Let the Punishment Fit the Crime

by Graceful_Storyteller

Summary

Loki runs out of favour with the Grandmaster. Luckily he still has one trick left up his sleeve to keep his pretty head attached to his shoulders.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Loki's hands do not shake as he unfastens and pushes his lower garments down to his knees, but it is a near thing. Taking a deep breath to steady himself he purrs, “Where do you want me?”

The Grandmaster hums thoughtfully as he circles Loki, taking in the long-desired prize now revealed to him. “So many options.” His hand caresses Loki’s bared backside and gives an appreciative squeeze. “Have you done this before?”

“No,” he answers honestly.

“Hmm. Probably best to bare hand it this time then.” He smacks Loki firmly across both cheeks. “The old fashioned way it is. Over my knee you naughty boy!”

The Grandmaster takes a seat on the nearest sofa – the sofa Loki had entertained his fellow guests on mere days ago. He pats his thigh and Loki attempts to project confidence as he shuffles close enough to bend himself over the tyrant's lap. He presses his face into the cushions, shifting his arms into a comfortable position by his head as the Grandmaster adjusts his legs and torso so that Loki’s weight is comfortably distributed. When he is finished he rests one hand just below the curve of Loki’s buttocks and the other between his shoulder blades.

“Are you ready for your...punishment?”

“Yes Grandmaster,” Loki replies, the words blistering his mouth as he delivers them as
enthusiastically as possible.

“Good. Good, good.”

The hand on his thigh moves and Loki tenses in anticipation of the blow.

“But before we begin,” the Grandmaster interrupts. “I think we should establish why you are being punished.”

“Because I have disappointed you.” He swallows, his cheeks burning with suppressed rage and mortification and that wonderful feeling that filled his entire being whenever he had been forced to admit his failures to Odin. Not a feeling he has missed and, oh, what does it say about him that he is experiencing it now of all times? “My adopted brother absconded with your champion and I did not return them to you. You trusted me to do so and I failed you. I am sorry, I truly am, but—”

“Shh, no need to apologise. I know you're sorry. But we both know you still need to be punished.” The hand moves slowly, almost soothingly, up and down his thigh. “And you were the one who suggested this delightful method of chastisement.”

It’s true. After the Valkyrie had knocked him unconscious he had been found by the citadel’s guards and brought before the Grandmaster to receive his punishment for failing to find Thor. Loki had tried to talk his way out of the execution the Grandmaster had promised, but it had quickly been made clear that what favour he had incurred had run dry. Loki had briefly entertained the idea of creating an illusion and silently slipping out of the room towards the nearest available ship. The bite of the obedience disk in his neck motivated him to shelve that plan. In the weeks since he arrived on Sakaar Loki has seen numerous creatures meet their end at the Grandmaster’s hands; running, fighting, begging – none of it had saved them from their cruel fate. Only offering the tyrant something he wanted more than your death could save you, and Loki was lucky enough to possess something the Grandmaster greatly desired.

“My suggestion was not intended to be quite so public,” Loki says as his gaze darts towards one of the six guards (thankfully not including Topaz) positioned around the room to activate the obedience disk if he attempts to harm their master.

When the offer to spread his legs had not caused the murderous glint to leave the Grandmaster's eyes Loki had been forced to up the ante. He'd turned the charm up to eleven and dropped the completely unsubtle hint that he needed a firm hand to correct his bad behaviour. It had done the trick. The blood-lust in the Grandmaster's eyes had been replaced by pure lust. At last he would be granted what he'd desired since he first laid eyes on Loki (plus a spanking) and all it would cost was a stay of execution. It was a pity the Grandmaster's obvious giddiness at the news hadn't caused him to completely lose his senses.

“I know,” the Grandmaster soothes. “And you should know that I would much rather keep the sight of you like this all to myself. But you know why it has to be this way.”

He does. If it had been just the two of them Loki would have been tempted to try his luck by casting the same spell he'd used to addle Odin's mind. He's observed the Grandmaster closely over the weeks he's been on this trash planet; he could have performed a passable impersonation of the tyrant. It is a shame that the Grandmaster is more cunning than many would give him credit. He had apparently listened carefully to all the stories he coaxed out of Loki – had read between the lines and judged that they were equally matched in ruthlessness and guile. He has left little room for Loki to do anything more than continue their game of seduction (and avoidance of consequences).
The Grandmaster gives him another reassuring pat. “Don't worry. They've been trained to blend
into the furniture; you'll soon forget they're there. I already have.” The hand on his thigh disappears
and the one between his shoulder blades suddenly starts applying pressure. “Now, the important
thing to remember is to relax. The more you tense the more it hurts. Also, vocal lovers are the best
lovers. That's why I want you to count each smack of that gorgeous ass of yours. Okay?”

