Summary

Saihara had his first inkling of suspicion that mischief was afoot when Oma took the novel he had been reading out of his hands and set it aside on the bed, carelessly dog-earring the page to bookmark it in the way he had to know Saihara hated.

Oma exacts some bloody (?) revenge upon Mister Detective for his earlier wrongs.
Saihara had his first inkling of suspicion that mischief was afoot when Oma took the novel he had been reading out of his hands and set it aside on the bed, carelessly dog-earring the page to bookmark it in the way he had to know Saihara hated. “Hey,” he protested as Oma cupped his face in one hand and drew him into a kiss.

“Mmm?” Oma asked lazily, coaxing him to roll over. A slightly unusual reversal of the norm, where Oma drew him in and demanded his touch and attention, but not unusual enough to ask about. Either way it was definitely something worth pursuing, Saihara thought. A little hasty, but maybe Oma had been feeling pent up for a while. The book could wait.

He felt the second inkling when Oma began giggling, half-stifled and uncontrollable as though he were getting away with some nefarious deed. Oma often laughed at some running internal monologue of his, though - besides, his mouth had been so soft and warm, and Oma’s busy hands industriously feeling Saihara up through his clothes made him smile a little hazily as he pushed his rump up to welcome Oma’s touch.

It was only around the time that Oma planted a knee in his lower back instead to pin him to the bed with surprising force, however, that Saihara took any active part in wondering what was about to happen to him. “Uh?” he said intelligently. Oma pulled his wrists behind him with a whinny of triumphant laughter.

“Gotcha!” Oma shouted gleefully, deftly wrapping a thin rope around and between his wrists to form a pair of cuffs. Saihara, half-confused and half-intrigued, focused more on the sensation of linen rope on skin than on attempting to slip out of it.

“You know I don’t exactly mind this,” Saihara pointed out. A quick test of the restraints found them solid. Had Oma been practicing? “You didn’t need to trick me into rolling over.”

“Where’s the fun in that? I wanted to surprise you.” Oma shrugged, pushing him busily out of the bed. “But it turns out Saihara-chan’s pretty passive either way, huh? Get up.”

“That’s also something you already knew.” Saihara complied unquestioningly, rolling from the bed and standing.

“Yeah, ‘cause look how good you are at following orders!” Saihara remained silent, flushing faintly pink at the condescending praise. “And now you’re gonna get on your knees, right?” Oma asked innocently, leaping from the bed and lifting Saihara’s bound arms from behind until he began to lose his balance. He stumbled a little, braced by a small hand tight around his forearm, and lowered himself to the floor. “Good boy!” Oma chirped.

Saihara lowered his gaze to the floor as a shiver ran up his spine. He took a long, steady breath and said nothing in reply. There he found himself entirely at Oma’s mercy, reflecting that two minutes
ago he had started out suspecting nothing at all.

“I saw that,” Oma said, patting his hair. “You liked that, didn’t you? What a surprise! No one ever would have expected that reliable, upright Mister Detective wants me to tie him up and have my way with him, huh? But of course,” he murmured smugly, clapping his hands down on Saihara’s shoulders and leaning down to whisper into his ear from behind, “we both know that’s a lie.”

“Ah, so I’m Mister Detective right now…” The way Oma touched him so casually, calmly handling him like he had every right to do what he pleased, was more intoxicating than Saihara wanted to let on. “Well then, what do you want from me?” he asked, reasonably enough. He had taken nothing and was fairly certain he had no information Oma would want. Not that it would stop Oma from demanding information, he thought with a faint shiver. It wouldn’t be the first time Oma had made impossible demands as the pretext for a scene, or set Saihara up just for the sake of punishing him. It only seemed to delight Oma more when Saihara, desperate to please or be pleased, made things up to appease him.

Oma seemed not to want that sort of scene; he waved a dismissive hand instead, perching on the edge of the bed and raising his head high in an ostentatious display. Given a subject to lord it over, he was every inch the supreme ruler, Saihara noted. “I couldn’t help but notice that Mister Detective walked me around when I was all tied up. How did you know no one would see you capturing me, huh?” He hooked the toe of one shoe beneath Saihara’s chin, raising his face to make eye contact.

The effect was immediate; Saihara felt heat radiate from his cheeks as he stared up into Oma’s half-lidded, satisfied eyes, feeling the leather press into his chin. “Usually at that time of evening, no one is around.” Saihara was certain of that. He had taken time to watch the path during training every evening, even dawdling behind to continue his vigil most nights. “Your sleeves hid the cuffs, and I checked the handbook to make sure no one was on the path or in the casino before we left. If someone saw us then you could have shown them, but...I didn’t think you would,” he concluded.

“Hmm, just as expected, Mister Detective had a boring plan after all. Don’t you think it would be more interesting if I just...paraded you in front of everyone like this on purpose?” As much as Saihara was sure it was just idle chatter to break his nerve, Oma’s eyes glinted with the same unpredictable, manic energy as usual, and in that erratic gaze Saihara could practically feel everyone’s eyes on him. Oma moved his foot, but his stare was magnetic. Saihara helplessly looked back at him, twisting his wrists in the soft linen cuffs.

“Please don’t…?”

Oma clapped his small hands together in glee, his mouth a sharp, unnerving crescent of delight. “Nishishi, I like that! I like how it sounds when Saihara-chan begs me really earnestly. Let’s have lots more of that, okay?” He flipped his student handbook open, tracing the paths and buildings with his fingertip. “I think you know where we’re going.”

Saihara did his best to walk casually to the hotel despite his hands being bound behind him, adopting a strolling gait completely unlike his usual movement, grateful for the ease of slip-on shoes. Spotting Oma’s furtive glances at him, his half-stifled giggles, made Saihara suspect the effect of his walk was somewhat less than convincing. Thankfully he saw no one on his way to the large door marking the area of the casino and the looming, gaudy edifice of the love hotel.

“These are pretty expensive, huh?” Oma asked, casually producing a golden key from nowhere - up his sleeve, Saihara supposed - and opening the door to the hotel. “Mister Detective must have saved up for a long time to bring me here. But I’m lucky, so…”
“It was easy for you?”

