From Devil's Night to Halloween

by Comp_Lady

Summary

How things can change, from one relationship to another. A glimpse into two different years, two different relationships, two different Halloweens.

Notes

AS A FURTHER WARNING: The abuse tag is a catch all. There is emotional abuse, physical abuse, and you do not have to squint too much to see sexual abuse. If anyone thinks that I should tag each of those individually I will.

The second chapter is all fluff and smut, so if you want to skip the abuse that's where you need to go ♥

See the end of the work for more notes.
Ben had grabbed the sign from the grocery store pin board almost a week ago. He’s carried it around in that time while he worked up the courage to ask. Pulling it out occasionally to re-read it, folding and unfolding it enough for the creases to go soft. It was a flyer for a Halloween party at a nearby club. Ben had always loved Halloween parties, ever since he was little. He was so excited.

Benedict, however, didn’t like going to clubs.

Ben was hopeful though. He hadn’t asked for anything in a while, he’s been good, he’s done everything he’s been ordered and hasn’t complained or safeworded once in a long time.

He’s been a good sub.

He waits for Benedict to be in his best mood. Picks a night where the Dom comes home from work in a good mood. Ben presents him with a perfectly clean apartment, wears the outfit he knows Benedict likes the most, makes Benedict’s favorite dinner, and when they settled down to watch TV for the night Ben prepares his favorite drink without being ordered. Presenting it without comment and kneeling silently at Benedict’s feet. He counts the minutes as they pass, waiting for that perfect opportunity. When Benedict is fully relaxed he pulls out the flyer. Smoothing it out on his lap before turning around to face Benedict.

“Master?”

Benedict grunts, doesn’t looks down at him until Ben holds up the flyer.

“There’s going to be a Halloween party tomorrow at Zest’s. I- I was thinking… well hoping, we could go? If- Only if you want, of course. We don’t have to stay the whole night! Just stop for maybe an hour or—”

“Shut up.”

Ben’s mouth snaps closed with a click, he stares at a spot on the couch. Not daring to look up and risk accidental eye contact. Letting his arms drop when Benedict pulls the flyer out of his hands.

Abruptly the flyer is crushed. Ben flinches at the sound, at the ball of paper sailing past his head.

“Why would you want to go to some Halloween party?”

“I thought it would be fun to—”

“To slut it up where other Doms can watch?”

“No! Master, please—”

“Am I not enough for you, Benji?”

“You’re all I need.” It falls off his tongue like lead. An automatic reply, and Ben knows he’s lost.

“Good boy,” Benedict says, turning Ben around with one hand and thumping him hard on the back. “I knew you didn’t really want to go.”

“Yes, Master.”
Ben bites his lip and wills the tears away; his Master doesn’t like it when he cries. The crumpled flyer watches him from under the edge of the TV stand. He tries to convince himself that it wouldn’t have been fun.

He can’t bring himself to pay attention to whatever is on the TV anymore. The last few hours pass in a haze of bitter disappointment. The only clear spots are when Benedict taps his glass against the back of Ben’s head. A silent order to refill his drink. When Benedict finally gets up to go get ready for bed is when Ben takes a chance to let out a shuddering breath. His throat constricting with the urge to cry.

He’s been… He’d tried to be as good as possible and he was still told no. What did he do wrong?

There’s no time for him to wallow though. No time to figure out which of his failures sabotaged his plans. Ben makes a quick sweep of the apartment, noting any chores that will need to be done before he goes to bed. Then he makes his way to Benedict’s bedroom. Kneeling by the door and waiting, eyes downcast, for his Dom to exit the bathroom. When he hears the door open he steels himself.

“Master, do you have any needs I may serve?”

Ben can feel Benedict’s eyes roam over his body and he silently hopes the Benedict will say no. Will allow him to leave. Eventually the Dom sighs, tsking as he stands over Ben.

“I thought you were finally learning to be a good sub, Ben. At least until that bit of selfishness earlier.”

Ben winces, lips starting to tremble. He wasn’t trying to be selfish. “Master, please, I’m sorry. I had no intention of—”

“Shut. Up.”

Ben flinches hard, curling in on himself.

“I’ve told you before, a million times, to never back talk me. I can’t believe you’re making me keep training you in such basic lessons. It’s exhausting.”

