Summary

After misbehaving on your night out together, you decide to punish Julian by edging him and then ruining his orgasm.

Notes

Written for an anon request on my Tumblr (@vesuviannights). Anon wanted a fem reader with some subby Julian.

“Did you really think I was going to let you come after the way you behaved tonight?”

Julian nods, the movement jerking and desperate, just like the rest of his naked body as it shivers beneath your gaze.

You laugh, a cruel lilt there that you know will have his cock twitching.

“Oh, you did? How very presumptuous of you,” you croon. Your fingertip slowly circles the air around the head of his cock, swollen and read and pearling with precome as he keens and whines, but you never touch him. “Perhaps you need to be taught that good boys are seen and not heard.
Spread your legs for me.”

He scrambles to do as he is told, always such a good boy for you. His bottom lip his caught between his teeth, little rivulets of saliva dripping down his chin from his anticipation, from how much he has been biting that lip and his tongue to stop himself from begging with his words, because he knows very well that begging is not what good, patient boys do.

Once he is settled on his back, you settle between his thighs, leaning forward to blow gently on the head of his cock. He keens, but his hips do not thrust up, and you coo at him for how well he is behaving. He even has his hands tucked under his ass so that he doesn’t touch himself.

What a very pretty, very desperate, very good boy you have—and you tell him so.

And then you set to work, blowing softly on his cock, walking your fingertips around its base, talking to it and praising it just to watch it jump and twitch. You rake the very tips of your fingernails—grown out for occasions such as this—down the inside of his thighs, watching the muscles beneath them quiver at the barely-there sensation.

The precome is still pearled at the head of his cock, untouched and seemingly forgotten, and so you lean forward to swipe your tongue over it—just the very, very tip, and only enough so you brush over the drop itself and not his cock, enough so that he can sense the heat of your tongue but never feel it.

Julian lets out a wretched sob, his entire body shaking with the force of it. “It’s too much! I can’t—fuck—”

You tut quietly. He is normally so wonderful at remembering not to use such foul language, but you can take pity on him—he is, after all, so desperate, and he has been a very good boy for the past hour, letting you tease and coo at his cock as you refused to touch it.

“Mmmm, would you like to come, then?” You ask.

Julian’s body stiffens, and his gaze locks with yours, almost hopeful enough that it’s cruel to know what you actually have planned for him.

He nods, stuttering and trying to babble out a please, a yes, a I’ve been a good boy, but all the words get choked in his throat, and all he can do is release another sob and a nod before dropping his head back to his pillow.

“Very well, then,” you consent. “Let me help you.”

And then you lean forward and run the flat of your tongue along his underside from base to tip, and it’s more than enough to have him shuddering and keening as his orgasm begins.

But then you sit back, and watch with a delighted shiver as the realisation hits him, as he realises exactly what you have done.

You watch his groans and whines and keens, the pathetic thrusting his hips into the air, as he tries to find more sensation as he comes, but there is nothing there, and you have ruined it for him.

His come, rather than spurting out over his thighs and stomach and the sheets, simply dribbles down his cock, drips onto his sack and thighs, and the sight of it is so wonderfully delicious that you almost don’t notice that he still hasn’t removed his hands from under his ass, that he still hasn’t disobeyed you to touch himself, even in the torture of his ruined orgasm.
His hips drop down when he stops quivering, his chest rumbling with his groans. His cock is still stiff, still red, still wanting more, but you will not be doing anything for him tonight.

“Oh, puppy!” You coo to him. “Look at the mess you’ve made of yourself. Maybe you would like another chance? Should I try to make you come again, properly this time?”

He nods, locking his gaze with you as he speaks, “P-please. Please, I want to come, properly this time. Please make your good boy come?”

“Of course.”

But there is a lilt in your voice as you lean forward, a devious little twinkle in your eyes as you blow softly on his come-covered cock, that lets him no you have no intention of ever satisfying him, and every intention of ruining every orgasm he has from now until sunrise.

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