“Of course.” Oma flashed a smile as he sauntered through the lobby. He leaned on the elevator button. “That’s a lie, though. These take forever to grind for. Who would have thought gambling could get boring?” The elevator doors slid open. “I’m interested, how long did it take you?”

“I guess it was—” Saihara began before Oma briskly ushered him into the elevator and encroached on him, pushing him up against the cool metal wall with both hands. Saihara gasped, pressing his bound hands against the metal to stabilize himself as the elevator jolted into motion; Oma leaned up and kissed him, sudden and demanding, deft hands making quick work of his uniform jacket as his tongue pressed insistently into Saihara’s mouth. “Mm-!” Saihara exclaimed into the kiss as Oma untucked his dress shirt with a sharp pull.

“Mmm,” Oma sighed into his mouth as the elevator stopped. “That was a lie,” he whispered against Saihara’s lips as it opened. “I don’t care how long it took.” All at once he withdrew, smoothing his own pristine uniform as though he were the disheveled one. “Hey, it looks like we’re here!” Saihara looked down at himself, the rumpled jacket pushed back and the wrinkled hem of his shirt hanging loose around his hips, and wondered how Oma had achieved it in the space of two floors.

“Y-yeah,” he acknowledged, following Oma’s confident stride toward a nearby room. Oma opened the door with a flourish, the key vanishing from his hand - back down his sleeve again, Saihara supposed - and revealed a perfectly ordinary room. As ordinary as any of the rooms were, which was to say that he had figured out how to deactivate the ridiculously whirling carousel horse just as well as Saihara had.

“Sorry I didn’t prepare anything dramatic like you did, but as the supreme leader of evil, I figure it’s all gonna come naturally to me.” Oma shrugged, gesturing casually toward the St. Andrew’s cross standing against the wall. “I figure I can tie you to that and go crazy, right?”

“Um…” Saihara considered the very slim odds that Oma, who could figure out ways to cunningly orchestrate even the most mundane tasks, hadn’t planned out a scene for him. “That’s a lie, isn’t it?”

“Figure it out, Mister Detective! That’s your job.” Oma gave him a light shove toward the cross. “But the part about tying you to that? Allll true, so get a move on.” Saihara approached it cautiously, looking up at the arms of the X-shaped frame extended above him. He twitched at the sudden grasp of Oma’s hands around his bound wrists, caressing his skin around the rope and pulling gently at the knot. It fell instantly apart. Saihara, staring in astonishment at his freed arms, wondered what other rope tricks Oma might know. “Put your back to it,” Oma said calmly. “Drop your jacket.” Saihara obeyed without thinking, then felt incredulous all over again at how effortlessly commanding Oma had sounded.

Despite the ease with which he issued orders, Oma still stood to his full height to click the padded cuffs shut around Saihara’s wrists, fastening him to the cross. The effect was slightly ludicrous; Oma’s petite body stretched to reach Saihara’s hands as though Saihara were playing keep-away with him. Saihara poorly fought back a smile at the sight.

“Hey, is something funny?” Oma asked good-naturedly, grinning directly up into his face from an uncomfortable proximity. “Mister Detective should know, I love jokes.” His expression shifted, growing serious. Saihara’s eyes widened in alarm. “But it better be a great joke, or else.”

“U-um-!” stammered Saihara, caught out. Lithe, pale fingers slipped under his hanging shirt and toyed with his waistband; Oma cocked his head questioningly, his gaze suddenly cold and probing.

“Oh? Keeping it to yourself?” He popped the button and pulled down the zipper with a long, audible
sound. “Is that really worth it?”

“It’s not a great joke,” Saihara said a little too quickly, testing the restraints around his wrists. They hung on short cords and offered almost no range of motion; his hands were trapped very slightly above the level of his head, his elbows bent at slightly obtuse angles.

“Looks like Mister Detective’s got no cojones,” Oma mused, leveling a look of disgust at him. “I’m about to torture you and you can’t even call me short? Good thing I tied you up, ‘cause you got no spine to stand there on your own!”

“Wait, that’s unfair! If I said that, you would have punished me,” Saihara protested.

“Oh, so you’re just that eager to please me instead? Wellll…” He smiled wickedly. “I don’t dislike that in a captive. But why are you here if not to get punished?” Oma shrugged, then jerked Saihara’s pants and boxers down with such abruptness that he yelped before shyly stepping out of his clothes, letting Oma throw it all to the side. “You’re getting punished either way, Mister Detective! You know why?”

“B-because I captured you before?” he asked. It was unnecessary to phrase it as a question, high and quavery at the end as though he’d been caught doing something shameful, but Oma’s cavalier treatment of his pants had shaken him. Oma smiled gently, toying with the buttons of his rumpled shirt.

“That’s right! Good boy,” he said again, his voice going low and silky. Saihara looked abruptly to the side as heat radiated from his face and pooled in his belly, unable to hide the intensity of his reaction from Oma’s appraising stare. “Nishishi, you’re seriously getting off on that, huh? Well then, spread ‘em!” Oma said, delivering a light pat to one exposed thigh. Saihara shuffled his feet awkwardly to either side, almost relieved as Oma cheerfully knelt to shackle his legs apart. At least the eye contact was over.

“So we’re just here for you to punish me,” Saihara clarified. “I don’t...need to do anything.”

“Are you asking because you want me to give you orders? Are you trying to figure out your role in all this, Mister Detective? No, you don’t have any control over this scene.” Saihara flinched at the words. Oma hummed noncommittally, slipping two thin fingers in alongside Saihara’s ankle to gauge the tightness of the shackle. “Are you thirsty? Do you need anything before we start?”

Saihara paused, momentarily thrown for a loop. “Ah, I don’t think so.”

“Mister Detective is the stoic type, huh?” Oma shrugged, smiling unreadably as he stood up and backed away. “I guess that might be fun. But if you need to...you know you can stop.”

“Just let me know,” Oma said brightly, rummaging through a nearby toybox. Saihara stared at the box, which bristled with an assortment of toys that was astonishing to behold. He had gone through it himself at one point and could still remember the smell of fresh rubber, the sealed packages inside. “Huh, wow!” Oma said, round-eyed as he produced a knife from the box. “How about this, Mister Detective? You know, I used to be the knife-throwing champion in my organization. I’m great with knives!”

