Naughty Drabbles: VOY

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Naughty Drabbles: VOY

by yeaka

Summary

A number of short, unrelated, shameless and/or ridiculous pornographic stories updated whenever. (Most pairings and tags only apply to one or more drabbles; chapters are labelled for their individual warnings.)

Notes

A/N: Please heed these warnings; while there's no flat out rape, some do have fucked up MU and slavery dynamics and are labelled as such.

Disclaimer: I don’t own Star Trek or any of its contents, and I’m not making any money off this.
It’s all in his hands—the whole shuttle crew under his command, all three ensigns set to serve his whims, and what does he do with it? He drags Harry into the back and fucks him hard against the wall.

Harry’s such a good ensign. He doesn’t complain, doesn’t whine, isn’t going to report this—never does—just lets Tom fumble down his pants and shove him against a nondescript grey panel and push right into him. Harry gasps and clutches at nothing, bracing himself, while Tom’s hand roam and scrunch fabric and rumple everything—they’re still a day away from Voyager, and it’s been a rough mission, even if it’s all smooth sailing now; it’s fine if Harry looks like a mess. Tom grabs a chunk of his hair and jerks his head back and bites into his neck, and Harry moans, filthy, and thrusts his hips back onto Tom’s cock. He mutters a weak, “Tom…”

“Shh,” Tom chides. The door’s sealed; the other two won’t hear, but it’s a game, and he likes to pretend. They’re still on duty, uniforms done up and everything. Tom’s pants are unzipped just enough to work, and Harry’s jacket’s half off his shoulders with his pants around his knees, but they’re still on duty. Harry mumbles a half hearted apology; so cute, and Tom bites his ear and wraps tight arms around his middle. Harry groans and begs over every little movement: the perfect fucktoy.

Harry tries to reach back and clutch at Tom’s hip, but Tom slaps him away. It’s a power trip. He’s in control, in the mission and in this, and he’s reaping his rewards. Briefly, he entertains the daydream of being a captain, a goal he’ll probably never achieve, where he could fuck pretty ensigns in his ready room or even in the chair. (Maybe have Harry as his First.) But right now it’s in the back of a little shuttlecraft, and that’s good enough, because Harry’s tight and hot and adores him; he can feel it with every subtle shift in Harry’s hips and the way Harry looks at him across the bridge. Sometimes the way they look at each other. A budding friendship, something more. Tom buries his face in Harry’s shoulder and pounds away, slamming Harry into the metal probably hard enough to make the other ensigns wonder what the hell’s going on down here.

Thrust after thrust, just a little bit of makeshift lube from the replicator, and Harry’s perfect around him. Harry’s skin is burning, whole body overheated; who designed these uniforms? They’re no good to work in. Tom’s relentless. He fucks like he drives: reckless and high-velocity. Every little look they share leads up to this moment. He’s been waiting for a lull long enough for this all mission. In some ways, it’s better than a bed. There’s a certain satisfaction to hearing the wall groan under the weight of Harry’s body, feeling the unforgiving ricochet of Harry’s hips back into him, pressing Harry tight for a few slow grinds, then back to in-and-out and pounding Harry senseless.

Then Harry’s buckling, too soon, always too soon, and Tom clamps a hand over Harry’s mouth to stifle the cry of his own name. He keeps going, even as he feels Harry spasm around him. He knows Harry’s painting the wall, and they’ll deal with it later. Right now he’s brutalizing Harry’s ass, and the new convulsions that come from Harry’s orgasm feel like heaven, the suction amazing, it pulls at him and lures him close to the edge, and he jerks Harry’s head aside by the hair and sinks his teeth into Harry’s neck. He digs in and marks a bruise into Harry’s skin that his collar will cover, but they’ll know it’s there, know who Harry belongs to.

Then he’s filling Harry up, burying himself deep, and he rocks and he spills and Harry moans with it, arching back so perfectly. Harry tries to turn back to reach the kisses Tom’s covering him in, but the angle’s too awkward, and Tom’s too busy to bother coordinating. He finally finishes with his
forehead pressed against the side of Harry’s sweat-slicked face, shuddering and content.

He pulls back. He waits a minute, and he slips out, and Harry grunts and slumps against the wall. Tom kisses the back of his neck.

He murmurs, “Thanks, babe,” so much softer than that was. He straightens himself out, while Harry just pants and shivers, and a second later, he’s heading for the self-opening doors to the bridge that’s temporarily his.

Ten minutes later, Harry’s at his side again, breathing hard and disheveled and pink in the face, and he squeezes Tom’s hand: until next time.
Neelix is a trip and a half, but no amount of agonizing seems to drill into his head that in the Terran Empire you don’t pester a captain. Even after he’s been hauled off the bridge, Kathryn’s headache lingers, and when Chakotay dares to bring up the Hachi/P’nar conflict, she nearly has him beheaded.

Instead, she announces loudly, “I’m visiting the kitchen,” because if she doesn’t get some premium, non-synthesized coffee soon, more than one head’s going to roll. She could, of course, send an ensign or a yeoman, but at this point, she’ll take any excuse to get away from the whiny cowardice her bridge crew’s composed of.

She steps into the turbolift, and just before the doors shut, Commander Tuvok’s squeezing in behind her. They seal behind him, undeterred, and Kathryn lets the lift move half a floor before she barks, “Stop.” It lurches still instantly, and she puts her hands on her hips, lifting an eyebrow at her tactical officer. There’s a thin frown on his lips, like there always is, and she asks, “Well?”

“You seem... distressed,” he tries, voice carefully neutral. The last time she was ‘distressed,’ crew rations cut to fifty percent, shifts doubled, and two ensigns were bartered off to the Kazon in exchange for more obedient underlings. Tuvok’s the only one that can accurately predict these moods, and he’s also the only one that can tempt her away from them. Last time, he wasn’t quick enough. This time, he offers, “If I can alleviate your stress, Captain, please know that I am at your disposal.”

Kathryn smiles. A gut reaction, one that very few can pull out of her. She crosses her arms over her chest and tells him, “Tuvok, you’re always at my disposal.” They all are. But, she must admit, Tuvok’s certainly one of her favourites.

Tuvok’s tall, dark, and more than handsome, strong as an ox and smarter than the rest of her pitiful crew combined. He’s pulled her out of more than one sticky situation, and he’s the only one she can truly trust to not form a mutiny. She eyes his broad shoulders idly, and he reminds her, “This is true. However, I believe now may be a particularly ideal time to utilize that before you expend your energy on the lesser crew.” In other words, he’ll take one for the team, but he phrases it wiser than that: a clever way to entice her. One of the many reasons she keeps him close to her side.

She reaches out to cup his chin and strokes his cheek with her thumb. It’s the colour of her favourite thing in the world, and it does make her undeniably hungry. He parts his lips slightly for her: a subtle, potent promise.

After a short, “Very well,” Kathryn slaps her comm badge and lets B’Elanna know, “The bridge turbolift is out of commission. Crew repair standby for my order.” And it clicks off before the Chief Engineer can reply. Then she’s tapping Tuvok’s shoulder like a dog that needs to be told, instead of the cunning, talented man he is, already slinking to his knees before her.

He puts his hands lightly on her thighs, and she’s already backing up, leaning against the wall—support she might need—and she rests her arms back against it, letting his fingers do the work. He handles her zipper in a split second and has her pants scrunched down, her black underwear with it, and Kathryn cocks a heady grin at Tuvok’s quick dive forward; he never beats around the proverbial bush. He presses his hot tongue against her folds like he’s been waiting for this all day, and maybe he has—there’s a reason she had first pick of first officer. Her pussy’s legendary, and Tuvok treats it appropriately, worshiping her like the queen she is; he stars licking down her lips and sucks his way along.
With a contended sigh, Kathryn leans her head back against the wall. Tuvok goes to town on her, his wet Vulcan tongue longer than any human’s she’s ever had, stronger too, and it probes inside her and fucks her with a practiced skill, lapping at her insides with a determined force. She drops one hand to his head and runs her palm along his short, soft hair: easy encouragement. She can already feel the tension slipping away; why didn’t she just tug him into her ready room in the first place? And to think she wasted her morning on a Talaxian’s whining...

But that thought makes her face scrunch in annoyance, and the memories rush back—Tuvok’s pretty mouth isn’t going to be enough today.

Without warning, Kathryn lifts her knee and kicks Tuvok in the shoulder—he grunts and falls back, catching himself on his arms and staring up at her while she advances, already stripping off her jacket. No, she’s going to need much more from the best man on her ship.

And Kathryn climbs down to take it.
Janeway/Seven (fantasy, spank)

Seven walks straight into the holodeck and barks the designation, followed by the privacy code that blocks her program from being traced or the doors opening without warning. Less than a second later, she’s strolling through astrometrics, heals clicking across the cold floor. She reaches the left wall panel and stops to begin her work, or a cheap facsimile: calculations she worked on two shifts ago and, quite unusually for her, botched.

No one noticed. Not a one. She caught the problem herself three point four hours later and corrected it herself, without a single reprimand. On this vessel, as has been clearly demonstrated time and time again, perfection isn’t a goal.

It’s frustrating. Incredibly so. Less so now than when she was first separated from the collective, but in a way, now more so, because now that she’s more human, she’s left alone with that emotion. Her emotions are free to grip her. Without the punishment of her superiors, her emotions are all she has to steer herself to perfection, and that is, of course, inadequate.

Which is why she experiences muffled relief when the astrometric doors part, and Captain Janeway, in all her handsome splendor, marches straight in.

“Seven.”

Seven, as per usual, continues to work. There is no need to stop and acknowledge her captain; so much is obvious. She couldn’t not hear the hissed name. While her fingers busily continue about their business, Captain Janeway crosses her arms in Seven’s peripherals.

“You miscalculated that last course.”

“I noticed,” Seven answers tightly. “And I have corrected the problem.”

“And you think that’s good enough.”

Here, Seven does stop, and she glances aside. Janeway’s posture is rigid, gaze heated: an impressively intimidating look. Seven’s eyes hesitate over her captain’s illustrious form, and she admits a smaller, “I am sorry.”

She’s backhanded across the face so suddenly that it makes her stumble back, hand lifting to her face—it stings—she has to do a quick systems check to be sure her optical implants haven’t been jilted out of alignment. Janeway towers over her, perfectly unfazed, and says tightly, “An apology doesn’t rectify the damage. You need to be taught a lesson for your failure, if you ever hope to learn.” Seven licks her dry mouth and is half surprised to find her lip not split. But she agrees.

So she doesn’t fight when Janeway grabs her arm and spins her on the spot, shoving her towards another console lining the platform in the center—Seven catches herself on it just in time to not topple to the floor. A hand on the small of her back shoves her chest against the screen, and her breasts squish into the display, causing it to spurt simultaneous responses, the flashing colours lighting up the silver shine of her body suit. It’s skin tight, and she can feel everything when Janeway presses into her.

Janeway hisses quietly, “Seven strokes should be fitting, don’t you think?” Seven opens her mouth to reply, but she’s slapped across the back of her head and shuts it. A single strand of yellow hair topples out of her tight bun, slinking across her forehead. Janeway’s hand caresses the round curve of her ass, and Seven shudders. Janeway clicks her tongue and chuckles, “Don’t you enjoy this,
you naughty girl.”

And then Seven’s being _spanked_ by her captain, fully and brutally: an open, firm hand raining down across her ass. It comes without warning; Seven’s mouth falls back open to gasp. One hit alone, and it stings in the wake, and there’s a minute’s pause, then it happens again. Janeway slaps her, smacking both cheeks at once and dragging, pausing a fraction of a second to squeeze, to knead Seven’s tender flesh through the too-thin fabric of her clothes. She’s slapped a third time. The fourth is just as relentless as before. The fifth comes from a new angle, fingers sliding up between her cheeks, and the sixth is so powerful that Seven’s knees nearly buckle. The seventh spank she receives lingers, and a second hand joins it, and Janeway cups and squeezes both cheeks of Seven’s ass, toying with her bruised rear. Seven doesn’t whimper; she is Borg, and she will take her punishment with dignity.

Janeway’s face hooks over her shoulder, strong chin digging into her collarbone. Janeway’s deep voice purrs into her ear, “Do you want more?”

Yes.

But part of Seven’s punishment is to mutter, “End program,” and the world flickers to grey around her.
It’s not even about Harry. Not that there’s anything wrong with the poor ensign, who squirms and
whines and cries out prettily enough on his own, young ass so very tight around Chakotay’s cock as
he’s fucked right over the Ops station. Chakotay holds a hand around Harry’s throat to keep him
standing, even when his knees threaten to buckle, every time Chakotay’s hips pound him into the
console. Harry gasps and arches beautifully, bending for Chakotay’s body like he was made to take
it.

It’s about Tom Paris, over at the helm, who hasn’t turned around once but is clearly seething.
Chakotay doesn’t have to see the whites of his eyes to know the lieutenant’s furious. He tenses and
flinches each time Harry moans, fingers digging deep into his palm, knuckles cracking, whenever
they’re not flying over controls. Harry keeps breaking into that lone ‘T’ sound, then cutting off, and
Chakotay doesn’t stop him, doesn’t punish him for it; Chakotay wants their pilot to be reminded,
over and over, of that connection Chakotay’s shattering.

Chakotay’s the first officer. He was a captain. When Janeway’s off the bridge, like she is right
now, Chakotay’s in charge, and in the Empire, that means every single one of them is ripe for his
taking, and he takes Harry Kim just to make Tom Paris squirm. Even in the Empire, loyalty is
valuable, and Paris has none of that. Paris is a worm, a pathetic sell-sword, a turncoat that nearly
handed Chakotay’s whole ship right over to the enemy. And that makes him Chakotay’s enemy, no
matter what life debts hang in the balance, and because of that, Chakotay grinds Harry’s hips into
the Ops console.

A few thrusts later, he grows bored of holding Harry’s weak body up, and he shoves the ensign
forward, letting him hit the screen, just as Chakotay quickly diverts control over to Tuvok’s station.
The tactical officer retains that control without a word, while Chakotay bends Harry in two and
holds him down by the back of his head, pounding in even deeper thanks to the new angle. Pace
moving from harsh to relentless, Chakotay’s brutal thrusts manage to shake Harry’s thighs hard
enough to send his pants toppling further down his legs, pooling at his feet. Chakotay has half a
mind to strip off the rest, make him serve naked, maybe make him serve at Chakotay’s feet, on all
fours like a coffee table, just to see Paris spit in anger. Harry would do it, too. He’s a good boy. A
well-trained ensign. He takes Chakotay’s thick cock like a champion, even though it’s clearly
bigger than his young ass wants to take. Chakotay fucks him hard anyway, and he whimpers and
screams every few thrusts, clutching to his station’s panel for dear life.

Chakotay’s nearing his limits by the time the bridge doors open. He’d do this forever if he could—
the mix of Harry’s tight channel and Paris’ obvious pain is an intoxicating combination—but he’s
not that young any more. Janeway takes one look at them as she strolls down towards her chair,
obviously drawn by Harry’s noise, and she just rolls her eyes. Chakotay sends her a little smirk; it’s
nothing she wouldn’t do to Tuvok in a heartbeat.

In the interest of not pissing off his captain, Chakotay grabs Harry’s plush hips and pounds himself
to the finish line. Harry’s thighs are burning, battered and bruised from slapping into the console
over and over, and Chakotay fondles them as he works just to milk out all the screams he can. Then
he’s burying himself to the hilt and filling Harry up, and he leans over Harry’s shoulder to hiss in
the ensign’s ear, “Don’t you dare clean yourself up.”

Harry groans a weak, “Yes, Sir,” and stays obediently where he’s held. Chakotay grinds in a few
more times, drawing it out, and then gives one last thrust for good measure.

When he pulls out, Harry slumps to the floor, panting and sweater than Chakotay is. He nearly
trips over his own pants. Chakotay just chuckles and zips himself up, hardly caring if he reeks of sex.

