

## To Chastise Santiago

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31869067) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31869067>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Brooklyn Nine-Nine (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jake Peralta/Amy Santiago</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Jake Peralta</a> , <a href="#">Amy Santiago</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Light Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Gratuitous Smut</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Not Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-10 Words: 1,396 Chapters: 1/1

# To Chastise Santiago

by [Queequeg\\_Scully](#)

## Summary

What if Jake really did go upstairs to chastise Amy?

Gratuitous smut with Dom Jake and Sub Amy. Set during the season 1 episode, The Party. Because nothing can convince me that Amy, especially in the earlier seasons, didn't have a praise kink.

## Notes

I was re-watching The Party, I started thinking and I'd also recently reread the masterpiece that is Rules by girlyjuice, so naturally this popped into my head. This is my first time writing something that's BDSMy and I struggled to write a consent conversation, so it's a little dubious, sorry. But, it's all from Amy's perspective and she's 100% into it and wants everything that happens.

Maybe read this as a fantasy instead of reality? It's definitely not canon compliant, and the plot goes out the window. This is just a little scene I couldn't stop thinking about and decided to write because there should be more fics with dom Jake and sub Amy. Please don't take it too seriously, just enjoy some smut.

The door flew open and suddenly Amy's excited plans for impressing the Captain with her knowledge of how contact lenses are made are forgotten. She's been caught. She knew this was a bad idea. How will she ever live this down? Her guilt eases slightly when she sees it's Jake who entered.

"What are you doing here?" He asks.

Defensively, she counters "What are you doing here?"

"Chastising you." He steps close to her. "This is low, Amy. And you're usually such a good girl."

She pouts. She wants to say she still is a good girl, but Jake gets even closer and whispers.

"Perfectly behaved Amy Santiago. Voted Most Appropriate. Who always follows the rules because she likes it."

Amy feels herself trembling. She doesn't say anything in return, she's breathless.

Jake brushes a stray hair off her cheek and continues, "You love following the rules, love being told what to do. You want to be a good girl, don't you?"

Amy manages to breathe out, "Yes."

Jake caressed her cheek then slid his fingertips down to her chin, holding her in place, forcing her to look him in the eye.

"But you broke the rules. You were a bad girl."

His words sting.

"Bu- I-" Amy stuttered but Jake silenced her with his gaze.

"You were a bad girl. Bad girls should be punished for breaking the rules, shouldn't they?"

Amy nodded in agreement.

Taking her by the hand, Jake led her to the bed, where he sat on the edge. She complied without question as he bent her over his lap.

Amy couldn't believe what was happening, she wasn't even sure what was happening. What was Jake going to do? She swallowed a lump in her throat as her dirty hope made her heart pound.

Jake roughly pushed up her red dress and Amy felt the cool air. Despite it, she felt hotter than ever. Jake slipped her panties down her thighs till they hung pathetically at her knees. Amy wished she could see his face. Did he have that smug grin?

She stared down at the floor trying to imagine his face, when she was surprised by the feel of his palm running on her ass cheek. It made her whine and grip the bed sheets.

Jake laughed. "Oh Amy, the good girl who's never had to be punished before."

His hand kept roaming across her ass, massaging it.

"Such a shame you broke the rules. But you know you need to be punished."

Her voice shook, "Yes."

Jake's hand lifted off her ass and came smacking back down.

Amy let out a sound that was a combination of a cry and a moan. She reveled in the hot sting of where his hand hit.

And then he did it again. And again. And again. And again. Each time making Amy cry out louder.

She braced for another, but instead Jake traced his fingertips over the spots he'd hit. Amy thinks he's admiring the red imprint his hand must have made against her skin.

"Have you learned your lesson?" He asked.

"Yes."

Amy doesn't try to sit up. Jake keeps his fingers moving, slipping them down to her center, and Amy realizes he's going to find her wet. She feels his body tense with excitement at the discovery.

Jake swirled his fingers around, collecting her arousal before venturing up to rub her clit. Amy's entire body shook. She involuntarily moved her legs, trying desperately to create more friction.

