### Bad Girl

**by** [Alphas__Pet](http://archiveofourown.org/users/Alphas__Pet)

#### Summary

Though you preferred time outs over praise time; you managed to stay on good behavior; master's moral side for about a week now.

Up until you upset him by going out after bed time and not returning until the morning. He questioned where'd you’d been, and you just shrugged and said "out".

Master queried you again and you gave the same unsatisfying explanation. So he drug you by your hair into the play room where he planned to discipline you.

#### Notes

**UPDATE:** I've gone back and swapped out the Daddy kink for just Master. I feel like it suited the whole situation better!

**WARNING:** Note tags before reading!

Well I've done it again! lol. You dirty birdies wanted it so here it is! a DMC5 Vergil work!

This ones basically like a sequel to my other work "Sir, Vergil" pretty much the same concert (Sadism and Masochism with some blood kink) but a little more... extreme lol.

As I stated before with the other work, if that isn't your cup of tea, please don't rip my head
He was the Alpha and the Omega; the beginning and end. A son of Sparda. The dark Knight, but most importantly he was your dom; your master. He was sir to you. Nothing more or less. And if you responded with anything deficient; a punishment was sure to be gifted.

Your master took care of his little princess; his pet. His fuck toy. He gave you your orgasms when you were being a good girl and spanked you when you were being naughty.

Though you preferred time outs over praise time; you managed to stay on good behavior; Master's moral side for about a week now.

Up until you upset him by going out after bed time and not returning until the morning. He questioned where'd you’d been, and you just shrugged and said "out".

Master queried you again and you gave the same unsatisfying explanation. So he drug you by your hair into the play room where he planned to discipline you.

"You have a lot of learning to do, my little pet." Vergil shook his head, his aged features prominent in the bright shine of the ceiling chandelier.

The play room was pretty dimly lit. Most of the light only came from the beautiful glass piece in the center of the room.

"I didn't do anything!" You didn't have your collar on and though you got more thrill from being spanked, you dreaded not having the one thing that made you stand out from master's other lovers.

You were his first pet; his only pet. At least that's how you wanted it. Despite the 10 year age difference, Master was a lot more handsome than the guys your age; regardless of the faded scars on his aged face and he was a lot more funnier too.

He stayed to himself mostly and spent most of his time reading and when he wasn’t engrossed in his studies, he was out training. He made life thrilling for you, brought out your adventurous viewpoint.

"Who touched you? You smell like others." Vergil scoffed and pushed you down to the ground in front of him. You had some making up to do for worrying Master.

You shook your head and tried to accelerate to your feet, but Master kept you on the ground at his mercy; exactly where a disobedient pet belonged.

“I’m talking to you, so you speak to me.” Vergil walked over to his throne that was ensconced in the back of the room, before picking up the katana; Yamato and conveying back to you.

Your recalcitrance disturbed master’s mood and demeanor like that deserved slashes. Your beautiful collar hung on the arm of his chair and you wanted to go up and snatch your property, return it around your neck where it belonged.
“No one touched me.” You settled with your limbs behind your back while Master plucked Yamato from its holder. He didn’t believe your speech and he loathed the idea of someone touching what was his.

“You’re mine, pet.” Vergil pulled your top over your head before he dashed the cold steel of Yamato across your bra-clothed chest.

Immediately crimson percolated down to the soft roseate material of your bra and saturated the fabric; staining it and ruining it. A satisfied whimper left your lips as goose flesh embraced your warm body. You had a kink for agony, an even superior thing for the sanguine fluid Master would douse you in. It shook your core shedding the fluid for him and it got him off watching you spew it.

“Surely you didn’t think you could hide it from me, darling?” Vergil chuckled; another fissure being applied to the skin.

“I didn’t touch anyone, sir. I promise. I’m Master’s girl only.” You peered up to him from beneath your long silky lashes. You had plea in your voice and your bright eyes were glazed over with tears.

You were prepared to convince Master that you were a good girl no matter what.

Vergil narrowed his eyes at you before he pulled you to your feet and backed you towards the bed. “You better be telling the truth, pet.” He smeared the plasma over your chest, chills rippling through his veins and igniting a pilot of erotic flames though out the man.

Instantly his own blood rushed down south of his body and soon his arousal was palpable. He positioned you to where you were leaning over the foot of the bed, your hands still clasp behind your back and now your gore soaked chest pressed against the duvet.

Master’s blood covered hand ghosted over your bare ass; he deprived you of your pants the moment he’d seen you, so he didn’t have to waste time in doing it later. The first skin on skin slap echoed in the quiet room and he dug his blunt nails into the flesh; the stinging sensation sending waves of pleasure to your throbbing pearl.

