

Appeal to Authority

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Appeal to Authority

by [Blizza](#)

Summary

Orson Krennic gets an invitation to a private get-together in Tarkin's quarters. He doesn't expect it to go the way it does.

Notes

I'm not kidding when I say porn without plot, this is literally nearly 13k words of pure sin. Also I did not proofread this yet, so sorry for the mistakes

Krennic was nervous. There really was no reason to be, yet he still rigorously fumbled with the seam of his left glove in an attempt to calm himself down.

It was just Tarkin, he told himself. He knew more than well how to deal with that evil. In fact, he'd been to Tarkin's private quarters plenty of times, a strong wish to just *relax* driving him there. The good thing about Wilhuff Tarkin was that, regardless of what the two of them did or said in his bedroom, nobody would ever know. Tarkin didn't judge Krennic and Krennic indulged him in some of his more unconventional desires.

In that way, they were made for each other.

Tonight, they wouldn't be alone though. To be exact, this wasn't their normal little nightly tryst at all. Krennic surely wasn't planning on being naked and leashed to the Governor's bed, for one. Never mind that they wouldn't be alone at all.

Krennic had been quite surprised when he received an invitation last week, a message from Tarkin lighting up on his personal comm. *I'm meeting privately with some acquaintances from High Command. You're also invited, Orson*, it had read. He didn't answer for two days, being far too suspicious and, admittedly, uninterested in any meeting that included more people than just the two of them. In the end, he agreed. He kept telling himself that he didn't want to be left out. Orson Krennic was part of High Command after all, there was no reason for him *not* to be in Tarkin's inner circle. For fuck's sake, he probably spent more time with Tarkin than anyone else he'd invited there.

When the door finally opened, he was met by the sound of lively chatter. Krennic wasn't late, he'd checked the time about a hundred times before he left his rooms, but he still was the last to arrive. There weren't many people here, however it was about the worst assortment Krennic could've hoped for.

Firmus Piett and Conan Motti were expected guests, they worked with Tarkin closely and seemed to get along quite well on a personal level. Who Krennic didn't expect were Gilad Pellaeon and most definitely not Thrawn. Four heads turned towards him the second he stepped foot into Tarkin's layer. It wasn't hard to see that the aversion went both ways. Motti even had the audacity to roll his eyes when Krennic stepped up to the table.

"Orson, good timing, fetch me another Bourbon, will you? Anyone else another drink?", Tarkin, seated in his armchair at the end of his wooden living room table, asked. He didn't even turn to look at Krennic like the others had done, instead just pressing his empty glass into Krennic's hands. Judging from the color on Pellaeon's face and the faint smell of alcohol coming off Piett, they had been here for a while.

"More Whisky would be fine. He can bring the whole bottle", Piett grumbled and sunk back into the cushions of the Sofa he shared with Motti. Thrawn and Pellaeon were on simple, metal chairs. Krennic noted that there wasn't a chair or really any place for him to sit.

"No", Thrawn added, his blue complexion and sour mood seeming totally out of place.

“If you wouldn’t mind getting me another beer?”, Pellaeon said, shooting Krennic a nearly apologetic smile. At least one of them was sorry for making him their personal maid the moment he arrived.

“Why don’t you just get it yourself?”, he asked thoroughly annoyed, his anger mostly aimed at Tarkin, who, by all means, should be the one serving drinks to his guests.

“You’re already standing, aren’t you?”, Tarkin retorted, finally turning to look at Krennic. There was something in his eyes that Krennic knew all too well. That look that screamed *don’t question my authority* without having to put it into words. Were they alone, Krennic would’ve obeyed. In this case, he just gave it a slightly annoyed grunt and vanished into Tarkin’s bedroom with the liquor cabinet. He grabbed some bottle that said *Whisky* on it, poured a very generous amount of Bourbon into Tarkin’s glass and made a detour to the fridge in the kitchen-area to get two bottles of beer. Under other circumstances, he himself would’ve preferred wine over beer, but he really didn’t feel like serving himself.

Not that he didn’t serve everyone else already.

Pellaeon thanked him offhand, the others just shot him glances that would kill if they could. Krennic decided to just not pay any attention to them and left them to their conversation about Nar Shaddaa that must’ve been going on for quite a while already, given the fact that Krennic didn’t understand anything about the context.

Tarkin was just listening, so he was the obvious choice to make conversation with.

“Do you have another chair?”, Krennic inquired, feeling rather stupid just standing there.

“Sadly no. You can sit on the floor if your legs get tired.”

He would most definitely not sit on the floor. “How long has this been going on already?”, Krennic probed. Part of him felt like he had forgotten something and made a terrible mistake. Had it been the wrong time after all? Did he just make a fool of himself by arriving late?

“About...two hours? I can’t recall”, Tarkin replied with a sly smile. Krennic wanted to punch him.

“Why did you tell me ten then? I was free earlier. Tarkin, I look like an idiot!”

“Orson, you make a scene now you don’t just *look* like one. Shut it now, I’ve called you here for a reason. I thought you could be quite...useful. There, you’re good at getting drinks for everyone, having to do it myself all the time gets quite annoying.”

“I’m not your maid!”, Krennic hissed, louder than intended. Everyone was looking at him all of a sudden, annoyed glances mixing with amused ones and Piett even snickering like the bastard he was. Part of him wanted to leave, but he would look even more ridiculous if he gave in that easily. Tarkin clearly wanted to get to him, making him feel uncomfortable and unwanted for *some reason*. It was no secret that Tarkin liked ordering him around, or that everyone here would probably relish him being humiliated, however he wasn’t giving in that easily. “Fine. Fine then. What are we talking about?”

He didn't need a chair and there was no law prohibiting him from turning down further drink orders. Krennic wasn't playing any of Tarkin's half-assed games for petty dominance tonight. Embarrassing himself in front of High Command to please Tarkin was a low point he wouldn't be reaching today, or any day really.

"Not your expertise, really. It also would take far too long to lay it all out for you. It's not about the Death Star, so you're probably uninterested anyways", Motti replied, giving Krennic a cheer with his newly filled glass of Whisky. It was a low blow and yet everyone still laughed about it. They were drunk enough to not care about formalities, which left just the scorn and jealousy. Krennic didn't even feel too bad about it, since the men were petty enough to hit him below the belt. He was above this and he would show them.

"Funny you say that, I remember you being awfully uninterested in the report I gave you three weeks ago? Seems like you shouldn't be talking about expertise, Conan, being dreadfully unprofessional yourself", he shot back, cheering back with his still closed beer bottle. Tarkin looked up at him briefly, before waving Motti off. He wasn't having any of it at least and his anger seemed to be directed at Motti, rather than Krennic. It was a win in Krennic's book and he let Motti know with the sweetest smile he could muster. The other man's face went red and that was all Krennic needed to determine that this night wasn't all lost.

"Go get me another", Tarkin diffused the situation, by simply drowning his glass of Bourbon and giving it back to Krennic. Krennic didn't even think of moving. He just put Tarkin's glass back on the table. The room was silent now, everyone staring at him like predators at a caged animal. Krennic felt cold shivers creep up his back.

"Orson", Tarkin continued and picked the glass back up, holding it in front of Krennic's body while turning around to look at him properly, "move."

"No", Krennic just said and took a step back, "you're not that old, you can get it yourself." The silence prevailed, as did the glass in front of his chest. Tarkin wouldn't back up, but neither would Krennic. It was like he missed something; some crucial part of this meeting he just hadn't been told. In the end, he, he took Tarkin's glass and ran back to the liquor cabinet, because he just couldn't bear the tension. *Just go*, he thought again, *tell 'em you have work to do*.

So they knew he was a coward that was easily bullied into submission. Surely not.

When he came back with Tarkin's new drink, the talking had commenced, sounding cheerful and animated without him in the room. Tarkin looked pleased about his Bourbon, although Krennic knew he was more pleased by the fact that Krennic had given in. They liked playing this game of dominance and endurance with different stakes. Mostly involving some far more pleasurable activities than delivering drinks to people he despised.

