenge of his life. Until, of course, that plan was ruined.

Jake was just about to march into Holt's office, the murder weapon held high for the Vulture to see, when Terry walked in. Jake hated to admit it, but Terry was honestly terrifying. So terrifying, in fact, that Jake was too scared even to call him Terry-fying (an excellent pun, wasted!).

"Peralta. Now," Terry ordered.

Jake warily followed the Sergeant outside, wondering if Terry was going to kill him with his bare hands. This was all wrong- he was supposed to die in an epic police shootout!

"Okay, before you get mad-" Jake tried, before Terry cut him off.

"Shut it! Holt was right. I've been so worried about my own kids, I forgot about my stupid, grown-up kids!"

"Well, that's insulting," Jake pouted.

"I should've been on you guys more, and starting now, I will be. But if you ever do this again, I swear I will crush your head in one hand."

"You don't mean that."

"Try me!" Terry advanced.

"Okay!" Jake honestly thought he was going to die. "Where are you going?" he asked, when Terry started to go back inside.

"The boss is taking heat for something that's not even his fault! I can't let that happen."

Jake felt the first stirrings of actual guilt. Oh, right. His actions had real life consequences.

"Wait- dammit! Look, it's not your fault either, and... it's not the Vulture's fault. It's Amy's." Jake saw his entire life flash before his eyes as Terry moved to eviscerate him. "I know, I know! It's mine, okay?"

They both started walking inside, Jake frustrated with himself for giving up on his own awesome revenge plan.

"God, I do *not* love how this turned out!" he muttered.

Feeling like his entire life had been leading up to this single, humiliating moment, Jake entered Captain Holt's office to face the Vulture.

"Detective Pembroke," he greeted, secretly wishing the man a lifetime of papercuts.

"Ugh, now what?" the sleazeball of a detective sighed.

"I'd like to cordially invite you to calm down, especially considering that this case has already been solved- by you." Jake revealed the corkscrew with a flourish. "Looks like you found the murder weapon. It's a good thing you realized it was magnetically stuck to the inside of the trash chute. Congratulations." His only salvation in that moment was that Captain Holt looked slightly impressed. Or maybe he was just constipated.

"Hmm, cracked a case all by yourself," he said to Jake before turning to the Vulture. "We're done here?"

The Vulture considered before surrendering. "Yeah. Yeah, we're done here." He moved in close to Jake. "Hey, keep up the bad work, chap."

"Here it comes," Jake muttered, before he felt sharp smack to his left buttcheek. He grunted, thoroughly displeased with the situation. "Why does he keep touching my butt?"

Neither Terry nor Captain Holt had an answer.

But it was over, at least. Jake returned to the bullpen.

"Welp, case closed. Good work, everyone. Let's, uh, call it a night without any further discussion." Maybe it would work?

"No." It was Holt.

Dammit.

"All of you broke into a crime scene, under the influence of alcohol, overstepped your jurisdiction, and disobeyed my direct orders. Everyone involved tonight is going to get written up."

Jake felt that awful wriggling of guilt again. Tonight just wasn't his night. He turned round to face the Captain, sealing his fate.

"Okay, fine," he conceded. "Here's everyone who was there." He began to number off names on his fingers. "Jake Peralta, Jay Peralta, Dr. Jacob Peralta- who has a Phd in slow jam studies from Funktown State University. Also involved was the right, honorable Ja-"

"Okay, enough."

"My point is, it was a Peralta special, sir. No one else was there." Either everyone was going to suffer, or only Jake was. Both situations involved Jake suffering, so he may as well take the route with the least amount of people facing consequences. Besides, it really *was* his fault, anyways.

Holt, again, looked like he could be impressed. “Well, Detective. I’m happy to see you’re learning how to be part of a team. Everybody go home. Sleep it off.”

Jake had never been more relieved.

“Oh, Detective Peralta?” Holt said, right as Jake was about to leave with the others.

Uh-oh, this can't be good, Jake thought.

“Sergeant Jeffords asked me to relay a message to you. He says he would like to have a “chat” with you tomorrow.”

Well, shit.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This is just a real short chapter from Terry's POV. He's such a sweetheart, I love him. Also I love Sharon.

Terry was in a difficult situation. He sat on his couch, humming thoughtfully to himself. Sharon was getting concerned, he could tell. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that he was on his third cup of yogurt that night.

“What’s going on?” she asked, sliding next to him on the couch and putting an arm around his shoulder.