“Yes, sir. I deserve to be punished.” You inspirited more aggressive behavior out of Master; you desperately wanted to feel more discomfort.

“I think you’re enjoying this, pet.” Vergil brought his Yamato up, letting the taciturn steel swat your already agitated burning flesh.

Another pathetic whimper fell from your lips and you found yourself progressing your sore ass back wanting more of that delicious sadistic friction. Your chest felt tacky and the soft material of the duvet stuck to the laceration from the drying crimson there.

Master had already rid himself of his pretty dark blue coat and now he wasn’t sporting his sleeveless shirt; all buttons unfastened, and zipper unzipped. He only dawned his black pants and brown boots.

“No, sir.” The crimson hand print that was on your ass had dried and started to flake.

“Then spread your legs for me, darling.” Vergil gave your inner thigh a laceration, cherry oozing down your leg and a moan prying from your lips.

Master grunted and spread the fluid around the back of your leg and then up to your tight hole. He slowly used your gore to aid in the slip of his middle finger in and out of your opening; the tight ring of muscles allowing him access to your heat. Your hand slipped between your legs and your rubbed and pinched at your sensitive pearl while Master stretched you out.
“Oh fuck.” You gasped and bit into your forearm while he worked another digit into your tightness.

You loved when Master touched you in other places. It felt good for him to pleasure all your holes, especially the one behind you.

Suddenly the satisfying sensation is all too soon torn away from you and next thing you know you found yourself on your knees in front of Master. You didn’t mind blowing him, in fact, it’s what you enjoyed the most, your knees showed the evident of it.

“I want to taste you, sir. Can I?” You gentle cupped him though his pants and a groan fell from master’s lips which made you smile. You wanted to earn your collar back. You were going to be a good girl.

“Open your mouth pet.” Vergil pushed his pants down, his eyes meeting yours as you opened your mouth to swallow. “If you’re a good girl, you may get your collar back, but you have to let master play with your pretty parts.”

“Oh, yes sir. You can. Please, master.” You looked up at him batting your lashes. “Please touch my pretty parts.”

Vergil smirked at you and guided your head down on his leaking member. “Do a good job.”

The crimson on your chest and inner thigh were both dry and your hole clenched around nothing as you bobbed your head up and down. You so desperately wanted to be full. To feel Master throbbing inside you; his release warming and you filling you up.

“Good girl.” Vergil let his Yamato fall to the ground; the clank of metal to stone ringing in your ears as his hands were now on your head; blunt nails scratching at your scalp.

His hips hesitated to thrust up, he wanted to fuck your mouth and use you like he always did. He wanted to hear you gag and choke on his length; watch the copious amount of saliva build up and pool from your mouth, to watch those pretty plump lips stretch wide and hear about how your jaw ached after.

Master enjoyed giving you orgasms, he also enjoyed punishing you and making you shed your skin. It got him off just as much as it did you.

You pulled off master’s length and let your lips brush over the leaking tip. Your tongue darted out to taste the bitter but sweet nectar and you wrapped your mouth around; trapping the flushed flesh between your lips and sucked until you heard him groan.

You took more and more of him into your warm, wet mouth while your hand worked up and down the length you couldn’t reach. Vergil tightened his hands in your hair harder and harder and you whined and looked up at him with pleading eyes. You wanted him to be rough with you, to bruise the back of your throat because he knew you could take it.

Your hips jerked and humped into the prodding fingers you still had wedge inside of you and you so gravely wanted to feel Master inside you already.

Your pretty parts needed to be petted and very soon you weren’t going to be able to last much longer.

“Please, sir.” You huffed and wrapped your mouth back around him.

“Oh good pet. Such a good girl. So obedient and good for her master.” Vergil bit his lip before
pulling out of your mouth, his hand wrapped around his length and after four quick strokes, thick, warm spurts of his lust coated your cheeks and some in your mouth and the rest dripped down your chin.

You swallowed what you could, and you mixed the rest with the gore on your chest. The mixture immediately turned a pearl pink and you used what was stained on your finger to outline your lips and suck it off. The salty taste of master’s orgasm and bitter taste of your sanguine fluid assaulted your taste buds and you could no longer wait as pleasure kept assaulting your body.

“Sir, please. Fuck me.” You pouted.

You couldn’t maintain your role as a good girl any longer. You want was burning your soul and you needed Master to extinguish the flames of lust that shrouded your heart.

Vergil smirked at you as he helped you onto the bed. His aged face creased, and he picked up his Yamato before refreshing the crimson on your inner thighs. A satisfied sigh left his lips as he ran his fingertips through the mess. Slowly he brought them to your lips letting you suck the fluid off.

“You want me to fuck you, pet? Touch your pretty parts?” He growled as he pushed you so that your shoulders where flush against the bed and your ass was in the air.