They'd set up a holochess board when he was gone.

"You're good at that, right?", Tarkin asked him.

“Right”, he answered with prideful certainty in his voice. He was undoubtedly good at holochess. To be exact, he was fairly sure that none of these bastards could even come close to beating him in a game.

“Then you won’t mind a little game? We play in succession. Winner of the game gets to decide their prize. Anything goes.”

“Anything?”, Thrawn asked.

“Anything”, Tarkin repeated with another reptilian smile. Tarkin could look quite intimidating when smiling. He shot Krennic a questioning look, like he wanted to make *sure* that he was okay with some idiotic holochess bet. Krennic just nodded, determination filling him once again. Maybe he could rescue his night by just utterly dominating Piett and Motti at holochess. He could already imagine the bitter look on their faces and *oh* how tasty their frustration would be.

Tarkin played the first game against Pellaeon, winning with expected ease. “Orson?”, he asked while resetting the board, “I want you to take that ridiculous cape off. My prize.”

Everyone but Thrawn was laughing again, Piett loudly agreeing with Tarkin’s assessment of how stupid Krennic’s cape looked and Motti flashing Tarkin a knowing smile that made Krennic feel uneasy. He took the cape off – he was hot anyway – and it over Tarkin’s antique-looking clothes-stand with his various uniform coats on it.

They didn’t let him play the next match either, rather letting Piett go against Motti this time. Pellaeon ordered himself another beer and Krennic just went and got it slowly, preferring not to be noticed by everyone again. Motti won after a painfully long and badly-played round. Krennic would *destroy* them.

“Hey, Orson?”, Motti said, getting Krennic’s attention in an instant. He felt a strange sense of dread in the air. “Take your tunic off. We’re in private after all, aren’t we? No need for that.” They were, indeed, in private, but *everyone* was wearing their uniforms.

“Absolutely no need, you’re right”, he answered through gritted teeth. Motti began laughing again, leaning over to Piett to whisper something in his ear, who wasted no time to relay that information to Pellaeon. Krennic didn’t like this one bit. He couldn’t help but look at Tarkin in the most imploring way he could, just wanting to know *what the fuck* was going on.

Tarkin ignored him wholly, instead announcing that he would go against Thrawn next. Which meant he just left Krennic out. All of this felt akin to being back at military academy, getting bullied by the popular students that had some kind of genius, evil masterplan. Just that he had been more of the bully back then.

He took off his tunic in silence, this time walking over to the clothes-rack and placing it on there with the cape. Krennic could feel someone’s gaze boring into his back. He was aware of the fact that he was lean – there wasn’t much time the Weapon’s Director had for going to the gym – and normally nobody ever saw him in this state of undress. Barring Tarkin, of course. But Tarkin was more than invested into his holochess match with his Chiss opponent.

At least he wore a top under his tunic. Whatever game Piett, Motti and Pellaeon were trying to play, it was sure to end with Thrawn's scarce win against Tarkin.

Krennic was, like many times, wrong.

"I think it is implied that we are working towards a common goal here, so I ask you kindly to take your shirt off, Director", Thrawn explained in his monotone voice, his glowing red eyes on Krennic's face making him shiver. Krennic had never liked Thrawn, but for different reasons. Piett and Motti made him angry, Thrawn made him uncomfortable. Just his eyes were enough to make any grown man feel slightly intimidated.

"We're working towards a common goal of me undressing?", Krennic wanted to know, intonation slightly shaky and goosebumps more than apparent on his naked arms. They all were onto him, grouping up and doing their best to mock him. And Tarkin, who started it all, just smiled and sipped his Bourbon when hearing Thrawn's choice.

"Just take it off! Not like anyone wants to look at you anyway, it's just for fun!", Piett urged him and earned another round of laughter. Krennic couldn't help but get red, knowing full well that the color didn't just stay on his cheeks, but would most likely be visible down his neck as well. Tarkin found it endearing, he said once. How ashamed Krennic could get.

How much this turns you on, he heard the Governors voice ring distant in his thoughts.

Well, he certainly wasn't turned on by stripping for some assholes from High Command. At least he hoped his head and his body agreed on that much. He took his top off without much show and tossed it on the floor on the bottom of the clothes-hanger. Time to give them a taste of their own medicine. Krennic was ready to just sit down and turn this on whoever was dumb enough to play against him, but Pellaeon and Motti rushed to sit down on the chairs before he could even make it back to the table. He crossed his arms in front of his chest and leaned against Tarkin's armchair, trying his best to look unbothered and interested in the game.

Deep down, he was afraid to be betrayed by that shameful bit of excitement that came from everybody just wanting to see him *suffer*. Yet, Krennic was very aware that this was never going to be the kind of suffering he let Tarkin inflict on him. These guys just wanted to laugh at him and bring him down out of pure resentment.

He felt Tarkin's cold hand caress his upper arm, barely even touching his skin and still setting him aflame. When Krennic looked down, Tarkin smiled. Acknowledging. Calculating. *Hungry*. Krennic had to swallow his spit and look away, focusing on the chessboard again.

Were Motti not an idiot and wholly inattentive, he could've won right then and there, instead he handed Pellaeon an easy out and with that an underserved win. "Hey, Director!", Pellaeon boasted and Krennic knew where this was going before he even uttered one word.

"I'm not taking my pants off", he decided then and there, his dignity and, more honestly, sheer annoyance hindering him from complying. Krennic had had enough, the fun of it was long lost at this point and all they were doing was beating a dead horse of a joke.

“Someone is a killjoy over here. I always thought you were fun, Orson? What are you, scared of a hard-on because of Motti’s attractive face?”, Piett mocked, tongue darting out to lick over his thin lips.

Krennic was indeed afraid to get an erection, but definitely not because of Motti’s ugly, smeary visage. “You’re all really into me, I see”, he retaliated, knowing that it was a weak dig at mean who were most likely drunk enough to not feel ashamed of hidden desires – if they had any.

“Take them off.”

Orders hit different when coming from Wilhuff Tarkin. While the others were something in between amused and snide, Tarkin’s clipped voice was commanding, filling the room with unquestioned authority. Tarkin didn’t mock, Tarkin didn’t demand, Tarkin fucking *decided*. And right now, he decided that Krennic was to submit to this little game he started. It hit Krennic like lightning, the fact that Tarkin had set this up. This wasn’t some schoolyard taunt; it was all going according to the mastermind’s plan. Krennic felt helpless at Tarkin’s mercy and his head just went ahead and determined that he found that *hot*.

The Governor had planned this.

Krennic turned away, hiding behind the armchair, bending over to take his shoes and after them the pants off. He was in only his socks, his briefs and his gloves now. He had to look like an idiot. “Your turn to play. Against me”, Tarkin decided another thing, pulling Krennic out from behind his chair with a firm grip.

Pellaeon wiggled his eyebrow at him, Motti bit his lower lip and Piett, with his whisky in hand told him: “Nice legs, Director!”

He sounded genuine. Krennic felt something coil up inside of him.

He tried to ignore all onlookers, focusing only on winning against Tarkin. They’d played holochess before and Krennic usually had the upper hand, with Tarkin having a tendency to allow big sacrifices in order to pull an unexpected win off later on. Most times, Krennic found out his plan in no time. Most times, he didn’t have Thrawn staring at him, Pellaeon breathing hot down his neck and Piett actually starting to *fucking stroke* his back. He tried to duck away, but that only earned him a muffled grunt and a firmer touch, leather gloved hand drawing circles between his shoulder blades.

Tarkin didn’t seem to mind them touching Krennic. In fact, Tarkin lifted his glass in Piett’s direction, taking a mouthful of Bourbon himself. And Krennic? Well, Krennic felt like he was about to burst, seeing how Tarkin just wanted to share him. When did Krennic give this man such power over him? And why by the force did it turn him on this much?