She could hear the smirk in Jake's voice when he said, "Mmm, Amy, look at you, soaking wet from a spanking. Did you enjoy that?"

Amy couldn't admit it out loud, but she nodded.

"That was supposed to be a punishment." He reminds her. "What kind of a good girl likes to be punished?"

Two fingers pushed into Amy and she moaned. Her hips bucked, fucking herself on his fingers, wishing he would go faster.

"Maybe you're not really a good girl after all."

"No!" Amy insisted. "I am a good girl."

"Oh are you?" Jake teased.

He curled his finger inside her. Amy had to bite the sheet to stop from screaming. He felt so good, stretching and rubbing her in the most intimate way. She bucked harder, aching for more.

“You are being so good now.” Jake says. “Taking your spanking, riding my fingers. You’re so tight, just like I knew you would be. A good girl like you is too busy sucking up to authority to take care of her own needs. You need someone to tell you that you need to be fucked.”

“P- please!” She whimpered as Jake worked her.

“Please what?”

Jake increased his speed and Amy’s mind went blank with ecstasy. Waiting for a response, Jake brought his other hand around to pinch her clit.

“Please what?” He repeated.

“P- Please, Jake. Please fuck...AHHH!”

Amy hoped he’d take pity on her and get the message. He did. She felt the hard metal of her dress’ zipper as Jake undid it. He wiggled her body as he needed to get it off, all without letting his fingers lose momentum. He leaded over Amy and she felt his breath on the back of her neck.

“Okay, since you asked so politely.” Jake feathered his lips against her neck. “I’ll fuck you.”

He pulled his fingers out of Amy, making her whine. Then, in a swift motion that would have dizzied her if she wasn’t already dazed from pleasure, Jake moved her from where she lay across his legs, ass up. She now found herself on her back.

Above her, Jake unbuttoned his shirt and undid his belt. Amy’s cunt ached, she was getting even wetter. The seconds it would take for Jake to finish undressing were unbearable. She wanted him more than anything.

When Jake’s pants and boxers were off, Amy gasped at the sight of his hard dick. It was big, long, and thick. Her wide eyed gaze didn’t go unnoticed. Jake smiled, impressed with himself.

“Please please please” Amy mumbled, eagerly spreading her legs wide.

“You’re a good girl.” He muses, once again gathering her arousal in between his fingers. “You’re going to take me inside you, squeeze me, and cum when you feel me pounding into you. You’re going to scream while I keep going and going till I fill you with my cum and it drips out of you.”

Amy wanted to do that. She watched as he used her fluid to coat himself. She was going to be so good for him.

Jake grabbed underneath her leg and lifted it over his shoulder. He grunted as he entered her warm, soaked, tight pussy. Amy’s head rolled back and she cried out.

Jake let her adjust to him for a moment. He was so big and she'd never felt filled like this.

When he thrust for the first time, she swore she saw stars. He hit so deep. He pushed and pulled himself in and out in a steady rhythm, gliding with ease. He hit a deep, perfect spot Amy didn't even know she had.

"GOD JAKE!" She moaned.

He sucked on her collarbone. It would leave a bruise, something to remind her to be good.

"You're being such a good girl."

Jake's praise gave Amy almost as much pleasure as his movements.

"Your good girl." She pleaded.

"My good girl." He affirmed.

It was the next thrust that brought Amy to the strongest orgasm she'd ever had. Wave after wave of utter pleasure washed over her. She opened her mouth to cry out, but Jake pressed his lips to hers. His tongue in her mouth and his dick in her cunt, everything that existed in that moment was Jake and it felt so good!

"Amy..." He broke the kiss. "You're so good. Fucking perfect."

Jake barely got the sentence out as he pushed into her, hard and fast, one last time before finishing. Amy gasped at the feel of his hot, wet cum.

Amy's leg fell off Jake's sweaty shoulder. He was heavy over her limp body as they both recovered.

Eventually, Jake smiled at her.

"See, sometimes good things happen when you break a rule."

Amy frowned, till Jake cupped her face and added. "But I like the rule following, does as she's told, good girl, that you are Amy Santiago."

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