Loki swallows hard. “Yes Grandmaster.”

“Good boy.”

The tyrant resettles his weight, brushing what Loki assumes is his erection against his torso.

“Ready?”

“Ye-” Loki releases an undignified yelp as the Grandmaster's hand collides with his left buttock.
He grits his teeth as a fresh wave of shame washes over him. “One.”

He is granted mere moments to recover before that tanned hand connects with his right buttock.

“Ah! Two.”

As the steady rain of blows continues, Loki closes his eyes and tries to follow the Grandmaster's
advice. However, it is impossible to relax when he can feel the eyes of the guards burning holes
into his skin. He knows he should not care what these ants think of him but, oh, what a picture he
must make! The former king of Asgard bent over the knee like a naughty child – behind their
masks the guards must be laughing at him. Asgard's military always took great joy in witnessing
his humiliations, why should they be any different?

The hand between his shoulder blades begins to move in slow, soothing circles. “So tense;” the
Grandmaster murmurs. “Relax pretty boy – you're doing so well! You're taking your punishment
like a good boy and counting beautifully for me. I'm proud of you.”

Loki's cheeks flush with pleasure at the praise. Shame quickly follows and he curses himself for
being so pathetically needy. So unloved and thirsty for attention that the careless ramblings of a
tyrant will satisfy him.

“Thank you Grandmaster. It gives me great pleasure to be able to make you proud.”

The Grandmaster sighs happily. “You always know exactly what to say to me. Such a clever boy.”

With that they resume the spanking. Remembering that the Grandmaster enjoys vocal lovers Loki
forces an audible gasp or mewl after every other strike, along with the required count. He also,
with a strength of will possessed only by the heroes of epics, directs his thoughts away from their
audience and towards more pleasurable imaginings. Memories of the most alluring beings in the
Nine Realms, recollections of successful beddings, even the replaying of some of his more exotic
fantasies. The images kindle something deep in Loki's belly and take the edge off the pain in his
rear. For the first time in this shameful debacle his cock stirs just enough to (hopefully) satisfy the
Grandmaster that Loki is fully engaged in the proceedings. From what Loki has observed and
overhead the tyrant likes to believe that there is no coercion in his couplings – that everyone who
comes to his bed is thoroughly enthusiastic. Enthusiastic to continue breathing perhaps; the sex is
more of a necessary (if allegedly satisfying) evil.

Loki is well into double figures (and beginning to wonder how much longer his punishment will
last) when the Grandmaster's hand slides up to grip his neck at the base of his skull.
It is like flipping a switch.

As the Grandmaster rises his hand for the next slap a thrum of anticipation runs through Loki and he almost shivers in excitement. When the smack comes it is like lightning through his every nerve and Loki releases a groan of genuine delight.

It is just the beginning.

Each subsequent strike of the Grandmaster's hand drives Loki's hips forward into the man's leg, creating delicious friction on his now fully erect cock. Where once there had been only pain and humiliation there is now pleasure and the odd feeling of rightness that is a more heady cocktail than any served on Sakaar.

“Oh ho!” the Grandmaster crows gleefully. “Looks like somebody's enjoying their punishment.”

“Yes Grandmaster,” Loki pants, his hands searching for purchase as he ruts into the man's leg.

“You're not supposed to.”

Loki freezes at that tone. “Apologies Grandmaster. I didn't-”

“Just kidding!”

Another smack causes Loki to moan his pleasure.

“I was beginning to wonder if you were ever going to join the party. Glad to see that you've finally made it.”

“I'm sorry I kept you waiting.”

“It's fine, it's fine; better late than never. Keep counting.”

Loki does as instructed and the punishment resumes. This time, however, with the Grandmaster's commentary.

“Look at those cheeks – the way they blush – so beautiful! The ones on your butt I mean; although I bet the cheeks on your face are beautiful too. Here, let me see.” The hand on his neck moves up to turn his head to the side, tucking his hair to the side and behind his ear to reveal half his face. Loki releases a high-pitched sound of protest without thinking. The hand immediately returns to its previous position. “Interesting. Yep, very interesting. And I was right about those beautiful cheeks. They're not as lovely a red as your ass but, well, that's understandable huh?”

Blinking rapidly (when did he close his eyes?) Loki tries to find the correct answer. He decides there isn't one when the Grandmaster continues speaking (not even stopping to hear Loki count) and ceases fighting the battle to keep his eyes open. The mix of light and hard slaps, the warming words of praise, the controlling yet reassuring hand on his neck – it all combines together and, for the first time in forever, Loki stops thinking.