Krennic stifled a pathetic moan when Piett’s hand followed the curve of his spine and playfully slipped around Krennic’s neck. Meanwhile, Tarkin made his move, his cold eyes intensely scanning the chessboard.

“I could just fucking choke you right now, Director. What would you do about it?” Piett’s words, hot against his ear, made him break free from his grip in the end. Tarkin looked up, locking eyes with Krennic. There was a silent question on his face. *Is it alright?*, Tarkin asked, without really asking. Krennic had gotten that look plenty. He just held Tarkin’s gaze and made his next move.

“Checkmate, Orson.”

“What?”, he gasped, following back every single one of his moves in his mind.

“You put that knight on the wrong tile”, Thrawn explained his mistake for him. Krennic had never wished death upon himself this much in his life. *How* could he lose at chess? Fucking Piett and his stupid strangle-hold...

“I’ll pick my prize then”, Tarkin said, smiling again, looking akin to an eagle closing in to his prey. He didn’t need to tell Krennic. Sliding back with the chair, he got up and bent down to take his socks off, tossing them lazily into a corner of the room. The gloves followed in similar fashion, just his briefs made him stop in his tracks. He decided on at least getting some distance between him and the others, taking them off in front of the clothes-stand.

“There”, he sighed.

There he was, Director Orson Callan Krennic, butt- naked in a room of five fully clothed men in uniform, staring at him like he was the main attraction of some freakshow. Krennic closed his eyes for a moment, attempting to collect himself. This was all a joke for them, he tried to convince himself. He would maybe have even believed it, if it wasn’t for the fact that Piett’s pants were tenting, Motti’s smile got more sadistic every time Krennic looked at him and Pellaeon looked like he would jump him at any second.

One of the fundamental truths of the Empire had always been that there was nothing worse than some touch-starved, middle-aged men in positions of power who had a vendetta against you. Facing them completely naked just hammered that point in on another level.

“It’s quite charming that you are this eager to get naked, Orson, but I haven’t even named my prize yet. I won, remember?”

“But...”

“I haven’t told you to take your clothes off, Orson. You *never* listen”, Tarkin cut him off, leaning back in his armchair. He undid the buttons on the cuffs of his uniform, like Krennic wasn’t even there. Krennic on the other hand wanted to punch himself. This was a thing they’d been over a lot. He was quite aware that he was hot-headed and Tarkin loved using it against him. Often, Krennic just went ahead and did what he *thought* Tarkin wanted, without Tarkin even telling him so. Normally, it earned him a hard slap on his arse or some more minutes without being allowed to come, but circumstances were much different here.

“My boots need some cleaning”, Tarkin decided on. Everyone was back in their seats by now, either shamelessly ogling Krennic or, in Thrawn’s case, studying the chessboard.

“You have something to clean them with?”

“No.”

“And *how* then am I supposed to clean your fucking boots, Tarkin?”, Krennic barked, hands instinctively sliding down to cover his crotch from piercing stares. Tarkin, utter fucking bastard that he was, just smiled at him. Krennic would’ve shot him then and there, had he taken his blaster with him. Maybe he could just grab a knife out of the kitchen. Sadly, five men wouldn’t have a hard time overpowering him.

“I am *not* licking your boots.”

Motti choked on his drink and Pellaeon made a sound that was more animalistic than human.

“You’ve got a perfectly fine tongue, judging from all the backtalking you do. Get to work. Now. Or I am making you”, Tarkin replied, suddenly sounding utterly menacing and domineering. Krennic had always been amazed by the fact that the Governor could just switch like that. Cold and professional in one moment, demanding and lustful in the next. It drove Krennic wild. He fucking loved being ordered by Tarkin, his louder tone making his knees weak and his regal posture making him feel small and breakable. Tarkin was such a force in his own way and Krennic would lie when he claimed that he didn’t love being the subject of all the attention.

Instead of biting back, he closed the distance between him and Tarkin and fell to his knees, the chilly temperatures making him shiver. Maybe more than just the temperatures. Maybe also the thought of how completely degrading licking Tarkin’s boots would be.

“Fuck, Tarkin”, Piett moaned somewhere across the table. Krennic suddenly remembered he was being watched. He could nearly sense Pellaeon’s eyes being glued to his backside. And suddenly, he didn’t feel like giving up this easily anymore.

“Lick your own boots, you old bastard”, he told Tarkin in an act of fiery defiance.

Tarkin slapped him across the face hard enough to make his ears ring. Krennic shook his head in pain, before being grabbed by the chin and held in place by Tarkin. “Once more, lick them clean”, Tarkin ordered calm and collected as ever, pushing Krennic’s head down so that he was eye-to-eye with his leather boots.

And all Krennic wanted was to follow that order. Put on a *show*. He was half-hard, desperate and embarrassed. He liked being watched. And he hated himself for that realization. His mind went blank and his body guided him, shaking hands closing around Tarkin’s ankle. Before he could think about it more, he let his tongue glide over the black leather for the first time, from toe to collar, teasing a sound of utter indignity out of one of his onlookers. Tarkin’s breathing sounded heavier. Krennic could’ve guessed that he dreamed of something depraved like this.

If someone had told him he would someday sink this low for another man, he would’ve probably shot them for their assessment. Krennic had always been prideful and that didn’t go well with, in the truest sense of the word, licking someone else’s boots. Something must’ve

gone wrong with him along the way, because right now tasting the leather of Tarkin's well-worn boots made him feel all kinds of things – none of them particularly unpleasant.

“Yes”, was the only word Tarkin uttered when Krennic bent over further to get better access. Tarkin's boots weren't dirty, of course, everything about Tarkin was put-together and clean. Wherever his tongue touched the leather, the black material went shiny with Krennic's spit. The Governor watched Krennic's wet tongue connect with his boot with slightly parted lips, adjusting the angle of his foot here and there, at one point just shoving it right into Krennic's face. He stopped Tarkin's foot before it could hit him, fortunately. Krennic knew Tarkin liked using a little violence to tease, show him his place, as he always put it. Still, Krennic was entranced by his newfound work enough to get annoyed by any disturbance.

That included talking by anyone, but Tarkin.

“I can't lie Tarkin, that's really hot. Does that like...turn him on? Shit, Orson, look at yourself”, Pellaeon stated what must've long been obvious, judging by how hard Krennic was by now. Tarkin pulled his right foot free from Krennic's grasp, shoving the other boot in his direction instead. He took hold of it, closed his lips around the toecap as well as he could and just *sucked* on it. It wasn't doing much, but it was sure to look *tantalizing*.

“If you handle him the right way, he can be quite agreeable. Isn't that right, Orson?”, Tarkin addressed him directly. His eyes looked a bit gazed and his cheeks had some color to them. Krennic couldn't help the moan against the boot's toecap at that sight. Seeing Tarkin become undone, even if just a barely noticeable bit, made the whole thing worth it. “Hurry up, I don't have all night.”

Krennic shot him his best death-stare, before getting back to licking the boots in broad strokes of his tongue. He shifted a bit, ducking his naked body slightly under the low table in an attempt to hide himself from all the staring. It was more *gawking* than staring, really. He wanted Tarkin to send all of them out, so Krennic could sit on his lap and touch him. Yes, he wanted nothing more than to touch Tarkin right now and, logically, be touched in return. He let his imagination run rampant for a moment, producing images of him licking Tarkin's hard cock instead of his damn work boots. Krennic would most definitely like that option more.

“Make him lick my boots. I want to see him do it”, Piett said, following an undeniably lewd swipe of Krennic's tongue over the tongue of the left boot. Krennic stopped his work right then and there, getting into an upright kneeling position to get a look at his *audience*.

Piett looked wrecked. He didn't even try to hide the hand he had slipped between his legs to palm himself while looking. Motti smiled, an act of pure enjoyment at Krennic's degeneration. Pellaeon was definitely hard as well, but composed enough to cross his legs to hide his erection. Thrawn was also looking now, studying Krennic's red face like he did the chessboard before.

