Stretching the Truth

by fujoshi_robin

Summary

Deathstroke and Nightwing have a deal. Deathstroke leaves the Titans alone for a period of time and Nightwing repays him with his body. The first time they get together, Dick lies about his experience and Slade punishes him for it.

Notes

Content warning for coercion, rape, painful sex, anal, age difference, size difference, sexist comments, and queefing. Dick is 18 in this, a young Nightwing. Brudick, Jaydick, and Dickroy are mentioned but not the main event.

“Have you been with a man before?”

Dick is pushed up against the exposed brick of a fancy San Francisco penthouse. Deathstroke the Terminator is looming massively over him with a hungry glimmer in his eye.

“Yes,” Dick says immediately thinking of the times he's messed around with Wally in the back of movie theaters...and how he and Roy occasionally blow each other in the Titans dorm.

Slade smirks. “Let me guess. Batman?”
“No,” Dick snaps shooting him an icy glare.

“What about the new Robin?” Slade gives him a mean, predatory smile. “Is he more your type?” Dick feels anger burning deep in his stomach.

“Not on your life.”

“Awww, don’t be jealous,” Deathstroke leans in close to him. “Not sure about Batman, but personally, I prefer the original,” Dick pushes him away, roughly and Slade laughs. “So who was it? Kid Flash? Speedy?”

“Arsenal,” Dick corrects and then blushes. “Actually, you know what? it’s none of your fucking business.” Slade gives a low whistle and tilts Dick’s chin up, forcing him to look into Slade’s visible eye.

“Language, Robin,” he says, making Dick’s cheeks burn hotter. He doesn't like being called that. Not by Slade, not by anybody. His body is pressed flush against the wall by Slade’s huge mass.

“Mouthing off to me is only going to get you in trouble. And anyway, your business is about to become very much my business.” Slade’s stubble brushes Dick’s soft lips as he talks and Dick can feel his own heart hammering from the implication of those words.

“I’m not Robin anymore—” He starts to say before he's interrupted by Slade’s mouth. Slade kisses him slow and rough, large hands cupping Dick’s face. It’s more of an assault than a kiss, to be honest. Dick kisses back as best he can trying to be just as rough, but it’s obvious that Slade is in control.

Slade rucks his t-shirt up and starts playing with his nipples, running his thumbs over them and teasing, before kissing down his neck and lapping at them. His silver stubble scratches Dick’s skin. Dick throws his head back and sighs. It feels really good. A few more licks and he’s ripping his shirt off.

This is about keeping the Titans safe, he reminds himself. And then thinking of the Titans, he shudders.

Even though he is aroused, Dick’s still extremely nervous. This is his first time in bed with a highly dangerous man who’s tried to kill him and his friends on multiple occasions. He thought he knew what he was getting into, but truthfully, nothing could have prepared him for the reality of his arch-nemesis kissing and touching his body with no real regard for his feelings. It’s as though, to Slade, he’s just an object to be used, and he can’t decide if that terrifies him or turns him on more.

Slade’s nipping at his neck and ears now, beard scratching against soft skin, big hands clawing at his waistline. Dick’s little noises get breathier and lustier until he’s rocking his hips and practically panting. Slade takes the cue to grab grab Dick by the arms and guide him onto the bed on all fours. He gets behind Dick and slowly unzips his jeans, kissing the nape of Dick’s neck. Dick tugs with him, kicking his pants off. They fall to the floor with a soft thud.

... He’s nearly nude now, dressed only in his bright blue underpants. His skin is soft and shining. Dick rolls over onto his back for a moment and Slade grabs a handful of his junk, squeezing roughly through the fabric. Dick grins at his hungry face, already smelling sex in the air.

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“Like what you see?” He teases, rocking his hips and massaging his hard-on into Slade’s palm. He knows he’s goddamn beautiful and it instantly calms him down to see Slade a little flabbergasted by it. “Come on, big guy, I know you're not immune to my charms,”
“You're a work of art; that's for sure,” Slade growls, eyeing Dick up and down like he's a piece of meat. “Roll over.” Dick smirks and turns so Slade has a full view of his superb ass again. He can practically feel the older man’s eyes boring into him.

“So you've fooled around with boys, Grayson,” Slade props Dick's hips up high, taking in what he sees before laying a big, proprietary hand over the surface of it. “Be honest. Have you really been with a man before?” He runs his thumb along Dick’s brief-covered asshole to illustrate his point and Dick shivers.