“R-really?” Saihara stared at the gleaming steel and remembered the knife game, Oma’s intentional or unintentional harm of himself. “But don’t throw it.”

“As long as I don’t throw it, it’s okay?” Oma asked in genuine interest, eyebrows raised.
“I, um…” Saihara shrugged helplessly. “Maybe. What else would you do with something like that, Oma-kun?”

“Mmm...well, threaten you, Mister Detective! That’s just right for an evil villain like me, isn't it?” Oma placed it aside on the carpet; Saihara noted with a rush of affection that he was careful, even when setting it aside, not to throw it. Bored with his progress, Oma casually upended the box and sent plugs and dildos bouncing gleefully across the floor, short whips and various floggers clattering down in a pile. “Wow, the rest of it’s pretty boring. I guess it’s more about the scene, huh? I totes should have planned. I can be such a ditz sometimes, huh?”

“Um…” He tested the shackles around his ankles thoughtfully - the cords there were also short and allowed for almost no motion at all. Oma could, he realized as his gaze settled on a worrisomely huge, realistic silicone dick flopped aimlessly across the rug, do just about anything to him with any of these items. “I don’t know if I’d call this boring.” His gaze flicked from a soft suede flogger to a leather riding crop to a thin, whippy cane. He could imagine any of the piled implements in Oma’s hands. “I definitely wouldn’t call it boring.”

Oma’s gaze followed his, a wicked smile growing on his face. “Oh, it is. I think what makes it exciting is the mystery, y’know? You loooove mysteries, don’t you?” Oma picked up a stiff leather blindfold from the piled items on the floor. “If you just don’t know what I’m about to do to you...I think that sounds decently not boring, Mister Detective.”

“You planned this, didn’t you, Oma-kun?” There was something almost rehearsed about Oma’s performance, the way he approached with a satisfied smirk and brandished the blindfold between his hands.

“Who’s Oma-kun?” Oma asked, tilting his head. “It’s just Mister Detective here. And me, Maō, the Great Demon Lord!”

“I can’t call you that,” Saihara said in quiet resignation as Oma slid the leather blindfold over his eyes, “I’m sorry, but I can’t call you that no matter what you do to me.” It fit snugly over the bridge of his nose, blocking out not just his vision but most light. The soft shuffle of Oma moving around sounded louder, the light pressure of the cuffs on Saihara’s wrists and ankles more noticeable in the near-total darkness.

“Is that a challenge I’m hearing, Mister Detective?” The low silkiness in Oma’s voice felt more pronounced than before, sent a chill up his spine.

“Um, definitely not.”

“Would you rather I be Arsene Lupin the Third?” Saihara paused, considering it. “Wow, so you’re actually thinking about that one, huh? But then you gotta be Inspector Zenigata.”

“You’re right,” Saihara realized. “No, I can’t do it.”

“I’ll let you be Fujiko if you’re nasty!”

Saihara shook his head, listening intently to Oma’s soft footfalls across the carpet, the sound of plastic crinkling. He smelled the sharp aroma of the new toys as Oma presumably prepared for whatever he had planned. “Haha...I’d rather not.” He flinched at the soft pressure of hands pushing his shirt up. The air of the hotel room felt cool against his suddenly exposed skin; goosebumps cascaded up and down his body.

“Does that feel good?” Oma asked softly, sliding cold fingers up his abdomen and teasing at his
nipples with icy fingertips beneath his shirt, working them into sensitive peaks. The circling motion stoked a nervous, hectic heat in his abdomen as he remembered the clamps he had put on Oma last time. “Huh, even this much is getting to you, isn’t it?”

“Your hands are cold,” Saihara said, closing his eyes tightly even beneath the blindfold. Oma pressed frigid palms against his sides and earned another startled yelp, a shock running through him at the sudden jolt of temperature.

“Thought maybe you had some reason to be nervous I might do something mean to your chest,” he murmured. Saihara could, even blindfolded, hear the wicked grin on his face as he went back to the steady teasing.

Saihara took a deep breath, trying to ignore the vulnerability that was his hardening cock exposed and entirely at Oma’s mercy. Oma talked casually about violence, made ridiculous, over-the-top threats and demands, but had never done anything more extreme than surprising him. “Like what?” he asked, struggling to keep the quiver from his voice.

“I wonder…? I could do anything I wanted to you like this, Mister Detective, now that I’ve got you all to myself.” Oma’s fingers stroked his cheek; his head jerked reflexively away and Oma’s hand followed, cupping his face. His thumb stroked tenderly along Saihara’s cheekbone. “I could rough up your body, or put on the clamps...there are all kinds of fun whips and crops here that I know allll about, as the supreme ruler of evil.”

“Phantom thief,” Saihara corrected without thinking. A sharp pinch to one nipple stole the breath from his lungs for a moment in a startled gasp, but the feeling went instantly away - Oma had just done it with his fingers, he realized, not a clamp. Despite the painlessness, Saihara breathed harder, heart pounding.

“Oopsie, was that a little bit mean after all? But y’know, all of that...it sounds fun. Maybe not right now. Maybe not just for me to do to you. But it sounds...not boring.”

Could that mean Oma wanted it done to himself instead? The idea left Saihara dizzy, the thought of the soft flogger in his own hands and Oma spread out and waiting on the St. Andrew’s cross, the pale inward curve of his back and the smooth milk-white of his thighs, but before he could even begin to form a reply Oma’s lips pressed softly against his and removed the option. It felt strange to be the recipient of a kiss he couldn’t see coming, Oma’s hand still holding his face, thumb stroking along his cheekbone as Oma tilted his head and deepened the contact. His lips felt soft and dry as always, but his tongue was slick and warm and made soft, wet noises when he licked carefully into Saihara’s mouth. Even the sound of his breath was more audible than usual, rising into a small grunt of pleasure when Saihara sucked at the retreating tongue in his mouth and chased the kiss as Oma pulled gradually away.