“I had a real rough day at work,” Terry confessed.

“I’m sorry, baby. Is there anything I can do?”

“I don’t think so. It’s just, well- Peralta is such a *child*! He runs around doing whatever he wants, whenever he wants. It doesn’t matter how much I threaten him. He’ll get scared for a second, and then he goes right back to doing whatever it is he does. It’s like he *has* to break rules or something. I’m sick of it! I’ve got two baby girls here, I can’t have them at work, too.”

Sharon considered this for a moment.

“Maybe it’s time to stop just threatening him,” she suggested. “When you threaten Cagney and Lacey, you follow through, don’t you? Otherwise they never learn to follow rules. It’s hard, but we do it anyway because we want them to be better.”

“But my threats to Jake haven’t exactly been... doable.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Well, like, today for instance. I said I would crush his head in one hand if he did something like that again.” Thinking back, Terry realized that may not have been the best idea. “It’s a lot easier to send the twins to timeout than it is to murder someone.”

Sharon shook her head and laughed. “You’re an amazing Sergeant, Terry. But you can’t expect people to follow your rules just because you’re physically capable of killing them. Everyone knows you would never do it. You need to find a threat that’s *real*, an actual deterrent for bad behavior. What sort of punishment actually works for Jake?”

Terry had a sudden and odd memory of Jake getting his butt slapped by the Vulture. He had been thoroughly chagrined. Terry could have laughed at the absurdity of it.

“I don’t know... but I’ll figure something out. Thanks, honey.” He meant it. What he would do without Sharon, Terry had no idea.

“You’re welcome. Now, how about you put that yogurt down and we go get into bed?”

“Sounds good to me!”

Terry would deal with Jake tomorrow. Somehow.

Chapter 3

The next morning, Jake and Charles arrived at the Precinct early to attend to some very important business.

“Jake, I have to say, the way you handled things with the Vulture yesterday was very mature,” Charles told his best friend from across the breakroom table, his face sincere as ever.

“Well, sometimes in life you just have to take the high road,” Jake replied. Just as he did, a timer on the table in front of him rang. “Oop, times up!”

“Can’t wait to see it!” Charles said.

Jake, who had been kneeling on a chair and leaning against the table, stood up to peel off a cast of his butt.

“Ah, here we go,” he grunted. “That’s good suction!” It finally came off, and he showed it proudly to Boyle. “Check it out! Perfect, right?”

Boyle agreed heartily and placed the cast into a box as Jake scribbled out a note.

“Dear Vulture, enjoy my big white ass. Jake,” he read aloud. He handed the note to his friend with a flourish. “Always take the high road, Charles.” Damn, he was so wise.

Maybe sending a cast of his butt wasn’t as good as, say, stealing a case from the Vulture, but it was still pretty good. He taped the box shut and waltzed it out of the breakroom, ready to deliver it.

At that moment, there was a *ding!* and Terry stepped out of the elevator. Jake instantly molded his face into something less maniacal and slightly more professional.

“What’s that?” Terry asked instantly.

“Oh, you know... stuff.” That wouldn’t work. “I’m sending some uh-”

But Terry had already ripped the box out of his hands and was reading the label.

“Major Crimes? Detective Pembroke? Jake, what the hell is this?”

“It’s just an... apology gift! For the Vu- I mean- Detective Pembroke.” Jake mumbled the last part under his breath. Terry gave him a look and set the box down on his desk, then pulled out an exacto knife.

Jake pretended to be very interested in the water stains on the ceiling while the Sergeant looked through the contents of the box.

“Alright, Peralta. Let’s have a little chat outside,” Terry said, shouldering his way past Jake. He didn’t look all that angry, surprisingly enough. In fact, he looked quite calm. It was even more Terry-fying.

“Do you have a death wish?” Terry asked Jake matter-of-factly once they were in the courtyard.

“Sarge, I already fixed my mess up last night! Holt let all of us go home, so it’s all better! The Vulture got what he wanted, so I kind of earned the right to-”

“Send him a mold of your butt,” Terry finished.

“Exactly!”

Terry sighed deeply and shook his head, disappointment written all over his face. Jake looked down, quirking his lips in embarrassment.

“Peralta, we’ve gotta figure this out. We have to find a solution that will work for both of us. I can’t keep threatening to murder you, and then force you to clean up your messes while you suffer no actual consequences. It hurts me, it hurts the squad, and it hurts you. You love being a Detective! So why do you always have to try and sabotage that?”

