non nobis solum

by MistressKat

Summary

The Atlantis expedition needed the best. And someone needed to bear the cost of that.

Notes

For pushkin666, who asked for vampire Rodney and Radek and riding crop. Title from a Cicero quote: “Non nobis solum nati sumus” (Not for ourselves alone are we born)

Vampires made the best scientists. They made the best artists and poets and musicians too. After all, there was nothing like eternity to really hone your craft, whatever it was. And the Atlantis expedition needed the best. And someone needed to bear the cost of that.

John choked out another sob, writhing against the leather bench, slippery with his sweat. The thick restraints held him down, arms and legs secured in place, ass on display. Nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. This was his duty, after all. The sole reason a washout like him had been given a place on Atlantis. Someone to keep the lead scientists satisfied.

“More,” Rodney said. It wasn’t a question. The riding crop sliced through the air, striking John’s shoulders, ribs, buttocks, the tender inside of his thighs. The pain came with a delay each time, waves of it layering over each other until each hit blurred into next and John lost both the count and the control of his voice, moans and pleads and sincere promises falling of his lips. His cock ached, trapped between his stomach and the unforgiving leather of the bench.

This too was a service he could provide. Pain and pleasure.
He knew the exact point Rodney broke skin, not from any sensation, but from the low groan Radek let out, his hand coming to rest on John’s head, almost reverential.

A few more hits and now John could feel the blood tickling down his back, slicking his thighs, the scent of it filling the room.

The riding crop rattled to the floor. Then came the wet sound of a kiss and sharp click of fangs as his masters paused to enjoy themselves.

Soon enough John would feel their mouths on his skin, tongues lapping at the blood, fingers pressing into every open, soft space of him until he cried from the ecstasy of surrender. Soon, he could fill his purpose and serve as he was meant to.

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