“I told you I have,” he says primly. The truth is that Dick’s kissed boys, done a lot of flirting and petting, and even given casual head to some of his particularly attractive ginger guy friends...but never fucked one. The guys Dick’s messed around with had always been too shy for that. There’s no way he can admit that to Deathstroke now though. Not with those big, rough hands groping and kneading his ass. He sighs and turns his head to the side as Slade lingers at his entrance again.

“Are you a virgin?” Slade says sweetly, leaning in to plant a kiss on the nape of his neck. “Come on — you can tell me. It's adorable.”

“No!” Dick snaps. Well… he knows what Slade means but technically he's been with women plenty of times. It's not his first rodeo. He props his head up while he thinks. It's not like it’s a big deal anyway. He knows Slade is planning to fuck him tonight—it’s part of the deal—but really, what difference will it make if he’s experienced? The less satisfaction he can give Slade by admitting his naivety, the better.

“Alright,” Slade reaches for a clear bottle of lube on the nightstand. “If you insist, then I guess we can speed things up a bit. I wouldn't want you to get bored. Roll over.”

Slade lays his hand across the back of Dick’s neck, guiding him back to down onto the mattress and propping his hips up again to his liking. He gets a pillow for Dick’s head as if to say “this might take a while” and Dick’s heart hammers as he feels Slade dribble cold lube between his cheeks, kneading and massaging them. He touches the whole area with his hands, not just Dick’s entrance. Dick feels him massage and grope the bulk of his cheeks and then stroke his balls, which are protruding sweetly from between his legs. So his ass feels slick and cool, his thighs rub against each other with ease, and his dick bobs appreciatively.

Slade whistles under his breath again. “That's a sight for sore eyes,” He whacks Dick’s slick bottom appreciatively with the flat of his hand. Dick smirks back at him and arches his back more, showing off the goods. He gives his own cock a long, slow stroke for good measure. He's used to people complimenting his body, but somehow it's so much sweeter coming from an older man. Hearing it is like an scratching an itch. He's harder now, despite the butterflies.

Slade cups those supple cheeks with his hands and leans in deep for a moment to truly appreciate what he’s working with. Dick stiffens and gasps feeling Slade's nose, his stubble, his mouth there. He lingers for a moment and then spits, crudely and pulls back to rub his thumb against it.

Dick’s eyelids flutter shut as he feels the head of Slade’s cock tease him. Slade spreads him and rubs his prick between Dick’s cheeks, picking up wetness and then back down to his entrance. The whole situation is almost too slick for Slade to get in properly and his cock slips out the first time Slade guides it forward. It gets Dick unbearably horny and also a little bit nervous.

Finally, with guidance, Dick can feel it start to push down into him. He sighs with relief. So this is what it feels like. It's a little uncomfortable, but not bad. He can definitely handle this.

“Feeling good?” Slade whispers and lurches forward an inch.
“Haahh…!” Okay now it's starting to hurt a little more and “y-yes” Dick grits out as Slade starts to give him slow, shallow thrusts, nudging the tip of his massive cock into Dick's tight entrance.

“God that's tight,” Slade mutters. “Relax Grayson.”

“I'm relaxed,” Dick replies with a little more bite in his voice than he'd intended. He can feel Slade starting to push in further and it's really, really uncomfortable. He doesn't even notice that he's sort of edging towards the front of the bed to get away from Slade.

“Where do you think you're going, sweetheart? Stop fidgeting,” Slade scolds, giving Dick's ass a quick smack. “You're making it harder to get in.” He grabs Dick by the hips and tugs him back.

“H-hey,” Dick glances apprehensively over his shoulder and Slade gets a nice flash of his sharp blue eyes. “Ohhh…”

Slade pulls out abruptly (which hurts) and, without warning, jabs two thick fingers inside him to poke and prod. Dick shudders and rocks his hips away but Slade is relentless. Dick makes a sound which he hopes comes across more as a noise of pleasure than pain.

“Jesus,” he mutters, the hint of a smirk in his voice. “You sure you've done this before?” Dick's ears burn. He's caught.

“It’s… been a while,” he lies. Slade chuckles under his breath and moves his fingers faster, curling them as he goes deeper.