Jake shifted his weight from foot to foot. He didn’t have a comeback for that.

“I want to fix this. Together. It’s my job to be in charge of you, and I’m not just going to let you do whatever the hell you feel like doing. Getting cases solved isn’t enough. You have to do it the right way, or it’s going to blow up in your face later. Do you get what I’m saying?”

“Yes, Sergeant,” Jake said, still looking at the ground.

“So where do we go from here?”

“You could... suspend me?” Jake offered.

“No. You’re our best Detective. I can’t punish you for hurting the team by hurting the team more. So I can’t put you on desk duty, I can’t send you down to the archives... Damn, that’s about everything you hate.”

Thank God! Jake thought, relieved. There was nothing worse than suspension. Terry looked upset, though. He was pacing, clearly waging a war in his mind. After a minute of Jake doing his best to look contrite, Terry stopped and leaned against the brick wall.

“I have an idea,” he said gravely. “It’s going to sound ridiculous, okay? And technically, I can’t do it. But if we keep this under the radar, if it’s a personal issue between you and me, then everything will be fine.”

“What are you gonna do, pimp me out?”

“No! Take this seriously, Jake!” Terry collected himself. “Look, you don’t have to do it. I’m not saying that if you don’t say yes, I’ll make you quit your job or anything like that. I’m not

going to hold this over you. I just think that both of us want you to become better, and I think I have a solution for it.”

Jake was getting really nervous now.

“Okay?” he prompted.

“I could... spank you.”

Jake burst out laughing, and he couldn’t stop for at least a minute. “That was... the... *best joke* ... I have ever... heard!” he spluttered finally. He was leaning against the wall opposite Terry for support, and he had to wipe tears from his eyes. “Who came up with this? Was it Gina? It was Gina. Oh *man* she’s good!”

“Jake, stop it,” Terry said, cutting off another wave of laughter. “I’m not joking!”

Jake faltered a bit. “Sarge, the joke’s over. You already said the punchline, you don’t have to go any further.”

“I’m being serious.”

Okay, this was a bit beyond Terry’s sense of humor. Jake was starting to get nervous again.

“C’mon, man. You’re trying to tell me that you want to- to-” he broke off as Terry stood before him, unwavering. “That’s not true. Are you trying to scare me? Because it’s working!”

“Look, Jake. If you’re that opposed to the idea, I’m not gonna pressure you. There’s not going to be any guilt tripping, I swear. I was just thinking about it, and... I think it could work for you, since none of the other methods work. But it’s okay! We can figure something out!” Terry looked flustered, like he hadn’t expected his plan to not work.

“I’m just, uh- I’m gonna go to the bathroom.” Jake panicked and ran back inside.

Locked inside a stall, Jake tried to think. This was an unprecedented situation, and his brain was working hard to catch up. He decided to review the facts, like it was any other case.

- *Sarge wants to punish me, because I screwed up again.*
- *Sarge wants to punish me by spanking me, and he’s not joking about it.*
- *Spanking is definitely not allowed as a form of punishment in any workplace.*

That settled it, then. It couldn't be done. It wasn't allowed! Another fact popped into Jake's head against his will.

- *I do lots of things I'm not allowed to do.*

Sarge *had* promised he would keep it under the radar, but... *spanking*? It was just so stupid! It was a terrible idea, and Jake wouldn't do it. He tried to shut out the next fact, but it came, anyway.

- *I feel guilty about what I did.*

It was true, Jake did feel guilty. He had screwed up royally last night. No amount of suspension or desk duty would make him feel less guilty.

- *Maybe, if I have a punishment that's actually uncomfortable, I'll feel less guilty.*

Sure, being suspended sucked. But then Jake would just feel *more* guilty because he wouldn't be able to make up for his mistake by fighting crime. Whereas, Terry's suggestion...

Jake deserved something like that. Sure, *that* was childish, but Jake was sure it wouldn't be pleasant. The feelings of guilt he had tried to ignore since yesterday began stewing in his stomach. All of his friends could have gotten in serious trouble. Even Holt could have gotten in serious trouble. Really, a spanking (Jake could hardly bring himself to even think of the word) was the least he deserved.

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After the morning briefing, Jake walked up to Terry's desk.

"Uh, Sarge?"

Terry's head shot up from his computer, surprised.