He strolls back to his place by Janeway’s side, happily fantasizing about what will happen tonight, when Paris has to deal with Harry’s ass full of crusted cum and the scent of Chakotay’s mark all over him. Like an animal that’s claimed his prey, Chakotay feels a glow of contentment. He takes his chair and lounges back: another battle won.
They’re deep in the midst of it, all three of them down to nothing, bed sheets ruffled and thrown back as B’Elanna tosses her head against the wall. The blue light of the panel behind her streams over all their pale skin, and she fists a hand in their yeoman’s dark hair, trying to push him deeper. He’s still young, new, so inexperienced, but he’s eager and he tries.

Tom, back behind him, grunts through his moans, “B’Elanna...” And she looks over at him; what? He’s just an arm’s length away, holding onto Harry’s hips and buried deep inside Harry’s ass, while Harry’s head stays between B’Elanna’s spread legs, tongue plunging further inside her on every one of Tom’s thrusts. B’Elanna can tell from Tom’s face that Harry’s ass is better than his mouth is; Tom’s not far off. But he’s got better stamina than Harry does, and he warns her, “I think he’s getting close...”

So B’Elanna tightens her grip on their pet’s hair and growls down at him, “Don’t you dare come yet.” She’s been fighting with the Empire long enough to know that when a person comes, their efforts slump, and he’s unskilled enough as it is. Harry shivers in response, sandwiched too tightly between them to even nod. She wonders vaguely how Tom even knows, and she does a peripheral check, but he doesn’t have his hands around Harry’s front anymore. Good. If either of them touch his cock, he’ll come in a minute, and Tom knows better. Instead, all ten fingers are digging thickly into Harry’s trim sides, deep enough to leave pink grooves. Harry’s back is curved down, his ass held in the air for Tom but his chin in the mattress for B’Elanna, and that ass is stained red from the force of Tom’s thrusts. B’Elanna scratches up one of his shoulder blades and hisses, “Not yet...”

A split second later, and he’s completely disobeying her. He shivers and tenses and groans around her pussy, the hum reverberating deliciously through her folds, and his tongue pauses inside her. Tom swears and shoves him harder forward, but it’s too late; Harry’s whimpering his release.

B’Elanna snarls her disapproval and smacks his shoulders, enjoying the cry he yelps into her. But it’s hard to really blame him when he’s as fresh as he is, and she glares up at Tom, “This is partly your fault, you know. I told you not to hit his prostate so much.”

“Don’t blame me,” Tom groans, still going, completely undeterred. He’s panting and flushed but still good to keep going, and he reaches down to pet Harry’s back like a proud owner rewarding a prized dog. “You know I like making him happy...”

“If he’s happy, he’s not going to learn. We’ll never train him at this rate.” And, just as she thought, though Harry’s face is buried in her crotch, he doesn’t do much of anything until she grabs his neck and repositions him, slapping him like spurring on a horse. At least Tom’s still ramming him into her; Tom knows how to pleasure a woman. The fact that Tom’s pleased with Harry’s lackluster performance is neither here nor there—Tom’s just easy.

Tom tells her, “I disagree. I think he’s a good boy.” And he makes a crooning noise, rubbing Harry’s lower back again.

Rolling her eyes, B’Elanna grumbles, “You’re too soft.” In the Empire, it’s a prime insult.

But Tom’s impossible to displease when he’s got his cock buried in something, so she’s not particularly surprised when he just grins. He leans over Harry’s body, coming close enough to kiss her, and she only allows it because she needs an actually talented tongue by now. Tom doesn’t disappoint her. He kisses like he fucks: good and hard.
But then he tries to pull away, and she grabs his head fiercely, growling, “Don’t you dare come; I like when you pound him into me.”

Tom just smirks wider and comes back for more kisses.
After a double shift on the bridge through a bumpy nebula that offered nothing but trouble, Kathryn really doesn’t care what the program is. She trusts her lover to choose something suitably relaxing—the only input she gave when asked—and as she strolls onto the holodeck, she already knows Seven’s made an acceptable choice.

Assuming, of course, that the changing room she finds herself in leads to a hot tub or a spring, and not an extensive lane pool for them to do laps in. Knowing Seven, either is as likely.

As the holodeck doors close behind her, sealing off the fantasy, Kathryn spots and heads for the bathing suit hanging from a nearby cubicle. Naturally, it’s Kathryn’s size, simple and black and one-piece: a utilitarian item that only Seven would choose for a girlfriend. As Kathryn changes out of her stuffy uniform, she can’t help but grin—were their positions reversed, she would’ve put quite a bit more thought into any attire she left out for Seven. It would be substantially more... decorative.

And it would have less than half the fabric, but Kathryn doesn’t complain as she slips into the sleek garment; she’s not as young as she used to be. There’s a mirror on the far stall that she checks herself in, and she gives her hair a final fluff, sure the water’s about to ruin it, and glances at the doorway.

Sunlight’s already streaming onto the tile, so Kathryn isn’t particularly surprised to find an outdoor scene around the corner: a mountainous area, nondescript but otherwise pretty, their lone hot tub and change room the only things manmade in the picturesque nature scene. Kathryn’s set in a smile as her gaze falls to Seven, already seated in the hot tub, yellow hair bundled elegantly atop her head, and there, Kathryn freezes.

Her mouth nearly falls open, and Seven merely arches a strong eyebrow, an ever-so-tiny smile on her lips. She knows she’s been smart.

Or ridiculously silly, but she probably doesn’t think that. She probably thinks she’s being clever. Irresistible. Kathryn somehow manages to muffle a laugh, and she lifts her gaze again to Seven’s beautiful, naked form, asking, though she’d know that colour anywhere, “You’ve replaced the water with...”

“Coffee,” Seven fills in. Like she often does, she tilts her head subtly when she adds, “Black.”

A bath of coffee. Only Seven. Kathryn’s too shocked to do anything but wander forward, dipping her toes over the tiled edge. She watches her own pale skin shimmer and disappear into the depths of the sheer liquid, the temperature pleasantly hot. A part of her almost wonders if this is sanitary, but then, she figures, the safeties must be on.

So she slips in, down onto the seat along the round brim, the impossible amount of coffee swallowing her up, and she takes another step, down to the floor, so that she’s immersed to her shoulders. The scent of the rich brew is undeniable. Seven, lounging against the far rim, is a vision of ethereal beauty only a few steps away, and the seat’s high enough that the water only reaches the bottom of her breasts, lapping at her fair skin. Suddenly ravenous, Kathryn wades forward, hungry with each passing movement.

Then she’s reached her gorgeous lover, and as her hands slip through the coffee to graze Seven’s trim sides, Seven asks huskily, “Is the program acceptable, Captain?” Her restrained smile says
that she knows as much, but her alluring tone gives away that she wants to hear Kathryn say it.

Kathryn doesn’t answer. She’s busy working her palms up to Seven’s ribs, then up and around the curves of Seven’s breasts, and she squeezes two fistfuls, drinking in Seven’s sharp intake of breath. She brushes Seven’s small, pink nipples with her thumbs, and she rubs them gently into little pebbles, while Seven pleads, full of that taut control, “Captain...”

Kathryn puts one knee on the bench, brushing Seven’s side, then the other one, and she hikes herself up, straddling Seven’s lap, rising out of the pool, and she bends to kiss Seven’s full breast. She runs her tongue around Seven’s left nipple, catching it in her teeth, and she can taste the remnants of coffee her own fingers left. Delicious. Her two favourite flavours in one. She sucks in Seven properly, suckles on it, then lets it go and licks a wet, hard trail up Seven’s breast, over her collarbone, up her neck and around her jaw, right to her lips, lewd and filthy and intoxicating. She kisses Seven harsh but chaste, saving dessert for last.

Then she pulls back enough to chuckle, “Acceptable.”
She let them take too long, and still Kes whines, gasps and covers her face with her tiny hands, cheeks bright red. Kathryn let Tuvok finger Kes open, cover her tight channel in lube, coat himself; Kathryn even allowed an inordinate amount of foreplay meant to arouse and loosen Kes wider. But still the small Ocampa buckles like the force of the Vulcan’s cock will split her apart, and at moments, Kathryn wonders if it really will.

Hardly her concern. Kes is of no use to the Terran Empire, in this quadrant or otherwise, and if Kathryn loses a pet in her playtime, so be it. Tuvok’s far more valuable to her, and the pleasure he tries to hide at having such a tight body to pound into is obvious. Though Kathryn’s console is active atop her desk, she hasn’t looked at her screen since they started. Captain’s prerogative. She meant to get some work done. But then she thought of tempting her most resent acquisition into riding her favourite officer’s monster cock, and now the sounds of that pairing is far too distracting to bother with ship reports.

Kes is young. Too young, really, even by her own standards, for a Vulcan as old as Tuvok, for a cock as big as his, but it doesn’t matter, and Kathryn enjoys the disparity. She enjoys the contrast of Kes’ flushed, pale skin against the rich cocoa of Tuvok’s, her hips turning pink as his long fingers hold her down. He lifts her up and brings her back when she’s too weak to bounce, and her thighs look so trim and powerless around his lap, her body arched and her hands on her mouth as she tries to stifle her screams. Her small but perky breasts bounce against her chest with each harsh movement, but she doesn’t know how easy she has it—Kathryn knows from fortunate experience just how rough a good Vulcan romp can be—this is a tenth of Tuvok’s strength.

When it becomes obvious that Kes is too busy trembling and gasping and moaning to do any of the work, Tuvok pushes her forward. Her back hits the cushions of the couch along the ready room’s wall, and Tuvok looms over her, throwing her into shadow. The stars speed behind them as he lowers onto her body. Her legs wrap around him. Her heels rest against the small of his back, and he takes her in smooth, efficient thrusts, shoving her deeper into the cushions each time.

Kathryn lifts her coffee, swishes the dark liquid around her mug, and drinks as her eyes roam her view. It’s a hard choice, deciding where to look. Tuvok’s lithe body is gorgeous, muscles shifting almost imperceptibly beneath his smooth skin, taut and undeniably handsome. Kes is simply pretty, cute and little and ripe. Tuvok fucks her with a brutality too rough for her frail body, but it’s as diluted as he’s capable of. Finally, Kes gives up trying to hide her shame, and she clings to his shoulders instead, burying her face in the crook of his neck and moaning like the lovely sex-kitten Kathryn knew she could be.

Kes crumbles first, of course. Tuvok is calculated and proficient; he hits the perfect angle every time, filling every nook and cranny, reaching and rubbing every spot that Kes could want. Even with his Vulcan dispassion, he had Kes writhing and screaming within minutes of starting, and her fingers claw into his shoulder when she comes. Kathryn watches her body tense for a second, then watches it shudder, watches it try to flatten into Tuvok, and then collapse a moment later.

Tuvok instantly halts his movements. He’s too considerate. He glances over at Kathryn, awaiting further instruction.

If Kes weren’t panting and melting so heavily, clearly on the verge of passing out, Kathryn would have him keep going. But she’s a voyeur, not a deliberate sadist.

So instead, she beckons him over with one finger, and he slips easily out of Kes—ignoring her
gasps and squirming legs—and rises off the couch. He strides over to the desk, naked and hard and an utterly perfect specimen, and the next moment, he’s at Kathryn’s feet: right where they all belong.
Tom/Harry (aphrodisiac)

About an hour ago, they were supposed to head back to the shuttle, send a message to Voyager, and let Captain Janeway know that their food supply shortage is over. This planet is apparently abundant in tricorder-approved fruits and vegetables, ranging from juicy little berries the size of marbles to crunchy ovals the size of pineapples. Each seems to taste better than the last, or maybe that’s the pleasant atmosphere around them: stunning skies and green fields and a bubbling, beautiful spring.

Or maybe it’s the taste of Harry’s soft skin under Tom’s tongue as he laps a trail of sticky purple juice off Harry’s chest. Harry gasps at the little licks Tom gives him, just as responsive as ever. His golden skin is lightly beaded with sweat from the sun beating down on them, all his clothes long since stripped away. Tom’s the same way. He rubs his bare body against Harry’s as he kisses his way back up Harry’s neck, across to Harry’s cheek, and they lock mouths for a long, languid make-out session that would shame any teenager. While his tongue takes Harry’s mouth, Tom’s hips grind their crotches together, his hard cock, slick with more juice, slips over and presses into Harry’s, their balls brushing one another and their thighs trying to flatten together. Harry feels even better than the fruit tastes, if that’s even possible.

When their mouths finally part, Tom’s panting, and Harry somehow manages to moan, “I think... I think there might’ve been something in that food...” Tom thinks so too, but he doesn’t care. He’s always wanted this anyway. Always known, just never acted. The long, emerald grass is flattened beneath them, waist high, and at least, Tom thinks, it should shield them should a second landing party come looking for them. But then, so what if they’re found? Their love is natural, pure. They’ll see Harry, and they’ll understand; how could Tom ever resist...?

Tom reaches out and grabs another ball the size of an apple, but he knows from experience it’s just thin skin full of juice. He lifts his hips up just enough to slip it between them, steadying right over Harry’s belly button, and then he presses back down. He grinds them harder, harder, and the fruit breaks, collapsing in a gooey mess of warm liquid that slithers down their cocks. Harry mewls and bucks his hips up into Tom’s, and Tom murmurs, “I know, I know; I feel it too...” It’s like the juice is seeping into their pores, making them hungrier, so ravenous; Tom wants to keep Harry just like this, pinned under him forever... but no, he wants more, wants to be inside Harry, feel Harry breathe.

As if reading his mind, Harry croons and spreads his legs, lifting his knees up until he can wrap himself around Tom’s waist, and Tom delights in the new position. He takes another fruit and rubs it along Harry’s balls, loving when Harry whimpers, squirms, and Tom crushes the fruit in his hands and lets the ooze slide between the cheeks of Harry’s ass. He uses it for lube as he rubs his thumb along Harry’s hole and kisses Harry’s jaw, while Harry pants, “Tom... Tom, fuck me...”

“I’m going to,” Tom promises, now pushing a finger inside. “Going to fuck you so much, Harry, all the time...” Harry gasps, arches; Tom latches onto his mouth and kisses him fiercely, slipping deeper into Harry’s tight channel. So tight. He wonders vaguely if Harry’s a virgin. He pulls out and pushes in, fingering Harry with one, then two digits, stretching Harry open and drinking Harry’s whines. Harry clings to his shoulders and pets his hair and murmurs his name, fingers stained in the sweet juices of their paradise. A part of Tom hopes Voyager never finds them...

“Yes, Yes,” Harry croons, clutching tighter. His ass squeezes in response, and Tom grunts; it’s amazing on his fingers, what will it be like on his cock? He pulls his fingers out; he needs to know,
needs to find out right now. “Tom, Tom... put your seed in me, please.” Tom shivers and thinks of it that way; of planting something in Harry, something beautiful; the juices and the seeds of his love. Harry’s nuzzling into his face, and Tom’s dizzy with want, with need.

He needs Harry to be full of him. Poor Harry’s so empty right now. Tom lines himself up and pops inside without any warning, and he doesn’t need to; Harry cries out and presses into him like it’ll make them one. Tom pushes, pushes harder, buries himself in Harry’s sweet, tight, hot ass, wet from all the fruit. Harry convulses around him like trying to pull him deeper. Harry licks his chin and digs heels into his lower back and tugs at his hair, whimpering. “Tom, please, fill me up, want you in me so bad...”

“Shh, shh,” Tom soothes, holding Harry back everywhere his hands can touch. He starts to fuck Harry vigorously, hard, thick thrusts that bounce Harry along the ground, make Harry’s pretty hair toss and his lips strain open for air. “I’m in you, I’m here...”

Harry seems speechless—just slams their mouths together—and Tom pounds Harry into the warm earth, so overwhelmed with pleasure.

