

Begging to be abused

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Begging to be abused

by [Ruquas](#)

Summary

He didn't care about the possibilities, the freedom he gave the other man. Didn't care for the tears running down his face, didn't care that he didn't knew if they came due to the pain or the humiliation.

Notes

Originally Written for Day 2 of Kinktober, but somehow it got out of Hand with the kinks, so now it's an interlude!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There weren't many things he was sure of anymore. Most things he'd thrown overboard when he learned that he would manage a project containing creatures from prehistoric and future times alike. But there were two things he was fairly certain of; He would explode if the other man would continue kissing and teasing him and his body as he did at the moment and that if he would even dare to ask for more or make a sound, the other man would just stop. Maybe even left him here, bound and blindfolded until he took mercy on James. And James knew from experience that this could take hours.

James knows the game, played this bittersweet game long enough. A small lick over the head of his cock brought him back to reality. This and the small whimper, which he realized came from himself. The other man stopped and James could hear the quiet rustling of the sheets.

„Tsk tsk tsk. James. What did I say? Did I say you could just make some noises like some kind of bint?“, the other man asked with an almost mean laugh. James knew that it wasn't real, that it was just their game. But still, he couldn't help the dreadful feeling spreading in his chest. He remained silent and shook his head. A small, slight slap hit his cheek. It didn't hurt, not even remotely. He still flinched. He knew that this was just the beginning. And still, even though he wasn't being touched anymore his cock was hard as a rock and, without doubt, leaking. A hand closed around his throat, cut off most of his air. And even though he knew better, James gasped. It just wasn't fair.

„Listen, James. I will take down the blindfold now. D'you understand me, James?“

He barely processed the question before he felt himself nodding, felt the blindfold tugged down. Too bright. Everything was too bright. He tried to focus on the man above him, smiling innocently at him, almost like an overgrown boy before bending down and kissing him on the lips, biting down almost gently before pulling away. Just before James thought he might pass out the other man loosened his grip around his throat. A hard slap across his face threw his head to the side. As fast as he could James looked up again in the pale blue eyes from the man who yanked his hair back while touching his cock slightly, just teasing it.

„Good boy. And now beg like the dirty whore you are that I fuck you and if I decide it was good enough I'll even let you beg afterward for an orgasm.“

James nodded, tried to catch his breath but the grip on his hair just got tighter.

„Please, just fuck me, abuse me, I beg you, whatever you want, I don't care, please. Just please.“

James didn't lie. He didn't care about the possibilities, the freedom he gave the other man. He knew that he could trust his partner, that he wouldn't abuse James more than he wanted. And he didn't care how he sounded. Didn't care for the tears running down his face, didn't care that he didn't know if they came due to the pain or the humiliation.

„Please, what, James?“, the man asked impatient, removing the hand from his cock and twisting one of his nipples.

„Professor!“, he almost screamed. „Please, Professor.“

„Such a good slut.“

End Notes

Written for the Kinktober Challenge 2018. Every Story can be read on it's own.
I don't own the characters. I play with them and put them back where they belong.
English is not my native language and the work has never seen the eyes of a beta.

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