“No”, Krennic answered, visibly angry. Piett actually asked *Tarkin*, not Krennic. Like Krennic was Tarkin's *property*. “I'm done. I fucking licked your boots clean. We're even. Make Motti lick Piett's boots for all I care.”

Tarkin was faster than him, deterring him from fleeing by grabbing his jaw again. Nobody Krennic had ever met had as much of an iron grip as Wilhuff Tarkin. When Tarkin held his face, he went stiff like a cat being grabbed by the neck. Something about it disarmed him completely. “Go clean Piett’s boots and do it *properly*. Otherwise, I’m allowing him to *make* you do it and I think you don’t want that.”

Piett’s eyes lit up at that suggestion.

“What am I, your fucking slave?”, Krennic asked, every word soaked in both disdain and lust.

“Yes”, was all Tarkin had to say, pushing him against the table with one powerful motion. Krennic’s heart stopped for a moment when hearing it. Tarkin sounded so confident. He probably knew Krennic’s body and how to work it better than Krennic himself, at this point. Somehow this man knew how to effectively turn the Director’s brain into mush with only one word.

“Make him crawl here”, Motti suggested and was met with instant approval, “he can do my boots after.”

“I haven’t had mine cleaned in a while”, Pellaeon laughed.

“I clean mine every day. Also, I’m fairly certain that human spit does indeed not have leather-cleaning properties”, Thrawn added.

“You’re missing the point, Thrawn. Who cares about the boots, I just want to see fucking Director Krennic cower before me. God, Tarkin, make him hurry up. I need to see this”, Piett whined, seemingly debating if he wanted to slip his hand into his pants already. Tarkin just nodded into Piett’s and Motti’s direction, a silent order for Krennic to follow. Against his better judgement, he yielded. He didn’t give them the pleasure of crawling though, just standing up and rounding the table with obviously shaky steps instead. Part of him debated if it would be worth it to just punch Piett in the face, but Motti didn’t even leave him a choice.

Motti was considerably shorter than Krennic, but he didn’t lack the strength necessary to get him back onto his knees. To Krennic’s own defense, it wasn’t really fair when his opponent just took a hold of his hair and pulled him down by it. Falling to his knees with this much force hurt, yet being manhandled there by fucking Motti of all people came with a weird thrill of feeling powerless. Like he didn’t have the choice to just get up and leave. Like he actually was Tarkin’s little slave, having no choice but to serve his guests when he demanded it.

“Finally”, Piett moaned, pushing his right boot into Krennic’s face. Motti’s hand didn’t leave his hair, instead holding his head down by it with all his might. Krennic was on all fours in front of the sofa, three men onto him – Pellaeon made sure to block out any escape route by shifting onto the edge of his chair to get a better look – and what did Tarkin do?

Out of the corner of his eye, Krennic recognized him leaning back in his chair, Bourbon in hand, watching interestedly.

He couldn't focus on it though, considering Piett shoves his damn foot against his mouth again. Krennic tried to get back into a kneeling position so he could utilize his hands and hold Piett's leg in place, but Motti wasn't having any of it. That bastard slipped off the sofa, pulling Krennic's hair hard while settling down behind him. His second hand slid up Krennic's back, coming to a rest right at the nape of his neck. The position made him loom over Krennic's naked form, gave him easy leverage over his body and, he recognized, allowed him to press his crotch right against Krennic's ass. Just *great*. If he hadn't been completely tapped before, he was now.

Out of options, he decided to just go with it. There was no denying that this excited him, being held down and ordered, so he did what came naturally to him: Submit. As much as he hated it, he also loved it.

Nonetheless, he went about cleaning Piett's boots considerably lazier than Tarkin's. It was still *Piett* after all and while the whole situation he was in was a huge turn on – Piett definitely wasn't. Tarkin had an aura about him, everywhere he went, he was known in an instant. He had an appeal to authority like nobody Krennic had met before. Piett was just a horny old bastard, who had most likely had quite a few wet dreams about taming Krennic. He could never have done it.

Only Tarkin could.

While he was doing a less thorough job, he made sure he looked a lot more indecent. Instead of just licking, he spit on the toecap of the boot first, licking his spit back up while holding Piett's stare with suggestive intent. He wanted Piett to regret for asking to have his shoes cleaned, considering that there were many more *pleasurable* ways for Krennic to use his tongue. The message wasn't lost on Piett, who let out a low, appreciative hum.

"Look at that. Filthy whore", Piett chuckled, a breathless, undone sound. Motti pulled on his hair again, marveling at the grey strands loosening from their intended place. Without any warning, he rolled his hips once, testing the feel of grinding against Krennic's arse. He didn't seem to hate it, judging from the fact that he kept up the small, but intentional movements.

Krennic didn't mind the grinding and Krennic didn't really mind being called a whore, considering his current position, what he did mind though was Piett flipping his foot up, so Krennic was facing the sole of his boot. "Go ahead", he ordered, Motti following the motion in an instant and pressing Krennic's face against it.

Krennic wasn't having it.

He turned his face away, pulling one arm free to grab Piett's leg and push it away. "Get lost you fucking asshole!", he growled, making sure to dig his short fingernails as deep into Piett's leg as the thick fabric of his throwers allowed. It didn't do much, however it was enough to make Piett mad. And that made Krennic content enough.

"What was that?", Piett asked, trying to sound intimidating no doubt, "Motti, pull him up. Yeah, like that!"

The pain of having his head pulled by his hair was a known pain at least. Nearly as known as Piett grabbing his face akin to the way Tarkin had done earlier. “Fuck you”, Krennic insulted, just to up the ante.

Piett spit in his face.

Piett fucking *spit in his face*.

Krennic didn’t have many breaking points, he presumed, but that did it for him. Feeling Piett’s disgusting, warm spit run down his brow filled him with a kind of anger he didn’t experience often. It was degrading, but not in the *good way*. Before anyone could stop him, he launched at Piett, grabbing him by the collar of his uniform with both hands and pushing him hard against the backrest of the sofa. An afraid squeal escaped the other man, who positively hadn’t expected getting attacked by Krennic. His assault lasted about two seconds, that was all the time it took for Piett to push against him, Motti to yank on his hair with full force and Pellaeon step between Krennic and his victim for safety measures. In the end, Motti pushed him face-first against the floor, his knee on Krennic’s lower back to keep him down.

Tarkin stood up from his chair and rounded the table. Krennic was ready for him to shoot all three of these degenerates.

Instead, Tarkin just looked down like a father on a misbehaving child. “Do you have something to keep him down?”, Motti inquired, sounding strained from having to keep Krennic on the floor.

“Yes”, Tarkin answered curtly. The two of them locked eyes again. Once more, there was that on his face. *Should I make them stop?*

Krennic considered it. There was nothing stopping him from backing out. Tarkin would send all of them away instantly, telling them something about having to deal with Krennic himself. None of the men would be dumb enough to go against the Governor’s wishes.

But Krennic didn’t want them to stop. It was embarrassing to admit, but who was he to disavow the truth. Motti’s weight on him, the strain on his hair and the fact that everyone, but Thrawn, was absolutely entranced by him...it made him feel strangely powerful. He was the one pressed against the floor, but he was also the one making them run rampant like wild animals. Just him. Director Krennic, the man they all despised. And Tarkin’s appreciative, chiding countenance made it even better. Tarkin wanted to show off. Not his military achievements, not his impressive collection of artifacts from all across the galaxy, no, *Krennic*. His work on Krennic was the thing he felt like sharing most. The fact that he alone had the power to transform one of the most esteemed men of the Empire into nothing more than a wanton mess. Krennic wanted to strangle him for it, yet at the same time he could’ve come untouched from just the audacity of the implication.

Krennic shook his head the slightest bit.