He vaguely hears Tuvok in the background, calling out his rank, and maybe Chakotay, but it doesn’t matter. Tom keeps going, and Harry buries his face in Tom’s shoulder, mumbling, “I love you,” over and over.
By the time they finally make it to the bed, he’s stripped her bare. He stripped first, of course; she commanded it, as she so likes to. Command suits her well. She drawls orders like she was born for it, and she exudes her power in every breath, and being on her good side is decidedly *logical*.

The rest of this is window dressing; it keeps him at her side, yes, but it also eases the loneliness of this journey: gives him pleasure in an otherwise listless existence. Her curvaceous body is just as pleasurable as her raspy force, her natural authority. Her back hits the mattress with him quickly atop her, and Tuvok’s slid back into her before she has any chance to squirm away.

Her arms encircle his shoulders instead, and he loops an arm around her trim waist to lift her higher, place her properly in the bed; the captain deserves her pillows. The blankets are tossed aside and useless, the white sheets a fine contrast to his dark knees and arms dug into them. She arches and gasps as he fills her so deeply, so much more than any other man on this ship could. She’s made that clear to him. She’s strolled to the tactical station and whispered filthy things in his pointed ears, run her longer fingers over his shoulder and touched him inappropriately in more ways and places than one. She *wants* him, and she makes that clear. Under the beauty and cunning and wit of Kathryn Janeway, how could he resist?

Tuvok cups her cheek, fingers brushing back through her copper hair, while his mouth devours hers again. Her moan rolls into him and her thighs tighten around his sides, legs wrapped securely around him. Her heels dig into the small of his back, urging his ass further, but he’s already impaled her as much as he can. The walls of her shuddering entrance are wet and silk-smooth, tighter than any other woman he’s ever had. His wife, so far away that he’ll probably never see her again, simply couldn’t compare. She was more *proper*, yes, but in the Empire, that means nothing to *power*. Kathryn’s trembling channel is softer and hotter and sucks at his pulsing cock with mind-numbing pressure—sometimes he’s sure her body yearns for him. She’s very selective with her lovers. A grand prize for only the best officers. She tells Tuvok he’s the *very best*, and she licks his coffee-coloured skin, smattering him in fervent kisses and hungry, *claiming* bites.

He wears her marks with satisfaction. He slips half out of her and slams back inside, as hard as he pleases—she is no frail human. She gasps and clutches harder at him and she hisses, “*Yes,*” in his ear. She bites possessively into his cheek and groans on the next stab. His thrusts are Vulcan-strong and steady and purposeful, and the mattress whines with disapproval, like it wants to collapse beneath the force. Kathryn simply takes it and tries to thrust her hips back into him, clearly spoiled to any sub-par, human lovers.

While he concentrates on running his teeth along her neck and the side of her face and burying his cock deep inside her body, Kathryn reaches back to search for his hand. She finds his wrist and slides two fingers along it; the Vulcan caress; something that makes him shudder and want to fuck her impossibly *harder*. She’s a more than worthy lover. Her nails are digging into his shoulder blades. She takes his hand and moves it between their bodies, down onto one of her breasts, which he squeezes obediently, making her writhe and moan. He shifts his other hand to her other breast, using his head pressed against her to support his weight, and he kneads her soft chest while his hips go on. Every time he sheathes his cock inside her, it sends her sliding up the mattress, but she’s pulled back down when he tries to pull out, her sweet walls clinging desperately to him. Her breasts feel just as needy; his long fingers can encompass all of them, and they’re firm and perky and ripe in his palm, her nipples pebbled and hard. He shifts to run his thumbs around them, and she slides her fingers up along his short hair, holding their foreheads together and growling her pleasure. He will meld with her, one of these days—to have his presence in his captain’s head would be a very
wise move. But it would heighten their pleasure too, and strengthen their connection beyond anything any other could ever give her, and she would be truly his, just as they’re all hers.

For now, he settles for fucking her like a wild sehlat in heat, and he shoves her head to the side with his so he can bite a mark into her neck that’ll show above her collar. She lets him. She’s beaded with a thin sheen of sweat that makes it easy for their bodies to rock together, and the air is thick with the stench of their sex. She runs one hand down his body to squeeze one cheek of his ass, and she purrs, “Tuvok”—A precursor, he knows, to her climax.

But she doesn’t reach it without the telltale interruption—a captain never gets a moments’ peace. The comm system beeps, and Tuvok stops automatically, his hips down and his cock fully inside her. Seven of Nine’s droning voice presses, “Captain, I have discovered—”

“No now,” Kathryn snaps, glaring at the ceiling in general through the low light. She slaps Tuvok’s ass once, and he interprets that as a sign to resume; he returns to fucking her, just a little slower. It drags a groan out of her that Seven couldn’t possibly miss, but Kathryn’s voice is no less authoritative as she tells her second favourite lover—no match for Tuvok—“What’ve I told you about contacting me when I’m off-duty?”

“But, Captain—”

“Silence,” Kathryn snaps. Down in the cargo bay or astrometrics, Seven’s likely pouting, but that has no bearing on her captain’s reaction. “There are proper channels, Seven.” She stops as Tuvok gives her a particularly hard thrust, one that nearly sends her into the headboard. Her voice is nonetheless impressively steady when she resumes. “Just because I’ve chosen to play with you in some of my off hours doesn’t at all mean you get to choose when those times occur.”

“I was not asking that,” Seven returns petulantly, for all the good it does her. “But if you insist, I will close the channel.”

“No,” Kathryn says, pausing again as Tuvok fills her; her eyes flutter and she lets out a deep, hearty moan that would make any perspective lover’s blood boil with lust and jealousy. Seven, Tuvok’s noted, has both of these in abundance, however reasonable she thinks herself. “You’ll keep it open, and you’ll listen, to remind you that I have other, better toys than you. Ones that know how to behave.” Kathryn doesn’t ask if Tuvok is alright with his personal business being broadcast, but it doesn’t matter. However private Vulcans like to be, he knows better than to defy his captain. ...Unlike a certain ex-Borg.

Seven mutters a tight, “Yes, Captain,” and her displeasure is palpable. The communication doesn’t click off, but lingerers, and though she’s quiet, her presence is undeniable.

Tuvok ignores it and returns to loudly claiming his captain’s mouth, noting Kathryn’s pleased smirk. He releases her breasts in favour of wrapping his arms around her and crushing them together, grinding their crotches into one another, and then he rolls them abruptly over. Kathryn detangles instantly and lifts up to sit, her weight now crushing her down on his cock, and she smiles at him as she sighs, ever the beautiful actress, “Oh, Tuvok. You do know just what I like.” Somewhere, Seven is seething.

Kathryn ignores that as well as Tuvok, and she easily takes control, moving to bounce up and down on top of him, hands running appreciatively over his chest. She reaches her orgasm all on her own, and when she does, it’s Tuvok’s name on her lips, roared loud enough to sear their bond irreparably into all three of their minds.
Tom/Harry (MU, ownership, HJ, H/C)

He flinches when Tom touches his cheek. He’s never done that before, and it makes Tom jerk away, feeling sick. Harry’s his, a yeoman still directly under his supervision, and Tom could give him a bruise ten times as big, but seeing the dark purple patch of skin still makes Tom’s stomach churn.

It’s what he gets for giving B’Elanna the code to his quarters. Yes, he agreed to get more serious, and of course B’Elanna can use Harry to do little things: to cook and clean and unpack and even pleasure her when necessary, just with his mouth or hands—Tom’s thought about getting him a chastity belt. But Harry’s not a punching bag, whatever Klingon officers use their underlings for.

While Tom tries again, gently cupping Harry’s chin to avoid the sting, Harry whispers, “I’m sorry.” He’s looking down, subdued. He’s not wincing at Tom, Tom knows: just the pain of his wound. He’s got a nasty cut down the side of his face and little nicks in his eyebrow, his lip split and blood crusted down his chin. His shoulders are slumped, even though his posture’s usually better than Tom’s. Tom lifts the dermal regenerator and flicks it on, tilting Harry’s face to the right angle.

Tom mutters, “Don’t worry about it. You didn’t do anything.” He wasn’t there, of course. Or he wouldn’t have let this happen. But he knows his Harry, just like he knows his B’Elanna, and Harry’s perfectly behaved. B’Elanna will probably have some string of all the ways he’s inadequate, but it’ll be a bunch of shit. Harry’s sweet and obedient, and Tom croons, “You’re a good boy.”

Harry’s eyebrows knit together, like he doesn’t believe it. Tom’s the one that should apologize for leaving his sweet pet with a brute of a girlfriend, but as a lieutenant in the Terran Empire, he can’t. The EMH is working off in a separate alcove, and though Tom could beat or fuck the hell out of Harry right here, he couldn’t apologize. He’s not skilled enough with the doctor’s program to delete only the specific file without suspicion. If he appears weak, the doctor will talk. He can’t afford any strikes out here; resources are scarce on Voyager, and if he’s not worthy of a personal yeoman, someone else will be.

Tom would do just about anything to keep Harry, and he’s starting to wonder if B’Elanna’s really worth it.

He reaches Harry’s eyebrow, and Harry whimpers at the way Tom turns his head. It’s necessary, but his neck must be sore. All of him must be sore. His body’s covered in bruises, right down his bare chest and even around the rim of his small skirt, black and stretched taut around his crotch. His fingers are gripping tightly to the biobed, and Tom makes a soothing noise, shifting to pet the back of Harry’s head. “It’s okay...” But it’s not, not really.

“I’m sorry,” Harry repeats. He probably really is.

Tom tells him firmly, “No, you’re a good boy.” If they were in the Alpha Quadrant with the usual flow of new recruits, Harry would probably be an ensign by now. With how close they’ve become, Harry might not have wanted that distance anyway. Tom slips his hand around Harry’s shoulders, fondly stroking the one side of his chest that isn’t bruised. Harry’s skin seems to flutter under his touch, and Harry’s dark eyes flicker up to him, bright with recognition. Harry’s still frowning, but he must know that Tom’s not angry with him.

Tom adores him.
Tom can’t say that here, so he pets his way down Harry’s stomach and slips his fingers beneath Harry’s skirt, while Harry sucks in a breath and straightens. Tom takes a step sideways, positioning himself between Harry and the preoccupied EMH. With his right hand, Tom continues hovering the dermal regenerator slowly over Harry’s damaged skin, and with his left hand, he rubs through the smattering of dark curls around Harry’s cock. Harry bites his lip to stifle his noise and arches into Tom’s touch, eyes now fixed on Tom’s face, drenched in adulation. He’s loyal. He’d take these beatings endlessly if it meant keeping Tom happy, even if B’Elanna doesn’t really keep Tom happy when she’s like this. Harry’s reward is Tom’s love, and Tom strays down to wrap his fingers around the base of Harry’s cock. Harry makes a keen noise and leans forward—Tom steps closer to the biobed, Harry’s legs already spreading for him.

Tom comes as close as he can, and for a moment, he lets Harry’s head rest on his shoulder. Harry burrows into him, nuzzling his cheek, his chin, his neck, and Tom makes calming noises and strokes Harry’s cock in the tight confines of the skirt. Now that Harry’s legs are spread more, Tom pulls his hand away and slips it back in from the bottom, giving more room to play. The skirt’s so short that it barely reaches his inner thighs. The lower someone ranks, the less they’re dressed. Tom gives him clothes sometimes, but clearly B’Elanna’s ripped them off him.

Harry being practically or entirely naked for Tom is nothing new. Tom has to mumble, “Harry,” and Harry pulls back obediently, anticipating his master’s wishes. Tom needs the space to continue healing Harry’s face, and he’s not going to leave this sickbay until all of Harry is good as new.

Harry’s still for the healing and poised and well behaved, like always, and Tom rewards him with soft, slow strokes to his pulsing shaft. It hardens so easily in Tom’s fingers, rippling to life and even spilling a few stray beads of precum. Harry’s young and eager. His cock’s about averaged sized but better looking than most, perfectly proportioned and ripe with a pair of smooth, tight balls. His most intimate parts, like everything about him, belong exclusively to Tom, and Tom manipulates them expertly.

Harry’s rock hard and trembling in no time. His hips start subtly rocking on the bed, making it clear that he desperately wants to hump Tom’s hand, but he knows better than to do that in public. Tom’s not always sure if he wants to share Harry, even the show. The doctor’s not much, but the doctor does have a big mouth, and B’Elanna doesn’t have to know how much Tom pampers his favoured pet. So he lets Harry struggle and bite back little whimpers and moans, squirming and flushed. His eyes end up closing, teeth chewing on his bottom lip, and he looks so very pretty and delicious that Tom wonders why he even bothers getting girlfriends.

Harry’s just a yeoman, he tells himself. Will always rank lower. A beautiful, intelligent, perfect underling who fits so well at his side. Tom pumps Harry’s cock over and over and works down his cheek and tells him quietly, “You’re so good for me, aren’t you? You’re my most prized possession, Harry: my own little treasure. She’s just jealous, because you’ll always be my favourite...”

Harry gasps and moans suddenly, rocking his hips forward, and his arms lift to wrap around Tom’s body—it’s clearly taking effort not to lunge forward and hold Tom tight. “That’s right,” Tom soothes, now onto Harry’s chest, fixing all the tiny dents in his collarbone, “You like being mine, don’t you? My pretty pet...”

Harry nods vigorously; free to do so, now that he’s healed. Tom’s healing his right pec, and Tom nudges him away by the forehead, tilting to lick at his chin. The dermal regenerator fixed the split, but the crusted blood’s still there. Tom’s never had a particular taste for blood, but now he laps it away, slipping his tongue over the plump curve of Harry’s lips after. He gives Harry a long, languid stroke, and squeezes tight, and Harry’s noise is swallowed up in Tom’s mouth. Tom pulls
back only to watch what he’s doing, even though Harry looks hungry and starved for more kisses. It’s good to see Harry’s blue skin turning yellow-pink-peach again. Tom starts squeezing as he strokes, taking Harry closer and closer—he’s almost done with the healing, and then he’s going to scoop up his little pup and carry that darling creature back to his quarters.

Harry blurts in a husky, desperate whisper, “I love you, Tom.” Not master or sir; never that when they’re alone. They might as well be. Tom smiles softly; he can’t say it back; Harry knows that, but he tries to say it in his face. He thinks Harry understands. Harry pushes in to kiss him, and Tom allows something messy and wet before pulling back, back to healing. He’s reached Harry’s hips; those are important. He squeezes them too much to leave them blemished. He bothers with a check over his shoulder, but the doctor’s retreated into his office, around the corner and out of view.

So Tom quickly scoops up Harry’s waist in his arm and starts to jerk on Harry’s cock faster, muttering in Harry’s ear, “Come for me, baby. Come on, let me hear your pretty whine...” And Harry does; he makes the sweetest noise and he bursts in Tom’s hand, soaking Tom’s fingers and the insides of his own skirt. Tom keeps stroking, milking it out, and Harry buries his face in Tom’s neck again and rolls his hips into Tom over and over, shivering in delight.

Tom waits until Harry’s hips have slowed to a stop and Harry’s slumping. Then he gently pushes Harry away, and Harry falls onto his back, legs still spread, lying on the biobed. His breathing makes his whole chest rise and fall so deeply, and his eyes are half-lidded, pupils dilated, cheeks stained and mouth open. Beautiful. He always looks beautiful after an orgasm. He looks gorgeous all the time.

Tom uses his clean hand to finish the healing. He checks below the skirt, but Harry’s alright from the crotch down. When Tom places the regenerator aside, Harry moves as if to sit up, but Tom pushes him back down.

Tom wanders around to the other side of the biobed and holds out his dirtied hand. Harry turns and submissively laps at it without even having to be told. He licks his own mess out of Tom’s palm and snakes his tongue around each of Tom’s fingers, popping onto them after to clean them. When he’s done, Tom wipes his moist hand in Harry’s hair, and Harry nips affectionately at his wrist.