“Mm, you’re so into it. Could it be that Mister Detective has always imagined being all tied up and at my mercy like this?” Oma mused. “It couldn’t be that you let me capture you so easily just for thaaat…” Saihara strained to hear what he was doing beyond his casual words, heard only the faint clink and clank of metal on metal. “Nah. I bet even now, you’re trying to deduce all my secrets. You have that look.”

“What look?”

“Like you’re trying to figure out what’s next by listening.” Saihara, half-surprised to be seen through so easily, schooled his posture and expression into careful neutrality. “Like I said, Mister Detective. You don’t have any control over this.” Something smooth and ice-cold pressed against the center of Saihara’s chest, drawing a sharp gasp from his mouth. It felt solid and metallic, but no matter how
Saihara considered it, it gave no other clues. “Like, what’s this? You have no idea! You’re lucky, though…I like you so much, I’ll help you understand.” He heard a quiet click before Oma’s cold hand pressed softly against one of his thighs, his fingertips smooth and slippery. “Some of this might be a little uncomfortable. Let me know, okay?”

His warning was vague, but the lubed fingers working up between his legs were something Saihara could easily figure out; he squirmed to spread a little further, grimaced at one slick digit pressing steadily up into his body. “Why are you so cold?”

“She Dunno what you mean,” Oma mumbled. Saihara, standing with his legs parted immovably, felt the intrusion more acutely than ever as Oma slipped in a second finger and deftly worked him open. A third finger made him wince, lowering his body slightly to ease the pressure as his thighs quivered. “Okay, now get ready,” Oma murmured cryptically, withdrawing.

“For wh - ah!” Saihara’s entire body jerked at the press of cold metal against one thigh, moving slowly upward to push hard and unyielding against his lubed hole.

“Is Mister Detective putting the pieces together now?” Oma asked, pushing the blunt, smooth tip of the object in and out, stretching him the barest amount. The cold spread across his skin and tightened him, tingling and aching on the edge of something that could be pain. Oma was delaying, Saihara realized - waiting for him to confirm that he could take it, ready to switch it out for something else. He could take it, he thought. It already felt strange, so cold in such a sensitive spot, but there was something almost appealing about the sensation - he wondered how it would feel deeper inside, piercing into him, chilling him from within. He trembled in the restraints, head tipping back against the wood behind him.

“I understand,” he confirmed, his body tightening despite his agreement as though to push it out. Oma worked the narrow taper further into him instead, a gradual but unceasing in-out that sent it deeper and deeper inside; the tightening of his body drew it in as the flare pushed him open, the curve of the base settling snug against him as it nestled in. He shuddered and moaned at the radiating coldness inside the tight channel of his body, his muscles spasming around the stem of what he realized was a plug. A throbbing ache erupted where it had entered him. The freezing curve at the base pressed against his rim as he squirmed, the solid, unyielding metal shifting inside him with the motion. Dimly he was aware that his breath was coming in audible bursts that were so intense they had become helpless vocalizations.

“Hey,” Oma murmured. “You with me?” A careful hand touched his face as though to bring him back. Sweat rolled down his forehead.

“Nnngh,” he groaned in response, shaking in the restraints. “Ah, it’s…”

“Too much?” He gritted his teeth again and shook his head. The feeling faded but the tenderness around the plug remained, his rim feverishly warm and pulsing, the metal still echoing cold, cold, cold through his body from within. He exhaled sharply, chest rising and falling with harsh breaths. “Looks like Mister Detective is pretty tough,” Oma continued as seamlessly as if he had never paused to ask, stroking his face again. Even through the dull thud of his pulse in his own ears he could hear Oma’s smile. Another plastic click reached his ears and he jerked at the soft press of fingers just beneath the head of his flagging cock, tracing a line down to the base as Oma continued to caress his face with the other hand.

Saihara had no answer for him. It was compelling, the dull ache in his body and the increasing, vague ache in his arms where they hung in the restraints. The sensation built slowly, his body adjusting to each new thing as though pushing further into some new terrain with its own boundaries, edges he could explore if Oma brought him there. The places Oma touched felt warm - Saihara
shifted a little, the plug moving inside, and squirmed at the growing tingling where his fingers had been.

“That should keep you hard for a little while.” Oma’s other hand left his face. He stood untouched, his cock warm and throbbing with whatever substance Oma had apparently smeared on him, cold radiating inside him, and trembled in the restraints. It wasn’t the cold, not exactly - it was a physical reaction to the intensity of it all, he thought, his whole body quivering. He fought the tenseness in his jaw that tried to chatter his teeth together. “I was lying before,” Oma continued. “I planned lots and lots of fun things to do with Mister Detective after he caught me last time. All kinds of things…nice things, mean things. But this is punishment, right? This is revenge.”

“Right,” Saihara echoed after a brief pause. The darkness felt floaty; Oma’s words moved around as though he were deciding his next angle of attack. Saihara’s muscles responded to each word, tensing in a futile effort to prepare for touch.

“So I’m gonna be mean, okay?”

“Okay.” A small hand pulled at his shirt, yanking it away from the front of his body and pulling the collar hard against his neck. He shuddered at the harsh tear and the smooth sound of fabric parting. “Oh,” he realized, eyes going wide behind the blindfold. The remnants of the front of his shirt settled back against him, threadbare and ragged-edged, all the buttons gone. “Oh…” He shivered at the gentle press of the knife against his chest, the flat of the blade cool against his skin. Oma had introduced the idea of threatening him with it, he had given it a little thought, and here it was.

“You got off on watching me squirm, right?” Oma said brightly. “Putting that plug inside me and torturing my poor dick, riiight?”

“Yeah…” Even the remembered image of Oma tied to the chair made him shiver, his cock aching between his thighs.

“How’s it feel to be the one squirming, huh?”

“It’s…” He thought about it through the pulse of his heart in his throat, in his ears, between his legs where he ached to be touched and the plug rested cold and thick inside him. “It’s good…” He wondered what he looked like wearing only the sliced-up remains of his shirt, hung up and exposed and trembling against the wooden frame.

“Well, that’s not the answer I was expecting,” Oma said nonchalantly, withdrawing the flat of the blade. “But I’ll take it!”