Ben can taste blood from where he’s biting on the inside of his lip. Desperate to stop the whimpers from escaping as he starts to shake. This isn’t how he wanted the night to go. Benedict grabs his jaw hard enough to hurt, jerking Ben’s head up and forcing him to cast his gaze about wildly to avoid eye contact.

“So yes, Benji. I do have a need for you to serve. You keep forcing me to do this, but it’s for your own good.”

Then he’s yanking on Ben’s hair, forcing Ben to bite back a panicked yelp as he’s hauled to his feet and steered into the dungeon side room. Bent roughly over the bench in the middle of the room. Scrabbling for a hand hold Ben sobs as his little shorts are yanked down around his knees. The edge of the bench digging into his hips. The clink of a belt buckle has Ben shaking his head, tremors overtaking his body to make him shake uncontrollably. He wants to beg Benedict to reconsider, to have some mercy, but fear seals his lips. To do so could just make the Dom angrier.

Benedict's hand grabbing his hair once more is the only warning he gets. The moment the first blow lands across his ass Ben is crying. His screams follow shortly after. Benedict doesn’t slow his pace or take any pause beyond the time it takes for him to switch hands. It feels like an eternity passes, Ben’s world becoming nothing but the pain. Surpassing the fear to make Ben beg for it to
stop, for mercy, leniency, anything. His scalp burns and his ass feels like it must be bleeding when the belt is finally tossed to the side.

Ben waits though, unmoving as he hears shuffling behind him. Then a moan, the unmistakable sounds of Benedict pleasuring himself. He tries to calm his breathing as his Dom huff and groans above him. The splatter of cum against his ass and thighs startling him when Benedict finally comes.

The quick slap against his ass makes him yelp. Flushing when his Dom laughs and hauls him up to press a quick kiss to his cheek.

“At least you’re good when it comes to this. Have a good night, Benji.”

He slips out of the dungeon and into bed without a glance at Ben. Leaving the sub to gingerly pull up his shorts and shuffle out of the bedroom. Ben’s evening chores and required personal grooming sit at the forefront of his mind, not wanting to risk an actual punishment for skipping them.

But all Ben really wants to do is crawl in bed and cry.
Chapter 2

_Halloween at Club Enigma!!_ The posters were big, hanging by the door, with even more flyers scattered around the club itself. Sure to attract attention from patrons. Advertising music, fun, food, and drinks for a night. Entrance to the party will be free for those who wear costumes, otherwise 20$ at the door.

Ben can’t stop staring from where he sits at the bar. Chased in by the rain on his way home from work, he’s waiting for George to come pick him up. He scoots a few stools to the side to grab the stray flyer laying on the counter, it’s weeks away still but he can already feel the excitement building.

“Hey, are you gonna come?”

“Huh?” Ben looks up. Deb’s sub, Mike, had slid over to Ben. Casually cleaning glasses as he leans against the counter and watches Ben expectantly.

“The party? You’re coming, right?”

“I didn’t even know this was happening until just now to be honest.”

“We have it every year, Deb insists it’s easier than having a Christmas party. It’s the one night a year we crack out the booze.”

“You guys actually have a liquor license?”

Mike laughs, “For one night a year at least, yeah!”

Ben glances back down at the flyer in his hands, smile fading a bit. He hadn’t even heard of a party last Halloween, but if they have it every year…

“Does George ever go?”

Mike pauses, gaze drifting to the ceiling as he thinks. “Not really? He’ll help us fund the party but I’ve never seen him actually come to one.”

Heart starting to sink at the words, Ben just nods and lays the flyer down on the counter. His mind already mapping out how the evening will go. Mike picks up the flyer and hands it to him, shaking it for emphasis.

“Ask him, Ben. He goes to other events and parties.”

Ben nods slowly, folding up the flyer and slipping it into his pocket. Just in time to receive a text from George.

_Outside._

It still takes a couple days for Ben to build up the courage to ask. Even when he finally approaches George about it he doesn’t ask right away. Instead he sits cross legged on a kneeling pad next to George for a long time. Taking comfort in the way he idly strokes a hand through Ben’s hair as he works.

“You’ve heard of the Halloween party at Enigma, right?” Ben eventually decide to start with. Carefully testing the waters first.
George hums, still typing away one handed at his laptop.