Tom leans down for a quick kiss, infusing it with a deep I love you that he’s sure goes into Harry’s body and straight down to his heart. Harry smiles like the sun: the big one they left back at home.

But Harry’s what really makes any place home. Tom helps him off the biobed, back off to their quarters.
He’s pressed into a corner, backed against the wall, pants lowered down his thighs and spread open. One arm’s around Tuvok’s shoulder, holding him closer, and the other’s running down Tuvok’s arm, searching for another hand. Two of his fingers find two of Tuvok’s, and they wrap around each other: a Vulcan kiss. Tuvok’s head is pressed into the side of Chakotay’s, maybe so they won’t have to see each other.

Maybe so they won’t have to talk about this, because it’s been going on for who knows how long and Chakotay still doesn’t really get it: just takes what he can. He loves the feeling of Tuvok in his arms—who wouldn’t?—and he has so much respect for the man who’s job he stole, and he enjoys their little talks and quips and silent understanding, the times they just sit and meditate and the other times they touch like it’s pon farr. He knows that he likes it, that Tuvok’s some sort of ‘boyfriend,’ but he doesn’t know what Tuvok sees. Tuvok’s married. Tuvok doesn’t talk about it.

He just knocks and is let in to Chakotay’s quarters and kisses Chakotay’s lips and forces Chakotay to step back and wheels him into the wall, slipping a hand into his pants. Those long, practiced fingers are wrapped around Chakotay’s shaft, and they pump expertly up and down, not too slow and not too fast: efficient. Tuvok squeezes him lightly every several strokes and kisses the rise of his cheek, just below his tattoo.

Chakotay kisses Tuvok with his fingers, the way he knows his Vulcan lover likes. Tuvok’s subtle shiver says as much, and the way his tented pants grind forward into Chakotay’s crotch says just as much, but Chakotay doesn’t touch him back. Too intimate. Maybe part of the justification is that Tuvok’s not really cheating; he never comes from Chakotay’s touch. ...He just pleasures Chakotay in that singular direction, and Chakotay’s free as a bird back on Earth.

Tuvok’s good at it, too. He lets go briefly, just long enough to dip down, and he cups Chakotay’s balls firmly. Chakotay grunts and tightens his grip on Tuvok’s broad shoulders, too covered in their thick material. Does he always have to wear the uniform? Like this is some duty. Maybe it is. Chakotay has no idea. In moments like this, he doesn’t care. He just wants Tuvok’s hand wrapped thick around his cock, and when he growls, he gets just that.

Chakotay clings tighter and caresses Tuvok’s fingers up and down and groans a breathy, “Tuvok...” But doesn’t know what else to say.

Tuvok answers quietly, “Commander.” Remote and incredibly personal all at once. Tuvok’s a constant dichotomy. The fingers in Chakotay’s are still, letting Chakotay lead. But Tuvok controls the handjob. Up and down, back and forth; Chakotay’s pulsing and rock hard and resisting the urge to hump Tuvok’s hand; he doesn’t want to be the animal he’s been teased about. Control. He kisses Tuvok’s cheek to distract himself, pleased when Tuvok turns his head and gives in.

Tuvok’s lips are full and proud and inhumanly soft, wet and sturdy. Chakotay traces them with his tongue while their noses bump, Tuvok’s face warm and his scent spicy and foreign. Chakotay always did like exploring. When Chakotay shoves his tongue inside Tuvok’s mouth, Tuvok is a passive partner, letting him lead again but doubling his pace on Chakotay’s cock. Chakotay’s moan is muffled, and his fingers make a fist in the gold material they cling to.

While he maps Tuvok’s mouth with an unabashed hunger, Chakotay’s mind wanders to Tuvok’s cock. He knows better than to go for it, but that doesn’t stop him from wanting to. It’s a shame, really. Something so big and thick and handsome deserves to be worshipped. He’s only had it in his hand a few times, had it inside him even less. Maybe that’s why he craves it so desperately. But
he’s a respectful lover, and he abides by Tuvok’s boundaries. He takes his desperation out on Tuvok’s mouth instead, fucking it fiercely with his tongue.

And then Tuvok’s swirling precum around the head of Chakotay’s cock, and it’s all Chakotay can do not to scream. His hips jerk violently and he explodes in Tuvok’s hand, painting both their uniforms, only one disheveled. Tuvok simply keeps pumping him, milking it out, and Chakotay winds down his trail of kisses and settles for pulling Tuvok tighter, flattening their chests together.

He slumps a moment later, spent and reeling, and he uses Tuvok for as much support as the wall while he pants to scrape in breath. Tuvok’s fingers fall away from all of him.

Then Tuvok steps away, and Chakotay looks up at him, wondering hazily, “Going to stay the night?”

“I have work to do,” Tuvok says, neither warm nor cold. Chakotay shakes his head but winds up nodding; of course. A good officer to the death.

He pushes himself up to straighten, and he nods more prominently. “Thanks.”

Tuvok lifts an eyebrow. It’s a vague note to leave on, but this whole thing is vague.

Finally, Tuvok moves past Chakotay and heads to the bathroom; he’ll have to wash up before returning to his work. Chakotay fights the urge to follow Tuvok in and instead straightens his own uniform.

Just when Tuvok reemerges, the commlink beeps, and they’re both summoned back to the bridge, seamlessly smoothed into the usual wave of both their lives.
Once, B’Elanna told him of the possibility of adding ethical subroutines to his program. Obviously, such things are hardly an advantage in the Terran Empire, but as with any personality addition, the doctor is nevertheless curious. What would it be like to care about hacking off someone’s arm at his captain’s command? He sees other, lower level ensigns cower away from his projects sometimes. Some of them whimper and scurry from blood, but those poor, weak-kneed individuals never make it far in the Empire. The doctor, completely immune to human squeamishness, is free to practice any grotesque experiment he likes, and it’s no different when tweaking his own algorithms. His latest adjustment includes daydreams: an odd, human fancy that isn’t so difficult to compute. It gets boring, sometimes, trapped in a sickbay that only heals patients at the captain’s whim, so the doctor rather enjoys putting his feet up and straying into lala land. When Lieutenant Torres bursts through the doors of sickbay, the doctor only takes minor note of her.

She tells him flatly, “I’m downloading the Hirogen database into your matrix; if all goes well on the hunt tomorrow, you’ll have some bodies to dissect.” She doesn’t mention whether they’ll be alive or not, but then, it hardly matters.

There’s a nasty bruise just above B’Elanna’s left eye, but she doesn’t ask him to fix it. Klingon pride, maybe. Or maybe a higher up gave it to her, and she doesn’t have the clearance to fix it. Mainly because B’Elanna’s the one that usually maintains his program and he therefore wants her intact, the doctor drops his current fantasy—a vague notion of taking Seven bent over one of the operating tables, strapped down—and plucks up a tricorder. He strolls out of his office and over to the console B’Elanna’s bent over, chestnut hair falling down to obscure her eyes. It’s a superficial mark, he finds, upon closer inspection. Most likely from some rough mating ritual.

The doctor is, of course, fully adept in all things sexual, as it’s the root of half the things he has to cure. Not one to play lightly, this crew. He finds B’Elanna tends to inflict worse damage than others, even the stronger Vulcans, so she must’ve found a particularly worthy opponent to be on the receiving end for once. Satisfied to find no lasting damage, he snaps his tricorder shut.

He’s about to walk back to his office when his eyes catch on something more interesting, and instead, he stands in place.

He stares down the front of B’Elanna’s loose uniform shirt, draped down to reveal a large dose of ample cleavage. With no jacket on today, it’s just a thin crop top that bares her midsection, though from the other side of the console, that doesn’t do him much good. He knows B’Elanna’s midriff like the back of his hand, anyway; it’s her breasts he’s less familiar with. And now, after getting a good view of their curves, he’d very much like to. Of course, the doctor’s had his fair share of chests—he’s given many officers to strip down and heal (and fondle as he does it) all the time, but the higher ups, such as the captain and B’Elanna, he rarely gets to touch. He’d certainly never be foolish enough to order them to strip. They could disassemble his program in a heartbeat. But that doesn’t have to stop him from fantasizing, and the doctor leans forward, protected by her distraction. It might not even occur to her that a hologram could ogle her, and he uses that to his advantage.

He wonders what it would be like to have B’Elanna for a quivering yeoman, one thoroughly beaten and obedient and easy to rip clothes off of. Who would she serve? Paris, Chakotay, maybe—and she’d wear their collar and be tossed into his sickbay after a thorough fucking, one that left her dribbling cum down her thighs and her hips littered with finger marks and her wrists red from
being bound. She’d have to be restrained often, probably—B’Elanna would never take well to subservience. No, actually. On second thought, he likes her better like this—strong and full of power. She’d have to be hurt from something else, then—knocked around in an away mission or scratched over enemy lines. She’d have to march into sickbay and demand medical aid on her own, and she’d snarl at and push away any lesser nurses that tried to help her: she deserves only the best, and that is, of course, the doctor.

She’d throw herself down onto a biobed, frail uniform clinging to her sweat-slicked form, skin gleaming in the fluorescent light. She’d order everyone else out of sickbay, even other patients, leaving just the two of them, and she’d wave him over and demand he fix her up, particularly the nasty gash running squarely down her breasts.

She’d pull her tattered shirt right over her head and toss it aside, leaving her heavy chest to perk up in the cold air, her nipples hard at attention. She’d grab them in her long fingers and hold them apart and tell him to get a closer look, and he’d lean over the table, but it wouldn’t be enough. So he’d climb up onto the table and straddle her body, and then he’d tell her she should put some cream on it, and she’d snarl that’s she’s a Klingon and she doesn’t need his synthetic remedies.

So he’d offer something more natural, and a glint would go off in her eyes. She’d lick her lips and nod, all the permission he’d need, and a few moments later, he’d have his cock out of his pants: a hefty, proud thing she’d programmed herself with the girth and the length of a Klingon. He’d shove his massive cock between her breasts, and she’d push them together, squished around him, and then she’d moan and tell him that she liked staring at the head of his cock poking out of her tits. She’d try to lean forward and lick it, but he’d have to thrust forward for her to reach.

Then he’d thrust again and start fucking her chest, wildly and unapologetic, and B’Elanna would croon and growl and arch up into him, playing with her own nipples and flushed with pleasure. She’d love it even more than he would, and she’d praise his big cock and his impressive strength and stamina and start to spew all the nasty, filthy things she’d like to do to him, only him, how he’s so superior to all the other pathetic males on this ship and he makes her so horny every time she comes down to—

“Done,” she grunts, back in the real world, where her breasts aren’t smashed around his cock but are still very enticing. She leans back up, hands on her hips, and tosses her hair back as her gaze finally lifts to him. “Have a few biobeds ready.” She makes as if to turn, drawing his eyes to the jiggle of her breasts—maybe Klingons don’t believe in bras—and then she lifts a finger in the air, seeming to remember. “And I’ll be sending my new pet down—I think I might’ve broken his arm.” The doctor nods with full confidence, wondering idly what it would be like to be her pet, to wear her collar. Even at her feet, he’d surely be superior to whatever pathetic thing she’s caught. A woman like her deserves so much more than any carbon based life form can offer. He wouldn’t break so easily.

Nodding in acknowledgement, B’Elanna heads for the door. The doctor watches her ass as she goes, severely disappointed when the doors close behind her and cut off his view.

But then, he supposes, that’s what his daydream subroutines are for. The doctor heads back to his office, fully stocked with a new set of yummy fantasies with his favourite engineer.
The first thing to go is the comm system, but after a battle as hearty as that one was, a few malfunctions are hardly unexpected. Repair crews are dispatched and fail-safes are underway, and the bridge runs, for all intensive purposes, smoothly. Chakotay lounges back in the captain’s chair and grins at the captain when she takes her leave—the aftermath is nothing he can’t handle. Glowing with pride from the victory, she waves her finger at Tuvok, and he follows obediently into her ready room.

To be honest, Chakotay wouldn’t mind being on the receiving end on one of those victory fucks, even if he does prefer to be in control and Kathryn leaves no room for that. But one of them has to uphold the bridge; the ship they crippled and ultimately destroyed did send out a distress call—maybe someone will be foolish enough to answer. If they do, they’ll find a massive Terran Empire warship waiting to send them to their afterlife, and Chakotay watches the viewscreen with mild pleasure at that prospect.

He isn’t particularly surprised when ensigns start to stream in from various departments, reporting their status. Roland is the first to tell him that Security has it under control. Vorik appears a moment later with a report on Engineering, one that has Chakotay snapping at him to do better. Like the frustrating Vulcan he is, Vorik doesn’t pale and quiver under a higherup’s heavy tones, but then, he’s probably used to B’Elanna’s punishments, and Chakotay couldn’t be as scary as her. The one Chakotay’s really looking forward to is Astrometrics—in the absence of conventional scanners, they should be able to give him an update on any lurking vessels. ...Not to mention the fact that he’s going to enjoy the messenger; thoughts of Kathryn’s obligatory celebration puts sex on his mind, and he wouldn’t mind a glance at Seven’s voluptuous body right about now. It’s a well-known fact that Seven’s as physically close to perfection as they come.

But it’s her little protégé that steps out of the turbolift doors instead, and Chakotay lifts an eyebrow at the entrance, glancing back in his chair. Icheb hesitates for a moment—it isn’t wise for such lower-level peons to stray onto the bridge—but ultimately he summons that typical Borg confidence, and he walks stiffly around the railing. Sure enough, he approaches the captain’s chair, standing at arm’s length, and announces, “Astrometrics is functioning at ninety-five perfect efficiency, within tolerable limits, Sir. The Hirogen ship has been destroyed. There are no survivors, and there are no signs of other vessels in the area.” Afterwards, he stays at attention, looking a fraction lost; perhaps he’s waiting to be dismissed. Or for Chakotay to punish him for the extra five percent—it wouldn’t be the first time one of their Borgs begged for physical redemption.

Contemplating that option, Chakotay doesn’t give a dismissal. He’s busy eyeing Icheb up and down. Icheb’s not bad looking, really. He’s young, yes, but legal. Not a properly trained Empire yeoman, but eager to be one. And unlike Seven, the other one that always sticks around after anything less than one hundred percent, Icheb isn’t Kathryn’s. Which makes him free for the taking.
With the adrenaline of battle still thrumming in his veins, Chakotay reaches out, catching Icheb’s sweater. Icheb’s breath hitches, posture tensing and eyes blazing. Chakotay orders, “Come here.”

Icheb takes a few slow steps towards the captain’s chair, and Chakotay abruptly pulls him into it, wrenching him forward. Icheb gasps and grabs at Chakotay’s shoulders for support, while Chakotay pulls Icheb’s thin hips onto his lap. There’s plenty of room for Icheb’s knees, legs spread around him—these chairs were built to fuck in. Icheb tries to fix his posture, even now, though his face is a mix of nerves and will. The glare of the harsh bridge lights reflects off the implant along his Brunali nose. He’s a pretty thing, up close. His skin is soft and smooth, face even, lashes long. Chakotay admires the view while his hands slip around Icheb’s waist, dipping to cup Icheb’s ass. He finds it ripe and round beneath his hands, soft and easy to squeeze, to knead and to play with. Icheb’s cheeks colour instantly, and he glances to either side, eyebrows knit together in the middle, perhaps rethinking his lingering offer to shirk his duties for play in public. Chakotay doesn’t bother looking; he doesn’t care who sees. It’s not improper for him. He’s the first officer, and he’ll fuck who he likes, where he likes, when he likes. He could strip Icheb down to nothing and throw him to the floor and demand the rest of the bridge crew fuck him for hours. But Icheb’s new to the Empire, and he hasn’t been properly broken yet, properly initiated. He fidgets nervously in Chakotay’s grip, but never moves away, legs only spreading wider.