You had blood dripping down your inner thighs and Master used that along with the slick of his pre to help lube your tightness up.

“Answer me, little girl. Is that what you want?” Vergil landed a red hand print down on your bare ass.

You moaned and shook your head as Master bit into the tight skin of your back. It didn’t break but blood bubbled beneath the flush surface and with another prick it would have surely been set free.

“Fuck yes, sir. Please. Fuck me.” You whimpered.

Another laceration from Yamato was pressed to the inside of your thigh, none ever deep enough to cause serious harm. Master swiped his hand though the mess and drenched his thin lips in it. He sighed, pleased and his sparkly pools of blue stood out in the light of the room.

“As you wish, dear.” He said as he pushed inside you.

Even with the prep work and the extra slippery aid, Master still stretched you wider than he set you up for.

You groaned and squirmed under him, your three fingers dipping into your tight wetness as he fucked you from behind.

“Yes, sir. Fuck oh god yes.” You worked your ass back on master’s length and he kept your hips still as he pushed in another inch.

The pain burned but after some working around you couldn’t stop the needy moans that range from your body.

“Yes, Master’s good girl. This is what you were made for, pet.” Vergil landed a red slap to your ass cheek and then to the other cheek. His fingernails of his other hand were digging into your hip so hard you could feel the flesh splitting under them, the pressure feeling like knives.

“Yes, sir please!” You whined.
Master’s movements were harsh, and you kept up your steady pace of working your ass back while your fingers continued to get soaked from your sweet nectar and your bitter crimson. Vergil pulled out of you and teased your abused hole and pushed into your tightness along with your fingers.

The stretch felt good and part of you wished he kept it there, but your ass deserved to be filled first.

“How bad do you want it?” He asked as he pulled out and rubbed the tip of his length against the clenching muscle.

You whined at the empty feeling. “So bad, sir. Fuck me, please. Fill me up.”

He groaned before he shoved the head back in loving the pleasant sounds you made. Master pulled you back and quickened his pace as he grabbed your hips. He had you in the perfect angle to make sure you felt every inch of his length.

Master kissed and nipped at the skin of your shoulder as the sound of skin on skin filled the room along with your needy moans and pleas for more and more of that delicious pain.

“You feel amazing, pet.” Vergil panted; his thrust were becoming inaccurate and you could tell he was close.

“Fuck, master yes!” You whimpered as you released on your fingers, your body clenching up and your muscles gripping Master.

He continued to move and swat at your overly sensitive ass and the first spurt of his lust coated your warm walls. So wet and slick. Fighting through his orgasm, Master continued to fuck into you. Filling you up just the way you wanted before pulling out.

You moaned as you felt the pearly fluid run down your inner thighs and mix with your crimson. Vergil groaned and pushed two fingers inside of you, in and out, over and over loving the way you moaned and called out for him.

You lost yourself again, this time with a loud cry and a shake of your legs. You could feel master’s lust oozing around his fingers as he spread you open.

“Good girl, pet.” He smiled at you before pulling his fingers from your body and coming around the bed to bring them to your lips.

You loved the way you tasted, and the way Master tasted. You swirled your tongue around the digits and swallowed what remnants of his orgasm coated them.

“I suppose you may haven’t been up to no good after all but if you ever leave again like that, you’ll be punished for real next time.” Vergil tucked himself away back in his pants and went over to his chair; retrieving your collar.

“A good pet gets to wear her property proudly.” He sat you up right, so you were on your bottom and you bowed your head to him.

“Yes, sir. I won’t disobey you again. I’m sorry.”

Vergil smiled at you and lifted your face to kiss your lips. Instantly you melted into the touch, loving when Master kissed you. It was always so sweet and loving. So affectionate and comforting.

“Very well. Clean yourself up, little one, and then come lay with master.” He said as he pulled the tainted sheets from the bed and changed them.
You loved when Master spent the night with you, falling asleep in his arms. So safe and secure from
the dangerous world.

“Yes, sir.” You smiled at him.

Your bottom was sore and so was your throat, that meant you did your job and so did Master. Your
thighs would be sore for a few weeks, but you didn’t mind. Master loved the show you put on, your
crimson helped his orgasm and you couldn’t help but to feel more proud.

Being a good girl instead did feel good.

End Notes

What have I done! lol I always find it hard to write Vergil but when I do I seem to always
impress myself. I liked how this turned out and I hope you guys did too!
What did you think?
Feedback is always welcome <3
I'm going to try to produce another Vergil work (DMC5 of course, who doesn't love the aged
twins!) and if you guys have any plot suggestions then it would help me out quite a bit!
Thank you all for reading!
XoXoXo

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!