"Yes, um- Detective Peralta. What can I help you with?" he asked, doing his best to force a cheerful tone.

Jake lowered his voice. "I just wanted to tell you, I made my decision. I-" Jake broke off, swallowed, started again. "I think it's a good idea."

Terry's eyes narrowed in disbelief. "You're joking, right?"

"No. I'm being serious. I... I earned it."

Terry tried to hide his shock. "Well, then." He coughed, then whispered. "How about tonight? Sharon is taking Cagney and Lacey piano lessons for the first time, then she's going to run some errands with them. If you come over to my house, we'll have a few good hours of privacy."

This was the weirdest thing that had ever happened to Jake. Even weirder was how *fine* he acted about the whole thing.

"Yeah, sounds good."

What had he gotten himself into?

Chapter 4

Terry leaned against the island, trying to appear relaxed. Sharon was cooking macaroni and cheese for the girls before they left for piano lessons. She hummed a tune that sounded vaguely familiar and rocked her hips to the beat. Terry knew it wouldn't be long before they would all leave. He had to get it out- soon.

"Hey, honey?" he said, his voice much higher than he had hoped.

"What's up?" Sharon asked, turning her head towards her husband as she continued to stir the noodles.

"Remember, last night, when I told you about Jake?"

Sharon hummed in affirmation.

"Well, I think I found something that might work. But it's... well, it's weird."

Sharon cocked her head to the side and narrowed her eyes. "Weird, how?"

Terry took a deep breath to steady himself. "I talked to Jake about it today, and..." There was no use in beating around the bush. "I'm going to try spanking him."

The stirring spoon clattered into the pan.

"You *what*?" Sharon managed to choke out.

Terry decided it was time to use the explanation he had been writing in his head all afternoon. "Everyone has different learning styles, and I think *this* would be the best method for Jake. We talked it over, and he agreed with me!"

"Terry, that is the stupidest idea I've ever heard. Jake is a grown man. You can't just haul him over your knee every time he breaks a rule! That's not even allowed!"

"But it would be under the radar, sweetie! I know it's not exactly protocol, but Jake has so much potential, and nothing else gets through to him. I think this could really help!"

Sharon looked at him long and hard before replying. "And where exactly would you plan on doing this?"

Terry shifted a bit. "Well, uh... I figured, since you're running errands tonight..."

Sharon shook her head and laughed. "This was *not* what I had in mind, you know."

"I know."

Sharon smiled at her husband. "This is the weirdest thing you could possibly do. But if you really think it would help-"

“I really do!”

“And if it means that much to you-”

“It does!”

Sharon sighed. “Just this once. And then we can talk some more about it tonight, how does that sound?”

Terry crossed over to his wife and kissed her. “Thank you.”

Chapter 5

The drive to Terry's house took twice as long as it should have. Jake kept finding new ways to stall. He stopped for blue soda once, refilled his tank twice, and started heading back home three times. Maybe, if he stalled enough, he would miss the time window. He suddenly felt his phone buzzing in his pocket.

"Hello?"

"Jake, I convinced Sharon to stay out for a long time tonight. She's gonna watch a movie with the girls, just some Momma and daughter time, if you know what I mean. So you might wanna stop wasting time and get over here."

"Roger," Jake sighed, then hung up.

He pulled in at a crawl to Terry's driveway, then just sat there, parked, trying to calm himself down. Was it too late to back out?

It wasn't. But Jake realized, with a sinking feeling, that he wasn't going to. No matter how badly he wanted to avoid this, he was going to go through with it. Just as soon as he finished his blue soda.

His phone buzzed again.

"Just get inside."

Terry's house was a mess. It was covered in all sorts of toys, dress-up clothes, and the like. Jake honestly hadn't expected anything less. His amusement almost covered his nervousness. Almost.

"Go have a seat at the island. We're gonna talk this through first." Terry was firm, like he had already entered disciplinarian mode. Jake couldn't find it within himself to argue.

"So. You're sure about this?" Terry prompted once they had both seated themselves.

"Well, no," Jake said bluntly. "But I guess it's going to happen anyway."

"Jake. This isn't something you have to do. I need you to understand that."

"I do, I really do. It's just, it's something *I* have to do. I don't want to do it, but I'm going to. If this is what it takes to be a better detective..."

"This isn't your only option."

"So basically you're saying you don't want to do this?" Jake was getting a little frustrated. He had worked hard to psych himself up for this.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying! I just want to make sure you’re cool with this. It’s not a good idea if you aren’t alright with it.”