He might have Seven’s implants and Seven’s general apathy, but he doesn’t have her dismissive strength, not yet. He licks his lips and tries to school his face neutral, hide eagerness and inexperience, but that only makes Chakotay smirk, vaguely amused. He likes his toys with a bit of conflict: it keeps them interesting.

He removes one hand from Icheb’s cheeks long enough to deliver a firm slap. Icheb bites his lip to restrain any sound he might’ve made, and his eyes widen—evidently, he’s not used to being spanked either. Chakotay will have to fix that. Someone really needs to be breaking in these drones better—if they’re going to stick around after reports for punishments, they’ll need to learn Chakotay’s favourite kind. He nods his head and orders, “Turn around, kid.”

Icheb takes a moment to comply, but he does. He awkwardly lifts up on his knees, and he tries to shuffle off of Chakotay’s lap, but Chakotay simply grabs his hips to guide him. Chakotay turns him to face outward and pulls him back, flush against Chakotay’s chest. He grabs Icheb’s thighs and pulls them apart, spreading his legs for all the bridge to see, even if all of Icheb’s clothes are still intact. Out the corner of his eye, Chakotay can see Paris and Brendon glancing around from the helm. Icheb’s arms go stiff at his sides, and Chakotay rests his head over Icheb’s thin shoulder, admiring the view himself. He runs his hands along Icheb’s firm thighs a few times, then makes it to Icheb’s crotch. He presses his palm into it and spreads his fingers around it, rubbing up and down against it, forcing Icheb to whimper. Icheb looks so tiny in his large hands, so small and delicate. Chakotay massages Icheb’s crotch until a bulge starts to form in the front, and he can feel Icheb’s cheek burning against the side of his face, probably overrun with sensations so unfamiliar to him. Chakotay, holding back a chuckle, runs his tongue up the side of Icheb’s face, and purrs into his ear, “You’ve got a nice body, drone.”

Icheb mumbles quietly, “I am an individual.”

Chakotay’s hand clenches into a fist, and Icheb whimpers louder, now tinged in pain. Chakotay bites at his ear and hisses, “Sir.”

Icheb repeats quickly, breath shallow, “Sir. Sorry, Sir.”

Pleased with the instant submission, Chakotay loosens his grip and resumes rubbing Icheb’s young dick, correcting lazily, “And you’re whatever I tell you you are, understand?”
Icheb nods and mutters, “Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy.” A final squeeze, and Chakotay snakes his hands away. As tempted as he is to strip Icheb down and get a better look at the merchandise, he’s felt all he needs to to make his decision. He shoves Icheb off him without any ceremony, and Icheb goes toppling to the floor, yelping in surprise. He hurries to straighten, looking around with wide eyes, just to find a wider smirk across Chakotay’s face. “Congratulations, kid. You’ve just been promoted to my boy-toy. Tell Seven I got your message, then strip and go ask the doctor to prepare you to my usual specifications; I’ll expect you ready and in my quarters the second my shift ends in three hours, understand?”

Icheb, now a bright pink all over his pretty features, says almost tonelessly, “Yes, Sir.” Chakotay nods: finally dismissing him.

To his credit, Icheb walks and doesn’t run to the door.
He had to wait until Neelix slept, really slept—that sort of massive snore-fest that an ion storm in the ear couldn’t wake him from. But he’s finally conked out in the other room of the small shuttle, and that leaves Tom with his shot at the comm—a private comm. He bypasses the usual channels and is pleased to find Harry right where he said he’d be, off duty and answering from Tom’s quarters. He’s got the console facing the bed, and he lies on it and licks the toy Tom left him, both all too aware that they could be caught and have to abort at any moment.

But that knowledge isn’t going to stop Tom from seeing Harry’s ass every single night without fail, even those shitty ones they have to spend apart. He’s on an away mission with one day left out of five, but they’re still in communications range. The picture is bright and clear even when Harry dims the light. He’s stripped down to nothing; he was ready and waiting. Now he turns, sprawled on all fours, with his gorgeous ass facing the monitor and hiked up in the air, and he looks over his shoulder to ask, “Is this okay?” Like there’s any way in hell Tom would say no to a dirty call from his perfect boyfriend. Like he always is when they do anything even vaguely naughty, Harry’s blushing hotly, his sleep-mussed dark bangs falling into his eyes. He pops the toy—a massive dildo that perfectly imitates Tom’s dick (Tom had way too much fun replicating that)—into his mouth, holding onto it with his teeth and wet lips. He uses one hand to brace himself against the mattress, the other reaching back to grab one cheek. He pulls it aside enough to expose his pink, puckered hole, already open and dribbling clear lube: ripe for the taking.

Tom moans automatically and drops a hand to his crotch, massaging himself through his uniform. He likes away missions well enough, of course—any excuse for an adventure. But fuck, he hates leaving Harry. He could be fucking that pretty ass wild right now, pounding Harry’s young body into the mattress. Making Harry scream, driving him senseless. Tom bites back the useless noises of appreciation and orders, voice already husky, “Put it in, Harry. No time to play around.”

“I know,” Harry mumbles. He’s just as breathless. He probably doesn’t touch himself as much as Tom does, but he clearly has been up until now. When he spreads his legs, his cock is hanging hard between his legs, pink-tipped and already dribbling a few beads of precum. His tight, hairless balls make Tom rub himself harder, make him want to lunge through the screen and lick that wonderful body all over. Instead, all he can do is watch as Harry pulls the black dildo out of his mouth with a wet pop. He pitches forward, face against the mattress and just barely still in view under the helpful tilt of the screen. Cheek and shoulders against the mattress, he reaches behind himself to position the dildo’s tip against his hole. Then he starts shoving it in, too eager and fast. Tom can’t help but chuckle.

“Gentle, baby,” he soothes, while Harry whimpers and impales himself more and more around the thick plastic. His furrowed hole twitches and stretches to accommodate, clenching intermittently while Harry pauses to breathe. “Don’t hurt yourself.”

Harry moans, “Tom,” and needlessly shoves the toy in further. He gets it about halfway and then starts to tap at the end, trying to corkscrew it in. Tom knows from plenty of experience that Harry’s channel is far too tight to take something so big so quickly, but Harry doesn’t seem to notice; he’s trying to fill himself up as much as he can, and his legs, spreading wider, tremble in the effort. His hips start humping uselessly at the air, and he mumbles uselessly, “Miss you, Tom, ohhh...”

“Hush,” Tom mutters, now rubbing a very hard problem of his own through his pants. It never takes long to stiffen with Harry, even when they’re apart. “That’s why I made you that toy. You’re still enjoying it, aren’t you?”
Harry nods weakly and pulls the dildo suddenly out, slamming it in a second later. He grunts and tries to shift its angle, poking it around inside himself, and when his hips next piston forward, Tom gets a nice view of the sweat gathering along Harry’s tailbone, trickling down the sensuous arch of his spine. He looks like something out of a magazine, spread out like this, beautifully exposed. He’s any space-farer’s dream. He whimpers loudly and drops one hand to clutch at the sheets, the other jamming the dildo in and out of his abused hole. He whines, “Tom, Tom,” over and over again, and Tom has to put a hand over his mouth to stifle his swearing.

He doesn’t need to feed Harry dirty talk, though he often does it anyway. He doesn’t need to order Harry to remember him, to make Harry promise to jerk off to thoughts of him. Harry’s so loyal and dedicated, and when he looks at Tom through heavy lashes and dilated, dark eyes, adoration soaks his features. Tom starts to hump his own hand, sure he could come from that sight alone. Harry bites his lip and begs, “Order me to come, please…”

Tom, always a good boyfriend, hisses, “Come for me, Ensign.” Harry moans, always a fan of power play.

And he’s coming a second later, fast and loud, splattering the sheets and shivering. He keeps grinding into the air for a few final thrusts, and then he collapses against the mattress, unable to hold up any longer. Tom wants to throw his head back and relentlessly fuck his own hand, but he can’t look away from Harry’s flushed face, caught in the throws of an orgasm. Their eyes are locked through the screen, and Tom can’t even tear away to admire the round globes of Harry’s ass, still split open around the thick toy rising out of him.

It’s Harry’s face Tom’s looking at when he comes a moment later, shamefully fast. He spills into his own pants and bites back his scream, face scrunched up. Harry watches him with a look of utter bliss, then mumbles softly, “I think I’ll sleep with it in me.”

Tom knows he should protest but is too busy riding out his own pleasure, dizzy with the fog of lust. He’s just starting to slump in his chair when Harry adds, “I wish I were there to lick that mess out of your underwear.”

Tom snorts and manages, “You’re dirty tonight.”

“I miss you,” Harry says honestly.

“I’ll be home tomorrow.” And by home he means Voyager; home is wherever Harry is. Harry smiles weakly, but it’s clear that he’s still longing. Tom feels the same way. He matches the thin smile and says with strength enough for both of them, “We should end the transmission now. ...But that was amazing. We’ll be longer when I get back. I love you, babe.”

“I love you too.” Sighing, Harry pushes himself up on his elbows. It’s obvious he’s too spent to want to move, but he has to. True to his word, he makes no move to take the toy out of himself, and that makes a sick shiver run down Tom’s spine. Harry comes over to the screen until his face nearly fills it, and he says, “Be careful out there.”

Tom nods. He blows an air kiss at the screen that Harry grins at and returns, and the monitor flicks to black.

Tom leans back in his chair, reeking and not as gratified as he’d like—not as much as when he’s really with Harry—but it was good anyway. It’s always good to see Harry. Not long now. He takes a minute to recover, then heads towards the back, wondering idly what cologne he should order from the replicator to heavily over-apply.
The floor in his master’s room is cold and unyielding. On the cube, his feet were shielded, and he didn’t feel pain quite the same way he does now. A lot of things are different in Icheb’s life, now that he’s on Voyager. Stranger still, now that he’s become the first officer’s pet. He’s told by others, here and there, that he’s lucky to be owned by such a powerful, handsome man, and as long as he’s Chakotay’s, the other monsters on board can’t bat him around. But he’s still nervous sometimes, when he’s left alone like this, afraid, because Icheb wasn’t raised in the Terran Empire like the others were, and he doesn’t know how he’s expected to function. He’s accessed all the files available, of course—information from species previously assimilated (but pets were mostly irrelevant) and the accessible computer files in Voyager’s databanks. He understands a little, but not enough.

He understands the collar around his neck that bears his master’s name. If he gets lost, it lets others know where he belongs, and every time he leaves these quarters, it broadcasts that he’s owned. The ringlet in the back allows him to be easily attached to a leash, which, he understands, is meant to restrict his movements in public—unnecessary, of course; Icheb is obedient and smart; he’d never run. He understands why he isn’t allowed to wear clothes—those are for officers alone. Besides, his naked body allows for complete access; his master can take him instantly and see all of him, admire his merchandise. Icheb even understands the bit that is sometimes put in his mouth, or the muzzles; even though he would never presume to speak out of turn, he sometimes can’t help the noises Chakotay’s touch will draw out of him. The only thing he doesn’t understand is the thick plug jammed inside his tight ass, trailing out a garishly bright blue, fluffy tail. It bares no resemblance to any human animal he can think of: the only ones Chakotay would care for. And what purpose could it possibly serve anyway, other than to make it difficult to sit down and uncomfortable to be alone? It rubs his insides in alternatively pleasurable and painful ways whenever he shifts, but Icheb knows better than to fuck himself with it. He was told to sit and wait out his master’s shift, to eat out of his bowl and drink out of the toilet if he gets hungry or thirsty, but otherwise to just sit and wait, and he’ll comply.

He doesn’t like how elated he is when the doors finally open, the illumination from the corridor sweeping into the dark room. Icheb wants to lunge forward and just barely catches himself, remaining on all fours. He shuffles on them, knees banged pink against the hard floor and his fingers curled into his palms. When he reaches the living room, Chakotay’s in the door and shrugging off his jacket, glancing down at his pet.

He smirks, and Icheb resists the urge to smile—he’s found it’s always good news when his superiors are in good spirits. Chakotay tosses his jacket aside and turns to face Icheb with his broad shoulders squared and his firm body towering above, while Icheb sits on his ass and waits for instructions. Chakotay seems to wait for a moment, then sighs and lifts an eyebrow, asking, “Is that the way a dog greets his master?”

Icheb’s eyebrows knit together in confusion, and he thinks, searching data—is it? He doesn’t know. It didn’t seem relevant. It takes entirely too long for him to find a stray file from an old transmission of the captain with her dog; he leapt at her and licked her face when she met him. But that gives Icheb conflicting orders; he was told to stay on his hands and knees. He doesn’t want to show the exuberance either; he doesn’t have that sort of energy in him.

So he settles for a hopeful compromise and crawls the extra step forward, lifting onto his knees with his curled fists pawing at Chakotay’s pants. He presses his face into Chakotay’s crotch, inhaling deeply and closing his eyes, and he nuzzles into it, hard, until Chakotay chuckles and bats
him away. The front of Chakotay’s pants is already lightly tented, growing larger as Icheb stares at it, knowing he can make his master hard in a quick, efficient manner. But instead, his head is jerked back, and he can feel Chakotay’s fingers slipping under the back of his collar. He’s abruptly dragged towards the bedroom, and he scrambles to keep up, tail wagging irritantly behind him and tickling the backs of his thighs. In the bedroom, Chakotay throws him down.

Icheb sits back up as Chakotay takes a seat on the edge of the bed and kicks off his shoes—one hits Icheb in the side. Icheb, having learned this lesson early, bends down to pick the shoe up in his teeth. It’s heavy and difficult to hold onto, but he’s adapted. It smells off and tastes worse, but Icheb doesn’t complain, simply turns around and crawls back into the living room to deposit the shoe at the door. He’s been told he can chew on them if he likes, like a proper dog, but until he’s explicitly instructed to, Icheb has no intention of doing so.

Icheb fetches the other shoe and does the same thing, and when he returns to the bedroom, it’s to find Chakotay lounging back with his legs spread and his cock out, balls still trapped in the confines of his pants. A jolt of excitement runs up Icheb’s spine; he still doesn’t quite understand the concept of lust, though apparently, it’s very important in the Empire. He wonders idly if he lusts after his master.

He crawls up to his master and sits between Chakotay’s thighs, and he presses his tongue at the base of Chakotay’s cock, tracing the curve. It earns him a little moan and Chakotay’s large hand in his hair, fingers tightening to hold on. Icheb thinks it should probably bother him when Chakotay pulls his hair more than it does.

Instead, for some strange reason he can’t understand, it just makes his own cock twitch between his legs, young and pink and so much smaller than Chakotay’s. Maybe it’s just alien biology, but Icheb thinks Chakotay must be a beast even among humans. His cock’s as thick and strong as the rest of him, and Icheb doesn’t mind lapping away at it. He finds he likes its musky smell, and he likes the bitter taste, and he likes the texture of Chakotay’s veins under his tongue and the spongy elasticity of Chakotay’s foreskin. Icheb licks it all over, getting harder as he goes, even though he knows he shouldn’t, and he won’t come unless Chakotay lets him, of course, but he can’t help it, and Chakotay doesn’t stop him. Icheb whimpers and tries to ignore his own plight and lavishes Chakotay’s giant cock from base to tip until it’s pulsing with need and dribbling precum and glistening all over with Icheb’s spit. Icheb doesn’t want to be a pet anymore, because he wants to climb up and ride Chakotay’s cock like a... like a boyfriend—is that what they’re called? But he isn’t and he can’t, and instead, he hovers over the dark head, mouth open wide.

Chakotay shoves him down it a second later, and Icheb takes the whole thing with a swell of pride and as lax a throat as he can manage. He still almost gags, but Chakotay pets him, and he adapts.

He starts to fuck his mouth on his master’s mammoth dick, and he starts to hump the air like the dog he is, whimpering for more the whole time.
Tom/Harry (oral)

Perhaps it isn’t technically *public*, but it feels like it is. They’re not far into the Jeffrey’s tube—just poked right inside with the panel replaced, not even around the first corner. Tom’s on his back, the hard metal grating digging into his spine through his uniform, and Harry...