“Are you...going to play with that?” he asked. Oma hummed in thought as the flat of the blade pressed gently against the right side of Saihara’s ribs. He jumped a little and then went motionless, breathing hard, dizzy with the effort of staying still.

“Only if you’re interested.” Saihara paused, considered the fact that even this had become an erotic image. It was the scenes that had done it, he thought, the scenes and the discussions that had introduced these sorts of ideas one after another. He shivered again in the restraints.

“Yes,” he said, and felt lightheaded at the idea of the word coming out of his mouth. It was different, he thought, from just letting Oma wind linen ropes around his arms or shackle him to a frame - it was different even from being blindfolded, allowing Oma to surprise him with touch. It was an aspect of control he had only ever imagined giving anyone before. He felt Oma’s gaze on him like a weight and imagined what expression he might have. A wide, manic grin? A villainous smirk? The solemn expression he adopted when he was taking something seriously?
“Then I’m gonna start now,” Oma whispered. “Stay still, ‘kay?” The feeling of cold metal skated tenderly along the line of one of his ribs, the faint bite of it sending goosebumps cascading down all of his limbs. Saihara, feverish and utterly helpless, remembered the last time he had seen Oma holding a knife - his pale face wincing in pain, the cut on his finger welling up with hot bright blood. The feeling returned again, cold sharpness sliding in a line right below the previous one on his ribs, and Saihara caught his breath in a trembling gasp as cold metal touched one nipple.

“Still with me?” Oma asked. He nodded, his breath coming and going like a sob. Oma’s hand in his had been warm then, he remembered as another line crossed his skin beneath it. Oma’s hand had been warm, and small, and Oma had declared him the winner of the knife game before Saihara had even the chance to touch so much as the hilt. He took another shuddering breath at the feeling of warm liquid on his skin, but to his surprise there was no jolt of pain, no sharp sensation of blood welling against parted flesh, just sensitivity and a faint, hot tickle trailing the sensation of cold metal - was it that sharp? Had Oma really cut him? His pulse pounded in the back of his skull, in the hollows of his jaw, between his legs where his cock burned with warm sensation. He trembled uncontrollably for a moment, teeth and muscles clenching at the intensity of the feeling.

“Are you okay?” Oma asked, his voice almost dispassionate, and Saihara let his head fall back against the solid wood of the cross.

“You wouldn’t hurt me,” he said. His voice sounded thin, far away. He felt the throbbing heat of his body stretched around the cold plug inside him, the impaling force of it like ice, his cock throbbing between his legs, the heat of the liquid dripping from his ribs to his abdomen. It was as though the world had faded, a layer of protective gauze like a clumsy bandage between himself and the running cavalcade of thoughts. Everything became transparent as water, every sensation intense and immediate.

“No?” Oma asked softly, dangerously, tracing another line on his skin. Saihara smiled at nothing in particular, carried away by the feeling coming over him at each delicate mark Oma scored into his flesh. Everything was fine. His body was somewhere far off, his mind clear and floating and piercingly aware. It was an epiphany, all the pieces falling together into the solution to a case despite the evidence of his senses - Oma wouldn’t hurt him.

“I trust you,” he heard himself say. Oma’s motions ceased completely for a moment.

“You’re out of it, huh? he finally muttered.

“I trust you,” Saihara repeated, offering himself up as best he could in the restraints and hearing a sudden, hissing intake of breath between Oma’s teeth. Another line, a cold finger tracing softly after it - or was it cold? The thought crossed his mind like a cloud that it could be hot, Oma’s hands could be hot, and the next line felt searing against his flesh as though responding to the idea. “I did that,” he said, incoherent and smiling. “It’s me.” More warm liquid, more heat, more cold radiating out from his ribs and making his abdomen flex, making his thighs go tense. He was open so wide, spread out in a way he could hardly imagine. He had never felt so exposed before, so completely seen by someone else, so helpless and utterly safe.

“It’s you…” Oma echoed, touching his ribs again with hot fingers. He could see the pale hand in his mind’s eye, the bright blood. Oma’s? His own? Saihara laughed unsteadily, letting his head loll to the side. His hands hung limp in the restraints, his arms throbbing dully but tolerably from the strain. Oma’s warm - cold - warm fingers slid down his chest, down his belly, and finally wrapped around his aching cock.

“Oh,” he breathed, pushing into the touch. Oma let him go as soon as he moved. “Ah, wait...”
“Be good for me,” Oma murmured. Saihara went motionless, biting his lip and holding back even the urge to moan as the tight grip returned. “What did you think was happening to you?”

“Nnnh,” Saihara answered, aware dimly as Oma pumped him at a brisk, merciless pace that some kind of response was expected.

“You were right,” he said, and Saihara twitched as hair nestled softly against his ribs - Oma was leaning on him, he realized, small and feverishly hot. “I didn’t hurt you. It was a lie,” he said, his voice rough. “But I didn’t even trick you, huh?” Saihara bit his lip and strained to remain motionless as Oma worked him off hard and fast, his other arm curling gently around Saihara in a gripping embrace. “Had all kinds of plans,” he said as though to himself. Saihara whined in protest at the arm around him letting go, Oma’s hand going gentle around his cock.

“Ah!” he cried out at the sudden heat of Oma’s mouth around him, barely stifling the urge to push forward. Oma’s hands curled tight around his hips and urged him forward despite that, pressing him deeper inside and sucking hungrily at each withdrawal. He squirmed despite himself as the hands let go, his own hands jerking forward against the short cords, legs shaking as delicate fingers pressed up between his legs and worked the metal plug roughly inside him. “Oma-kun!”

“C’mon,” Oma said, pulling away for only a moment before going back to it, working Saihara’s dick with almost mechanical roughness. Saihara was too far gone to care about the possible mess as he went over the edge, choking back a cry and shuddering into orgasm, his vision whiting out even despite the blindfold over his face. He pulled uselessly, involuntarily at the restraints before sagging, his legs trembling as though all his muscles had given up. Oma coughed a little and let go of the plug. “Didn’t...know if you’d let me go with that plan,” he finally said.