Okay, that made sense. Jake couldn’t help but feel comforted by that sentiment. If he was really going to put himself into this position, he wanted it to be with someone he could trust to do it properly, and Terry was definitely the guy. But Jake was an expert on avoiding touchy-feely subjects, so he made a joke instead.

“So, should we have a safeword?”

“Actually, that might not be a bad idea-”

“What? No! Sarge, don’t say that! This isn’t *Fifty Shades of Grey* . Gross!” Well, that had backfired magnificently.

“I know that, Jake! But this is a difficult situation, and if it gets to be too much for you, it’d be good to have a word in place.”

Jake groaned. Terry responded with a look. “Alright, fine. McClane. My safeword is McClane.”

“That’s better. So. We’re gonna do this.”

“Yep.”

“And you’re alright with that?”

“Sarge, please!”

“Fine, fine!” Terry threw his hands up. “I’m only going to use my hand this time.”

“*This time?*” Jake’s voice rose an octave in pitch.

“Jake. If this works out tonight, I guarantee you it will happen again. Maybe you won’t be getting in trouble every other day, but there’s no way you’re going to stop screwing around forever. So yeah, tonight I’m just going to use my hand.”

Okay so, if... *this thing* worked out, Sarge planned on making it regular. That was understandable. If a method works, why not stick with it? And as much as Jake would like to be offended by Terry’s statement, he knew it was true. Jake practically had a Phd in Screwing Up.

“Fine.”

“One more thing. It’s going to be over your underwear.”

“Wait! I don’t get to keep my jeans up?”

“Well, if you’re that uncomfortable with it, I’m not going to stop you. But do you really think it would be that effective of a punishment?”

Jake sulked. “Your hand is huge. Also, you have more muscles than the entire squad put together. But fine, whatever. If you think it’s the “right way,” I can take my jeans down.” It was fine, he and Terry had seen each other changing in the locker room. So what if Terry saw his briefs? It wasn’t like Jake had a whole lot of dignity in the situation either way.

“Alright then, it’s settled. From here on out, I’m in charge. You’re going to do what I tell you to do, unless you use the safeword. Do you understand?” Jake nodded. “Follow me.” Terry started walking to the couch. Jake felt his stomach start to do flip-flops, and his heart drummed wildly. He was going to die.

Terry sat down in the center of the couch.

“Pull your jeans down,” he instructed.

Jake felt his face flush of its own accord, and he fumbled with his belt buckle. It took him an embarrassingly long amount of time because his fingers were shaking- not that he would ever admit that. But he finally pushed his jeans down to his ankles, and then Terry grabbed him by the wrist and pulled Jake over his lap.

This is ridiculous! This is absolutely ridiculous! Jake panicked. Terry had one arm over his back, and even though he was gentle, Jake knew he wouldn’t be able to get up.

“Why are you getting spanked?”

“Please don’t say that!” Jake spluttered.

“Jake. You’re lying down over my lap in my underwear, and I’m going to hit your butt with my hand. What other word do you want me to say?”

“Um...”

“It’s a spanking, Jake. Now why are you getting it?”

The whole ordeal was uncharted territory. Jake swallowed, trying to calm himself down before he spoke.

“Because... I disobeyed Holt’s orders. And I got the team drunk and convinced them to cover the Vulture’s motorcycle in plastic wrap and then melt it with a hairdryer-”

“You *what?*”

“It wasn’t that big of a deal! He’ll get it off someday,” Jake argued.

“Alright, we’ll just talk about that later. Continue.”

Whoops. “And I overstepped my jurisdiction, and I was really unprofessional, and stupid,” Jake finished.

“You’re not stupid, Jake. You make stupid decisions sometimes, but you’re not stupid.”

“Same diff.”

“Okay, we can add that to the list along with the motorcycle incident. But there’s one thing you’re forgetting.”

Jake thought hard and came up with nothing.

“This morning?” Terry prompted.

“Oh! I sent the Vulture a cast of my butt,” Jake grumbled.

“You *tried* to send *Detective Pembroke* a cast of your butt,” Terry corrected. “Alright, let’s start, then.”

And before Jake even had time to register what was happening, Terry’s hand hit . It hurt a lot more than the stupid Vulture. Why had he let Terry talk him into taking his jeans off?

“Ow!” he cried, more from the shock of it than anything else. “What the hell, Sarge?”

