

Decoration

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2303633) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/2303633>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Marvel
Relationship:	Abigail Brand/Hank McCoy
Characters:	Hank McCoy , Abigail Brand
Additional Tags:	Bondage
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Semi-NSFW Meme ficlets
Stats:	Published: 2014-09-14 Words: 275 Chapters: 1/1

Decoration

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

"Semi-NSFW meme — send me a pairing and a number and I'll write you a ficlet about one tying up the other." For Hank and Abigail.

"My viridian darling, has it occurred to you that these bonds would do nothing to prevent me from escaping?"

"Your *bonds* are for decoration, Hank." Abigail says with a sharp and impressive confidence, and Hank looks up at her with a fond expression as she ties his wrists to the headboard. "It's *me* that will prevent you from escaping."

"Oh? And how will you do that, my charming, poisonous flower?"

"I hate your nicknames." She lies as she moves a little lower, tying his ankles to each post at the foot of the bed.

"I love your eyes." Hank says softly. "And your hair, your mouth, your wit..."

"My breasts." She suggests, and he chuckles.

"Why, yes, I am quite fond of those." He says, and somehow in his spread-eagled position he feels completely safe, likely because it is Abigail Brand doing the spread-eagling of him. "I'm fond of your other parts as well, of course."

"Like my arms, you mean?"

"Why, my sweet serpent, I *did* mean those." She laughs at him, the sound low, and then she leans down, pressing her lips to his jaw and then blowing air over the fur there.

"You didn't mean anything else, then?" Abigail asks, and Hank hums.

"Oh, I might have included a few other things." Hank says, and his gaze moves lower, eyeing her crotch without subtlety. She grins at him, all teeth, and he pulls just a little at his bonds, but he doesn't break them. "Are we ready to play, Abby?"

"Oh, Hank," She says, and she reaches between his legs, drawing a choked sound out of him. "I do believe we are."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!