“...’s fine,” he heard himself say. “Oma-kun could have hurt me,” he mumbled a little more consciously, not sure whether it was an observation or a suggestion. His fingers, he noticed dully, had gone numb from hanging in the restraints. “I would have...let you. I would have liked it,” he said softly, half-aware, still cushioned as though by gauze wrapped gently around his mind. "I can’t feel my hands.” Faintly he heard the soft clack of glass on metal. A freezing chunk of ice pressed against his ribs. “Aah-!” he yelped, jerking involuntarily in the cuffs. The ice laved him as though Oma was numbing his flesh, cleaning him to erase whatever he had done.

“Still trust me?” Oma asked, his voice low and soft. “Good boy…” Saihara made a noise, something cracked and helpless from deep in his throat before the ice tapped softly against some other surface and was gone. Cool fingers stroked the hair back from his face and cupped his flushed cheeks, wiped the sweat from his forehead. “I’m gonna bring you down from there now.”

“No, no, but…”

“You can’t feel your hands. You’re coming down,” Oma ordered, working at the cuffs around his wrists. Saihara lowered his arms and felt heat flood his fingertips as fresh blood made its way back in, stripping away a little of the gauze between his mind and the world.

“No, I’m messing it up,” he realized, a vague sense of unease stirring in the depths of his gut as though some terrible realization were waiting around the corner. “You didn’t get to come, I didn’t make you…”

“Pff, I’m not going anywhere. Who said you’re free to go?” Oma clicked the cuffs open around his ankles. Saihara reached for the blindfold and small hands latched around his wrists like manacles, pulling his arms behind him before he could touch it. “You’re not getting out that easy.” He did nothing to resist the rope pulling snug around his arms, twining between in another quick knot that formed cuffs again.
“I didn’t…ruin it…?” Saihara hovered unsteadily, dizzied, in the dark; a firm arm encircled his waist, guiding him carefully to the bed despite his awkward, hobbling gait, the press of the plug inside him cold and hard and suddenly much too intense. A small hand pressed him down against the mattress to bend him over.

“Nah, no, you’re doing great. Keep being good for me, okay?” Oma’s hand stroked the length of his back, all the way down to the hard metal curve of the plug. The touch was sure and anchoring; Saihara exhaled a long sigh of relief, grunted at the careful pull at the plug inside him. He pushed and moaned at the feeling of it sliding out, the hollowness left inside him aching vaguely.

“You can use me,” he said, flushing at how it sounded coming out of his mouth. "Please..."


“What? When?” he asked in confusion as Oma carefully pulled the blindfold up, unwinding a few stray tendrils of hair from the band. He blinked at the comforter beneath him.

Oma cleared his throat again. “Do you want to stay tied up a little more?” Saihara moved his wrists against the linen rope. It was weird, he thought, that Oma had bothered putting it back on - that he had left the blindfold on as well, until Saihara felt calmer. It was weird, but it had worked - Saihara felt numb but tranquil at the close of the scene, the strange sense of dread unspooling harmlessly in his belly and dissipating quietly away. “While I was sucking you off. I took care of it.”

“Oh…” Saihara stared at the comforter a little more, feeling the faint twinges in his shoulders. “It’s okay. You can untie me now.”

“If you’re sure. Saihara-chan just wasn’t ready for it to be over yet, right?” Oma tugged at the knot and it dissolved again like magic. “Okay, sit up.”

Saihara rolled over and sat up against the headboard of the ridiculous bed. He raised a hand to his own chest and found it smooth, the skin unbroken, just as he had thought. “How did you do that?”

Oma pointed toward the cross. The small metal tray sitting on the chair beside the cross held a small spiked pinwheel on a metal handle, a dish containing ice, a tube of tingling gel, lubricant, and a candle in a dish. The candle stood in a deep puddle of what looked like clear wax, a delicate paintbrush set beside it. The knife lay harmlessly on the carpet. “Yeah, see? It was all a lie. Nishishi, and you said…” Oma trailed off, his smile widening into a grin. “You said you trusted me. Me! How far gone were you, huh?”

Saihara stared at the collection of objects like they were part of a dream. “What’s the candle?”

“The candle’s just mood lighting,” Oma explained. “But that’s a lie. It melts into oil,” he continued, shaking his head as though switching his train of thought. “Not hot enough to burn, so I could just smear it on the lines I made with the wheel, y’know? To trick you...anyway! Forget that. Here.” He clasped one of Saihara’s hands and led him toward the bed. “Let’s get something for you to drink, and we’ll-”

“I did trust you,” Saihara said, catching up a minute too late with Oma’s statements, what he realized Oma meant by them. “I trust you, Oma-kun.”

If he paid less attention, Saihara would have missed the way Oma’s expression went momentarily blank before his eyes glittered, lips curving in a wicked grin. “But maybe I was working my way up to something really cruel!” Saihara shook his head, smiling ruefully.

“That’s a lie. You…” He gathered his thoughts as Oma brought him an insulated bottle that he
recognized, after a small sniff, as his favorite oolong tea. “You didn’t have to suggest the knife game that one time. You did it for a reason, right?”

“Not everything I do has to be some cunning plan, y’know. I might just think knives are fun.” Saihara shivered despite the comforting heat of the tea. Was the room cold?

“You hurt yourself for me,” he heard himself saying as though from a slight distance. It was like the earlier distance, he thought, but there was no gauze keeping him safe from his thoughts - just exhaustion and a growing chill in his bones. “To show me. You didn’t even give me a chance to get hurt.” Oma hovered by the bed, his expression curious as Saihara lowered himself to the bed and lay on his side.

“Are you still cold? Huh…” He rolled back the rumpled blankets, flipping them around to move the wet spot away, and lifted them to cover Saihara's curled form. “Are you…?”

“What?”

“Are you feeling weird? Fair is fair, Saihara-chan. You...got to see me like that too, right?” He crawled into the bed and beneath the sheets, nestling up against him. “Gotta take care of you. The candle is massage oil, y’know, so I can work that tension out. Like you did.” He felt warm and soft against Saihara’s back. His petite frame was naturally ill-suited to be the big spoon; despite that, he seemed to be putting effort in, slinging a small leg over Saihara’s waist and curling a thin arm around him as though trying to maximize the surface area of his body that could be in direct contact with someone else. Sharing warmth, Saihara realized. “You just gotta tell me when you’re ready.”