“You’re not in a good position to be cursing, Jake.” And then Terry swung down again. Jake cried out once more, still surprised that a quick slap could actually be that uncomfortable.

Terry struck a third time, but Jake had bitten into his cheek, just to be safe. It wasn’t that the pain was unbearable, but to be sticking his ass out, willingly, to be hit- it was way worse than getting shot, Jake decided. At least getting shot was *cool*. But getting spanked? That was the opposite of cool.

A pattern was formed quickly, so that Terry was alternating swats on Jake’s buttocks in a steady rhythm. It was getting a bit uncomfortable, so Jake started wiggling his legs to try and keep from making any sounds because God, that was humiliating.

It’s alright, Jake told himself. *Any minute now, he’s going to stop.*

And he was right! Terry gave one more swat, then let his hand rest on Jake’s butt. Which was weird, to say the least. But at least the sting was fading quickly.

“Okay, the warm-up’s over.”

An involuntary grunt of surprise left Jake’s throat. *What the hell?*

“First, let’s talk about overstepping your jurisdiction. We’ve talked about this one quite a few times before, so I’m hoping this part’ll be easy.”

Terry started swatting again, and Jake found that he had been holding back quite a bit for the first round. Jake searched for something to hold onto, and then found a throw pillow. He was soon clinging to it for dear life. The swats were faster than the “warm-up” had been. This meant that his skin didn’t have as much cooldown time in between spans, so the heat started to build up. Jake’s feet started kicking again, a bit more than before. He was dismayed to find that his jeans still remained around his ankles, meaning a) it was hard to move around, and b)

Jake felt like he was a naughty kid or something. Ugh, Jake was never going to let Terry do this again.

After Jake had time to process the spanking, Terry started talking again, his hand still flying at a regular pace.

“Major Crimes has priority. Captain Holt has explained this to you countless times, and so have I. I don’t care if Detective Pembroke is a jerk, he has more authority than you do, and if you disobey him, that puts not just you in a bad spot, but the rest of the precinct, too! Do you want the Nine-Nine to get a bad name?”

“No!” Jake shouted into the pillow. His guilt burned anew.

“Then stop overstepping your boundaries.” Terry punctuated this with five harder swats, making Jake wriggle.

There was a brief rest period, and Jake’s shoulders sagged in relief.

“Okay. Now let’s move onto disobeying Holt’s orders.”

Jake tensed up as Terry began to spank again.

“Captain Holt has been way more patient with you than you deserve, Jake! How many times has he given you direct orders, only for you to turn around and break them in the most extreme and ridiculous ways possible?”

Jake, thinking the question was rhetorical, didn’t say anything.

“How many?” Terry asked again.

“T-too many!” Jake cried, kicking as Terry landed another harder swat.

“That’s right. And that’s exactly what you did yesterday, isn’t it?”

“Agh- yes!” After crying out, Jake decided it was best to bite onto his forearm. He really couldn’t give Terry the satisfaction.

“Captain Holt deserves more respect from you. So start acting like a real Detective and actually start following orders! Am I clear?”

“Perfectly cl-clear!” Jake relinquished his hold on his arm long enough to respond before biting down again.

Terry paused again, and this time he rubbed small circles on Jake’s butt. It was totally bizarre, but also... it felt kind of nice. The break was short-lived, however.

“Okay. Let’s move onto the part where you and the entire team got drunk, and you convinced them to go work the case. Let me reiterate that you were *drunk*.”

Jake just nodded into the pillow, then flinched as Terry swatted.

“I don’t care if you want to go drinking after work, even if it is unprofessional to show up hungover the next day. But work and intoxication, under *no circumstances*, mix. Not only did it make the Nine-Nine look like a joke, that stunt could have compromised the entire case.”

Jake’s butt was definitely on fire. Terry was making sure to cover his entire ass methodically, and it was getting real sore real fast. Jake bit harder onto his arm and grimaced to himself.

Dammit, Jake! he berated to himself. *You really fucked up this time.* Sarge’s words were getting through, maybe more than he could handle. It was overwhelming.

Sarge stopped talking, but he punctuated this last idea with a good fifteen seconds of spanking. Jake got the point loud and clear.

To Jake’s dismay, the next pause was shorter than the previous ones.

“Was the motorcycle incident a prank?” Terry asked.

“Yes,” Jake said shakily. He was getting dangerously close to losing what little composure he had left.