“Ohh…” Despite the discomfort, it really does feel good. “Ah!” His legs tremble when Slade jabs that spot.

“That's it,” Slade says pedantically, massaging the area for a little longer and then probing around again. Dick's boner twitches as he tries to control the whining sounds coming out of his mouth.

“Look at you,” Slade chuckles. “That wasn't so hard, now was it?” Dick just bites his lip and groans in response. Maybe they could just keep doing this instead, he thinks. Or maybe he could convince Slade to let him go down on him instead. Anything, really, would be preferable to having Slade's excessively large wang shoved back into him.

Dick's musings are cut short when Slade removes his fingers and lines up his hips again. He strokes his cock up and down the cleft of Dick's ass, the whole thing slick with lube and Dick's eyes go wide with fear as he feels it press against his hole.

“Big” is an understatement. It's bigger than any he's seen (not that he's seen that many) and worse, it's wide and thick. Slade has one hand on his own prick and the other on Dick's hip, guiding him back onto it.

Okay...okay… Dick thinks, doing his best to breathe and relax until Slade lurches forward roughly and hits something in there that really does not feel good.

“Ugh!” He jolts away, placing a hand on Slade's hip behind him. It's too wide is the goddamn problem.

“Bring It back, kid,” Slade orders, putting his hand around Dick's wrist to pull it to his side. Slade's losing patience with him now. Dick sits back on his cock slowly and with great reluctance.

“Arch your back,” No...no... that's the last thing he wants to do. Dick hesitates and feels Slade’s cock twitch inside him. “I said arch your back,” Slade growls and Dick does as he's told, cringing. The angle’s all wrong. It feels like he's being jabbed by a wooden pole.
Dick reaches a hand back to touch what’s hurting him. He can’t see Slade’s cock anymore but god it feels enormous. His fingers make out the girth of it and he groans. Slade is barely half in and he really can’t take anymore. Slade pushes into him again, stretching him wider. Now his knees are shaking for a different reason. His hand flies away and Slade catches it and pins it against his back.

“Nnnn…. is that…. all of it?” Dick pants hopefully, a bead of sweat dripping behind his knee. “Oh god,”

Slade chuckles as he gives another thrust forward finally presses himself up to the hilt, eliciting fresh cries of agony from Dick. “Mmm, that is tight,” Slade repeats, gripping Dick’s hips with both hands.

“Woof. Never had someone this big, Grayson?” All his comments are so snide and Dick wants to respond but he’s too busy concentrating on not falling apart completely. It smarts. He feels Slade’s balls rest on his and whimpers. He’s completely stuffed. “Don’t worry,” Slade says in a tone that would make anyone sane worry. “You’re going to love it.”

And then he starts to move again and everything somehow gets a million times worse. He’s as deep as he can be in there this time. Dick jams his knuckles into his mouth to bite down on but Slade grabs his arm and pulls it back. He groans.

“Want me to slow down?” Slade growls, thrusting into him at a confident, measured pace.

“I’m fine,” Dick says dryly. He tries to go somewhere else mentally but Slade starts thrusting faster and more precisely and Dick’s mouth gapes open in dumb agony.

“Aaah!! Aaah!! Aaah!!” His voice stumbles and fluctuates as Slade bangs into him hard.

“That’s what I like to hear,” Slade growls, slowing down a bit to relish those ins and outs and then picking up the pace again. His mood’s improved now that he’s getting what he wants. Dick clamps his lips together, humiliated, but he can’t help but let out a pained, “MmmmmMmmmm!!”

Then all of a sudden, Slade gets up on him, mounting him roughly, one hand on his neck. Dick flushes as Slade whams down into him. Before long, he’s pushing Dick’s head down into the mattress. Stop! Dick thinks, desperately. Being treated like this is excruciating. His whole lower body is aching now. He clamps his mouth shut again, determined to endure. Slade must be getting close at this point...

Cruelly, he pulls out agonizingly slow and then collides right back in in one rapid thrust. Dick howls. It hurts so badly that he can’t help himself. He kicks back at Slade hard in retaliation.

“Little brat,” Slade laughs and yanks his hair hard. Dick shrieks and to his horror, feels tears spilling out of his eyes.

“Ohhh,” he groans, choking and sobbing as it all comes loose. “Stop!” He finally gasps. “Please stop it.”

“Come on, Grayson, you're a big boy. You can take it.”