Harry’s on hands and knees between Tom’s legs, mouth stretched around Tom’s cock, bobbing up and down with a speed and efficiency that would make Seven jealous. If Tom makes too much noise, if he moans too loud or scolds his secret lover or bangs the metal walls, B’Elanna and the rest of the Engineering crew might hear them, and that’s really not a risk Tom should be taking. But on the flip side, the risk is *thrilling*, and he whispers through a chuckle, “Careful with that, Harry—you’re gonna make me scream...”

Harry glares up through his disheveled bangs, sleekly tumbled over his eyes. His face is flushed, lashes heavy, but his gaze isn’t foggy yet, just *intense*. He pops off Tom’s dick with a squelching noise and nuzzles into it as he hisses back, “That’s why I said we should wait until our shifts are over.”

“You lost the bet; you don’t get to pick where I collect.” Tom smirks wide and leans his head back down, hand falling to Harry’s cheek to stroke affectionately, but steer a moment later. He guides Harry’s mouth back to the head, and he grunts in delight at the way Harry’s soft lips catch on his skin. They part for him, teeth carefully wrenched open, and Tom holds his hips back from brutally slamming up into Harry’s mouth.

Harry does it on his own, fucking his face wildly on Tom’s dick, right down to the base and back again, all his practice shining through. Such a good little ensign. He can take cock like no one else, deep-throat right away with no trouble, because he’s concentrating so hard on Tom’s engorged member, stuffed into his little mouth, and Tom can see in Harry’s face that right now, Harry’s whole world is Tom’s crotch, filling his mouth and brushing his cheeks and invading his nose and consuming his view...

Harry’s the first to moan, but at least it’s muffled, and the vibrations make Tom shiver with bliss. He grabs a fistful of Harry’s dark hair and groans, “Yeah, good boy...” as though Harry needs encouragement. Harry sucks cock like he was built for it. He sucks Tom’s cock like he wants nothing else. Sometimes, Tom thinks Harry loses these bets on purpose, just for an excuse to take Tom down his throat...

When Harry pulls off again, Tom has to swallow his curse, and he leans back up on his elbow to glare. Harry starts lapping away at his balls and grumbles into them, lips stained in spit and precum, “When are you gonna come, already?”

“I’m not going to if you keep stopping.” Tom bucks his hips once, just to watch the way his shining cock slides along Harry’s cheek, pressed against his nose and forcing his eyes shut. Harry turns to lick it properly, and Tom can’t help but moan, “Maybe I should just come on your pretty face.”

Harry shoots him a look that says ‘don’t you dare”—it’s hard enough to get away with this, with Harry swallowing the evidence. But, Tom argues with himself, it’s not like anyone on Voyager would be particularly surprised to find Harry Kim properly marked. Now warned of the consequences of not finishing before Tom’s imagination goes wild, Harry takes Tom down again, sucking hard.

He sucks with an impossible pressure, cheeks hollowed out, still bobbing, and it’s all Tom can do
to lie still. The tools they crawled in here with are completely forgotten, scattered back around Tom’s head. In a way, he \textit{wants} someone to check in on them, wants B’Elanna or Vorik to see what a gorgeous sight Tom has, how lucky he is. But then, Harry in heat is a special view for Tom’s eyes alone. Tom \textit{stares} at Harry the whole time. Even in full uniform, he’s a debauched wreck, a filthy, dirty mess with a wet chin and pink cheeks. He puts everything he has into Tom’s pleasure, and he uses his hands to squeeze Tom’s base and play with Tom’s balls, and Tom’s head’s thinning too soon, balls tightening in Harry’s palms.

Tom tosses his head back a moment later and bites his lip to stop his scream, drawing blood and knowing it’s worth it. He shoots his load right into Harry’s mouth, and Harry, dutiful boyfriend that he is, immediately swallows it down, already sucking at the rest. He takes everything Tom has to give, and Tom shudders in a mid-orgasmic bliss and fills his Harry as much as he can.

Then there’s nothing left, and Harry pulls off, and Tom groans, not wanting to let him. But they have a job to do, and the bet said nothing about post-coital cuddling. Harry licks his lips a few times, obviously finishing with the last of Tom’s seed, and he lovingly tucks Tom’s dick back into his pants, zipping them up. Tom grunts a weak, “Thanks,” and doesn’t want to sit up, even though the floor’s ridiculously uncomfortable.

Harry, forced to stay on hands and knees in the tiny Jeffrey’s tube, crawls over Tom’s body. He pecks Tom’s cheek and murmurs, “C’mon; we’ve got a plasma conduit to check on.”

Sighing, Tom lets himself be helped up. He gathers his tools and watches Harry crawl out in front of him, ass shifting too enticingly. Tom’s barely made it half a meter when he suggests, “Bet you Neelix’ll want to play the Planet X Ambassador in the next Captain Proton chapter.”

Harry smiles over his shoulder and says, “You’re on.”
Tom/Harry (toys, D/S, bondage)

When Tom first stepped out of the bathroom, Harry was elated. It was bad enough knowing that Tom was showering without him, but to have Tom gone for a whole hour? It was torture. When Tom finally came back, Harry thought he was free.

Harry was wrong.

Tom’s been sitting at the desk in the corner for nearly as long as he was in the shower, and Harry thinks he might go mad from how long he’s been left to wait. Never mind the tight bonds around his wrists and neck and ankles and thighs; they never take this long for sex, not on days where they’re both off. They’re usually on each other first thing in the morning; Harry will wake Tom up with a smile and a blow job and they’ll laugh about something and eat breakfast and go to the holodeck and come back and make love and then—

Tom shifts in his chair, arms reaching out, and for one sharp moment, Harry thinks it might finally be time; Tom might really remember him, Tom will come over here and touch him. But then Tom relaxes back in the chair, just stretching, and Harry tilts his head back along the wall. His skull thunks against it, but that’s the most sound he can make: his mouth is stretched wide around a bit gag. His jaw’s sore, but so is the rest of him. His arms ache from behind held up, wrists cuffed to the wall above him, and the black straps around his thighs are cutting into his skin, attached to his ankles, holding him all in place. The large, unforgiving balls inside him don’t hurt anymore, but they’re awkward and difficult to hold on to. He’s completely naked from head to foot, except for all the bindings and the shining metal of the cage wrapped tightly around his dick. The thin metal sound that’s attached to the end, impaling his engorged cock, is a new addition, and is, Harry finds, the cherry on top of the torture cake. Every time he shifts, when he dares buck his hips or he breathes too hard, it seems to move inside him, brushing his walls, stimulating and terrifying. He’s skewered and sealed all at once. Tom’s a wonderful boyfriend, he really is. ...But he’s crueler than an Orion slaver sometimes, when they’re alone, and Harry’s starting to wonder if he should’ve been so eager to say he could handle it...

Finally, finally Tom tears his eyes away from the console. As soon as his chair scrapes back, Harry’s bursting to life, straightening and groaning around his gag at how that slight movement jostles the sound inside his cock and the hard balls inside his ass. He keens around his gag, but the sound is muffled and useless, and he knows it won’t sway his lover. Tom smirks at it anyway, strolling closer with that perfect, laissez faire walk of his. It’s impossible for Harry’s cock to be any stiffer than it is, but it strains against its confines anyway, desperate for Tom’s touch. All of Harry is. His nipples are pebbled in the cold air, pushed forward with his arching chest, and he leans his face as close to Tom as he can, the handcuffs groaning behind him. Tom stops just out of range, and Harry looks up with all his sorrow on his face.

Tom gives him an adoring but patronizing look and pets softly through his hair—Harry croons and leans into the touch. He tries to reach Tom’s crotch, wants to nuzzle into it and beg for this gag to be gone, for Tom to take his mouth, take his ass, take any part of him, but all he can do is moan and hope for mercy. Tom asks softly, “Do you want more, Harry?”

Harry moans. He nods furiously and jerks at his bindings, nearly pitching forward, and his ass spasms as the shift almost releases one of the balls, but he clenches tightly to hold it in; he’d be severely punished if he let them go. Normally, he’d love for Tom to punish him, but right now, he knows that punishment would only mean being left alone for longer. And Harry couldn’t stand that. Tom just chuckles at his pain and pets him more and tells him, “It’s okay.”
Tom kneels down, and Harry thinks yes, finally, he wants Tom so much...

Tom shoves a hand into his pocket instead of at Harry. He plucks out another large, glossy ball, shimmering in the low light of Tom’s quarters. Harry makes a horrendous whining sound instantly, but he knows there’s nothing he can really do, and the expression on Tom’s face says he knows too. He reaches between Harry’s spread legs, completely ignoring Harry’s caged cock and taut balls, and he rubs one finger around the brim of Harry’s wet, puckered hole. He’s been lubed and stretched for this, of course, but he’s also closed around his contents in the time he’s been left alone. Tom ignores that and presses the ball against Harry’s entrance: it’s cold and makes Harry shiver. It’s stiff and hard, but there’s nothing Harry can do but screw his eyes up and try to take it. Tom pushes it into him too fast, and it pops inside with a sick sound. Harry shudders and leans forward, but Tom isn’t there to catch him.

Tom strokes his cheek and tells him, “Good boy, Harry. Hold that in there for me, okay? If they’re still all in when I get back, you’ll get a special treat...”

Get back? Harry’s head jerks up, eyes pleading, but Tom’s already getting to his feet. He bends to place a kiss on Harry’s forehead: a chaste, fleeting thing that makes Harry warm all over anyway. Then Tom’s strolling for the door, while Harry whimpers with all his might and writhes and wishes it were at least a vibrator inside him instead of giant beads so he could pretend it was Tom’s cock...

Tom says over his shoulder, “I’m going for a round of pool. I’ll be back soon. ...Ish.” He winks, and he’s gone from sight.

Harry settles back against the wall and feels sore and used and horny as hell, and somehow, inexplicably, so in love it hurts.
Chakotay/Icheb (anal)

He’s not actually making any progress on the book. He even makes a move to tap the paragraph he’s on, signaling a digital bookmark, and then has to kick himself; he’s got an old-fashioned, physical copy. It’s open in his lap, his knees hiked up to hold it, body down to uniform pants and the light grey undershirt he sleeps in. He starts to flip back through the pages, unsure of where he left the tiny scrap of paper he was using for a bookmark.

It’s impossible to focus on the words in a story, however enthralling they are, with what’s happening in his reality. He can still hear the sonic shower going, its low droning filtering through the open door of the bathroom. Thoughts of exactly who’s in that shower immediately slip back into Chakotay’s mind, and he shivers, feeling like the dirty old man he is. Only one wall and several steps separate him from a wet, naked Borg ex-drone, too young by far. He is legal, yes, but he barely looks it, especially next to Chakotay, who never quite looked that... delectable... even when he was Icheb’s age.

The fact that such a gorgeous young thing would ever let itself be caught like this, dragged back to the quarters of a man like Chakotay still confuses the hell out of him. He isn’t complaining, of course. He wanted a chance at that sweet body even before he knew of Icheb’s dazzling intellect and more than adorable personality. But it just never really seemed feasible.

But it’s worked, so far, and when he hears the sonic shower’s rumble end, Chakotay closes his eyes. He pictures Icheb turning in the little stall and stepping over the rim, making the small rug damp beneath his feet. There aren’t any showers in the cargo bay, but Icheb says he’d like to be... fresh.

It takes a few minutes before Icheb finally wanders out, and Chakotay spends that time contemplating what’s wrong with him and why he lets this go on. Then Icheb’s in the bathroom doorway, silhouetted from behind in the brighter light, and Chakotay’s breath catches: he knows why.

Icheb reaches one long arm across his chest, touching his other elbow and looking stoically forward, though Chakotay, having some experience with drones, can see the uncertainty below it. It’s hardly the first time Chakotay’s seen him naked, but he still asks, “Am I acceptable?” As though there’s any way in the universe Chakotay would ever say no.

Chakotay smiles wider than he should, feeling warm, like he always does when Icheb does something so irresistibly cute. He doesn’t mean to, but he does so all the same. Chakotay puts his book on the nightstand, forgetting his bookmark, and opens an arm towards Icheb. “Of course. You always are.”

Icheb’s mouth twitches into a faint smile, and then he’s moving towards the bed, his fair-sized, pink cock bouncing, half-hard, between his legs. Chakotay has trouble not looking at it, although Icheb’s face is just as much of a trap. There’s something about the sharp Brunali bone structure, the severity of his nose and even the shining detail of his implant that Chakotay finds all too endearing.

In another minute, he’s got a lapful of boyfriend, and Icheb presses into him, thin arms draping around his neck, face tilting so they line up and Icheb’s face won’t dig into Chakotay’s nose. Chakotay’s hands lift to Icheb’s sides, and he strokes the smooth, peach skin below his fingers, so soft and ripe. Icheb’s kiss is tentative and light, leaving Chakotay to surge forward and take him properly, open his mouth for a probing tongue. Icheb complies easily and with a pleased, succinct
sound, kissing Chakotay back with the sort of skill and practice that no human could master so quickly.

Chakotay can’t resist, and before they can do anymore, he’s grabbed Icheb firmly by the waist and rolled him over, tossing him down against the mattress, the blankets already kicked away. Chakotay looms over him and drapes across his body, covering all of him; he’s too small, and it’s easy. Cast in Chakotay’s giant shadow, Icheb kisses him back with more and more vigor, hands slipping down to twist in Chakotay’s shirt and hold him in.

When Chakotay finally separates their lips, just to let poor Icheb breathe, Icheb murmurs, voice toneless, “You’re worried again.”

Chakotay lifts up on his elbow so he can look down properly, and he finds Icheb’s eyebrows knit together in concern, open, wet mouth in a frown. Chakotay frowns back and doesn’t know what to say. He’s not sure what gave away his thoughts, but he’s not inclined to lie, and he doesn’t want to hurt Icheb, either.

Icheb asks, “Is it me?” When Chakotay doesn’t answer right away, Icheb’s voice takes on that slight tremor that shows he’s upset, and he clings to Chakotay’s shirt tighter when he says, “I... I know I am not much as I am now, Commander. But I admire you very much, and I believe I can learn a lot from you. I will be able to serve this crew well some day, I’m sure...” He looks like he might say more, but Chakotay silences him with another kiss.

Chakotay mumbles against him, “It isn’t that, Icheb. You’re brilliant, and you are an asset already. ...You’re just very young, is all...”

“I want you,” Icheb insists, with that sort of intense certainty that only a Borg could muster. It’s strangely convincing. “I don’t think you’re old.” Chakotay didn’t say it, but Icheb’s a smart boy. Though he sounds more confident than before, his voice cracks again when he says, “I... I don’t want to lose you, at least, not to something like that. If I’m not enough as I am, I’ll learn...”

Chakotay grabs him by a chunk of hair and slams down into him, shoving their mouths together hard enough to make Icheb gasp, their chests colliding, crushing out air. Chakotay can’t help it. When Icheb looks at him like that, talks to him like that, needy and devoted and so much more adoring than Chakotay deserves, it makes him shake. He’s already painfully hard—was from the moment Icheb came into his quarters and asked for his time. He wraps his arms around Icheb’s body, forcing him to arch and pulling him up, just to show how much Chakotay wants him. When Chakotay grinds his hips down into Icheb’s crotch, Icheb moans into his mouth and pushes at his chest—Chakotay silences him with another kiss.

Icheb uses the freedom to gasp, “You’ll take me?”

“Yes,” Chakotay purrs, and he kisses Icheb’s cheek, kisses Icheb’s nose, nips and licks at Icheb’s neck while parting Icheb’s thighs. Icheb’s legs wrap around him, body ready and waiting, and Chakotay probes at Icheb’s puckered entrance, already wet and twitching and loose—he must’ve fingered himself in the shower, naughty boy. Chakotay fiddles with his own pants, but Icheb’s already helping, pushing down the hem and pulling out his cock, thick and pulsing in excitement. He presses it to Icheb’s hole, and he grunts and reattaches himself to Icheb’s mouth.