The idea made Saihara smile as he gazed at the St. Andrew’s cross against the wall, the assorted harmless implements arranged so carefully on the tray. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

**Mao, the Great Demon Lord**, is using a **Wartenberg wheel** during this scene. It creates a 'cutting' sensation when rolled across the skin with a little force, but will not do damage unless pressed down hard.
Epilogue

Saihara lay on his belly on the bed, the slight weight of Oma’s knees buckling the mattress on either side of him. He twitched as the warm oil poured over his back. “Where’s it hurt?” Oma asked cheerfully, the oiled heels of his palms pressing into the backs of Saihara’s shoulders, working at the knotted muscles there as he straddled Saihara’s prone body. Saihara’s shredded shirt lay discarded on the floor beside the bed. He stared at the remnants of it, letting out a long sigh of relief.

Oma’s small hands proved to be exactly the right size for digging in behind his shoulder blades where the tension had built. “Ah! Right there…” Oma dug in with a vengeance completely unlike Saihara’s own careful kneading, going after the stubborn knots with his knuckles like he had a vendetta. “That’s good, Oma-kun.” The warmth of the oil seeped into him bit by bit, pushing away the chill.

“Well, yeah. I’m widely renowned as the best masseur in my organization, too. It’s not all knife-throwing contests and pretending to cut people, y’know?”

“Sometimes you actually cut people?” Saihara asked wryly.

“Did you want me to?” Oma focused on his left arm, working down the sore muscles with careful, kneading strokes and finally pressing his thumbs into the soft meat of Saihara’s palm. Saihara sighed again, staring at the wooden frame of the St. Andrew’s cross with half-lidded eyes as Oma switched to his right arm. A long moment of silence passed as he worked Saihara’s bicep and tricep beneath his hands in slow, rolling motions, then moved on to work the muscles of his forearm. “Yeah, we work hard in my organization, but we have fun too. I’d say we have more fun, really. So!” He pressed his fingertips gently up at the base of Saihara’s skull, a gentle, circular motion with his thumbs as he worked his way down Saihara’s neck. “I know we talked, but I wanna make sure Saihara-chan had fun.”

“You checked in with me,” he murmured, the tension melting from his shoulders. His arms felt numb, as tired as if he had spent hours carrying something heavy - despite Oma’s best efforts, they would be sore tomorrow. “It was good, Oma-kun. Did you really want me to hit you with one of those things?” He nodded vaguely toward the piled implements.

“Hmmm,” Oma hummed, returning to his back and working his way down, each long kneading stroke slick with oil. “Maybe. Does Saihara-chan think I deserve to get caned?”

Saihara smiled into the pillow. “Do you mean for being bad, or for being good?” There was a case to be made for either, he thought, and Oma would be wonderful in either scenario - but he liked to think of Oma being good, or at least trying to be good, eager to please and hungry for praise. “I’ll have to learn how to do it right.”

“I wanna be sure, though.” Oma’s voice remained calm and level, but the teasing element was gone, Saihara noticed. Even facing away, he could see Oma’s serious expression in his mind. “I gotta make sure you were okay with this. If you didn’t want me to hurt you, and I tried to trick you into thinking I’d hurt you, that’s not fun anymore. If it’s not fun for Saihara-chan, it’s no fun for me either, y’know?”

“Oma-kun, that’s not what I meant when I said you wouldn’t hurt me,” Saihara said vaguely. Vague, he realized even as the words left his mouth, wasn’t good enough - Oma needed a concrete response, had gone so far as to ask twice to get an explanation. “You didn’t go too far,” he said more carefully. “You checked with me, I could have stopped you. I didn’t want to stop you.” Oma’s hands worked
their way down to his lower back, kneading delicately above the crests of his hips where he had carried the tension of staying upright. He sighed again as the anxiety bled away.

“And you liked that?”

“I liked…giving you that control. You could have cut me, we both knew it was a possibility…” He trailed off. Oma stayed quiet, giving him time. “It was all your choice. I thought…” He trailed off again with a frustrated grunt. “Oma-kun, this is embarrassing.”

“You made me cry in a chair last time,” Oma pointed out brightly.

“Oh, that’s true.” He paused to consider it. “Did you have fun?”

“I had the time of my life!”

“Me too.” He cleared his throat, marshalling his words. “Because I trust you with that kind of choice.” Oma dismounted, climbing off to sit beside him on the bed. He rolled over and grimaced as the sheets stuck lightly to the oil on his back. “I think it’s that I realized…even if you have that control, you don’t want to hurt me in any way that I don’t want. I trust Oma-kun.” The more he explained it, the more Saihara felt the pieces slot into place, the evidence he had known intuitively before. “The way you’re asking me now is more proof it’s true. Does that make sense?”

Oma remained silent for a moment as though processing the words, his gaze fixed on the comforter of the bed. It occurred to Saihara, as his mind slowly revolved in relaxation, that he had only rarely seen Oma behave in such a subdued way. Maybe this was the closest he came to showing that he felt the way Saihara had nearly felt before - anxious and cold, coming down from a high and finding doubt waiting for him there. “I brought you something,” Oma finally said.

“Really?” Saihara asked carefully. Oma sat up against the headboard, rummaging under one of the pillows and offering him a brilliantly colorful book.

“I had sooooo much fun gambling to earn that key, I ended up with enough left over to bring you this.” Saihara rolled over on his side to take it, reading the back cover. “It’s a travel journal by someone who never traveled,” he explained. “It’s the kind of stupid, boring speculative fiction Saihara-chan loves. But I’m actually interested in it too, so when you’re done, I’m gonna steal it back.”

“Then…” Saihara sat up against the headboard, stricken with inspiration. “I’ll read it to you for a while.”

“What? Out loud, like it’s storytime? That’s literally the lamest suggestion I’ve ever heard in my entire life,” Oma declared, examining his fingernails with a supercilious air.

Saihara shot a sidelong look at him. “Well, you could also have said no thank you, but-”

“It’s a lie!” Oma shifted closer, beaming. “I don’t dislike that kind of childish attitude, y’know?” Gradually, his head rested on Saihara’s shoulder. “I like that Saihara-chan reads fiction, too. Like I said…I’ll get you to love lies. This is just evidence that there are already some lies you’ve come to love, right?”