“Thrawn? I have some binders and a collar in my bedroom. There is also a connecting piece for them. Left bedside drawer, can you get them for me? I think we need them. He’s being a *brat*. I’m sorry, gentlemen”, Tarkin promptly added, scolding tone making him appear

sincerely disappointed. He really wasn't, Tarkin loved nothing more than Krennic putting up a good fight. For him, it was exciting, he explained to Krennic a long time ago. Overpowering Krennic completely.

Thrawn was back nearly as fast as he went off. Krennic could turn his head just enough to see that he had gotten all the right parts without even knowing what exactly Tarkin was searching for. At least Krennic could only guess that Thrawn had never used something like *that* before.

"There's two of those? Which one is the correct appliance?", the Chiss asked, showing of both of the collars he had found. Krennic was about to die of shame when he saw the *white one*. It had been one of Tarkin's joke presents. They really weren't the kind of people to celebrate their birthday, yet Tarkin had gotten him that ludicrous white leather collar for his forty-fourth birthday. *It fits your cape*, he had explained. Krennic would probably remember that birthday for the rest of his life. Who would've known that a white collar and some dubious aphrodisiac spice would get him one of the best fucks he ever had.

"Hand me the white one. I had that specifically made for him."

Something told him Tarkin remembered that specific night quite fondly as well.

"Put the collar on tight. Makes him behave better", Tarkin continued, handing the binders and the collar over to Piett, whose smile gave evidence of pure, violent lust. They didn't know that all of this was still in Tarkin's hands. All of them were left to believe that they had the power over this situation. "Also, don't spit in his face again, Piett, or we'll have a problem."

Krennic moaned at that.

Piett made a sound of agreement, far too absorbed by his task at hand. He put up a fight when Motti shifted off his back and pulled him upright again, being the larger of the two of them and also desperate to keep some of his dignity. He knew it would all be gone with the damn collar on. That thing worked like a switch on him. Set him into a whole different mood really, the subservient, agreeable mindset that Tarkin had promised his guests.

Piett was smart enough to give the binders to Pellaeon, so they could cuff Krennic's hands, making him basically defenseless. Tarkin was apparently pleased enough and went back to sit down on his chair again. He lit himself a cigar, watching vigilantly if everything went like he imagined it.

"You even have a collar made for you, eh? Puts you right in your place", Piett laughed, picking the mocking, poised insults back up. He was a lot surer of himself when he *knew* Krennic was at a disadvantage. This felt more and more like the depraved version of a normal High Command meeting. Following Tarkin's instructions, he put the collar tightly around Krennic's neck, slipping to fingers beneath the leather to test how much air there was left. His smile didn't do anything to hide his sick enthusiasm. Motti was the one to turn the collar around, clicking the connection piece into the collar's metal ring first, then into the binders that trapped Krennic's hand behind his back.

Just like that, Orson Krennic was fully at their mercy.

“You do this a lot to him, Tarkin?”, Pellaeon wanted to know, “I would’ve never imagined him like...that.”

“Like what?”, Krennic snapped, feeling slightly insulted by the childish amazement on the older man’s voice.

“Like such a pathetic slut”, Motti offered instead, finally letting go of Krennic to sit back down on the sofa. Piett followed his example, letting his legs fall open in an undoubtedly suggestive manner. They liked him being bound on the floor, that much was clear. Krennic also liked being bound and on the floor. He just wished for some well-needed friction against his leaking cock. All the talking nearly made him want to go back to licking Piett’s fucking boots, if he was completely honest.

“Oh, I’ve taught him quite a lot over the years. He doesn’t gag, for example”, Tarkin replied laid back.

“Shit, Tarkin, don’t tease me like that”, Piett responded with a fake cough, trying his best to loosen the collar of his uniform with two fingers.

“Why would I be teasing? Try it. Fuck his mouth.”

Nobody ever heard Governor Tarkin be this blunt. Motti chuckled, both nervous and excited at the same time, Pellaeon nearly choked on his beer and Thrawn was probably trying his best to figure out what was going on. If the Chiss had any questions, he at least kept them to himself. Krennic on the other hand couldn’t decide if he found the thought of having Piett’s cock in his mouth disgusting, exciting, or both.

Well, he was about to find out. Piett had been given an offer he couldn’t refuse, getting on his feet and fumbling the fly of his pants open like an overeager teenager. “Don’t get your dick stuck in the zipper, Piett”, Krennic facetiously laughed. This turn of events gave made him bolder. Just knowing that he wasn’t the only one that was *relishing* in this.

“I’ll make you finally shut up”, Piett attacked back, most of his bite lost to his lust by now. Krennic just licked his lips in anticipation, doing his best to rile Piett up as much as possible. It wasn’t the smartest move, but no single person in the Empire could stop him from having this moment. The moment in which Piett realized *who exactly* made him this desperate.

Krennic didn’t open his mouth when Piett pressed his dick against his lips. Instead, he just looked up. Mocking. Testing. This bothered him far less than the bootlicking, seeing that two people took active part in it. Somewhere behind him, Motti came to life again, grabbing Krennic hard by his collar and pulling it back. Fucking bastard. He had to give in eventually, choking on the unpleasant pressure on his larynx. That little moment of Krennic opening his mouth was all Piett needed to force his cock inside. He pushed himself in as far as he could without breaching Krennic’s throat and Krennic couldn’t help but moan at the intrusion.

He wasn’t one to deny that he loved sucking dick. Preferably, Tarkin’s dick. But for now, Piett would do.

“Fuck... go on. Swallow that”, Piett urged him, not wanting to be the only one to seem desperate. Krennic decided to give him the benefit of the doubt, took a deep breath through his nose and let Piett slide down his throat. He was smaller than Tarkin so it wasn’t that much of a challenge, really. Even then, Krennic enjoyed the weight on his tongue and the strain in his throat, taking Piett in all the way to the base. Krennic knew the salty taste of precome rather well and could tell that Piett definitely had been waiting to do this for quite now.

“Shit he actually took that. Maybe you’re useful for something at least.” Krennic looked up at Piett, knowing that he probably made for a properly sinful picture with his cock between his lips. Piett cursed something unintelligible again, his fingers sliding through Krennic’s hair, pushing it away from his sweaty forehead. And Krennic, *good* as he was, just held the position.

“I’ve never had a girl manage that before, damn”, Pellaeon admired, while Motti just closed his hand tight around the leather strap that connected collar and binders. Krennic could feel Thrawn staring and smell the smoke of Tarkin’s cigar, mixed with the faint musky stench of Piett. Reminded of Tarkin, Krennic just decided to close his eyes and be a good boy for him now. He wanted to show him off, after all. Showing off was one of Krennic’s specialties.

“Hold him in place”, Piett instructed Motti, who just nodded in anticipation. Piett pulled out completely, leaving Krennic with a mix of drool and precome running down his chin. “Fuck, he looks good like that. Open up!”

Open up he did. Krennic opened his jaws as far as he could without unhinging them, letting Piett have a good look at how willing he was. Piett didn’t need to be told twice, pushing his cock back inside in one thrust, Krennic doing the rest and swallowing him down wholly again. He needed a bit of time to relax before actually being able to have his throat fucked without gagging, but he shouldn’t be expecting any patience from someone in Piett’s state. He set a fast pace instantly, snapping his hips in a punishing rhythm.

Krennic tried his best to just take him, but he couldn’t help gagging at an incredibly harsh thrust. Piett, half gone in his haze of lust, had to notice, of course. He fisted a handful of Krennic’s hair, pulling him off his dick by it. Not fully, just enough to slip out of his throat. Reflex kicked in and Krennic sucked on him, pressing his tongue against the underside of his partner’s cock. Judging by Piett’s face, it took all his restraint to not come then and there. To be sure of it, he yanked Krennic off fully, accompanied by a needy whine by the Director.

“He does gag”, Piett laughed, breathless and close to the edge as he was. Krennic was just thinking about how much he wished to be able to wipe the spit on his chin away. “You work harder for Tarkin, hm?”