As soon as he shoves inside, all his reservations fly out the porthole.
Tom doesn’t have to turn his head to know who’s stepping out of the turbolift. He’d know that elephant stomp anywhere, that proud stroll of a lioness, quick and thundering and confident. Another few steps in his direction, and he can smell her: tangy and cinnamon. There’s a little bit of sweat mixed in from a grueling day’s work in Engineering, but unlike most Klingons, the stench is good on her. It makes Tom straighten up in his seat, makes him sit at attention. He expects her to stop at the captain’s chair, where Harry’s handling the night shift, but she doesn’t.

She drapes over him instead, bent across his helm like it’s the most interesting thing in the world. Her arm loops easily around his shoulders, her side pressing into his, and when she leans closer, her left breast flattens against his shoulder blade. He shivers. She’s in that mood; he can tell. Can smell it on her. She leans her head against his, and she purrs his name too quietly for anyone else to hear, “Tom...”

He doesn’t risk answering. He doesn’t have his mouth to her ear, and obviously, this is going to be a private conversation. Even if it’s right in the middle of the bridge, for all to see, under some thin guise of helm control maintenance, or whatever it is she’ll say if she’s caught. That’s her problem, he supposes. He’s just sitting here innocently, minding his post. She’s the one running a slick, talented tongue along his earlobe, making it to the tip to nip lightly, pulling his flesh in her teeth. Tom has a sharp intake of breath and wonders what exactly in that last Jeffries tube put her in a mood like this.

Not that he’s complaining.

She runs her sharp teeth down the edge of his jaw, and Tom tilts to accommodate, hoping her curtain of hair is hiding their indiscretions. B’Elanna breathes hotly down the back of his neck and whispers, “I’m gonna fuck you hard tonight.”

Tom bites the inside of his lip. It’s a good thing they’re just in a straight line, easy piloting he could do in his sleep, because she’s damn distracting, worse when her hand lands on his shoulder. It slips over to his front and starts to slide down his chest, wrinkling his uniform, and he checks his peripherals, but the rest of the front is clear; everyone else is behind them and shouldn’t be able to see it. B’Elanna licks him right up the side of his face like a horny dog, then hisses, “It’s the only thing that’s been getting me through today—the thought of what I’m going to do to you when you get off work, how I’m gonna push you down to all fours where you belong, make you crawl to me...” Tom’s eyes flutter shut, hands still on the helm, ready to jolt back to life the second they should need him. B’Elanna can’t reach his crotch like he knows she wants to, not without witnesses, but the way she rubs his pecs is almost just as bad, like she’s trying to arouse his nipples enough to tweak them through his uniform. “I’m gonna put your collar back on and rip away everything else, and I’m gonna drag you around by your leash and make you lick my feet and beg.” Tom has no doubt that he’s going to do all of that, and more, the second he gets a chance. His hands are nearly shaking against the table. She pushes his head aside with hers: a subtle show of dominance that he obediently submits to. “Then, if you’re lucky, I’ll let you roll over, and if you’re a very, very good boy, I might even have my pussy swallow up your sweet cock...”

Tom tilts his head back, hitting her shoulder, and he growls to avoid a moan. When he glances over his shoulder, past hers, Harry’s looking pointedly away, flushed and too innocent to ask. The rest of the bridge is reacting much the same way; no one would dare ogle B’Elanna’s territory.

B’Elanna makes a low chuckling noise and hisses, “Would you like that, pet? Your cock encased in my gorgeous body? I bet you’d love to fill up my hot channel, bet you’d love to rub yourself
against my walls and try to satisfy me right...”

Tom almost moans that he could satisfy her: does every time. Their sex life is fantastic, and she knows he’d do everything he could to make her wet and sweet and loose. When he swallows, the memory of the targ collar around his neck burns along his skin. His uniform is too constricting, much too tight in his pants, and B’Elanna smirks at his plight and purrs, “There’s a good boy, getting my toy ripe and ready for me to play with... you’re going to be rock hard for me when your shift ends, aren’t you, Tom?”

Tom nods instantly. It’s an embarrassing thing to promise, and it’s hardly appropriate—even if it’s only a skeletal staff on duty, he shouldn’t be serving and then walking the halls hard. But she doesn’t give him any option.

She hisses, “Good boy,” and licks another crude line up his face. She’s all Tom can think about.

She steps back from him, and all her touch slips away—her hand off his chest and her arm off his shoulders and her hair off his neck and her breasts off his back. He forces himself not to turn and watch her walk away; the last thing he needs right now is a picture of B’Elanna’s round ass cupped perfectly by her Starfleet pants. Instead, he just hears footfalls and then the turbolift doors swishing open.

No one asks him what she said. He tries to forget what she said. Because when he just replays it in his mind over and over again, it makes him too stiff to function, and it’s not fair to Harry. Not fair to any of them. Maybe he could just slip his hand under the console right here, take care of his little problem...

He curses himself under his breath and concentrates on flying, not lusting after the goddess of his dreams.
The second Q’s gone and she’s left with his son, Kathryn has the doctor treat him like all her other yeomen: strip him down and gear him up. The now-human boy of infinite age, though he looks like he could be her son, is pushed down to his hands and knees and fitted with a collar and matching leash, the special ‘Janeway’ brand that she has so many of. Leaning against a biobed with her arms crossed, she watches the doctor cover his mouth with a thick muzzle that fits all the way around his head—the boy talks entirely too much. For someone that’s supposed to be omnipotent, he has surprisingly little knowledge of the Terran Empire; such behaviour is not tolerated.

Kathryn, like any good captain, expects nothing but total obedience from her pets. He wanted to take their form and be in their Empire, said he could handle starting at the bottom like everyone else, and she’s meeting that challenge personally. She intends to punish Q for his insolence in her ready room, where most of her standard equipment lies and she can have a nice cup of coffee afterwards; discipline can be tiring work. As soon as the doctor finishes preparing him, the doctor passes over his leash with a smile, and Kathryn smirks back when she takes it.

Q, naturally, is indignant despite his earlier confidence. Glaring haughtily, he tries to scramble back to his legs, but as soon as he reaches a certain elevation off the ground, the collar promptly sends an electrical charge through his blood, and Q screams through his muzzle and buckles back to the floor. Evidently, he wasn’t expecting that. Yet, he claims to be all-knowing. He doesn’t give her enough credit. She raises her eyebrow, as though daring him to try again, and Q just whines and knits both eyebrows together.

He totters back to all fours, and Kathryn, already impatient, gives his leash a firm tug. He makes a stubborn noise and doesn’t move, but she’s not interested in his games. She turns to the door and storms off, dragging him firmly behind her. The leash snaps taut, and he’s jerked forward. It has the strength to pull his limp body if need be, but she can tell from the returning slack that he’s wised up and scrambled after her. Apparently, she’s still a better option than his father. She feels him ram into the back of her legs once, perhaps trying to knock her over. But it’s not her first rodeo, and she simply kicks him back, getting a sick satisfaction out of the resulting muffled cry of pain.

On the way to the turbolift, every crewmember they pass stares; new meat is always an attraction. Kathryn pays them no mind; she always has the best underlings, of course, and she could have any one of them she wants. Q’s father would probably even agree to submit if she wanted him, but she prefers her personal yeoman a little less... irritating. And somehow she doesn’t think he’d wear a muzzle. His son, however, chose too rashly, and Kathryn enjoys the bitter look on his face when they reach their destination, her turning to face outwards and him sitting ruefully at her feet.

Seven’s already in the lift, sporting the present Kathryn gifted her not long ago: a lovely young thing around the age that Q looks. It takes her a moment to recall his name, and as she orders the lift to the bridge, she can’t help but notice the looks the two boys give each other, both knelt at their masters’ feet. Seven stares straight ahead, as usual, but Kathryn quietly observes Icheb’s curious looks. He isn’t gagged, but then, he doesn’t have to be. He might even work his way out of the yeoman role, someday. Kathryn knows he’s perfectly trained, just like his ranking officer, and although he looks as though he’d very much like to be acquainted with Q, he doesn’t touch the captain’s pet.

Q takes a minute to look back at Icheb, then eyes him up and down with obvious interest. Q makes a move towards Icheb, leaning forward as though to plead for help or hump him, but Kathryn jerks
her toy back by the leash. Q rears away and nearly topples over, while Icheb looks down and away, shoulders hunched.

The turbolift doors open to Astrometrics’ deck, and before Seven can step through them, Kathryn holds an arm out in front of her, palm open, and asks, “Would you mind if I borrowed your servant for the evening?”

When it’s from the captain, questions might as well be orders. Seven still bothers to say, “Of course, Captain,” and she drops the leash in Kathryn’s hand. Seven’s always eager to please, and the glint in Kathryn’s eyes says she won’t forget it. Seven restrains a light smirk in response and heads off, the doors closing behind her.

Icheb sits where he is, understanding, and Kathryn reaches down to pet him, just to show Q what good toys are treated like. Icheb leans his handsome face into the touch, his dark hair smooth beneath her fingers. His eyes flutter closed, and Kathryn enjoys the way his long lashes brush against his cheeks. She can understand Q’s interest, even if he isn’t her usual type.

When the doors open to the bridge, Kathryn transfers both leashes to one hand and tugs them out behind her, headed straight for her ready room. Chakotay glances over at her, but her pace makes it clear that she’s busy, and no one disturbs her. She can tell from the slack which leash belongs to which pet; Q’s still being deliberately troublesome. After a week with her, which she’s quite sure he’ll stick around for despite his arrogance, he’ll learn.

As soon as they’re in her ready room, Kathryn drops Icheb’s leash, though she barks, “Come,” as she drags Q towards the couch. Icheb obediently follows on his hands and knees like a good boy, and he sits at her feet when she sits down. Q she drags up onto her lap by the collar, pushing him over her. He has to drop his head to stop the collar from reacting again, and she smirks to herself and doesn’t even consider changing the setting. As soon as he’s done panting with exertion from the electrical charge, he tries to push off her, but it only earns him his first spank: a hard, thundering whack across both cheeks of his ass. Q instantly howls through his muzzle and arches around her thighs, which only makes it easier to grab a fistful of his honey curls. She jerks his head back, letting the collar feed more shocks down his spine, and she hisses, “Defy me one more time, and you’ll get the flogger instead of the paddle. Do you want me to strip lines of flesh from your body, hm? You can’t put them back, now. You can do this week right, or you can do it with crisscrossing cuts all over your skin. ...Or you can run to your daddy. Understand?” Q takes entirely too long to nod, and she nearly snaps his neck when she throws him back down.

Then she gestures for the set of drawers across the room and tells Icheb, “Fetch the black paddle from the bottom drawer.” She’ll go easy on the boy, simply because it’s his first time, but the next time, she won’t be so kind; the paddle is usually for games, not punishment. She has a whole other array of toys for teaching lessons.

Icheb, like the perfect drone he is, turns and crawls towards the drawers, bending down when he reaches them to paw at the handle with two hands, fingers curled in like a dog. He goes inside with his face and plucks the paddle out with his mouth, holding the handle in his teeth as he shoulders the drawer closed and pads back over to her. He lifts up on his knees when he reaches her and drops the paddle on Q’s back: essentially her lap. She notices that he doesn’t have the leveled electrocution setting on, but she isn’t surprised. He has to regenerator, after all, and Seven probably enjoys touching him even when he’s upright. Icheb settles back down onto all fours, and Kathryn can’t resist wrenching Q’s head aside to look at the little drone. “You see that?” she purrs. “That is how you need to act if you want to survive in the Terran Empire.” Q whimpers but can’t protest.

Kathryn pushes his face back into place, and she gestures to that side of him, telling Icheb, “Come
sit over here, boy.” Icheb does so instantly, and she continues, “Now, I’m going to spank this bad
dog’s ass until he’s almost passed out. It’s his first punishment, so it shouldn’t be that long.
...Because I’m such a kind master, I’m going to let him have you for a comfort. You can lick his
tears away and talk him through it; show him why he should get on my good side. If you’re a very
good thing, I’ll even let you cuddle after...” Icheb’s lips part while he looks up at her, face in awe,
as though he doesn’t deserve such a wonderful reward. Q makes an irritated noise and wriggles,
glaring at the floor. Kathryn simply spans him again before picking up the paddle.

She snaps the muzzle off with her other hand, because she likes to hear her pets cry when she hits
them. Q instantly opens his mouth, obviously about to backtalk, but Icheb grabs him and forces a
kiss to his lips to silence him. Q makes a squeak of protest, but doesn’t turn away.

Kathryn rains the first proper blow down, and Q gasps against Icheb’s mouth and lurches forward. Kathryn grabs his collar to keep him in place and smacks him again, hard, between both cheeks; the painted wooden panel makes a nice, loud smacking sound when it connects with his youthful skin. She can feel his flaccid cock against her leg, and she lifts one knee to lift his hips. Q barely has the chance to whimper again; this time she smacks him across the upper thighs. He screams and buries his face in Icheb’s shoulder, and Icheb, sitting up to play with him, pets his hair and kisses his cheek. Kathryn returns to Q’s round ass a moment later; it’s already flushed a light pink, but she intends to turn it red.

For someone who used to be omnipotent, Q can take a surprisingly little amount of stimulus. Tuvok, one of Kathryn’s favourite pets, could take a thousand hits, but even Harry can take almost one hundred, even if it leaves him dizzy and trembling. Q, on the other hand, buckles before ten, screaming loudly and starting to fidget. Kathryn shoves four of her fingers into his collar to tighten it around his throat, and he chokes while she keeps on spanking him, hissing, “Be still!” Q whines and gasps against her grip, fingers flying to his throat, but Icheb gently pulls his wrists away, knowing better. Kathryn holds him for two more slaps before letting him go, and he wilts across her lap like a broken doll.

Icheb holds him for a moment before he breaks away from Icheb’s hold, and he makes a cute choking noise. Kathryn pauses just long enough to jerk his head back and examine his flushed face. As she thought, he’s crying. His eyes are watery, and he blinks them back, trying not to look at her, but she gives him a light smack and the tears start to fall. She tosses him back into place and resumes paddling him hard, calmly explaining, “If you hadn’t nearly gotten us all assimilated, maybe you wouldn’t be in this position. It’s your own fault, Q.” Q sniffles, water starting to litter her carpet.

Icheb dutifully leans in to lick all the tears away, his little pink tongue poking out through his
pretty lips to lap at Q’s cheeks. Q’s eyes flutter closed while Icheb works, though he still sniffles
each time Kathryn hits him, and when she smacks his thighs again, he wails. Icheb murmurs, “Shh, shhh...” and kisses his nose and wipes more tears away. Even with his Brunali nose and distinctly inhuman implants, the two of them fit well together, like a nicely matching set. Kathryn wonders briefly if she could get Q’s father to leave the boy here instead of a petri dish; she wouldn’t mind organizing a few playdates with Seven. From the way they’re kissing now, she doesn’t think Q and Icheb would mind much either.
How lovely he looks in Icheb’s arms has nothing to do with how hard Kathryn punishes Q. She hits him without pause, noting in between slaps how red his ass has become, all the blood having risen to the top. She’ll probably have to have him healed in sickbay before she spanks him again tomorrow, then with the crop: she’ll work her way up with him, until he can take a cock cage and a sounding rod and a massive vibrator and beads all at once, and she can flog him during all of it while his clipped nipples sport a decorative chain and his pried open mouth pleases her cunt. She’ll tie his wrists together and his ankles and parade him all over the ship, offering his body to anyone that wants it. By the time Q’s father returns, he’ll be so soiled that the continuum might not even want him back.