For a few glorious moments he stops scheming; stops dwelling on his pain and loss, his resentment and jealousy, his hopes and failures. For a few seconds the maelstrom inside stops and he is able to simply enjoy the moment.

There is a hand in his hair, stroking gently, and Loki blinks open his eyes to find his eyelashes heavy with tears. With a whimper he returns to the present – to the Grandmaster petting him and muttering soothing words.
“There, there. There, there.”

Well, muttering words in a soothing tone.

Opening his mouth, Loki quickly realises that it is bone dry. He closes it, swallows a few times to create a little saliva, before trying again. “Is my... Has my punishment concluded?”

“Hmm.” The Grandmaster continues to pet him as he considers his answer. “Have you learnt your lesson? Are you going to disappoint me again?”

“No Grandmaster,” is the automatic response. “I swear I will not fail you again.”

“Then I think we're done.”

Loki releases a relieved sigh, his eyes again falling closed.

“But!” Loki's eyes snap open immediately. “Since you were such a good boy for me I think you deserve a reward.”

The Grandmaster reaches between Loki's legs to caress his balls. “Oh!” Loki gasps as a warm thumb presses at his perineum, reminding him sharply of the fact that he is still hard.

“And, since I clearly did a good job of administering your punishment, I think I deserve a reward as well, hmm?”

Just in case Loki somehow mistook his meaning, the Grandmaster raises his hips to rub his erection against him. Loki is torn between begging for mercy and begging to begin. His backside burns and (even with his superior physiology) he suspects there will be some bruising come morning. He doubts the Grandmaster has plans for anything which will not add to that; really the sensible thing would be to encourage the Grandmaster to find another 'guest' to take his reward from. However, even if Loki was inclined to do the sensible thing, he suspects that would not be the smartest of moves. The smart move is to agree to whatever the Grandmaster suggests in order to regain some good will, perhaps even enough to have the obedience disk removed? The sensible thing (on the other hand) might put his head right back on the chopping block.

Taking a deep breath, Loki readies himself to do the smart thing. “I think we both deserve a reward.”

He can hear the grin in the Grandmaster's next words. “That's my clever boy.” There is the snap of fingers and the order of, “You. Bring me the oils.”

Although he is unable to see the guard approach, Loki hears the creak of the armour and the clack of glass on glass. The hand between his legs disappears momentarily; when it returns it heads straight for his entrance. Loki spreads his legs as wide as he can with his trousers still around his knees. He receives a pleased hum for his troubles as the Grandmaster's other hand parts his cheeks. A hiss escapes Loki as the touch causes his sensitive skin to burn hotter than ever. He's never been a big fan of pain but this? This is going straight to his groin.

As the first finger breaches him the Grandmaster resumes his ramblings. “Wow, you sucked my finger right up. So greedy. Such a greedy boy. Does that mean you're ready for another?” A second finger enters him, and Loki groans at the burn that is now inside as well as out. “Such a lovely sound. Music to my ears. So beautiful. Can you make more?”

Loki continues to vocalise his pleasure/pain as the Grandmaster slowly but thoroughly works him open. At some point the hand spreading his cheeks returns to what is starting to feel like its rightful
place on his neck. Immediately, whatever self-consciousness Loki was beginning to feel disappears. Briefly, he wonders if the Grandmaster understands why that particular grip causes him to melt or if he is unquestionably exploiting a weakness. Then the man brushes his prostate and Loki stops caring about this new found power the Grandmaster has over him.

“Yes! Right there! Please – more. I need...” The Grandmaster acquiesces with more murmured words of praise; his fingers pushing deeper and harder as a third forces its way past his entrance.

After that it doesn't take long for the Grandmaster to decide Loki is fully prepared for the main event. He pulls out his fingers and orders, “Stand up. Up, up, up.”

Loki does as commanded, struggling to find his balance. He wavers for a second before finding his centre and meeting the Grandmaster's eyes.

“Clothes off. Let me see the rest of you.”

Licking his lips, Loki reaches for the first tie. He doesn't make a show of it – the intensity of the Grandmaster's gaze indicates that is not what he is after. He wants to be inside Loki yesterday – wants to fuck him until he screams. Loki shivers; both terrified and incredibly turned on.

When he is naked Loki spreads his arms and does a slow turn for the Grandmaster's approval. His gaze briefly flicks towards the guard still standing by the couch, but the mask is directed at the glass decanter of lubricant he is holding.

“Gorgeous. Truly stunning. You're a masterpiece.”

Loki feels his face flush as his gaze meets the Grandmaster's. “What about you?” he purrs.

“What, me?” The man laughs softly. “Oh I'm a masterpiece too. I've got a few miles on me though. Been indulging a little too much over the centuries.”

“Is that why you're still dressed?”