He laughed, which came out as a muffled, wet sound when Piett resumed to fucking his mouth, more frantically and less rhythmic now. Yes, he worked harder for Tarkin. But Tarkin wasn’t an unrefined brute like Piett. One quick glance was enough to tell him that Tarkin was smiling at Piett’s question as well. Both of them knew the answer, but kept it their little secret for now. Krennic was more concerned by the face Piett was making.

If he came in his mouth, Krennic would spit his come back at him, he decided. Piett didn’t get that far, thankfully.

“I always knew this was how you got your job, Orson, fucking...”, another brutal snap of his hips accompanied Piett’s hateful allegation, “...spreading your legs.”

Krennic flashed his teeth when Piett pulled back to thrust again, dragging them along his cock as an unmistakable warning. Piett jumped, taking a step back and prompting Motti to grab Krennic by the collar again, making him choke once more. “I fucking *earned* my place, you braindead asshole!”, Krennic shouted, as well as he could with dry throat and Motti effectively cutting his air off. “Say that again and I’ll fucking bite your dick off!”

The bitchslap he got for that felt *amazing*. It was worth it. Krennic didn’t mind being called a slut, but he hadn’t slept himself to the top. He had earned it. Worked hard. Been ambitioned. Cunning. Smart. And he wouldn’t anyone ever question that. Even Tarkin, as much as he hated having to work with him, knew it. Tarkin, who seemed to consider stepping in for a brief moment, before he decided against it and took another drag of his cigar. “Get me something to make him fucking *shut up!*”, Piett screamed, probably disappointed that he didn’t get to spill himself into Krennic’s mouth. He backhanded him again, Krennic taking it as well as he could without making a sound of pain. Piett’s anger went straight to his core, because it meant he was winning. Winning even though all cards were stacked against him. They could humiliate him all they wanted, yet they could never *break* him.

“Here.” It was Pellaeon who handed Piett one of Krennic’s leather gloves he had carelessly thrown into a corner earlier. He knew where this was going and, to say the least, he wasn’t a fan of the prospect. Piett came to a squatting position before him, looking at Krennic with an almost sadistic smile. Krennic pressed his teeth together as tightly as he could and gave Piett his best *try me* face in return.

“You’re gonna wish to have just swallowed my cum when I’m done with you”, Piett whispered, silent enough for only the two of them and maybe Motti to hear. So it was *personal*. Motti and Piett might’ve been playing after Tarkin’s rules, but the true thrill for them came from imagining that this was real. Not a setup with clear boundaries, but rather a true moment of them living out their darkest fantasies. Another man would’ve been scared, Krennic just felt like he now had another ace up his sleeve. In the end, all of these men weren’t brave enough to actually do anything. Tarkin let them indulge, but Tarkin could also stop it all.

Krennic didn’t answer them this time.

Motti had to let go of the collar and squat next to Piett, pushing one of his fingers deep into the back of Krennic’s mouth to force his jaws open. They made quick work of the situation after that, stuffing the black glove in as far as they could. Krennic gave it one try to spit the thing out again, but his tongue wasn’t strong enough to push it out. The men had successfully gagged him. Just for his own amusement, he proceeded to throw various insults at them, none coming out as more than a muffled noise.

“I’ll cum on this face.”

Piett accentuated his decision with a few light slaps against Krennic’s right cheek, raising to his feet again and taking his still-hard dick into his own hand. Motti resumed his prior position behind Krennic, fingers back on the collar to stabilize Krennic. Sadly, Motti was also smart

enough to slip his second hand below Krennic's chin, making it unable for him to just turn his face away. There was a series of low, whiny moans coming from Piett as he jerked himself to completion, eyes completely fixated on Krennic below him. They really did go buck wild for him.

Getting Piett's warm cum on his face while Motti held him in place was probably the most humiliating thing he had experienced yet, even on this very night. Krennic tried his best to duck away, to no avail, accepting his fate with a disgusted whine. He got some sperm stuck on his lashes. Would he not have been in such a peculiar state of affairs, he would've launched at Piett once more.

There was another round of laughter as Piett put his softening cock away. "That's a look on you, Orson! Will you let me take a holo of that, Tarkin?", he requested, making a show of smearing his damn cum further over Krennic's face and into his *hair*. Krennic wanted to *murder* him. His sweat, mixed with Piett's cum made for a truly revolting mixture, sticky and tacky and just *nasty*. Krennic had never been this thankful for not being able to look at himself at any other point of his life.

"No", Tarkin shot them down, "but you can put him on the table. Make him hold still."

Pellaeon was the one who lifted Krennic up, making him remember how much kneeling on the floor for extended periods of time made his legs hurt. They put him on the table, taking some time to deliberate how exactly they wanted to position him. Of course, they picked the most unmistakably sexual position in the end, Piett pushing his face against the table and Motti pulling his hips up from behind him. His arm brushed Krennic's cock just once while doing it and it took all of Krennic's focus to not just moan like he was completely desperate. Not that he wasn't exactly that...desperate. Being pushed around and used for this long excited him, yet not having any attention on himself for all that time made him needy. Imagining Tarkin finally standing up from his chair to fuck him brainless wasn't helping his case.

Tarkin made no effort to stand up, instead just lazily crossing his legs while mustering Krennic's cum-stained face like it was a piece of art. Krennic held still – for now.

"Which training method did you use to have him be this submissive, Governor?", Thrawn asked from somewhere behind him. Krennic had nearly forgotten he was even here and part of him wished that exactly that would be the case. Thrawn, unlike all other guests, didn't find this whole ordeal particularly erotic. He just analyzed. And Thrawn analyzing came with Thrawn asking uncomfortable questions, without even knowing that he was kicking Krennic's ego. "Also, do you suspect this comes naturally to him? Or is it rather a process of practice and exercise? I'm awfully interested, seeing that the Director is normally rather abrasive."

Krennic tried to silently message Tarkin to just *make Thrawn shut up*, however Tarkin obviously found the questioning amusing.

"It's both. He's a submissive person in bed, you see, even though he's domineering in his profession."

“Some kind of subtle bodily mechanism to help him relax?”, Thrawn guessed.

“Maybe. Probably just a preference”, Tarkin answered with a smile, knowing full well that Krennic would’ve loved to disappear into the floor right now.

“Probably just him being a degenerate whore. I’ve always known it deep down”, Piett gave his two cents. Krennic tried his best to utter an understandable insult, but trying to talk just made his mouth go watery. He refrained from doing it, not wanting to appear even more filthy than he already was. Tarkin did not object to Piett’s horrible take.

“I’ve never fucked a man before, but man, I’d try it with him. That’s a compliment, Director, really”, Pellaeon offered. Maybe Krennic would’ve been proud of that in another situation, right now it made his cheeks heat back up in pure shame. If they could just stop talking and *do* something. There was nothing he hated more than patiently waiting for something to happen while his brain was in overdrive – telling his body that he *needed it*.

“You can do so, Gilad. The Director would surely enjoy it. Isn’t that so, Orson? We’ve kept him waiting for quite a while. After all, he likes to *serve*.”

Sometimes, Tarkin scared him with the way he just knew everything going on inside of him. The Governor could play his body like a fiddle and from time-to-time Krennic asked himself if it had been a smart move to allow Tarkin that much leverage over him. Well, it was long too late to turn back. “You...would actually let me do that?”, Pellaeon panted.

“Yes. There’s lube in that same bedside drawer, someone go get it.”

“I have already taken that with me”, Thrawn confessed, producing the little blue bottle from his tunic, “I was aware that it would probably be needed.”

Motti took the bottle off Thrawn. There was a shimmer in his eyes, telling Krennic that he might’ve specifically waited for *this* part. Until now, Motti had been the one merely holding him, keeping out of most of the actual pleasurable stuff. If Krennic had to make a guess, Motti had been holding out for his chance to fuck him and had simply been a mixture of too slow and awfully unlucky. He wasn’t a sore loser at least, taking the second-best chance to have something inside Krennic. Krennic all but hoped that Tarkin wasn’t implying that both of them would get to have their way with him. While he might’ve be desperate for something to happen, getting fucked by two High Command members in a row sounded like a nightmare.