Dick whines and yelps as Slade lays into him relentlessly. He doesn’t know why he thought Slade would actually stop if he broke down and asked him, but ignoring that request feels particularly cruel. This will be over soon. He tells himself. But really Slade must have some kind of stamina. Every thrust is unbearable and they just keep coming.

“Hurry up,” he growls out in as manly a voice as he can muster. A particularly large tear slides down his chin and onto the sheets.
“Sweetheart, you're so tight it's a little painful. I'm gonna be a minute.”

“Painful for YOU!” Dick sobs. “That's a riot... nnnnn, Hurry up!! Aauugh!!”

“Oh hush, you sound like a girl with all that complaining.” Slade chides. Dick flushes and bites his lip. He doesn’t have to be so mean! Dick’s no stranger to pain and this is really agonizing, in a different way than anything he’s felt before.

Again, Slade pulls nearly all the way out and then slams back into Dick in one horrible, slick motion. Dick wails.

“You're going to tear it...!” He shrieks “Please, PLEASE be gentler!” “Music to my ears,” Slade says.

“Keep begging me, sweetheart, and I'll see what I can do.”

“Aahhh…” Dick hates him then, deeply and that stirs a totally new kind of weird, terrifying arousal in him. Why did he think this would be a good idea or that Slade would respect him in any way?! Despite the ache in his ass, his cock throbs painfully. He wants to touch himself but his right hand is still pinned to his back and he needs the left hand to steady himself.

“You know who would hate to see you like this? All broken down and moaning at me?”

“No…!” Dick gasps, tears spilling out of his eyes at the unwelcome image. “Shut up!”

“Yeah, I know you do.” Slade speeds up then, eliciting fresh cries and whimpers from Dick, who’s on the verge of losing it. “He'd be proud to see his boy so brave,” Slade growls and nails Dick’s prostate. Dick groans and spills his load all over the sheets.

He hates himself for coming so hard.

“That's it. That's a good boy,” Slade encourages him, wincing with pleasure as he feels Dick clench and contract around him, riding out the aftershocks of his orgasm. The sticky fluids are splattered out under him. “You want me to come in you?”

“YES,” Dick gushes, fucked out beyond comprehension besides the fact that if Slade comes, this will be over soon.

“Good boy,” Slade slaps him again. “Here it comes.” and then he thrusts even faster, more erratically. Dick clenches his teeth. He can't deny it feels good, the warmth and wetness spreading inside him from Slade’s throbbing cock. He hears Slade sigh. Finally he thinks. His job is done.

Slade’s warm load starts dripping down his thigh. A few more thorough, forceful thrusts. And then Slade is pulling out of him, as gently as he pushed in. Dick gives one last high-pitched cry of pain cause it really does hurt and then flops over onto his side.

He closes his eyes and clutches his ass and feels more semen course out of him, hot and wet. It hurts like hell. Dick’s abused hole makes a horrible, flatulent sound and he buries his face in a pillow so he doesn't have to see Slade smirk at him.

He lies there panting for a few minutes until Slade reaches out to pat his back and Dick sits up and slaps his hand away indignantly.

“Awww…did that hurt?” Slade simpers
“Shut. up.” Dick snaps, glaring daggers at him.

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Grayson.” Slade says matter-of-factly. “A lot of people have this little problem. You’d be surprised” Dick gives him an icy look. “It is amusing though… with the way you act, who would have thought Nightwing is really the Boy Virgin? Or ‘was’ I should say.”

“Fuck off! You tore me apart!” Dick nearly screams.

“You shouldn't have lied to me,” Slade says, the trace of amusement still in his voice, but his eyes more serious. “I’m telling you now; this little arrangement isn’t going to work if you continue to lie to me. And what did I tell you about that nasty language?”

“I suppose if I had told you the truth, you would have been gentle as a lamb,” Dick says icily, hugging his knees and glaring at Slade. His cheeks are still burning bright.

Slade chuckles and ruffles his hair. “Consider it a form of retribution. I expect your full honesty in future and if it’s given, you can expect better treatment.” Dick snarls again. “...But I see you’re still a bit tender, so I’ll let you rest. A warm bath will do you wonders. See you in two weeks, sweetheart.”

Dick sighs and flops down onto the bed again as the door clicks shut. He's going to ache like a bitch tomorrow.

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