“Then I’m going to put that and the “gift” for Detective Pembroke into the same category.”

Jake felt Terry shift positions slightly, and he was suddenly tipped forward, so that his butt was higher on Terry’s knee. The next swat came to the vulnerable curve just beneath his butt, and Jake let out a muffled cry into his arm.

Terry continued to rain down swats on Jake’s sit spots, even moving to the upper thighs as some points, and Jake kicked harder than ever.

“You’re a fun, funny guy, I get it!” Terry started to lecture. “But we have *all* had it with these antics! If you can’t act like a professional, the fact that you’re a good Detective won’t save you from getting kicked off the squad. Neither of those pranks were dangerous, but if you don’t stop now, they’re going to escalate out of control, and one of these days, somebody is gonna get hurt. And damaging property? Really, Jake? Pembroke could have you arrested for that so quick, it’s not even funny! And then, you thought it was a good idea to pull another childish stunt the day after you barely managed to save your ass? C’mon, Jake. I expected better from you.”

Jake released his hold from his arm and just let go. Every swat earned a loud, pained yelp. Jake was sure he wouldn’t be able to last much longer.

“Now we’re gonna discuss the last point. Do you remember what that is?”

“No,” Jake groaned, shaking his head.

“You called yourself stupid.” Terry gave Jake the hardest swat so far, and Jake whined pathetically.

“That’s not even... c’mon, it’s not- not that big a deal,” Jake mumbled.

Terry got back into his rhythm over the fuller part of Jake's butt. At least his sit spots were safe.

"Yes it is, Jake. Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone makes bad decisions. Everyone does stupid things. But that doesn't mean you're stupid. You're our best Detective. You're intelligent, and you're a good person. Yeah, you screwed up. But I don't want to hear you insult yourself like that. Don't beat yourself up over this stuff. That's my job."

Jake was confused, and the swats were getting unbearable. He had just spent ages over Terry's lap, getting his ass beat, and Terry was calling him a *good person*? It didn't make any sense.

"Ah! Sarge, I don't- I don't- Ow!"

"Jake. You did a bad thing. You're not bad because of it. This is your consequence, right here. You're paying for the crime. But once this is over, it's over. So don't treat yourself like you're worthless, because you're not. And don't call yourself stupid, or anything else self-deprecating like that. Okay?"

"O-okay!"

Terry paused for half a moment.

"We're almost done, just a bit more."

Jake clung tighter to the pillow.

Ten awful, burning swats were landed on the undercurve of Jake's butt, and he shouted hoarsely after each one of them. And then it was over.

Chapter 6

Jake's butt was throbbing, but Sarge started rubbing again. Jake relaxed, and found that he had a couple of tears in his eyes. He wiped them away as discreetly as he could.

The situation was appalling. He was lying over Sergeant Terry Jefford's lap. His butt was on fire. He was in his *underwear*. But Jake couldn't bring himself to get up. He was worn out, he was sore, and, admittedly, the rubbing really felt good.

"How are you feeling, Jake?"

"Mmm," Jake offered, suddenly feeling a bit sleepy. It was funny, all of the guilt he had been feeling had dissipated. It was almost... pleasant.

They stayed like that for a little while longer before Terry patted Jake's butt once.

"C'mon, let's get you some dinner," he said.

Jake released his death grip on the pillow and moved to stand up, tripping a bit on his jeans. He started to pull them up, then hissed as the denim made contact with his raw skin.

"Hang on, I'll get you some sweatpants," Terry decided, then left the room quickly. Jake flopped belly-down onto the couch again to wait for him.

Terry's sweatpants were enormous, but at least they were soft enough to not hurt quite as badly. He pulled the drawstring as far as it would go and they were still a bit loose.

Terry gestured to a stool at a breakfast bar.

"Nah. I'm good, thanks," Jake said, crossing his arms. He tried to be comical, but it didn't quite come out right.

"Oh, sorry. I kinda forgot."

"That you just finished roasting my butt?" Jake cursed how dejected he sounded.

Terry still laughed a bit at that one. "Why don't I get you a pillow? You can put that on the stool, then." He grabbed the throw pillow from the couch before Jake could even answer.

Pillow or no, sitting down hurt. Jake sulked by burying his face in his arms and lying on the island's countertop. Terry ignored this and instead microwaved some macaroni and cheese.

"Thanks," Jake mumbled as the plate was set down in front of him. He leaned on one elbow and forced a forkful into his mouth, trying to act like it wasn't delicious. Jake really like macaroni and cheese.