Especially if it was Conan Motti doing the fucking. Krennic liked to imagine that he would be quite awful at it – probably a horribly premature ejaculator. He couldn’t help but silently snicker at the thought, regretting it instantly when he drooled over himself some more. Maybe he really had to shut his mouth for once. For now, the cold lube on his rump caught all of his attention, followed by Motti stepping behind him. “He probably won’t make it long enough for you, Pellaeon. I have a feeling”, he sighed with feigned knowingness, pressing his fingers deep into the flesh of Krennic’s ass. He left his gloves on, Krennic noticed. Closing his eyes shut, he tried to muffle another sound before it escaped. Krennic had a *thing* for gloves. Particularly in circumstances like these.

“I’ll make sure of that, Conan. Go ahead. And be thorough, I don’t want him being hurt”, Tarkin instructed, watching them acutely.

“Right”, Motti answered and Krennic could hear his sly smile, “Piett, hold his head down, will you? I like the look of it.” Piett followed the order, choosing to kneel in front of the table so his face was on the same height as Krennic’s. Krennic couldn’t come up with many things that sounded worse than having to look at Piett’s face while Motti had his fingers inside of him. No, this probably was the worst scenario that could ever happen to him. Motti spanking him with unexpected strength behind it also came unexpected. Krennic bit down on his glove, full-well knowing that they wanted to hear him whimper. There was another resounding slap filling the room, leaving Krennic now choice but to moan this time. He hadn’t expected Motti to have so much vigor. He also wasn’t steeled for Motti just unceremoniously pushing one of his fingers inside him.

Krennic took a deep breath through his mouth and tried not to think of the gloves too much. Staring at Piett’s face helped him calm down for some reason. He would call it keeping his goal in mind. His goal was to not be a moaning mess for those bastards.

It was hard when Motti helped himself to more lube and pressed a second gloved finger in, complimenting Krennic on how easily he took it. Pellaeon joined in, apparently not knowing what to do with his hands and deciding on stroking them over Krennic’s back. His hands were warm and big, like all of Pellaeon and the sensation of suddenly going from not being touched at all to being touched by three people at once made it difficult to focus on staying composed. A shiver went through him when Pellaeon pressed him down, silently gasping at the way Krennic’s back arched with ease. Krennic pressed his teeth harder into the leather.

They were all over him at once, Piett contributing by drawing circles with his fingers on the back of Krennic’s red neck. Motti began fucking his fingers into him in the most frustratingly slow rhythm, stooping every time Krennic’s thighs started shaking from a mixture of exhaustion and pleasure. His body felt hot and his chest tighter by every second that went by. When Motti began fingerfucking him in earnest, he moaned. He did so again when Pellaeon began following the curve of his spine up and down with two fingers. And he let loose an embarrassingly loud moan when Motti spanked him another time, his whole body shaking under the pressure to keep his hips up.

His cock was heavy between his legs and he wanted nothing more than someone to *touch* him and end the torture. He was closer than he’d like to admit, the well-known feel of the cold leather inside of him reminding him of various good nights he had with the man that was just sitting there and observing the show, completely unbothered by the sheer lewdness of it. Completely unbothered by the fact that Krennic was being fingered by another man in front of him.

Motti pushed his fingers deep inside and curled them upwards. Krennic broke. His body gave out, prompting Pellaeon to catch his hips and keep them upward and Piett laughing at the frenetic whine Krennic made under Motti’s well-placed pressure. Motti kept doing it, kept pressing, kept him in place. His mind went completely blank, vision hazy, heat coiling up into a knot in his abdomen. Krennic just needed one more push, one more touch, one more...

“Motti, stop”, Tarkin ordered in exactly that moment. Motti pulled his fingers out in an instant, leaving Krennic standing right at the edge, not being able to fall into the sweet abyss of his climax. “Don’t let him come.”

There were moments he hated Tarkin with unexplainable passion.

“How did you know?”, Piett interrogated, pulling Krennic’s head off the table and resting it in his hand. “He’s a total mess. Honestly, Orson, you’re *loud*. He sounds like he’s right about to come the whole time.”

Maybe Krennic hated Piett even more right now. He was sweaty and trembling, his body robbed of its well-deserved orgasm. “He does a thing with his eyes. He rolls them back a bit and his eyelids flutter. It’s quite easy to tell, really. Conan, do it again. Push a third one in. Gilad, keep his hips up. Firmus, tell him when to stop.”

“Shit, yes”, Piett agreed to Tarkin’s commands, knowingly smiling at Krennic. Tarkin had told him many times that his expression when he was about to come was perfectly sinful, making it even more tantalizing to use it against Krennic. From time to time, Krennic asked himself why he put up with it. Then he remembered how fucking *hard* Tarkin could make him come. That recollection and the gag halted him from complaining when Motti pushed his fingers back inside, a third one joining this time. Krennic liked the stretch of it, but he’d much rather have someone’s cock inside of him at this point. He didn’t even mind it being Pellaeon’s cock anymore. Being utterly denied his release made him less picky if it got him to his orgasm faster.

Motti scissored his fingers inside of him a bit, making sure to open him up properly. At least he had a bit of decency left. Not much, regarding how he pushed one finger back against Krennic’s prostate without any advance notice. That alone was nearly enough to get him right back to the brink of orgasm, his body clinging to sensation like a drowning man to some driftwood. But of course, fucking *Pellaeon* had to go ahead and *pinch his nipple*. He jumped from the sudden pain and the wave of pleasure following it, only heightened by Motti drawing firm circled with one of the fingers inside of Krennic. There it was again, the feeling of being ready to explode, his vision getting blurry and desperate moan escaping him, barely even dampened by the glove.

“Stop!”, Piett yelled and everything froze. Krennic didn’t even care anymore about how utterly frustrated he sounded when Motti pulled away again. “The face he makes. God, I would’ve never thought that I’d be jealous of you having to deal with this guy, Tarkin. Who could’ve known that he’s such a *fucking slut*.”

He also didn’t care about Piett’s insults anymore. All that mattered was that he wanted to finally come already. Sexual frustration and humiliation combined were enough to drive him nearly insane. This was all he could’ve ever wished for and at the same time he hated every second of it. “I think he’s desperate, Pellaeon. Go ahead and give him what he wants”, Motti said, stepping away from Krennic completely and letting himself fall back onto the Sofa. Piett followed him there, leaving Krennic alone with Pellaeon, who still had one strong arm wrapped around his mid to keep him on his knees.

“Are you like actually alright, Orson? You look wrecked”, Pellaeon wanted to know, stepping behind Krennic anyway. It wasn’t like Krennic could answer him, so he just made a sound that portrayed *hurry up* as well as humanly possible. Krennic wanted him inside, he was sick of the talking. His body was hurting and his dick was leaking.

“Do as I say”, Tarkin interpolated, “push in slowly. Let him feel it. He’s getting far too impatient and we want him to be a *good boy*, don’t we?” That was the third time Krennic nearly spilled himself this night and it didn’t even take anyone touching. Just Tarkin praising him in his goddamn irresistible accent. Praise was one of the first things Krennic had to add to his list of things that made him hot and heavy, because being praised by Governor Tarkin was like getting control over a planet. It wasn’t easy to earn. And he fully intended on earning it tonight.

There was rustling of fabric behind him, followed by an impatient tug, bringing Krennic closer to the edge of the table. A small voice in his head told him that he should close his eyes, but he ended up ignoring it, instead turning his face in Tarkin’s direction. Conversely, Tarkin looked back at him. He leaned forward, putting out his cigar on the table right in front of Krennic’s face. Resting his elbows on his thighs, Tarkin watched. With a little wave in Pellaeon’s direction, he gave the final go.