But if he’s a good boy, she’ll still let him hump Icheb at the end of the day. As she whacks Q’s raw ass into oblivion, Q licks up the long line in the middle of Icheb’s face, and Icheb responds by nuzzling into Q’s cheek and making cute, animal-like trilling noises. She can hear the little assurances he whispers in Q’s ear, lies like, “It’s okay,” and, “Just submit, and you’ll be alright.” Q, despite all his tears and whimpers and winces and sobbing pain, seems to be listening. He isn’t trying to fight anymore, even if he does try to squirm, ever so slightly, closer to Icheb’s well-used mouth.

Kathryn paddles Q right up until her arm gets sore, and given how much she does this, that’s a long time, but by then Q’s clearly teetering on the edge of consciousness, and she sees no need to push herself. She drops the paddle and tells Icheb idly, “Crawl forward and stick out your ass.” Q choke and sounds relieved, nearly toppling off her lap when she shifts. She catches him by the waist, and he hangs there, dazedly watching Icheb move.

Icheb gets back to all fours and takes a few steps before pressing his face to the ground, sticking his rear up in the air and spreading his thighs. His ass faces them, sweet and tight and so much lighter than Q’s burning one. Janeway presses a finger into one of Q’s cheeks just to hear him scream while she watches Icheb’s hard cock swing, untouched, between his legs. Then she grabs Q by the hair and jerks him back again, ordering, “Don’t you dare fuck him without my permission.” Tear-stained and whimpering, the young Q looks too wrecked to disobey. He’s probably never been punished in his life, maybe hasn’t even felt pain before today, and now she’s using that to her advantage. When she shoves him down to the floor, he cries out but doesn’t move until she tells him to.

She kicks his tender ass, enjoying his shriek, and says, “You can touch him.”

So Q launches forward, scrambling to mount Icheb like the dog he’s become, humping away. Kathryn doesn’t miss the way his cock has twitched to life, the way it hardens as it rubs against Icheb’s crevice, but she doesn’t mind mixing up the poor boy with compound pleasure and pain. If anything, she simply enjoys the view of her new pet pathetically humping a well-trained dog. While Icheb tries to bend back to give Q more kisses, Kathryn idly decides whether to go order some coffee herself or send one of her mildly intelligent toys.
Harry’s on the night shift, and as soon as that shift ends, he’s practically running down the corridors. He tries to keep himself in check, of course, ultra-paranoid that anyone will notice that there’s anything wrong, anything slightly off with the usually so well-behaved Ensign Kim. If they knew what he was wearing to the bridge every night...

Harry shudders off the thought and hastily jams his code into the mechanism of Tom’s door, overriding the nighttime lock out. In the ‘day’, it would open right up for him. Now that it’s technically after-hours, Harry has to program them apart, and as soon as he’s inside, he’s bolting across the carpet, nearly stumbling out of his shoes. He wrestles off the jacket of his uniform and practically trips over his pants, though he doesn’t take his boxers off—they just barely cover his shame. His shirt’s still on by the time he falls into Tom’s bed, and he wrenches the covers up and slips himself underneath, lunging at Tom like a bear.

He wraps his arms tight around Tom’s middle, digs his face into Tom’s shoulder, inhales the strong scent of his boyfriend and whimpers pathetically, humping Tom’s ass despite his better judgment. He can’t help it. He can’t feel Tom, not through the thick chastity belt encasing his whole crotch, and it’s driving him mad. Especially when Tom still torments him all day with subtle touches and whispered words and dirty transmissions.

Tom, facing away, takes a few seconds to wake up, and when he does, he glances over his shoulder, sucking in air before a yawn. Like he doesn’t already know, he grumbles, “What?” His breath is stale. Harry loves him so much.

Harry hisses, “Let me out,” and rubs his encased cock against Tom’s ass. Not being able to feel Tom’s soft flesh beneath the thin layers of underwear between them is its own form of torture. His arms tighten possessively around Tom’s stomach—at least he can feel Tom’s back against his chest—and for once, Tom lets him. Tom just chuckles around another yawn, and Harry moans, “Tom, please, let me out of this thing...”

“If you didn’t want me to lock your pretty ass up, you shouldn’t have made me jealous. How am I supposed to let you out unprotected, without my ownership branded into you, when you’re going around inviting predators like Chakotay to eat with you?” Tom’s voice is even, off-handed, like there’s any rationality at all in his excuse. When Tom growled about locking Harry up for him, Harry thought it was hot.

But, as Harry whines, “It’s been a week! I get it; I’m yours. Now please just let me come...”

“Oh, is that what you want?” Tom might as well laugh. As soon as he smacks Harry’s hands, Harry pulls his arms back, releasing Tom instantly, even shuffling back to give Tom room to roll onto his back. Elated at the mere thought of them being intimate again, Harry goes in for a kiss to Tom’s lips.

Tom shoots a hand out over Harry’s mouth and uses it to push Harry’s face away. Then he grabs Harry by the hair and shoves him down, tossing the blanket aside with the other hand. Harry gets the idea instantly and helps push Tom’s boxers down his hips, pulling out Tom’s luscious cock with near-trembling fingers.

Harry doesn’t have to be told what to do. Sideways on the mattress, half covered in the rumpled sheets, Harry sets to work pleasing his tired boyfriend. Tom’s cock is limp, but Harry attacks it so ravenously with lick after lick after kiss that it starts to perk up almost immediately. Harry lavishes
it from base to tip, his tongue as far out as it’ll go, pressing as hard as he can, not carrying that Tom
tastes unwashed and a little salty and not particularly pleasant. The feel of it still makes Harry want
to harden himself, but he can’t, not trapped as he is, not very far and not without pain. He tries not
to think about himself. He opens his lips around Tom’s shaft and runs up and down, wetting it
everywhere, and he holds the base up with one hand and opens his mouth above it. When he
descends, he goes too far, too fast, but still can’t bring himself to pull away. He impales himself as
much as he can manage, nearly swallowing Tom to the base, and then he starts bobbing up and
down, sucking for dear life the whole way.

It’s uncomfortable at this angle. Harry’s back protests, bent over as it is, and his jaw gets sore fast
from all the abuse, but Harry doesn’t care, just pushes through. The stench of Tom’s crotch is
overwhelming, and each time he gets low enough for Tom’s coarse pubic hair to brush his chin, he
shivers. He sucks so hard. He pumps the base, his other hand steadying himself on Tom’s thighs.
When Tom’s fingers thread through his hair, it’s a blissful reward, and Harry loves every second of
Tom touching him, guiding him down and back up again. He lets himself get lost in the act of
sucking Tom’s perfect cock, and the pent up frustrations of a week fogs his head right up; it’s been
way, way too long.

By the time Tom starts making real noises—swearing and grunting Harry’s name—Harry’s nearly
choked himself twice, and he’s dizzy and achingly hard himself, only wishing he could fill out
fully. If Harry could come, he would’ve shamefully quickly. Instead, he’s forced to serve nothing
but Tom’s pleasure, and he keeps impaling himself over and over, even after Tom grunts, “Shit,
gonna—”

A second later, Harry’s mouth is filled with a rush of hot cum, and Harry, mouth locked just
around the bulbous head, pops off to let the fresh load splatter his face. He bathes it in it like a
shower, moaning as little droplets splash over and cling to his face. It’s his own personal heaven,
giving Tom orgasms, and even though he wants his own desperately, in this single moment, Tom’s
pleasure is enough to make him moan wantonly.

Tom shakes his own cock out when he’s done, brushing Harry’s hand away to grab it himself, and
he taps Harry’s lips and chin a few times in the process. Harry licks the slit clean and laps away all
the stray spills. He doesn’t swallow the cum in his mouth, not yet—he’s savouring it. He smacks it
around slowly while he looks up at Tom through half-lidded, hazy eyes, and Tom looks down at
him, gorgeous as always.

Finally, Tom pushes his sweat-slicked hair back. He reaches down to push Harry’s head away, like
shooing a dog off the bed, and promptly rolls back over. He spoons Tom and hugs him, weakly humps Tom’s rear, until Tom mutters, “Stop that or I’ll make it another
week,” and then Harry freezes instantly and rolls over to avoid temptation. He doesn’t wash his
face off, and in his spiteful mood, he’s glad he’s going to stain Tom’s pillow, overlooking the fact
that he’ll probably be the one to wash Tom’s linens next time anyway.

He hasn’t finished licking the cum out of his mouth by the time he falls asleep, and that might be
why he has dreams of just his Tom.
Chakotay/Tom (D/S, cuffs, spank)

He may have deliberately been late to his shift, strolling across the bridge a good five minutes past when he should’ve, but after the dirty threat Chakotay hissed into his ear, he’s right on time to Chakotay’s quarters. When he concentrates, he can still feel Chakotay leaning over his shoulder, shadow looming across him, warm musk an intoxicating cloud. Almost every time Tom’s in the pilot’s seat and glances back, Chakotay’s watching him, burning eyes and either a smirk or a warning frown. Today it was a mixture of both, and Tom bolted as soon as his shift was done.

Chakotay lingered, of course, often does, to talk to the captain or Tuvok or whatever else he needs. Maybe those big chairs are just more comfortable to stay in. Or maybe he’s giving Tom time to prepare, time to run if he wants a chase, but today Tom submits himself properly for punishment; he’s been bad again, and he wants his commander to reel him back in.

He barks, “Lights,” when the doors close behind him, feet never stopping as the large quarters illuminate. Tom heads straight for the bedroom, straight for the bed, where the wooden headboard’s been erected, carved out with an array of symbols that means something to Chakotay but Tom has yet to learn. The pair of handcuffs is fixed to the middle rung, like it always is lately. They used to just come out when Tom misbehaved, but now that he knows what Chakotay likes to administer for punishment, Tom’s become a glutton for it. The handcuffs are there for him to plead mercy, and Tom kicks off his shoes and climbs onto the mattress, offering himself up to his commanding officer.

When he presses his hands into the open metal, the circles snap shut around his wrists, tight but padded, a firm, hard grip that even a Vulcan couldn’t pull out of. They’re programmed to release only for Chakotay’s voice or Tom’s safeword, which Tom’s only ever used once in their lengthy, adventurous relationship. It’s hard to find a situation Tom Paris isn’t game for, but it’s still good to know that if some rogue aliens barrel into them, he won’t be found helplessly bound to someone’s mattress.

He’s only sitting on the bed, facing the headboard with his hands right up against it, for maybe five minutes. He can’t help his grin when he hears the doors open in the distance. He calls over the approaching footsteps, “At least someone knows how to keep time.” He looks over his shoulder just as Chakotay appears in the doorway, looking just as lecherous as Tom feels.

Chakotay, like usual, takes a second to appreciate the view, to take Tom in, fully dressed but nonetheless vulnerable, willfully given over. The desire on his face only grows as he approaches the bed and reaches for Tom’s head, strong fingers raking through Tom’s honey hair. They pet him gently for just a moment, then fist and jerk Tom back so suddenly that he almost gets whiplash, a hiss of pain escaping his clenched teeth. Chakotay holds him at an awkward, nearly painful angle, looks down at him and says in the same tone he gives on the bridge, “You’re walking a thin line, Paris.”

Tom sneers, “Sorry, Sir,” with such dripping sarcasm that he could easily get hit for it, were Chakotay the type to beat his partners. Chakotay doesn’t take the bait, just looks at Tom coolly, then throws his head back into place so hard that Tom nearly pitches forward. The bed weighs down with Chakotay’s knees, getting on behind him. A second later, and Tom can feel the familiar presence of Chakotay towering over him, one arm looping around his waist to pull him back, grind his narrower frame into Chakotay’s broad chest.

“You’ve been very naughty lately,” Chakotay notes, a hint of a purr finally leaking into his voice. His mouth hovers by the side of Tom’s head, breath ghosting over Tom’s ear, and Tom
automatically leans back, presenting himself to Chakotay’s talented tongue.

Tom licks his lips and challenges: “What are you going to do about it?”

Chakotay’s teeth close around his lobe and tug at him; Tom gasps in delight. Chakotay’s hands are at his waist a second later, pulling his jacket out of his pants, pushing those pants halfway down his ass, two fingers pressing in to slide between his cheeks. Tom tries to angle himself back into them, but Chakotay only fingers him for a minute, then returns to pushing his pants all the way down his ass, hooking below both cheeks. There’s no room to be cold in the open air; he has all Chakotay’s warmth.

Chakotay rubs over exposed skin and chuckles, “No underwear. You’re too easy.” Tom doesn’t deny it; he’s a shameless slut, and he’s never had any problem with that. He tries to turn his head over his shoulder to meet Chakotay’s lips, but Chakotay’s sitting back, straightening out.

Chakotay pulls Tom’s hips towards him, puts a hand against Tom’s back to lower him; the handcuffs slide down the wood so his hands can clutch at the pillows, helping to support him on all fours. He thinks he knows what’s coming, but he’s still excited when he’s proven right.

One of Chakotay’s hands slams into his ass, dragging across both cheeks on the way, a hard, harsh blow that may just as well have been with a tennis racket or a paddle. Tom’s skin instantly stings where it was hit, and Tom chokes at the sudden pain, given no warning. He’s given no time to adjust either; another blow strikes him, going the other way, catching on a different angle and dragging just the same. The next one is aimed from the bottom up, just barely missing Tom’s balls, caught between his thighs between his ass and his pants. The next hit is rained down, and then Tom’s getting smacked over and over from left to right with an absolutely merciless force. Tom suddenly feels foolish for remarking that Chakotay never beats him, because spanking is, in a way, just that, and Tom loves it; he croons and tries to stick his ass back into it, handcuffs pulling taut against the headboard. Tom’s head hangs as he takes his punishment, but then Chakotay’s hand is back in his hair, jerking his head back, and Tom cries out in pain and has to strain his arms to hold himself taut and stable. Tom’s sore in no time.

Chakotay doesn’t stop when Tom’s sore, of course. This is a real punishment; Tom messed up on official duty, and he’s done it one too many times, and Chakotay is kind but a nonetheless strong leader, and Tom is a bad little delinquent that deserves a few good, hard whacks. He takes every one with grit teeth and a determination that breaks several minutes later, when he can’t stop himself from crying out on every one. Chakotay makes no mention of Tom’s surrender, just keeps hitting him so hard, until Tom’s panting and trembling. Then Chakotay leans over him, the smacks lighter for the angle, and Tom’s head is tugged back just a fraction more, neck so close to snapping, so Chakotay can kiss the side of his face and bite deep grooves into his shoulder, pulling the fabric of Tom’s uniform aside. Tom only wishes he’d had the foresight to strip; Chakotay’s clearly in a mood to mark, and Tom always wants to bear those.

Finally, Chakotay finishes, and Tom doesn’t even realize his eyes are watering until he’s had that extra moment to breathe. Chakotay shoves Tom forward into the pillows, yanking his head aside just in time, and Tom collapses, ass still stuck up in the air. It’s probably as red as his uniform by now. It’s throbbing in agony, made worse as Chakotay rubs his clothed erection against the tender skin. Tom can’t do much more than groan at the lingering sting, and Chakotay, now gently licking and nipping at Tom’s face, murmurs, “Perhaps a better punishment would be some sort of chastity device.” Tom stiffens instantly, and one of Chakotay’s hands snakes under him, wrapping around and squeezing his cock, fully hard. “I could withhold your orgasm for days... now that would really be a punishment for you, wouldn’t it, pet?” Tom’s already dizzy at the thought. It sounds horrible, yes, but the show of power... that could be divine...
After a minute of still panting, scraping for air and subtly humping Chakotay’s hand, Tom murmurs, “You’d never last that long yourself.”

Chakotay laughs and mutters, “True.” His teeth sink into Tom’s shoulder again as his other hand runs back between Tom’s abused ass cheeks.

One dry finger stabs inside Tom’s hole, and he knows he’s in for a rough ride.

He shoves his ass back into it, ready.

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