“Cute.” His hands move to his belt. “But no – that's not the reason. So far I'm the one who's been doing all the work. It's time for you to pull your weight pretty boy.” He moves aside his robe and pulls out his dick. Relaxing into the couch he finishes with, “Plus! You may have been a good boy, but you've not been good enough to gain access to the full package. Although next time...”

Loki has done this enough times to catch his meaning. He carefully straddles the Grandmaster's thighs and reaches for the lubricant. He takes a handful and applies it liberally to the Grandmaster's cock, prompting the man to groan and buck a little into his hand. When he is thoroughly coated Loki repositions himself, placing one hand on the Grandmaster's shoulder for balance and reaching behind him for the man's dick. The Grandmaster's hands fly to Loki's waist, latching on with bruising strength as the tip caresses his entrance. One hand migrates to his ass cheek, spreading the flesh to allow Loki to more easily sink down on that impressive length. Loki whimpers, his abused flesh burning, as he slowly bottoms out to the sound of the Grandmaster singing his praises.

“Oh – yes. That feels... Oh my clever boy. But I always knew. Just wait-”

With two hands back on Loki's hips, the Grandmaster indicates that it is time for him to start moving. Loki wipes the remaining lubricant on the upholstery before placing his hand on the tyrant's shoulder. With his buttocks still complaining and his thighs already aching, Loki takes a deep breath and begins to ride the Grandmaster.

The guard retreats to his original position at the edge of the room but Loki barely notices. The
sweet agony of riding the Grandmaster requires his full attention. The man is still babbling, giving half-coherent commands and praising Loki's sweet, sweet ass. Loki drinks it in like a man dying of thirst; let's the words stoke the fire of his soul that is his greatest weapon against the fire ravaging his body. He's breathing hard, his weeping cock bouncing against his stomach, his sore muscles begging for mercy. The fog of exhaustion hovers at the corner of his mind, threatening to overwhelm him if this continues much longer. Then one of the Grandmaster's hands is around his throat and Loki's eyes are rolling back in his head. “Please,” he whispers, not sure if the man will hear him over his own panting and exclamations. But apparently he is heard because the Grandmaster wraps his hand around Loki and proceeds to jerk him off.

“Come for me pretty boy.”

Loki explodes on command, still riding that dick hard, and doesn't stop until he feels the warm rush of the Grandmaster's semen. The hand around his throat releases him and he collapses against the Grandmaster, his face buried against the man's neck. He closes his eyes, allowing pain and pleasure to wash over him in equally dizzying waves.

“Whew! That was one hell of a ride. I knew you could do it. Good job.” He pats Loki's back encouragingly before descending into silence. Unfortunately, the blissful quiet only lasts until the man comes down from the high of his orgasm. “So, what's with the whole neck thing?”

It takes Loki a moment to compose a coherent answer. “It's a cultural thing.” At the encouraging noise he receives he continues, “The neck is...a sensitive place. Touching it is how we show we are connected with another. And how we assert dominance.”

“Ah. Good to know.”

Carefully, the Grandmaster removes Loki from his lap and prompts him to lie back on the sofa. Loki winces at the pressure on his behind and the always delightful sensation of bodily fluids running down his thighs. He watches with heavy eyes as the Grandmaster stands up and tucks himself away, the man's mouth briefly turning down as he notices the stain Loki has left on his robes. Before Loki can begin to panic, however, the tyrant's benevolent smile returns as he turns his attention back to his exhausted guest. “You need a moment to get your breath pretty boy? Take it. Then go back to your room and rest. You've earned it. I'll have someone bring up some dinner.”

He leans down to press a kiss to Loki's temple. Loki accepts it without protest. “You're going to need your strength. Now that you've gotten over your, err, fear of intimacy, we're going to have lots and lots of fun. Especially now that I know the cheat codes to your libido.”

Loki represses the shudder of fear he feels at the sight of the Grandmaster's giddy grin.

“Thank you for your generosity, Grandmaster.”

“You're welcome!”

As the Grandmaster takes his leave, Loki closes his eyes and takes that moment to regain some of his control. Eventually he forces himself to his feet and reaches for his clothes. As he dresses he cannot stop his gaze from drifting towards his audience. The guards have not moved from their allocated spots, but there is a noticeable tightness in the crotch area of a number of them.

Nausea churns Loki's insides as he heads for the exit. The guards move to follow at an acceptable distance, but he refuses to acknowledge their existence.

Denial is so much easier than confronting your problems.
End Notes

Well, it appears I have fallen hard into the dub-con Frostmaster fandom. So hard that I got tired of waiting for a Loki spanking fic and ended up writing one myself. I hope you're all proud of yourselves for what you have made me do ;) Happy New Year everyone.

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