Upon Pellaeon pushing in, Krennic bit down on his glove once more. He was long over caring how loud he was, being more troubled by the fact that everything about Pellaeon was apparently *big*. Despite all the preparation, there was still a sting of pain to it – just the right amount. Holding Tarkin’s gaze proved the real challenge, his body once more trying to shut down. Pellaeon filled him aggravatingly slowly, making damn sure that Krennic could feel the stretch of every inch. When he was all in, he let out worrisomely undone grunt. That man wouldn’t last long and neither would Krennic.

“Go ahead”, Tarkin allowed.

Pellaeon’s hand got ahold of Krennic’s hips, settling there to keep him steady and upright. The first few thrusts were slow and testing, dragged out far too long for Krennic’s tastes. But nobody asked what Krennic thought, all that counted were Tarkin’s ongoing instructions. Pellaeon picked up the rhythm quickly, pushing in deep and with considerable force, leaving Krennic with no choice but to accept having his head dragged over the table with each thrust. It was all unrefined, all frantic and still – it was enough.

Krennic’s body ached under the effort of letting itself be used like this, his arms long numb and his neck hurting. Yet his head couldn’t decide if he wanted it to end or to just *keep going*. Even though Pellaeon had no idea what he was doing, he had a nice dick and a lot of raw power – two things Krennic was definitely a fan of. His nerves were all on the highest gear, each push making him shiver, each push making him yelp, each push bringing him once again closer to freedom. He tried his best to make up for Pellaeon’s unrefined assault by canting his hips just slightly, by his calculations just enough to hit the spot and it *worked*.

Him and Tarkin were staring at each other. “Pull out”, Tarkin yelled. Pull out, Pellaeon did. Krennic could feel tears running down his cheeks, a mix of frustration and pure exhaustion, but Tarkin was not a man of compassion. The opposite – he was enjoying this part. The part

where everyone followed his command while fucking Krennic. The part where he had robbed Krennic of his orgasm for the third time in a row.

“I don’t know how long I can keep this up, if I’m honest. It’s like...a *lot*. With *him*.”

“I know”, Tarkin allayed Pellaeon. It felt like an insult and a compliment at the same time. “Push in once. Hard. Then pull out again. Drives him mad.”

Tarkin was really lucky that Krennic had his hands bound. Pellaeon did what he was told, filling Krennic completely in one long, rough motion, before pulling back out.

“Again.”

Repeat. And again. And again. The fourth time was Krennic’s breaking point, screaming into the glove loud enough to make his throat hurt to show Tarkin that he was *done*. Tarkin shifted forward more, dragging his chair with him. He took Krennic’s head in both hands, lifting it up and pulling him forward. Pellaeon followed from behind, his knee now resting next to Krennic left leg. They rearranged him enough for him to be able to rest his lap in Tarkin’s lap. He was thankful, feeling how numb his left cheek was because of being shoved over the table with each push.

“Go finish”, Tarkin finally allowed. When Pellaeon entered him again, Tarkin’s hand were in his sticky, disgusting hair, stroking it nearly gently. However gentle Tarkin could be while Krennic was getting hammered from behind by one of his subordinates. Pellaeon’s rhythm slowed, his grunts became louder and from one second to the next, he pulled out again. Krennic felt something warm on his back, knowing full well that another man had just taken the privilege to come on him. If he wouldn’t be tired, bound and gagged, he would’ve been slightly disgusted.

“Damn”, Pellaeon groaned behind him. Krennic didn’t come. Krennic didn’t come because Governor Tarkin didn’t allow him to.

“You may leave, gentlemen. It was a pleasure having you”, Tarkin suddenly dismissed them, an abrupt farewell to a no doubt once in a lifetime situation. Pellaeon just left quickly and silently, probably having much to figure out about himself and the whole fucking-Orson-Krennic-thing. Krennic had nearly forgotten about Thrawn, who came into view silently and sudden.

“I promise this will not affect my overall opinion of you too much, Director. I will be directing my questions about this at you at another day. Good night”, he said, then he left.

Piett and Motti were the only ones that lingered, undoubtedly taking a moment to burn the image of Krennic in this state into their minds permanently. They both saluted Tarkin, before following the others. At once, they were alone.

Tarkin kept massaging the back of his head.

They stayed there for a few minutes, before Tarkin gave him two light slaps on his head, signaling for him to get up. It took all his remaining energy to get back into a kneeling

position. He didn't even want to know what he looked like. Tarkin was kind enough to not comment, instead opening the binders on his hands and taking out the glove from his mouth. He left the collar on, deliberately. Krennic's jaw was the thing that hurt most, the act of closing it again making him whine in pain. Everything strained, his muscles tired and tense.

And of course, he was still fucking hard.

"Come here", Tarkin ordered at some point, sitting back down on his armchair and tapping on his leg. Krennic followed without complaint, placing himself in Tarkin's lap in an act that felt nearly natural after all the years. "Do you want me to suck you off?"

It was a nice offer really, one he would've taken any other day, but not right now. "No, I want you inside. You owe me that."

Freeing Tarkin's dick was a joined effort, Krennic being impatient and clumsy and Tarkin not being able to get proper access because of his fumbling. They managed in the end, Krennic wasting little time to straddle the Governor in earnest and slipping his hard length inside. Tarkin might've incredible self-control, but at least this little show must've tested it fairly well. Krennic kissed him while riding him in a languid pace, enjoying the taste of the cigar on Tarkin's tongue and the well-known feeling of his cock inside of him.

"You may come. You were a good boy, Orson", Tarkin granted him permission, still composed, yet close himself. Those words, combined with Tarkin meeting the movement of Krennic's hips in a well-timed, targeted manner where all he needed to finally come. It was a powerful orgasm, his body shivering and his vision going black for a split-second. Tarkin fucked him through the aftershocks, letting Krennic bury his face in his neck and slipping out when he recognized how shaky Krennic had gotten. Krennic made quick work of Tarkin with his hand, jerking him until he came to climax with a deep breath. Both of them stayed there for a while, Krennic trying the best to catch his breath and Tarkin scanning the room, analyzing all the mess they had made.

"You liked that. I was fairly sure of it anyways", Tarkin started the conversation back up at some point, "you were irritating the last few weeks, do you know that? I thought this would set you straight again. Let's hope it worked."

"I was *stressed*, Tarkin. My nitro-hydroxide supply lines were in grave danger."

"You were still annoying."

"And your response to that is to ask High Command over and have them fuck me, while you just sit back and watch?", Krennic inquired, pushing his upper body away from Tarkin to look him in the face, but still staying in his lap. He couldn't be bothered to stand up right now. That, plus the little fact that his legs would most likely give in.

"I had some other ideas, I just settled on that one. They will remember that for a while, believe me", Tarkin responded, nonchalant as ever, like all of it had never happened. "I will too."

Krennic smiled at the pure absurdity of it. “I’m using your shower before I go. I don’t even know what cum on my belongs to whom anymore.”

“That’s disgusting”, Tarkin answered with a sniff.

“Well, guess you just gotta come on me a bunch to reclaim me”, Krennic joked in response.

“You’re disgusting”, Tarkin revised, “and you’re not going anywhere. You stay the night. I don’t want any of them jumping you outside.”

Krennic wanted to ask about the meeting both of them had the next morning, knowing them well enough to be sure that they were going to be late because of a quick morning fuck. It was basically tradition. In the end, he just stayed silent, getting on his feet and walking to the bathroom with unsteady steps. “I’m taking your bathrobe”, he yelled back, turning around to look at Tarkin one last time.

He was fidgeting with his Datapad, probably ordering a cleaning droid. “Go ahead”, he answered, not bothering to look up. They really had left a mess. Tarkin hated mess.

“One thing”, Krennic added, this time getting Tarkins attention. They stared at each other silently for a moment. “I still hate you, Wil.”

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