"So," said Terry, sitting down next to Jake. "How did it go?"

“Oh, it was wonderful,” Jake quipped.

“I’m not trying to rub it in! I need to know if I was too tough on you.”

“It hurt. A lot. But... it was fine. I dunno, I kinda... feel better.” Jake admitted the last part quietly, a little embarrassed.

“Wait... what’s that?” Terry grabbed Jake’s left arm and examined it before giving him a stern look. “Jake.”

Jake pulled his arm back. The skin there was red, and a couple different bite marks still remained. “I didn’t want to make any sound. Not that it worked.”

“Don’t do that, man. I’m not going to think any less of you for making noise.”

Jake felt heat creeping into his neck and cheeks before he spoke again. “It shouldn’t hurt that much, though. I mean, it’s just a... a spanking.”

“Jake. I know how strong I am. I know it hurt, trust me. I was still holding back, but I definitely wasn’t trying to go too easy on you. It’s supposed to feel like hell. And it was pretty long, too! You’re not weak because you feel pain like a normal person,” Terry reasoned.

“Can’t argue with that logic.”

Terry laughed. “That’s right, you can’t. Here, drink some water.”

“Ah, no thanks. I don’t drink water,” Jake said, declining the glass.

Terry raised his eyebrows dangerously. “That wasn’t me giving you a choice. Any time I spank you, I’m also going to make sure you get some food that isn’t blue, sugary, or unhealthy in any other way. I only gave you mac n cheese because I figured you needed something to cope with the shock.”

Jake rolled his eyes, but accepted the water.

“So let’s discuss this,” Terry said. “It was the first time. We need to talk it over, see if it’s something you’re okay doing again. And if it is, I need to know what I should change.”

Jake shrugged, allowing himself a moment to think. “I honestly cannot believe I’m saying this. But, I think it was okay. I mean, it sucked. It really, *really* sucked. But it was okay.”

“Okay enough to use as a regular method?”

“This is *not* something I should be okay agreeing with, but... Goddammit! Yes.” Jake threw his hands up, a piece of macaroni flinging off the end of his fork. “Whoops.”

“Well, I’m glad to see I didn’t crush your spirit, at least.”

Jake wouldn't admit it, but he did actually feel a little subdued. Like maybe he didn't have to try so hard to be funny. He felt calmer, less on edge. His spirit wasn't killed by any means, but the bad parts of him seemed... quieter. And apparently it took a spanking to get that. What did that say about him as a person? Jake didn't want to think about that.

"What about suggestions? Things I should change?" Terry asked.

"Don't you think that's a little weird, asking the person who's supposed to get punished *how* they wanna get punished?"

"I'm trying to do this for you as much as I am for the rest of the precinct. If it doesn't work for you, then nothing's gonna change. I just need you to be honest about what you need, even if it isn't what you want."

Damn, this conversation was getting too real for Jake. Jake didn't even know what he needed, much less how to oppose something that he *wanted*.

"Here, let's try this," Terry said. "Say, on a scale of one to ten, one being the furthest away from discomfort, and ten being your breaking point- like, when you would say your safeword- where were you tonight?"

A scale? Yeah, Jake could do that.

"Seven," he answered quickly. It was probably because of how new it all felt, how uncomfortable the situation had been.

Terry thought this over. "Okay. How about this? Every time I punish you, I'll ask you the same question when it's over, so I can gauge you better. I just wanna make sure I don't push your limits too far, but I also want to actually punish you."

"Yeah. Yeah, that sounds good."

"Alright, good." Terry ruffled Jake's hair, and he ducked away, smiling. "I think I'm gonna be a little more stern next time, I was definitely pretty gentle tonight."

"No, don't hit me harder!" Jake protested.

"I'm not talking about that. I'm just saying, I definitely let you get away with stuff you shouldn't get away with when you're being punished. Like cursing. Next time, Nice Terry is gone till after the spanking, got it?"

Jake scowled. "Yeah, sure."

"Alright. Now finish up your food and get back home so you can get some sleep."

"That sounds good," Jake admitted. He was really sleepy.

That night, as he lay on his stomach in bed, Jake would curse himself for agreeing to Terry's plan. He would do the same thing the next morning as he sat on the hard chairs in the briefing

room, and again that night when he realized he was going to go through that hell again the next time he messed up. Which, he was sure, would probably be pretty soon.

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