“Hmm.” Saihara leaned into Oma’s slight weight nestled against him, opening the book to the brightly-illustrated first page and pulling the sheets up higher. “I guess that’s true.”
Oma, nestled comfortably beneath his bedsheets and taking a deep, bracing breath, raised his legs and pressed the cold metal of the plug experimentally into himself. Despite the spasmodic tightening of his rim around the steel, the flare sank gradually into his body. The base nestled snug against him. Hissing through his teeth, he closed his eyes tightly and waited out the tight cramping of his body around the metal.

It *stung*. Oma could endure more, but it definitely stung. It was too much too quickly, passing the point of ‘interesting new sensation’ and skirting the realm of ‘startling pain.’ It had to be a little warmer for Saihara, at least the first time, but that was no problem. It would be simple enough to tease him for a bit while everything warmed up just a little. Slick a little tingling jelly down his cock, play with his chest, take plenty of time lubing him up and keeping him guessing. There were all sorts of fun things to do in the meantime.

Recovering as his body warmed the metal inside him, Oma reached down and stroked his flagging dick back to full hardness, sighing as the internal cramps diminished and tightening himself rhythmically around the plug. This much was manageable; the dull soreness was nice. The feeling grew interesting bit by bit, the radiating cold inside him decreasing to leave a throbbing, satisfying chill, a nice deep ache. Saihara’s reaction would be interesting, too, but he would need a moment to decide if he wanted to try it.

That was fine. There would be plenty of time, and there were plenty of other toys to choose from if this idea didn’t do it for him. Oma hooked a finger into the ring at the base of the rigid plug, one of several he had found in the hotel room, and worked it experimentally. He tugged gently at it while clenching his body, a slight in-out motion - not boring at all, the cold solidity of stainless steel, the dense thick weight of it a penetrating force holding him open.

The wheel was interesting too, if he closed his eyes and made the prickly disc move over his skin just so. A little force, a steady speed, the quick-moving spines tricking his nerves into imagining the smooth, continuous motion of metal across his flesh. A harmless lie. His lower abdomen and sides were especially sensitive to that sort of touch, his pale belly twitching under the wheel even though he expected the contact. After the chill of the metal, the warm oil from the candle on the bedside table felt hot when smeared on his skin. He threw the bedsheets back to experiment with the feeling, a slow roll of the spines over his ribs, a quick, hard roll like a slice, dripping warmth trailing behind it. The meticulous approach would be best for Saihara. No matter what Saihara said, genuine fear from him would put a stop to everything. A firm, careful, assured touch was best.

He rolled the spines over one nipple, a little roughly, just for the sharp sensation of it. How would the careful rolling over his ribs feel if he were Saihara, unaware of what was happening? Exciting? Scary, even though he intended to broach the idea just to test the water? But if Saihara disliked it, if he said no or suggested anything, anything else first, it would be easy to set the wheel aside and switch to some other fun idea. Fur, tickling, gentle scratching. Warmed oil and slow, leisurely teasing...
with his hands or with toys. The soft suede tails of a flogger dragged across sensitive areas. A recitation of truly awful poetry, if Oma were feeling particularly cruel. He had found a promising book in the library.

Above all, every alternative was entertaining to imagine, and Saihara’s body and reactions were endlessly, wonderfully fascinating. Oma squeezed a little tingling jelly on his fingers and stroked the underside of his cock, then wiped his fingers carelessly on the towel next to him. This was something that was straightforward and nice enough, though leaving it alone was maddening, the warm tingling under the sensitive head of his cock demanding attention. Oma endured it, tightening his body around the cooling plug and focusing on the sensations consuming him. As much as he liked the frustration himself, he wouldn’t leave Saihara that way for long, no matter what sort of play he ended up wanting.

He went over the alternatives in his mind again, the ways he could introduce them. Grandiose and threatening, maybe, or reassuring - Saihara would respond better to reassurance in a vulnerable position. Oma reached down again to close his hand tight around his aching dick, exhaling in blissful relief at the feeling. If he dragged the suede tails of a flogger across the delicate skin of Saihara’s thighs, what kind of sound would he make? Would he ask what it was? Would it give him the urge to try something new, being introduced to that kind of implement - if he could start by teasing Oma with it like that, stroking and slowly arousing him with it, would he feel confident enough to work his way up to impact? Oma shifted his head on the pillow, gritting his teeth and working his cock a little harder at the thought of Saihara experimenting that way with his body, the way the first lash would feel against his back. A gentle sting, a little thud that would echo in his ribs. Satisfying. Saihara’s long, elegant hand curling around the handle of the flogger, Saihara’s genuine and immediate concern for him. The concern was almost more decadent to imagine than the flogging. He would want more of both.

Would it be punishing, or would Saihara prefer him to ask for it? Saihara surprised him often enough that he could imagine it happening either way. Pleading or defiant, Oma was a natural at playing along with anything he liked. He could easily go along with the scene no matter what. Seeing Saihara spread out for him on the St. Andrew’s cross would be incredible no matter how that scene went, too - surprising Saihara with all the different sensations, watching him react to all the stimuli he’d prepared and all the harmless, kind lies he would tell. Oma breathed harder, gritting his teeth, eyebrows lowering as he worked himself mercilessly at the image and came with a half-stifled grunt across his own abdomen.

The new metal implements clinked one by one into place on the tray, carefully arranged and individually wrapped, the half-melted candle replaced with a fresh one. Oma, wearing a clean white uniform, curled a long, wet, shampoo-scented tendril of hair around his finger and smiled absently at the display before turning to the desk where a notebook lay open and waiting. The items would wait just as long as it took for the opportunity to present itself. He could prepare the room at any time, could chill each thing for just long enough before bringing them out to warm. He knew how it should feel, the order of the scene, all sorts of fun ways it might play out. It would be easy. Sated, clean, his mind filled with new and interesting sensations, Oma settled into the desk chair and picked up a nearby pen from a comforting pile of junk. It was a good time for scriptwriting.

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