“Mike says they hold it every year, but you’ve never gone.”

“I’m not fond of the crowds, Halloween is always one of their busier nights.”

“Oh…”

Ben stares at the flyer in his lap, at the jack-o-lantern that stares back up at him. That makes sense, Enigma is one of the most popular clubs in town. Add to that Halloween being the one night they serve alcoholic drinks and you have the perfect mix for huge crowds. Of course, George wouldn’t want to go.

“Ben?” a warm hand tilts his head up. George has stopped working and is looking down at him with some concern. Fingers slipping under Ben’s collar to stroke at the skin there. Ben leans into the touch, sighs as George cups his face.

“What’s wrong, baby?”

Ben glances away, hands clenching around the flyer. The sounds the paper make rings in his ears, an old echo.

“I want to go,” he whispers, “to the party. With you.”

“Oh, Ben, of course. If you want to go then we’ll go.”

He surges up to hug George, burying his face against the man’s stomach. Thanking him a dozen times over as he clings to his Dom. George says nothing at first. Just loops his arms around Ben’s shoulders, carding his fingers through Ben’s hair. Ben scrubs at his eyes but doesn’t pull away, sighing in relief that he knows he shouldn’t have to feel.

“He never wanted to go anywhere. Ever. Even if I was “good” he never said yes.”

George’s arms tighten around Ben.

“I’m sorry,” Ben mumbles, “I promise I know you’re—”

“Ben, don’t. Never apologize for what he did to you. Never.” George pulls back so he can cup Ben’s face again. “Just remember that I love you and that you never need to be afraid to ask me for something.”

Ben sighs, happy, as George presses a kiss to his forehead.

James Bond isn’t the most inventive costume, but Ben will take it. Better than George skipping on wearing a costume entirely. It’s just one of George’s older suits and a couple cheap props from the Halloween store. George spends more time fussing over Ben’s costume anyway, insisting on being the one to roll the stockings up Ben’s legs and fasten them to the garter belt hidden under the short little black skirt. Having his sub lay back on the bed while he does so.

Idly, while he drags his hands along his arms to feel the smooth glide of the skin-tight sheer top, Ben wonders if semi-pet play is a thing. Knowing that tonight he’s going to be flipping between being Ben and Kitten all night.

“Do you want to wear a tail tonight?”
Ben shivers, not able to hide the flush of arousal as the thought. He nods, rolling over onto his stomach to give George better access, letting out a pleased noise when the plug slides home.

Inside the club is crowded; people in all sorts of costumes, both sexy and not, gathered in the space. George presses a kiss to Ben’s temple as they enter, then heads straight to the bar and orders a drink. Ben can feel his gaze on him as the night goes on, and whenever Ben looks over he’s relieved. George calmly watching, amused, as Ben talks and dances and has fun. Greeting him with a kiss to the temple and a scratch along the band of his ears whenever Ben makes his way over to touch base and take in George’s calm.

It’s Alex that finds Ben first, settling on the couch in the same careful manner Ben has had to adopt all night. His outfit isn’t much different from Ben’s, the black cat ears on his head matching the tawny ones Ben wears. He leans sideways, half laying down with his head near Ben’s.

“Hey,” Ben sighs, only to make a confused noise when Alex merely buries his face against his neck. “Are you okay?”

“I’m going to go insane.”

“Because of the tail? I know not being able to sit right is annoying but it isn’t that bad.”

“It’s not the tail! Well, no, it is but it—” Alex cuts himself off with a harsh sigh.

“It’s what?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Why?”

“Eliza told me I’m not allowed to tell you.”

Oh. Ben merely nods, if Eliza has ordered it then there was no way he ever be able to convince Alex to say anything. Or would even push. Instead Ben opts for scratching along the band of Alex’s ears.

“Holy shit that feels good.”

Ben laughs, happily ducking his head for Alex to return the favor when he’s done. Carefully making sure to smooth the blond strands back into place once he’s done. The pair stay like this afterwards, leaning against each other to take the weight off their tails. Happy to talk and be close while Eliza and George watch them from the bar. Alex is in the middle of an in-depth explanation of something inconsequential when he chokes off with a groan.

“Alex, wha—” Ben’s question trails off when he feels a vibration through the couch cushions.

“Is that your tail?”

Alex nods, panting as the vibrations cease. “Yeah, yeah, it’s uh… she got it just for this party. She’s been driving me crazy all night.”

“I’m a little jealous.”

Alex laughs, breaking off into a moan as the vibrations start back up. The pair glance up when a pair of shadows fall over them.
It’s George and Eliza. She holds a long square package in one hand and the remote for Alex’s tail in the other. With a casual swipe of her thumb the vibrations stop and Alex sags against Ben.

“Are you kittens having fun?” she asks, smirking down at them when they both nod. George scoops Alex up off the cushions at the same time Eliza hooks a finger through the ring on the front of Ben’s collar. Giving just the lightest tug to get him on his feet. They move easily through the crowd to one of the alcoves. Eliza’s perfume swirls around Ben, clove and patchouli and vanilla. Wrapping up her witch costume perfectly.

Though the way she chuckles as Alex whines in George’s arms does that well enough on its own.

“Ma’am, please, I can’t—I can’t— I— AAHHH!!”

George chuckles, having adjusted his grip to give the tail a little twist. Ben giggles, pressing up against Eliza as she reaches up to scratch under Alex’s chin. He merely pouts, whining when George twists the plug again.

“Patience, pretty kitty. You’ll get your relief soon.”

Eliza leads the way into the alcove, letting Ben’s collar go so she can slide the curtain shut. Ben immediately drops to his knees, crawling towards Alex as George sets him down. Nuzzling and kissing each other, heedless of their respective Doms sitting across from each other. Ben nibbles along Alex’s neck, enjoying the way he shakes from arousal. Clinging to Ben for dear life. The weight of their Doms gaze is comfortable, knowing they’re watching their kittens play together. Alex whines his way through a kiss, hands fumbling at the hem of Ben’s skirt to stroke his erection. Ben gasps, clinging to Alex and sucking a dark mark on the side of his neck in return.

They’re tugged away from each other by their collars. Ben whines the entire time while Alex climbs happily into Eliza’s lap.

“Now none of that,” Eliza chides. Deftly flipping up Alex’s skirt and tracing her fingers over the stretched muscle around the base of the plug. “You’ll get your chance to play. Just be patient.”

George turns Ben around in his lap so he can watch as Eliza preps Alex. Pulling the plug of the tail out torturously slow. Alex pants heavily, body shaking with need as he lies across her lap. Eliza is methodical as she slicks up her fingers, tracing them around Alex’s entrance. Cooing at him softly as he whines and bucks against the contact. Ben is just as eager, wiggling against the arm George has wrapped tight around his waist as his Dom’s free hand bunches his skirt up so he can slick Ben’s cock.

It feels like they keep up the teasing for hours. By the time George lets Ben drop back down to the padded floor the sub is sure he’ll go insane from need.

Ben wastes no time once free, crawling straight for Alex. Who is still draped across Eliza’s lap. He showers kisses against Alex’s face until he starts to respond. Kissing back sluggishly. Ben swallows down Alex’s moan when Eliza’s deft fingers hit that sweet spot within him.

“Go on, kittens,” Eliza says, finally releasing Alex with a pat to his ass.

He almost falls into Ben’s arms, sighing and spreading his legs as he lays back on the padding. Ben nibbles and bites his way up Alex’s body, dick twitching when long legs wrap around his waist. There’s no need to wait but Ben still holds back. Grinning when Alex tugs his hair as Ben drags his cock along Alex’s ass.

“Ben, please!”
That’s all the encouragement he needs. Ben takes his time entering Alex, letting him adjust as Ben glides into him. Only stopping for a moment to enjoy the velvet heat before rocking his hips. Ben’s hands drift down, nails dragging against the outside of Alex’s thigh to feel the way he clutches tight around Ben in response. He rocks back into Ben’s shallows thrusts, hand tangle in Ben’s hair and tugging on each downstroke. When their pace gets erratic Ben slips a hand between them, long fingers wrapping around Alex’s dick. They finish almost at the same time, Ben’s orgasm chased by Alex’s.

The sag against each other, curling up on the padded floor as they coast through the afterglow. Panting and purring and kissing. Alex groans when Ben pulls out, on the verge of overstimulation. Then crawls up on the bench next to George, Ben following to press against his Dom’s other side and purr happily.

Best Halloween ever.

End Notes

You can find me on the tumbls

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